

# The Project Gutenberg eBook of A Collection of Emblemes, Ancient and Moderne, by George Wither

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

## Transcriber's notes:

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

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

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

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

## A PREPOSITION to this FRONTISPIECE.

THIS BOOKE contayning EMBLEMS, 'twas thought  
fit,  
A *Title-page* should stand to usher it,  
That's Emblematicall: And, for that end,  
Our AVTHOR, to the *Graver* did commend  
A plaine Invention; that it might be wrought,  
According as his Fancie had forethought.  
Insteed thereof, the *Workeman* brought to light,  
What, here, you see; therein, mistaking quite  
The true *Designe*: And, so (with paines, and  
cost)

The first intended FRONTISPIECE, is lost.

The AVTHOR, was as much displeas'd, as Hee  
In such Adventures, is inclin'd to bee;  
And, halfe resolv'd, to cast this PIECE aside,  
As nothing worth: but, having better ey'd  
Those *Errors*, and *Confusions*, which may, there,  
Blame-worthy (at the first aspect) appeare;  
Hee saw, they fitted many Fantasies  
Much better, then what *Reason* can devise;  
And, that, the *Graver* (by meere *Chance*) had hit  
On what, so much transcends the reach of *Wit*,  
As made it seeme, an Object of *Delight*,  
To looke on what, MISFORTVNE brought to light:  
And, here it stands, to try his *Wit*, who lists  
To pumpe the secrets, out of *Cabalists*.

If any thinke this *Page* will, now, declare  
The meaning of those *Figures*, which are there,  
They are deceiv'd. For, *Destinie* denyes  
The utt'ring of such hidden *Mysterie*s,  
In these respects: First, *This* contayneth nought  
Which (in a proper sense) concerneth, ought,  
The *present-Age*: Moreover, tis ordain'd,  
That, none must know the *Secrecies* contain'd  
Within this PIECE; but, they who are so wise  
To finde them out, by their owne *prudencies*;  
And, hee that can unriddle them, to us,  
Shall stiled be, the second OEDIPVS.

Tis, likewise, thought expedient, now and  
then,  
To make some *Worke*, for those *All-knowing*  
*men*,  
(To exercise upon) who thinke they see  
The *secret-meanings*, of all things that bee.  
And, lastly, since we finde, that, some there  
are,  
Who best affect *Inuentions*, which appeare  
Beyond their understandings; *This*, we knew  
A *Representation*, worthy of their view;  
And, here, wee placed it, to be, to these,  
A FRONTISPIECE, in any sense they please.



A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
EMBLEMES,  
ANCIENT AND  
MODERNE:

Quickened  
With METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS, both  
*Morall* and *Divine*: And disposed into  
LOTTERIES,

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

By GEORGE WITHER.

*The First Booke.*

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

---



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

Ex ædibus Lambithanis

*Iul. 2. 1634.*

GUIL. BRAY.

---

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

I Have not often us'd, with *Epigrames*,  
 Or, with *Inscriptions* unto many NAMES,  
 To charge my *Bookes*: Nor, had I done it, now,  
 If I, to pay the *Duties* which I owe,  
 Had other *meanes*; Or, any better Wayes  
 To honour them, whose *Vertue* merits praise.  
 In *ARCHITECT*, it giveth good content,  
 (And passeth for a praisefull *Ornament*)  
 If, to adorne the *FORE-FRONTS*, *Builders* reare  
 The *Statues* of their *Soveraigne-Princes*, there;  
 And, trimme the *Outsides*, of the other *SQVARES*  
 With *Portraitsures* of some Heroicke PEERES.  
 If, therefore, I (the more to beautifie  
 This *Portion* of my *MVSES Gallerie*)  
 Doe, here, presume to place, the *NAMES* of  
 those  
 To whose *Deserts*, my *LOVE* remembrance owes,  
 I hope 'twill none offend. For, most, who see  
 Their worthy *mention*, in this *BOOKE*, to bee,  
 Will thinke them honor'd: And, perhaps, it may  
 (To their high praise) be found, another day,  
 That, in these *LEAVES* their *Names* wil stand  
 unrac'd,  
 When many fairer *STRVCTVRFS*, are defac'd.

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

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

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

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

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



Ev'n yeares are full expired, Royall  
SIR,  
Since last I kneel'd, an offering to  
preferre

Before your feete; where, now, my selfe I throw  
To pay once more, the *Tributes* which I owe.

*As many yeares are past, most beauteous*  
QUEENE,

*Since witnesses, mine eares and eyes, have  
beene*

*Of those Perfections; which the generall Fame  
Hath sounded forth, in honour of your Name.*

And, both your *beaming-splendors* (oh yee  
faire,

Thrice blessed, and most fitly-matched PAIRE)  
Vpon each other, make such bright reflections;  
And have so sweetly mingled your *affections*,  
Your *Praise*, your *Pow're*, your *Vertues*, and your  
*Beautie*:

That, (if preserving of my *Soveraigne dutie*,  
This may be said) you doe appeare, to me,  
TWO PERSONS, in One MAIESTY, to be;  
To whom, there, appertaines (in veneration  
Of your large *Worth*) the right of some *Oblation*  
And, best, I thought, my *Homage* would be done,  
If, thus, the tender were to BOTH-in-ONE.  
Which, in this humble GVIFT, my *Love* presents;  
And, wisheth it may adde to your Contents.

Perhaps it shall: For, though I dare not shew  
These *Figures*, as well meriting your view;  
Nor boast, as if their *Moralls* couched ought,  
By which your sacred *Wisdomes* may be taught:  
Yet, I have humble *Hopings*, that, they might  
Prove, some way, an occasion of delight;  
Since, meane and common *Objects*, now and  
then,

Beget contentments in the *greatest-men*.

But, that before this *Booke*, I should propose  
Your praisefull NAMES, there is (as I suppose)  
A faire inducement: For, considering these  
Are EMBLEMS, whose intention is to please  
And profit vulgar Iudgements (by the view,  
Of what they ought to follow, or eschew.)  
And, I well knowing, that your MAIESTIES  
Set forth before my *Booke*, in *Emblem-wise*,  
Throughout your Lands, more *Vertues* might  
convey,

Than many *Volumes*, of these *Emblems*, may;  
It seemed *Petty-treason*, to omit  
This good occasion of endeavouring it.  
For, (if your MAIESTIES, well heeded, were)  
Yov, double-treble-foure-fold *Emblems* are;  
Which, fully to illustrate, would require  
The *Wit* I want; or, meanes to raise, that, higher  
Which I have gain'd; (and, which, as yet, hath  
flowne

By no encouragements, but by her owne.)

Of all the *Vertues* OECONOMICAL,  
Of *Duties* MORAL and POLITICALL,

Your *Lives* are *Patternes*, and faire EMBLEMS;  
whether

Considered apart, or both together.

Your CHILDHOODS were bright *Mirroours*, which  
did show

What Duties, *Children*, to their *Parents* owe:

And, by the sequele, we now understand,

That, they who best *obay'd*, can best command.

The glorious *Vertues* of your NVPTIALL-*state*,

Your *Courtiers*, find so hard to imitate,

That, they admire them, rather; and would  
swear,

(Had others told, what, now they see and heare)

That, all the former Times, were not acquainted,

With such a *Paire*, when *Kings* and *Queenes*  
were *Sainted*.

The chastest *Cupids*, and the gamesom'st  
*Graces*,

Are alwaies mingled in your *Deare-embraces*.

The mutuall enterchanges of your *Loves*,

May teach affection to the *Turtle-doves*:

And, such as are, with goodly sights, delighted,

May see in *You*, all *Excellence* united.

You, SIR, who beare *Loves* Thunders in your  
Fist,

And, (shake this *Ilands* EMPIRE, when You list)

Did never in your *Orbe*, a *Tempest* move,

But, by the Beautious *Mistresse* of your *Love*

It might be calm'd. *And, in your lofty* Spheare,

*Most lovely* QVEENE, *Your Motions ever, were*

*So smooth, and, so direct; that, none can say,*

*They have withdrawne his Royall-heart away*

*From Iust* Designes; *Which, loudly speakes your*  
Praise,

*And, intimates much more, than, yet, it saies.*

Yea, both Your *Splendors* doe so glorious  
growe,

And, You, each other have out-vyed so,

In these, and other *Vertues*; that, on You,

Should I conferre what praise, I thinke, is due,

My *Lines*, (which from that staine have, yet,  
beene cleare)

Would Flatt'ry seeme, unto an envious eare.

But, what needs *Flatt'ry*, where the *Truth* may  
teach

To praise, beyond immodest *Flatt'ries* reach?

Or, what needs he to feare a *sland'rous-mouth*,

Who seekes no *meed*, nor utters more than  
Truth?

Your Princely *Vertues*, what can better show,

Than *Peace*, and *Plenty*, which have thrived so,

Whilst You have raign'd that, yet, no people see,

A *Richer*, or more *Peacefull* time, than wee?

Your *Civill Actions* (to the publike eye)

Are faire *examples* of *Moralitie*,

So manifest; That, if he Truth did sing,

Who said, *The World doth imitate the King*;

My *Muses* dare, with boldnesse to presage,

A Chast, a Pious, and a Prosperous *Age*:

And, that, the stormes which, late, these  
Realmes deterr'd,

Shall all be quite removed, or deferr'd

Till you Ascend; And, future times have seene,

That, your *Examples* have not followed beene.

Thus, you are living *Emblems*, to this *Nation*:

Which being mark'd with heedfull speculation,

May serve, as well, to helpe us how to see

Our *Happinesse*, As, what our *Duties* be.

And, if I might unlocke all *Mysteries*,

Which doe declare, how in a *four-fold-wise*,

Your *Lives* are usefull *Emblems*. I. paraphrase

YOUR LIVES are usefull EMBLEMS; I, percnance,  
Should vexe blind *Zeale*, or anger *Ignorance*;  
And, teach well-temper'd *Spirits*, how to see,  
That, we, for Blessings, oft, Vnthankefull be.  
For, as you, *Both*, Prime *Children* are of those  
Two *Sister-Churches*, betwixt whom, yet, growes  
Vnseemely *strife*; So, *You*, perhaps, may be  
An *Emblem*, how those MOTHERS may agree.  
And, not by your *Example*, onely, show,  
How wrought it may be; but, effect it so.  
Yea, peradventure, GOD, united *You*,

That, such a blessed VNION might ensue:  
And, that, Your *living-lovingly*, together;  
Your Christian *hopefullnesse*, of one another;  
Your milde *forbearance*, harsh attempts to  
proove;  
Your *mutuall-waiting*, untill *God* shall move  
By some *calme-voice*, or peacefull *inspiration*,  
That *Heart* Which needeth better *Information*;  
And, that, your *Charities*, might give a *signe*,  
How, all the *Daughters*, of the SPOVSE *Divine*  
Might reconciled be; And, shew, that, *Swords*,  
*Flames*, *Threats*, and *Furie*, make no true  
*Accords*.

GOD grant a better VNION may appeare:  
Yet, wish I not the *tollerating*, here,  
Of *Politicke-Agreements*; (further than  
Our wholesome *Lawes*, and, *Civill-vowes* to man,  
With *Piety*, approve) but, such, as may  
Make up a blessed CONCORD, every way:  
Might it be so; your *Vertues*, would become  
A Glorious *Blessing*, to all CHRISTENDOME:  
Your EMBLEM should, by future *Generations*;  
Be plac'd among the famous *Constellations*,  
And, *after-times* (though, Mee, this *Age* despise)  
Would thinke, these *Verses*, had beene  
*Prophecies*.

What ever may succeed, my *Pray'rs* and  
*Powr's*  
Are this way bent; with *Hope*, that *You* or *Yours*  
Shall *Helps* (at least) become, that *Breach* to  
close,  
Which, in the SEAMLES-ROBE, yet, wider growes.  
SO BE IT: And, let bright your *Glories* bee,  
For ever, though *You* never shine on MEE.

Your MAIESTIES

*most Loyall Subject,*

**GEO: WITHER.**

---



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

Therefore, though I can say no more to dissuade from Vice, or to encourage men to Vertue, than hath already beene said in many learned Authors; yet I may be an occasion by these Endeavours, to bring that, the oftner into remembrance, which they have, more learnedly, expressed; and perhaps, by such circumstances, as they would not descend unto, may insinuate further also with some Capacities, than more applauded Meanes. Viniger, Salt, or common Water, (which are very meane Ingredients) make Sawces more pleasing to some tastes, than Sugar, and Spices. In like manner, plaine and vulgar notions, seasoned with a little Pleasantnesse, and relished with a moderate Sharpnesse, worke that, otherwhile, which the most admired Compositions could never effect in many Readers; yea, wee have had frequent proofes, that a blunt Iest hath moved to more consideration, than a judicious Discourse.

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

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

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

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

These Emblems, graven in Copper by Crispinus Passæus (with a Motto in Greeke, Latine, or Italian, round about every Figure; and with two Lines (or

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

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

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

I doe not arrogate so much unto my Illustrations, as to thinke, they will be able to teach any thing to the Learned; yet if they cast their eyes upon them, perhaps, these Emblems, and their Morals, may remember them, either of some Dutie, which they might else forget, or minde them to beware of some Danger, which they might otherwise be unheedfull to prevent. But, sure I am, the Vulgar Capacities, may from them, be many waies both Instructed, and Remembred; yea, they that have most need to be Instructed, and Remembred, (and they who are most backward to listen to Instructions, and Remembrances, by the common Course of Teaching, and Admonishing) shall be, hereby, informed of their Dangers, or Duties, by the way of an honest Recreation, before they be aware.

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

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

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

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

[5]

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

*I have often observed, that where the Summer-bowers of Recreation are placed neare the Church, it drawes thither more people from the remote Hamlets, than would else be there. Now, though I praise not their Devotion, yet I am glad if any thing (which is not evill in it selfe) may be made an occasion of Good: (because, those things may, perhaps, be continued, at last, for Conscience sake, which were at first begunne upon vaine occasions) and, have therefore added Lotteries to these Emblems, to occasion the more frequent notice of the Morals, and good Counsels tendred in their Illustrations; hoping that, at one time or other, some shall draw those Lots, which will make them the better, and the happier, whilest they live. I confesse that this Devise may probably be censured, as unsutable to the gravitie expected in my ripe yeares: and be reputed as great an Indecorum, as erecting an Ale-house at the Church-stile; yet, the same having had beginning in my younger dayes, I do now resolve not to be ashamed of it, for the Reasons aforementioned. To such as I was, it will be someway avayleable: and perhaps, if the Wisest did otherwhile, when they walke abroad, to Vncertaine purposes, take up this Booke, and (without Superstitious Conceites) make tryall what their Lots would remember, or give them cause to thinke on; it might, now and then, either occasion better Proceedings, or prevent Mischieves.*

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

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

[6]

*Some will thinke perhaps, that I have purposely invented this Game, that I might finde meanes to reprove mens vices, without being suspected, (as I have hitherto unjustly beene) to ayme at particular persons: For, if any who are notoriously Guiltie, shall by drawing their Chances, among other Companions, be so fitted with Lots, (which may now and then happen) that those Vices be therby intimated to the by-standers, of which the world knowes them guilty; they do therin make their owne Libels; and, may (I hope) bee laughed at without my blame. If not; I doe here warne all such as are worthily suspected of Haynous crimes, and Scandalous conversations, either to forbear these Lotteries; or to excuse me if they be justly shamed by their own Act.*

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

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





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

### The AVTHORS Meditation upon sight of his PICTVRE.

*When I behold my Picture, and perceive,  
How vaine it is, our Portraitures to leave  
In Lines, and Shadowes, (which make shewes, to  
day,  
Of that which will, to morrow, fade away)  
And, thinke, what meane Resemblances at best,  
Are by Mechanike Instruments exprest;  
I thought it better, much, to leave behind me,*

*Some Draught, in which, my living friends might  
find me*

*The same I am; in that, which will remaine,  
Till all is ruin'd, and repair'd againe:  
And, which, in absence, will more truly show  
me,*

*Than, outward Formes, to those, who think they  
know me.*

*For, though my gracious MAKER made me such,  
That, where I love, belov'd I am, as much  
As J desire; yet, Forme, nor Features are,  
Those Ornaments, in which J would appeare  
To future Times; Though they were found in me,  
Farre better, than I can beleieve they be.  
Much lesse, affect I that, which each man  
knowes,*

*To be no more, but Counterfeits of those,  
Wherein, the Painters, or the Gravers toole,  
Befriends alike, the Wiseman, and the Foole:  
And, (when they please) can give him, by their  
Art,*

*The fairest-Face, that had the falsest-Heart.*

*A PICTVRE, though with most exactnesse made,  
Is nothing, but the Shadow of a SHADE.  
For, ev'n our living Bodies, (though they seeme  
To others more, or more in our esteeme)  
Are but the shadowes of that Reall-being,  
Which doth extend beyond the Fleshly-seeing;  
And, cannot be discerned, till we rise  
Immortall-Objects, for Immortall-eyes.*

*Our Everlasting-Substance lies unseene,  
Behinde the Fouldings, of a Carnall-Screene,  
Which is, but, Vapours thickned into Blood,  
(By due concoction of our daily food)  
And, still supplied, out of other Creatures,  
To keepe us living, by their wasted natures:  
Renewing, and decaying, ev'ry Day,  
Vntill that Vaile must be remov'd away.  
For, this lov'd Flesh, wherewith, yet cloth'd we  
go,*

*Is not the same, wee had sev'n yeares ago;  
But, rather, something which is taken-in,  
To serve instead of what hath wasted bin,  
In Wounds, in Sickneses, in Colds, and Heates,  
In all Excrecions, and in Fumes, and Sweates.  
Nor shall, this present Flesh, long stay with us:  
And, wee may well be pleas'd, it should be Thus.*

*For, as I view, those Townes, and Fields, that  
be  
In Landskip drawne; Even so, me thinks, I see  
A Glimpes, farre off, (through FAITH'S Prospective  
glasse)*

*Of that, which after Death, will come to passe;  
And, likewise, gained have, such meanes of  
seeing,*

*Some things, which were, before my Life had  
being,*

*That, in my Soule, I should be discontent,  
If, this my Body were, more permanent;  
Since, Wee, and all God's other Creatures, here,  
Are but the Pictures, of what shall appeare.*

*Yet, whilst they are, I thankfully would make  
That use of them, for their CREATOR'S sake,  
To which hee made them; and, preserve the  
Table,*

*Still, Faire and Full, as much as I were able,  
By finishing, (in my allotted place)*

*Those Workes, for which, hee fits me by his  
Grace.*

*And, if a Wrenne, a Wrenn's just height shall*

*soare,*  
*No Ægle, for an Ægle, can doe more.*  
*If therefore, of my Labours, or of MEE,*  
*Ought shall remaine, when I remov'd, must be,*  
*Let it be that, wherein it may be view'd,*  
*My MAKERS Image, was in me renew'd:*  
*And, so declare, a dutifull intent,*  
*To doe the Worke I came for, e're I went;*  
*That, I to others, may some Patterne be,*  
*Of Doing-well, as other men to mee,*  
*Have beene, whilst I had life: And, let my daies*  
*Be summed up, to my Redeemer's praise.*  
*So this be gained, I regard it not,*  
*Though, all that I am else, be quite forgot.*



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ILLVSTRATIO I. *Book. 1.*

---



Ow Fond are they, who spend their  
pretious Time  
In still pursuing their deceiving  
*Pleasures?*

And they, that unto ayery *Titles* clime  
Or tyre themselves in hoording up of *Treasures?*  
For, these are *Death's*, who, when with  
wearinesse

They have acquired most, sweepes all away;  
And leaves them, for their Labors, to possesse  
Nought but a raw-bon'd *Carcasse* lapt in clay.  
Of twenty hundred thousands, who, this houre  
Vaunt much, of those *Possessions* they have got;  
Of their new purchac'd *Honours*, or, the *Power*;  
By which, they seeme to have advanc't their  
*Lott*:

Of this great *Multitude*, there shall not *Three*  
Remaine, for any *Future-age* to know;  
But perish quite, and quite forgotten bee,  
As *Beasts*, devoured twice ten yeares agoe.

Thou, therefore, who desir'st for aye to live,  
And to possesse thy *Labors* maugre *Death*,  
To needfull *Arts* and honest *Actions*, give  
Thy Spanne of *Time*, and thy short blast of  
*Breath*.

In holy *Studies*, exercise thy *Mind*;  
In workes of *Charity*, thy *Hands* imploy;  
That *Knowledge*, and that *Treasure*, seeke to  
find,

Which may enrich thy *Heart* with perfect *Ioy*.  
So, though obscured thou appeare, awhile,  
Despised, poore, or borne to Fortunes low,  
Thy *Vertue* shall acquire a nobler stile,  
Then greatest *Kings* are able to bestow:

And, gaine thee those *Possessions*, which, nor  
*They*,  
Nor *Time*, nor *Death*, have power to take  
away.



ILLVSTR. II. *Book. 1.*

**S** Till fixt, and with triumphant *Laurell*  
crown'd,  
Is truest *Wisdome*; whom, expressed  
thus,

Among the old *Impresa's*, we have found;  
And, much, this *Emblem* hath instructed us.  
For, hence we learne; that, *Wisdome* doth not  
flow

From those unconstant men, whom ev'ry *Blast*,  
Or small *Occasion*, turneth to and fro;  
But, from a *Settled head* that standeth *fast*.  
Who'ever shoulders, him, he gives no place;  
What *Storme* soe're, his *Times* or *Fortunes*,  
breath,

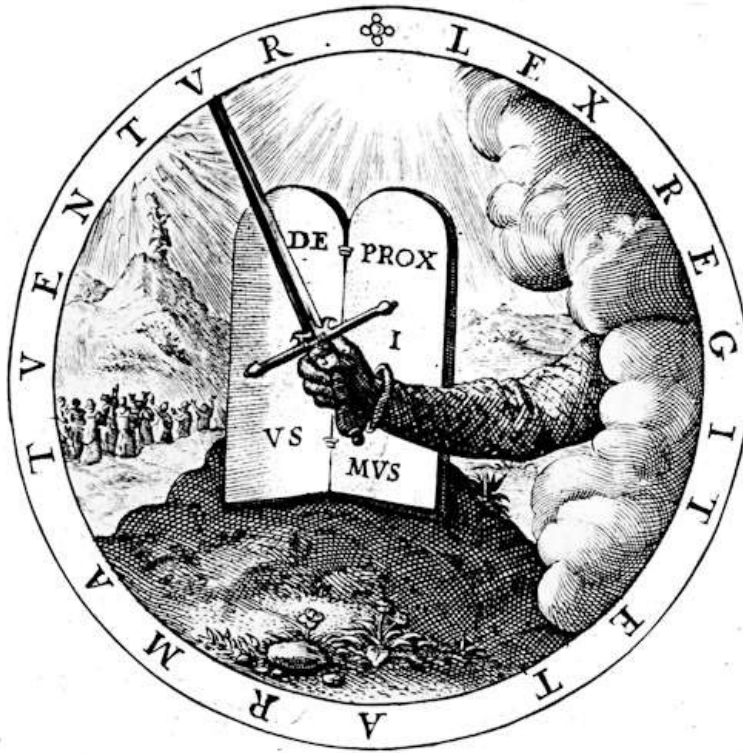
He neither hides his *Brow*, nor turnes his *Face*;  
But, keeps his Lookes undaunted, ev'n in  
*Death*.

The *Laureat head*, upon the *Pillar* set,  
Thus signifies; And that *Bay-wreath* doth show  
That constant *Wisdome* will the conquest get,  
When giddy *Policie* prevailes not so.

If, therefore, thou desirest to be taught,  
Propose good *Ends* with honest *Meanes* thereto,  
And therein *Constant* be, till thou hast brought  
To perfect *end*, that *Worke*, thou hast to doe.  
Let neither flatt'ring *Pleasures*, nor *Disgrace*,  
Nor scoffing *Censures*, nor the cunning *Sleights*  
Of glozing *Sycophants*, divert that *Race*  
To which, a harmelesse *Prudence*, thee invites.  
Though others plot, conspire, and undermine,  
Keepe thou a plaine right *Path*; and let their  
*Course*,

For no advantage, make thee change from *thine*,  
Although it (for the present) seemes the worse.

He, thus that workes, puts *Policie* to Schoole,  
And makes the *Machavilian* prove a foole.



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ILLVSTR. III. *Book. 1.*

---



Hen *God-Almighty* first engrav'd in  
stone

His holy *Law*; He did not give the same  
As if some common Act had then beene  
done;

For, arm'd with *Fires* and *Thunders*, forth it  
came.

By which, that great *Law-maker*, might inferre  
What dreadfull *Vengeance* would on those  
attend,

Who did against those holy *Precepts* erre;  
And, that, his *Power*, well-doers could defend.  
Thereto, this *Emblem*, also doth agree;

For, loe, before the *Tables* of the *Lawe*,  
A naked *Sword* is borne, whose use may bee  
As well to keepe in *Safety*, as in *Awe*.  
Whence, *Princes* (if they please) this note may  
take,

(And it shall make them happily to raigne)  
That, many good and wholesome *Lawes* to make  
Without an *Executioner*, is vaine.

It likewise intimates, that such as are  
In *Souveraigne place*, as well obliged be  
Their zeale for true *Religion* to declare,  
As, what concerneth *Manners*, to foresee.  
It, lastly, shoves that *Princes* should affect  
Not onely, over others to *Command*,  
But *Swords* to weare, their *Subjects* to protect;  
And, for their *Guard*, extend a willing hand.  
For, *Lawes*, or *Peace* to boast of; and, the  
whiles,

The *Publique-weale*, to weaken or disarme,  
Is nor the way to hinder *Civill-Broyles*,  
Nor to secure it from a *Forraigne-harme*.

For, As by *Lawes* a Land is kept in frame;  
So, *Armes* is that, which must protect the  
same.



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

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[4]



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**ILLVSTR. IV. *Book. 1.***

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Nwise are they that spend their  
youthfull *Prime*  
In Vanities; as if they did suppose  
That men, at pleasure, might redeeme  
the *Time*;

For, they a faire advantage fondly lose.  
As ill-advis'd be those, who having lost  
The first *Occasions*, to *Despairing* runne:  
For, *Time* hath *Revolutions*; and, the most,  
For their Affaires, have *Seasons* more, then one.  
Nor is their Folly small, who much depend  
On *Transitorie things*, as if their Powre  
Could bring to passe what should not have an  
*End*;

Or compasse that, which *Time* will not devoure.

The first *Occasions*, therefore, see thou take  
(Which offred are) to bring thy hopes about;  
And, minde thou, still, what *Haste* away they  
make,  
Before thy swift-pac't houres are quite runne  
out.

Yet, if an *Opportunity* be past,  
Despaire not thou, as they that hopelesse be;  
Since, *Time* may so revolve againe, at last,  
That *New-Occasions* may be offred thee.  
And see, thou trust not on those fading things,  
Which by thine owne *Endeavours* thou acquir'st:  
For, *Time* (which her owne *Births* to ruine  
brings)

Will spare, not *thee*, nor ought which thou  
desir'st.

His *Properties*, and *Vses*, what they are,  
In-vaine observ'd will be, when he is fled:  
That, they in season, therefore, may appeare,  
Our *Emblem*, thus, hath him deciphered;  
*Balde* save before, and standing on a *Whee*le;  
A *Razor* in his Hand, a *Winged-Heele*.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. V. *Book. 1.*

---



Vppose you *Sirs*, those mimicke *Apes*  
you meet  
In strange fantasticke habits? or the  
Rabble,

That in gay clothes embroyder out the street,  
Are truely of *Worshipfull* or *Honorable*?  
Or can you thinke, that, To be borne the Sonne  
Of some rich *Alderman*, or ancient *Peere*,  
Or that the *Fame* our Predecessors wonne  
May claime those *Wreathes* which true  
*Deserving* weare?

Is *Honour* due to those, who spend their dayes  
In courting one another? or consuming  
Their Fortunes and themselves, on Drabbs and  
Playes?

In sleeping, drinking, and Tobacco-fuming?  
Not so. For, (though such *Fooles*, like children,  
place

Gay *Titles* on each other) *Wise-men* know  
What slaves they be; how miserably-base;  
And, where such *Attributes* would better show.

An idle *Body* clothes a vitious *Minde*;  
And, what (at best) is purchac'd by the same,  
Is nothing else, but stinking *Smoke* and *Winde*;  
Or frothie *Bubbles* of an empty *Fame*.

True *Glory*, none did ever purchase, yet,  
Till, to be *Vertuous* they could first attaine;  
Nor shall those men faire *Vertues* favour get,  
Who *labour* not, such *Dignities* to gaine.

And, this *Impresa* doth inferre no lesse:  
For, by the *Spade*, is *Labour* here implide;  
The *Snake*, a vertuous *Prudence*, doth expresse;  
And, *Glorie*, by the *Wreath* is Typifide.

For, where a vertuous *Industry* is found,  
She, shall with Wreaths of *Glory*, thus be  
crown'd.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. VI. *Book. 1.*

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Unhappy men are they, whose  
Ignorance  
So slaves them to the *Fortunes* of the  
Time,

That they (attending on the Lot of *Chance*)  
Neglect by *Vertue*, and *Deserts*, to clime.  
Poore *Heights* they be which *Fortune* reares  
unto;

And, fickle is the *Favour* she bestowes:  
To-day, she makes; to-morrow, doth undoe;  
Builds up, and in an instant overthrowes.  
On easie *Wheeles*, to Wealth, and Honours high,  
She windes men oft, before they be aware;  
And, when they dreame of most *Prosperitie*,  
Downe, headlong, throws them lower then they  
were.

You, then, that seeke a more assur'd estate,  
On good, and honest *Objects*, fixe your *Minde*,  
And follow *Vertue*, that you may a *Fate*  
Exempt from feare of Change, or Dangers, finde.  
For, he that's *Vertuous*, whether high or low  
His *Fortune* seemes (or whether foule or faire  
His *Path* he findes) or whether friend, or foe,  
The *World* doth prove; regards it not a haire.  
His *Losse* is *Gain*; his *Poverty* is *Wealth*;  
The Worlds *Contempt*, he makes his *Diadem*;  
In *Sickness*, he rejoyceth, as in *Health*:  
Yea, *Death* it selfe, becommeth *Life*, to him.  
He feares no disrespect, no bitter scorne,  
Nor subtile plottings, nor Oppressions force;  
Nay, though the World should topsie-turvie  
turne,

It cannot fright him, nor divert his Course.

Above all Earthly powres his *Vertue* reares  
him;

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

---

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

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ILLVSTR. VII. *Book. 1.*

---



Oole! Dost thou hope, thine *Honours*,  
or thy *Gold*,  
Shall gaine thee *Love*? Or, that thou  
hast her heart

Whose hand upon thy tempting *Bayt* layes hold?

Alas! fond *Lover*, thou deceived art.

She that with *Wealth*, and *Titles*, can be wonne,  
Or woo'd with *Vanities*, will wavring bee;

And, when her Love, thou most dependest on,  
A *Fiddle-sticke* shall winne her heart from thee.

To *Youth* and *Musicke*, *Venus* leaneth most;  
And (though her hand she on the *Scepter* lay)

Let *Greatnesse*, of her Favours never boast:

For, *Heart* and *Eye*, are bent another way.

And lo, no glorious Purchase that Man gets,  
Who hath with such poore *Trifles*, woo'd, and  
wonne:

Her footing, on a *Ball*, his *Mistresse* sets,  
Which in a moment slips, and she is gone.

A *Woman*, meerely with an *Out side* caught,  
Or tempted with a *Galliard*, or a *Song*,

Will him forsake (whom she most lovely thought)  
For *Players* and for *Tumblers*, ere't be long.

You, then, that wish your *Love* should ever  
last,

(And would enjoy *Affection* without changing)  
*Love* where your *Loves* may worthily be plac't;  
And, keepe your owne *Affection*, still from  
ranging.

Vse noble *Meanes*, your Longings to attaine;  
Seeke equall *Mindes*, and well beseeming  
*Yeares*:

They are (at best) vaine *Fooles*, whom *Follie*  
gaine;

But, there is *Blisse*, where, *Vertue* most  
endeares:

And, wheresoe're, *Affection* *shee* procures,  
In spight of all *Temptations*, it endures.



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

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ILLVSTR. VIII. *Book 1.*

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Hy, silly Man! so much admirest thou  
Thy present *Fortune*? overvaluing so  
Thy *Person*, or the beauty of thy *Brow*?  
And *Cloth'd*, so proudly, wherefore dost  
thou goe?

Why dost thou live in riotous *Excesse*?  
And *Boast*, as if thy *Flesh* immortall were?  
Why dost thou gather so? Why so oppresse?  
And, o're thy Fellow-creatures, *Domineere*?  
Behold this *Emblem*; such a thing was hee  
Whom this doth represent as now thou art;  
And, such a *Fleshlesse Raw-bone* shalt thou bee,  
Though, yet, thou seeme to act a comelier part.  
Observe it well; and marke what *Vglinesse*  
Stares through the sightlesse *Eye-holes*, from  
within:

Note those leane *Craggs*, and with what  
*Gastlinesse*,

That horrid *Countenance* doth seeme to grin.  
Yea, view it well; and having seene the same  
Plucke downe that *Pride* which puffs thy heart so  
high;

Of thy *Proportion* boast not, and (for shame)  
Repent thee of thy sinfull *Vanity*.  
And, having learn'd, that, all men must become  
Such bare *Anatomies*; and, how this *Fate*  
No mortall *Powre*, nor *Wit*, can keepe thee from;  
Live so, that *Death* may better thy estate.  
Consider who created thee; and why:  
Renew thy *Spirit*, ere thy *Flesh* decayes:  
More *Pious* grow; Affect more *Honestie*;  
And seeke hereafter thy *Creatours* praise.

So though of *Breath* and *Beauty* Time deprive  
thee,  
New *Life*, with endlesse *Glorie*, *God* will give  
thee.



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ILLVSTR. IX. *Book. 1.*

---



*N Owle* (the *Hieroglyphicke* us'd for *Night*)

Twixt *Mercury* and *Pallas*, here takes place,

Vpon a crown'd *Caduceus* fixt upright;  
And, each a *Cornucopia* doth imbrace.  
Through which darke *Emblem*, I this Light  
perceive;  
That, such as would the *Wit* and *Wealth* acquire,  
Which may the *Crowne* of approbation have,  
Must *wake by Night*, to compass their desire.  
For, this *Mercurian-Wand*, doth *Wit* expresse;  
The *Cornu-copia*, *Wealthinesse* implies;  
Both gained by a studious *Watchfulnessse*;  
Which, here, the *Bird of Athens* signifies.  
Nor, by this *Emblem*, are we taught alone,  
That, (when great *Vndertakings* are intended)  
We *Sloth*, and lumpish *Drowsinesse* must  
shunne;  
But, *Rashnesse*, also, here is reprehended.  
*Take Counsell of thy Pillow*, (saith our *Sawe*)  
And, ere in waighty Matters thou proceede,  
Consider well upon them; lest they draw  
Some Afterclap, which may thy *Mischiefe*  
breede.

I, for my seriou'st *Muses*, chuse the *Night*;  
(More friend to *Meditation*, then the *Day*)  
That neither *Noyse*, nor *Objects of the Sight*,  
Nor bus'nesses, withdraw my *Thoughts* away,  
By *Night*, we best may ruminare upon  
Our *Purposes*; Then, best, we may enquire  
What *Actions* wee amisse, or well, have done;  
And, then, may best into our *Selves* retire:  
For, of the *World-without*, when most we see,  
Then, blindest to the *World-within*, are wee.

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

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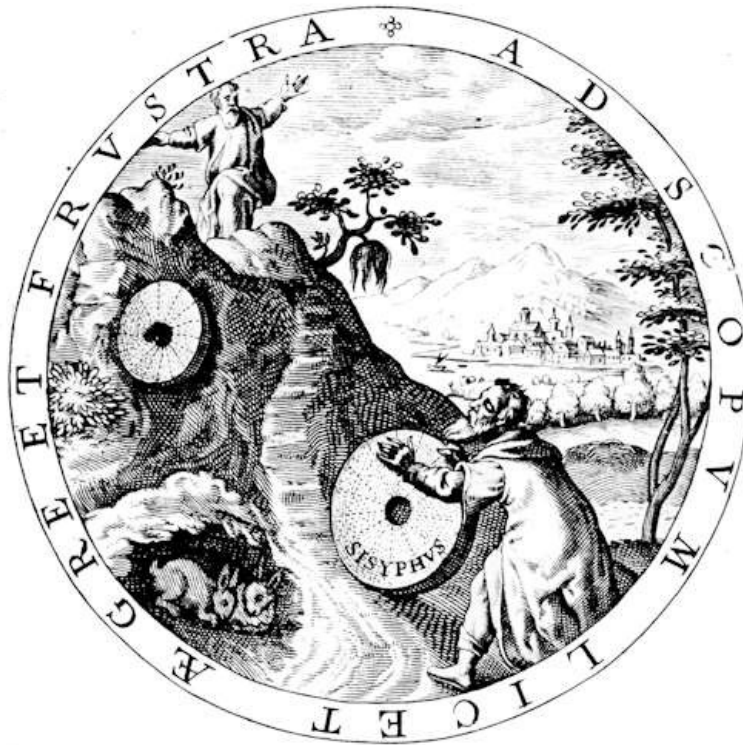
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ILLVSTR. X. *Book. 1.*

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



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ILLVSTR. XI. *Book. 1.*

---

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

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XII. *Book. 1.*

---



Hrice happy is that Man whose  
*Thoughts* doe reare  
His Minde above that pitch the  
*Worldling* flies,

And by his *Contemplations*, hovers where  
He viewes things mortall, with unbleared eyes.  
What Trifles then doe *Villages* and *Townes*  
Large *Fields* or *Flockes* of fruitfull *Cattell*  
seeme?

Nay, what poore things are *Miters*, *Scepters*,  
*Crownes*,

And all those *Glories* which Men most esteeme?  
Though he that hath among them, his Delight,  
Brave things imagines them (because they  
blinde

With some false Lustre his beguiled sight)  
He that's above them, their meane-Worth may  
finde.

*Lord*, to that *Blessed-Station* me convey  
Where I may view the *World*, and view her so,  
That I her true Condition may survey;  
And all her Imperfections rightly know.  
Remember me, that once there was a Day  
When thou didst weane me from them with  
content,

Ev'n when shut up within those *Gates* I lay  
Through which the *Plague-inflicting Angel* went.  
And, let me still remember, that an Houre  
Is hourelly comming on, wherein I shall  
(Though I had all the *World* within my powre)  
Be naked stript, and turned out of all.  
But minde me, chiefly, that I never cleave  
Too closely to my *Selfe*; and cause thou me,  
Not other Earthly things alone to leave,  
But to forsake my *Selfe* for love of *Thee*:  
That I may say, now *I have all things left*,  
Before that I of all things, am bereft.



---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XIII. *Book. 1.*

---



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

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



ILLVSTR. XIII. *Book. 1.*



W<sup>h</sup>at though an *Apish-Pigmie*, in attire,  
His Dwarfish Body *Gyant-lyke*, array?  
Turne *Brave*, and get him *Stilts* to seem  
the higher?

What would so doing, handsome him I pray?  
Now, surely, such a Mimicke sight as that,  
Would with excessive Laughter move your  
Spleene,

Till you had made the little *Dandiprat*,  
To lye within some Auger-hole, unseene.

I must confesse I cannot chuse but smile,  
When I perceive, how Men that worthlesse are,  
Piece out their *Imperfections*, to beguile,  
By making shoves, of what they never were.  
For, in their *borrow'd-Shapes*, I know those  
Men,  
And (through their *Maskes*) such insight of them  
have;

That I can oftentimes disclose (ev'n then)  
How much they savour of the *Foole* or *Knave*.

A *Pigmeyspirit*, and an *Earthly-Minde*,  
Whose looke is onely fixt on Objects vaine;  
In my esteeme, so meane a place doth finde,  
That ev'ry such a one, I much refraine.  
But, when in honour'd *Robes* I see it put,  
Betrimm'd, as if some thing of *Worth* it were,  
Looke big, and on the *Stilts* of *Greatnesse*, strut;  
From scorning it, I cannot then forbear.  
For, when to grosse *Vnworthinesse*, Men adde  
Those Dues, which to the *Truest-worth* pertaine;  
Tis like an *Ape*, in *Humane-Vestments* clad,  
Which, when most fine, deserveth most disdain:  
And, more absurd, those Men appeare to me,  
Then this *Fantasticke-Monkey* seemes to thee.

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XV. *Book. 1.*

---



Observe I pray you, how the greedy  
*Flame*

The *Fewell*, on an *Altar* doth consume.  
How it destroyeth that which feedes  
the same,

And how the *Nourisher* away doth fume.  
For, so it fares with *Parents* that uphold  
Their thriftlesse *Children* in unlawfull *Pleasures*:  
With *Cares*, it weares them out, ere they are old;  
And ere their Lives consume, consumes their  
Treasures.

So fares it with such *Wantons* as doe feede  
Vnchast Desires; for, ev'ry day they grow  
Vntill their *Longings*, their *Supplies* exceede,  
And, quite devoure those men that fed them so.  
So fares it with all those that spend their *Youth*  
In lab'ring to enrich ungratefull Men,  
Who, growing *Great*, and *Wealthy*, by their  
Truth,

Returne them *Smoke* and *Ashes* backe agen.  
So fares it with good *States-men*, who to keepe  
A thankelesse *Common-wealth* in happy Peace,  
Deprive their *Mindes* of Rest, their *Eyes* of  
Sleepe,

And, waste themselves, that others may  
encrease.

And, so it fares with Men that passe away  
Their time in *Studies*, (and their Healths  
impaire)

That helps to other men become they may,  
And, their defective Knowledges, repaire.

But, let my *Flesh*, my *Time*, and my *Estate*,  
Be so consum'd; so spent; so wasted bee,  
That they may nourish *Grace*, and perfit that  
For which all these were first bestow'd on me:  
So when I quite am vanish'd out of seeing,  
I shall enjoy my *Now-concealed-Being*.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XVI. *Book. 1.*

---



When we observe the *Ball*, how to and  
fro  
The *Gamesters* force it; we may ponder  
thus:

That whil'st we live we shall be playd with so,  
And that the *World* will make her *Game* of us.  
*Adversities*, one while our hearts constraine  
To stoope, and knock the Pavements of  
*Despaire*;

*Hope*, like a Whirle-wind mounts us up againe,  
Till oft it lose us in the empty ayre.

Sometimes, above the *Battlements* we looke;  
Sometimes, we quite below the *Line* are tost:  
Another-while, against the *Hazard* strooke,  
We, but a little want, of being lost.

*Detraction, Envie, Mischief, and Despight*,  
One Partie make, and watchfully attend  
To catch us when we rise to any *Height*;  
Lest we above their hatred should ascend.

*Good-Fortune, Praises, Hopes, and Industries*,  
Doe side-together, and make *Play* to please us;  
But, when by them we thinke more high to rise,  
More great they make our *Fall*, and more  
disease us.

Yea, they that seeke our *Losse*, advance our  
*Gaine*;

And to our *Wishes*, bring us oft the nigher:  
For, we that else upon the Ground had laine,  
Are, by their striking of us lifted higher.  
When *Balls* against the Stones are hardest  
throwne,

Then highest up into the Aire they fly;  
So, when men hurle us (with most fury) downe,  
Wee hopefull are to be advanc'd thereby:

And, when they smite us quite unto the  
Ground,


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



---

ILLVSTR. XVII. *Book. 1.*

---

 Hy should the foolish *World* discourage  
Men,  
In just endurances? or bid them shunne  
Good *Actions*, 'cause they suffer now  
and then,

For *Doing well*, as if some *Ill* were done?  
Ere *Plates* extended are, they must abide  
A thousand hamm'rings; And, then that which  
fill'd

So little roome, it scarce your Hand could hide,  
Will serve a goodly *Monument* to gild.

So, he that hopes to winne an honest *Name*,  
Must many blowes of *Fortune* undergoe,  
And hazard, oft, the blast of *Evill-Fame*,  
Before a *Good-Report* her Trumpe will blow.

A thousand *Worthies* had unworthily  
Been raked up in Ashes and in Clay,  
Vnknowne and bury'd in *Obscurity*,  
If Malice had not fil'd their Rust away.  
But, lo; their lasting prayes now are spread,  
And rais'd, by *Adverse-Chance*, to such a height,  
That they most glorious are, now they are dead;  
And live in *Injuries*, and *Deaths*, despite.  
For, by *Afflictions*, man refined growes,  
And, (as the *Gold* prepared in the *Fire*)  
Receiveth such a *Forme* by wrongs and blowes,  
That hee becomes the *Jewell* we desire.

To thee therefore, *Oh God!* My Prayers are  
Not to be freed from Griefes and Troubles quite:  
But, that they may be such as I can beare;  
And, serve to make me precious in thy Sight.

This please me shall, though all my Life time, I  
Betweene thine *Anvill* and the *Hammer*, lie.



---

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

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ILLVSTR. XVIII. *Book. 1.*

---



He nimble *Spider* from his Entrailles  
drawes  
A subtle Thread, and curious art doth  
show

In weaving *Nets*, not much unlike those *Lawes*  
Which catch *Small-Thieves*, and let the *Great-*  
*ones* goe.

For, as the *Cob-web* takes the lesser *Flyes*,  
When those of larger size breake through their  
*Snares*;

So, *Poore-men* smart for little Injuries,  
When *Rich-men* scape, whose Guilt is more then  
theirs.

The *Spider*, also representeth such  
Who very curious are in Trifling-things,  
And neither Cost, nor Time, nor Labour grutch,  
In that which neither *Gain*e nor *Pleasure* brings.  
But those whom here that *Creature* doth implye  
Are chiefly such, who under cunning shewes  
Of simple-Meanings (or of *Curtesie*)  
Doe silly Men unwarily abuse.

Or else, it meanes those greedy-*Cormorants*  
Who without touch, of Conscience or  
Compassion,

Seeke how to be enricht by others wants,  
And bring the *Poore* to utter Desolation.

Avoid them therefore, though compell'd by  
need;

Or if a *Storme* inforce, (yee lab'ring *Bees*)  
That yee must fall among them; Flie with speed  
From their Commerce, when *Calmes* your  
passage frees.

Much more, let wastfull *Gallants* haste from  
these;

Else, when those Idling-painted-*Butterflies*,  
Have flutter'd-out their *Summer-time*, in ease,  
(And spent their Wealth in foolish Vanities)

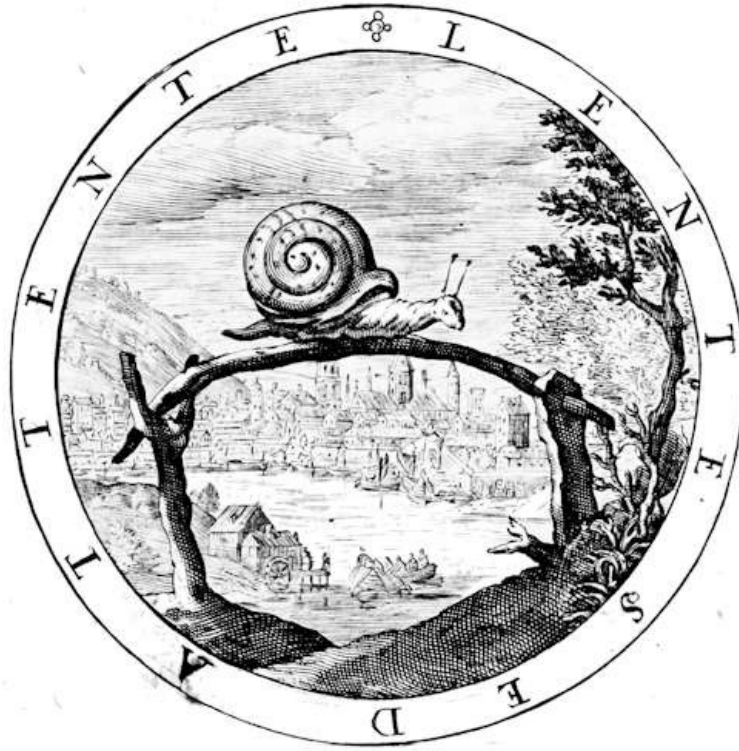
The Blasts of *Want* may force them to be  
brought

For shelter thither, where they shall be  
caught.

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XIX. *Book. 1.*

---



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

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XX. *Book. 1.*

---



Ome Men, when for their Actions they  
procure

A likely colour, (be it nere so vaine)  
Procede as if their *Projects* were as  
sure,

As when *Sound Reason* did their Course  
maintayne:

And these not much unlike those *Children* are,  
Who through a *Storme* advent'ring desp'rately,  
Had rather on their Heads, a *Sive* to beare,  
Then *Cov'rings*, that may serve to keepe them  
drye.

For, at a distance that perchance is thought  
A helpfull *Shelter*; and, yet, proves to those  
Who neede the same, a *Toy*, which profits  
nought;

Because, each drop of Raine quite through it,  
goes.

So, they, whose foolish *Projects*, for a while,  
Doe promise their *Projectors* hopefull ends,  
Shall finde them, in the *Tryall*, to beguile;  
And, that both *Shame* and *Want*, on them  
attends.

Such like is their estate, who, (to appeare  
*Rich-men* to others) doe, with Inward-payne,  
A gladsome out-ward *Port* desire to beare;  
Though they at last nor *Wealth* nor *Credit* gaine.  
And, such are all those *Hypocrites*, who strive  
False *Hearts* beneath *Faire-spoken Words* to  
hyde:

For, they o'revaile themselves but with a *Sive*,  
Through which, their purposes at length are  
spyde.

And, then, they either woefully-lament  
Their *Brutish-folly*, or so hardned grow  
In Sinning, that they never can repent,  
Nay, jest and scoffe at their owne Overthrow.

But no false *Vaile* can serve (when *God* will  
smite)

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



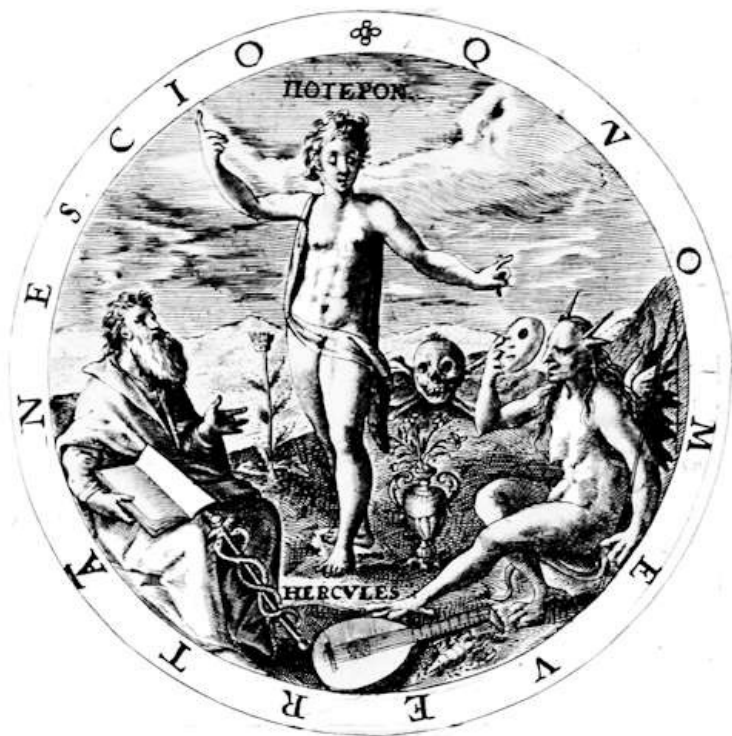
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ILLVSTR. XXI. *Book. 1.*

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

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



ILLVSTR. XXII. *Book. 1.*

**M**Y hopeful *Friends* at thrice five yeares  
and three,  
Without a *Guide* (into the World alone)  
To seeke my *Fortune*, did adventure  
mee;

And, many hazards, I alighted on.  
First, *Englands* greatest *Rendevouz* I sought,  
Where *VICE* and *VERTVE* at the highest sit;  
And, thither, both a *Minde* and *Bodie* brought,  
For neither of their *Services* unfit.  
Both, woo'd my *Youth*: And, both perswaded so,  
That (like the *Young man* in our *Emblem* here)  
I stood, and cry'd, *Ah! which way shall I goe?*  
To me so pleasing both their *Offers* were.

*VICE*, *Pleasures* best *Contentments* promist mee,  
And what the wanton *Flesh* desires to have:  
Quoth *VERTVE*, *I will Wisdome give to thee,*  
*And those brave things, which noblest Mindes*  
*doe crave.*

*Serve me* said *VICE*, *and thou shalt soone acquire*  
*All those Atchievements which my Service*  
*brings:*

*Serve me* said *VERTVE*, *and Ile raise thee higher,*  
*Then VICES can, and teach thee better things.*  
Whil'st thus they strove to gaine me, I espyde  
Grim *Death* attending *VICE*; and, that her Face  
Was but a painted *Vizard*, which did hide  
The foul'st *Deformity* that ever was.

*LORD*, *grant me grace for evermore to view*  
*Her Vglinesse: And, that I viewing it,*  
*Her Falsehoods and allurements may eschew;*  
*And on faire VERTVE my Affection set;*  
*Her Beauties contemplate, her Love embrace,*  
*And by her safe Direction, runne my Race.*



---

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

---



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**ILLVSTR. XXIII. *Book. 1.***

---



He lick'rish *Beare* to rob the *Honey-Bees*

Among their stinging-Swarms thrusts  
in his pawes;

Adventureth to climbe up hollow Trees,  
And from their *Cells*, the well fill'd *Combes* he  
drawes:

Right so, the *Sensuall-Man* that he may gaine  
His brutish *Lust*, a thousand perills dares;  
And, that his *Lawlesse-will* he may attaine,  
Nor *Conscience*, *Credit*, *Cost*, nor *Labour*  
spares.

'Twere shamefull basenesse, therefore, if that  
he

Who knoweth *Vertue*, and is thought her *Lover*,  
Should so by any Perills frighted bee,  
To make him such *Affections* to give-over.  
For, why should that *Vaine-Crew* whose Valour  
springs

From beastly *Fury*, or inflamed-*Passion*,  
Enabled be to compasse bolder things,  
Then *Sober-Wit*, and *Grave Consideration*?  
Or, why should lispig-*Wantons*, for their *Lust*  
So much adventure as one finger, there,  
Where we our Lives in hazard would not thrust  
For *Vertues* Glory, if it needfull were?  
For, though her *Sweetnesse* fast is closed in  
With many *Thornes*, and such a Prickling-guard,  
That we must smart, before that *Prize* we winne,  
The *Paine* is follow'd, with a *Rich Reward*.  
By *Suffring*, I have more *Contentment* had,  
Then ever I acquir'd by *Slothfull Ease*;  
And, I by *Griefe*, so joyfull have beene made,  
That I will beare my *Crosse*, while *God* shall  
please.

For, so at last my *Soule* may *Ioy* procure,  
I care not, in my *Flesh* what I endure.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXIII. *Book. 1.*

---



N vaine faire *Cynthia* never taketh  
paines,  
Nor faints in foll'wing her desired  
*Game;*

And, when at any Marke her Bowe she straines,  
The winged Arrow surely hits the same.  
Her *Picture*, therefore, in this place doth shew  
The Nature of their *Mindes* who *Cynthia*-like,  
With *Constancie* their *Purposes* pursue,  
And faint not till they compasse what they seeke.  
For, nought more *God-like* in this World is found,  
Then so *Resolv'd a man*, that nothing may  
His *Resolution* alter or confound,  
When any taske of *Worth*, he doth assay.  
Nor, is there greater Basenesse, then those  
*Mindes*

That from an *Honest-purpose*, can be wrought  
By *Threatnings*, *Bribes*, *Smooth-Gales* or  
*Boyst'rous-Windes*,

What ever colour or excuse be brought.

You then, that would, with *Pleasure*, *Glory*  
gaine,

*Diana* like, those modest things require,  
Which truely may beseeme you to attaine;  
And stoutly follow that which you desire:  
For, changing though the *Moone* to us appeare,  
She holds a firme Dependence on the *Sunne*;  
And, by a *Constant-Motion*, in her *Sphære*  
With him, doth in *Conjunction* often runne:  
So, *Constant-men*, still move their hopes to  
winne;

But, never by a *Motion-indirect*;  
Nor, will they stop the Course that they are in,  
Vntill they bring their purpose to effect.

For, whosoever *Honest-things* requires,  
A *Promise* hath of all that he desires.

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



ILLVSTR. XXV. *Book. 1.*



Wen to the Fields we walke to looke  
upon  
Some skilfull *Mark-man*; so much  
heede we not

How many *Arrowes* from his *Bowe* are gone,  
As we observe how nigh the *Marke* he shot:  
And, justly we deride that Man who spends  
His *Time* and *Shafts*, but never ayme doth take  
To hit the *White*; or foolishly pretends,  
The number of the Shots, doth *Archers* make.  
So, *God*, who marketh our Endeavours, here,  
Doth not by *tale*, account of them receive;  
But, heedeth rather how *well meant* they were,  
And, at his *Will* how rightly aym'd we have.

It is not mumbling over thrice a day  
A Set of *Ave Marias*, or of *Creeds*,  
Or many houres formally to *pray*;  
When from a dull *Devotion* it proceedes:  
Nor is it, up and downe the Land to seeke  
To finde those well breath'd *Lecturers*, that can  
Preach thrice a *Sabbath*, and sixe times a weeke,  
Yet be as fresh, as when they first beganne:  
Nor, is it, such like things perform'd by *Number*  
Which *God* respects: Nor doth his *Wisdome*  
crave

Those many *Vanities*, wherewith some cumber  
Their *Bodies*, as if those their *Soules* could save.  
For, not *Much-doing*, but *Well-doing*, that  
Which *God* commands, the *Doer*, justifies.  
To pray without *Devotion*, is to *Prate*;  
And, *Hearing* is but halfe our *Exercise*.

We ought not, therefore, to regard, alone,  
How *often*, but how *Well*, the *Worke* be done.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXVI. *Book. 1.*

---



The little *Squirrell*, hath no other Food  
Then that which *Natures* thrifty hand  
provides;

And, in purveying up and downe the  
Wood,

She many cold wet Stormes, for that, abides.  
She lyes not heartlesse in her Mossie *Dray*,  
Nor feareth to adventure through the *Raine*;  
But skippeth out, and beares it as she may,  
Vntill the Season waxeth calme againe.

Right thus, have I and others, often far'd;  
For, when we first into the World were brought,  
We found but little, for our Vse prepar'd,  
Save that, which by *Hard-Labour*, must be  
sought.

In many *Stormes*, unheeded, we are faine  
To seeke out needfull things; and, smilingly  
To jest, at what some others would complaine:  
That, none might laugh at our *Necessity*.  
Yea, some have liv'd on *Huskes*, whil'st others  
fed

On that which was their *Labours* due Reward;  
And, were pursu'd (till they almost were dead)  
Without the Worlds Compassion or Regard.  
Yet, by *Enduring*, they out liv'd the Blast  
Of *Adverse-Fortune*; and, with good successe,  
(Expecting calmer Seasons) at the last,  
Arrived at the Port of *Happinesse*.

Their *Suffring-much*, hath made their  
*Suffrings* none;  
And brought forth *Hopes*, by which, perceive  
they may,  
That *Nights* have but their Turnes; and (they  
once gone)  
Their *Darkenesse*, makes much welcomer, the  
*Day*.

All *Griefe* shall have an ending, I am sure;  
And, therefore, I with *Patience*, will *Endure*.

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XXVII. *Book. 1.*

---





Heir foolish Guise, I never could affect,  
Who dare, for any cause, the *Stewes*  
frequent:

And, thither, where I justly might  
suspect

A *Strumpet* liv'd, as yet, I never went.  
For, when (as *Fooles* pretend) they goe to seeke  
Experience, where more *Ill* then *Good*, they see;  
They venture for their *Knowledge*, *Adam*-like;  
And, such as his, will their *Atchievements* bee.

Let, therefore, those that would loose *Trulls*  
detest,  
Converse with none, but those that modest are;  
For, they that can of *Whoredome* make a Iest,  
Will entertaine it, ere they be aware.  
*Chast-Company*, and *Chast-Discourse*, doth  
make

The Minde more pleased with it, ev'ry day;  
And, *Frequent viewes of Wantonnesse*, will take  
The Sense and Hatred, of the *Vice* away.

Some, I have knowne, by *Harlots* Wiles  
undone,  
Who, but *to see their Fashions* first pretended;  
And, they that went *for Company*, alone,  
By suddaine Quarrells, there, their Dayes have  
ended.

For, in the Lodgings of a *Lustfull-Woman*,  
Immodest *Impudence* hath still her Being;  
There, *Furie*, *Fraud*, and *Cruelties* are common:  
And, there, is *Want*, and *Shame*, and  
*Disagreeing*.

Ev'n *Beauty*, of it selfe, stirres loose Desires,  
Occasioning both *Iealousies*, and *Feares*;  
It kindleth in the Brest, concealed *Fires*,  
Which burne the Heart, before the *Flame*  
appeares:

And, ev'ry day, experienced are wee;  
That, there, where *Hellen* is, *Troyes* Fate will  
bee.



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ILLVSTR. XXVIII. *Book. 1.*

---



Some *Trees*, when Men oppresse their  
Aged Heads,  
(With waighty Stones) they fructifie the  
more;

And, when upon some *Herbs*, the *Gard'ner*  
treads,

They thrive and prosper, better then before:

So, when the Kings of *Ægypt* did oppresse  
The Sonnes of *Jacob*, through their Tyrannies;  
Their Numbers, every day, did more encrease,  
Till they grew greater then their Enemies.

So, when the *Iewes* and *Gentiles*, joyn'd their  
Powre

The *Lord*, and his *Annoynted*, to withstand;  
(With raging *Furie*, lab'ring to devoure  
And roote the *Gospel*, out of ev'ry Land)  
The more they rag'd, conspired, and envy'd,  
The more they slander'd, scorn'd, and  
murthered;

The more, the *Faithfull*, still, were multiply'd:  
And, still, the further, their *Profession* spred.

Yea, so it spred, that quite it overthrew  
Ev'n *Tyranny* it selfe; that, at the last,  
The *Patience of the Saints*, most pow'rfull grew,  
And *Persecutions* force, to ground was cast.

The selfe-same Pow'r, true *Patience*, yet  
retaines,

And (though a thousand *Suffrings* wound the  
same)

She still hath *Hope* enough to ease her paynes;  
That *Hope*, which keepeth off, all *Feare* and  
*Shame*:

For, 'tis not *Hunger*, *Cold*, nor *Fire*, nor *Steele*,  
Nor all the *Scornes* or *Slanders*, we can heare,  
Nor any *Torment*, which our *Flesh* can feele,  
That conquers us; but, our owne Trayt'rous  
*Feare*.

Where, *Honest Mindes*, and *Patient Hearts*,  
are Mates

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

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XXIX. *Book. 1.*

---



Despaire not *Man*, in what thou oughtst  
to doe,  
Although thou faile when one *Attempt*  
is made;

But, adde a *New-Endeavour* thereunto,  
And, then another, and another, adde:  
Yea, till thy Pow'r and Life shall quite be spent,  
Persist in seeking what thou shouldst desire;  
For, he that falleth from a good *Intent*,  
Deserves not that, to which he did aspire.  
Rich *Treasures*, are by *Nature*, placed deepe;  
And, ere we gaine them, we must pierce the  
*Rockes*:

Such *Perills*, also, them, as *Guardians* keepe,  
That, none can winne them without wounds and  
knockes.

Moreover, *Glories*, *Thrones* are so sublime,  
That, whosoever thinkes their Top to gaine,  
Till many thousand weary steps he clime,  
Doth foole himselfe, by Musings which are vaine.

And, yet, there is a *Path-way*, which doth leade  
Above the highest things that Man can see;  
And (though it be not knowne to all who tread  
The *Common-Tract*) it may ascended be.

As, therefore, none should greater things  
presume

Then well becomes their strength; So, none  
should feare

(Through *Folly*, *Sloth*, or *Basenesse*) to assume  
Those things upon them, which beseeming are.  
In *Time*, and by *Degrees* may things be wrought,  
That seem'd impossible to have beene done,  
When they were first conceived in the thought;  
And, such as these, we may adventure on.

Mine *Arme*, I know, in time will fell an *Oke*;  
But, I will nev'r attempt it, at a *Stroke*.



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ILLVSTR. XXX. *Book. 1.*

---



Hether the *Salamander* be a *Beast*,  
Or *Precious-Stone*, which overcomes  
the *Flame*,

It skills not; Since, by either is exprest  
The Meaning which we purpose by the same:  
Both brooke the *Fire* unhurt; And (more then so)  
The fiercer and the longer *Heats* there are,  
The livelyer in the same the *Beast* will grow;  
And, much the brighter, will the *Stone* appeare.

This *Crowned-Salamander* in the *Fire*,  
May, therefore, not unfitly, signifie  
Those, who in *Fiery Charriots*, doe aspire  
*Elijah-like*, to *Immortality*:

Or, those *Heroicke-spirits*, who unharm'd  
Have through the *Fires of Troubles*, and  
*Affliction*,

(With *Vertue*, and with *Innocencie* arm'd)  
Walkt onward, in the *Path-way*, of *Perfection*.

The *Fiery-Tryall*, which like *Wood* and *Hay*,  
Consumes the Workes of ev'ry *Wicked-one*;  
(And maketh all their *Hopes* to fume away)  
Doth purifie what *Faithfull-men* have done.  
They triumph in the *Flames*, and shall obtaine  
The glorious *Crowne* of *Endless-Happinesse*,  
When all that show of *Blisse* appeareth vaine,  
Which *Worldly men* have seemed to possesse.  
For, though some *Sinnes* and *Follies*, gilded are,  
And shine like purest *Gold*, and *Pretious-Stones*;  
This *Test*, will finde of what *Allay* they were,  
And, make them knowne but *Counterfeited*  
*Ones*:

For, in this *Fornace*, all such *Wormes* expire;  
And, none but *Vertue* liveth in this *Fire*.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XXXI. *Book. 1.*

---



Am not of their Minde, who thinke the  
*Sun,*  
The *Moone,* the *Planets,* and those  
glorious *Lights*  
Which trim the *Sphæres,* doe in their *Motions*  
run

To no more purpose, then to please our *Sights.*  
Nor for distinguishment of *Nights,* and *Dayes,*  
Or of the *Seasons,* and the *Times,* alone,  
Can I suppose the Hand of *God* displayes  
Those many *Starres,* we nightly gaze upon:  
For, both by *Reason,* and by *Common-sense*  
We know (and often feele) that from above  
The *Planets* have, on us, an *Influence;*  
And, that our *Bodies* varie, as they move.

Moreover, *Holy Writ* inferres, that these  
Have some such pow'r; ev'n in those Places,  
where

It names *Orion,* and the *Pleiades;*  
Which, *Starres* of much inferiour Nature are.

Yet, hence conclude not, therefore, that the  
*Minde*

Is by the *Starres* constrained to obey  
Their *Influence;* or, so by them inclin'd,  
That, by no meanes resist the same we may.  
For, though they forme the *Bodies* temp'rature,  
(And though the *Minde* inclineth after that)  
By *Grace* another *Temper* we procure,  
Which guides the *Motions* of *Supposed Fate.*  
The *Soule* of *Man* is nobler then the *Sphæres;*  
And, if it gaine the Place which may be had,  
Not here alone on Earth, the Rule it beares,  
But, is the *Lord,* of all that *God* hath made.

Be *wise in him;* and, if just cause there bee,  
The *Sunne* and *Moone,* shall stand and wayt  
on thee.



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



ILLVSTR. XXXII. *Book. 1.*



Right blest are they on whom *God* hath  
bestowne

A *King*, whose *Vertues* have approved  
him

To be an Ornament unto his *Throne*,  
And as a Lustre to his *Diadem*.  
Hee seekes not onely how to keepe in awe  
His *People*, by those meanes that rightfull are;  
But, doth unto himselfe, become a *Law*,  
And, by *Example*, Pious *Wayes* declare.  
He, loveth *Peace*, and after it pursues;  
Yet, if of *Warre* a just occasion come,  
Doth nor *Bellona's* Challenges refuse,  
Nor feare, to beat *Defyance* on his *Drum*;  
He is as ready, also, to advance  
The Lib'rall *Arts*, and from his Lands to drive  
All false *Religion*, *Schisme*, and *Ignorance*,  
As other publike profits to contrive.  
And, such a *Prince* is not a *Casual-thing*,  
The Glories of a *Throne*, by *Chance*, possessing;  
Nor meerely from his *Parents*, doth he spring,  
But, he is rather *Gods* immediate *Blessing*.

If thou desirest such a *Prince* to be,  
Or, to acquire that Worth which may allure  
Such *Princes* to vouchsafe some *Grace* to thee;  
Their Kingly *Vertues*, labour to procure.  
In *Military* Practices delight,  
Not for a wicked, or vaine-glorious end;  
But, to maintaine the Cause that is upright,  
Or thy distressed *Countrey* to defend.

And, strive that thou, as excellent mayst bee  
In *Knowledge*, as, thou art in thy *Degree*.



ILLVSTR. XXXIII. *Book. 1.*

**H**ee that shall say he *Loves*, and was  
again  
So well-belov'd, that neither *Hee* nor  
*Shee*

Suspects each other, neither needs to gaine  
New proofes, that they in all Desires agree;  
And, yet, shall coole againe in their *Affection*,  
(And leave to Love) or live till they are *Lovers*  
The second-time; It some grosse Imperfection  
In *One* (if not in *Both*) of them discovers.

It was not *Love* which did between them grow;  
But, rather, somewhat like unto the same;  
Which (having made a faire deceiving *Show*)  
Obtain'd, a while, that honorable Name.  
For, *False-Affections* will together play  
So lovingly; and, oft, so act those Parts  
Which reall seeme; that, for a time, they may  
Apppeare the *Children* of *Vnfeigned-Hearts*:  
Yea, Many-times, true *Turtles* are deceiv'd  
By counterfeited *Passions*, till their *Love*  
Of her true *Object* findes her selfe bereav'd;  
And, after it, is forced to remove:  
But, where *True-Love* begetteth, and enjoys  
The proper *Object*, which shee doth desire,  
Nor *Time*, nor *Injury* the same destroyes;  
But, it continues a *Perpetuall Fire*.

Like am'rous *Thisbe* to her *Pyramus*,  
On all occasions, it continues true:  
Nor *Night*, nor *Danger*, makes it timorous;  
But, through all Perills, it will him pursue.

Thus, both in *Life*, in *Death*, in all estates,  
*True-Lovers* will be true-*Associates*.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XXXIV. *Book. 1.*

---



He *Westerne-Indians*, when they want  
a Fire

To warme their naked limbs, or dresse  
their Food,

At ev'ry need, accomplish their Desire,  
By often rubbing of two *Stickes of Wood*.

From whence, these *Observations* we may  
take;

First, that in them whose Natures gentlest are,  
A long *Contention* such a Change may make,  
As did, before, scarce possible appeare.

Next, that when *Two* in *Opposition* bee,  
Whose power and strength and Malice is the  
same,

Their strugling Hearts but seldome doe agree,  
Till they beget, a *Selfe-devouring-Flame*.

And, thirdly, it informes, that those chaste *Fires*  
Which on *Loves Altars* keepe a Lasting-Heat;  
Are those, which in two Hearts, two *Like-Desires*  
Vpon each other, mutually beget.

Hence, therefore, learne thou, first, not to  
contemne

Their *Mildnesse*, who to anger are not prone;  
Lest, many wrongs doe stirre up *Fires* in them,  
And worke thee Mischiefe, when thou look'st for  
none.

Be wary, next, though thou thy selfe be strong,  
How with a pow'rfull Foe thou dost contend;  
For, they that wrastle in *Contention*, long,  
Will, sure, beshrew their Madnesse, in the end.

And, if to warme thee by *Loves Fires* thou  
seeke,

Thy *Peere* in *Yeares*, and *Manners*, pray to finde;  
Let both your *Aymes*, and *Longings*, be alike;  
Be one in *Faith*, and *Will*; and, one in *Minde*:

So, you shall reape the fruits of your Desire,  
And warme each other with a kindly *Fire*.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXXV. *Book. 1.*

---



When I behold the Havocke and the  
Spoyle,  
Which (ev'n within the compasse of my  
Dayes)

Is made through every quarter of this *Ile*,  
In *Woods* and *Groves* (which were this  
Kingdomes praise)

And, when I minde with how much greedinesse,  
We seeke the present Gaine, in every thing;  
Not caring (so our *Lust* we may possesse)  
What Dammage to *Posterity* we bring:  
They doe, me-thinkes, as if they did foresee,  
That, some of those, whom they have cause to  
hate,

Should come in *Future-times*, their Heires to be:  
Or else, why should they such things perpetrate?  
For, if they thinke their *Children* shall succeed;  
Or, can believe, that they begot their *Heires*;  
They could not, surely, doe so foule a Deed,  
As to deface the *Land*, that should be theirs.  
What our *Forefathers* planted, we destroy:  
Nay, all Mens labours, living heretofore,  
And all our owne, we lavishly imploy  
To serve our present *Lusts*; and, for no more.

But, let these carelesse *Wasters* learne to  
know,

That, as *Vaine-Spoyle* is open *Injury*;  
So, *Planting* is a *Debt*, they truely owe,  
And ought to pay to their *Posterity*.  
*Selfe-love*, for none, but for it selfe, doth care;  
And, onely, for the present, taketh paine:  
But, *Charity* for others doth prepare;  
And, joyes in that, which *Future-Time* shall  
gaine.

If, *After-Ages* may my *Labours* blesse;  
I care not, *much*, how *Little* I possesse.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XXXVI. *Book. 1.*

---



He *Estridge* (though with many  
*Feathers* trimm'd,  
And deckt with goodly *Plumes* of no  
meane size)

Is so unwieldy, and so largely limb'd,  
That, up into the Aire he cannot rise.  
And, though in Wings and Feathers, he appeares  
A goodly *Fowle*, and beares his Head so high,  
As if he could oretop the lower *Sphæres*;  
And, farre above the towring *Eagles* flie;  
So uselesse are those *Feathers*, and those  
*Wings*,  
To gaine him *Name* among their aiery Race;  
That, he must walke with such Inferiour things,  
As in this *Common-Region*, have their place.

Such *Fowles* as these, are that *Gay-plumed-  
Crew*,

Which (to high place and Fortunes being borne)  
Are men of goodly worth, in outward view;  
And, in themselves, deserve nought els but  
scorne.

For, though their *Trappings*, their *high-lifted  
Eyes*,

Their *Lofty Words*, and their *Much-feared  
Pow'rs*,

Doe make them seeme *Heroicke*, *Stout*, and  
*Wise*,

Their Hearts are oft as *fond*, and *faint* as ours.

Such *Animals* as these, are also those  
That *Wise*, and *Grave*, and *Learned Men* doe  
seeme

In *Title*, *Habit*, and all *Formall showes*;  
Yet, have nor *Wit*, nor *Knowledge*, worth  
esteeme.

And, lastly, such are they; that, having got  
*Wealth*, *Knowledge*, and those other *Gifts*, which  
may

Advance the *Publike-Good*, yet, use them not;  
but *Feede*, and *Sleepe*, and *laze their time away*.

He, may be but a *Goose*, which weares the  
*Quill*;

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



---

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

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ILLVSTR. XXXVII. *Book. 1.*

---



Ee to the *Sea*, this *World* may well  
compare;  
For, ev'ry Man which liveth in the  
same,  
Is as a *Pilot*, to some *Vessell* there,  
Of little size, or else of larger frame.

Some, have the *Boats* of their owne *Life* to  
guide,  
Some, of whole *Families* doe row the *Barge*,  
Some, governe *petty Towneships* too, beside,  
(To those compar'd, which of small *Barkes* have  
charge)  
Some others, rule great *Provinces*; and, they  
Resemble *Captaines* of huge *Argoses*:  
But, when of *Kingdomes*, any gayne the Sway,  
To *Generalls of Fleets*, we liken these.

Each hath his proper *Course* to him assign'd,  
His *Card*, his *Compass*, his due *Tacklings*, too;  
And, if their *Businesse*, as they ought, they mind,  
They may accomplish all they have to doe.  
But, most Men leave the Care of their owne  
*Course*,

To judge or follow others, in their wayes;  
And, when their *Follies* make their *Fortunes*  
worse,

They curse the *Destiny*, which they should  
praise.

For, *Waves*, and *Windes*, and that oft-changing  
*Weather*

Which many blame, as cause of all their *Losses*,  
(Though they observe it not) helps bring  
together

Those *Hopes*, which their owne *Wisedome*, often  
crosses.

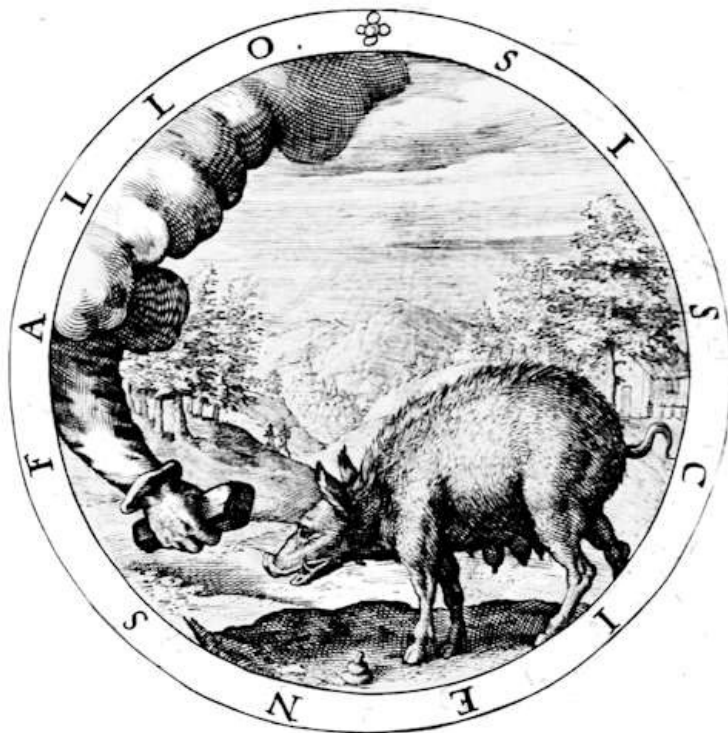
Regard not, therefore much, what those things  
be,

Which come, without thy fault, to thwart thy  
*Way*;

Nor, how, *Rash-Lookers-on* will censure thee;  
But, faithfully, to doe thy part, assay:

For, if thou shalt not from this *Counsell* vary,  
Let my *Hopes* faile me, if thy *Hopes* miscarry.

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



ILLVSTR. XXXVIII. *Book. 1.*



When th' *Ancients* made a solemn  
*League or Vow,*  
Their Custom was to ratifie it, thus;  
Before their *Idoll-God*, they slew a *Sow*,  
And sayd aloud; *So be it unto us.*  
Implying, that, if otherwise they did  
Then had been vow'd; or, if within their Brest  
A *Fraudulent-Intention* had beene hid,  
They merited such Vsage, as that *Beast.*  
For, by the *Swine* that they had slaughtred so,  
(Which, during Life, was helpfull unto none)  
Of Life deprived by a sudden blow,  
And, then, cast out, that none might feed  
thereon;

They, mystically did inferre; that, he  
Who falsify'd that *Oath* which he had sworne,  
Deserv'd, by *Sudden-Death*, cut off to be;  
And, as a *Beast uncleane*, to lye forlorne.

That *Heathenish Hieroglyphicke*, doth implye  
This *Christian-Doctrine*; that, we should in  
*Vowes,*

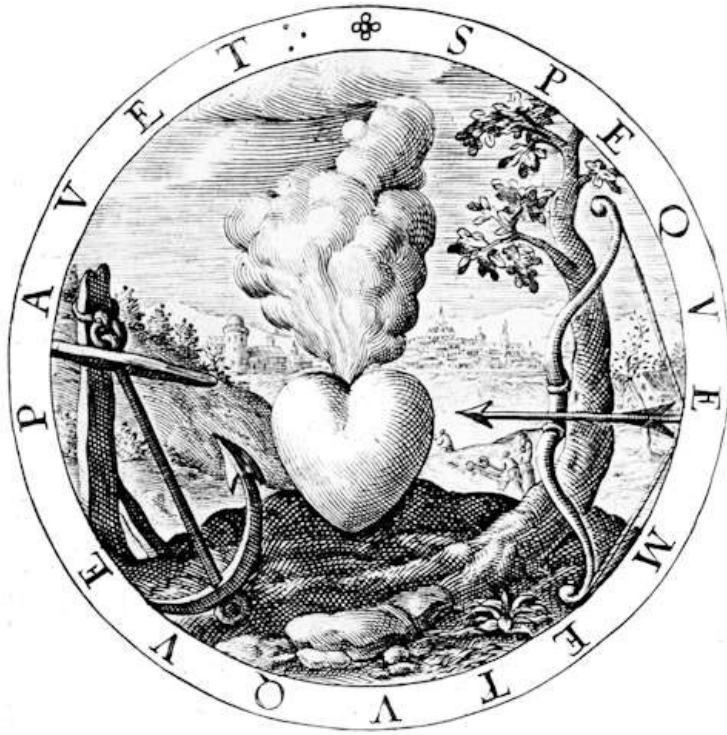
In *Leagues*, and *Oathes*, assume no Liberty,  
But, what sincerest *Honesty* allowes.

By *Swine*, the babbling *Sophisters* are meant,  
In *Hieroglyphicall* Signification;  
Which wee doe *Sacrifice*, when our intent  
Is free from *Falsehood*, and *Æquivocation.*  
And, this, let ev'ry Man endeavour for,  
Who loves the Blessings, for just men prepar'd;  
Or, if the Sinne he doe not much abhorre,  
At least, the Danger let him well regard:  
For, to pursue him, *Vengeance* never leaves,  
That *falsely Swears*, or *willingly Deceives.*

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XXXIX. *Book. 1.*

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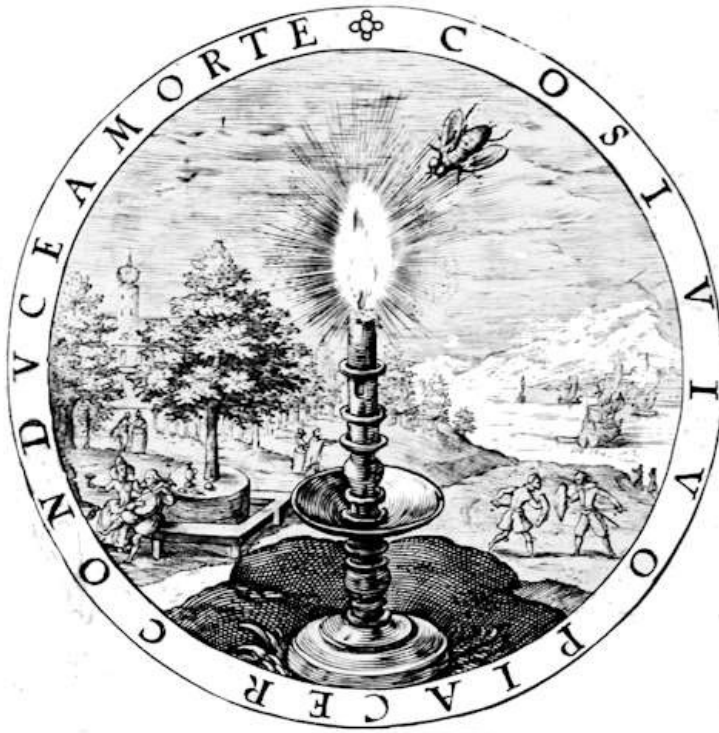


Troubled *Minde*, ore-charged with  
*Desires*,  
Betweene great *Hopes*, and no lesse  
*Feares* opprest,  
And payned inwardly with secret *Fires*,  
Was thus, by some, in former times exprest.  
A *Smoking Heart*, they placed just betwixt  
A *Fastned Anchor*, and a *Bended Bow*;  
To which a *Barbed-Arrow*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

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XL. *Book. 1.*

---



Hen you doe next behold the wanton

*Flyes*

About the shining *Candle*, come to play,

Vntill the *Light* thereof hath dimm'd

their Eyes,

Or, till the *Flame* hath sing'd their Wings away:

Remember, then, this *Emblem*; and, beware

You be not playing at such harmefull Games:

Consider, if there sit no *Female*, there,

That overwarmes you, with her *Beauties Flames*,

Take heed, you doe not over dally so

As to inflame the Tinder of *Desire*;

But, shun the Mischiefe, e're too late it grow,

Lest you be scorched in that *Foolish-Fire*.

For, as those *Wandering-Fires* which in the

Night,

Doe leade unwary *Trauellers* astray,

Alluring them, by their deceiving *Sight*,

Till they have altogether lost their way:

Right so fantasticke *Beauty* doth amaze

The Lust-full *Eye*, allures the *Heart* aside,

Captives the *Senses* (by a sudden blaze)

And, leaves the *Iudgement* wholly stupify'd.

Nay, if Men play too long about those *Torches*,

Such is the Nature of their wanton *Flame*,

That, from their Bodies (unawares) it scorches

Those *Wings* and *Feet*, on which they thither  
came.

It wasteth (ev'n to nothing) all their *Wealth*,

Consumes their precious *Time*, destroyes their

*Strength*,

Bespots their *Honest-Fame*, impaires their

*Health*,

And (when their Fatall Thread is at the length)

That thing, on which their Hope of *Life* is

plac't,

Shall bring them to *Destruction*, at the last.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XLI. *Book. 1.*

---





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



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ILLVSTR. XLII. *Book. 1.*

---



Ell-worthy of our better Heeding were,  
That *Holy Pen-mans* Lesson, who hath  
sayd,

We should *be slow to Speake, and swift  
to Heare;*

If, well, the nature of the *Tongue* we waigh'd.  
For, if we let it loose, it getteth *Wings*,  
And, flies with wanton Carelesnesse, about;  
It prateth in all places, of *All things*;  
Tells *Truth* and *Lyes*, and babbleth *Secrets* out.  
To speake, of things unknowne, it taketh leave,  
As if it had all Knowledge in Possession;  
And, *Mysteries* (which no Man can conceive)  
Are thought fit Objects for the *Tongues*  
Expression.

With *Truth* it mixeth *Errors*; sayes, unsayes;  
And, is the *Preacher* of all *Heresies*.  
That Heart, which gives it motion, it betrayes;  
And, utters Curses, Oathes, and Blasphemies.  
It spreads all Slanders, which base Envie  
raiseth;

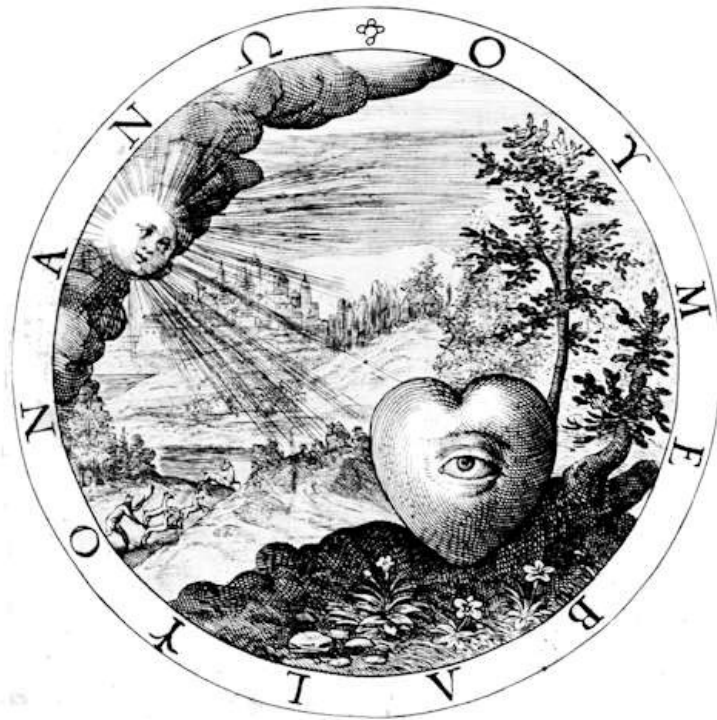
It moveth Anger, and begetteth Hates:  
It blameth *Vertue*; filthy Deeds it praiseth;  
And, causeth Vproares, Murthers, and Debates.  
Yea, tis the chiefest *Factor* for the Devill;  
And, yet, with speeches feignedly-sincere,  
It otherwhile reproveth what is Evill,  
And, will in Lowly-words, a *Saint* appeare.

Now this is knowne; we, next of all, should  
learne,  
How we may shunne the Mischiefe being  
knowne;  
How, we bad *Tongues*, in *Others*, may discerne;  
And, how to guide and moderate our *Own*e.  
And, reason good; for, none can apprehend,  
What Mischiefe doth an Evill *Tongue* attend.

---

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

---




---

ILLVSTR. XLIII. *Book. 1.*

---



*Heart*, which bore the figure of an *Eye*  
Wide open to the *Sunne*; by some, was  
us'd,

When in an *Emblem*, they would  
signifie

A *Minde*, which on *Celestiall* Matters mus'd:  
Implying, by the same, that there is nought  
Which in this lower *Orbe*, our *Eyes* can see,  
So fit an *Object* for a manly thought,  
As those things, which in *Heav'n* above us be.

*God*, gave *Mankind* (above all other  
Creatures)

A lovely *Forme*, and upward-looking *Eye*,  
(Among the rest of his peculiar *Features*)  
That he might lift his *Countenance* on high:  
And (having view'd the *Beauty*, which appears  
Within the outward *Sights* circumference)  
That he might elevate above the *Sphæres*,  
The piercing *Eye*, of his *Intelligence*.  
Then, higher, and still higher strive to raise  
His *Contemplations* *Eyes*, till they ascend  
To gaine a glimpse of those eternall *Rayes*,  
To which all undepraved *Spirits* tend.  
For, 'tis the proper nature of the *Minde*  
(Till fleshly *Thoughts* corrupt it) to despise  
Those *Lusts* whereto the *Body* stands inclin'd;  
And labour alwayes, *upward* to arise.

Some, therefore, thought those *Goblins* which  
appeare  
To haunt old *Graves* and *Tombes*, are *Soules* of  
such,

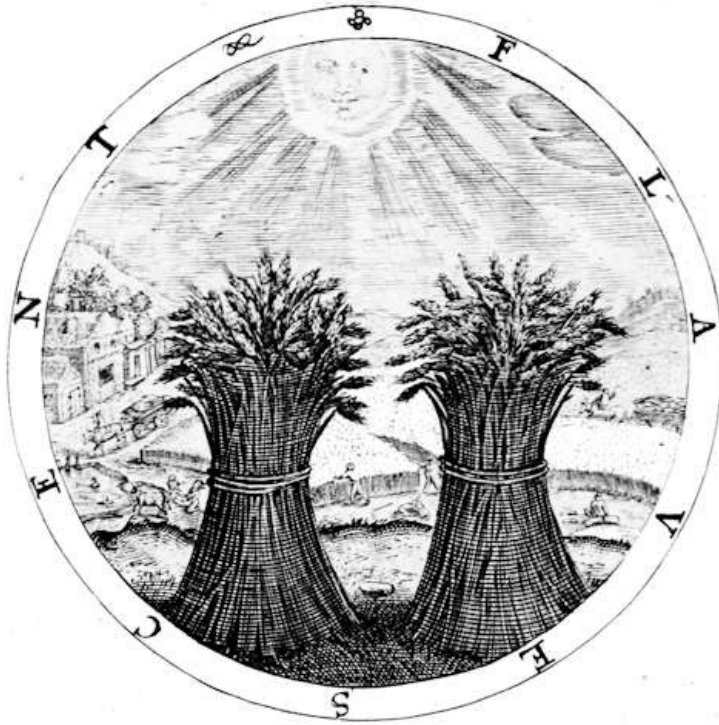
Who to these loathsome places doomed were,  
Because, they doted on the *Flesh* too much.

But, sure we are, *well-minded Men* shall goe  
To live *above*, when others bide *below*.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XLIV. *Book. 1.*

---



Hen, in the sweet and pleasant Month  
of *May*,

We see both Leaves and Blossomes on  
the Tree,

And view the *Meadowes* in their best array,  
We hopefull are a *Ioyfull-Spring* to see;  
Yet, oft, before the following *Night* be past,  
It chanceth, that a *Vapor*, or a *Frost*,  
Doth all those forward bloomings wholly waste;  
And, then, their *Sweetnesse* and their *Beautie's*  
lost.

Such, is the state of ev'ry mortall Wight:  
In *Youth*, our *Glories*, and our *Lusts* we shew;  
We fill our selves with ev'ry vaine Delight,  
And, will most thinke on that which may insue.  
But, let us learne to *heed*, as well as *know*,  
That, *Spring* doth passe; that, *Summer* steales  
away;  
And, that the *Flow'r* which makes the fairest  
show,

E're many Weekes, must wither and decay.

And, from this *Emblem*, let each *Lab'ring-  
Swaine*

(In whatsoever course of life it be)

Take heart, and hope, amidst his daily paine,  
That, of his *Travailes*, he good fruits shall see.  
The Plow'd and Harrow'd *Field*, which, to thine  
eye,

Seemes like to be the *Grave*, in which the Seeds  
Shall (without hope of rising) *buried* lye,  
Becomes the fruitfull *Wombe*, where *Plenty*  
breeds.

There, will be *Corne*, where nought but *Mire*  
appeares;

The Durty *Seed*, will forme a greenish *blade*;  
The *Blade*, will rise to *Stemmes* with fruitfull  
*Eares*;

Those *Eares*, will ripen, and be *yellow* made:

So, if in honest *Hopes*, thou persevere,  
A *Ioyfull Harvest* will at last appeare.



---

ILLVSTR. XLV. *Book. 1.*

---



Hen some, in former Ages, had a  
meaning  
An *Emblem*, of *Mortality*, to make,  
They form'd an *Infant*, on a *Deaths-*  
*head* leaning,

And, round about, encircled with a *Snake*.  
The *Childe* so pictur'd, was to signifie,  
That, from our very *Birth*, our *Dying* springs:  
The *Snake*, her *Taile devouring*, doth implie  
The *Revolution*, of all Earthly things.  
For, whatsoever hath *beginning*, here,  
Beginnes, immediately, to vary from  
The same it was; and, doth at last appeare  
What very few did thinke it should become.

The solid *Stone*, doth molder into *Earth*,  
That *Earth*, e're long, to *Water*, rarifies;  
That *Water*, gives an *Airy Vapour* birth,  
And, thence, a *Fiery-Comet* doth arise:  
That, moves, untill it selfe it so impaire,  
That from a *burning-Meteor*, backe againe,  
It sinketh downe, and thickens into *Aire*;  
That *Aire*, becomes a *Cloud*; then, *Drops of*  
*Raine*:

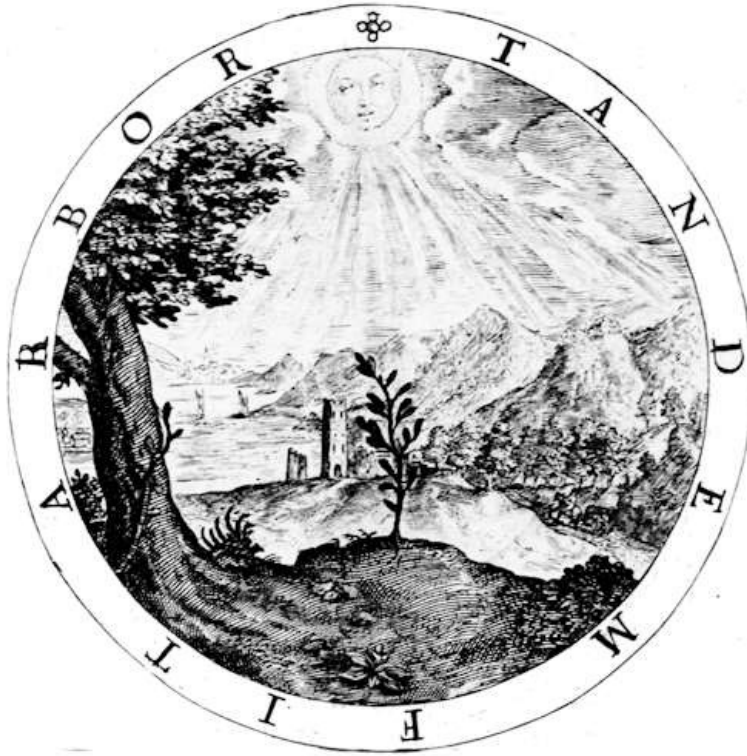
Those *Drops*, descending on a *Rocky-Ground*,  
There, settle into *Earth*, which more and more,  
Doth harden, still; so, running out the *round*,  
It growes to be the *Stone* it was before.

Thus, All things wheele about; and, each  
*Beginning*,  
Made entrance to it owne *Destruction*, hath.  
The *Life of Nature*, entreth in with *Sinning*;  
And, is for ever, wayted on by *Death*:  
The *Life of Grace*, is form'd by *Death* to *Sinne*;  
And, there, doth *Life-eternall*, straight  
beginne.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XLVI. *Book. 1.*

---



Ee finde it common (but not comely  
thou)

That, when a good *Endeavour* is begot,  
Vnlesse, at very first, it equal grow  
With our Expectance, we regard it not.  
Nor *Wit*, nor *Patience*, have we to conceive,  
That ev'ry thing, which may by Man be wrought,  
Proportionable *Time*, and *Meanes*, must have;  
Before it can be to *Perfection*, brought.  
Yet, ev'ry day, in things of ev'ry kinde,  
*Experience* hath informed us, herein;  
And, that, in many things, a change we finde,  
Which, at the first, would scarce believ'd have  
bin.

For, though a *Gosling* will not prove a *Swan*,  
*Vnruely-Colts* become *well-trayned Steeds*;  
A *Silly-Childe* growes up a *Mighty-Man*,  
And, *Lofty-Trees* doe Spring from *Little Seeds*.

Learne, therefore hence, that, nothing you  
despise,  
Because it may, at first, imperfect seeme:  
And, know, how all things (in some sort) to prise,  
Although, you give them not the best esteeme.

From hence, moreover, learne; not to  
despaire,  
When you have just occasion, to pursue  
A toylesome worke, or any great affaire:  
Since, *all-things*, at the first, from nothing, grew.  
And, I my selfe will, also, learne, from hence,  
(Of all my Paines, though little fruits I see)  
Nor to repine, nor to receive Offence;  
But, rather joy in what befalleth mee.

For, though my *Hopes* appeare but meanelly  
growne,  
They will be *Great*, when some shall thinke  
them none.





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ILLVSTR. XLVII. *Book. 1.*

---



*Serpent* rais'd above the Letter *Tau*,  
Aspiring to a *Crowne*, is figur'd here:  
From whence, a *Christian-Morall* we  
may draw,

Which worth our good regarding will appeare.  
For, by those *Characters*, in briefe, I see  
Which *Way*, we must to Happinesse ascend;  
Then, by what *Meanes*, that Path must clymed  
bee;

And, what *Reward*, shall thereupon attend.

The *Crosse*, doth shew, that *Suffring* is the  
*Way*;

The *Serpent*, seemes to teach me, that, if I  
Will overcome, I must not then, assay  
To *force* it; but, my selfe thereto *applye*.  
For, by embracing what we shall not shunne,  
We winde about the *Crosse*, till wee arise  
Above the same; and, then, what *Prize* is wonne,  
The *Crowne*, which overtops it, signifies.

Let me, O *God*, obtaine from thee the Grace,  
To be partaker of thy Blessed *Passion*;  
Let me, with Willingnesse, thy *Crosse* imbrace,  
And, share the Comforts of thy *Exaltation*.  
To beare that Part, whereto I doomed am,  
My Heart, with Strength, and Courage, *Lord*,  
inspire:

Then, *Crucifie* my *Flesh* upon the same,  
As much as my *Corruption* shall require.  
And, when by thy Assistance, I am rear'd  
Above that *Burthen*, which lyes yet upon me;  
And, over all, which (justly may be fear'd)  
Shall, during Life-time, be inflicted on me;  
Among those *Blessed-Soules*, let me be found,  
Which, with eternall *Glory*, shall be *Crown'd*.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XLVIII. *Book. 1.*

---



Et no man be so sottish as to dreame,  
Though all Men in their *Death* made  
equall are,

That, therefore, they may gather by this  
*Theame,*

That, *Parity*, in Life-time, fitting were.  
For, as the *Bodies* Members (which in *Death*  
Have all the like esteeme) had their Degrees,  
And Honours, differing in time of *breath*;  
The same (in *States*) Discretion comely sees.

Nor, should we hence inferre, that it were just  
To disesteeme the breathlesse *Carcasses*  
Of *Kings* and *Princes*, when they sleepe in Dust;  
For, *Civill-Reverence* is due to these.  
Nor, ought we, in their Life-time, to apply  
The Truth, which by this *Emblem* is declar'd,  
The *Dignities* of Men to vilifie;  
Or, bring upon their *Persons* lesse regard.

That, which from hence, I rather wish to  
preach,  
Is this; that ev'ry Man of each degree,  
Would marke it so, that he, himselfe might teach  
What thoughts and deeds, to him most proper  
be.

If he be great; let him remember, then,  
That (since, nor *Wealth*, nor *Title*, can procure  
him

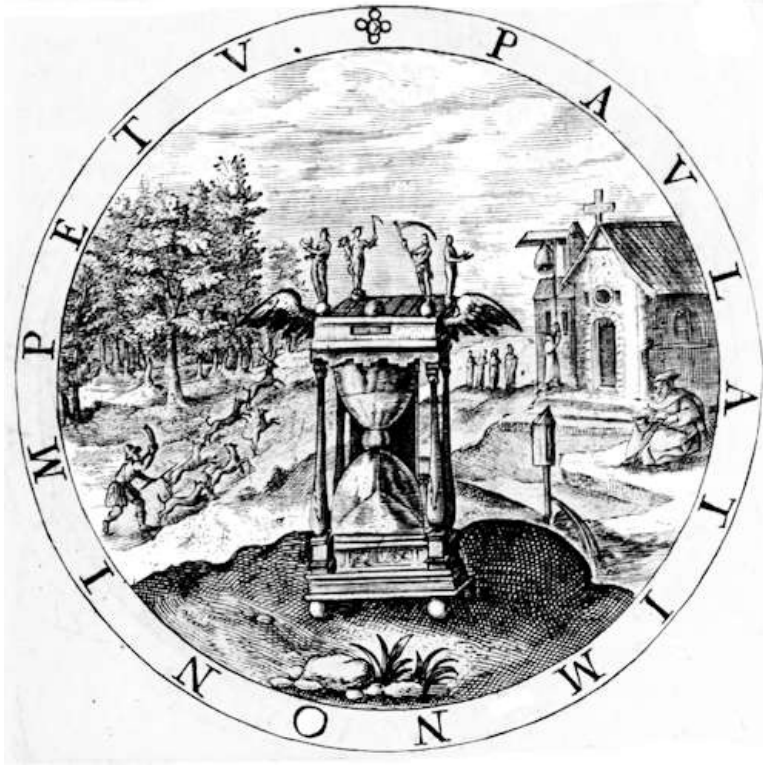
Exemption from the Doomes of other Men)  
He ought to seeke, how *Vertue* may secure him.  
If he be *Poore*; let him this *Comfort* take,  
That, though, awhile, he be afflicted here,  
Yet, *Death* may him as fully happy make,  
As he, that doth a *Crowne Imperiall* weare.

For, when his Fatall-blow, *Death* comes to  
strike,  
He, makes the *Beggar*, and the *King*, alike.

---

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

---



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**ILLVSTR. XLIX. *Book. 1.***

---



Some Foolish-Boyes (and such a Boy  
was I)

When they at Schoole have certaine  
houres to passe,

(To which they are compell'd unwillingly)  
Much time they spend in shaking of the *Glasse*:  
Thus, what they practise, to make-short their  
stay,

Prolongs it more; for while they seeke to force  
The *Sands*, to runne more speedily away,  
They interrupt them; and, they passe the worse.

Right so, in other things, with us it fares;  
(And, seeming wise, we act a foolish part)  
For, otherwhile, what *Time* alone prepares,  
We seeke to make the subject of an *Art*.  
Sometimes, by *Rashnesse*, we endeavour what  
We ought with *Leisure*, and *Advice*, to doe:  
But, if a good *Successe* doth follow, that,  
Our *Wit* was nothing helpfull thereunto.  
Sometime, againe, we prosecute a thing  
By *Violence*; when our desir'd effect,  
No other meanes so well to passe can bring,  
As *Love* and *Gentlenesse*, which we neglect.

But, let this *Emblem* teach us to regard  
What *Way of Working*, to each *Worke* pertaines:  
So, though some Portion of our Hopes be barr'd,  
We shall not, altogether, lose our paines.  
Some things are *strong*, and, othersome are  
*weake*;

With *Labour*, some; and, some with *Ease* be  
wrought:

Although the *Reed* will bend, the *Kexe* will  
breake;

And, what *mends* one thing, makes another  
*naught*.

Marke this; And, when much *Haste* will marre  
thy *Speed*,

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

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. L. *Book. 1.*

---



Mong the many Faylings of the *Time*,  
This *Emblem* giveth Cause to mention  
one,

Which, unto me, doth seeme the  
greater *Crime*,

Because, to many, it appeareth none.

I finde, that petty things are so neglected  
(Well nigh of all) in *Losings* and in *Winnings*,  
As if, what ere they thought to have effected,  
Subsisted without *Members*, or *Beginnings*.  
The Man, that loseth every *Month* a *Penny*,  
May salve-up *Twelve-months* Losses, with a  
*Shilling*.

But, if of other Losses he hath many,  
To save a *Pin*, at length, he shall be willing.  
For, he that sees his Wine-fill'd *Vessell* drop,  
(Although a *Drop*, in value, be but small)  
Should, thence, Occasion take, the *Leake* to  
stop,

Lest many *Droppings* draine him drye of all.  
Moreover, they, that will to *Greatnesse* rise,  
A Course, not much unlike to this, must keepe:  
They ought not *Small-Beginnings* to despise;  
Nor, strive to *runne*, before they learne to  
*creepe*.

By many single *Eares*, together brought,  
The *Hand* is fill'd; by *Handfulls*, we may gaine  
A *Sheafe*; with many *Sheaves* a Barne is fraught:  
Thus, oft, by *Little*, we doe much obtaine.

Consider this; And, though I wish not thee  
To take, of *Trifling-things*, too great a care;  
Yet, know thus much (for truth) it best will bee,  
If all things may be weighed as they are:

By *slender* Losses, *great*-ones are begunne;  
By many trifling *Gaines*, much *Wealth* is  
wonne.

FINIS *Libri primi*.

---



## THE FIRST LOTTERIE.

1



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

See, [Emblem I.](#)

2

It is a little fear'd, that you  
Are to your owne *Designes*, untrue;  
And, that, if you more constant were,  
You would be richer, then you are,  
(It may be, also, wiser, too)  
Looke, therefore, what you are to doe:  
Then, follow it, and, you will say,  
That, well advis'd, you were, to day.

See, [Emb. II.](#)

3

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

See, [Emb. III.](#)

4

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

See, [Emb. IV.](#)

5

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

See, [Emb. V.](#)



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

See, [Emb. VI.](#)

M 7

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

See, [Emb. VII.](#)

8

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

See, [Emb. VIII.](#)

9

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

See, [Emb. IX.](#)

10

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

See, [Emb. X.](#)

M 11

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

See, [Emb. XI.](#)

12

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

See, [Emb. XII.](#)

13

You love the *Rich*; and, honour them;  
The needy-person, you contemne:  
Yet, *Wealth*, nor want of *Wealth*, is that,  
Which, *wretched* makes, or *fortunate*:  
From other *Causes*, those things flow;  
Which, since, you either doe not know,  
Or, heede not much, this *Emblem* came,  
That, you might learne to minde the same.

See, [Emb. XIII.](#)

M 14

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

See, [Emb. XIV.](#)

15

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

See, [Emb. XV.](#)

16

Though *Troubles*, you may have (or had)  
Enough, to make some others mad;  
Yet, be content: for, they, that are  
As weake, have had as much to beare;  
And, that, which *Malice* did contrive,  
To make them poore, hath made them  
thrive.

That *Emblem*, which, by *Lot*, you drew,  
Prognosticates, as much, for you.

See, [Emb. XVI.](#)

17

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

See, [Emb. XVII.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XVIII.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XIX.](#)

[55]

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

See, [Emb. XX.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XXI.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XXII.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XXIII.](#)

24

If ought, thou purpose, to assay,  
Pursue the same, without delay;  
And, if thou meane to gather fruit,  
Be constant in thy *Hopes* pursuit:  
For, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayst finde,  
Thy *Starres*, to thee, are well-inclin'd;  
Provided, thy *Attempts* be good:  
For, that, is ever understood.

See, [Emb. XXIV.](#)

[56]

25

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

See, [Emb. XXV.](#)

26

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

See, [Emb. XXVI.](#)

27

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

See, [Emb. XXVII.](#)

28

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

See, [Emb. XXVIII.](#)

29

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

See, [Emb. XXIX.](#)

[57]

30

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

See, [Emb. XXX.](#)

31

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

See, [Emb. XXXI.](#)

M 32

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

See, [Emb. XXXII.](#)

33

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

See, [Emb. XXXIII.](#)

34

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

See, [Emb. XXXIV.](#)

[58]

35

Beware, thou share not in their crime,  
Who care, but for the present time:  
For, by thy *Lot*, wee may suspect,  
Or that, or things, to that effect.  
If so it be, or if thy *Minde*,  
To such an *Errour*, be inclin'd,  
Thy *Chance*, unto an *Emblem*, brings,  
Which, will advise to better things.

See, [Emb. XXXV.](#)

36

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

See, [Emb. XXXVI.](#)

37

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

See, [Emb. XXXVII.](#)

38

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

See, [Emb. XXXVIII.](#)

39

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

See, [Emb. XXXIX.](#)

[59]

40

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

See, [Emb. XL.](#)

41

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

See, [Emb. XLI.](#)

42

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

See, [Emb. XLII.](#)

43

Vnworthy things, thou dost affect,  
With somewhat overmuch respect;  
Vnto the *World*, inclining so,  
As if thy Hopes were all below:  
But, now, to rowse thee from this crime,  
Good *Counsell* comes in happy time.  
Make use thereof; and, thinke it not  
Meere casuall, or a needlesse *Lot*.

See, [Emb. XLIII.](#)

44

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

See, [Emb. XLV.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XLV.](#)

## 46

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

See, [Emb. XLVI.](#)

## 47

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

See, [Emb. XLVII.](#)

## 48

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

See, [Emb. XLVIII.](#)

## 49

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

See, [Emb. XLIX.](#)

## 50



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

51

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

52

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

53

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

54

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

55

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

56

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

---

*FINIS.*

---

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
EMBLEMES,  
ANCIENT AND  
MODERNE:

Quickened  
With METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS; And,  
disposed into LOTTERIES, both *Morall*  
and *Divine*.

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

---

By GEORGE WITHER.

---

*The Second Booke.*

---



---

LONDON,  
Printed by AVGVSTINE MATHEWES.  
MDCXXXIV.

---

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

F<sup>A</sup>ir'st *Blossome* of our hopes; and *Morning-  
starre*

To all these *Ilands*, which inclosed are  
By *Neptunes* armes, within our Northern *climes*;  
And who (wee trust) shall rise, in future times,  
To be the brightest *Light*, that, then will shine,  
Betwixt the *Artick-Circle*, and the *LINE*.

To *Yov* (as now you are) that I present  
These *EMBLEMS*, 'tis not so impertinent  
As those may thinke it, who have neither seene  
What, of your *Cradle-sports*, hath heeded beene;  
Nor heard how many serious *Questionings*,  
Your *Child-hood* frameth, out of trifling things:  
And, if mine aime I have not much mistooke,  
I come not oversoone with such a *Booke*.

So long as in this *Infant-Age* you are,  
(Wherein, the speechlesse *Portraitures* appeare  
A pleasurefull delight) your *HIGHNESSE* may  
Among our *EMBLEMS*, finde a *Harmelesse-play*:  
And, those mute *Objects* will from time to time,  
Still *Riper*, seeme, till you to *ripenesse* clime.  
When their dumb *Figures*, no more sport can  
make,

Their *Illustrations*, will begin to speake;  
And, ev'ry day, new matter still disclose,  
Vntill your *Judgement* to perfection growes.

They likewise, who their *Services*, to do  
Frequent your *Presence*, may have pleasure too,  
From this your *Play-game*: yea, and some  
perchance,

May cure a *Folly*, or an *Ignorance*  
By that, which they shall either heare or view  
In these our *Emblems*, when they wait on *You*;  
Or, shall be called, by your *EXCELLENCE*,  
To try what *LOT*, they shall obtaine from thence.

It may, moreover, much increase the sport,  
Which is allowed in a vertuous *COVRT*;  
When they whose faults have long suspected bin,  
Shall draw forth private *Censures* of their *Sin*,  
And, heare their *EMBLEMS*, openly, display,  
What, others dare not, but in private, say:  
Nor will, to *Yov*, the *MORALS* be in vaine,  
Ev'n when to manly *Knowledge* you attaine;  
For, though to *Teach*, it will not them become  
To be *Remembrancers*, they may presume:  
And, that which in their *Child-hood*, men shall  
heed,

Will soonest come to minde, in time of need.

Incourag'd by these *Hopes*, I thought it meet  
To lay this humble *Present* at your feet.  
*Accept it, now*; and, please to favour *me*,  
When I growe *old*, and, You a *Man* shall be.

*To your Highnesse*

*most humbly devoted,*

GEO: WITHER.

---

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

Sweet PRINCE,



daily and humble

Oratour,

GEO: WITHER.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. I. *Book. 2*

---





When I observe the Melanchollie *Owles*,  
Considering with what patience, they  
sustaine

The many clamours, of the greater  
*Fowles*;

And, how the little *Chirpers*, they disdain:  
When I remember, how, their Injuries  
They sleight, (who, causeles give them an  
offence)

Vouchsafing, scarce to cast aside their eyes  
To looke upon that foolish Insolence.  
Me thinkes, by their *Example*, I am taught  
To sleight the slaunders of Injurious *Tongues*;  
To set the scoffes of *Censurers*, at naught,  
And, with a brave *neglect*, to beare out *Wrongs*.

Hee, doubtles, whom the *Psalmist*, long agoe,  
Vnto a lonely *Desert-Owle* compar'd,  
Did practise thus; And, when I can doe so,  
I, shall for all affronts, become prepar'd.  
And, (though, this Doctrine, Flesh and blood  
gaine-say)

Yet, sure, to stopp the malice of *Despight*,  
There is no better, (nay, no other) way:  
Since, *Rage* by Opposition gathers *Might*.

*Good God! vouchsafe, sufficient grace and  
strength,*

*That (though I have not yet, such Patience gott)  
I may attaine this happy gift, at length;  
And, finde the cause, that, yet, I have it not.  
Though me, my Neighbours, and my Foes revile;  
Make me of all their words, a Patient-bearer:  
When er'e I suffer, let me be, the while,  
As is the silent Lambe before the Shearer.*

*So; though my speakings, cannot quiet any,  
My Patience may restraine the Tongues of  
many.*



---

ILLVSTR. II. *Book. 2*

---



He *Crowe*, when deepe within a close-  
mouth'd-*Pot*.

She water finds, her thirstinesse to  
slake;

(And, knoweth not where else it might be got)  
Her *Belly*, teacheth her, this course to take:  
She flies, and fetcheth many *Pibbles* thither,  
Then, downe into the *Vessell*, lets them *drop*;  
Vntill, so many stones are brought together,  
As may advance the water to the top.

From whence, we might this *observation* heed;  
That, *Hunger*, *Thirst*, and those *necessities*,  
(Which from the *Bellies* craving, doe proceed)  
May make a *Foole*, grow provident and wise.  
And, though (in sport) we say, the *braines* of  
some,

Not in their *Heads*, but in their *Gutts*, doe lye;  
Yet, that, by wants, Men wiser should become,  
Dissenteth not from true *Philosophy*:  
For, no man labours with much *Willingnesse*,  
To compasse, what he nought at all desires;  
Nor seeketh so, his longing to possesse,  
As, when some urgent neede, the same requires.  
Nay, though he might, a *willingnesse*, retaine,  
Yet, as the *Belly*, which is ever full,  
Breeds fumes, that cause a *sottish-witles-braine*;  
So, *plenteous Fortunes*, make the *Spirits* dull.  
All, *borne to Riches*, have not *all-times*, witt  
To keepe, (much lesse, to better) their degree:  
But, men to nothing borne, oft, passage get.  
(Through many wants) renown'd, and rich to  
bee:

Yea, *Povertie* and *Hunger*, did produce,  
The best *Inventions*, and, of chiefest use.

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



ILLVSTR. III. *Book. 2*

**T**O *Musicke*, and the *Muses*, many beare  
Much hatred; and, to whatsoever ends  
Their *Soule-delighting-Raptures* tuned  
are,

Such peevish dispositions, it offends.  
Some others, in a *Morall way*, affect  
Their pleasing *Straines* (or, for a sensuall use)  
But, in *Gods Worship*, they the same suspect;  
(Or, taxe it rather) as a great abuse.  
The *First* of these, are full of *Melancholy*;  
And, *Pitty* need, or *Comfort*, more then blame;  
And, soone, may fall into some dangerous *folly*,  
Vnlesse they labour, to prevent the same.  
The *Last*, are *giddie-things*, that have befool'd  
Their Iudgements, with *beguiling-Fantasies*,  
Which (if they be not, by discretion, school'd)  
Will plunge them into greater *Vanities*.

For, *Musicke*, is the *Handmaid* of the LORD,  
And, for his *Worship*, was at first ordayned:  
Yea, therewithall she fitly doth accord;  
And, where *Devotion* thriveth, is retheyned.  
*Shee*, by a nat'rall power, doth helpe to raise,  
The *mind* to God, when joyfull Notes are  
sounded:

And, *Passions* fierce Distemperatures, alaies;  
When, by grave *Tones*, the *Mellody* is bounded.  
It, also may in *Mysticke-sense*, imply  
What *Musicke*, in *our-selves*, ought still to be;  
And, that our *jarring-lives* to certifie,  
Wee should in *Voice*, in *Hand*, and *Heart*, agree:  
And, sing out, *Faith's* new-songs, with full  
concent,  
Vnto the *Lawes*, ten-stringed *Instrument*.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. IIII. *Book. 2*

---



*Sword unsheathed, and a strangling-  
Snare,*

Is figur'd here; which, in *dumbe-  
shewes*, doe preach,

Of what the *Malefactor* should beware;  
And, they doe *threaten too*, aswell as *Teach*.  
For, some there are, (would God, that summe  
were lesse)

Whom, neither good *Advise*, nor, wholesome  
*Lawe*,

Can turne from Pathwaies of *Vnrighteousnesse*,  
If *Death*, or *Tortures*, keepe them not in awe.

These, are not they, whose *Conscience* for the  
sake

Of *Goodnesse* onely, *Godlinesse*, pursues;  
But, these are they, who never scruple make  
What *Guilt*, but, what great *punishment* ensues.

For such as these, this *Emblem* was prepar'd:

And, for their sakes, in places eminent,  
Are all our *Gallow-trees*, and *Gibbets*, rear'd;  
That, by the sight of them, they might repent.  
Let, therefore, those who feele their hearts  
inclin'd

To any kind of *Death-deserving-Crime*,  
(When they behold this *Emblem*) change their  
mind,

Lest, they (too late) repent, another time.  
And, let not those our Counsell, now, contemne,  
Who, doome *poore Theeves* to death; yet, guilty  
be

Of more, then most of those whom they  
Condemne:

But, let them Learne their perill to foresee.  
For, though a little while, they may have hope  
To seeme upright, (when they are nothing lesse)  
And, scape the *Sword*, the *Gallowes*, and the  
*Rope*,

There is a *Iudge*, who sees their wickednesse;  
And, when grim *Death*, shall summon them,  
from hence,  
They will be fully plagu'd for their offence.



---

ILLVSTR. V. *Book. 2*

---



*Crowned Scepter*, here is fixt upright,  
Betwixt foure *Fowles*, whose postures  
may declare,

They came from *Coasts*, or *Climats*  
opposite,

And, that, they differing in their natures are.  
In which, (as in some others, that we finde  
Amongst these *Emblems*) little care I take  
Precisely to unfold our *Authors* minde;  
Or, on his meaning, *Comments* here to make.  
It is the scope of my Intention, rather  
From such perplext *Inventions* (which have  
nought,

Of Ancient *Hieroglyphick*) *sense*, to gather,  
Whereby, some usefull *Morall* may be taught.

And, from these *Figures*, my Collections be,  
That, *Kingdomes*, and the *Royall-dignitie*,  
Are best upheld, where *Subjects* doe agree,  
To keepe upright the state of *Soveraignty*.  
When, from each Coast and quarter of the Land,  
The *Rich*, the *Poore*, the *Swaine*, the *Gentleman*,  
Lends, in all *wants*, and at all *times*, his hand,  
To give the best assistance that he can:  
Yea, when with *Willing hearts*, and *Winged-  
speed*,

The men of all Degrees, doe duely carry  
Their *Aides* to publike-workes, in time of need,  
And, to their *Kings*, be freely tributary:  
Then shall the *Kingdome* gayne the gloriest  
height;

Then shall the *Kingly-Title* be renown'd;  
Then shall the *Royall-Scepter* stand upright,  
And, with supremest *Honour*, then, be Crown'd.

But, where this Duty long neglect, they shall;  
The *King* will suffer, and, the *Kingdome* fall.

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



ILLVSTR. VI. *Book. 2*



He little *Sparkes* which rak'd in  
*Embers* lie,  
Are kindly kindled by a gentle *blast*:  
And, *brands* in which the fire begins to  
die

Revive by blowing; and, flame out at last.  
The selfe same *wind*, becomming over strong,  
Quite bloweth out againe that very flame;  
Or, else, consumes away (ere it be long)  
That wasting substance, which maintain'd the  
same.

Thus fares it, in a Thousand other things,  
As soone as they the *golden Meane* exceed;  
And, that, which keeping *Measure*, profit brings,  
May, (by *excesse*) our losse, and ruine, breed.  
*Preferments* (well and moderately sought)  
Have helpt those men, new *Virtues* to acquire,  
Who, being to superiour places brought,  
Left all their *goodnesse*, as they climed higher.  
A little *wealth*, may make us better able  
To labour in our Callings: Yet, I see  
That they, who being poore, were charitable,  
Becomming rich, hard-hearted grow to be.  
*Love*, when they entertaine it with discretion,  
More worthy, and more happy, maketh men;  
But, when their *Love* is overgrowne with  
*Passion*,

It overthrowes their happinesse, agen.  
Yea, this our *Flesh*, (in which we doe appeare  
To have that *being*, which we now enjoy)  
If we should overmuch the same endeare,  
Would our *Well-being*, totally destroy.

For, that which gives our *Pleasures*  
nourishment,  
Is oft the poyson of our best *Content*.



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ILLVSTR. VII. *Book. 2*

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*Xions* wheele, and he himselfe thereon  
Is figur'd, and (by way of *Emblem*)  
here,

Set forth, for *Guilty men* to looke upon;  
That, they, their wicked Courses might forbear.  
To gaine a lawlesse favour he desired,  
And, in his wicked hopes beguiled was:  
For, when to claspe with *Iuno*, he aspired,  
In stead of her, a *Clowd*, he did embrace.  
He, likewise, did incurre a dreadfull *Doome*,  
(Which well befitted his presumptuous Crime)  
A terror, and, a warning, to become,  
For wicked men, through all succeeding time.

As did his longings, and his after *Paine*,  
So, theirs affecteth, nor effecteth ought,  
But, that, which proveth either false or vaine;  
And, their false *Pleasures*, are as dearely,  
bought:

Yea, that, whereon they build their fairest *Hope*,  
May, bring them (in conclusion of the Deed)  
To clime the *Gallowes*, and to stretch a *Rope*;  
Or, send them thither, where farre worse they  
speed:

Ev'n thither, where, the *never-standing-Wheele*  
Of *everlasting-Tortures*, turneth round,  
And, racks the *Conscience*, till the soule doth  
feelee

All Paines, that are in *Sense*, and *Reason* found.  
For, neither doth black Night, more swiftly  
follow,

Declining *Day-light*: Nor, with Nimbler Motion  
Can *waves*, each other, downe their Channell  
follow,

From high-rai's'd *Mountaines*, to the bigg-  
womb'd *Ocean*,

Then, *Iustice* will, when she doth once begin,  
To prosecute, an *Vnrepented-Sin*.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. VIII. *Book. 2*

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Hen, all the yeare, our fields are fresh  
and greene,  
And, while sweet *Flowers*, and  
*Sunshine*, every day,  
(As oft, as need requireth) come betweene  
The Heav'ns and earth; they heedles passe away.  
The fulnes, and continuance, of a blessing,  
Doth make us to be senseles of the good:  
And, if it sometime flie not our possessing,  
The sweetnesse of it, is not understood.

Had wee no *Winter*, *Sommer* would be thought  
Not halfe so pleasing: And, if *Tempests* were  
not,  
Such Comforts could not by a *Calme*, be  
brought:  
For, things, save by their *Opposites*, appeare  
not.

Both *health*, and *wealth*, is tastles unto some;  
And, so is *ease*, and every other *pleasure*,  
Till *poore*, or *sicke*, or *grieved*, they become:  
And, then, they relish these, in ampler measure.

*God*, therefore (full as *kinde*, as he is *wise*)  
So temp'reth all the *Favours* he will doe us,  
That, wee, his *Bounties*, may the better prize;  
And, make his *Chastisements* lesse bitter to us.  
One while, a scorching *Indignation* burnes  
The *Flowers* and *Blosomes* of our *HOPES*, away;  
Which into *Scarsitie*, our *Plentie* turnes,  
And, changeth *vnmowne-Grasse* to *parched-Hay*;  
Anon, his fruitfull *showres*, and pleasing *dewes*,  
Commixt with cheerefull *Rayes*, he sendeth  
downe;

And then the Barren-earth her cropp renewes,  
Which with rich *Harvests*, *Hills*, and *Vallies*  
Crowne:

For, as to relish *Ioyes*, he sorrow sends,  
So, Comfort on *Temptation*, still, attends.



ILLVSTR. IX. *Book. 2*

**S**ome, are so *quarrellous*, that they will  
draw,  
And *Brawle*, and *Fight*, for every toy  
they see;

Grow furious, for the wagging of a straw;  
And, (otherwile) for lesse then that may be.  
Some, are more staid, a little, and will beare,  
Apparent wrongs (which to their face you doe;)  
But, when they *Lye*, they cannot brooke to heare  
That any should be bold to tell them so.  
Another sort, I know, that *blowes* will take,  
Put up the *Lye*, and give men leave to say  
What words they please; till spoile they seeke to  
make

Of their estates; And, then, they'le kill and slay.  
But, of all *Hacksters*, farre the fiercest are  
Our *Cockrills of the game*, (Sir *Cupid's* knights)  
Who, (on their foolish *Coxcombes*) often weare  
The Scarres they get in their *Venerean-fights*.

Take heede of these; for, you may pacifie  
The *first*, by time: The *second*, will be pleas'd  
If you submit, or else your words denie;  
The *third*, by satisfaction, are appeas'd:  
But, he that for his *Female*, takes offence,  
Through Iealousy, or madnesse, rageth so;  
That, he accepteth of no recompence,  
Till he hath wrought his *Rivals* overthrow.

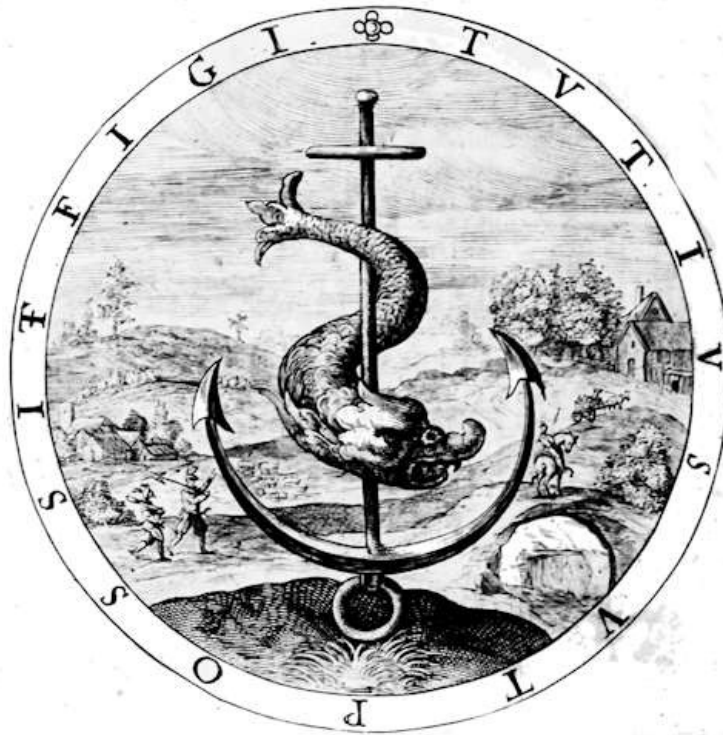
Such Fury, shun; and, shunne their Vulgar  
minde,  
Who for base trash despitefully contend;  
But, (when a just occasion, thou shalt finde)  
Thy Vertuous *Mistresse*, lawfully defend.

For, he, that in such cases turnes his face,  
Is held a *Capon*, of a Dunghill Race.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. X. *Book. 2*

---



Vr *Elders*, when their meaning was to  
shew

A *native-speedinesse* (in Emblem wise)

The picture of a *Dolphin-Fish* they  
drew;

Which, through the waters, with great  
swiftnesse, flies.

An *Anchor*, they did figure, to declare  
*Hope, staydnesse, or a grave-deliberation:*

And therefore when those two, united are,  
It giveth us a two-fold Intimation.

For, as the *Dolphin* putteth us in minde,  
That in the Courses, which we have to make,  
Wee should not be, to *slothfulnesse* enclin'd;

But, swift to follow what we undertake:

So, by an *Anchor* added thereunto,  
Inform'd wee are, that, to maintaine our *speed*,  
*Hope*, must bee joyn'd therewith (in all we doe)  
If wee will undiscouraged proceed.

It sheweth (also) that, our *speedinesse*,  
Must have some *staydnesse*; lest, when wee  
suppose

To prosecute our aymes with good successe,  
Wee may, by *Rashnesse*, good endeavors lose.

They worke, with most securitie, that know  
The *Times*, and best *Occasions* of *delay*;  
When, likewise, to be neither *swift*, nor *slow*;  
And, when to practise all the *speed*, they may.  
For, whether calme, or stormie-passages,  
(Through this life's *Ocean*) shall their *Bark*  
attend;

This *double Vertue*, will procure their ease:  
And, them, in all necessities, befriend.

By *Speedinesse*, our works are timely  
wrought;

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



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ILLVSTR. XI. *Book. 2*

---



If thou desire to cherish true *Content*,  
And in a troublous time that course to  
take,

Which may be likely mischieves to  
prevent,

Some use, of this our *Hieroglyphick*, make.  
The *Fryers Habit*, seemeth to import,  
That, thou (as ancient *Monkes* and *Fryers* did)  
Shouldst live remote, from places of resort,  
And, in *retyrednesse*, lye closely hid.  
The *clasped-Booke*, doth warne thee, to retaine  
Thy *thoughts* within the compasse of thy breast;  
And, in a quiet *silence* to remaine,  
Vntill, thy minde may safely be exprest.  
That *Anchor*, doth informe thee, that thou must  
Walke on in *Hope*; and, in thy Pilgrimage,  
Beare up (without *despairing* or *distrust*)  
Those wrongs, and sufferings, which attend  
thine *Age*.

For, whensoere *Oppression* groweth rife,  
*Obscurenesse*, is more safe than *Eminence*;  
Hee, that then keeps his *Tongue*, may keepe his  
*Life*,

Till Times will better favour *Innocence*.  
*Truth* spoken where *untruth* is more approved,  
Will but enrage the malice of thy foes;  
And, otherwhile, a wicked man is moved  
To cease from wrong, if no man him oppose.

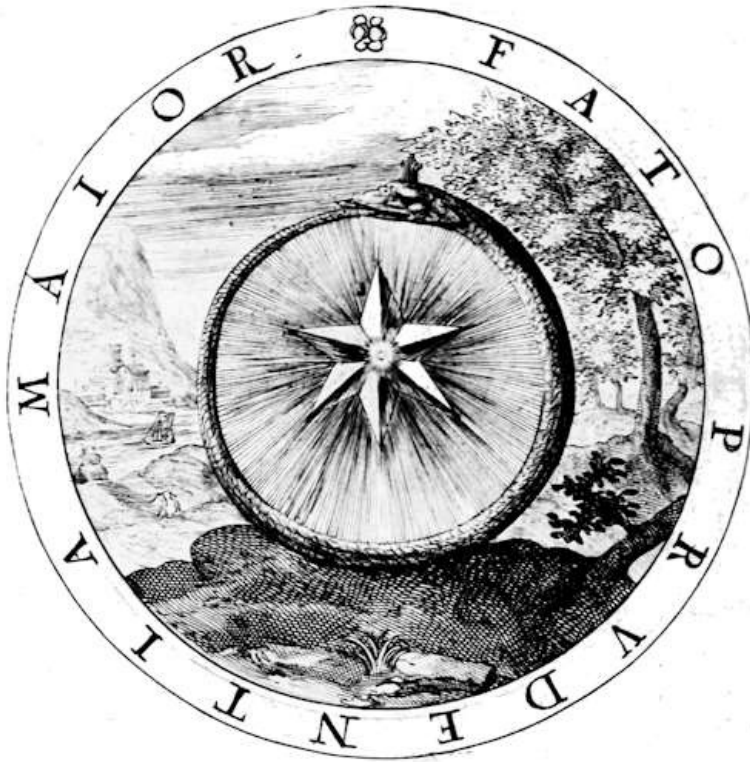
Let this our *Emblem*, therefore, counsell thee,  
Thy life in safe *Reytyrednesse*, to spend:  
Let, in thy breast, thy thoughts reserved bee,  
Till thou art layd, where none can thee offend.

And, whilst most others, give their *Fancie*  
*scope*,  
Enjoy thy selfe, in *Silence*, and in *Hope*.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XII. *Book. 2*

---





Ee *merry* man, and let no causelesse  
feare

Of *Constellation*, fatall *Destinie*,  
Or of those false *Decrees*, that  
publish'd are

By foolish braines, thy *Conscience* terrifie.  
To thee, these *Figures* better Doctrines teach,  
Than those blind *Stoikes*, who necessitate  
*Contingent things*; and, arrogantly teach  
(For doubtlesse truths) their dreames of  
changelesse *Fate*.

Though true it bee, that those things which  
pertaine,  
As *Ground-workes*, to *Gods* glorie, and our  
blisse,

Are fixt, for aye, unchanged to remaine;  
All, is not such, that thereon builded is.  
God, gives men power, to build on his  
*Foundation*;

And, if their *workes* bee thereunto agreeing,  
No *Power-created*, brings that Variation,  
Which can disturbe, the *Workmans* happy being.  
Nor, of those *workings*, which required are,  
Is any made unpossible, untill  
Mans heart begins that *Counsell* to preferre,  
Which is derived from a *crooked-will*.

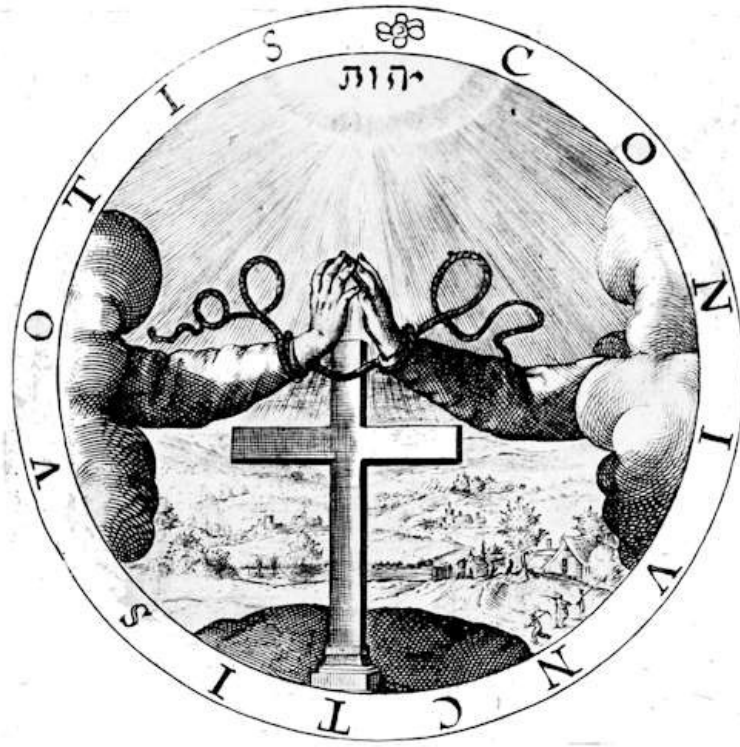
The *Starres*, and many other things, incline  
Our nat'rall *Constitutions*, divers wayes;  
But, in the Soule, *God* plac'd a *Power-divine*,  
Which, all those *Inclinations*, overswayes.  
Yea, *God*, that *Prudence*, hath infus'd, by *Grace*,  
Which, till *Selfe-will*, and *Lust*, betrayes a man,  
Will keepe him firmly, in that happy place,  
From whence, no *Constellation* move him can.

And, this is that, whereof I notice take,  
From this great *Starre*, enclosed by a *Snake*.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XIII. *Book. 2*

---



When first I knew the world, (and was  
untaught

By tryde experience, what true  
*Friendship* meant)

That I had many *faithfull friends*, I thought;  
And, of their Love, was wondrous confident.  
For, few so young in yeares, and meane in  
fortune,

Of their *Familiars*, had such troopes, as I,  
Who did their daily fellowship importune;  
Or, seeme so pleased in their company.  
In all their friendly meetings, I was one;  
And, of the *Quorum*, in their honest game:  
By day or night, I seldome sate alone;  
And, welcome seemed, wheresoere I came.

But, where are now those multitudes of  
*Friends*?

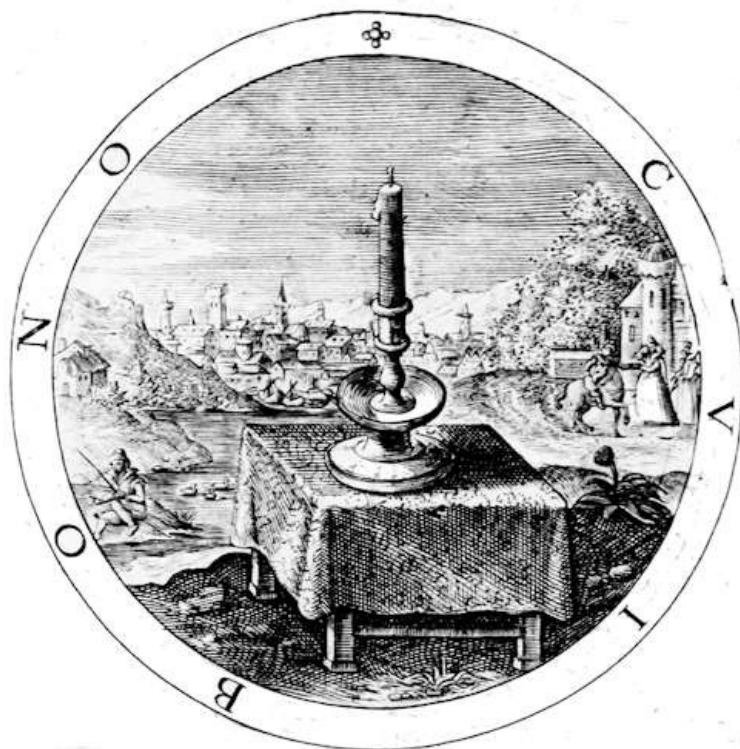
Alas! they on a sudden flasht away.  
Their love begun, but, for some sensuall ends,  
Which fayling them, it would no longer stay.  
If I to vaine expences, would have mov'd them,  
They, nor their *paines*, nor *purses*, would have  
spared;

But, in a reall need, if I had prov'd them,  
Small showes of kindnesse, had bin then  
declared.

Of thrice three thousands, two, perhaps, or  
three,  
Are left me now, which (yet) as *Friends* I prize;  
But, none of them, of that great number be,  
With whom I had my youthfull Iollities.

If, therefore, thou desire a *Friend*, on Earth,  
Let one *pure-faith* betwixt you bee begot,  
And, seeke him not, in *vanities*, or *mirth*,  
But, let *Afflictions* tye your *true-love-knot*:  
For, they who to the *Crosse*, are firmly tyde,  
Will fast, and everlasting *Friends*, abide.

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



ILLVSTR. XIII. *Book. 2*



Here be of those in every *Common-  
weale,*  
Whom to this *Emblem* we resemble  
may;

The *Name* of none I purpose to reveale,  
But, their *Condition*, heere, I will display.  
Some, both by gifts of *Nature*, and of *Grace*,  
Are so prepared, that, they might be fit  
To stand as *Lights*, in profitable place;  
Yet, loose their *Talent*, by neglecting it.  
Some, to the *common Grace*, and *nat'rall parts*,  
(By helpe of *Nurture*, and good *Discipline*)  
Have added an accomplishment of *Arts*,  
By which, their *Light* may much the brighter  
shine.

Some others, have to this, acquired more:  
For, to maintaine their *Lampe*, in giving light,  
Of *Waxe*, and *Oyle*, and *Fatnesse*, they have  
store,

Which over-flowes unto them, day and night.  
And, ev'n as *Lampes*, or *Candles*, on a Table,  
(Or, fixt on golden *Candlesticks*, on high)  
To light *Assemblies*, Great and Honourable,  
They, oft, have (also) place of *Dignitie*.  
By meanes of which, their *Splendor* might  
become

His praise, who those high favours did bequeath:  
They might encrease the *Light* of *Christendome*,  
And, make them see, who sit in shades of *Death*.

But, many of them, like those *Candles* bee,  
That stand unlighted in a *Branch* of gold:  
For, by their helpe wee nothing more can see,  
Than wee in grossest darknesse, may behold.

If such there be, (as there bee such, I feare)  
The question is, *For what good use they are*.



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ILLVSTR. XV. *Book. 2*

---

**N**O Age, hath had a people, to professe  
*Religion*, with a shew of holinesse,  
Beyond these times; nor, did men  
*sacrifice*,

According to their foolish fantasies,  
More oft than at this present. One, bestowes  
On *pious-workes*, the hundreth part, of those  
Ill-gotten goods, which from the poore he  
seazed,

And, thinkes his *God*, in that, is highly pleased.

Another, of her dues, the *Church* bereaves:  
And, yet, himselfe a holy man conceives,  
(Yea, and right bountifull) if hee can spare  
From those his thefts, the tenth, or twentieth  
share,

To some new *Lecture*; or, a *Chaplain* keepe,  
To please *Himselfe*, or, preach his *Wife* asleepe.

Some others, thinke they bring sincere  
*Oblations*,

When, fir'd with zeale, they roare out  
*Imprecations*

Against all those, whom wicked they repute:  
And, when to *God*, they tender any sute,  
They dreame to merit what they would obtaine,  
By *praying-long*, with Repetitions vaine.

With many other such like *Sacrifices*  
Men come to *God*: but, he such *gifts* despises:  
For, neither *gifts*, nor *workes*, nor *any thing*  
(Which we can either *doe*, or *say*, or *bring*.)  
Accepted is of *God*; untill he finde  
A *Spirit-humbled*, and a *troubled-minde*.  
A *contrite Heart*, is that, and, that alone,  
Which *God* with love, and pitie, lookes upon.

Such he affects; therefore (*Oh Lord*) to thee;  
Such, let my *Heart*, and, such, my *Spirit* bee.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XVI. *Book. 2*

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He *Royall-Scepter*, Kingly power,  
implyes;  
The *Crowne-Imperiall*, *GLORIE*, signifies:  
And, by *these* joyn'd in one, we  
understand,

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



---

ILLVSTR. XVII. *Book. 2*

---

**I** Thinke you would be wise; for, most  
men seeme  
To make of *Knowledge* very great  
esteeme.

If such be your desires, this *Emblem* view;  
And, marke how well the *Figures*, counsell you.  
Wee by the Bird of *Athens*, doe expresse,  
That painefull, and that usefull *watchfulnesse*,  
Which ought to bee enjoyned, unto them,  
Who seeke a place, in *Wisdomes* Academ.  
For, as an *Owle* mewes up her selfe by *Day*,  
And watcheth in the *Night*, to get her prey;  
Ev'n so, good *Students*, neither must be such,  
As *daily* gad; or *nightly* sleepe too much.

That *open-booke*, on which the *Owle* is  
perch'd,  
Affords a *Morall*, worthy to be search'd:  
For, it informes, and, darkly doth advise,  
Your *Watchings* be not after Vanities;  
(Or, like their *Wakings*, who turne dayes to  
nights,  
In following their unlawfull appetites)  
And, that, in keeping Home, you doe not spend  
Your houres in sloth, or, to some fruitlesse end.  
But, rather in good *Studies*; and, in that,  
By which, true *Knowledge*, is arrived at.  
For, if your *Studies*, and your *Wakings*, bee  
To this intent; you shall that *Path-way* see  
To *Wisdom*, and to *Honour*, which was found,  
Of them, whose *Knowledge* hath been most  
renownd.

But, if your *Watchings*, and *Retyrednesse*,  
Be for your *Lust*, or, out of *Sottishnesse*;  
You are not, what th' *Athenian-Owle* implies,  
But, what our *English-Owlet* signifies.



---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XVIII. *Book. 2*

---



T prospers ever best, in all Estates,  
When *Mars* and *Pallas* are continuall  
Mates.

And, those affaires but seldome luckie  
be,

In which, these needfull *Powers*, doe not agree.  
That *Common-wealth*, in which, good *Arts* are  
found

Without a *Guard*, will soone receive a wound:  
And, *Souldiers*, where *good-order* beares no  
sway,

Will, very quickly, rout themselves away.

Moreover, in our private Actions too,  
There must bee both a *Knowledge*, how to doe  
The *worke* propos'd; and *strength* to finish it;  
Or, wee shall profit little by our *Wit*.

*Discretion* takes effect, where *Vigour* failes;  
Where *Cunning* speeds not, *outward-force*  
prevailes;

And, otherwhile, the prize pertaines to neither,  
Till they have joyn'd their *Vertues* both together.

Consider this; and, as occasions are,  
To both of these your due respects declare.

Delight not so in *Arts*, to purchase harmes  
By Negligence, or Ignorance of *Armes*:

If *Martiall-Discipline* thou shalt affect;  
Yet, doe not *honest-Policie*, neglect.

Improve thy *Minde*, as much as e're thou may;  
But foole thou not thy *Bodies* gifts away.

The *Vertues* both of *Body*, and of *Mind*,  
Are, still, to be regarded in their kind.

And, wee should neither of the two disgrace;  
Nor, either of them, raise above his place:

For, when these two wee value as wee ought,  
Great works, by their *joynt-power*, to passe are  
brought.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XIX. *Book. 2*

---



Arke well this *Emblem*; and, observe  
you thence

The nature of true *Christian-  
confidence*.

Her *Foot* is fixed on a *squared-Stone*,  
Which, whether side soe're you turne it on,  
Stands fast; and, is that *Corner-stone*, which  
props,

And firmly knits the structure of our *Hopes*.

*Shee*, alwayes, beares a *Crosse*; to signifie,  
That, there was never any *Constancie*  
Without her *Tryalls*: and, that, her perfection,  
Shall never be attain'd, without *Affliction*.

A *Cup* shee hath, moreover, in her hand;  
And, by that *Figure*, thou mayst understand,  
That, shee hath draughts of *Comfort*, alwayes  
neere her,

(At ev'ry brunt) to strengthen, and to cheare her.

And, loe, *her* head is *crown'd*; that, we may see  
How great, her *Glories*, and *Rewards*, will be.

Hereby, this *Vertue's* nature may be knowne:  
Now, practise, how to make the same thine  
owne.

Discourag'd be not, though thou art pursu'd  
With many wrongs, which cannot be eschew'd;  
Nor yeeld thou to *Despairing*, though thou hast  
A *Crosse* (which threatens death) to be embrac't;  
Or, though thou be compell'd to swallow up,  
The very dregs, of *Sorrowes* bitter *Cup*:  
For, whensoever griefes, or torments, paine  
thee,

Thou hast the same *Foundation* to sustaine thee:  
The selfe same *Cup* of *Comfort*, is prepared  
To give thee strength, when *fainting-fits* are  
feared:

And, when thy *time of tryall*, is expired,  
Thou shalt obtaine the *Crowne*, thou hast  
desired.

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



ILLVSTR. XX. *Book. 2*



F to his thoughts my *Comments* have  
assented,

By whom the following *Emblem* was  
*invented,*

I'lle hereby teach you (*Ladies*) to discover  
A true-bred *Cupid*, from a fained *Lover*;  
And, shew (if you have *Wooers*) which be they,  
That worth'est are to beare your *Hearts* away.

As is the *Boy*, which, here, you pictured see,  
Let them be *young*, or let them, rather, be  
Of *suiting-yeares* (which is instead of *youth*)  
And, wooe you in the *nakednesse*, of *Truth*;  
Not in the common and disguised *Clothes*,  
Of *Mimick-gestures*, *Complements*, and *Oathes*.  
Let them be *winged* with a swift *Desire*;  
And, not with *slow-affections*, that will tyre.  
But, looke to this, as to the principall,  
That, *Love* doe make them truly *Musicall*:  
For, *Love's* a good *Musician*; and, will show  
How, every faithfull *Lover* may be so.

Each *word* he speakes, will presently appeare  
To be melodious *Raptures* in your eare:  
Each *gesture* of his body, when he moves,  
Will seeme to *play*, or *sing*, a *Song of Loves*:  
The very *lookes*, and *motions* of his eyes,  
Will touch your *Heart-strings*, with sweet  
*Harmonies*;

And, if the *Name* of him, be but exprest,  
T'will cause a thousand *quaverings* in your  
breast.

Nay, ev'n those *Discords*, which occasion'd are,  
Will make your *Musicke*, much the sweeter,  
farre.

And, such a mooving *Diapason* strike,  
As none but *Love*, can ever play the like.

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



ILLVSTR. XXI. *Book. 2*



What may the reason be, so many wed,  
And misse the blessings of a *joyfull-  
Bed,*

But those ungodly, and improper ends,  
For which, this Age most *Marriages* intends?  
Some, love *plumpe flesh*; and, those as kinde will  
be

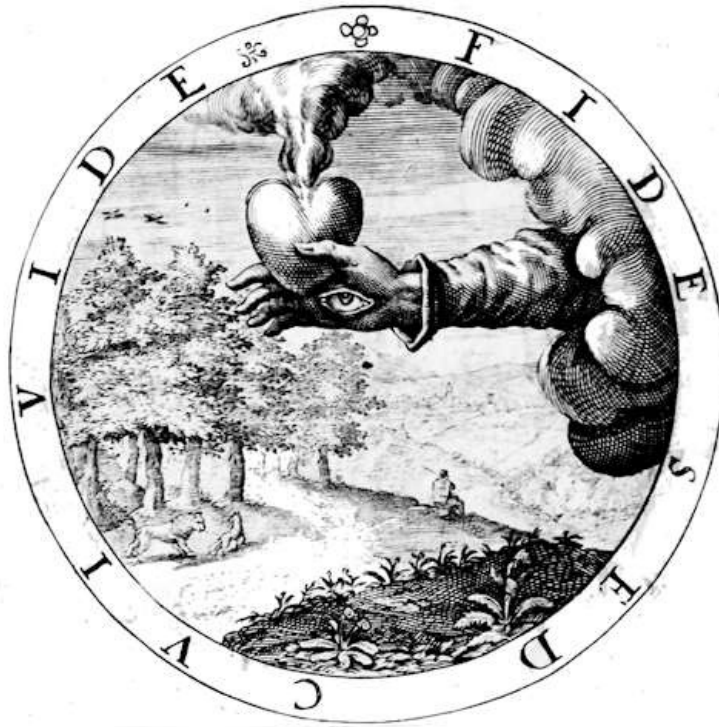
To any gamesome *Wanton*, as to thee.  
Some, doate on *Honours*; and, all such will prize  
Thy *Person*, meerely, for thy *Dignities*.  
Some, fancy *Pleasures*; and, such *Flirts* as they,  
With ev'ry *Hobby-horse*, will runne away.  
Some (like this *Couple* in our *Emblem*, here)  
Wooe hard for *Wealth*; and, very kind appeare,  
Till they have wonne their prize: but, then they  
show

On what their best *Affections* they bestow.

This *Wealth*, is that sweet *Beautie*, which  
preferres

So many to their *Executioners*.  
This, is that rare *Perfection*, for whose sake,  
The *Politician*, doth his *Marriage*, make.  
Yea, most of those whom you shall married find,  
Were cousned, (or did cousen) in this kind;  
And, for some *by-spects*, they came together,  
Much more, than for the sakes, of one another.  
If this concernes thee, now, in any sense;  
For thy instruction, take this warning hence:  
If thou hast err'd already, then, lament  
Thy passed crime, and, beare thy punishment.  
If thou, as yet, but tempted art to erre;  
Then, let this *Emblem* be thy *Counsellor*:

For, I have said my mind; which, if thou slight,  
Goe, and repent it, on thy *wedding night*.



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ILLVSTR. XXII. *Book. 2*

---

**L** Rather would (because it seemeth just)  
Deceived be, than causelesly distrust:  
Yet, *whom* I credited; and, then, how  
*farre*;

Bee *Cautions*, which I thought worth heeding  
were:

And, had not this been taught me long agoe,  
I had been poorer, if not quite undone.

That, others to such warinesse, may come,  
This *Emblem*, here, hath filled up a roome;  
And, though a vulgar *Figure*, it may seeme,  
The *Morall*, of it, meriteth esteeme.

That *Seeing-Palme*, (endowed with an *Eye*,  
And handling of a *Heart*) may signifie  
What warie *Watchfulnesse*, observe we must,  
Before we venter on a weightie *Trust*:

And, that, to keepe our *kindnesse* from abuse,  
There is of *double-diligence*, an use.

Mens hearts, are growne so false, that most are  
loath

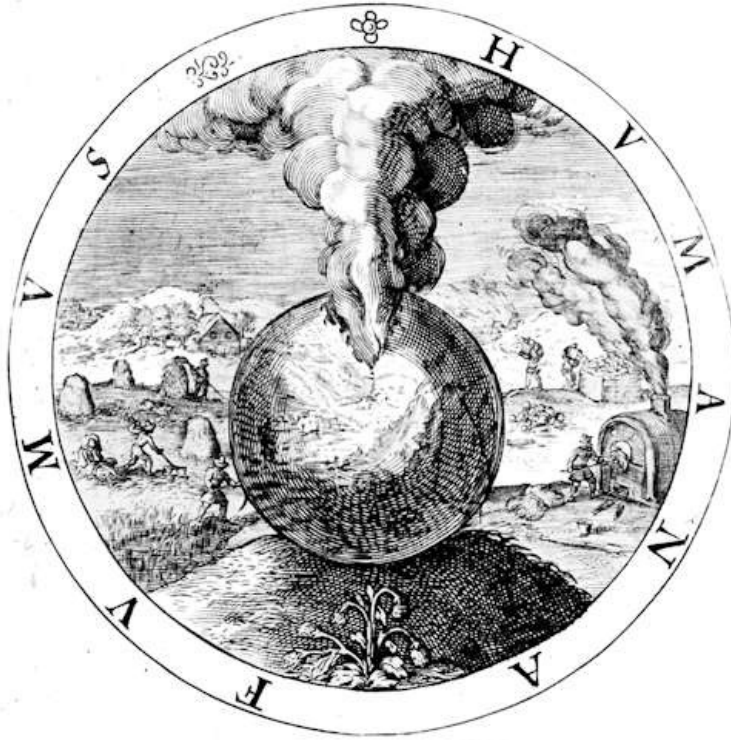
To trust each others *Words*, or *Bands*, or *Oath*:  
For, though wee had in every part an *Eye*,  
We could not search out all *Hypocrisie*;  
Nor, by our utmost providence, perceive  
How many wayes, are open to deceive.

Now, then (although perhaps thou art so wise,  
To know already, what I would advise)

Yet may this *Emblem*, or this *Motto*, bee  
Instead of some *Remembrancer*, to thee.

So, take it therefore; And, be sure, if either  
This *Warning*, or thy *Wit*, (or both together)

Can, still, secure thee from *deceitfull-hearts*;  
Thy *luck* exceedeth all thy other parts.



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ILLVSTR. XXIII. *Book. 2*

---





*Ord!* what a coyle is here! and what a  
puther,  
To save and get? to scratch and scrape  
together

The Rubbish of the world? and, to acquire  
Those vanities, which *Fancie* doth desire?  
What *Violence* is used, and what *Cunning*?  
What nightly *Watchings*, and what daily  
*Running*?

What *sorrowes* felt? what *difficulties* entred?  
What *losses* hazarded? what *perills* ventred?  
And, still, how sottishly, doe wee persever  
(By all the power, and meanes wee can  
endeaver)

To wheele our selves, in a perpetuall *Round*,  
In quest of that, which never will be found?  
In *Objects*, here on *Earth*, we seeke to finde  
That perfect sollidnesse, which is confinde,  
To things in *Heaven*, though every day we see,  
What emptinesse, and faylings, in them be.

To teach us better; this, our *Emblem*, here,  
Assayes to make terrestriall things appeare  
The same they be, (both to our eares and eyes)  
That, wee may rightly their Condition prize.  
The best, which of earths *best things*, wee can  
say,

Is this; that they are *Grasse*, and will be *Hay*.  
The rest, may be resembled to the *Smoke*,  
(Which doth but either blind the sight, or choke)  
Or else, to that uncleanly *Mushrum-ball*,  
Which, in some Countries, wee a *Puff-foyst* call;  
Whose *out-side*, is a nastie rotten *skin*,  
Containing durt, or smoking-dust, *within*.

This is my *mind*; if wrong you thinke I've done  
them,  
Be *Fooles*; and, at your perils, dote upon them.

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XXIII. *Book. 2*

---



His *Emblem* is a *Tortoise*, whose owne  
shell

Becomes that *house*, where he doth  
rent-free dwell;

And, in what place soever hee resides,  
His *Arched-Lodging*, on his backe abides.  
There is, moreover, found a kind of these,  
That live both on the shore, and in the Seas;  
For which respects, the *Tortoise* represents  
That man, who in himselfe, hath full contents;  
And (by the *Vertues* lodging in his minde)  
Can all things needfull, in all places, finde.

To such a *Man*, what ever doth betide;  
From him, his *Treasures*, nothing can divide.  
If of his *outward-meanes*, Theeves make a prise;  
Hee, more occasion hath to exercise  
His *inward-Riches*: and, they prove a *Wealth*,  
More usefull, and lesse lyable to stealth.  
If, any at his harmelesse person strike;  
Himselfe hee streight contracteth, *Tortois-like*,  
To make the *Shell* of *Suffrance*, his defence;  
And, counts it *Life*, to die with *Innocence*.  
If, hee, by hunger, heat, or cold, be payn'd;  
If, hee, be slaundred, sleighted, or disdayn'd;  
Hee, alwayes keepes and carries, that, within  
him,  
Which may, from those things, *ease* and *comfort*,  
win him.

When, him uncloathed, or unhous'd, you see;  
His *Resolutions*, clothes and houses bee,  
That keepe him safer; and, farre warmer too,  
Than *Palaces*, and princely *Robes*, can doe.

*God give mee wealth, that hath so little  
Cumber;*

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

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXV. *Book. 2*

---



Ere, we an *Aged-man* described have,  
That hath *one foot*, already, in the  
*Grave*:  
And, if you marke it (though the *Sunne*  
decline,  
And horned *Cynthia* doth begin to shine)  
With *open-booke*, and, with attentive eyes,  
Himselfe, to compasse *Knowledge*, he applyes:  
And, though that *Evening*, end his last of dayes,  
*Yet, I will study, more to learne*, he sayes.

From this, we gather, that, while time doth  
last,  
The time of *learning*, never will be past;  
And, that, each houre, till we our *life* lay downe,  
Still, something, touching *life*, is to be knowne.  
When he was old, wise *Cato* learned Greeke:  
But, we have *aged-folkes*, that are to seeke  
Of that, which they have much more cause to  
learne;  
Yet, no such minde in them, wee shall discerne.  
For, that, which they should studie in their  
*prime*,  
Is, oft, deferred, till their *latter-time*:  
And, then, *old-age*, unfit for *learning*, makes  
them,  
Or, else, that common *dulnesse* overtakes them,  
Which makes ashamed, that it should be  
thought,  
They need, like *little-children*, to be taught.  
And, so, out of this world, they doe returne  
As wise, as in that weeke, when they were  
borne.

*God, grant me grace, to spend my life-time so,  
That I my duety still may seeke to know;  
And, that, I never, may so farre proceed,  
To thinke, that I, more Knowledge, doe not need:  
But, in Experience, may continue growing,  
Till I am fill'd with fruits of pious-knowing.*

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXVI. *Book. 2*

---



Arke, how the *Cornucopias*, here,  
apply  
Their *Plenties*, to the *Rod of Mercury*;  
And (if it seeme not needlesse) learne,  
to know

This *Hieroglyphick's* meaning, ere you goe.  
The *Sages* old, by this *Mercurian-wand*  
(*Caducæus* nam'd) were wont to understand  
*Art, Wisedome, Vertue*, and what else we finde,  
Reputed for endowments of the *Minde*.  
The *Cornucopias*, well-knowne *Emblems*, are,  
By which, great *wealth*, and *plenties*, figur'd  
were;

And (if you joyne together, what they spell)  
It will, to ev'ry Vnderstanding, tell,  
That, where *Internall-Graces* may be found,  
*Eternall-blessings*, ever, will abound.

For, this is *truth*, and (though some thoughts  
in you  
Suggest, that this is, often times, untrue)  
This, ever is the *truth*; and, they have got  
Few right-form'd *Vertues*, who believe it not.  
I will confesse, true *Vertue* hath not ever  
All *Common-plenties*, for which most indeavour;  
Nor have the *Perfect'st-Vertues*, those high  
places,  
Which *Knowledge, Arts* (and, such as have the  
faces  
Of outward *beauty*) many times, attaine;  
For, these are things, which (often) those men  
gaine,  
That are more *flesh*, then *spirit*; and, have need  
Of *carnall-helpes*, till higher they proceede.  
But, they, of whom I speake, are flowne so high,  
As, not to want those *Toyes*, for which wee crye:  
And, I had showne you somewhat of their  
store,  
But, that, this *Page*, had roome to write no  
more.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXVII. *Book. 2*

---





His moderne *Emblem*, is a mute  
expressing  
Of Gods great Mercies, in a *Moderne-*  
*blessing*;

And, gives me, now, just cause to sing his praise,  
For granting me, my being, in these dayes.

The much-desired *Messages* of Heav'n,  
For which, our *Fathers* would their lives have  
giv'n,

And (in *Groves*, *Caves*, and *Mountaines*, once a  
yeare)

Were glad, with hazard of their goods, to heare;  
Or, in lesse bloody times, at their owne homes,  
To heare, in private, and obscured roomes.

Lo; those, those *Ioyfull-tydings*, we doe live  
Divulg'd, in every *Village*, to perceive;  
And, that, the sounds of *Gladnesse*, eccho may,  
Through all our goodly *Temples*, ev'ry day.

*This was (Oh God) thy doing; unto thee,*  
*Ascrib'd, for ever, let all Prayses bee.*

*Prolong this Mercie, and, vouchsafe the fruit,*  
*May to thy Labour, on this Vine-yard, suit:*

*Lest, for our fruitlesnesse, thy Light of grace,*  
*Thou, from our Golden candlesticke, displace.*

*We doe, me thinkes, already, Lord, beginne*  
*To wantonize, and let that loathing in,*  
*Which makes thy Manna tastlesse; And, I feare,*  
That, of those Christians, who, more often heare,  
*Then practise, what they know, we have too*  
*many:*

*And, I suspect my selfe, as much as any.*

*Oh! mend me so, that, by amending mee,*

*Amends in others, may increased be:*

*And, let all Graces, which thou hast bestow'd,*  
*Returne thee honour, from whom, first, they*  
*flow'd.*

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XXVIII. *Book. 2*

---



When you have heeded, by your *Eyes* of  
*sense,*

This *Helmet*, hiving of a Swarme of  
*Bees,*

Consider, what may gather'd be from thence,  
And, what your *Eye* of *Vnderstanding* sees.

That *Helmet*, and, those other *Weapons*, there,  
Betoken *Warre*; the Honey-making, *Flyes*,  
An *Emblem* of a happy *Kingdome*, are,  
Injoying *Peace*, by painfull *Industries*:

And, when, all these together are exprest,  
As in this *Emblem*, where the *Bees*, doe seeme  
To make their dwelling, in a *Plumed-Crest*,  
A *Morall* is implyed, worth esteeme.

For, these inferre, mysteriously, to me,  
That, *Peace*, and *Art*, and *Thrift*, most firme  
abides,

In those *Re-publikes*, where, *Armes* cherisht  
bee;

And, where, true *Martiall-discipline*, resides.

When, of their *Stings*, the *Bees*, disarm'd,  
become,

They, who, on others *Labours*, use to prey,  
Incourag'd are, with violence, to come,  
And, beare their *Honey*, and, their *Waxe*, away.

So when a *People*, meerely, doe affect  
To gather *Wealth*; and (foolishly secure)  
Defences necessary, quite neglect;  
Their *Foes*, to spoyle their *Land*, it will allure.  
Long *Peace*, brings *Warre*; and, *Warre*, brings  
*Peace*, againe:

For, when the smart of *Warfare* seizeth on them,  
They crye, *Alarme*; and, then, to fight, are faine,  
Vntill, their *Warre*, another *Peace*, hath wonne  
them;

And, out of their old rusty *Helmets*, then,  
New *Bees* doe swarme, and, fall to worke  
agen.

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



ILLVSTR. XXIX. *Book. 2*



His *Emblem*, with some other of the  
rest,

Are scarce, with seemly *Properties*,  
express,

Yet, since a vulgar, and a meane *Invention*  
May yield some *Fruit*, and shew a good  
*Intention*;

Ile, hence, as well informe your *Intellects*,  
As if these *Figures* had not those defects.

The *Booke*, here shadow'd, may be said, to  
show

The *Wisdome*, and *Experience*, which we know  
By Common meanes, and, by these *Creatures*,  
here,

Which to be plac'd below us, may appeare.

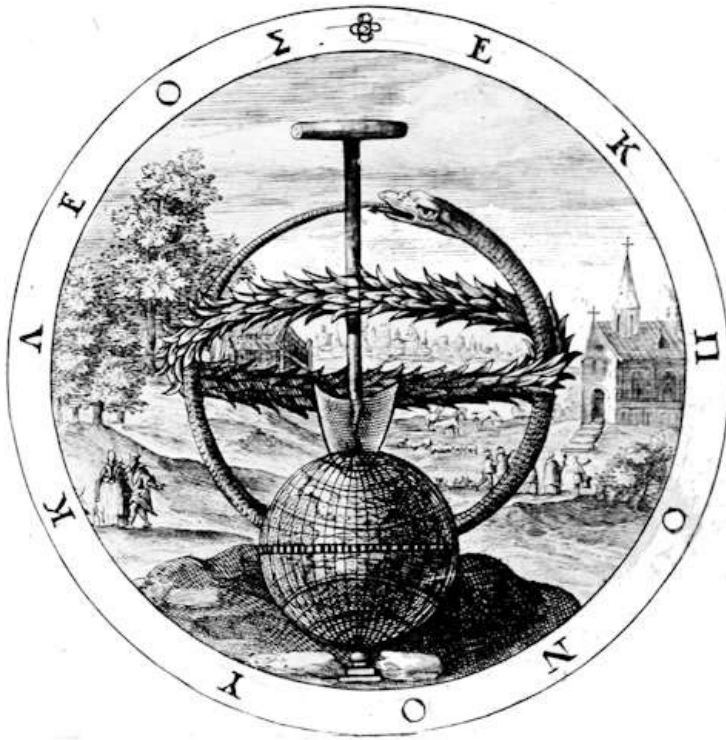
The *Winged-heart*, betokens those *Desires*,  
By which, the *Reasonable-soule*, aspires  
Above the *Creature*; and, attempts to clime,  
To *Mysterics*, and *Knowledge*, more sublime:  
Ev'n to the *Knowledge* of the *Three-in-one*,  
Implied by the *Tetragrammaton*.

The *Smokings* of this *Heart*, may well declare  
Those *Perturbations*, which within us are,  
Vntill, that Heavenly wisdome, we have gain'd,  
Which is not, here, below, to be attain'd;  
And, after which, those *Hearts*, that are *upright*,  
Enquire with daily studie, and delight.

To me, Oh Lord, vouchsafe thou, to impart  
The gift of such a Rectified-heart.

Grant me the Knowledge of Inferiour things,  
So farre, alone, as their Experience, brings  
The Knowledge, which, I ought to have of thee,  
And, of those Duties, thou requir'st of mee:

For, thee, Oh God, to know, and, thee to feare,  
Of truest Wisdome, the Perfections are.



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ILLVSTR. XXX. *Book. 2*

---



Oe men suppose, when *Gods* free-  
giving Hand,  
Doth by their *Friends*, or, by  
*Inheritance*,  
To *Wealth* or *Titles*, raise them in the Land,  
That, those, to *Lasting-glories*, them advance?  
Or, can men thinke, such *Goods*, or *Gifts* of  
Nature,

As *Nimble-apprehensions*, *Memory*,  
An *Able-body*, or, a comely *Feature*  
(Without improvement) them, shall dignifie?  
May Sloth, and Idlenesse, be warrantable,  
In us, because our *Fathers* have been rich?  
Or, are wee, therefore, truly honourable,  
Because our *Predecessours*, have beene such?  
When, nor our *Fortunes*, nor our *naturall parts*,  
In any measure, are improved by us,  
Are others bound (as if we had deserts)  
With Attributes of *Honour* to belye us?

No, no; the more our *Predecessours* left,  
(Yea, and, the more, by *nature*, we enjoy)  
We, of the more esteeme, shall be bereft;  
Because, our *Talents*, we doe mis-employ.  
True *Glory*, doth on *Labour*, still attend;  
But, without *Labour*, *Glory* we have none.  
*She*, crownes good *Workmen*, when their Works  
have end;  
And, *Shame*, gives payment, where is nothing  
done.

Laborious, therefore, bee; But, lest the *Spade*  
(which, here, doth *Labour* meane) thou use in  
vaine,

The *Serpent*, thereunto, be sure thou adde;  
That is, Let *Prudence* guide thy *taking-paine*.

For, where, a *wise-endeavour*, shall be found,  
A *Wreath* of *Glory*, will inclose it round.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XXXI. *Book. 2*

---



Hese, are the great'st *Afflictions*, most  
men have,  
Ev'n from their *Nursing-cradle*, to their  
*Grave*:

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





ILLVSTR. XXXII. *Book. 2*



Hen, on this *Child-like-figure*, thou shalt looke,  
Which, with his *Light*, his *Hour-glasse*, and his *booke*,  
Sits, in a *watching-posture*, formed here;  
And, when thou hast perus'd that *Motto*, there,  
On which he layes his hand; thy selfe apply  
To what it counselleth; and, *learne to die*,  
While that *Light* burnes, and, that *short-houre*  
doth last,

Which, for this *Lesson*, thou obtained hast.

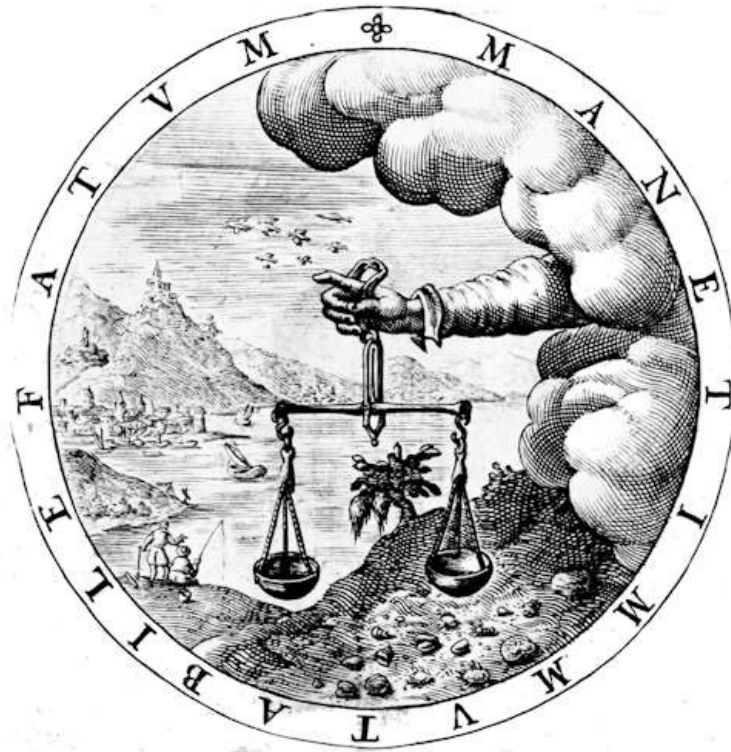
And, in this *bus'nesse*, use thou no delayes;  
For, if the bigger *Motto* truely, sayes,  
There is not left unto thee, one whole *Watch*,  
Thy necessary labours, to dispatch.  
It was no more, when first thy *Life* begunne;  
And, many *Glasses* of that *Watch* be runne:  
Which thou observing, shouldst be put in minde,  
To husband well, the *space* that is behind.

Endeavour honestly, whil'st thou hast *light*:  
Deferre thou not, thy *Journey*, till the *night*;  
Nor, sleepe away, in Vanities, the *prime*,  
And *flowre*, of thy most acceptable *time*.  
So watchfull, rather, and, so carefull be,  
That, whensoere the *Bridegroom*e summons  
thee;

And, when thy *Lord* returnes, unlookt for, home;  
Thou mayst, a *Partner*, in their joyes, become.

And, oh my God! so warie, and so wise,  
Let me be made; that, this, which I advise  
To other men (and really have thought)  
May, still, in practice, by my selfe, be brought:  
And, helpe, and pardon me, when I  
transgresse,  
Through humane frailtie, or, forgetfulnesse.

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



ILLVSTR. XXXIII. *Book. 2*

**M**E thinks, that *Fate*, which *God*  
weighs forth to all,  
I, by the *Figure* of this *Even-Skale*,  
May partly show; and, let my *Reader*,  
see

The state, of an *Immutable-decree*;  
And, how it differs, from those *Destinies*,  
Which carnall understandings, doe devise.

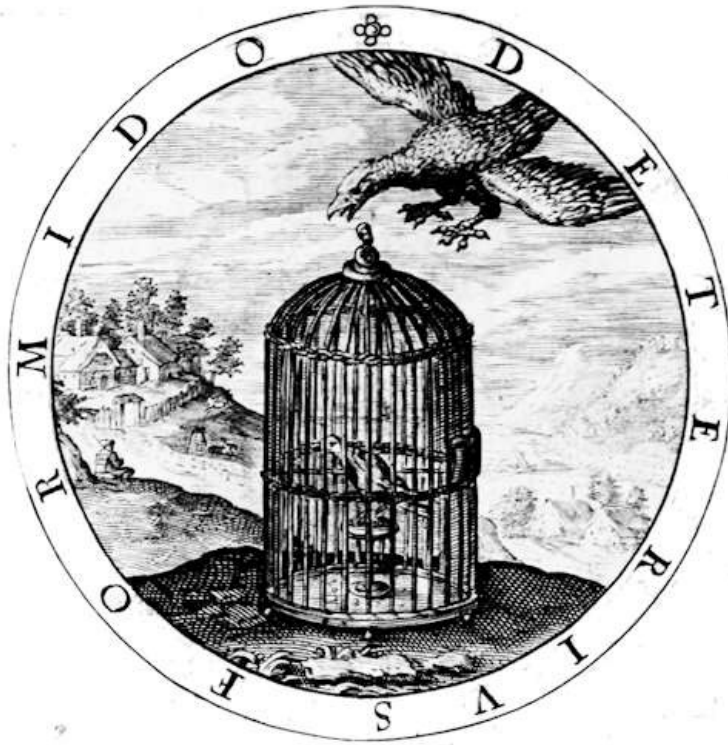
For, this implies, that ev'ry thing, *to-come*,  
Was, by a steady, and, by equall *doome*,  
Weigh'd out, by *Providence*; and, that, by *Grace*,  
Each *thing*, each *person*, ev'ry *time*, and *place*,  
Had thereunto, a *powre*, and *portion* given,  
So proper to their nature (and, so even  
To that just *measure*, which, aright became  
The *Workings*, and, the *being*, of the same)  
As, best might helpe the furthering of that *end*,  
Which, *God's* eternall *wisedome*, doth intend.  
And, though, I dare not be so bold, as they,  
Who, of *God's* Closet, seeme to keep the *Key*;  
(And, things, for absolute *Decrees*, declare,  
Which, either *false*, or, but *Contingents* are)  
Yet, in his *Will-reveal'd*, my *Reason*, sees  
Thus much, of his *Immutable-decrees*:  
That, him, a *Doome-eternall*, reprobatheth,  
Who scorneth *Mercie*; or, *Instruction* hateth,  
Without *Repenting*: And, that, whensoever,  
A *Sinner*, true *amendment*, shall indeavour;  
Bewaile his *Wickednesse*, and, call for *grace*;  
There shall be, for *Compassion*, time, and place.

And, this, I hold, a branch of that *Decree*,  
Which, Men may say, shall *never changed be*.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXXIV. *Book. 2*

---



Arke well this *Caged-fowle*; and,  
thereby, see,  
What, thy estate, may, peradventure,  
be.

She, wants her *freedome*; so, perhaps, dost thou,  
Some *freedomes* lacke, which, are desired, now;  
And, though, thy *Body* be not so confin'd;  
Art straitned, from some liberty of *Minde*.

The *Bird in thrall*, the more contented lyes,  
Because, the *Hawke*, so neere her, she espyes;  
And, though, the *Cage* were open, more would  
feare,

To venture out, then to continue there:  
So, if thou couldst perceive, what *Birds of prey*,  
Are hov'ring round about thee, every day,  
To seize thy *Soule* (when she abroad shall goe,  
To take the *Freedom*, she desireth so)  
Thou, farre more fearefull, wouldst of them,  
become,

Then thou art, now, of what thou flyest from.

Not *Precepts*, but *Experience*, thus hath  
taught me;

Which, to such resolutions, now have brought  
me,

That, whatsoever mischiefes others doe me,  
I make them yield some true Contentments to  
me;

And, seldome struggle from them, till I see,  
That, *smother-fortunes* will securer be.  
What spight soere my Foes, to me, can doe,  
I laugh thereat, within an houre or two;  
For, though the World, and I, at first, believe,  
My Sufferings, give me cause enough to grieve;  
Yet, afterward, I finde (the more to glad me)  
That, better *Fortunes*, might farre worse have  
made me.

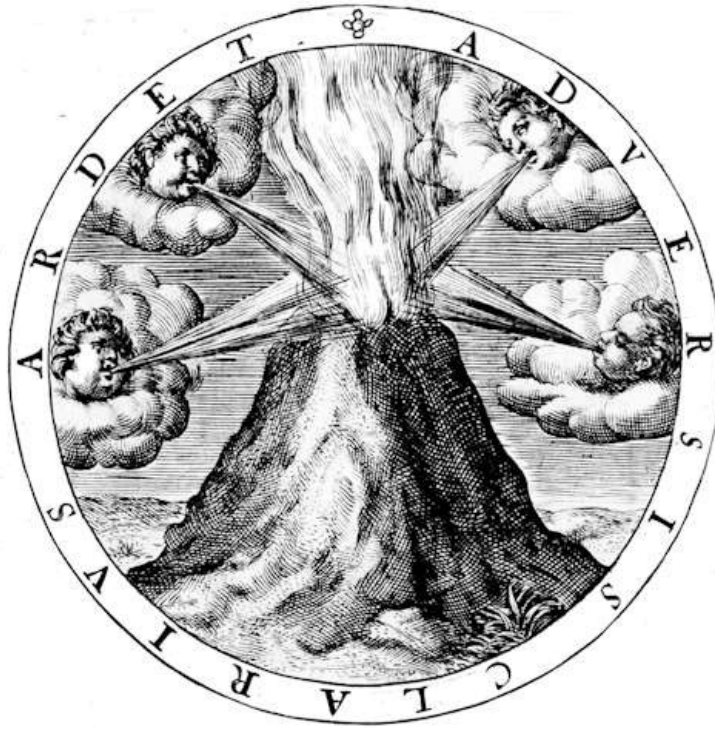
By some young *Devills*, though, I scratched  
am,

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

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXXV. *Book. 2*

---



Observe the nature of that *Fiery-flame*,  
Which on the *Mountaines* top so  
brightly shows;

The *Windes* from every quarter, blow  
the same,

Yea, and to blow it out, their *fury* blowes;

But, lo; the more they *storme*, the more it  
*shineth*;

At every Blast, the *Flame* ascendeth higher;  
And, till the *Fuells* want, that rage confineth,  
It, will be, still, a great, and glorious *Fire*.

Thus fares the man, whom *Vertue*, Beacon-  
like,

Hath fixt upon the *Hills* of Eminence,  
At him, the Tempests of mad *Envie* strike,  
And, rage against his Piles of Innocence;  
But, still, the more they wrong him, and the  
more

They seeke to keepe his worth from being  
knowne,

They, daily, make it greater, then before;  
And, cause his *Fame*, the farther to be blowne.

When, therefore, no selfe-doting *Arrogance*,  
But, *Vertues*, cover'd with a modest vaile,  
Breake through *obscurity*, and, thee advance  
To place, where *Envie* shall thy worth assaile;  
Discourage not thy selfe: but, stand the shockes  
Of wrath, and fury. Let them snarle and bite;  
Pursue thee, with *Detraction*, *Slanders*, *Mockes*,  
And, all the venom'd Engines of *Despight*,  
Thou art above their malice; and, the *blaze*  
Of thy *Cælestiall-fire*, shall shine so cleare,  
That, their besotted soules, thou shalt amaze;  
And, make thy *Splendours*, to their shame,  
appeare.

If this be all, that *Envies* rage can doe,  
*Lord, give me Vertues, though I suffer too.*

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXXVI. *Book. 2*

---



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



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



ILLVSTR. XXXVII. *Book. 2*



Pon an *Altar*, in this *Emblem*, stands  
A *Burning-heart*; and, therewithall, you  
see

Beneath *Deaths-head*, a paire of  
*Loving-hands*,

Which, close, and fast-united, seeme to be.  
These moderne *Hieroglyphickes* (vulgarly  
Thus bundled up together) may afford  
Good-meanings, with as much *Propriety*,  
As best, with common *Judgements*, will accord.

It may imply, that, when both *Hand* and *Heart*,  
By sympathizing dearenesse are invited,  
To meet each others nat'rall *Counterpart*,  
And, are by sacred *Ordinance* united:

They then have entred that strict *Obligation*,  
By which they, firmly, ev'ry way are ty'd;  
And, without meanes (or thought of separation)  
Should in that *Vnion*, till their *Deaths*, abide;

This, therefore, minde thou, whatsoere thou be  
(Whose *Marriage-ring*, this *Covenant*, hath  
sealed)

For, though, thy *Faith's* infringement, none can  
see,

Thy secret fault, shall one day, be revealed.  
And, thou that art at liberty, take heed,  
Lest thou (as over great a number doe)  
Of thine owne person, make a *Privy-deed*,  
And, afterwards, deny thy doing so.

For, though there be, nor *Church*, nor *Chappell*,  
nigh thee

(Nor outward witnesses of what is done)  
A *Power-invisible* doth alwayes eye thee;  
And, thy pretended *Love*, so looks upon,  
That, if thou be not, till thy *dying*, true;  
Thy *Falsehood*, till thy *dying*, thou shalt rue.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXXVIII. *Book. 2*

---



Orth of a *Cloud* (with *Scale* and *Rule*)  
extended

An *Arme* (for this next *Emblem*) doth  
appeare;

Which hath to us in *silent-showes*, commended,  
A *Vertue*, that is often wanting, here.

The World, is very studious of *Deceipts*;  
And, he is judged wisest, who deceives.

*False-measures*, and, *Adulterated-weights*,  
Of many dues, the needy-man bereaves.

Ev'n *Weights* to sell, and, other *Weights* to buy  
(*Two sorts of weights*) in practice are, with  
some;

And, both of these, they often falsifie,  
That, they to great, and *suddaine wealth*, may  
come.

But, Conscience make of raying your estates,  
By such a base, and such a wicked way:  
For, this Injustice, *God* expressely hates;  
And, brings, at last, such *thrivers* to decay.  
By *Weight* and *measure*, *He*, on all bestowes  
The Portions due; That, *Weight* and *Measure*,  
then,

Which Man to *God*, or to his *Neighbour* owes,  
Should, justly, be returned backe agen.

Give ev'ry one, in ev'ry thing his owne:  
Give *honour*, where an *honour* shall be due;  
Where you are *loved*, let your *love* be showne;  
And, yield them succours, who have succour'd  
you.

Give to thy *Children*, breeding and *Corrections*;  
Thy *Charities*, ev'n to thy *Foes* extend:

Give to thy *wife*, the best of thy *Affections*;

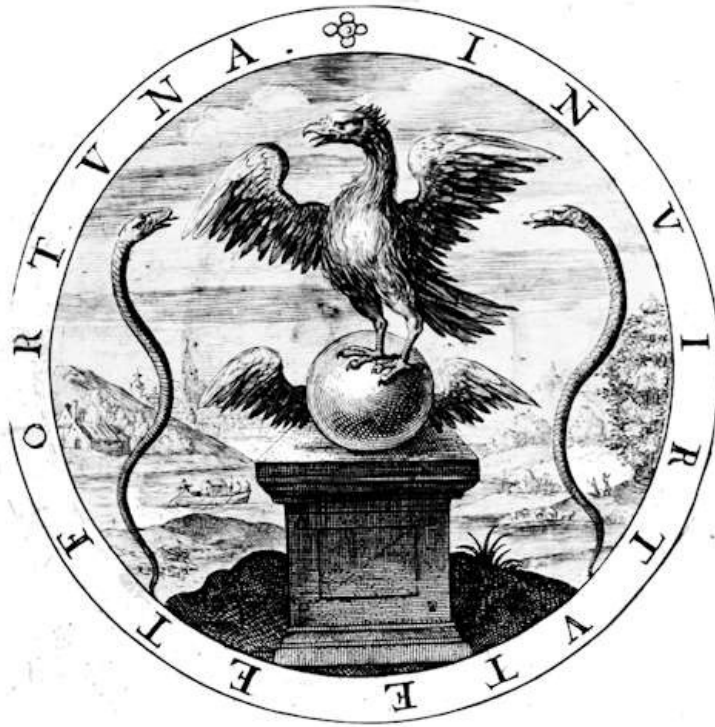
To *God*, thy *selfe*, and, all thou hast, commend:

And, lest thou faile, Remember who hath sayd,  
*Such measure, as thou giv'st, shall be repay'd.*

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XXXIX. *Book. 2*

---



Hen, in this *Emblem* here, observe you shall

An *Eaglet*, perched, on a *Winged-ball*  
Advanced on an *Altar*; and, have ey'd  
The *Snakes*, assaying him, on ev'ry side:  
Me thinkes, by that, you straight should  
apprehend  
Their state, whom *Wealth*, and *Vertue*, doe  
befriend.

My Iudgement, by that *Altar-stone*, conceives  
The sollidnesse, which, true *Religion* gives;  
And, that fast-grounded *goodnesse*, which, we  
see;

In grave, and sound *Morality*, to be.  
The *Flying-ball*, doth, very well, expresse  
All *Outward-blessings*, and, their *ficklenesse*.  
Our *Eaglet*, meaneth such *Contemplatives*,  
As, in this world, doe passe away their lives,  
By so possessing that which they have got,  
As if they car'd not, though, they had it not.  
The *Snakes*, may well resemble those, among  
them,

Who, meerely out of *envie*, seeke to wrong them;  
And, all these *Figures* (thus together layd)  
Doe speake to me, as if these words, they sayd:

*That man, who builds upon the best  
foundation,*

*(And spreads the widest wings of  
Contemplation)*

*Whil'st, in the flesh, he bides, will need some  
props*

*of earthly-fortunes, to support his hopes:  
And, other-while, those things, may meanes  
become,*

*The stings of Envie, to secure him from.*

And, hence, I learne; that, such, as will abide,  
Against all *Envie*, strongly fortify'd,

Must joyne, great *Vertues*, and great *Wealth*,  
together.

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



---

ILLVSTR. XL. *Book. 2*

---



Ive *Termes*, there be, which five, I doe  
apply  
To all, that *was*, and *is*, and, *shall be*  
*done*.

The *first*, and *last*, is that ETERNITIE,  
Which, neither shall have *End*, nor, was  
*begunne*.

BEGINNING, is the *next*; which, is a space  
(Or moment rather) scarce imaginarie,  
Made, when the first *Material*, formed was;  
And, then, forbidden, longer time to tarry.

TIME entred, when, BEGINNING had an *Ending*,  
And, is a Progresse, all the workes of *Nature*,  
Within the circuit of it, comprehending,  
Ev'n till the *period*, of the *Outward-creature*.

END, is the *fourth*, of those five *Termes* I meane;  
(As briefe, as was *Beginning*) and, ordayned,  
To set the last of *moments*, to that *Scæne*,  
Which, on this Worlds wide *Stage*, is  
entertayned.

The *fifth*, we EVERLASTING, fitly, call;  
For, though, it once *begunne*, yet, shall it never  
Admit, of any *future-end*, at all;  
But, be extended onward, still, for ever.

The knowledge of these *Termes*, and of what  
*actions*,

To each of them belongs, would set an end,  
To many Controversies, and Distractions,  
Which doe so many trouble, and offend.  
TIME's nature, by the *Fading-flowre*, appears;  
Which, is a *Type*, of Transitory things:  
The *Circled-snake*, ETERNITIE declares;  
Within whose *Round*, each fading Creature,  
springs.

Some *Riddles* more, to utter, I intended,  
But, lo; a sudden stop, my words have ended.

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



ILLVSTR. XLI. *Book. 2*

**I**F (*Reader*) thou desirous be to know  
What by the *Centaure*, seemeth here  
intended;

What, also, by the *Snake*, and, by the  
*Bowe*,

Which in his hand, he beareth alway bended:  
Learne, that this *halfe-a man*, and *halfe-a horse*,  
Is ancient *Hieroglyphicke*, teaching thee,  
That, *Wisedome* should be joyn'd with outward  
*force*,

If prosperous, we desire our workes to be.  
His *Vpper-part*, the shape of *Man*, doth beare,  
To teach, that, *Reason* must become our *guide*.  
The *hinder-parts*, a *Horses* Members are;  
To shew, that we must, also, *strength* provide:  
The *Serpent*, and the *Bowe*, doth signifie  
The same (or matter to the same effect)  
And, by two *Types*, one *Morall* to implie,  
Is doubled a *fore-warning* of *neglect*.  
When *Knowledge* wanteth *Power*, despis'd we  
grow,

And, *know* but how to aggravate our paine:  
Great *strength*, will worke it owne sad  
overthrow,

Vnlesse, it guided be, with *Wisedomes* reine.

*Therefore*, Oh God, *vouchsafe* thou so to marry  
*The gifts* of Soule and Body, both, in me,  
*That*, I may still have all things necessary,  
*To worke*, as I commanded am, by thee.  
*And*, let me not possesse them, Lord, alone,  
*But*, also, know their vse; and, so well know it,  
*That*, I may doe each duety to be done;  
*And*, with upright Intentions, alwayes doe it.  
*If this be more*, then, yet, obtaine I may,  
*My will accept* thou, for the deed, I pray.





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ILLVSTR. XLII. *Book. 2*

---



E doe acknowledge (as this *Emblem* shows)

That *Fruits* and *Flowres*, and many *pleasant-things*,

From out the *Ground*, in ev'ry season growes;  
And, that unto their *being*, helpe it brings.  
Yet, of it selfe, the *Ground*, we know is dull,  
And, but a *Willing-patient*, whereupon  
The *Sunne*, with Beames, and Vertues  
wonderfull,

Prepareth, and effecteth, what is done.  
We, likewise, doe acknowledge, that our *eyes*  
Indowed are with faculties of *Seeing*,  
And, with some other nat'rall *properties*,  
Which are as much our owne, as is our *Being*.  
However, till the *Sunne* imparts his light,  
We finde, that we in *darkenesse* doe remaine,  
Obscured in an everlasting night;  
And, boast our *Seeing-faculties*, in vaine.

So, we, by nature, have some nat'rall powers:  
But, *Grace*, must those abilities of ours  
First move; and, guide them, still, in moving,  
thus,

To worke with *God*, when *God* shall worke on us:  
For, *God* so workes, that, no man he procures  
Against his *nature*, ought to chuse, or shun:  
But, by his *holy-Spirit*, him allures;  
And, with sweet mildnesse, proveth ev'ry one.  
The *Sunne* is faultlesse of it, when the birth  
Of some bad *Field*, is nothing else but *Weeds*:  
For, by the selfe-same *Sun-shine*, fruitfull Earth  
Beares pleasant Crops, and plentifully breeds.

Thus, from our *selves*, our *Vices* have increase,  
Our *Vertues*, from the *Sunne* of  
*Righteousnesse*.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XLIII. *Book. 2*

---



His is the *Poets-horse*; a *Palfray*, SIRS,  
(That may be ridden, without rod or  
spurres)

Abroad, more famous then *Bucephalus*,  
Though, not so knowne, as *Banks* his horse, with  
us;

Or some of those *fleet-horses*, which of late,  
Have runne their *Masters*, out of their estate.

For, those, and *Hobby-horses*, best befit  
The note, and practice of their moderne wit,  
Who, what this *Horse* might meane, no  
knowledge had,

Vntill, a *Taverne-signe*, they saw it made.

Yet, this old *Emblem* (worthy veneration)  
Doth figure out, that *winged-contemplation*,  
On which the *Learned* mount their best  
*Invention*,

And, climbe the *Hills* of highest Apprehension.

This is the nimble *Gennet*, which doth carry,

Their *Fancie*, thorow *Worlds* imaginary;

And, by *Idæas* feigned, shewes them there,

The nature of those *Truths*, that reall are.

By meanes of *this*, our *Soules* doe come to know

A thousand secrets, in the *Deeps* below;

Things, here on *Earth*, and, things above the  
*Skyes*,

On which, we never fixed, yet, our eyes.

No thorny, miery, steepe, nor craggy place,

Can interrupt this *Course*, in his race:

For, that, which others, in their passage  
troubles,

Augments his courage, and his vigour doubles.

*Thus, fares the Minde, infus'd with brave  
desires;*

*It flies through Darkenesse, Dangers, Flouds,  
and Fires:*

*And, in despight of what her ayme resisteth:*

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

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XLIV. *Book. 2*

---



He painfull *Husbandman*, with sweaty  
browes,  
Consumes in labour many a weary day:  
To breake the stubborne earth, he *digs*  
and *ploughes*,

And, then, the Corne, he scatters on the clay:  
When that is done, he *harrowes* in the Seeds,  
And, by a well-cleans'd Furrow, layes it drye:  
He, frees it from the *Wormes*, the *Moles*, the  
*Weeds*;

He, on the *Fences*, also hath an eye.  
And, though he see the chilling Winter, bring  
*Snowes*, *Flouds*, and *Frosts*, his Labours to  
annoy;

Though *blasting-windes* doe nip them in the  
*Spring*,

And, *Summers* Meldewes, threaten to destroy:  
Yea, though not onely *Dayes*, but *Weekes*, they  
are

(Nay, many *Weekes*, and, many *Moneths* beside)  
In which he must with payne, prolong his care,  
Yet, constant in his hopes he doth abide.

For this respect, HOPE's *Emblem*, here, you see  
Attends the *Plough*, that men beholding it,  
May be instructed, or else minded be,  
What Hopes, continuing *Labours*, will befit.  
Though, long thou toyled hast, and, long  
attended

About such workings as are necessary;  
And, oftentimes, ere fully they are ended,  
Shalt finde thy paines in danger to miscarry:  
Yet, be not out of *hope*, nor quite dejected:  
For, buried Seeds will sprout when *Winter's*  
gone;

Vnlikelier things are many times effected;  
And, *God* brings helpe, when men their best  
have done.

Yea, they that in *Good-workes* their life imploy;  
Although, *they sowe in teares, shall reape in*  
*joy*.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XLV. *Book. 2*

---



Hen, thou shalt visit, in the Moneth of  
*May*,  
A costly *Garden*, in her best array;  
And, view the well-grown Trees, the  
wel-trimm'd Bowers,  
The Beds of Herbs, the knots of pleasant  
flowers,  
With all the deckings, and the fine devices,  
Perteyning to those earthly *Paradises*,  
Thou canst not well suppose, one day, or two,  
Did finish all, which had beene, there, to doe.  
Nor dost thou, when young Plants, or new-sowne  
Lands,  
Doe thirst for needfull Watrings, from thy hands,  
By *Flood-gates*, let whole Ponds amongst them  
come;  
But, them besprinklest, rather, *some* and *some*;  
Lest, else, thou marre the *Flowres*, or chill the  
*Seed*,  
Or drowne the *Saplings*, which did moysture  
need.

Let this experiment, which, to thy thought,  
May by this *Emblem*, now perhaps, be brought,  
Perswade thee to consider, that, no actions,  
Can come, but by *degrees*, to their perfections;  
And, teach thee, to allot, for every thing,  
That *leisurely-proceeding*, which may bring  
The ripenesse, and the fulnesse, thou expectest:  
And, though thy *Hopes*, but slowly thou  
effectest,

Discourage not thy selfe; since, oft they prove  
Most prosperous actions, which at leisure move.  
By many *drops*, is made a mighty *showre*;  
And many *minutes* finish up an *houre*:  
By *little*, and by *little*, we possesse  
Assurance of the greatest *Happinesse*.

And, oft, by too much *haste*, and, too much  
*cost*,

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

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



ILLVSTR. XLVI. Book. 2

**T**hough I am somewhat soberer to day,  
I have been (I confesse) as mad as they,  
Who think those men, that large  
Possessions have,

Gay Clothes, fine Furnitures, and Houses brave,  
Are those (nay more, that they alone are those)  
On whom, the stile of *Rich*, we should impose.

But, having, by experience, understood  
His words, who sayd, *his troubles did him good*,  
I, now perceive, the *Worldly-rich* are poore,  
Vnlesse of *Sorrowes*, also, they have store.  
Till from the *Straw*, the *Flaile*, the *Corne* doth  
beat;

Vntill the *Chaffe*, be purged from the *Wheat*,  
Yea, till the *Mill*, the *Graines* in pieces teare,  
The richnesse of the *Flowre*, will scarce  
appare.

So, till mens persons great *Afflictions* touch  
(If *worth* be found) their *worth* is not so much,  
Because, like *Wheat*, in *Straw*, they have nor,  
yet,

That value, which in *threshing*, they may get.  
For, till the bruising *Flailes* of God's *Corrections*,  
Have threshed out of us our vaine *Affections*;  
Till those *Corruptions*, which doe misbecome us,  
Are by thy *Sacred-spirit*, winnowed from us;  
Vntill, from us, the *straw* of *Worldly-treasures*;  
Till all the dusty *Chaffe* of empty *Pleasures*;  
Yea, till his *Flaile*, upon us, he doth lay,  
To thresh the huske of this our *Flesh* away;  
And, leave the *Soule* uncover'd; nay, yet more,  
Till *God* shall make, our very *Spirit* poore;  
We shall not up to highest *Wealth* aspire:  
But, then we shall; and, *that is my desire*.





ILLVSTR. XLVII. *Book. 2*



*Snake*, (which was by wise *Antiquitie*  
Much us'd, the type of *Prudencie* to be)  
Hemmes in a *Winged-ball*, which doth  
imply,

That *Fickle-fortune*, from which, none are free.  
Above this *Ball*, the *Snake* advanceth too,  
The *Laurell*, and the *Sword*; which, *Emblems*  
are,  
Whereby our *Authour* maketh much adoe,  
A *Conquest over Fortune*, to declare.  
And, well enough this purpose it befits,  
If (*Reader*) any one of those thou be,  
Whose *Fortunes* must be mended by their *Wits*;  
And, it affords instructions fit for thee:  
For, hence, thou mayst collect, that, no estate  
Can, by *Misfortunes* means, become so bad,  
But, *Prudence* (who is *Mistresse over Fate*)  
May rule it so, that, good it might be made.

Though *Fortunes* outlawes, on thy *Riches* prey,  
By *Wisedome*, there is meanes, of getting more;  
And, ev'ry rub that's placed in thy way,  
Shall make thee walke more safely, then before.  
Nor *Poverty*, nor *Paynes*, nor *Spightfulnesse*,  
Nor other *Mischiefes*, that *Mischance* can doe  
thee,  
Shall bring thee any sorrow or distresse,  
Which will not be, at last, advantage to thee.

Lord, *give me such a Prudence: for my*  
*Fortune*  
*Puts many foyles, and cruell thrusts upon me:*  
*Thy helpe, long since, it made me to importune;*  
*And, thou didst grant it, or she had undone me.*  
*Still, daigne me thy assistance, Lord, and*  
*than,*  
*Let all Misfortunes, doe the worst they can.*



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ILLVSTR. XLVIII. *Book. 2*

---



IN this our *Emblem*, you shall finde  
exprest

A *Man*, incountring with a *Salvage-  
beast*;

And, he resolveth (as his *Motto* sayes)  
To *live* with *honour*; or, to *dye* with *praise*.  
I like the *Resolution*, and the *Deed*,  
In which, this *Figure* teacheth to proceed.  
For, us, me thinkes, it counselleth, to doe,  
An act, which all men are oblig'd unto.  
That ugly *Bore* (wherewith the man in strife  
Here seemes to be) doth meane a *Swinish-life*,  
And, all those beastly *Vices*, that assay  
To root becomming *Vertues* quite away;  
Those *Vices*, which not onely marre our features,  
But, also, ruate our manly natures.

The harmefull fury, of this raging *Bore*,  
Oppose couragiously, lest more and more,  
It get within you; and, at last, appeare  
More prevalent, then your defences are.  
It is a large-growne *Pig*, of that wilde *Swine*,  
Which, ev'ry day, attempts to undermine  
Our *Safeties* Fort: Twas he, which long agoe,  
Did seeke the *Holy-Vineyards* overthrow:  
And, if we charge him not with all our power,  
The *Sire*, or *hee*, will enter and devoure.

*But, what's our Strength, O Lord! or, what are  
wee*

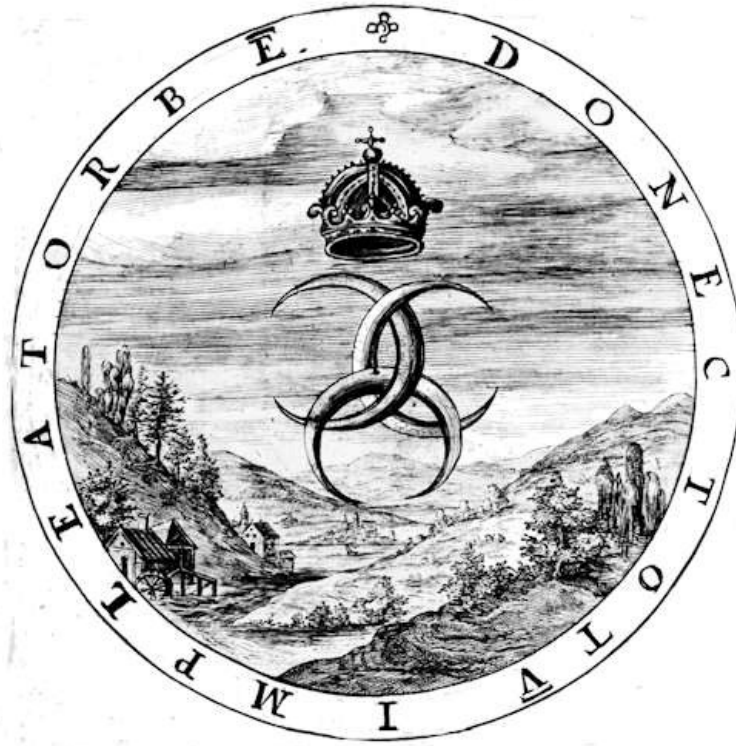
*In such a Combate, without ayde from thee?  
Oh, come to helpe us, therefore, in this Fight;  
And, let us be inabled in thy might:*

*So, we shall both in life-time, Conquests have;  
And, be victorious, also, in the Grave.*

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XLIX. *Book. 2*

---



Hat in this *Emblem*, that mans  
meanings were,  
Who made it first, I neither know nor  
care;

For, whatsoere, he purposed, or thought,  
To serve my *purpose*, now it shall be taught;  
Who, many times, before this Taske is ended,  
Must picke out *Moralls*, where was none  
intended.

This knot of *Moones* (or *Crescents*) crowned  
thus,  
Illustrate may a Mystery to us,  
Of pious use (and, peradventure, such,  
As from old *Hieroglyphicks*, erres not much)  
*Old-times*, upon the *Moone*, three *names*  
bestow'd;

Because, three diverse wayes, her selfe she  
show'd:

And, in the *sacred-bookes*, it may be showne,  
That *holy-Church*, was figur'd by the *Moone*.

Then, these three *Moones in one*, may intimate  
The *holy-Churches* threefold blest estate.  
The *Moone*, still, biding in our *Hemisphære*,  
May typifie the *Church*, consisting, here,  
Of men, yet living: when she shewes her light  
Among us here, *in portions of the night*;  
The *Church* it figures, as consist she may  
Of *them*, whose *bodies* in the *Grave* doe stay;  
And, whose blest *spirits*, are ascended thither,  
Where *Soule* and *Body* meet, at last, together.  
But, when the *Moone* is hidden from our eyes,  
The *Church-triumphant*, then, she signifies;  
Which, is a *Crescent* yet, that, some, and some,  
Must grow, till all her parts together come:

And, then, this *Moone* shall beames, at full,  
display;  
LORD, *hasten this great* Coronation-day.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. L. *Book. 2*

---



*Ord*, what a coyle men keepe, and, with  
what care

Their *Pistolls*, and, their *Swords* doe  
they prepare,

To be in readinesse? and, how they load  
Themselves with Irons, when they ride abroad?  
How wise and wary too, can they become,  
To fortifie their persons up at home,  
With lockes, and barres? and such *domestick-  
Armes*,

As may secure their bodies, there, from harmes?

However, when all's done, we see, their foes  
Breake in, sometimes, and worke their  
overthrowes.

For, though (about themselves, with Cable-  
quoiles,

They could inclose a hundred thousand miles)  
The *gunshot* of a slanderous *tongue*, may smite,  
Their *Fame* quite through it, to the very *White*.  
Yea, more (though, there, from others, they were  
free)

They wounded, by themselves, to death might  
be,

Except their *Innocence*, more guards them, than  
The strength of twenty royall *Armies*, can.

If, therefore, thou thy *Spoylers*, wilt beguile,  
Thou must be armed, like this *Crocodile*;  
Ev'n with such nat'rall *Armour* (ev'ry day)  
As no man can bestowe, or take away:  
For, spitefull *Malice*, at one time or other,  
Will pierce all borrowed *Armours*, put together.  
*Without*, let *Patience* durifie thy Skin;  
Let *Innocencie*, line thy heart *within*;  
Let constant *Fortitude*, unite them so,  
That, they may breake the force of ev'ry blow:  
And, when thou thus art *arm'd*, if ill thou  
speed;  
Let me sustaine the *Mischiefe*, in thy steed.

*Finis Libri secundi.*

---



## THE SECOND LOTTERIE.

1



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

See, [Emblem. I.](#)

2

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

See, [Emb. II.](#)

3

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

See, [Emb. III.](#)

4

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

See, [Emb. IV.](#)

[114]

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

See, [Emb. V.](#)

6

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

See, [Emb. VI.](#)

7

Be carefull, what you goe about;  
For, by this *Lot*, there may be doubt,  
That you, some wickednesse intend,  
Which will undoe you, in the end.  
If you have done the *deed*, repent:  
If purpos'd ill, the same prevent.  
Else, though in *jest*, this *Counsell* came,  
In *earnest*, you may rue the same.

See, [Emb. VII.](#)

8

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

See, [Emb. VIII.](#)

9

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

See, [Emb. IX.](#)

[115]

10

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

See, [Emb. X.](#)



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

See, [Emb. XI.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XII.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XIII.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XIV.](#)

[116]

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

See, [Emb. XV.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XVI.](#)

17

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

See, [Emb. XVII.](#)

18

If, to *preferment* thou wilt rise,  
Thou must not *Arts*, nor *Armes*, despise;  
Nor so in *one* of these delight,  
That, thou the *other*, wholly sleight.  
Nor, to thy *Body* be inclin'd,  
So much, as to neglect thy *Minde*.  
This, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayst learne;  
And, much thy good it may concerne.

See, [Emb. XVIII.](#)

19

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

See, [Emb. XIX.](#)

W 20

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

See, [Emb. XX.](#)

21

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

See, [Emb. XXI.](#)

[117]

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

See, [Emb. XXII.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XXIII.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XXIV.](#)

[118]

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

See, [Emb. XXV.](#)

By thy complaints, it hath appear'd,  
 Thou think'st thy *Vertues* want reward;  
 And, that, if they their merit had,  
 Thou *rich*, and *nobler* should'st be made.  
 To drive thee from that partiall thought,  
 Thou, by an *Emblem*, shalt be taught,  
 That, where true *Vertue* may be found,  
 The truest *wealth* will still abound.

See, [Emb. XXVI.](#)

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

28

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

29

What e're thou are in outward shew,  
Thy Heart is ever very true,  
And, to those *Knowledges* aspires,  
Which every prudent *Soule* desires:  
Yet, be not proud that thou hast got  
This testimonie, by thy *Lot*.  
But, view thine *Emblem*, and endeavor  
In search of *Knowledge* to persever.  
See, [Emb. XXIX.](#)

[119]

30

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

M 31

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

32

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

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

See, [Emb. XXXIII.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XXXIV.](#)

[120]

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

See, [Emb. XXXV.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XXXVI.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XXXVII.](#)

Thou art reprov'd of *deceit*,  
In faulty *Measures*, and in *Weight*;  
And, overbackward hast been knowne,  
In giving ev'ry one his owne.  
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, counsell's thee,  
That, thou more just, hereafter be.  
For, that, which is by *falsehood* got,  
Makes likely shewes, but prospers not.

See, [Emb. XXXVII.](#)

39

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

See, [Emb. XXXIX.](#)

[121]

40

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

See, [Emb. XL.](#)

41

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

See, [Emb. XLI.](#)

42

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

See, [Emb. XLII.](#)

43

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

See, [Emb. XLIII.](#)

44

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

See, [Emb. XLIV.](#)

45

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

See, [Emb. XLV.](#)

46

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

See, [Emb. XLVI.](#)

47

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

See, [Emb. XLVII.](#)

M 48

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

See, [Emb. XLVIII.](#)

[122]

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

See, [Emb. XLIX.](#)

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

See, [Emb. L.](#)

Of *Planetary-Calculations*,  
 Of *Superstitious-Observations*,  
 Of *Lots*, and *Dreames*, and *Accidents*,  
 Which have but casuall events,  
 Thou art so fond; and, unto such,  
 Thou dost adhere, and trust so much,  
 That, it succeedeth very well,  
 No *Emblem*, now, to thee befell:  
 Lest, these, which onely *Counsell*s bee,  
 Might seeme firme *Destinies* to thee.

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

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

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



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

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

---

*FINIS.*

---

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
EMBLEMES,  
ANCIENT AND  
MODERNE:

Quickened  
With METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS, both  
*Morall* and *Divine*: And disposed into  
LOTTERIES.

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

---

By GEORGE WITHER.

---

*The third Booke.*

---



---

LONDON,  
Printed by AVGVSTINE MATHEWES.  
MDCXXXIV.

---

**TO THE MOST ILLVSTRIOVS**  
**Princesse, FRANCIS, Dutchesse Dowager**  
*of RICHMOND, and LENNOX, &c.*

F<sup>A</sup>ME sayes (great PRINCESSE) that the *Pow'rs-*  
*above,*  
 Will soone forgive; which, I desire to prove:  
 For, I am guiltie of a *Venial-sinne*  
 Against your GRACE; and, have remain'd therein  
 Without an *Absolution*, so long time,  
 That, now, my *Conscience* checks me for the  
*Crime;*

And, to reprove me for it, will not cease  
 Till I have, someway, sought to make my *Peace.*

To palliate my *Fault*, I could produce  
 Enough, perhaps, to stand for an *Excuse.*  
 But, when I mind what *Favours*, and what *Fame*  
 I might have purchased unto my *Name*,  
 (By taking Courage, to have done my best)  
 I dare not make *Excuses*; but, request  
 Your pardon, rather, and, that some *Oblation*  
 May game my *Person*, future acceptation.

To that intent, this humble *Offring*, here,  
 Within your gracious presence, doth appeare.  
 And, that it may the more content your eye,  
 Well-graven *Figures*, help to beautifie  
 My lowly *Gift*: And, vailed are in these,  
 A *Treasury* of Golden *Sentences*;  
 By my well-meaning *Muse*, interpreted,  
 That, with your NAME, their *Morals* may be  
 spread

And scattred, *Largesse-like*, (at your  
 commanding)  
 To helpe inrich the *Poore in Vnderstanding.*

If YO<sup>V</sup> accept the *Tender*, I shall know,  
 Your GRACE is pleased with your *Servant*, so,  
 As, that there may be hope, my future Actions,  
 Will give the more contenting Satisfactions:  
 And, your *Encouragements*, my *Pow'rs* may  
 raise,

To make the BEAVTIES of your *Later dayes*,  
 More glorious, far, than your fresh YO<sup>V</sup>TH'S  
 perfection,

Though, knowne to be, the *Load-stone* of  
*Affection.*

For, like the loving TV<sup>R</sup>TLE, you have stood  
 So constant, in your vowed *Widdow-hood*;  
 So strictly, kept a solitarie state;  
 So faithfull beene, to your deceased MATE;  
 So firmly true, and truly kinde, to *them*,  
 Which are the *Branches* of his *Princely-stemme*;  
 And, personated in so high a *Straine*,  
 The parts of HONOV<sup>R</sup>; that, my rusticke *vaine*,  
 Must raised be, before it can ascend  
 To say, how much, your *Fame*, doth you  
 commend.

Yet, if these *Lines*, (or, *that* they Vsher in)  
 For me, some *Passage* may, anew, begin  
 To your *Esteeme*; I, may so happily,  
 Illustrate forth, the *Golden-History*  
 Of those *Affections*, which within your Brest,  
 Have to the world remained unexpressed.  
 That, future times, to your applause may reade,  
 The matchlesse *Paterne* of a *Widdowed-bed*,  
 Which you have drawne, for those to *imitate*  
 Who can; and, for the rest to wonder at.  
 For, what (thereto) yet wanteth, in my *Muse*,

Your GRACE, as my *Minerva*, may infuse.

Nor, will it be in vaine, to shew the worth  
Of those *Perfections*, truly blazed forth,  
Which you may personate: Nor, shall it be  
To your *Content* unusefull, when you see  
The *Best part of your selfe*, (as in a *Glasse*)  
Disclosed, and set up, before your GRACE,  
To represent those *Beauties*, wherein lurkes,  
More sweetnesse, than in *Picture-drawers*  
Workes;

And shew, how temp'rall *Glories*, and *Affections*,  
Have hourelly ripened you, for those *Perfections*  
That, make *Immortal*; and, which are that *End*,  
Whereto, all Earthly *Graces*, ought to tend.

Then, if your EXCELLENCE, desire to heare,  
Those MUSES, honour you, whose prayses are  
Attending *Vertue*; and, shall please to live  
That *Life of Glory*, which my *Verse* can give;  
Your GRACES favour, (when you please) hath  
pow'rs

To make both MEE, and all my *Muses* yours.  
And, wee are hopefull, that, so well wee know  
Your *Merits*, and those *Duties*, which wee owe,  
That, wee shall raise, your HONOVR'S *Trophies*  
high,

Though, *Wee our selves* upon the pavement lie.

Thus, I have made mine *Offring*; and I stand  
Attending, now, to kisse your GRACES hand.

Your GRACES

*in all humilitie,*

GEO: WITHER.

---

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

**W**hen RICHMOND, your beloved Vnkle, liv'd,  
(For whose departure, all this Empire  
griev'd,

And, yet laments) his GRACE did not refuse  
To deigne respects, to my obscured MVSE;  
Nor scorne, from Highest-worth, to stoope so  
low,

As, mee, in my despisednesse, to know:  
And, had not Bashfulnesse restrain'd my Wit,  
From pressing-on, (when he encourag'd it,)  
My PEGASVS, had learn'd, e're now, to rise,  
Which, yet, with lame, and sickly Feathers flies.

But, HEE hath left us; and, I thought not on  
The losse I had of HIM, till he was gone;  
Nor could I dreame, till he did hence ascend,  
What t'was to want an Honourable-friend:  
Nor, what they feele, whom Fate constraines, to  
tarry

On stormy Plaines, without a SANCTVARIE.

Assoone, as from among us, he made wing,  
My Hopes did waine, and, I began to sing  
A Mournfull-song, not easie to forget;  
Because, I beare the burthen of it, yet.  
Nor was I silent (though my Epicede  
Appear'd not, for the publike eye to reade)  
But, griev'd in private, as one wanting Art,  
To give, the Life of praise, to his desart:  
Which, if I could have equall'd with his Name,  
His Death had gain'd my Verse, a living-Fame.

And, why expresse I this? except it give  
Your GRACE, a fit occasion to perceive,  
That, my decayed Hopes I would renew,  
And, faine derive them downe, from HIM to  
YOY?

That, as you branched from his Princely  
Stemme;

(Are, honour'd with his Ducall-Diadem)  
And, imitate his Vertue; So, you might  
Be Lord, in mee, of that, which was his right:  
And, for his Noble sake, vouchsafe to own  
A Servant, which, to you, is yet unknowne.

As Prologue, to the service I intend,  
This PRESENT comes; and, without Hope, or  
End,

Of gaining further Grace, or more Esteeme,  
Than may, with humblest modestie, beseeme  
His Love, and Honest-meaning, to expect,  
Whose Merits have, no visible effect,  
Conducing to your profit; and, from whom  
The best of his intents, are yet to come.

I cannot thinke, these Lots, or Emblems, are  
So worthy in themselves, as they'l appeare  
In your acceptance; Or, that they can give,  
Such Grace to YOY, as they'l from you receive.  
Yet, if YOY please, they may be, otherwhile,  
A profitable Meanes, to help beguile  
A Melancholy thought; And, have the pow'r  
To shorten (without losse) a tedious howre.

Sometime (no doubt) content you are to walke  
In Artlesse Groves; Or, to admit the talke  
of Rustick Swaines (though ev'ry day you might  
Your self in well-trim'd garden-bowr's, delight,  
Or, heare the learnedst Muses, when you

*please;)*

*Ev'n so, for change, you may, perhaps, in these  
A Recreation finde; and, in some measure,  
A Profit, intermixed with your Pleasure.*

*I will not make my Promises too large,  
Lest, my Performances, they overcharge  
With Expectation: but, I leave them, SIR,  
To Bee, and to be thought, the same they are.  
And, if your EXCELLENCE, (when you behold  
The Ground whereon I first became so bold,  
To make this Entrance) shall vouchsafe to  
daigne*

*Those Favours, which, I dare not thinke to gaine  
By Meer-deserving; you may then, perchance,  
My Willingnesse, to Ableness advance:  
And, reap in Mee (when ripened they are grown)  
Some timely fruits, of that, which you have  
sown.*

*Till then, let it suffice, that I professe  
A cheerefull, and a thankfull Readinesse  
To honour YOU; and, openly to show  
The Dutie, which, it may appeare, I owe  
To HIM that's gone. And, let your GRACE  
descend*

*To take this Pledge, of what I more intend.*

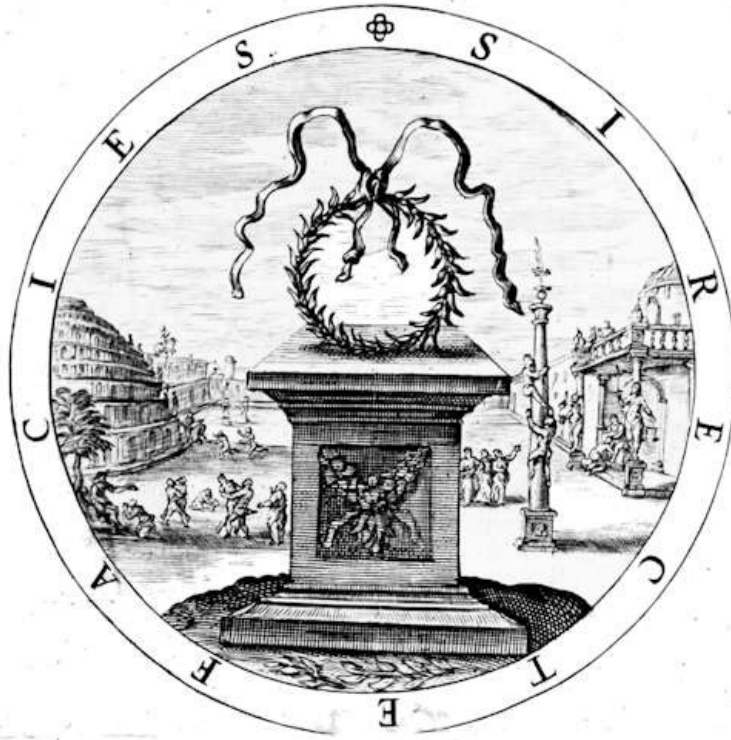
Who am in all humilitie

Your GRACES to be  
commanded,  
GEO: WITHER.

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. I. *Book. 3*

---



Hen, many, for the chiefest *Garland*  
runne,  
That height of *Glory*, can befall but one;  
Yet, *Wreaths* there are, for ev'ry man  
prepar'd,

According as he meriteth *reward*:  
And, though the *Worke* deserveth little meed,  
*Grace*, prints a worth, on ev'ry *willing-deed*,  
Which formes it currant; and, doth gracious  
make

Man's weake endeavors, for God's *promise* sake.

All seeke the selfe-same *prize*; but, doe not  
seeke,  
With *minde*s, and, with *endeavors*, all alike.  
Most, wish the *Wreath*; but, few those things will  
doe,

That may be helpfull to attaine thereto:  
And, some (that *will be doing*) more delight  
In *doing their owne will*, then *doing right*.

One, thinkes by airie *titles*, to atchieve  
The *Palme* he seekes; Another, doth believe  
Tis gain'd, by giving to his *Appetite*,  
The fulnesse of his *Bodies* vaine delight:  
To reach their *aim*e, some others nourish hopes,  
By scrambling up unto the dunghill-tops  
Of temp'rall *Riches*: and, of all the wayes,  
Most thinke this *course* deserves the greatest  
*praise*.

But, this our *Emblem's* Motto, doth implie,  
That, nothing Man possesseth outwardly  
Can purchase him the *Crowne*, that should be  
sought,

Like *rightly-doing*, what is *rightly-taught*.  
And, that *God* never passed any *doome*,  
To barre their *blisse*, who righteous would  
become:

For, ev'n to *Cain* he said (of sinne detected)  
*If well thou dost, thou shalt be well respected*.



---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. II. *Book. 3*

---



He *Squirrell*, when shee must goe  
seeke her food,  
By making passage through some  
neighb'ring *flood*,  
(And feares to be devoured by the Streame)  
Thus, helps her weaknesse, by a *Stratagem*.  
On *blocks*, or *chips*, which on the waves doe  
flote,

She nimbly leaps; and, making them her boate  
(By helpe of Windes, of Current, and of Tide)  
Is wafted over to the further side.

Thus, that, which for the *Body* proves unfit,  
Must often be acquired by the *Wit*.

And, what our outward *Fortunes* shall denye,  
Our *providence* must labour to supply.

Those *Casualties*, which may our need befriend,  
We should with heedfull diligence attend;  
And, watch to seize those *opportunities*,  
Which, men of abler fortunes may despise.

Some Birds, when they an *Oyster* would  
unlock,

Mount up, and let it fall upon a Rock;  
And, when the Cockles on the Shores lye  
gasping,

(At ev'ry Tides approach their Shells unclasping)  
Crowes cast in *Pebles*, and so take that meat  
By *craft*, which by their *force* they could not get.

Wee, by indeav'ring thus, may gaine, at length,  
That, which at first appeares above our strength.

By little *Screwes* an entrance we may make,  
Where *Barres of Iron* cannot passage breake.

Small *Engines*, lift huge weights; and, we have  
heard,

That one *Wise-man* (though poore without  
regard)

May save a City, when the *Men of Warre*,  
And, all their *Captaines*, at a *non plus* are.



ILLVSTR. III. *Book. 3*



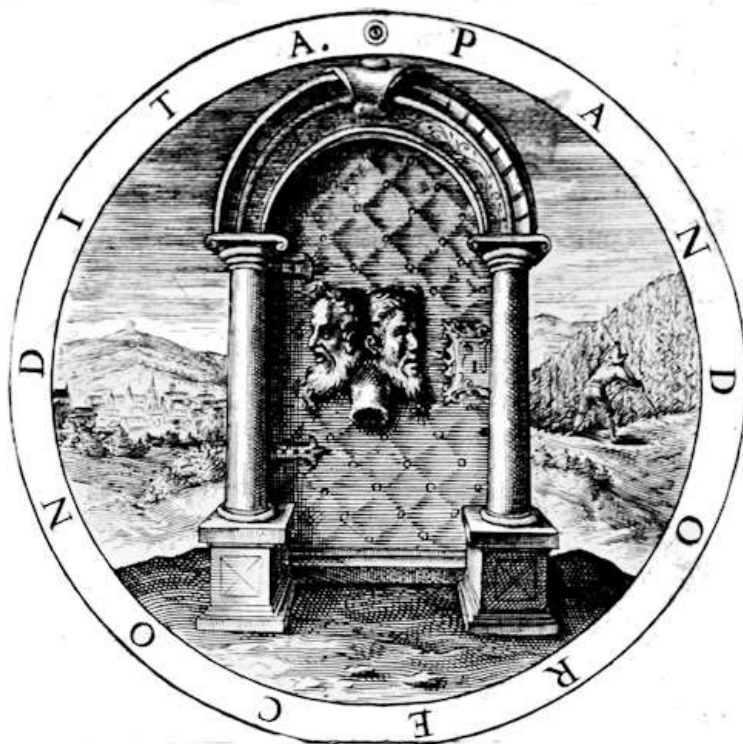
When thou behold'st, upon a *Day of State*,  
The *King* (or, some inferiour *Magistrate*)

Walke forth in publicke, and the royall *Mace*,  
The *Sword*, or *Scepter* borne before his face:  
Suppose thou not, that those are carried, so,  
In ostentation, or for idle show.  
These vulgar *Emblems*, are significant;  
And, that *authority*, which *Princes* grant  
To *Bodies-politicke*, was, heretofore  
Declared, by those *Ensignes*, which they bore.  
The bruizing *Mace* (although, perhaps, with us,  
It be not in these times, restrained thus)  
That branch of *Royall-power* did signifie,  
Which doth by *Fines*, or *losse of liberty*,  
Correct Offenders. By the *Sword*, they meant,  
That larger branch of *pow'r*, to represent,  
Which takes the *Malefactors* life away;  
And, armes it selfe, when *Rebells* disobay.

As often, therefore, as thou shalt espie  
Such *Hieroglyphickes of Authority*;  
Be mindefull, and advis'd (how meane soere  
The *Persons*, or the *Places* may appeare,  
Who get this *pow'r*) that still thou honour them:  
Lest, thou in those, the *pow'r* of *God* contemne.  
If not for theirs, yet for thy *Sov'raignes* cause,  
Whom these doe personate; Or, for the *Lawes*,  
(Which threaten punishment) thy selfe submit;  
And, suffer what *Authority* thinkes fit:

For, whatsoever they be that guide the *Reyne*,  
*He*, gave the *pow'r*, who gave it, not, in vaine.

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



ILLVSTR. IV. *Book. 3*



That *Head*, which in his *Temple*,  
heretofore,  
The well-knowne figure of old *Ianus*  
bore,

Retain'd the forme, which pictur'd here you  
finde;

*A Face before him, and a Face behinde.*

And this old *Hieroglyphicke* doth comprize  
A multitude of Heathenish Mysteries;  
Which, wee omitting, will insist on what  
This *Emblem's* Motto, chiefly poynteth at.

In true *Divinity*, 'tis *God* alone,  
To whom, all hidden things are truely knowne.  
*Hee*, onely, is that *ever-present-being*,  
Who, by the vertue of his pow'r all-seeing,  
Beholds, at one aspect, all things that *are*,  
That ever *shall be*, and that ever *were*.

But, in a Morall-sense, we may apply  
This *double-face*, that man to signifie,  
Who (whatsoere he undertakes to doe)  
Lookes, both *before* him, and *behinde* him, too.  
For, he shall never fruitfully forecast  
*Affaires to come*, who mindes not what is *past*:  
And, such as doe not, oft, *before* them looke,  
May lose the labour, that's already tooke.  
By, sometimes, looking *backward*, we behold  
Those things, which have been done in *times of*  
*old*;

By looking wisely *forward*, we foresee  
Such matters, as in *future-times* will bee:  
And, thus, we doe not onely fruits receive,  
From that short space of *time*, in which we live;  
But, by this meanes, we likewise have a share,  
In *times to come*, and, *times that passed are*.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. V. *Book. 3*

---



He *Gryphon*, is the figure of a creature,  
Not found within the Catalogues of  
*Nature*:

But, by those Wits created, who, to  
shew

*Internall things, externall Figures* drew:  
The Shape, in which this *Fiction* they exprest,  
Was borrow'd from a *Fowle*, and, from a *Beast*;  
Importing (when their parts were thus combin'd)  
The *Vertues*, both of *Body*, and of *minde*:  
And, Men are sayd on *Gryphons* backes to ride,  
When those mixt *Vertues*, them have dignify'd.

The *Stone* (this *Brute* supporting) may  
expresse

The firme abiding, and the solidnesse  
Of all true *Vertues*. That, long-winged *Ball*,  
Which doth appeare fast-linked therewithall,  
The gifts of changing *Fortune* doth implye:  
And, all those things together, signifie,  
That, when by such like *Vertues* Men are guided,  
Good *Fortune* cannot be from them divided.

If this be true (as true I this believe)  
Why should wee murmure, why repine, or  
grieve,

As if our *Studies*, or our honest paines,  
Deprived were of some deserved gaines?  
Why should we thinke the world hath done us  
wrong,

Because wee are not register'd among  
Those thriving men, who purse up evr'y day,  
For *twelve hours labour* more then *twelve*  
*months pay*?

If wee our *paines* rewarded cannot see,  
Wee count our *Merits* greater then they be.

But if we bide content, our worth is more;  
And rich we are, though others think us poore.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. VI. *Book. 3*

---



Vch pleasant *Flowres*, as here are  
shadow'd out  
(Full-grown, well-trim'd, and strongly  
fenc'd about)

At first, perchance, had planting (where they  
stand)

And, husbanding, by some good *Gard'ners* hand:  
But, when to perfect ripenesse, they are grown,  
(And, spread forth leaves, and blossomes, fully  
blowne)

They draw it from the Vertue of the *Sunne*,  
Which worketh, when the *Gard'ners* worke is  
done:

For, lost were all his Travaile, and his praise,  
Vnlesse that *Planet* cheare them with his rayes.

In this our *Pilgrimage*, it fares with us  
(In all our *hopes*, and all our *labours*) thus.  
For, whatsoever bus'nesse wee intend,  
On *God*, our good successes doe depend.  
Our Hands may build; but, structures vaine we  
make,

Till *God*, to be *Chiefe-builder*, undertake.  
To wall a *City*, wee may beare the cost;  
But, he must *guard* it, or, the *Towne* is lost:  
The *Plow-man* useth diligence to sowe;  
But, *God* must blesse it, or, no Corne will grow:  
Yea, though *Paul* plant, and, though *Apollo*  
water,

They spend their sweat, upon a fruitlesse  
matter,

Till *God*, from heaven, their labours please to  
blesse,

And crowne their travailes, with a good increase.

Let, therefore, those that flourish, like this  
*Flowre*,

(And, may be wither'd, e're another houre)  
Give *God* the praise, for making of their *Seeds*  
Bring forth sweet *Flowres*, that, else, had proved  
Weeds:

And, me despise not, though I thrive not so;  
For, when, *God pleaseth*, I shall flourish too.



---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. VII. *Book. 3*

---



Some *Sects* are found, who so *believing*  
be,  
They thinke themselves from *legall-*  
*workings* free;

And, so they live, as if they stood in feare  
That, with *Good-works*, their *God* offended were.  
Another sort we know, who credit not,  
That any hope of *Mercie* can be got,  
Till they themselves, by their *externall-deed*,  
Have *merited* the favours they shall need:  
And, so they prize their *workings*; that, for  
*Grace*,

They seeme to disallow all usefull place.  
Both sorts, their errours may be purged from,  
When to the *Fiery-tryall* they shall come.  
So, likewise, may another *Faction* too,  
That erre more deadly then these former doe.

These doe (forsooth) affirme, that *God's*  
decree

Before all *Worlds* (what Words can fouler be?)  
Debarr'd the greatest part of *humane-race*,  
Without respecting sinne, from hope of *Grace*;  
And, that, howere this number shall indeaver,  
They must continue *Reprobates*, for ever.

The first, are errours of Impiety;  
But, this, ascends the top of blasphemy;  
Dispoyles *Religion* wholly of her fruits;  
And, wrongeth *God* in all his *Attributes*.  
These *Errours*, therefore shunne; and, so  
*believe*,

That wee thy *Faith*, may by thy *Workes* perceive.  
So *worke*, that thy *believing* may approve  
Thou wrought'st not for thy *Wages*; but, for *love*.

For (whatsoe're thou be) if thus thou doe,  
Thou mayst have *hopes*, and, *God* will grant  
them too.



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ILLVSTR. VIII. *Book. 3*

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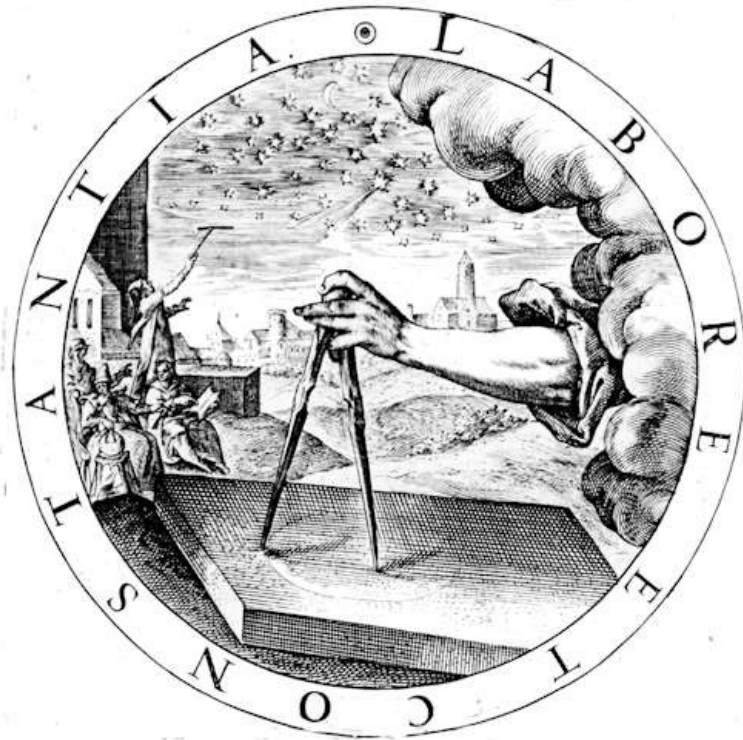
He *Laurell*, which is given for a Crowne  
(To men deserving Glory, and renowne)  
Is figur'd here, those noble deeds to  
show,

For which, the *Wreaths of Honour*, we bestow.  
Two *Serpents* (*WISDOME's Emblems*) twisted are  
About this branch of *Lawrell*, to declare,  
That, *Wisdome* is the surest meanes to save  
Our Names and Actions, from *Oblivion's* Grave.  
The *Snakes* are *two*, perhaps, to signifie  
That *Morall-wit*, and *Christian-policie*  
(Vnited both together) doe contrive  
The safest *guard*, and best *preservative*.

Consider this, all yee, that trust your *Names*  
To Marble Monuments; or, mount your *Fames*  
By those poore meanes, which Fooles and  
Knaves pursue;  
And, may effect as easily as you:  
Nay, with more ease; and, overtop you too,  
When you have done the best, your wits can doe.  
I say, consider this; and, let the *Pen*  
Of learned, wise, and understanding men,  
Renowne your worths, and register the story  
Of your deserved, and, well-gotten glory;  
Lest, else, it suffer close-imprisonments,  
Within the walls of such poore *Monuments*,  
As oft are built, to leave it quite forgotten,  
Whose bones they cover'd, e're those bones be  
rotten.

But, you shall best preserve your *Honest-fame*,  
Your *Workes*, your *Hopes*, and *Honours* of your  
*Name*,

If you your selves be wise; and, so provide  
That *Prudence*, all your *Workes*, and *Speeches*  
guide.



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ILLVSTR. IX. *Book. 3*

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**S**ome Folkes there are, (and many men  
suppose,  
That I my selfe, may passe for one of  
those)

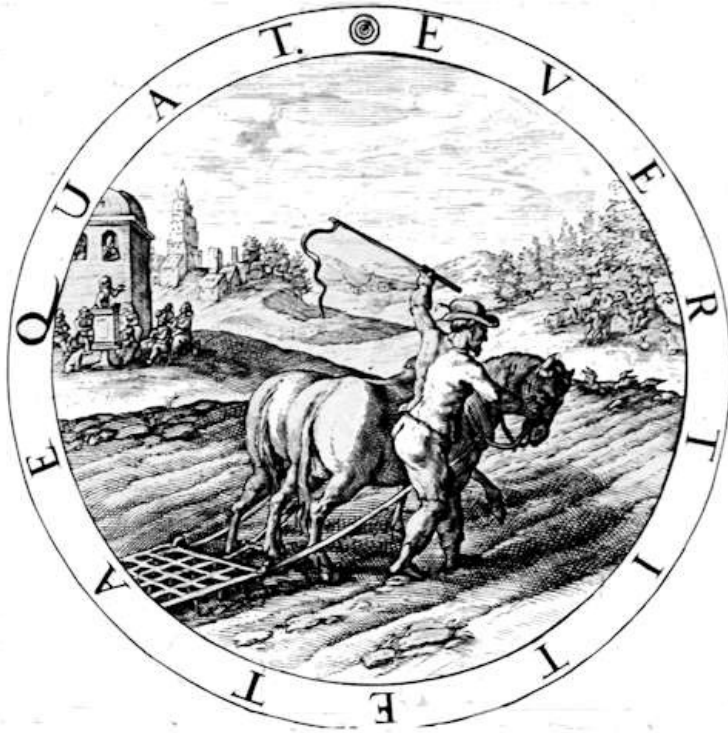
Who many likely Businesses intend,  
Yet, bring but very few, unto an end.  
Which folly to prevent, this *Emblem*, here,  
Did in a luckie houre, perhaps, appeare.  
For, as to draw a *Circle*, with our hand,  
We cause the brazen *Compasses* to stand  
With one foot firmly fixed one the ground;  
And move the other in a *Constant-round*:  
Right so, when we shall purpose to proceed  
In any just, and profitable deed,  
We first, should by a *constant-resolution*,  
Stand firme, to what we put in execution:  
And, then, with *perseverance*, labour out  
Those workings, which we are employ'd about.

For, we with *constant-liking*, must elect  
Those Businesses, we purpose to effect:  
Or els, our *time*, our *labour*, and our *cost*,  
Will, oft, be much in vaine, or wholly lost.  
With *constant-labour*, we must follow, too,  
Those things, which we resolved are to do;  
Or, els, our hopes will never be effected,  
How warily soe're we have projected.  
Long Iourneys I abhorre; yet, otherwhile  
I meane a *Furlong*, and performe a *Mile*.  
I greatly feare *Long-labours* to begin;  
Yet some I finish, when I'me entred in:  
And, if in *Labour*, I more *constant* grow,  
How I improve, hereafter, you shall know.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. X. *Book. 3*

---



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

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XI. *Book. 3*

---



Y viewing this *fixt-Head*, enwreath'd  
with *Bayes*,  
(And, what the *Motto* round about it  
sayes)

Your Apprehension's eye, may partly see  
What *constant Vertues*, in true *Knowledge* be.  
For, if right plac'd it be, it ever will  
Continue in the same condition, still:  
And, though it make mens manners to be  
chang'd;  
Yet, never is it, from it selfe, estrang'd:  
Nor doth, nor can it, cease to be a *Friend*,  
What *Fate* soever, shall on us attend.

When *Wealth* is lost, or faileth to besteed us;  
Shee findes out honest meanes to cloath and  
feede us.

In *farre*, and *forraigne Lands*, shee will become,  
As kinde, and as familiar, as at home;  
And, *travelleth*, without the costly cumber,  
Of Carriages, or Clokebagges full of Lumber.  
No *Place* can from our presence, her enclose;  
Nor is she frighted from us by our *Foes*.  
No *Pickthankes*, of her Favours, can bereave us;  
No *Promises*, can woo her to deceive us.  
In *Youth*, in *Age*, in *Sickenesse*, and in *Griefe*,  
Shee bringeth Consolation and reliefe:  
And, is in all estates, a blessing to us,  
So constant (and so apt, all helpes to doe us)  
That, he for whom, such *Knowledge*, God  
provideth,

Enjoyes a *Friend*, that alwaies firme abideth.

*Lord*, I am *friendlesse* left; therefore, to me,  
This *Knowledge*, and this *Friend*, vouchsafe to  
bee:

For, thou that *Wisdome* art, (from heav'n  
descending)

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





---

ILLVSTR. XII. *Book. 3*

---



Hen *Emblems*, of too many parts  
consist,  
Their Author was no choice  
*Emblematist*:

But, is like those, that wast whole *howres*, to tell  
What, in three *minutes*, might be said as well.  
Yet, when each member is interpreted,  
Out of these vulgar *Figures*, you may read  
A *Morall*, (altogether) not unfit  
To be remembred, ev'n, by *men of wit*.  
And, if the *Kernell* proove to be of worth,  
No matter from what shell we drew it forth.

The *Square* whereon the *Globe* is placed, here,  
Must *Vertue* be; That *Globe* upon the *Square*,  
Must meane the *World*; The *Figure*, in the  
*Round*,

(Which in appearance doth her *Trumpet* sound)  
Was made for *Fame*; The *Booke* she beares, may  
show,

What *Breath* it is, which makes her *Trumpet*  
blow:

The *Wreath*, inclosing all, was to intend  
A glorious *Praise*, that never shall have end:  
And, these, in one summ'd up, doe seeme to say;  
That, (if men *study* in a *vertuous-way*)  
The *Trumpet* of a never-ceasing *Fame*,  
Shall through the *world* proclaime their  
praisefull *Name*.

Now *Reader*, if large *Fame*, be thy ambition,  
This *Emblem* doth informe, on what condition  
She may be gain'd. But, (herein, me beleeve)  
Thy *studie* for meere-praise, will thee deceive:  
And, if thy *Vertues*, be, but onely, those  
For which the vulgar *Fame*, her *Trumpet* blowes,  
Thy *Fame's* a blast; Thy *Vertues*, Vices be;  
Thy *Studie's* vaine; and, *shame* will follow  
thee.



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ILLVSTR. XIII. *Book. 3*

---



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

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XIV. *Book. 3*

---



E more should thrive, and erre the  
seldomer,  
If we were like this honest *Carpenter*,  
Whose *Emblem*, in reproofe of those, is  
made,

That love to meddle, farther then their *Trade*.  
But, most are now exceeding cunning growne  
In ev'ry mans affaires, except their owne:  
Yea, *Coblers* thinke themselves not onely able,  
To censure; but, to mend *Apelles* Table.

*Great-Men*, sometime, will gravely undertake  
To teach, how *Broomes* and *Morter*, we should  
make.

Their Indiscretions, *Peaants* imitate,  
And boldly meddle with affaires of *State*.  
Some *Houswives* teach their *Teachers* how to  
pray,  
Some *Clarks*, have shew'd themselves, as wise  
as they;  
And in their Callings, as discreet have bin,  
As if they taught their *Grandames* how to  
*spinne*:

And, if these *Customes*, last a few more Ages,  
All Countries will be nothing els, but *Stages*  
Of evill-acted, and mistaken parts;  
Or, *Gallemaufries*, of imperfect *Arts*.

But, I my selfe (you'l say) have medlings made,  
In things, that are improper to my *Trade*.  
No; for, the *MVSES* are in all things free;  
Fit subject of their *Verse*, all Creatures be;  
And, there is nothing nam'd so meane, or great,  
Whereof they have not Liberty to treat.  
Both *Earth* and *Heav'n*, are open unto these;  
And (when to take more libertie they please)  
They *Worlds*, and *things*, create, which never  
were;  
And, when they list, they *play*, and *meddle*,  
there.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XV. *Book. 3*

---



He Figure of a *Storke* in elder dayes,  
Was us'd in *Hieroglyphick*, many  
wayes:

But, when *one Foote*, thus grasp'd a  
*Peple-stone*,

The other being firmly fixed on  
The *Staffe Episcopall*; in that position,  
It makes an Emblem, of a late edition:  
By some, thought not improper, to expresse  
Their painefull, and their serious, *watchfulnesse*,  
Who take upon themselves, the *Pastorall care*;  
And, in that *Function*, truely *watchfull* are.

The *Shepherds-Crooke*, doth some expression  
make

Of that regard, which, of their *Flocks*, they take.  
The *Peble in the Foote*, doth seeme to showe,  
That, these must farther diligence bestowe,  
(And, use their utmost pow'r) themselves to keepe

From *slothfull Ease*; and from intemp'rate  
*sleepe*:

For, he that hath such *Duties* undertooke,  
(And, must the lives of others overlooke)  
Shall finde himselfe, unto himselfe become  
A burthen, and a Charge more troublesome  
Then all his *Flocke*, unles, he still provide  
His owne, aswell as others *waiies*, to guide.

Now, though this *Emblems* Morall doth  
concerne

The *Clergie* most; yet, hence we all may learne  
Strict *watch* to keepe; since, unto all that bee,  
A *Watchmans* place belongs, in some degree.  
Which, to discharge, if wee endeavour, still,  
Our universall *Shepherd* aide us will,

And us from harmes, and error he will keepe,  
For, *Hee that guardeth Isr'ell doth not sleepe*.



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



ILLVSTR. XVI. *Book. 3*



AS soone as our *first Parents* disobey'd,  
Forthwith a *Curse*, for their offence,  
was layd,

Inforsing them, and their succeeding  
race,

To get their Food, with sweatings of the Face.  
But, afterward, this *Doom*e to mitigate,  
(And ease the miseries of their estate)  
*God* gave them *Hope*, that she might helpe them  
beare

The burthens of their Travaile, and their care.

A *Woman* with an *Anchor*, and a *Spade*,  
An *Emblem* of that *Mystery* is made:  
And, this Estate, wee all continue in,  
By *God's* free *Mercie*, and our proper *Sinne*.  
By *Sinne*, the *Labour* is on us intail'd;  
By *Grace*, it is, that *Hoping* hath not fail'd;  
And, if in *Hope*, our *Labours* wee attend,  
That *Curse* will prove a *Blessing*, in the end.

My Lot is *Hope*, and *Labour*; and, betweene  
These *Two*, my Life-time hath prolonged beene:  
Yet, hitherto, the best of all my *Paine*,  
With most of all my *Hopes* have beene in vaine;  
And to the World-ward, I am like to wast  
My time in fruitlesse *labours*, till the last.

However, I have still my *Hopes* as faire  
As hee, that hath no temptings to *Despaire*;  
And, change I will not, my *last howres* for theirs,  
Whose *Fortune*, more desirable appeares;  
Nor cease to *Hope* and *Labour*, though, of most,  
My *Hope* and *Labour* be adjudged lost:

For, though I lose the *shaddow* of my *Paines*,  
The *substnace* of it, still, in *God*, remaines.



ILLVSTR. XVII. *Book. 3*



Hen from the harmelesse *Turtle*, and  
the *Snake*,  
Their most commended *properties* wee  
take,

(And, mixe them well) they make a composition,  
Which yeelds a *temper* of the best condition.  
Yet, *wickednesse*, or *sorrow*, doth abound,  
Where, any *one* of these, *alone*, is found:  
For, whensoe're the *Serpents-braine* we find,  
With which, there is no *Dove-like-meekenesse*  
joyn'd,

(Without all peradventure) thence proceedes,  
All harmefull fraud, and all injurious deedes.  
And, where such *meekenesse* as doth seeme to  
be

In harmelesse *Doves*, divided you shall see  
From that *discretion*, and that *policie*,  
Which in the *Serpents* head, is thought to lie;  
They liable to ev'ry wrong become;  
And, to it selfe, make *Vertue* burthensome.  
But, where these two are ioyned, they procure  
A life so sweet, so rich, and so secure,  
That, all the pow'rs of *Malice* cannot shake  
Their *out-workes*, nor *within* them, terrors make.

*Vouchsafe thou oh my God! vouchsafe, in me,  
That these two Vertues may vnited be.  
Such Prudence give, as never will disdain  
The Dove-like Innocencie, to retaine.  
That meekenesse, grant me, which delighteth  
not,*

*It selfe, with indiscretion, to besot:  
But, let these two, each other so defend,  
And, so, in me continue, till my end,  
That, simple-prudence, I may still possesse,  
Although the World shall count it foolishnesse.*



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ILLVSTR. XVIII. *Book. 3*

---



Hy, with a trembling faintnesse, should  
we feare  
The face of *Death*? and, fondly linger  
here,

As if we thought the *Voyage* to be gone  
Lay through the shades of *Styx* or *Acheron*?  
Or, that we either were to travell downe  
To uncouth *Deapthes*, or up some *heights*  
unknowne?

Or, to some place remote, whose nearest end  
Is farther then Earths limits doe extend?

It is not by one halfe that distance, thither  
Where *Death* lets in, as it is any whither:  
No not by halfe so farre, as to your bed;  
Or, to that place, where you should rest your  
head,

If on the ground you layd your selfe (ev'n there)  
Where at this moment you abiding are.

This *Emblem* shewes (if well you looke thereon)  
That, from your *Glasse of life*, which is to run,  
There's but one step to *Death*; and, that you  
tread

*At once*, among the *Living*, and, the *Dead*.

In whatsoever *Land*, we *live* or *die*,  
*God* is the same; And, *Heav'n* is, there, as nigh  
As in that *place*, wherein, we most desire  
Our *Soules*, with our last breathing, to expire.  
Which things, well heeding; let us not delay  
Our *Journey*, when we summon'd are away,  
(As those inforced *Pilgrims* use to doe,  
That know not whither, nor, how farre they goe)  
Nor let us dreame that we in *Time*, or *Place*,  
Are farre from ending our uncertaine *Race*.

But, let us fix on *Heav'n*, a faithfull eye,  
And, still, be *flying thither*, till wee die.

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



ILLVSTR. XIX. *Book. 3*



Travailer, when he must undertake  
To seek his passage, o're some *Frozen*  
*Lake,*

With *leisure*, and with *care*, he will  
assay

The glassy smoothnesse of that *Icie-way*,  
Lest he may *slip*, by walking over-fast;  
Or, breake the crackling *Pavement*, by his hast:  
And, so (for want of better taking heed)  
Incurre the mischiefes of *Vnwary-speed*.

We are all *Travellers*; and, all of us  
Have many passages, as dangerous,  
As *Frozen-lakes*; and, *Slippery-wayes*, we tread,  
In which our Lives may soone be forfeited,  
(With all our hopes of *Life-eternall*, too)  
Unlesse, we well consider what we doe.  
There is no private *Way*, or publicke *Path*,  
But rubs, or holes, or slipp'rinesse it hath,  
Whereby, wee shall with *Mischiefes* meet;  
unlesse,

Wee walke it, with a *stedfast-warinesse*.

The steps to *Honour*, are on *Pinacles*  
Compos'd of melting Snow, and Isicles;  
And, they who tread not nicely on their tops,  
Shall on a suddaine slip from all their *hopes*.  
Yea, ev'n that way, which is both sure and holy,  
And, leades the Minde from Vanities and Folly,  
Is with so many other *Path-wayes* crost,  
As, that, by Rashnesse, it may soone be lost;  
Unlesse, we well deliberate, upon  
Those *Tracts*, in which our *Ancestours* have  
gone:

And, they who with more *haste*, then *heed*, will  
runne,

May lose the way, in which they well begunne.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XX. *Book. 3*

---



Ooke here, and marke (her sickly birds  
to feed)

How freely this kinde *Pelican* doth  
bleed.

See, how (when other *Salves* could not be found)  
To cure their sorrowes, she, her selfe doth  
wound;

And, when this holy *Emblem*, thou shalt see,  
Lift up thy soule to him, who dy'd for thee.

For, this our *Hieroglyphick* would expresse  
That *Pelican*, which in the *Wildernesse*  
Of this vast *World*, was left (as all alone)  
Our miserable *Nature* to bemone;

And, in whose eyes, the teares of pittie stood,  
When he beheld his owne unthankfull *Brood*  
His *Favours*, and his *Mercies*, then, contemne,  
When with his wings he would have brooded  
them:

And, sought their endlesse peace to have  
confirm'd,

Though, to procure his ruine, they were arm'd.

To be their *Food*, himselfe he freely gave;  
His *Heart* was pierc'd, that he their *Soules* might  
save.

Because, they disobey'd the *Sacred-will*,  
He, did the *Law of Righteousnesse* fulfill;  
And, to that end (though guiltlesse he had bin)  
Was offred, for our *Vniversall-sinne*.

Let mee Oh *God!* for ever, fixe mine eyes  
Vpon the Merit of that *Sacrifize*:  
Let me retaine a due commemoration  
Of those deare *Mercies*, and that bloudy *Passion*,  
Which here is meant; and, by true *Faith*, still,  
feed

Vpon the drops, this *Pelican* did bleed;  
Yea, let me firme unto thy *Law* abide,  
And, ever love that *Flocke*, for which he dy'd.

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



ILLVSTR. XXI. *Book. 3*



That, which wee call the *Sea-horse*, is a  
Creature,

Whereby the Priests of *Ægypt*, wonted  
were,

To typify an *Ill-disposed nature*;  
And, such, as to their *Parents*, cruell are:  
Because, this *Monster* (as their *Authors* write)  
When strong he growes, becommeth so ingrate,  
That he pursues, with violent despight,  
His old and weakly *Sire*, which him begate.

Contrariwise, the *Storke*, they figur'd, then,  
When they occasion had, to signifie  
The good condition, of those honest men,  
Who pleasure take, in workes of *Piety*:  
Because, the *Storkes*, not onely harmed none,  
But, holpe their aged *Parents* in their need;  
And, those offensive *Serpents*, prey'd upon,  
Which, in the Fennes of *Ægypt*, yearely, breed.

The *Royall-Crowne*, therefore, supporting thus  
That pious *Fowle*, and overtopping, here,  
The wicked, and the fierce *Hyppotamus*,  
May serve to *comfort*, and to keep in *feare*.  
For, it informes, that, if we pious grow,  
And love our *Princes* (who those *Parents* bee,  
To whom all *Subjects*, filiall duties owe)  
The blessings of their *Favours*, we shall see.  
It shewes us, also, that, if we affect  
*Vnrightheous-wayes*, no *Wit*, or *Strength* of our,  
Nor any *Vncouth-place*, shall us protect  
From being reached, by the *Sov'raigne-power*.

The way of *Iustice*, therefore, learne thou still,  
For love of *Goodnesse*, or for feare of *Ill*.



ILLVSTR. XXII. *Book. 3*



Hen *Ganymed*, himselfe was purifying,  
Great *Iupiter*, his naked beauty spying,  
Sent forth his *Ægle* (from below to take  
him)

A blest Inhabitant, in Heav'n to make him:  
And, there (as Poets feigned) he doth still,  
To *Love*, and other *God-heads*, Nectar fill.

Though this be but a *Fable*, of their feigning,  
The *Morall* is a *Reall truth*, pertayning  
To ev'ry one (which harbours a desire  
Above the *Starry Circles*, to aspire.)  
By *Ganymed*, the *Soule* is understood,  
That's washed in the *Purifying flood*  
Of sacred *Baptisme* (which doth make her seeme  
Both pure and beautifull, in *God's* esteeme.)  
The *Ægle*, means that Heav'nly *Contemplation*,  
Which, after Washings of *Regeneration*,  
Lifts up the *Minde*, from things that earthly bee,  
To view those *Objects*, which *Faith's* Eyes doe  
see.

The *Nectar*, which is filled out, and given  
To all the blest *Inhabitants of Heaven*,  
Are those *Delights*, which (*Christ* hath sayd)  
they have,

When some *Repentant-soule* beginnes to leave  
Her foulness; by renewing of her *birth*,  
And, slighting all the *Pleasures* of the Earth.

I aske not, *Lord*, those Blessings to receive,  
Which any Man hath pow'r to take, or give;  
Nor, what this World affords; for, I contemne  
Her Favours; and have seene the best of them:

Nay, *Heav'n* it selfe, will insufficient bee,  
Vnlesse, *Thou*, also, give *Thy selfe*, to mee.



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



ILLVSTR. XXIII. *Book. 3*



*Q*ld Sages by the Figure of the Snake  
(Encircled thus) did oft expression  
make

*Of Annuall-Revolutions; and of things,  
Which wheele about in everlasting-rings;  
There ending, where they first of all begun,  
And, there beginning, where the Round was  
done.*

Thus, doe the *Planets*; Thus, the *Seasons* doe;  
And, thus, doe many other *Creatures*, too.

By minutes, and by houres, the *Spring* steales  
in,

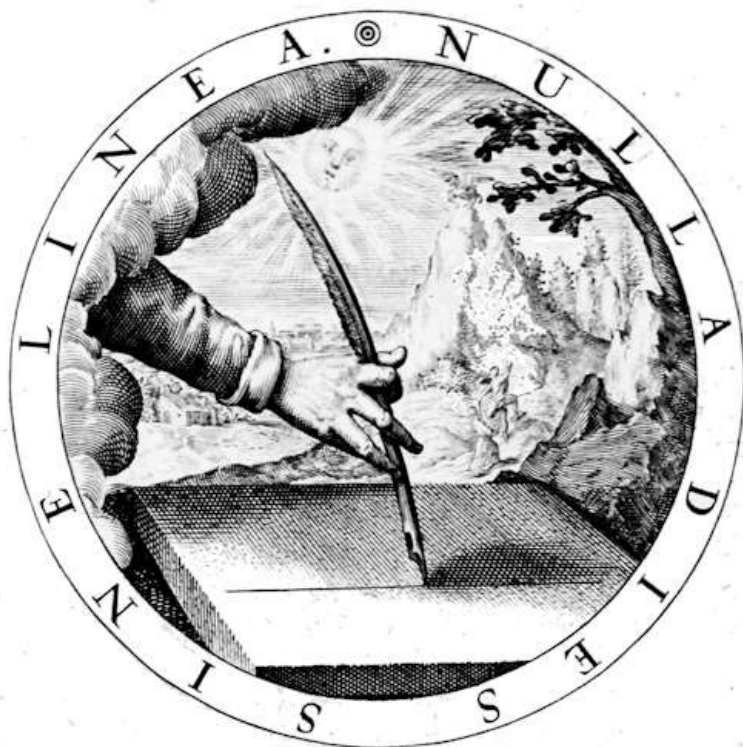
And, rolleth on, till *Summer* doth begin:  
The *Summer* brings on *Autumne*, by degrees;  
So ripening, that the eye of no man sees  
Her Entrances. That *Season*, likewise, hath  
To *Winter-ward*, as leasurely a path:  
And, then, cold *Winter* wheeleth on amaine,  
Vntill it brings the *Spring* about againe,  
With all those *Resurrections*, which appeare,  
To wait upon her comming, every yeare.

These *Roundells*, helpe to shew the *Mystery*  
Of that immense and blest *Eternitie*,  
From whence the *CREATURE* sprung, and, into  
*whom*

It shall, againe, with full perfection come,  
When those *Additions*, it hath fully had,  
Which all the sev'rall *Orbes* of *Time* can add.  
It is a full, and fairely written *Scrowle*,  
Which up into it selfe, it selfe doth rowle;  
And, by *Vnfolding*, and, *Infolding*, shoves  
A *Round*, which neither *End*, nor *entrance*  
knowes.

And (by this *Emblem*) you may partly see,  
Tis that which *IS*, but, cannot uttred be.

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



ILLVSTR. XXIV. *Book. 3*

**H**ere's but *one Line*; and, but *one Line a Day*,  
Is all the *taske* our *Motto*, seemes to lay:

And, that is thought, perhaps, a thing so small,  
As if it were as good bee nought at all.  
But, be not so deceiv'd; For, oft you see  
*Small things* (in time) *great matters*, rise to be:  
Yea, that, which when the same was first begun,  
A *Trifle* seem'd, (and easie to be done)  
By long neglect of time, will *burthensome*,  
And, at the last, *impossible*, become.

Great *Clarkes*, there are, who shall not leave  
behinde them,  
One good *Weekes* worke, for *Future-Times* to  
minde them,  
(In *Callings*, either *Humane*, or *Divine*)  
Who, by composing but *each Day a Line*,  
Might *Authors*, of some famous *Workes* appeare,  
In *sixtie*, *seventie*, or in *eightie* yeare;  
To which, ten hundred thousands have arrived  
Of whom, we see no signe that ev'r they lived.  
And, with much pleasure, wee might all effect,  
Those needfull *Works*, which often we neglect,  
(Vntill too late). If we but, now and then  
Did spare one houre to exercise the penn.

For, still, *one-Line*, another draweth on,  
And, *Line* by *Line*, great *Workes* at last are done.  
Whereas, *dis-use*, and many dayes mispent,  
Without their *Lines*, let in *discouragement*,  
Or, bring *Despaire*; which doth so sottish make  
us,

That we, to no endeavour can betake us.  
Marke this, and, labour in some honest *Way*,  
As much as makes, at least, *One Line a Day*,



ILLVSTR. XXV. *Book. 3*



Hen *Phæbus* with a cheerefull eye,  
beholds

The Flow'r-embroydred earth, and  
freely spreads

His beames abroad; behold, the *Marigolds*  
Beginne to reare their low-dejected heads:  
The *Tulips*, *Daysies*, and the *Heliotropes*  
Of ev'ry kinde, their closed Leaves display;  
And (as it were) with new-recover'd hopes,  
Attend upon the *Ruler of the Day*.

Againe, when either in the *West* he shrowds  
His Rayes below this *Horizon*, or hides  
His Face behinde the Curtaines of the *Cloudes*;  
They lose their beauties, and abate their prides.

Thus fares it with a *Nation*, and their *King*,  
'Twixt whom there is a native Sympathy.  
His *Presence*, and his *Favours*, like the *Spring*,  
Doe make them sweetly thrive, and fructify:  
Yea (like fresh *Groves*, or *Flow'rs* of pleasing  
hew)

Themselves in all their jollity they showe;  
But, they, if with displeasure, them he view,  
Soone lose their Glory, and contemned growe.

All, are not *Heliotropes* that favour'd growe,  
In *Princes Courts*; nor *Marigolds*, that beare  
The golden blossomes; but some spring below,  
Like *Daysie flow'rs*, that in the Pathwayes are:  
Yet all shall feele it, when their *Sov'raignes* eye  
Doth frowne, or smile, regard, or else neglect:  
Yea, it will finde them in *Obscurity*,  
By some Disheartning, or some sweet *Effect*,  
Vouchsafe to shine on Mee, my Gracious *King*,  
And then my *Wither'd* Leaves, will freshly  
spring.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XXVI. *Book. 3*

---



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

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXVII. *Book. 3*

---



He *Boulder-Stones*, held sacred,  
heretofore,  
Some did so superstitiously adore,  
As, that they did not onely rev'rence  
doe them,

But, have ascrib'd a kinde of *God-head*, to them:  
For, *Terminus* had many a *Sacrifize*,  
As well as other senslesse *Deities*.

I am not so prophane, as to desire  
Such Ethnick zeale should set our hearts on fire:  
But, wish I could, Men better did regard  
Those *Bounders*, which *Antiquity* hath rear'd;  
And, that, they would not, with so much delight,  
There, make *incroachments*, where they have no  
*right*.

That, ev'ry man might keep his owne  
*Possessions*,  
Our Fathers, us'd in reverent *Processions*  
(With zealous prayers, and with praisefull  
cheere)

To walke their *Parish-limits*, once a yeare:  
And, well knowne *Markes* (which sacrilegious  
Hands

Now cut or breake) so bord'red out their Lands,  
That, ev'ry one distinctly knew his owne;  
And, many brawles, now rife, were then  
unknowne.

But, since neglected, sacred *Bounders* were,  
Most men *Incroachers*, and *Intruders* are:  
They grieve each other, and their *Dues* they  
steale,

From *Prince*, from *Parent*, and from *Common-  
weale*.

Nay, more; these bold Vsurpers are so rude,  
That, they, on *Christ's* Inheritance intrude.  
But, that will be aveng'd; and (on his *right*)  
Though such incroach, he will not lose it quite:

For, hee's that *Boulder*, and that *Corner-  
stone*,  
Who all *confines*, and is *confin'd*, of none.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXVIII. *Book. 3*

---





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

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXIX. *Book. 3*

---



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



---

ILLVSTR. XXX. *Book. 3*

---



When wee should use a *Ruler*, or a  
*Square*,  
Or such like *Instruments*, as usefull  
are,

In forming other things; we prize not so  
The carving, or the colourable show  
(Which makes them beautifull in outward sight)  
As when, for *Vsefulnessse*, we finde them right.

A warped *Bowe*, though strung with silken  
threads,  
And, crooked *Arrowes*, tipt with Golden heads,  
Delight not *Archers*; tyet, such uselesse Toyes  
Be fit enough for Bunglers, and for Boyes.  
A skilfull *Artist* (in what Art soe're,  
He seekes, to make his ablenesse appeare)  
Will give large Prices, with much more content,  
To buy a plaine (if perfect) *Instrument*;  
Then, take for nothing (or, for thankes alone)  
An uselesse *Toole*, though, gay to looke upon.

From whence, observe; that, if there must be  
sought,  
When meere *Mechanick-workes* are to be  
wrought,  
Such *Instruments*, as rather have esteeme  
For their *true-being*, then for what they seeme.  
Much more, should all those *Rules* be such,  
whereby

Wee goe about, our selves to rectify;  
And, build up, what in *Body*, or in *minde*,  
We may defective, or impaired finde.  
Else, peradventure, that we thinke to mend,  
More faulty may become, at later end.  
But, hence, I chiefly learne, to take a care,  
My *Life*, and *Actions*, rather be *sincere*,  
Then *seeming* such: And, yet, Ile thinke no  
shame,  
To *seeme*, to be as honest, as *I am*.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XXXI. *Book. 3*

---



F this nigh-wasted *Candle*, you shall  
view,  
And, heed it well, it may enlighten you  
To looke with more compassion, on  
their paines,

Who rob themselves, to multiply your gaines.  
The *Taper* burnes, to give another light,  
Ev'n till it selfe, it hath consumed quite;  
And, all the profit, which it thence doth winne,  
Is to be snufft, by ev'ry *Commer-in*.

This is the Lot of some, whom I have knowne,  
Who, freely, all their life-time, have bestowne  
In such industrious labour, as appeares,  
To further others profits, more then theirs;  
And, all their *Patrimonies*, well nigh spent,  
The ruining of others, to prevent.  
The *wit*, the *strength*, and all the *pow'r* they had,  
(Which might, by probability, have made  
Good meanes to raise them, in this world, as  
high,  
As most, who climbe to wealthy dignity)  
Ev'n these, they have bestow'd, to better them,  
Who their indeavours, for their paines,  
contemne.

These are those *Lamps*, whose *flames*, from  
time to time,  
Have through each *Age*, and through-out ev'ry  
*Clime*,  
To one another, that true *Light* convey'd,  
Which *Ignorance*, had, els, long since betray'd  
To utter darknesse. These, despightfull *Pride*  
Oft snuffs; and, oft, to put them out, hath try'd.  
But, from the brightnesse of such *Lights*, as  
they,

We got our *Light of knowledge*, at this day.  
To *them*, God make us kinder; and to *Him*,  
More thankfull, that we gain'd such light by  
*them*.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. XXXII. *Book. 3*

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He *Horne-of-plenty*, which *Wealth*  
signifies,

The *Hand-in-hand*, which *Plighted-faith*  
implies,

(Together being painted) seeme to teach,  
That, such as will be *honest*, shall be *rich*.

If this be so, why then for *Lucre-sake*,  
Doe many breake the *Promises* they make?  
Why doe they cheat and couzen, lye, and  
swear?

Why practise they all Villanies that are?  
To compass *Wealth*? And, how doe such as they  
Inlarge their ill-got *Portions*, ev'ry day?  
Or, whence proceedes it, that sometimes we see  
Those men grow poore, who *faithfull* seeme to  
bee?

Thus, oft it proves; and, therefore, *Falshood*  
can,

In likelihood, much more enrich a man,  
Then blamelesse *Faith*; and, then, the *Motto*  
here

Improper to this *Emblem*, doth appeare.

But, well enough they sute; and, all is true,  
Which these things (being thus united) shew.  
Should it be then concluded, that all those,  
Who poore and honest seeme, have made but  
showes

Of reall *Faith*? And, therefore, plagu'd have bin  
With publicke lashes, for their private sin?

Indeed, sometime it hath succeeded so:  
But, know you should, that, most who richest  
grow,

In *Outward-wealth*, are very poore in that,  
Which brings true *Plentie*, and a blest Estate:  
And, that, *Good men*, though poore they seeme  
to bee,

Have *Riches*, which the *Worldling* cannot see.

Now He, who findes himselfe endow'd with  
such,

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

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



ILLVSTR. XXXIII. *Book. 3*

**I**F you, this *Emblem*, well have look'd  
upon,  
Although you cannot helpe it, yet,  
bemone

The Worlds blacke Impudence; and, if you can,  
Continue (or become) an honest man.

The poore, and petty *Pilferers*, you see  
On *Wheeles*, on *Gibbets*, and the *Gallow-tree*  
Trust up; when they, that farre more guilty are,  
Pearle, Silke, and costly Cloth of Tissue, weare.

Good *God!* how many hath each *Land* of those,  
Who, neither limbe, nor life, nor credit lose  
(But, rather live befriended, and applauded)  
Yet, have of all their livelihoods defrauded  
The helplesse *Widowes*, in their great distresse?  
And, of their *Portions*, robd the *Fatherlesse*?  
Yet, censur'd others *Errours*, as if none  
Had cause to say, that they amisse have done?  
How many, have assisted to condemne  
Poore soules, for what was never stolne by  
them?

And, persecuted others, for that Sin,  
Which they themselves, had more transgressed  
in?

How many worthlesse men, are great become,  
By that, which they have stolne, or cheated from  
Their *Lords*? or (by some practices unjust)  
From those, by whom they had beene put in  
trust?

How many *Lawyers*, wealthy men are growne,  
By taking Fees, for *Causes* overthrowne  
By their defaults? How many, without feare,  
Doe rob the *King*, and *God*, yet blamelesse are?

*God* knowes how many! would I did so, too,  
*So I had pow'r to make them better doe.*

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XXXIV. *Book. 3*

---



Hen thou beholdest on this *Burying-*  
*stone,*  
The melancholly *Night-bird*, sitting on  
The fleshlesse ruines of a *rotten-Skull*,  
(Whose Face, perhaps, hath been more  
    beautifull,  
Then thine is now) take up a serious thought;  
And, doe as thou art by the *Motto* taught.  
*Remember Death*: and, minde, I thee beseech,  
How soone, these *Fowles* may at thy window  
    screech;  
Or, call thee (as the common people deeme)  
To dwell in *Graves*, and *Sepulchers*, by them,  
Where nothing else, but *Bats*, and *Owles*,  
    appareare;  
Or, *Goblins*, form'd by *Fancies*, and, by *Feare*.  
    If thou shalt be advis'd, to meditate  
Thy latter end, before it be too late,  
(And, whil'st thy *friends*, *thy strength*, and *wits*  
    may bee  
In likely case, to help and comfort thee)  
There may be courses taken, to divert  
Those *Frights*, which, else, would terrifie thy  
    heart,  
When *Death* drawes neare; and helpe thee  
    plucke away  
That *Sting*, of his, which would thy Soule  
    dismay.  
    But, if thou madly ramble onward, still,  
Till thou art sinking downe that *darkesome-hill*,  
Which borders on the *Grave* (and dost beginne  
To see the Shades of *Terrour*, and of *Sinne*  
To fly acrosse thy *Conscience*) 'twill be hard  
To learne this *Lesson*; or, to be prepar'd  
For that sad parting; which, will forced bee,  
Betweene this much beloved *World*, and *thee*.  
    Consider this, therefore, while *Time* thou hast,  
    And, put not off this *Bus'nesse*, till the last.

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XXXV. *Book. 3*

---



S is the head-strong *Horse*, and  
blockish *Mule*,  
Ev'n such, without the *Bridle*, and the  
*Rule*,

Our *Nature* growes; and, is as mischievous,  
Till *Grace*, and *Reason*, come to governe us.  
The *Square*, and *Bridle*, therefore let us heed,  
And, thereby learne to know, what *helpes* wee  
need;

Lest, else, (they fayling, timely, to bee had)  
Quite out of *Order*, wee, at length, bee made.

The *Square*, (which is an usefull *Instrument*,  
To shape foorth senselesse *Formes*) may  
represent

The *Law*: Because, *Mankind*, (which is by  
Nature,

Almost as dull, as is the *senselesse-creature*,)  
Is thereby, from the *native-rudenesse*, wrought;  
And, in the *Way* of honest-living taught.

The *Bridle*, (which Invention did contrive,  
To rule, and guide the *Creature-sensitive*)  
May type forth *Discipline*; which, when the *Law*  
Hath school'd the *Wit*, must keepe the *Will* in  
awe.

And, hee that can by these, his *Passions* bound,  
This *Emblems* meaning, usefully, hath found.

Lord, let thy sacred *Law*, at all times, bee  
A *Rule*, a *Master*, and a *Glasse* to mee;  
(A *Bridle*, and a *Light*) that I may, still,  
Both know my *Dutie*, and obey thy *Will*.  
Direct my *Feet*; my *Hands*, instruct thou so,  
That I may neither *wander*, nor *mis-doe*.  
My *Lookes*, my *Hearing*, and my *Wordes* confine,  
To keepe still firme, to ev'ry *Word* of thine.

On thee, let also my *Desires* attend:  
And, let me hold this *temper*, till mine end.

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XXXVI. *Book. 3*

---



Should not care how hard my *Fortunes*  
were,  
Might still my *Hopes* be such, as now  
they are,

Of helpe divine; nor feare, how poore I bee,  
If thoughts, yet, present, still may bide in mee.  
For, they have left assurance of such *ayd*,  
That, I am of no dangers, now afraid.

Yea, now I see, mee thinkes, what weake and  
vaine

*Supporters* I have sought, to helpe sustaine  
My fainting heart; when some injurious hand,  
Would undermine the Station where I stand.  
Me thinks, I see how scurvie, and how base,  
It is to scrape for favours, and for grace,  
To men of earthly minds; and unto those,  
Who may, perhaps, before to morrow lose  
Their Wealth, (or their abus'd Authoritie)  
And, stand as much in want of helpe as I.

Me thinks, in this *new-rapture*, I doe see  
The hand of *God* from heaven supporting me,  
Without those *rotten-Ayds*, for which I whinde,  
When I was of my tother *vulgar-minde*:  
And, if in some one part of me it lay,  
I, now, could cut that *Limbe* of mine away.  
Still, might I keepe this mind, there were enough  
*Within* my selfe, (beside that cumbring stuffe  
Wee seeke *without*) which, husbanded aright,  
Would make mee *Rich*, in all the *Worlds*  
despight.

And, I have hopes, that, had shee quite bereft  
mee,

Of those few *ragges* and *toyes*, which, yet, are  
left me;

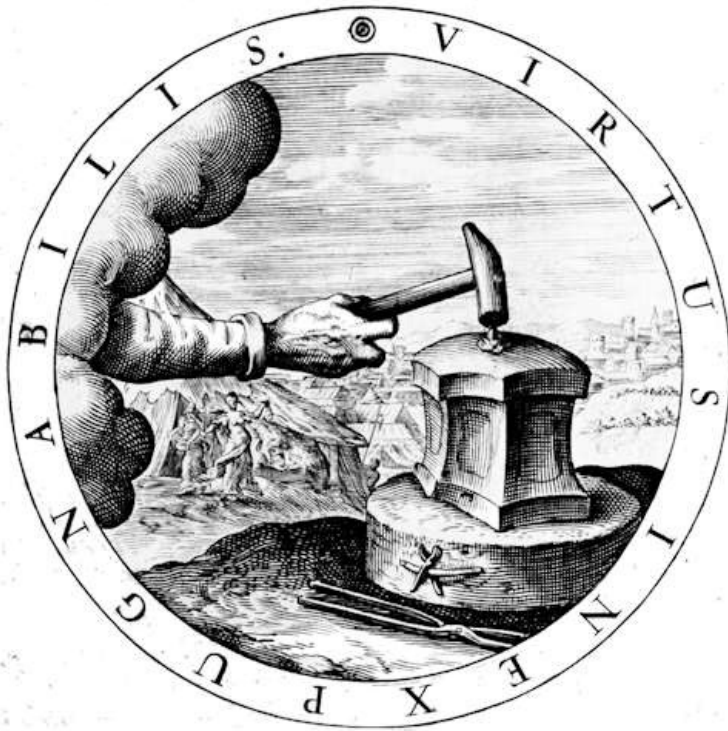
I should on *God*, alone, so much depend,  
That, I should need, nor *Wealth*, nor other  
*Friend*.



---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XXXVII. *Book. 3*

---



His is a well-knowne *Figure*, signifying,  
A man, whose *Vertues* will abide the  
trying:

For, by the nature of the *Diamond*  
*stone*,

(Which *Violence*, can no way worke upon)  
That *Patience*, and *long-suffering* is intended,  
Which will not bee with *Injuries* offended;  
Nor yeeld to any base dejectednesse,  
Although some bruising *Pow'r*, the same  
oppresse;  
Or, such hard *streights*, as theirs, that  
hamm'rings feele,  
Betwixt an *Anvile*, and a *Sledge* of Steele.

None ever had a perfect *Vertue*, yet,  
But, that most *Pretious-stone*, which God hath  
set

On his right hand, in *beaming-Majestie*,  
Vpon the *Ring* of blest *ETERNITIE*.  
And, this, is that impenitrable *Stone*,  
The *Serpent* could not leave impression on,  
(Nor signe of any *Path-way*) by temptations,  
Or, by the pow'r of sly insinuations:

Which wondrous *Mysterie* was of those *five*,  
Whose depth King *Solomon* could never dive.

Good *God!* vouchsafe, ev'n for that *Diamond-*  
sake,

That, I may of his *pretiousnesse*, partake,  
In all my *Trialls*; make mee alwayes able  
To bide them, with a minde impenitrable,  
How hard, or oft so'ere, those *hamm'rings* bee,  
Wherewith, *Afflictions* must *new fashion* mee.  
And, as the common *Diamonds* polish'd are,  
By their owne dust; so, let my *errours* weare  
Each other out; And, when that I am pure,  
Give mee the *Lustre*, *Lord*, that will endure.



---

ILLVSTR. XXXVIII. *Book. 3*

---



His is that fruitfull *Plant*, which when it  
growes,

Where wholesome *Water* in abundance  
flowes,

Was, by the *Psalmist*, thought a likely *Tree*,  
The *Emblem*, of a *blessed-man*, to bee:  
For, many wayes, it fitly typifies,  
The *Righteous-man*, with his proprieties;  
And, those true *Vertues*, which doe helpe  
increase

His growing, in the state of *Blessednesse*.

The *Palme*, (in this our *Emblem*, figur'd, thus)  
Depressed with a *Stone*, doth shew to us  
The pow'r of *Truth*: For, as this *Tree* doth  
spread,

And thrive the more, when weights presse  
downe the head;

So, *Gods* eternall *Truth* (which all the pow'r  
And spight of *Hell*, did labour to devoure)  
Sprung high, and flourished the more, thereby,  
When *Tyrants* crush'd it, with their crueltie.  
And, all inferiour *Truths*, the same will doe,  
According as they make approaches to  
The best *Perfection*; or, as they conduce  
To *God's* due *praise*, or some such pious use.

*Lord*, still, preserve this *Truth's* integritie,  
Although on ev'ry side, the wicked prie,  
To spie how they may disadvantage it.  
Yea, *Lord*, though *Sinners* in high place doe sit,  
(As *David* saith) yet, let them not oppresse  
Thy *Veritie*, by their imperiousnesse.  
But, make both *Her*, and her *Professors*, bide  
The *Test*, like *Silver seven times purifide*.

That, all *Truths* lovers, may with comfort see,  
Shee may *deprest*, but, not, *oppressed* bee.

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



ILLVSTR. XXXIX. *Book. 3*



He big-bon'd *Oxe*, in pace is very slow,  
And, in his *travaile*, *step* by *step*, doth  
goe,

So leisurely, as if he tir'd had bin,  
Before his painfull Iourney did beginne;  
Yet, all the day, he stifly ploddeth on,  
Vntill the labour of the day be done:  
And, seemes as fresh (though he his taske hath  
wrought)

As when to worke he first of all was brought.  
Meane-while, the *Palfray*, which more swiftnesse  
had,

Hath lost his breath, or proves a *Resty-jade*.

This *Emblem*, therefore, maketh it appeare,  
How much it profiteth, to *persevere*;  
And, what a little *Industry* will doe,  
If wee continue *constant* thereunto.  
For, meanest *Faculties*, discreetly us'd,  
May get the start, of nobler *Gifts*, abus'd.  
This, may obserued be in many a one:  
For (when their course of life was first begunne)  
Some, whose refined *wits*, aspi'rd as high,  
As if above the *Sphæres*, they were to flie:  
By *Sloth*, or *Pride*, or over-trusting to  
Their owne Sufficiencies, themselves undoe.  
Yea and those *forward-wits*, have liv'd to see  
Themselves inferiours, unto those, to be,  
Whom, they did in their jollity, contemne,  
As blocks, or dunces, in respect of them.  
Then, learne, *Great-wits*, this folly to prevent:  
Let *Meane-wits*, take from hence,  
incouragement:

And, let us all, in our *Affaires* proceed,  
With timely *leisure*, and with comely *speed*.



ILLVSTR. XL. *Book. 3*



Vr *Author*, peradventure, giveth us  
Dame *Fortune* (for these Reasons)  
pictur'd, thus:

*She* hath a *Comely-body*, to declare,  
How pleasing shee doth usually appeare  
To them, that love her Favours. She is *blinde*,  
(Or, hath still closed eyes) to put in minde,  
How blindly, and how heedlesly, she throwes  
Her *Largesse*, where her *Bounty*, she bestowes.  
She *stands upon a Ball*; that, wee may learne,  
Of outward things, the *tottering*, to discern:  
Her *Ball* hath *wings*; that it may signifie  
How apt her *Favours* are, away to *flie*.

A *Skarfe displayed by the wind*, she beares,  
(And, on her *naked-Body*, nothing weares)  
To shew, that what her *Favorite* injoyes,  
Is not so much for *Vsefulnessse*, as *toyes*.  
Her *Head is hairelesse*, all, *except before*;  
To teach thee, that thy care should be the more  
To hold her *formost kindnesse*, alwayes fast;  
Lest, she doe show thee slipp'ry tricks, at last.  
And, lastly, that her *changing* may be showne;  
She beareth in her Hand a *Wayned-moone*.

By this Description, you may now descry  
Her true conditions, full as well as I:  
And, if you, still, suppose her, worth such  
honour,  
You have my leave to *wooe*, and *wayt* upon her.  
Moreover (to her credit) I confesse,  
This *Motto* falsly saith, her *Ficklenesse*  
Is like the *Moones*: For, she hath frown'd on  
mee  
Twelve *Moones*, at least; and, yet, no *Change* I  
see.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XLI. *Book. 3*

---



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

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XLII. *Book. 3*

---





Ou little thinke, what plague it is to  
bee,  
In plight like *him*, whom pictur'd here  
you see.

His *winged-Arme*, and his *up-lifted-eyes*,  
Declare, that hee hath *Wit*, and *Will*, to rise:  
The *Stone*, which clogs his other *hand*, may  
show

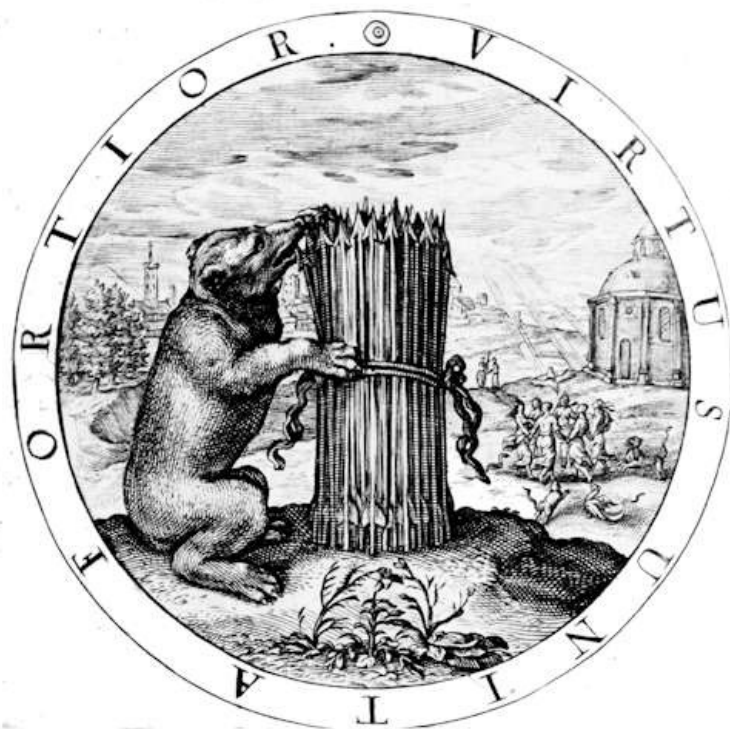
That, *Povertie* and *Fortune*, keepe him low:  
And, twixt these *two*, the *Bodie* and the *Mind*,  
Such labours, and such great vexations finde,  
That, if you did not such mens wants contemne,  
You could not chuse but helpe, or pitie them.

All Ages had (and, this I know hath some),  
Such men, as to this misery, doe come:  
And, many of them, at their *Lot*, so grieve,  
As if they knew, (or did at least beleeve)  
That, had their *Wealth* suffiz'd them to aspire  
(To what their *Witts* deserve, and they *desire*).  
The present Age, and future Ages too,  
Might gaine have had, from what they thought  
to doe.

Perhaps I dream'd so once: But, God be  
prais'd,  
The *Clog* which kept me downe, from being  
rais'd,  
Was chain'd so fast, that (if such *Dreames* I had)  
My *thoughts*, and *longings*, are not now so mad.  
For, plaine I see, that, had my *Fortunes* brought  
Such *Wealth*, at first, as my small *Wit* hath  
sought;

I might my selfe, and others, have undone,  
Instead of *Courses*, which I thought to runne.  
I finde my *Povertie*, for mee was fit;  
Yea, and a *Blessing*, greater than my *Wit*:  
And, whether, now, I *rich* or *poore* become,  
Tis nor much *pleasing*, nor much *troublesome*.

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



ILLVSTR. XLIII. *Book. 3*



Bserve the *Sheafe of Arrowes*, figur'd here;

And, how the pow'r, and fury, of the *Beare*

(Though hee attempt it) no device can finde  
To breake one *slender-shaft*, while they are  
*joyn'd*:

Whereas, were they *divided*, strength but small,  
Like rotten Kexes, would soone breake them all.

This *Emblem*, therefore, fitly doth imply  
That Safeguard, which is found in *Vnity*;  
And, shewes, that, when *Dis-union* is begunne,  
It breedeth dangers, where before were none.

The *Psalmist*, numerous *Off-springs*, doth  
compare  
To *Quivers*, that with *Shafts* replenish'd are.  
When *Vnity* hath knit them in her *bands*,  
They prove like *Arrowes* in a *Gyants* hands.  
And, though, for these, their Foes in wayt have  
layd,

They shall not be surpriz'd, nor made afrayd.

Consider this, yee *Children of one Sire*,  
'Twixt whom, is kindled some contentious *fire*,  
And, reconciled be, lest you, at length,  
Consume away the marrow of your *strength*;  
Or, by dividing, of your *joyned-pow'r*,  
Make way for those, who studie to devoure.  
Yea, let us all consider, as we ought,  
What *Lesson*, by this *Emblem*, we are taught.  
For, wee are *Brethren* all; and (by a *Bloud*  
More precious, then our nat'rall *Brother-hood*)  
Nor knit, alone, but, mingled, as it were,  
Into a *League*; which is, by much, more deare,  
And, much more dangerous, to be undone,  
Then all the *Bands*, that can be thought upon.

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



ILLVSTR. XLIV. *Book. 3*



Hat may the reason be, that, when  
Desire  
Hath kindled in the breast, a *Loving-fire*,  
The *Flame*, which burn'd awhile, both  
cleere & strong,

Becomes to be extinguished, ere long?  
This *Emblem* gives the reason; for, it shoves,  
That, when *Affection*, to perfection growes,  
The *Fire*, which doth inlighten, first, the same,  
Is made an *equall*, and a *mutuall-flame*.

These burning *Torches*, are alike in *length*;  
To shew, *Love equall*, both in *time*, and *strength*.  
They, to each otherward, their *Flames* extend,  
To teach us, that, *True-lovers* have no end  
Pertayning to *Selfe-love*; and, lo, betweene  
These *Two*, one *Flaming-heart*, is to be seene;  
To signifie, that, they, but *one*, remaine  
In *Minde*; though, in their *Persons*, they are  
*twaine*.

He, doubtlesse, then, who *Lov'd*, and, giveth  
over,

Deserveth not the Title of a *Lover*;  
Or, else, was unrequited in *Affection*,  
And, was a *Lover*, with some imperfection.  
For, *Love*, that loves, and is not lov'd as much,  
May perfect grow; but, yet, it is not such,  
Nor can be, till it may that *object* have,  
Which *gives* a *Heart*, for what it would *receive*:  
And, lookes not so much *outward*, as to heed  
What seemes *within*, to *want*, or to *exceed*.  
Whether our *Emblem's Author*, thought of this,  
You need not care; nor, will it be amisse,  
If they who perfect *Lovers*, would be thought,  
Doe mind, what by this *Morall*, they are  
taught.

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



ILLVSTR. XLV. *Book. 3*



*N* Emblem's meaning, here, I thought  
to conster;

And, this doth rather fashion out a  
*Monster,*

Then forme an *Hieroglyphicke*: but, I had  
These *Figures* (as you see them) ready made  
By others; and, I meane to *morallize*  
Their Fancies; not to mend what they devise.  
Yet, peradventure, with some vulgar praise,  
This *Picture* (though I like it not) displayes  
The *Morall*, which the *Motto* doth imply;  
And, thus, it may be sayd to signifie.

He, that hath many *Faculties*, or *Friends*,  
To keepe him safe (or to acquire his ends)  
And, fits them so; and, keepes them so together,  
That, still, as readily, they ayd each other,  
As if so many *Hands*, they had been made;  
And, in *One-body*, usefull being had:  
That man, by their Assistance, may, at length,  
Attaine to an *unconquerable-strength*;  
And, crowne his honest *Hopes*, with whatsoever  
He seekes for, by a warranted Endeavour.

Or, else, it might be sayd; that, when we may  
Make our *Affections*, and, our *Sense*, obey  
The will of *Reason*, (and, so well agree,  
That, we may finde them, still, at peace to be)  
They'l guard us, like so many *Armed-hands*;  
And, safely keepe us, whatsoever withstands.  
If others thinke this *Figure*, here, inferres  
A better sense; let those *Interpreters*  
Vnriddle it; and, preach it where they please:  
Their *Meanings* may be good, and so are  
these.

---

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

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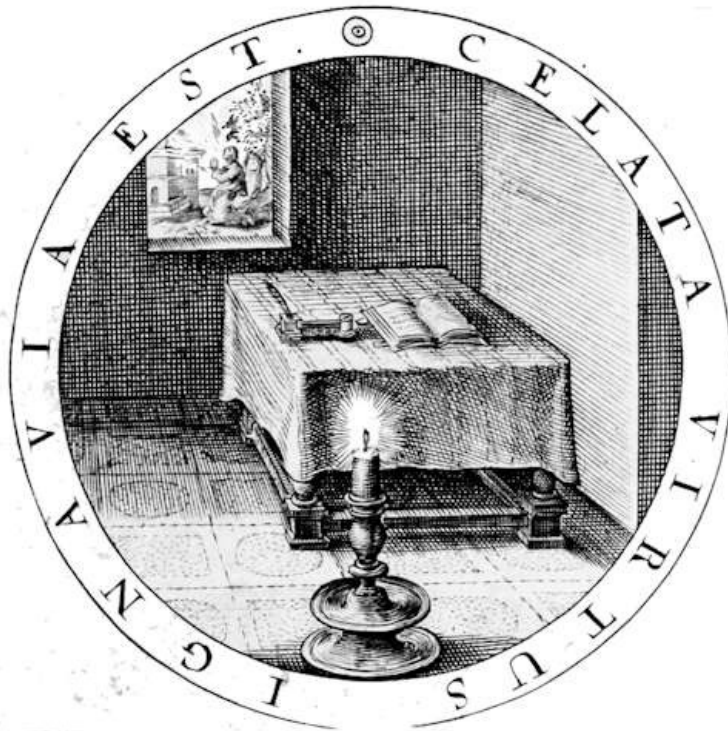
ILLVSTR. XLVI. *Book. 3*

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

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



ILLVSTR. XLVII. *Book. 3*

**T**he World hath shamelesse *Boasters*,  
who pretend,  
In sundry matters, to be skill'd so well,  
That, were they pleased, so their  
houres to spend,  
They say, they could in many things excell.  
But, though they make their hearers to beleeve,  
That, out of *Modestie* their *Gifts* they hide,  
In them wee very plainly may perceive,  
Or *Sloth*, or *Envy*, *Ignorance*, or *Pride*.

When other mens endeavours they peruse,  
They either carpe at what they cannot mend;  
Or else of *Arrogance* doe those accuse,  
Who, to the publike view, their *Workes*  
commend.

If these men say, that they can *Poetize*,  
But, will not; they are false in saying so:  
For, he, whose *Wit* a little that way lies,  
Will *doing* bee, though hee himselfe *undoe*.  
If they, in other *Faculties* are learned,  
And, still, forbear their *Talents* to imploy;  
The truest *Knowledge*, yet, is undiscerned,  
And, that, they merit not, which they enjoy.  
Yea, such as hide the *Gifts* they have received,  
(Or use them not, as well as they are able)  
Are like *fayre Eyes*, of usefull sight bereaved;  
Or, *lighted-Candles*, underneath a *Table*.  
Their glorioust part, is but a *Painted-cloath*,  
Whose *Figures*, to the wall-ward, still are hung.  
Their hidden *Vertues*, are apparant *Sloth*;  
And, all their life, is to the publike wrong:  
For, they doe reape the *Fruits*, by many  
sowne,  
And, leave to others, nothing of their owne.

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



ILLVSTR. XLVIII. *Book. 3*

**I** Never, yet, did murmuringly  
complaine,  
Although those *Moones* have long been  
in the *Waine*,

Which on their *Silver Shields*, my *Elders* wore,  
In *Battels*, and in *Triumphs*, heretofore.

Nor any mention have I ever made,  
Of such *Eclipses*, as those *Crescents* had;  
Thereby, to move some *Comet*, to reflect  
His *fading-light*, or daigne his *good-aspect*.  
For, when I tell the *World*, how ill I fare,  
I tell her too, how little I doe care,  
For her *despights*: yea, and I tell it not,  
That, helpe, or pitie, might from her be got;  
But, rather, that her *Favourites* may see,  
I know my *Waynings*, yet, can pleased bee.

My *Light*, is from the Planet of the *Sunne*;  
And, though the *Course*, which I obliquely  
runne,

Oft brings my outward *Fortunes* to the *Waine*,  
My *Light* shall, one day, bee renew'd againe.  
Yea, though to some, I quite may seeme to lose  
My *Light*; because, my follies interpose  
Their shadowes to eclipse it: yet, I know,  
My *Crescents*, will increase, and *fuller*, grow.

Assoone as in the *Flesh*, I beeing had,  
I mooved on in *Courses retrograde*,  
And, thereby lost my *Splendor*: but, I feele  
Soft motions, from that great *Eternall-Wheele*,  
Which mooveth all things, sweetly mooving mee,  
To gaine the *Place*, in which I ought to bee:

And, when to *Him*, I backe *returne*, from  
*whom*

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



---

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

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ILLVSTR. XLIX. *Book. 3*

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Some write (but, on what grounds, I  
cannot tell)

That they, who neere unto the *Deserts*  
dwell,

Where *Elephants* are found, doe notice take,  
What trees they haunt, their sleeping-stocks to  
make;

That, when they rest against an halfe-sawne  
stemme,

It (falling) may betray those Beasts to them.

Now, though the part *Historicall*, may erre,  
The *Morall*, which this *Emblem* doth inferre,  
Is overtrue; and, seemeth to imply,  
The *World* to bee so full of Treacherie,  
As, that, no corner of it, found can be,  
In which, from Falshoods Engines, wee are free.

I have observ'd the *Citie*; and, I finde  
The *Citizens*, are civill, grave and kinde;  
Yet, many are deluded by their showes,  
And, cheated, when they trust in them repose.  
I have been oft at *Court*; where I have spent,  
Some idle time, to heare them *Complement*:  
But, I have seene in *Courtiers*, such deceit,  
That, for their Favours, I could never wait.  
I doe frequent the *Church*; and, I have heard  
Gods judgements, by the *Preachers*, there,  
declar'd,

Against mens falshoods; and, I gladly heare  
Their zealous *Prayers*, and good *Counsells* there;  
But, as I live, I finde some such as they,  
Will watch to doe a mischiefe, if they may.

Nay, those poore sneaking *Clownes*, who seeke  
their living,

As if they knew no manner of deceiving;

Ev'n *those*, their *witts*, can (this way) so apply,  
That, they'l soone cousen, wiser men, than I.



ILLVSTR. L. *Book. 3*



Here is no Day, nor minute of the Day,  
In which, there are not many sent away  
From *Life to Death*; or, many *drawing-*  
*on,*

Which, must within a little while, bee gone.  
You, often, view the *Grave*; you, often, meet  
The *Buriers*, and the *Mourners*, in the street,  
Conveying of some Neighbour, to that home,  
Which must, e're long, your *dwelling-place*  
become.

You see the *Race*, of many a youthfull *Sonne*  
Is finish'd, e're his *Father's Course* is done;  
And, that, the hand of *Death*, regardeth neither  
Sexe, Youth, nor Age; but, mingleth all together.  
You, many times, in your owne houses, heare  
The groanes of *Death*, and, view your *Children*,  
there,

Your loving *Parents*, or, beloved *Wives*,  
To gaspe for breath, and, labour for their *lives*.

Nay, you your selves, do sometime find the  
paines

Of *Sickness*, in your Bowels, and your Vaines.  
The *Harbingers* of *Death*, sometime, begin  
To take up your whole *Bodie*, for their *Inne*.  
You heare their heavie *Aches*, on your back;  
You feele their *twinges*, make your heartstrings  
crack;

And, sometime, lye imprison'd, and halfe dead,  
With *Age*, or with *Diseases*, on your bed:  
Yet you deferre your ends; and, still contrive,  
For temp'rall things; as if you thought to live  
Sixe *Ages* longer: or, had quite forgot,  
That, you, and others, draw one *common-Lot*.

But, that, you might not, still, the same forget,  
This *Emblem*, and this *Motto*, here were set.





## THE THIRD LOTTERIE.

1



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

2

Though you are *weake*, you much may doe,  
If you will set your *Wits* thereto.  
For, meaner *Powres*, than you have had,  
And, meaner *Wits*, good shift have made,  
Both to contrive, and compasse that,  
Which abler men have wondred at.  
Your *Strength*, and *Wit*, unite, therefore,  
And, both shall grow improov'd the more.  
See, [Emb. II.](#)

3

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

4

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

5

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

See, [Emb. V.](#)

6

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

See, [Emb. VI.](#)

7

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

See, [Emb. VII.](#)

8

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

See, [Emb. VIII.](#)

9

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

See, [Emb. IX.](#)

10

Whatev'r you seeme to others, now,  
It was the *Harrow*, and the *Plough*,  
By which, your *Predecessors* got,  
The fairest portion of your *Lot*:  
And, (that, it may encrease your *Wit*)  
They haunt you, in an *Emblem*, yet.  
Peruse our *Morall*; and, perchance,  
Your *Profit*, it will much advance.

See, [Emb. X.](#)

11

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

See, [Emb. XI.](#)

12

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

See, [Emb. XI.](#)

13

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

See, [Emb. XIII.](#)

14

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

See, [Emb. XIV.](#)

15

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

Thou knowest best, if it be so:  
Take therefore heed, what is to doe.

See, [Emb. XV.](#)

16

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

See, [Emb. XVI.](#)

17

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

See, [Emb. XVII.](#)

18

To your *Long-home*, you nearer are,  
Than you (it may bee) are aware:  
Yea, and more easie is the *Way*,  
Than you, perchance, conceive it may.  
Lest, therefore, *Death*, should grim  
appeare,  
And, put you in a causelesse feare;  
(Or out of minding wholly passe)  
This *Chance*, to you allotted was.

See, [Emb. XVIII.](#)

19

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

See, [Emb. XIX.](#)

20



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

See, [Emb. XX.](#)

21

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

See, [Emb. XXI.](#)

22

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

See, [Emb. XXII.](#)

23

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

See, [Emb. XXIII.](#)

24

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

See, [Emb. XXIV.](#)

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

See, [Emb. XXV.](#)

26

Thou to a *double-path* art come;  
And, peradventure, troublesome,  
Thou findest it; for thee to know,  
On whether hand thou oughtst to goe.  
To put thee out of all suspect,  
Of *Courses* that are indirect;  
Thy *Morall* points thee to a path,  
Which *hardship*, but, no perill hath.

See, [Emb. XXVI.](#)

27

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

See, [Emb. XXVII.](#)

28

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

See, [Emb. XXVIII.](#)

M 29

Some, vrge their *Princes* on to *Warre*,  
And weary of sweet *Peace*, they are.  
Some, seeke to make them, dote on *Peace*,  
(Till publike Danger more encrease)  
As if the World were kept in awe,  
By nothing else but preaching *Law*.  
Thy *Morall* (if of those thou art)  
Doth act a *Moderators* part.

See, [Emb. XXIX.](#)

30

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

See, [Emb. XXX.](#)

31

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

See, [Emb. XXXI.](#)

32

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

See, [Emb. XXXII.](#)

33

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

See, [Emb. XXXIII.](#)

34

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

See, [Emb. XXXIV.](#)

35

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

See, [Emb. XXXV.](#)

36

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

See, [Emb. XXXVI.](#)

37

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

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

See, [Emb. XXXVII.](#)

38

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

See, [Emb. XXXVIII.](#)

39

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

See, [Emb. XXXIX.](#)

40

Dame *Fortunes* favour seemes to bee  
Much lov'd, and longed for, of thee;  
As if, in what, her hand bestowes,  
Thou mightst thy confidence repose.  
But, that, her *manners* may bee knowne,  
This *Chance*, upon thee, was bestowne.  
Consider well, what thou hast got,  
And, on her flattrings, dote thou not.

See, [Emb. XL.](#)

41

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

See, [Emb. XLI.](#)

42

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

See, [Emb. XLII.](#)

43

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

See, [Emb. XLIII.](#)

44

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

See, [Emb. XLIV.](#)

45

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

See, [Emb. XLV.](#)

46

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

See, [Emb. XLVI.](#)

47

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

See, [Emb. XLVII.](#)

48

By this thy *Lot*, it may appeare,  
Decayd thy *Hopes*, or *Fortunes* are.  
But, that, thou mayst no courage lose,  
Thine *Emblem*, by example, showes,  
That, as the *Moone* doth from the *Waine*  
Returne, and fill her *Orbe* againe:  
So, thou thy *Fortunes* mayst renew,  
If, honest *Hopes*, thou shalt pursue.

See, [Emb. XLVIII.](#)

49

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

See, [Emb. XLIX.](#)

50

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

See, [Emb. L.](#)

51

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

52

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

53

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

54

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

55

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

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

*FINIS.*

---





A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
EMBLEMES,  
ANCIENT AND  
MODERNE:

Quickened  
With METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS, both  
*Morall* and *Divine*: And disposed into  
LOTTERIES,

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

By GEORGE WITHER.

*The fourth Booke.*

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LONDON,  
Printed by AVGVSTINE MATHEWES.  
MDCXXXIV.

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**TO**  
**THE RIGHT HONOURABLE**  
**PHILLIP, Earle of PEMBROOKE, and**  
**MOVNTGOMERIE, &c. Lord Chamberlaine of the**  
**Houshold, Knight of the most honourable Order of**  
**the Garter, and one of his Majesties most Honourable Privie-**  
**Councill.**

*My Honourable LORD,*

**T**Hough, *Worthlesse* in my owne repute I am;  
 And, (though my *Fortune*, so obscures my  
 Name

Beneath my *Hopes*; that, now, it makes me  
 seeme

As little worth, in other mens esteeme,  
 As in mine owne;) yet, when my *Merits* were  
 No better, than, to most, they now appeare,  
 It pleased some, ev'n some of those that had  
 The *Noblest Names*, (and, those of whom was  
 made

The best Account) so lowly to descend,  
 As, my well-meaning *Studies*, to befriend.

Among those *WORTHIES*, I may both bemone  
 (My selfe in *HIM*) and memorize, for *One*,  
 Your much renowned *BROTHER*, as a *Chiefe*  
 In bringing to my waned *Hopes*, reliefe;  
 And, in my *Faculties*, were I as able  
 To honour *Him*, as he was honourable,  
 I would have showne, how, all this *Emperie*  
 Hath lost a *Friend*, in *HIM*, as much as I.

To *MEE*, so freely, of his owne accord  
 It pleased *HIM*, his *Favours*, to afford;  
 That, when our learned, and late *Sov'raigne-*  
*Prince*,

(By others mis-informed) tooke offence  
 At my Free *Lines*; *HEE*, foun'd such *Meanes* and  
*Place*

To bring, and reconcile mee to his *Grace*;  
 That, therewithall, his *Majestie* bestow'd  
 A Gift upon mee, which his *Bountie* show'd:  
 And, had inrich'd mee; if, what was intended,  
 Had not, by othersome, beene ill befriended.

But, as I long time, suffred have by those  
 Who labour'd much, my thrivings, to oppose:  
 So, *I my selfe*, (although not out of pride,  
 As many thinke it) have so much relide  
 Vpon the *Royall-Gift*, neglecting so  
 To fortifie the same, as others do  
 By making *Friends*; that my estate grew lesse  
 (By more than twice five hundred Marks  
 decrease)

Through that, which for, my profit was  
 bestowne.

And, I, ere this, had wholly been undone;  
 But, that the *Wealth*, which I relie on, most,  
 Consists in things, which never can be lost.

Yet, by his *Losse*, I have *Occasions* had  
 To feele, why other men are often sad.  
 And, I, (who blushed, to be troublesome  
 To any *Friend*) therby, almost am come  
 To such a passe; that, what I wish to have,  
 I should grow impudent enough to *Crave*,  
 Had not impartiall *Death*, and wasting *Time*,  
 Of all my *Friends* quite worne away the *Prime*;  
 And, left mee none, to whom I dare present

I ne meanest suite without encouragement:  
Although, the greatest *Boone*, I would implore,  
Should cost them, but a *Word*, or little more.  
Yet, some there are, no doubt, for whose respect  
I might endeavour, with no vaine effect;  
Had I but cause, to have as high esteeme,  
Of mine owne *Merits*, as I have of them.  
And, if your *Honour* should be so inclin'd,  
As I desire; I, now am sure to finde  
Another *Pembrooke*, by whose ayde sustain'd,  
I may preserve, what by the *Last* I gain'd.

To make adventure, how it will succeed,  
I now am come. And lo, my LORD, instead  
Of better *Advocates*, I first begin,  
Mine EMBLEMS, by these *Lines*, to Vsher in;  
That, *they*, by these admittance may effect  
For *Mee*, and for *themselves*, your kinde  
respect.

That, which in *them*, best Worthy you shall  
find,

Is this; that, they are Symptomes of a *Minde*,  
Affecting honestie: and of a *Heart*,  
So truly honouring a true desert,  
That, I am hopefull made, they will acquire  
As much respect as I can well desire:  
And, SIR, your *Candor*, your knowne *Courtesies*,  
With other praisefull *Vertues*, make mee rise  
To this Believe; that, Yov by fav'ring mee  
Hereafter, may as highly honour'd be,  
As by some former Bounties; and encrease  
My Future *Merit*, by your *Worthinesse*.

However, what I *am* or shall be knowne  
To *Bee*, by *Your Deservings*, or mine *owne*,  
You may command it; and, be sure to finde  
(Though false my *Fortunes* prove) a Faithfull  
*Mind*.

*Thus, unfainedly, professeth*

*Your Honours*

*truest Honourer,*

GEO: WITHER.

---

**TO**  
**THE RIGHT HONORABLE,**  
**HENRIE, Earle of HOLLAND, &c.**  
**Captaine of the Guard; Lord-chiefe-Iustice in Eyre**  
**of all his Majesties Forrests, Parkes and Chases**  
**on this side Trent; Knight of the most noble Order**  
**of the Garter, and one of his Majesties**  
**most Honourable Privie Counsell.**

*Right Noble SIR,*

*H*aving, of late, some Cause, to overlooke  
That thankfull Register, wherein I booke  
My noblest Friends; I found so many Names  
Possessing nothing, but their honour'd Fames,  
(Whose living Persons, wee injoyed, here,  
A while agoe;) that, I began to feare,  
I might grow Friendlesse; (having now so few)  
Vnlesse I sought, their Number to renew.

*By some Disasters, also, gaining prooffe,*  
*How much this Course would make for my*  
*behoofe;*

*I call'd my Wits to Counsell, Where, and How*  
*I might, with hopefullnesse, begin to sow*  
*The seeds of such a Blessing: And, me thought*  
*Within mee, something said: Where should be*  
*sought*

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

*Assoone as Fancie had inform'd me so,*  
*Your Lordship, came to my remembrance, too,*  
*With what our Sovereaigne's Favour, Vulgar*  
*Fame,*

*Or, your owne Merits, addeth to your Name.*  
*Which, having weigh'd, no doubts at all I had*  
*OfWorth in Yov; But, rather, doubtings made*  
*That, all my Wits would insufficient be,*  
*To make that Worth, become a Friend to mee.*  
*For, I have oft observ'd, that, Favour shunnes*  
*The best Desert, if after her, it runnes.*

*Yet, who can tell what may befall? thought I:*  
*It is no great Adventure, if I try*  
*Without successe: And, if, I gaine my End,*  
*I am assured of a Noble-Friend.*

*His honourable FATHER, deem'd mee worth*  
*So much respecting as to seeke me forth,*  
*When, I was more obscure: And, MEE, for nought*  
*But, onely to Befriend mee, forth HEE sought.*  
*Then, wherefore, of his SONNE, should I suspect*  
*That (feeling Him) hee can my love reject?*  
*Since, Courtesie doth alwaies, there, abound,*  
*Where such a lovely Personage is found?*

*My LORD, these were my Fancies: But I take*  
*them*

*To be of no more worth, than, you shall make*  
*them*

*By your Acceptance: Nor, is't my intent*  
*To Court you, with fruitlesse Complement:*  
*But, to attempt your Favour with a mind,*  
*As readily, and really, inclinde*

*To serve you, when my services may steed;*  
*As to expect your Favours, in my need.*  
*For, had my Fates enabled me so much,*  
*I should more willingly have sought out such*

*On whom I Courtesies might have bestowed,  
Than, seeke to cure Misfortunes of mine owne.*

*No doubt, but, every day, your Lordship  
heares*

*Inventions, which may better please your eares  
Than these I now present; And, yet you might  
(For ought I knew) finde profit, or delight,  
By our plaine EMBLEMS, or, some uses in them,  
Which from your Honour, some respects may  
win them;*

*Ev'n for that good Moralitye, which they  
To Vulgar Vnderstandings will convey.*

*But, Truth to speake, the chiefest cause which  
drew*

*My minde, to make them PRESENTS, for your  
view,*

*Was, but to take Occasion to professe,  
That, I am Servant, to your WORTHINESSE.  
In which, if YOY are pleased; All is got,  
At which I aym'd: And, though you like it not,  
It shall but teach Mee (for the time to come)  
To take more heed, where I am troublesome.*

And, I shall be, neverthelesse,

your Honours to be commanded,

as becommeth your Servant,

GEO: WITHER.



---

ILLVSTR. I. *Book. 4*

---



Hen, with a serious musing, I behold  
The gratefull, and obsequious  
*Marigold,*

How duely, ev'ry morning, she  
displayes

Her open brest, when *Titan* spreads his Rayes;  
How she observes him in his daily walke,  
Still bending towards him, her tender stalke;  
How, when he downe declines, she droopes and  
mournes,

Bedew'd (as 'twere) with teares, till he returnes;  
And, how she vailes her *Flow'rs*, when he is  
gone,

As if she scorned to be looked on  
By an inferiour *Eye*; or, did contemne  
To wayt upon a meaner *Light*, then *Him*.  
When this I meditate, me-thinkes, the *Flowers*  
Have *spirits*, farre more generous, then ours;  
And, give us faire Examples, to despise  
The servile Fawnings, and Idolatries,  
Wherewith, we court these earthly things below,  
Which merit not the service we bestow.

But, oh my God! though groveling I appeare  
Vpon the Ground, (and have a rooting here,  
Which hailes me downward) yet in my desire,  
To that, which is above mee, I aspire:  
And, all my best *Affections* I professe  
To *Him*, that is the *Sunne of Righteousnesse*.  
Oh! keepe the *Morning* of his *Incarnation*,  
The burning *Noone-tide* of his bitter *Passion*,  
The *Night* of his *Descending*, and the *Height*  
Of his *Ascension*, ever in my sight:

That imitating him, in what I may,  
I never follow an inferiour *Way*.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. II. *Book. 4*

---



Ong since, the sacred *Hebrew Lyrick*  
sayd,  
(A Truth, which never justly was  
denayd)

That, *All the world is God's*; and that his *hands*  
Enclose the limits of the farthest *Lands*.

The selfe same *Truth* affirmes, that likewise,  
there,

By him, their *clodds*, and *furrowes* warred are,  
And, that with *dewes* and *showres*, he doth so  
blesse

The dwellings of the barren *Wildernesse*,  
That, those Inhabitants (whom some conceiv'd,  
Of usefull, and all pleasant things bereav'd)  
Their labors, with advantage, doe employ,  
And, fetch their yearely *Harvests* home, with joy.

Why then should wee, that in God's *Vineyard*  
live,

Distrust that all things needfull hee will give?  
Why should his *Garden* doubt of what it needs,  
Since hee oft waters barren *Rocks* and *Weeds*?  
Why should his *Children*, live in slavish feare,  
Since hee is kind to those that strangers are?  
Or, whither from his presence, can we flie,  
To whom the furthest *hiding-place* is nigh.

And, if I may, from lower objects clime,  
(To questioning, in matters more sublime)  
Why should I thinke, the *Soule* shall not bee fed,  
Where God affords, to *Flesh*, her *daily Bread*?  
Or, dreame, that hee, for some, provided none,  
Because, on us, much *Mercie* is bestowne?

'Tis true enough, that *Hell* devoureth all,

Who shall be found without the *Churches* pale;

But, how farre that extends, no Eye can see,  
Since, in Gods *hands*, *Earth's farthest Corners*  
*bee*.



---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. III. *Book. 4*

---



He World is much for *Shewes*, and few  
there are  
So diligent to *bee*, as to *appeare*;  
Although a little travaile more, would  
make them  
Those men, for which, the *lookers-on* mistake  
them.  
Some, have so toyed, and consum'd so much,  
To get a false repute of being *Rich*,  
That, they have spent farre more, than would  
have bought,  
The *substance* of the *shadow*, they have sought;  
And, caused those, who deem'd them rich  
before,  
To know them, to bee miserably *poore*.  
Some others, would so faine be counted *Wise*,  
That, they consume in *Curiosities*,  
In *Sophistries*, and superficiall *showes*,  
More pretious Time, than would have made  
them those,  
They long to seeme, (had halfe that meanes been  
spent,  
In seeking *Wisdom*e, with a pure intent)  
Whereas, the glorioust purchases of such,  
(Though by their Peeres they seeme applauded  
much)  
Are still so vaine, that little they possesse,  
But fruitlesse *leaves*, of *learned foolishnesse*:  
Yea, by affecting more than is their due,  
They lose ev'n both the *substance*, and the *shew*;  
And, so, instead of honours *Crowne*, have worne  
The *Coxcombes*, of a well-deserved scorne.  
But, of all *Fooleries*, the grossest *Folly*  
Is theirs, who weare those *garbes* of *seeming-  
holy*,  
Which paine them sore, yet make them still  
appeare,  
To *God* and *Men*, as wicked as they are.  
Be, therefore, what, to be thou hast profest;  
But, bee not of this last, of all the rest.

---

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

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ILLVSTR. IIII. *Book. 4*

---



Hough this bee but the picture of that  
*Glasse,*  
By which thou measur'st how thine  
*houres* doe passe,  
Yet, sleight it not; for, much 'twill profit thee,  
To ponder what the *Morals* of it bee.  
And, 'tis an *Emblem*, whence the *Wise* may  
learne,  
That, which their persons, neerely doth  
concerne.

The brittle *Glasse*, serves fitly to expresse  
The *Bodie's* frailtie, and much crasinesse.  
Foure *Pillars*, which the glassie worke empale,  
Instruct thee, that the *Vertues* Cardinall,  
To guard the *Manhood*, should bee still  
employ'd,

Lest else the feeble fabrick bee destroy'd.  
The *Sand*, still running forth, without delay,  
Doth shew, that *Life-time*, passeth fast away,  
And, makes no stop: yea, and the *Motto* too,  
(Lest thou forgetfull prove) informes thee so.

By viewing this, Occasion, therefore, take,  
Of thy fast-flying *Houres*, more use to make;  
And, heedfull bee, to shunne their common  
crime,

Who take much care to trifle out the time;  
As if it merited their utmost paine,  
To lose the gemme, which most they seeke to  
gaine.

*Time-past* is lost already: *Time-to-come*,  
Belongs, as yet, thou knowst not unto whom.  
The *present-houres* are thine, and, onely those,  
Of which thou hast *Commission* to dispose;  
And, they from thee, doe flye away so fast,  
That, they are scarcely knowne, till they are  
past.

*Lord, give mee grace, to minde, and use Time*  
*so,*  
*That, I may doe thy worke, before I goe.*

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



ILLVSTR. V. *Book. 4*



Arke well this *Emblem*; and, (when in  
a *thread*,

You see the *Globe*, there, hang above  
their head,

Who in securitie, beneath it sit)

Observe likewise, the *Knife*, that threatens it;  
The smallnesse of the *Twine*; and, what a death  
Would follow, should it fall on those beneath:  
And (having well observ'd it) mind, I pray,  
That, which the word about it, there, doth say:  
For, it includes a *Caveat*, which wee need  
To entertaine, with a continuall heed.

Though few consider it, wee finde it thus  
(Throughout our lives) with ev'ry one of us.

*Destruction* hangeth in a *single thread*,  
Directly over every *Sinner's* head.

That *Sentence* is gone forth, by which wee stand  
Condemn'd to suffer death. The dreadfull hand,  
Of God's impartiall *Iustice*, holds a *Knife*,  
Still ready, to cut off our *thread of life*;  
And, 'tis his *mercie*, that keeps up the *Ball*  
From falling, to the ruine of us all.

Oh! let us minde, how often wee have bin,  
Ev'n in the very act of *Deadly-sinne*,  
Whilst this hung over us; and, let us praise,  
And love him, who hath yet prolong'd our dayes:  
Yea, let our thankfulness, bring forth such fruit,  
As, to the benefit may somewhat suit:  
For, though a *sudden-Death* may not ensue,  
Yet, (since *Times Axe*, doth every minute hew  
The *Root of Life*) the *Tree*, e're long, must fall;  
And, then perhaps, too late, repent wee shall.

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



ILLVSTR. VI. *Book. 4*

**P**oore *Hart*, why dost thou run so fast?  
and why,  
Behind thee dost thou looke, when thou  
dost fly?

As if thou seem'dst in thy swift flight, to heare  
Those *dangers* following thee, w<sup>ch</sup> thou dost  
feare?

Alas! thou labour'st, and thou runn'st in vaine,  
To shunne, by *flight*, thy *terrors*, or thy *paine*;  
For, loe, thy *Death*, which thou hast dreaded so,  
Clings fast unto thee, wheresoere thou goe:  
And while thou toyl'st, an *outward-ease* to win,  
Thou draw'st thine owne *destruction* further *in*;  
Making that *Arrow*, which but prickes thy hide,  
To pierce thy tender entrailles, through thy side.

And, well I may this wounded *Hart* bemoane;  
For, here, me thinkes, I'm taught to looke upon  
Mine owne condition; and, in him, to see  
Those deadly wounds, my *Sinnes* have made in  
mee.

I greatly feare the *World*, may unawares  
Intangle mee, by her alluring snares:  
I am afraid, the *Devill* may inject  
Some poys'nous fume, my *Spirit* to infect,  
With ghostly *Pestilence*; and, I assay,  
To flie from these, with all the pow'rs I may.  
But, oh my *Flesh*! this very *Flesh* I weare,  
Is worse to mee, than *Worlds*, and *Devils* are:  
For, without this, no pow'r on mee, they had.  
This is that *Shirt*, which made *Alcides* mad.  
It is a *griefe*, which I shall never cure,  
Nor flie from, whilst my life-time doth endure:  
From thence, oh *Lord*, my greatest *sorrowes*  
bee;  
And, therefore, from my *Selfe*, I flie to *Thee*.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. VII. *Book. 4*

---



Tyrannous, or wicked *Magistrat*,  
Is fitly represented by a *Catt*:  
For, though the *Mice* a harmfull  
vermine bee,

And, *Cats* the remedie; yet, oft wee see,  
That, by the *Mice*, far lesse, some house-wives  
leese,

Then when they set the *Catt* to keepe the  
*Cheese*.

A ravenous *Cat*, will punish in the *Mouse*,  
The very same Offences, in the house,  
Which hee himselfe commits; yea, for that *Vice*,  
Which was his owne (with praise) he kills the  
*Mice*;

And, spoyleth not anothers life alone,  
Ev'n for that very *fault* which was his *owne*,  
But *feeds*, and *fattens*, in the spoyle of them,  
Whom hee, without compassion did condemne.  
Nay, worse than so; hee cannot bee content,  
To slaughter them, who are as innocent,  
As hee *himselfe*; but, hee must also play,  
And sport his wofull *Pris'ners* lives away;  
More torturing them, 'twixt fruitlesse *hopes* and  
*feares*,

Than when their bowels, with his teeth he  
teares:

For, by much terrour, and much crueltie,  
Hee kills them, ten times over, e're they die.

When, such like *Magistrates* have rule  
obtain'd,

The best men wish their powre might be  
restrain'd:

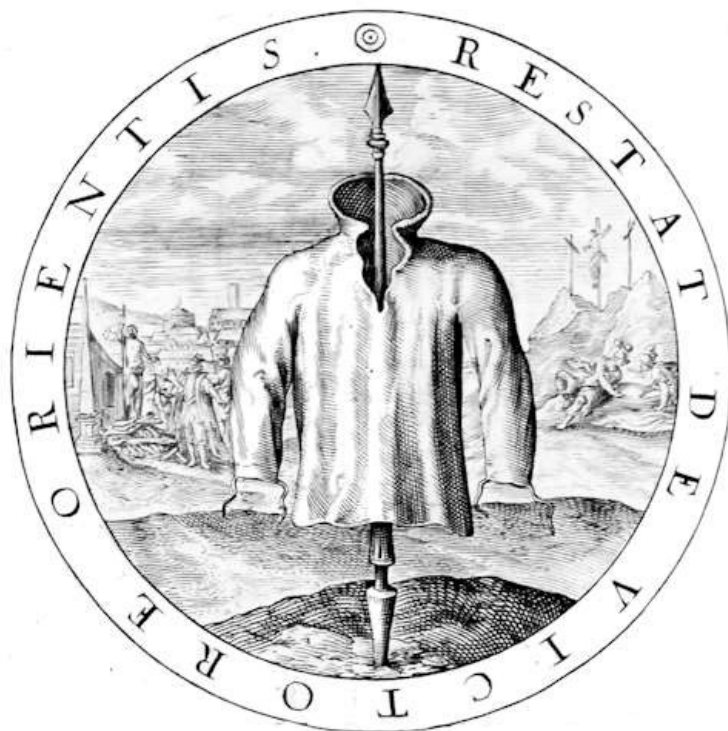
But, they who shun enormities, through *Feare*,  
Are glad when *good-men* out of Office are.  
Yea, whether *Governours* bee good or bad,  
Of their displacings *wicked-men* are glad;

And, when they see them brought into  
disgraces,

They boldly play the *Knaves* before their faces.



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



ILLVSTR. VIII. *Book. 4*



Hen hee, who by his conquering Arme,  
possest  
The rich, and spacious Empires of the  
*East,*

Felt his approaching end; he bade them beare  
A *Shirt* throughout his *Armie*, on a *Speare*,  
Proclaiming, that of all his large estate,  
No more was left him, then, but only that:  
Perhaps intending, thereby, to expresse,  
A sorrow for his wilde *Ambitiousnesse*;  
Or, hoping, by that *Spectacle*, to give  
Some good *Instructions* unto those that live.

However, let it serve us, to declare,  
How vaine their toylings, and ambitions are,  
Who rob themselves, and other men of rest,  
For things that are so little while possest.  
And, if that powerfull King, could nothing have,  
That was of use, to carry to his *Grave*,  
(Of all his conquered *Kingdomes*) but, one *Shirt*,  
Or, *Winding sheet*, to hide his Royall durt;  
Why should we pinch, and scrape, and vext  
become,

To heap up Riches, for we know not whom?  
Or, macerate the *Flesh*, by raising strife,  
For more, than will bee usefull during life?  
Nay, ev'n for that, which sometimes shortens  
*breath*,

And makes us, also, wretched after *Death*.

*Let mee, oh God! my labour so employ,  
That, I, a competencie may enjoy.  
I aske no more, than may Lifes want supply,  
And, leave their due to others, when I die.  
If this thou grant, (which nothing doubt I can)  
None ever liv'd, or dy'd a richer man.*

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. IX. *Book. 4*

---



'is true, a *wither'd-branch* I am, and  
seeme

To some, as voyd of *Hopes*, as of  
esteeme;

For, in their judgements, I appeare to be  
A saplesse *Bough*, quite broken from the Tree,  
(Ev'n such as that, in this our *Emblem*, here)  
And, yet, I neither feele *Despaire*, nor *Feare*;  
For, I have seene (e're now) a little *Spray*,  
(Rent from her *Stemme*) lye trodden by the way,  
Three moneths together; which, when *Spring*  
drew on,

To take an unexpected Root begun;  
(Yea, grew to bee a Tree) and, growing, stood,  
When those great *Groves*, were fell'd for firing-  
wood,

Which once had high esteeme; and sprung  
unhurt,

While that poore *Branch*, lay sleighted in the  
durt.

Nay, I have seene such *twiggs*, afford them  
shade,

By whom they were the meanest shrippings  
made,

Of all the *Wood*; And, you may live to see,  
(For ought yet knowne) some such event in mee.

And, what if all who know mee, see me dead,  
Before those *hopes* begin to spring and spread?  
Have therefore they that hate me, cause to  
boast,

As if mine expectations I had lost?

No sure: For, I, who by *Faith's* eyes have seene,  
Old *Aarons* wither'd *Rod* grow fresh and greene;

And also viewed (by the selfe-same *Eyes*)  
*Him*, whom that *Rod*, most rightly typifies,  
*Fall* by a shamefull *Death*, and *rise*, in spight  
Of *Death*, and *Shame*, unto the glorioust *height*.

Ev'n I, beleeve my *Hope* shall bee possest,  
And, therefore, (ev'n in *Death*) in *Hope* I'le  
rest.

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



ILLVSTR. X. *Book. 4*



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

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XI. *Book. 4*

---



Hat was this *Figures* meaning, but to  
show,  
That, as these kinde of *Shell-fish*  
backward goe,  
So now the *World*, (which here doth seeme to  
take

An arseward Iourney on the *Cancer's* backe)  
Moves counterwise; as if delight it had,  
To runne a race, in *Courses retrograde*:  
And, that, is very likely to be true,  
Which, this our *Emblem*, purposeth to shew.

For, I have now, of late, not onely seene,  
What backward motions, in my *Friends* have  
beene;

And, that my outward *Fortunes* and *Affaires*,  
Doe of themselves, come tumbling downe the  
staires:

But, I have also found, that other things,  
Have got a wheeling in contrary *Rings*;  
Which *Regresse*, holding on, 'tis like that wee,  
To *Iewes*, or *Ethnicks*, backe shall turned bee.

Some punie *Clerkes*, presume that they can  
teach

The ancient holy *Doctors*, how to preach.  
Some *Laicks*, learne their *Pastors* how to pray.  
Some *Parents*, are compelled to obay  
Their *Sonnes*; and, so their Dignitie to lose,  
As to be fed and cloth'd, at their dispose.  
Nay, wee have some, who have assay'd to draw,  
All backward, to the *Bondage* of the *Law*;  
Ev'n to those abrogated *Rites* and *Dayes*,  
By which, the wandring *Iew* markes out his  
wayes.

And, to pursue this *Round*, they are so heady,  
That, they have made themselves, and others  
giddy.

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

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

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



ILLVSTR. XII. *Book. 4*



From these well-order'd Arrowes, and  
the Snake,  
This usefull Observation you may make;  
That, where an able *Prudence*, doth  
combine

*Vnited-forces*, by good *Discipline*,  
It maketh up a pow'r, exempted from  
The feare, or perill, to be *overcome*:  
And, if you covet *safetie*, you will seeke  
To know this *Ward*, and to acquire the like.

For, doubtlesse, neither is it in the force,  
Of iron *Charets*, or of armed *Horse*,  
In which, the *King*, securitie may finde,  
Unless the Riders bee well *Disciplinde*.  
Nor, lyes it in the Souldiers common *Skill*  
In warlike *Postures*; nor in theirs, who drill  
The *Rankes* and *Fyles*, to order them aright,  
According as *Occasion* makes the *Fight*.  
But, men must use a further *Prudence* too,  
Or else, those *vulgar-Arts* will all undoe.  
For, these, are onely *Sciences* injoynd,  
To order well the *Body*, not the *Mind*:  
And, men best train'd in these (oft times) we see,  
The *Hare-brain'dst-fooles*, in all our *Armies* bee.

To *strength*, and *skill*, unite we must,  
therefore,  
A manly *Prudence*, comprehending more,  
Than all these *Powr's*: ev'n such, as when shee  
please,  
To all her ends, can use and mannage these;  
And, shew us how to cure, or to prevent  
All *HaZards*; or, withall to bee content.  
Hee that's thus arm'd, and trusts in *God* alone,  
May bee *oppos'd*, but, *conquered* of none.

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



ILLVSTR. XIII. *Book. 4*



When I beheld this Picture of a *Boat*,  
(Which on the raging *Waves* doth  
seeme to float)

Forc'd onward, by the current of the  
Tide,

Without the helpe of *Anchor, Oare* or *Guide*,  
And, saw the *Motto* there, which doth imply,  
That shee commits her selfe to *Destinie*;  
Me thinkes, this *Emblem* sets out their estate,  
Who have ascribed ev'ry thing to *Fate*;  
And dreame, that howsoe're the businesse goe,  
Their *Worke*, nor hinders, neither helps  
thereto.

The leaking *Ship*, they value as the sound:  
Hee that's to hanging borne, shall ne're bee  
drown'd;

And, men to happinesse ordain'd (say these)  
May set their *Ship* to float, as *Fate* shall please.

This *Fancie*, springing from a mis-beleeving  
Of God's *Decrees*; and, many men deceiving,  
With shewes of *Truth*, both causeth much  
offence

Against God's *Mercies*, and his *Providence*;  
And brings to passe, that some to ruine runne,  
By their neglect of what they might have done.  
For, *Meanes* is to bee us'd, (if wee desire,  
The blessing of our safetie to acquire)  
Whose naturall effects, if God deny,  
Vpon his *Providence* wee must relye,  
Still practising what naturall aydes may bee,  
Vntill no likely ayd untride wee see.  
And, when this *Non plus* wee are forc'd unto,  
*Stand still*, wee may, and wayt what God will do.  
Hee that shall thus to *Fate*, his fortunes leave,  
Let mee bee ruin'd, if Shee him deceive.



---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XIV. *Book. 4*

---



Hey are not *Houses* builded large and  
high,  
Seel'd all with *Gold*, and pav'd with  
*Porphyrie*,  
Hung round with *Arras*, glaz'd with *Christall-*  
*glasse*,

And cover'd o're with plates of shining *Brasse*,  
Which are the best; but, rather, those where wee  
In *safetie*, *health*, and best *content*, may bee;  
And, where wee finde, though in a meane Estate,  
That portion, which maintaines a quiet *Fate*.

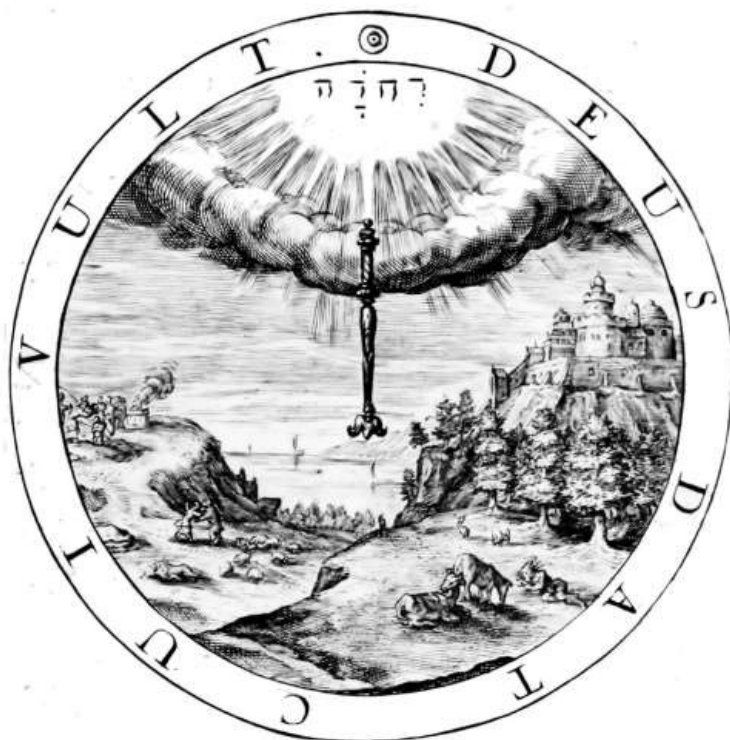
Here, in a homely *Cottage*, thatcht with reed,  
The *Peasant* seemes as pleasedly to feed,  
As hee, that in his *Hall* or *Parlour* dines,  
Which Fret-worke Roofes, or costly Cedar Lines:  
And, with the very same affections too,  
Both to, and from it, hee doth come and goe.  
The *Tortois*, doubtlesse, doth no house-roume  
lack,

Although his *House* will cover but his back;  
And, of his *Tub*, the *Cynicke* seem'd as glad,  
As *Alexander* was of all hee had.  
When I am settled in a place I love,  
A shrubby *hedge-row*, seemes a goodly *Grove*.  
My liking maketh *Palaces* of *Sheds*,  
And, of plaine *Couches*, carved Ivory *Beds*:  
Yea, ev'ry *path*, and pathlesse *walke*, which lies  
Contemn'd, as rude, or wilde, in others eyes,  
To mee is pleasant; not alone in show,  
But, truly such: For, liking makes them so.  
As pleas'd in theirs, the *Snailles*, and *Cocles*  
dwell,

As doth a *Scallop* in his pearly shell:

For, that commends the *House*, which makes it  
fit,  
To serve their turnes, who should have use of  
it.

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



ILLVSTR. XV. *Book. 4*



He Gift of *Kingdomes*, *Children*, and  
*good-Wives*,  
Are three of God's most choice  
*Prerogatives*,

In temp'rall Blessings; and, of all these three,  
The gifts of *Kingdomes*, his rar'st Favours bee:  
For, in five hundred Millions, there's not one,  
Whom this high *Honour* is conferr'd upon;  
Nor is there any knowne *Estate* on earth,  
(Whereto wee come, by *Merit*, or by *Birth*)  
Which can, to any man assurance bring,  
That, hee shall either *live*, or *die* a *King*.  
The *Morning-Starre*, that's Heire unto a *Crowne*,  
Oft sets, before the *shining-Sunne* is downe;  
And, some, that once a glorious *Empire* swayd,  
Did lose their *Kingdomes*, e're their heads were  
layd.

The greatest earthly *Monarch* hath no powre,  
To keepe his Throne one minute of an houre,  
(Vse all the meanes, and policies hee can)  
If God will give it to another man.

Hee, when *Belshazzar* was in high'st estate,  
His *Kingdome* to the *Persians* did translate.  
King *Saul*, and *Rehoboam*, could not stay  
The *Royalties*, which God would give away;  
And, Hee that was the proudest of the rest,  
God, changed from a *King*, into a *Beast*.

Nor is there any man so meane, but hee,  
When God shall please, an *Emperour* may bee.  
Some, from the *Pot-kilne*, from the *Sheep-cote*,  
some,

Hee raised hath, great *Princes* to become:  
Yea, hee o're heav'n and earth, hath rear'd his  
*Throne*,  
That was on earth, the most *despised-one*.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XVI. *Book. 4*

---



Ould you not laugh, and thinke it  
beastly fine,  
To see a durtie, and ill-favour'd *Swine*,  
Weare on her snout, a *Diamond*, or a  
*Pearle*,

That might become the *Ladie* of an *Earle*?  
And hold it head, as if it meant to show  
It were the *Pigg* of some well-nurtur'd *Sow*?  
Perhaps, you thinke there be not any where  
Such *Antickes*, but in this our *Emblem* here.  
But, if you take these *Charmes*, and then goe  
forth  
Among some troupes, which passe for folkes of  
worth,

You shall discover, quickly, if you please,  
A thousand sights, as mimicall as these.  
Here, you shall see a noble *Title* worne,  
(That had not mis-beseem'd one better borne)  
By him, whose vertues are of little price,  
And, whose estate, was gotten by his *Vice*.  
You shall behold another *Mushrome*, there,  
Walke with our *Lords*, as if hee were their *Peere*,  
That was well knowne, to be but tother day,  
No fit companion for such men as they;  
And, had no other meanes to climbe this height,  
But *Gaming*, or to play the *Parasite*.  
Yet (though he neither hath his *Trade*, nor  
*Lands*,

Nor any honest *In-come*, by his *hands*)  
Hee, oft consumes at once, in *Games* or *Cheare*,  
More than would keepe his *Better* all the yeare.  
Yea, many such as these, thou shouldst behold,  
Which would bee vext, if I describe them should:

For, thus, unworthily, blind *Fortune* flings,  
To *Crowes*, and *Geese*, and *Swine*, her  
precious things.

---

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

---



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ILLVSTR. XVII. *Book. 4*

---



*Foole*, sent forth to fetch the *Goslings*  
home,  
When they unto a Rivers brinck were  
come,  
(Through which their passage lay) conceiv'd a  
feare

His Dames best *Brood*, might have been  
drowned there;  
Which, to avoyd, hee thus did shew his wit,  
And his good nature, in preventing it.  
Hee, underneath his *girdle*, thrusts their heads,  
And, then the Coxcombe through the water  
wades.

Here learne, that when a *Foole* his helpe  
intends,  
It rather doth a mischiefe, then befriends;  
And, thinke, if there be danger in his *love*,  
How harmefull his *Maliciousnesse* may prove:  
For, from his *kindenesse*, though no profit rise  
To doe thee spight, his *Malice* may suffise.  
I could not from a *Prince* beseech a boone  
By suing to his *Iester* or *Buffoone*:  
Nor, any Fooles vaine humor, sooth or serve,  
To get my bread, though I were like to starve.  
For, to be *poore*, I should not blush so much,  
As if a *Foole* should raise me to be *rich*.

Lord, though of such a kinde my faults may be,  
That sharpe *Affliction* still must tutor mee,  
(And give me due *Correction* in her Schooles)  
Yet, oh preserve me from the scorne of *Fooles*.  
Those wicked *Fooles*, that in their hearts have  
sed

There is no God; and, rather give me *Bread*  
By *Ravens*, LORD, or in a *Lions Den*,  
Then by the Favours of such foolish men:  
Lest, if their *dainties* I should swallow downe,  
Their smile might more undoe, me, than their  
*frowne*.

---

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

---



---

ILLVSTR. XVIII. *Book. 4*

---





Lthough there bee no Timber in the  
*Vine,*  
Nor strength to raise the climbing *Ivie-*  
*twine,*

Yet, when they have a helper by their side,  
Or, prop to stay them, like this *Pyramide,*  
One roote sometime, so many *Sprayes* will  
beare,

That, you might thinke, some goodly *Grove* it  
were:

Their tender stalkes, to climbe aloft, are seene;  
Their boughs are cover'd with a pleasant greene;  
And, that, which else, had crept upon the  
ground,

Hath tops of loftie trees, and turrets crown'd.

This *Emblem,* fitly shadowes out the Natures  
Of us, that are the *Reasonable-creatures:*  
For, wee are truely by our *nat'rall-birth,*  
Like *Vines* undrest, and creeping on the earth;  
Nor free from spoyling, nor in case to beare  
Good *fruits,* or *leaves,* while we are groveling  
there.

But, if *new-borne* by *Grace,* streight borne are  
wee,

From earthly creepings, by that *Living-tree,*  
Which, here, was planted, meerely to this end,  
That, by his *pow'r,* our *weaknesse* might ascend.  
And, hee our *frailtie* to himselfe so takes,  
So, of his *might,* the partners us hee makes;  
That, hee, in us, doth seeme to hide his *pow'rs,*  
And, make the *strength* hee gives, appeare as  
ours.

Continue, *Lord,* this *Grace,* and grant wee  
may,

Firme hold, on our *Supporter,* alwayes lay:  
So climbing, that wee nor neglect, nor hide  
His *Love;* nor over-climbe it, by our *Pride.*

Thus, our yet staggering *weaknesse,* shall at  
length,

Bee fully changed into perfect *Strength.*

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



ILLVSTR. XIX. *Book. 4*



Ood Folkes, take heede; for, here's a  
wanton *Wagge*,  
Who, having *Bowes* and *Arrowes*,  
makes his bragg

That, he hath some unhappy trick to play;  
And, vowes to shoot at all he meets to day.  
Pray be not carelesse; for, the *Boy* is blinde,  
And, sometimes strikes, where most he seemeth  
kinde.

This rambling *Archer* spares nor one, nor other:  
Yea, otherwhile, the *Monkey* shoots his Mother.

Though you be little *Children*, come not neere;  
For, I remember (though't be many a yeare  
Now gone and past,) that, when I was a *Lad*,  
My Heart, a pricke, by this young Wanton had,  
That, pain'd me seven yeares after: nor had I  
The grace (thus warn'd) to scape his waggery;  
But many times, ev'n since I was a man,  
He shot me, oftner then I tell you can:  
And, if I had not bene the stronger-hearted,  
I, for my over-daring, might have smarted.

You laugh now, as if this were nothing so;  
But, if you meet this *Blinkard* with his Bow,  
You may, unlesse you take the better care,  
Receive a *wound*, before you be aware.  
I feare him not; for, I have learned how  
To keepe my heart-strings from his Arrowes  
now:

And, so might you, and so might ev'ry one  
That vaine *Occasions*, truely seekes to shunn.  
But, if you sleight my Counsells, you may chance  
To blame at last, your willfull ignorance:

For, some, who thought, at first, his wounds  
but small  
Have dyed by them, in an *Hospitall*.

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



ILLVSTR. XX. *Book. 4*



His *Cube*, which is an equall-sided-square,  
Doth very well, in *Emblem-wise*,  
declare

The temper of that vertuous minded man,  
Whose resolutions nothing alter can.  
For, as the *Cube*, which way soever plac't,  
Stands ever in one *posture*, firmly fast,  
And, still, appeares the same in forme and size,  
Vpon what side or part soe're it lyes:  
So, men well formed by the *Word* divine,  
And, truly squar'd by vertuous *Discipline*,  
Will keepe (though *changes* them shall turne &  
wind)

The *forme* and *firmnesse* of an *honest-minde*.

If, digging deepe, his *Fortunes* lay him, there,  
Where he his owne, and others weights must  
beare,

(There, many yeares compelling him to lie,  
Opprest with dis-respect or povertie)  
Hee keepe the place to which hee stands  
enjoy'n'd,

And brooks his chances with a constant mind.  
If shee remoove him thence, and set him up  
On temporall *Prosperities* high top,  
The *Squarenesse* of *Plaine dealing* hee retaines,  
And, in the same integritie remaines:  
Nor coveting vaine *Wealth*, or false *esteemes*;  
Nor, being any other than he seemes.

Although by Nature, wee are wondrous hard,  
*Lord*, let us into such like *Stones* be squar'd:  
Then, place us in thy spirituall *Temple*, so,  
That, into one firme *Structure*, we may grow;  
And, when we, by thy *Grace*, are fitted thus,  
Dwell *Thou thy selfe*, for evermore, in us.

---

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

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**ILLVSTR. XXI. *Book. 4***

---



Ooke well, I pray, upon this *Beldame*,  
here,

For, in her *habit*, though shee gay  
appeare,

You, through her youthfull *vizard*, may espy  
Shee's of an old *Edition*, by her *Eye*:  
And, by her wainscot face, it may bee seene,  
Shee might your *Grandams* first *dry nurse* have  
been.

This is an *Emblem*, fitly shaddowing those,  
Who making faire, and honest outward showes,  
Are inwardly deform'd; and, nothing such,  
As they to bee suppos'd, have strived much.  
They chuse their *words*, and play well-acted  
*parts*,

But, hide most loathsome projects in their  
hearts;

And, when you think sweet *Friendship* to  
embrace,

Some ugly *Treason*, meets you in the face.  
I hate a painted *Brow*; I much dislike  
A *Mayden-blush*, dawb'd on a furrowed *Cheeke*:  
And, I abhorre to see old *Wantons* play,  
And, suite themselves, like *Ladies of the May*.  
But, more (yea, most of all) my soule despiseth  
A *Heart*, that in *Religious formes*, disguiseth  
Prophane intentions; and arrayes in white,  
The coale-blacke conscience of an *Hypocrite*.  
Take heed of such as these; and, (if you may)  
Before you trust them, tract them in their way.  
Observe their footsteps, in their private *path*:  
For, these (as 'tis beleev'd, the *Deuill* hath)  
Have *cloven feet*; that is, *two wayes* they goe;  
One for their *ends*, and tother for a *show*.

Now, you thus warned are, advise embrace;  
And, trust nor gawdy *Clothes*, nor painted  
*Face*.

---

*My Hand and Heart, in one agree,  
What can you more desire of mee?*

---



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ILLVSTR. XXII. *Book. 4*

---



*Heart with Hand-in-hand*, united thus,  
Makes here an *Emblem* not unknowne  
to us;  
And, 'tis not hard for any Vulgar wit,  
Without a *Comment*, to interpret it.  
But, though of ev'ry man confest it be,  
That *Hand* and *Heart* together should agree;  
And, that, what we in *outward-shew* expresse,  
Perform'd should be, with *inward-heartinesse*.  
(Since, now the World, to such a passe is  
growne,  
That, all is not consider'd, which is knowne)  
I cannot thinke it altogether vaine,  
To speake of that, which may appeare so plaine.  
When thou dost reach thy *hand* unto thy  
friend,  
Take order, that thy *heart* the same intend:  
For, otherwise in *Hand*, or *Heart*, thou lyeest,  
And, cuttest off a *Member*, e're thou dyest.  
Some, give their *Hearts* (as many *Lovers* do)  
Yet, are afraid, to set their *hands* thereto.  
Some give their *Hands*; and, then by many a  
deed,  
To ratifie the *gift*, they dare proceede;  
Yet, keep their *tongues* from saying what they  
meant,  
To helpe excuse their *hearts*, when they repent.  
Yea, some can very cunningly expresse,  
In outward shew, a winning heartinesse,  
And, steale the deare *affections* they have  
sought,  
From those, to whom they meant, nor promis'd  
ought.  
Then, will they, if *advantage* come thereby,  
Make all their *Deeds*, for want of *Words*, a ly.  
Among *Dissemblers*, in things temporall,  
These *Raskalls* are the ver'est *Knaves* of all.

*No Emblem, can at full declare,  
How fickle, Minds-unconstant are.*



ILLVSTR. XXIII. *Book. 4*



Some, thinke this *Emblem* serveth to  
expresse

No more, but onely *Womens*  
ficklenesse;

And, they will most desire to have it so,  
Who, like those best, that most inconstant grow.  
Although my *Fortunes* were, in some things,  
bad,

I never in my life, experience had  
Of an *inconstant woman*: Wherefore, then,  
Should I condemne the *Females*, more than  
men?

I heare some talke, that *Women* fickle be:  
And so I thinke; and so I know are wee.  
And (being put together) say I dare,  
That, they and wee, in equall manner, share  
A *giddinesse*, and *ficklenesse* of minde,  
More wavering, than a *Feather*, or the *Winde*.  
The *Woman*, heere, is plac'd, to typifie  
A minde distracted with much levitie:  
Not, that the womans *Wav'rings* are the more;  
But, for this cause: Most *Vices*, heretofore,  
And *Vertues* too, our *Ancestors* did render,  
By words declined in the *female-gender*.  
The *winged Ball*, (whose tottering Foundation,  
Augments the causes of our *variation*)  
Meanes, here, those uselesse, and vaine  
*temp'rall things*,

That come and goe, with never-staying *wings*;  
And, which (if thereupon our hearts we set)  
Make *Men* and *Women*, the *Vertigo* get.

Hereafter, then, let neither *Sexe* accuse  
Each other; but, their best endeavours use,  
To cure this *Maladie* in one another,  
By living well, and lovingly together.



---

*Hee that enjoys a patient Minde,  
Can Pleasures in Afflictions finde.*

---



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ILLVSTR. XXIV. *Book. 4*

---



Hat meanes this *Countrey-peasant*,  
skipping here

Through prickling *Thistles* w<sup>th</sup> such  
gamesom cheere?

And, plucking off their tops, as though for  
*Posies*,

He gather'd Violets, or toothlesse Roses?  
What meaneth it, but onely to expresse  
How great a joy, well-grounded *Patientnesse*  
Retaines in Suff'rings? and, what sport she  
makes,

When she her Iourney through *Affliction* takes?

I, oft have sayd (and, have as oft, beene  
thought

To speake a *Paradox*, that favours nought  
Of likely truth) that, some *Afflictions* bring  
A *Honey bag*, which cureth ev'ry Sting  
(That wounds the *Flesh*) by giving to the *Mind*,  
A pleasing taste of *Sweetnesses* refin'd.  
Nor can it other be, except in those,  
Whose Better part, quite stupifyed growes,  
By being Cauterized in the Fires  
Of childish *Feares*, or temporall *Desires*.

For, as the *Valiant* (when the *Coward*  
swounds)

With gladnesse lets the *Surgion* search his  
Wounds;

And, though they smart, yet cheerefully indures  
The Plaisters, and, the Probe, in hope of Cures:  
So, Men, assured that *Afflictions* paine  
Comes not for vengeance to them, nor in vaine;  
But, to prepare, and fit them for the place,  
To which, they willingly direct their pace;  
In Troubles, are so farre from being sad,  
That, of their *Suffring*, they are truly glad.

What ever others thinke, I thus beleeeve;  
And, therefore, *joy*, when they suppose I  
*grieve*.

*All is not Gold, which makes a show;  
But, what the Touchstone findeth so.*



ILLVSTR. XXV. *Book. 4*



W hen Silver *Medalls*, or some coynes of  
*Gold*,  
Are by the *Gold-smith* either bought or  
sold,

Hee doth not only search them with his *Eye*,  
But, by the *Scale*, their *weight* will also trie;  
Or, by the *Touchstone*, or the *Test*, assay  
The truenesse of them, and their just *Alay*.  
Now, by their warinesse, who thus proceed,  
Wee fairely are admonished, to heed  
The faithfulnessse of him wee make our *Friend*;  
And, on whose love wee purpose to depend:  
Or else, when wee a *Iewell* thinke to get,  
Wee may bee cheated by a *Counterfet*.

All is not *Gold* that glisters: Otherwhile,  
The *Tincture* is so good, it may beguile  
The cunningst eye: But, bring it to the *Touch*,  
And, then, you find the value not so much.  
Some, keepe the *Tincture*, brooking, likewise,  
well

An ordinarie *Touch*; but, yeeld a *Smell*,  
Which will discover it, if you apply  
Vnto your *Nose*, that piece of *Chymistrie*.  
Sometime, when there's enough to give content,  
In *Colour*, in the *Touch*, and in the *Scent*;  
The *Bulke*, is more than answers *Gold* in *weight*,  
And, proves it a sophisticall deceit.  
Nay, some, is fully that which you desire,  
In all these *Properties*; and, till the fire  
Hath made *assayes*, you'l thinke you might be  
bold

To pawne your life, it had been *Ophir-gold*:  
But, to bee false, the *Metall's* then descride;  
And, such are many *Friends*, when they are  
tride.

---

*Apollo shoots not ev'ry day,  
But, sometime on his Harpe doth play.*

---



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ILLVSTR. XXVI. *Book. 4*

---



Here are a sort of people so severe,  
That, *foolish*, and *injurious* too, they  
are;  
And, if the world were to bee rul'd by  
these,  
Nor *Soule*, nor *Bodie*, ever should have ease.  
The *Sixe dayes*, (as their wisdomes understand)  
Are to bee spent in *Labour*, by command,  
With such a strictnesse, that they quite  
condemne  
All *Recreations* which are us'd in them.  
That, which is call'd the *Sabbath*, they confine  
To *Prayers*, and all *Offices-divine*,  
So wholly, that a little *Recreation*,  
That *Day*, is made a marke of *Reprobation*:  
And, (by this meanes) the reason is to seeke,  
When their poore *Servants* labour all the *weeke*,  
(Of which, they'l bate them nothing) how it tyes  
Them, to observe the sixe-fold *Sacrifice*  
By some injoyn'd; and gives them such due *Rest*,  
As *God* allowed, both to *Man* and *Beast*.  
Hee, gave the *Woods*, the *Fields*, and  
*Meddowes*, here,  
A time to *rest*, as well as times to *beare*.  
The *Forrest Beasts*, and *Heards*, have howres for  
*play*,  
As well as time to *graze*, and hunt their prey:  
And, ev'ry *Bird* some leasure hath to sing,  
Or, in the Aire, to *sport* it on her wing.  
And, sure, to *him*, for whom all these were  
made,  
Lesse kindnesse was not meant, then these have  
had.  
The *Flesh* will faint, if pleasure none it knowes;  
The Man growes madd, that alway musing goes.  
The *Wisest men*, will *sometimes merry* bee:  
And, this is that, this *Emblem* teacheth me.

**Live, ever mindfull of thy dying;  
For, Time is always from thee flying.**



ILLVSTR. XXVII. *Book. 4*

**H**is vulgar *Figure* of a *winged glasse*,  
Doth signifie, how swiftly *Time* doth  
passe.

By that leane *Scull*, which to this  
*houre-glasse* clings,  
We are informed what effect it brings;  
And, by the *Words* about it, wee are taught  
*To keepe our latter ending still in thought.*  
The common *houre-glasse*, of the *Life* of *Man*,  
Exceedeth not the largenessse of a *span*.  
The *Sand*-like *Minutes*, flye away so fast,  
That, *yeares* are out, e're wee thinke *months* are  
past:

Yea, many times, our *nat'rall-day* is gone,  
Before wee look'd for *twelve a clocke at Noone*;  
And, where wee sought for *Beautie, at the Full*,  
Wee finde the *Flesh* quite rotted from the *Skull*.

Let these Expressions of *Times* passage, bee  
*Remembrancers* for ever, *Lord*, to mee;  
That, I may still bee guiltlesse of their crime,  
Who fruitlesly consume their precious *Time*:  
And, minde my *Death*; not with a slavish feare,  
But, with a thankfull use, of *life-time*, here:  
Not grieving, that my *dayes* away doe post;  
But, caring rather, that they bee not lost,  
And, lab'ring with Discretion, how I may  
Redeeme the *Time*, that's vainely slipt away.  
So, when that *moment* comes, which others  
dread,

I, undismay'd, shall climbe my *dying bed*;  
With joyfull *Hopes*, my *Flesh* to dust commend;  
In *Spirit*, with a stedfast *Faith* ascend;  
And, whilst I *living* am, to *sinne* so *dye*,  
That *dying*, I may live eternally.

---

*In ev'ry Storme, hee standeth fast,  
Whose dwelling, on the Rocke is plac'd.*

---



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ILLVSTR. XXVIII. *Book. 4*

---



Hat thing soever some will have  
exprest,

As typified by this *Halcyons-nest*,  
I shall not thinke this *Emblem* ill-  
appli'd,

If, by the same, the *Church* bee signifi'd.  
For, as it is (by some) affirm'd of these,  
That, whilst they breed, the fury of the seas  
Is through the world alayd; and, that their *Brood*  
Remaines in safetie, then, amidst the flood:  
So, when the Christian *Church* was in her birth,  
There was a generall *Peace* throughout the  
earth;

And, those tumultuous *Waves*, which after that  
Began to rise, and bee enrag'd thereat,  
Were calmed so, that *Hee* was borne in peace,  
From whom, the faithfull *Off-spring* did  
encrease.

They, likewise, on a *Rocke*, their dwellings  
have,

As here you see; and, though the raging *Wave*,  
Of dreadfull *Seas*, hath beaten, ever since,  
Against the *Fortresse* of their strong defence,  
Yet, still it stands; and, safe, it shall abide,  
Ev'n in the midst of all their foming pride.

Vpon this *Rocke* so place me, oh my God!  
That, whatsoever *Tempests* bee abroad,  
I may not feare the fury of my Foe;  
Nor bee in danger of an overthrow.  
My life is full of *Stormes*; the *Waters* roule,  
As if they meant to swallow up my soule.  
The *Tides* oppose; the furious winds doe roare;  
My *Cable's* weake, my *tacklings*, Lord, are  
poore,

And, my fraile *vessell* cannot long endure;  
Yet, reach to mee thy hand, and I'm secure.



---

*That's Friendship, and true-love, indeed,  
Which firme abides, in time of need.*

---



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ILLVSTR. XXIX. *Book. 4*

---



Hat's *Love in earnest*, which is  
constant found,  
When Friends are in *Affliction*, or in  
*Bands*;

And, their *Affection* merits to be *crown'd*,  
Whose *hearts* are fastned where they joyne their  
*hands*.

Tis easie to be friendly, where wee see  
A *Complement* or two will serve the turne;  
Or, where the *kindnesse* may required bee;  
Or, when the charge is with a trifle borne.  
It is as easie too, for him to spend  
At once, the full Revenues of a yeare,  
In Cates, for entertainment of his *Friend*,  
Who thinks his *glorie*, is *expensive-cheere*:  
For, 'tis his pleasure; and, if none should come  
Like *fashionable-Friends*, for him to court,  
Hee would with *Rogues*, and *CanTERS*, fill the  
Roome,

Or, such as should abuse, and flout him for't.

But, hard it is, to suffer, or to spend  
For him (though worthy) that's of meane estate,  
Unlikely our occasions to befriend,  
Or, one unable to remunerate.

Few men are liberall, whom neither *Lust*,  
*Vaine glorie*, *Prodigalitie*, nor *Pride*,  
Doth forward into foolish *Bountie* thrust;  
As may, by Observation bee espide.  
For, when a slender *Bountie* would relieve  
Their vertuous *Friend*, whose wants to them are  
knowne,

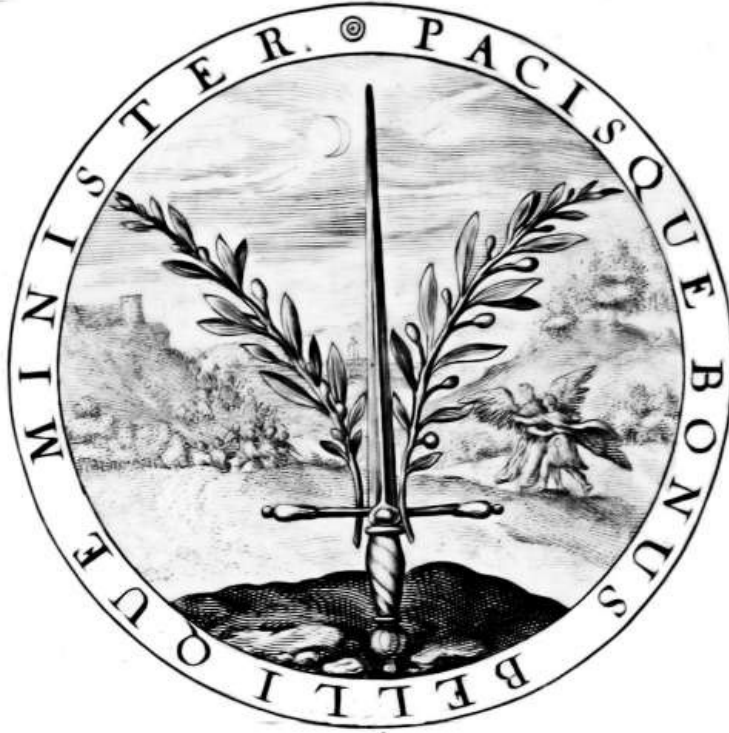
To their *Buffoone*, a Knights estate they'l give,  
And, thinke on t'other trifles ill-bestowne.

Yet, this Ile say; and, give the *Deuill* his due;  
These *Friends*, are to their *lusts*, and *humours*,  
true.

---

*The Sword hath place, till War doth cease;  
And, usefull is, in time of Peace.*

---



---

ILLVSTR. XXX. *Book. 4*

---



He *Sword*, to bee an *Emblem*, here, we  
draw,  
Of that *Authoritie*, which keeps in awe  
Our *Countries* Enemies; and, those that  
are

The Foes of *Peace*, as well as those of *Warre*;  
That, *Peace* may give the *Law of Armes* her due,  
And, *Warre*, to *Civill-pow'rs*, respect may shew.  
For, *Kingdomes*, nor in *Warre* nor *Peace*, can  
stand,

Except the *Sword* have always some command:  
Yea, that, for which our forraine *Spoylers* come,  
*Domesticke Foes*, will else devoure at home;  
And, *stranger-drones* the peacefull *Bees* will  
harne,  
Vnlesse with warlike stings, themselves they  
arme.

Considering this, let none bee so unwise,  
The *Swords* well-us'd protection to despise:  
Or, thinke the practice of this *double-guard*,  
In any place, or age, may well bee spar'd.  
Let not the *Sword-man* sleight the pow'rfull  
*Gowne*;  
Nor *Gowne-men* cast the *Sword* out of their  
Towne,

Because it terrifies, or draweth Blood;  
For, otherwhile Phlebotomy is good:  
And, though to kill a Lowse, the *Banians* feare;  
(Though *Anabaptists* love no *Sword* to weare)  
Yet, being drawne, to fright, or cut off *Sinne*,  
It may bee brandish'd by a Cherubin.

However, from the *Sword* divide not you  
(In any case) the peacefull *Olive-bough*:  
That is, let *Peace*, at all times, be that *End*,  
For which, to draw the *Sword* you doe intend;  
And, for *well-doing*, bee as ready, still,  
To give *rewards*, as *blowes*, for *doing-ill*.

*A Fortune is ordain'd for thee,  
According as thy Labours bee.*



ILLVSTR. XXXI. *Book. 4*



He *Spade*, for *Labour* stands. The *Ball*  
with wings,  
Intendeth *flitting-rowling-wordly-*  
*things*.

This *Altar-stone*, may serve in setting foorth,  
Things firmer, sollid, and of greater worth:  
In which, and by the *words* inclosing these,  
You, there may read, your *Fortune*, if you please.  
If you, your *labour*, on those things bestow,  
Which *rowle*, and *flutter*, alwaies, to and fro;  
It cannot be, but, that which you obtaine,  
Must prove a *wavering*, and unconstant gaine:  
For, he that soweth *Vanitie*, shall finde,  
At *reaping-time*, no better fruit then *Winde*.

Your houres, in serions matters, if you spend,  
Or, such, as to a lasting purpose tend,  
The purchase of your paines will ever last;  
And, bring you *Pleasure*, when the *Labour's*  
past.

Yea, though in teares, your *Seed-time*, you  
imploy,

Your *Harvest* shall be fetched home, with ioy.  
If *much* be wrought, much profit will ensue;  
If *little*, but a little meede is due.

Of *nothing*, nothing comes: On *evill deedes*  
An evill conscience, and, ill fame succeedes:  
An *honest-life*, still findes prepared for't,  
Sweet *Hopes* in Death; and, after, *good-report*.  
Of *Sexe*, or of *Degree*, there's no regard:  
But, as the *Labour*, such is the *reward*.

To *worke-aright*, oh *Lord*, instruct thou mee;  
And, ground my *Workes*, and *buildings* all on  
thee:

That, by the fiery *Test*, when they are tride,  
My *Worke* may stand, and I may *safe* abide.

---

*Let none in troublous times repine;  
For, after Stormes, the Sun will shine.*

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ILLVSTR. XXXII. *Book. 4*

---



Discourage not your selves, although  
you see  
The weather blacke, and *stormes*  
prolonged be.

What though it fiercely *raines*, and thunders  
loud?

Behold, there is a *Raine-bow* in the *Cloud*,  
Wherein, a trustfull promise may be found,  
That, quite, your *little-worlds*, shall not be  
drown'd.

The *Sun-shine*, through the foggy mists appeare,  
The lowring *Skie*, begins againe to cleare;  
And, though the *Tempest*, yet, your eyes affright,  
Faire weather may befall you, long ere night.

Such comfort speakes our *Emblem*, unto  
those,

Whom stormie *Persecution* doth enclose;  
And, comforts him, that's for the present sad,  
With hopes, that better seasons may bee had.  
There is nor trouble, sorrow, nor distresse,  
But mitigation hath, or some release.

Long *use*, or *time*, the storme away will turne,  
Else, *Patience* makes it better to be borne.  
Yea, *sorrows* lowring dayes, will come and goe,  
As well as prosp'rous houres of *Sunshine* doe;  
And, when 'tis past, the *paine* that went before,  
Will make the following pleasure seeme the  
more.

For, hee, hath promis'd, whom we may beleeve,  
His blessing, unto those that *mourne* and *grieve*;  
And, that, though sorrow much dejects their  
head,

In ev'ry need, wee shall be comforted.

This promise I beleeve; in ev'ry grieffe,  
Performe it, *Lord*, and helpe my unbelieve:  
So, others viewing how thou cheerest mee,  
Shall, in all *sorrows*, put their trust in thee.

---

*For whatsoever, Man doth strive,  
The Conquest, God alone, doth give.*

---



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ILLVSTR. XXXIII. *Book. 4*

---





Hen on the *Sword*, the *Olive-branch*  
attends,

(That is, when bloody *Warres*, have  
peacefull *Ends*)

And, whensoever *Victories* are gained;  
This *Emblem* shewes, by whom they are  
obtained:

For, that all *Victorie*, doth onely from  
The pow'rfull hand of *God-Almightie*, come,  
The Boughes of *Bayes* and *Olives*, doe declare,  
Which round the *Tetragrammaton* appeare.  
Nor must we thinke, that God bestowes, alone,  
The *Victories* of Warre, on any one;  
But, that, when we contend in other things,  
From him, th'event that's wisht for, also springs.

This being so, how dare wee, by the *Lawes*,  
Or, by the *Sword*, pursue a wicked Cause?  
How dare wee bring a matter that's unjust,  
Where hee (though few perceive him) judge it  
must?

Or, prosecute with fury, or despite,  
Against the person of his *Favourite*?  
What Fooles are they, who seeke the *Conquest*,  
by

Oppression, Fraud, or hellish Perjurie?  
How mad are those, who to the *Warres* prepare,  
For nothing, but to spoyle and murder there?  
Who, nor ingag'd by Faith to their *Alies*,  
Nor urg'd by any private injuries,  
(Nor sent, nor tolerated, by their *Prince*,  
Nor caring whether side hath giv'n offence)  
Run rambling through the World, to kill and slay,  
Like needie Butchers, for two groats a day?

These men may side, where *Conquests*, God  
bestowes;

Yet, when the *Field* is wonne, these men doe  
lose.

*Since overmuch, will over-fill,  
Powre am enough; but doe not spill.*



ILLVSTR. XXXIV. *Book. 4*

**I**T is this *Emblems* meaning, to advance  
The love and practise, of true  
*Temperance.*

For, by this *Figure* (which doth seeme  
to fill,  
Vntill the liquor overflow, and spill)  
Wee are, as by example, taught to see  
How fruitlesse our *Intemperancies* bee:  
Thus by the *Rule of Contrarieties*,  
Some *Vertues*, best are showne to vulgar eyes.  
To see a nastie *Drunkard*, reele and spew,  
More moves to *Sobernesse*, than can the view  
Of twentie civill men; and, to behold  
One *Prodigall*, (that goodly lands hath sold)  
Stand torne and louzie, begging at the dore,  
Would make *Intemperance* abhorred more,  
(And, manly *Sobernesse*, much better, teach)  
Than all that sixe *Philosophers* can preach:  
So, by the *Vessels* overflowing, here,  
True *Moderation* doth more prais'd appeare,  
Than by the *meane* it selfe: And, without sinne,  
That's *pictur'd*, which to *doe*, had wicked bin,  
For, though to vertuous ends; wee doe deny  
The *Doing-ill*, that *Good* may come thereby.  
From hence, let us be taught, that carefull  
heed,  
Whereby wee should both *Minde* and *Bodie*,  
feed.

Let us, of our owne selves, observe the size;  
How much wee want, how little will suffize;  
And, our owne *longings*, rather leave unfill'd,  
Than suffer any portion to bee spill'd:  
For, what we *marre*, shall to account be layd,  
And, what wee wisely *spend*, shall be repayd.

---

*They passe through many stormes, and streights,  
Who rise to any glorious heights.*

---



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ILLVSTR. XXXV. *Book. 4*

---



His *Tree*, which here doth largely  
seeme to grow,  
(And spreads *above*, though  
streightned in *below*)  
Through adverse *Winds*, and many a Winters  
blast,

Hath gain'd a faire proportion at the last;  
And, from a lowly *shrub*, is growne to bee  
A well-esteemed, and a goodly *Tree*.  
Thus, hath it chanced unto many a man:  
And, he that first in misery began,  
(So poore and meane, that very few or none  
Have judg'd him to be worth the looking on)  
Ev'n he, through scornes, through wrongs, and  
povertie,  
Hath crept, and screw'd, and rais'd himselfe so  
high,  
That, he hath placed been among the prime,  
Of those, who seem'd the *Worthies* of the time;  
Yea, overtopt and aw'd, the best of those,  
Who sought to curbe him, when he first arose.

This, I have seene; And, as wee seldome find  
A *Tree* grow faire, that cannot brooke the *Wind*,  
Or, must be hous'd at Winter; or, on whom  
The *Gardners* pruning-knife, did never come:  
So, I have rarely knowne those men to rise  
To any good, or noble qualities,  
Who feele not, first some *hardship*, or some  
*storme*,

To prune, to discipline, and to reforme  
Their wits and manners. For, prosperitie,  
Ease, plentie, and too large a libertie,  
Doth often blast them; and, sometime bereave  
them,  
Of what their *Predecessors* worth's, did leave  
them.

Let, therefore, no man, feare when this he  
knowes,  
Although in *tempests*, and through *streights*  
he goes.

*God, ever will bee present, there,  
Where, of one Faith, and Mind they are.*



ILLVSTR. XXXVI. *Book. 4*



Fixed *Palme*, (whose *Fingers* doe  
appeare,  
As if displayed, and advanc'd they  
were)

Intended by our *Author*, here, wee see,  
To shaddow out *agreeing-Minds*, that bee  
Establish'd in one *Trust*. And, well it may,  
That *Vertue*, of the holy *Church* display.  
For, as our *hands*, the better meanes can make,  
To *gaine*, as well as to *retaine*, or *take*,  
The *benefits* we seeke; when wee intend,  
Our differing *Fingers*, all, to worke one end:  
So, when the *Church of Christ* (wherein wee  
finde

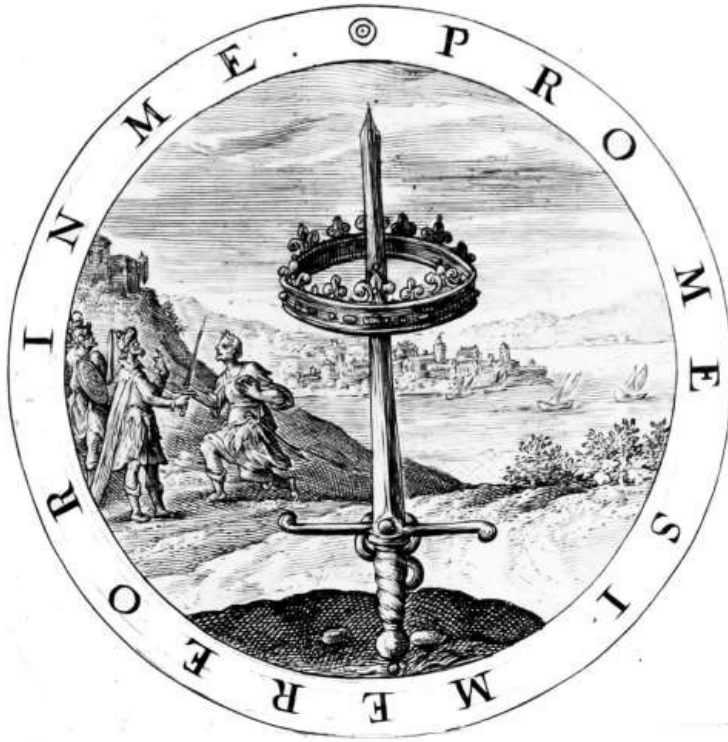
A diff'rence of *Degrees*) shall with one *minde*,  
Pursue a faithfull hope; they'l soone obtaine,  
That wished benefit, they seeke to gaine:  
For, when but two or three shall in *Gods* name,  
Request a *blessing*, he will grant the same.

Let all thy sev'rall *Churches*, LORD (that stand  
Like many *Fingers*, members of one *Hand*)  
Thy *Will-Essential* with joynt love obay,  
Though circumstantially, they differ may.  
Some have the larger *Circuit*, some are *stronger*,  
Some are of short *continuance*, some of longer;  
But, though their *Gifts* may differ, yet provide,  
That, still, on one *Foundation*, they may bide;  
And, that, all those, who in one *Faith* agree,  
May, in one *Band of Love*, united bee:  
Till our confined *Wisdom*e comes to know,  
That, many things, for which wee wrangle so,  
Would further that, whose hindrance wee doe  
feare,  
If more our *Faith*, and lesse our *Discord* were.

---

*Protect mee, if I worthy bee;  
If I demerit, punish mee.*

---



---

ILLVSTR. XXXVII. *Book. 4*

---



His *Emblem*, forth unto your view hath  
set,

A *Sword*, together with a *Coronet*;  
To shew the prudent *Reader*, what  
Reward

For *ill*, and for *well doing*, is prepar'd;  
That they, who heretofore, amisse have done,  
May learne, their threatned punishments to  
shun:

That they, whose *Actions* warrantable were,  
May, in their honest *Courses*, persevere:  
And, that those men, who great and pow'rfull  
bee,  
Should punish and reward, as cause they see.

Men are of diff'ring tempers: Some, are wonne  
By promises, and gentle meanes alone:  
Some, moved are by shame; and, some through  
dread,

To bee in purse, or bodie punished.  
And, some, their duties are allur'd to doe,  
No way, but by a mixture of these two.  
They, therefore, neither *Wise*, nor *Honest* bee,  
Who dandle all Offenders on their knee;  
Or, punish onely with a *God-forbid*;  
Or, *Doe not so, my sonnes*, as *Ely* did.  
Nor wiser ought, are they, nor honester,  
Who alwayes fright, and threaten those that  
erre;

No mercie joyning, to the chastisement  
Of them, whose faults are worthy to bee shent.  
Nor are they lesse to blame, who carry *Swords*,  
To punish errors; but, nor lookes, nor words,  
To cherish well deservings: And, in this,  
Most men, that punish others, doe amisse.

Sure, if the *Sword misdoing*, may pursue,  
For *doing-well*, the *Coronet* is due.



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ILLVSTR. XXXVIII. *Book. 4*

---



He *Barrell*, from whose bottome, sides,  
and bung,  
The liquor (as in this our *Emblem*)  
flowes,

May fitly typifie the babling *Tongue*,  
Of him that utters ev'ry thing hee knowes.  
For, such as are their taskes, who strive to fill  
An ever-leaking *Vessell*, to the brim;  
Ev'n such are his, who laboureth to still  
A *tatlers* tougue; for, paines are lost on him.  
This *Figure*, also, serveth to expresse,  
The trustlesse nature of a *whorish woman*;  
For, shee to all displayes her wantonnesse,  
And, cares to keepe her secrecies, from no man.  
Within her bosome, nothing long shee keeps,  
But, whatsoever shee conceives or knowes,  
Streight, from the heart, up to her tongue, it  
creeps;  
And, round about the *Citie*, then, it goes.  
Bee warned therefore, and commit thou not  
Thy person, state, or fame, to such as these;  
Lest, they thy *Reputation* doe bespot,  
Consume thy *Substance*, or thy *Minde* disease.  
But, most of all, bee wary, lest the crime,  
Which here wee doe reprove, thy mind infect:  
For, *Vice*, like *weeds*, will grow in little time,  
And, out-grow *Vertues*, if Wee them neglect.  
The surest way to keepe such errors out,  
And, in our selves true *Vertnes* to maintaine;  
Is, to bee *hoopt* with *Temp'rance*, round about,  
And, our out-flowing humors to restraine.  
If thus we practise, 'twill prevent the wrongs  
Of our owne errors, and of others tongues.



*How ever thou the Viper take,  
A dang'rous hazzard thou dost make.*



ILLVSTR. XXXIX. *Book. 4*



His *Figure* warns us, that wee meddle  
not  
With matters, whereby nothing may  
bee got,

Save *harne* or *losse*; and, such as once begun,  
Wee may, nor safely *doe*, nor leave *undone*.  
I should bee loath to meddle in the strife  
Arising 'twixt a *Husband*, and his *Wife*;  
For, *Truth* conceal'd, or spoke, on either side,  
May one or th'other grieve, or both divide.  
I would not with my most familiar *Mate*,  
Be *Partner* in the whole of my estate;  
Lest I, by others errors, might offend,  
Or, wrong my *Family*, or, lose my *Friend*.  
I would not, willingly, in my distresse,  
From an unworthy hand, receive redresse;  
Nor, when I need a *Suretie*, would I call  
An *Vnthrift*, or a roaring *Prodigall*:  
For, either these I thanklesly must shun,  
Or, humour them, and be perhaps undone.  
I would not heare my *Friend* unwisely prate  
Those things, of which I must informe the *State*:  
And, seeme unfriendly; or, else leave to doe,  
That, which a stronger *Band* obligeth to.  
Nor would I, for the world, my heart should  
bee  
Enthrald by one, that might not *marry* mee;  
Or, such like *passions*, bee perplexed in,  
As hang betwixt a *Vertue*, and a *Sinne*;  
Or, such, as whether way soe're I went,  
Occasion'd guilt, or shame, or discontent:  
For, howsoe're wee mannage such like things,  
Wee handle winding *Vipers*, that have stings.

---

*The gaining of a rich Estate,  
Seemes, many times, restrain'd by Fate.*

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ILLVSTR. XL. *Book. 4*

---



Bserve this *Whee*le, and you shall see  
how *Fate*

Doth limit out to each man, that Estate  
Which hee obtaines; Then, how hee  
doth aspire

To such a height; and, why hee mounts no  
higher:

For, whatsoere their *Authors* understood,  
These *Emblems*, now, shall speake as I thinke  
good.

The *Cornucopias* fastned to a *Round*,  
Thus fixt, may shew, that Riches have their  
*bound*;

And, can be raised, by mans pow'r or wits,  
No higher than *Gods* Providence permits.  
The placing of them on that *Whee*le, doth show,  
That, some waxe *Poore*, as others *Wealthy* grow:  
For, looke how much the higher, one doth rise,  
So much the lower, still, the other lies;  
And, when the height of one is at an end,  
Hee sinkes againe, that others may ascend.  
The many stops, which on this *Whee*le you spie,  
Those many *obstacles* may typifie,  
Which barre all those that unto *Wealth* aspire,  
From compassing the *Round* of their desire.

The want of *Wit*, from *Riches*, barreth some;  
Some, cannot rich, because of *Sloth*, become.  
Some, that are *wise*, and *painefull*, are deny'd  
Encrease of wealth, through *Pleasure*, or  
through *Pride*.

Some, lose much profit, which they else might  
make,

Because of *Conscience*, or for *Credit* sake.  
If none of these did hinder, wee have store,  
That might bee *Rich*, who, yet, are very *Poore*.

And, these, indeed, doe come to be those  
*Fates*,

Which keepe most men, from getting large  
*Estates*.

*In all thine Actions, have a care,  
That no unseemlinesse appeare.*



ILLVSTR. XLI. *Book. 4*



He *Virgine*, or the *Wife*, that much  
desires,  
To please her *Lovers*, or her *Husband's*  
Eyes,  
In all her costl'est *Robes*, her selfe attires;  
And, seekes the coml'est *Dresse*, shee can  
devise.  
Then, to her trustie *Looking-glasse*, shee goes,  
(Where, often, shee her person turnes and  
winds)  
To view, how seemely her attiring showes;  
Or, whether ought amisse therein shee finds.  
Which praisefull *Diligence*, is figur'd thus  
In this our *Emblem*; that, it may be made  
A documentall signe, remembring us,  
What care of all our *Actions*, must bee had.  
For, hee that in *God's* presence would appeare  
An acceptable *Soule*; or, gracious grow  
With men, that of approv'd conditions are,  
Must by some faithfull *Glasse*, be trimmed so.  
The good Examples of those pious men,  
Who liv'd in elder times, may much availe:  
Yea, and by others evills, now and then,  
Men see how grossely, they themselves, doe  
faile.

A wise Companion, and, a loving Friend,  
Stands nearer, than those ancient glasses doe;  
And, serveth well to such an usefull end:  
For, hee may bee thy *Glasse*, and *Fontaine* too.  
His good *Example*, shewes thee what is fit;  
His *Admonition*, checks what is awry;  
Hee, by his *Good-advise*, reformeth it;  
And, by his *Love*, thou mend'st it pleasedly.  
But, if thou doe desire the perfect'st *Glasse*,  
Ioyne to the *Morall-Law*, the *Law of Grace*.

---

*Wee, bring the Hony to the Hive;  
But, others, by our labours thrive.*

---



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ILLVSTR. XLII. *Book. 4*

---



He prettie *Bees*, with daily paines  
    contrive  
Their curious *Combes*, and from the  
    flowry Fields,  
Doe bring that pleasant sweetnesse to their  
    Hive,  
Which *Nectar*, and *Ambrosiack* dainties, yeelds,  
Yet, when themselves with labours they have  
    tir'd,  
The following Winters famine to prevent,  
For their good service, either they are fir'd,  
Or, forth into an emptie *Hive* are sent:  
And, there, with slender diet they are served,  
To leave another *Summers* worke, to those  
Who take no care, though all the swarme be  
    starved,  
If weake, and quite past labour once it growes.  
    As with such *Bees*, it fares with many a one,  
That, spends his youthfull time in honest thrift;  
And, by the *Wasp*, the *Hornet*, or the *Drone*,  
Of all their labours, they are soone bereft.  
Sometime, the bordring *Flies*, much wrong this  
    brood,  
Through idle *visitings*; or, them despoyle,  
By making friendly shewes of *neighbourhood*;  
When, all their Complements, are nought but  
    guile.  
Sometime, their powerfull Foes do rob them  
    quite;  
Sometime, their *Lords*, or *Landlords*, with  
    pretence,  
Of claiming only what is just and right,  
Oppresse them without *mercie*, or *defence*.  
Thus, by one course or other, daily, some  
(That are laborious in an honest way)  
The prey of Pride, or Idlenesse become:  
And, such as these, may therefore truely say,  
    That, whatsoever they to passe have brought,  
    *Not for themselves, but others, they have*  
    *wrought.*



ILLVSTR. XLIII. *Book. 4*



Some say, (and many men doe these  
commend)  
That, all our *deeds*, and *Fortunes* doe  
depend

Vpon the motions of celestiall *Spheres*;  
And, on the constellations of the *Starres*.  
If this were true, the *Starres*, alone, have bin  
Prime cause of all that's *good*, and of all *sinne*.  
And, 'twere (me thinkes) injustice to *condemne*,  
Or, give rewards to any, but to *them*.  
For, if they made mee *sinne*, why for that ill,  
Should I be damn'd, and they shine brightly,  
still?

If they inforc'd my *goodnesse*, why should I  
Bee glorified for their *Pietie*?  
And, If they neither *good* nor *ill* constraine,  
Why then, should wee of *Destinie* complaine?  
For, if it bee (as tis) absurd to say,  
The starres enforce us (since they still obey  
Their just *Commander*) 'twere absurder, farre,  
To say, or thinke, that God's *Decree* it were,  
Which did *necessitate* the very same,  
For which, we thinke the *starres* might merit  
blame.

Hee made the *starres* to bee an ayd unto us,  
Not (as is fondly dream'd) to helpe undoe us:  
(Much lesse, without our fault, to ruinate,  
By doome of irrecoverable *Fate*)  
And, if our good Endeavors, use wee will,  
Those glorious creatures will be helpfull still  
In all our honest wayes: For, they doe stand  
To helpe, not hinder us, in God's command;  
And, hee not onely rules them by his pow'rs,  
But, makes their Glory, servant unto ours.

---

*Who, Patience tempts, beyond her strength,  
Will make it Fury, at the length.*

---



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ILLVSTR. XLIII. *Book. 4*

---





Lthough wee know not a more patient  
creature,  
Than is the *Lambe*, (or, of lesse  
harmfull nature)

Yet, as this *Emblem* shewes, when childish  
wrong,  
Hath troubled, and provok'd him overlong,  
Hee growes enrag'd; and makes the wanton  
*Boyes*,  
Bee glad to leave their sports, and run their  
wayes.

Thus have I seene it with some Children fare,  
Who, when their *Parents* too indulgent were,  
Have urg'd them, till their *Doting* grew to *Rage*,  
And, shut them wholly from their Heritage.  
Thus, many times, a foolish man doth lose  
His faithfull Friends, and justly makes them foes.  
Thus, froward *Husbands*; and, thus, peevish  
*Wives*,

Doe foole away the comfort of their lives;  
And, by abusing of a *patient-Mate*,  
Turne dearest *Love*, into the deadliest *Hate*:  
For, any wrong may better bee excused,  
Than, *Kindnesse*, long and wilfully abused.

But, as an injur'd *Lambe*, provoked, thus,  
Well typifies how much it moveth us,  
To finde our *Patience* wrong'd: So, let us make  
An *Emblem* of our selves, thereby to take  
More heed, how God is moved towards them,  
That, his *long suffring*, and his *Love* contemne.  
For, as wee somewhat have of every *Creature*,  
So, wee in us, have somewhat of his *Nature*:  
Or, if it bee not sayd *the same* to bee,  
His *Pictures*, and his *Images* are wee.

Let, therefore, his *long-suffring*, well be  
weigh'd,  
And, keepe us, to *provoke him*, still afraid.

---

*Hee that is blind, will nothing see,  
What light soe're about him bee.*

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ILLVSTR. XLV. *Book. 4*

---



T is by some supposed, that our *Owles*,  
By Day-time, are no perfect-sighted  
*Fowles*;

And, that, the more you doe augment  
the *light*,

The more you shall deprive them of their *sight*.  
Nor *Candles*, *Torches*, nor the *Sunne at noone*,  
Nor *Spectacles*, nor all of these in one  
Can make an *Owlet* in the day-time see,  
Though none, by *night*, hath better eyes than  
shee.

This *Emblem*, therefore, sets their *blindnesse*  
forth,

Who cannot see, when an apparant *worth*  
Illustrates vertuous Men; yet, seeme to spie  
Those faults, wherewith ill-willers them belie.  
The *blindnesse*, also, well it may declare,  
Of *Heretikes*, who Eagle-sighted are,  
In *Sophistries*, and in the cloudie-night,  
Of those darke *Errors*, which delude the *sight*;  
Yet, cannot see the Rayes of *Truth* divine,  
Though, brighter than the *Day-light*, shee doth  
shine.

It, likewise, very fitly typifies,  
Those, in our dayes, who spie out mysteries,  
Beyond the *Moone*; yet, cannot gain the view  
Of that, which common *Reason* proveth true:  
And, therefore, onely, crie it (madly) downe,  
Because, by *Reasons* light, it may be knowne.

These, when 'twas offred, first, the light  
refused;

And, they have now the darknesse which they  
chused.

Till, therefore, God shall offer *Grace* againe,  
Man strives to set up *Lights*, to these, in vaine:  
For, what are *Lights* to those who *blinded* bee?  
Or, who so *blinde*, as they that will not see?

---

*None knowes, untill the Fight be past,  
Who shall bee Victor, at the last.*

---



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ILLVSTR. XLVI. *Book. 4*

---



Hile, these two *Champions* for the  
*Conquest* fight,  
Betwixt them both *Victoria* takes her  
flight,

On doubtfull wings; and, till the *fray* bee past,  
None knowe, to whether, shee the *Wreath* will  
cast.

Which *Emblem* serves, not onely, to expresse  
The danger, and the issues doubtfulnessse,  
In all *Contentions*; but, may warne us too,  
That, wee no strivings rashly undergoe;  
Since they, who long with painfull skill have  
striv'd,

Of likely *Conquests*, are at length depriv'd.

*Force*, much prevailes; but *Sleight* and *Wit*  
hath pow'r,

Sometime, to hurle downe *Strength* upon the  
floore.

Sometimes againe, our *Engineeres* doe faile;  
And, *Blowes*, doe more than *Stratagemes*,  
prevaile.

Though, I, upon mine *honest-Cause* depend,  
Another may o'rethrow it, by his *Friend*:  
And, hee that boasteth of his *Patrons* grace,  
May lose his hopes, if Bribing come in place.

To say the Truth, in whatsoever Cause,  
Wee by the *Sword* contend, or by the *Lawes*,  
There's no event or issue more assured,  
Than this, that, losse to both shall bee procured:  
And, that, sometime, as well an *innocent*,  
As *guilty-cause*, may finde an ill event.

Let, therefore, our endeavours be, to strive,  
Who, shall hereafter, least occasion give  
Of those *contentions*, and of those *debates*,  
Which hurt our honor, safetie, or estates:

That, we, a *Conquest*, may be sure to gaine,  
And, none repine, at that which we obtaine.

---

*Why should I feare the want of Bread?  
If God so please, I shall bee fed.*

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**ILLVSTR. XLVII. *Book. 4***

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He faithlesse *Iewe's* repining  
currishnesse,  
The blessed *Psalmist*, fitly did expresse,  
By *grinning-dogs*, which howling roame  
by night,

To satisfie their grudging appetite.  
Here, therefore, by an *Emblem*, wee are showne,  
That, *God*, (who as hee lists, bestowes his owne)  
Providing so, that none may bee unfed,  
Doth offer to the *Dogges*, the *Childrens* bread.

And, by this *Emblem*, wee advised are,  
Of their presumptuous boldnesse to beware,  
Who bound God's *Mercie*; and, have shut out  
some

From hope of *Grace*, before the *Night* is come:  
Since, to the *Dogs*, his meat is not denide,  
If they *returne*, (though not till *Evening-tide*.)

Moreover, wee, some notice hence may take,  
That, if provision, *God*, vouchsafes to make,  
For *Lyons*, *Dogs*, and *Ravens*, in their need,  
Hee will his *Lambes*, and harmlesse *Turtles*  
feed:

And, so provide, that they shall alwayes have  
Sufficient, to maintaine the *Life* hee gave.

I must confesse, I never merit shall,  
The *Crummes*, which from thy *Childrens* table  
fall:

Yet, thou hast oft, and freely fed mee, *Lord*,  
Among thy *Children*, at thy *Holy-board*:  
Nor have I, there, been fill'd with *Bread* alone;  
But, on the blessed *Bodie* of thy *Sonne*,  
My *Soule* hath feasted. And, if thou dost grant  
Such favours, *Lord!* what can I feare to want?

For, doubtlesse, if thy *Sonne* thou please to  
give,  
All other things, with him, I shall receive.

*All Flesh, is like the wither'd Hay,  
And, so it springs, and fades away.*



ILLVSTR. XLVIII. *Book. 4*

**H**is *Infant*, and this little Trusse of *Hay*,  
When they are moralized, seeme to say,  
That, *Flesh* is but a tuft of Morning-  
*Grasse*,

Both greene, and wither'd, ere the day-light  
passe.

And, such we truly finde it; for, behold,  
Assoone as Man is borne, hee waxeth old,  
In Griefes, in Sorrowes, or Necessities;  
And, withers ev'ry houre, untill hee dyes:  
Now, flourishing, as *Grasse*, when it is growne,  
Straight perishing, as *Grasse*, when it is mowne.

If, wee with other things, mans *Age* compare,  
His *Life* is but a *Day* (For, equall'd are  
His *Yeares* with *Houres*: His *Months*, with  
*Minutes* bee

Fit parallels; and, ev'ry *breathing*, wee  
May tearme a *Day*) yet, some, ev'n at the *Night*  
Of that short *Day*, are dead, and witherd quite.  
Before the *Morning* of our lives bee done,  
The *Flesh* oft fades: Sometime, it growes till  
*Noone*:

But, there's no mortall *Flesh*, that will abide  
Vnparched longer, than till *Evening-tide*.  
For, in it selfe, it alwayes carries that,  
Which helpeth so, it selfe to ruinate;  
That, though it feele, nor *storme*, nor scorching  
*flame*,

An inbred *Canker*, will consume the same.  
Considering well, and well remembring this,  
Account the *Flesh* no better than it is:  
Wrong not thine everlasting *Soule*, to cherish  
A *Gourd*, which in a moments time will perish.  
Give it the tendance, fit for fading *Crops*;  
But, for *Hay-harvest*, lose not better hopes.



*Make use of Time, that's comming on;  
For, that is perish'd, which is gone.*



ILLVSTR. XLIX. *Book. 4*



His *Glasse* declares, how *Time* doth  
 passe away;  
 And, if the *Words*, about it, rightly say,  
 Thy *Time that's gone, is lost*: and,  
 prooffe will shew,  
 That, many find both *Words*, and *Emblem*, true.  
 How fast their *Time* departs, they best perceive,  
 From whom it steales, before they take their  
 leave,  
 Of what they love; and, whose last *houre* is gone,  
 Before their chiefest businesses are done.  
 How fast it slides, ev'n they are also taught,  
 (Too late, perhaps) who never kept in thought  
 Their *ending-day*; but, alwayes did presume,  
 Or, largely hope upon the *Time to come*;  
 The *present-howres*, nor thankfully enjoying,  
 Nor, honestly, nor usefully employing.  
 That, *yeares expir'd, are lost*, they likewise  
 find:  
 For, when their understanding brings to mind,  
 How fondly (or, how ill perchance) they spent  
 Their *passed age*; they see, with discontent,  
 The *Time*, not onely *lost*, but, worse than so;  
*Lost*, with a thousand other Losses moe:  
 And, that, when they shall need it, *wealth* nor  
*pow'r*,  
 Can purchase them, one *minute* of an *howre*.  
 Consider this, all ye that spend the *prime*,  
 The *noone tide*, and the *twilight* of your *Time*,  
 In childish play-games, or meere worldly things;  
 As if you could, at pleasure, clip *Times* wings,  
 Or turne his *Glasse*, or, had a *Life*, or twaine  
 To live, when you had fool'd out *this* in vaine.  
 Short is the *present*; lost *Times-passed* bee;  
 And, *Time to come*, wee may not live to see.

*The Garland, He alone shall weare,  
Who, to the Goale, doth persevere.*



ILLVSTR. L. *Book. 4*



**A**N *Arme* is with a *Garland* here  
extended;  
And, as the *Motto* saith, it is intended,  
*To all that persevere*. This being so;  
Let none be faint in heart, though they be *slow*:  
For, he that *creepes*, untill his *Race* be done,  
Shall gaine a *Wreath*, aswell as they that *runne*.  
This being so; let no man walke in doubt,  
As if Gods *Arme* of *Grace* were stretched out  
To some small number: For, whoe're *begins*  
And *perseueres*, the profer'd *Garland* winns:  
And, God respects no persons; neither layes  
A stumbling blocke in any of our *Waies*.  
This being so, let no man think't enough  
To set his hand, a little, to the *Plough*,  
And, then desist; but, let him still pursue,  
To doe that *Worke*, to which that *Wreath* is due:  
For, nor on *Good-beginners*, nor on those  
That, *walke halfe-way*, (much lesse on him, that  
goes

No stepp at all) will God this *gift* conferre;  
But, onely, unto those that *persevere*.

LORD, by thy *Grace*, an entrance I have made  
In honest *Pathes*; and, thy assistance had,  
To make in them, some slow *proceedings* too.  
Oh grant me, full abilitie, to doe  
Thy sacred *Will*; and, to *beginn*, and *end*  
Such *Workes*, as to thy *glory*, still, may tend.  
That (*Walking*, and *continuing* in the *Path*,  
Which evermore, thine approbation hath)

I may that *Garland*, by thy *grace*, obtaine,  
Which, by mine owne *desert*, I cannot gaine.

*Glory be to God.*



## THE FOVRTH LOTTERIE.

1



Hou, of a noble minde, art  
thought,  
Which, heav'nly things, hath  
chiefly sought.  
And, scorn'st thy vertue to debase,  
By loving those of lower place.  
If so, thine *Emblom* doth expresse  
Thy *Wisdome*, and thy *worthynesse*.  
But, if to earthward thou incline;  
Thence, learne *Affections* more Divine.  
See, [Emb. I.](#)

2

Some *words* or *thoughts*, perhaps, of your  
Have wrong'd Gods *providence*, or *Pow're*:  
Els, you (it may be) to some *place*,  
Confine his unconfined *Grace*;  
Or, thinke, he never taketh care,  
Of any *Realme*, but where you are.  
Your *Lot*, now, therefore, doth provide,  
To have your *Iudgement* rectifide.  
See, [Emb. II.](#)

3

Thou maist be *wise*, but, there is, yet,  
Some crack, or, failing in thy *wit*:  
For, thou dost *personate* a *part*,  
That, shoves thee other, then thou *art*.  
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, doth declare,  
What *Habit*, such deserve to weare;  
And, that, he merits *Asses* eares,  
Who *is not*, that, which he *appeares*.  
See, [Emb. III.](#)

4

You have, as yet, much *worke* to doe,  
But, yoo have *little time* thereto:  
That, *little*, flyes away with speed,  
And, you the *Losse*, as little heed.  
Lest, therefore, all your time be gone,  
Before you duely thinke thereon,  
A *memorandum* you have got,  
By drawing, of this luckie *Lot*.  
See, [Emb. IV.](#)

5

Though you, perhaps, no *perill* dread,  
A *mischiefe* hangs above your head;  
By which, you (taking little care)  
May perish ere you be aware.  
To minde you, therefore, to eschew  
Such Miseries as may ensue;  
Your *Lot*, this warning *Emblem* sent;  
Observe it, and your *harmes* prevent.

See, [Emb. V.](#)

6

Thou *fly'st*, in hope, to shun thy grieffe;  
Thou *changest place*, to seeke releefe;  
And, many blamelesse things are shent  
As, causers of thy discontent.  
But trouble, now, no more thy minde,  
The root of thy disease to finde;  
For, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,  
The *Fountaine*, whence thy torments bee.

See, [Emb. VI.](#)

M 7

Thou art, or els thou wert, of late,  
Some great, or petty, *Magistrate*;  
Or, *Fortune* thereunto, perchance,  
In time to come, will thee advance.  
But, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,  
That, when restrain'd, thy *pow'r* shall be,  
Offenders, thereof will be glad,  
And skoffe the *pow're* which thou hast  
had;  
Observe it; and be so *upright*,  
That, thou maist laugh at their *despight*.

See, [Emb. VII.](#)

8

*Promotion* thou dost much desire,  
And, spacious *Fortunes* to acquire;  
As, if thou thoughtst, thou mightst attaine,  
True *Blessednesse*, by such a *gaine*:  
To shew thee, therefore, what event,  
What *happinesse*, and what *content*,  
Such things, will bring vs, at the last,  
An usefull *Object*, now, thou hast.

See, [Emb. VIII.](#)

9

Disheartned be not, though thou see,  
Thy *Hopes*, quite frustrate seeme to be;  
For, many *Hopes*, appearing past,  
Have, beene renew'd againe, at last;  
And, grew far greater, then before,  
When, they seem'd lost, for evermore.  
*Examples*, therefore, now are brought,  
That, still, to *Hope*, thou mayst be taught.

See, [Emb. IX.](#)

M 10

Most men desire to gaine the *Fate*,  
Which keeps them safe, in ev'ry state;  
And, you, no doubt, would faine provide,  
A *Station*, which might firme abide.  
If so you meane; your *Lot* hath brought,  
Some newes of that, which you have  
sought:

For, by your *Emblem*, you may see,  
What men shall most unmooved be.

See, [Emb. X.](#)

11

You seeme, to wonder, much of late,  
That, some goe *backward* in *Estate*,  
Who seeme to thrive; and, why, we finde,  
Those *Friends*, who seemed very kinde,  
(And, forward good respects to show)  
Doe now unkinde, and froward grow.  
But, when your *Emblem* you shall see,  
No wonder, then, such things will be.

See, [Emb. XI.](#)

12

Thou seek'st a *Conquest*; or, (at least)  
Of such a Pow're to be possest,  
As none can conquer; And, behold,  
Thou, in an *Emblem*, shalt be told  
The meanes to get thy hearts desire.  
Yet, know, that if thou come no nigher,  
Then but to *know* the meanes of *blisse*,  
The farther off, the *blessing* is.

See, [Emb. XII.](#)

13

Thou liv'st, as one who thinks, that, *Fate*  
All Actions did *nesessitate*;  
And, that to *doe*, or leave *undone*,  
Thy Businesses, came all to one.  
If, thus thou thinke, perhaps, this *Chance*;  
May helpe to cure thine *Ignorance*;  
And, show, when 'twill be, wholly, fit  
To *Fate*, our matters, to commit.

See, [Emb. XIII.](#)

14

Thy Neighbors *house* when thou dost view,  
*Welfurnisht*, *pleasant*, *large*, or *new*,  
Thou thinkst good *LARES*, alwaies dwell,  
In Lodgings that are trimm'd so well.  
But, by thine *Emblem*, thou art showne,  
That (if thou lov'dst what is thine *owne*)  
*Thatcht Roofes*, as true Contentments  
yeeld,

As those, that are with *Cedar* seeld.  
Vaine *Fancies*, therefore, from thee cast;  
And, be content with what thou hast.

See, [Emb. XIV.](#)

15

Thou seek'st *Preferment*, as a thing,  
Which *East*, or *Westerne-winds* might  
bring;  
And, thinkst to gaine a temp'rall *Crowne*,  
By *Powres* and *Vertues* of thine owne:  
But, now, thy *Lot* informes from whom,  
The *Scepter*, and *preferments* come;  
Seeke, thence, thy lawfull *hopes* fruition,  
And, cherish not a vaine *ambition*.

See, [Emb. XV.](#)

16

This *Lot*, though rich, or poore, thou bee,  
Presents an *Emblem*, fitt for thee.  
If *Rich*, it warnes, not to be *proud*;  
Since, *Fortunes* favours are allow'd  
To *Swinish-men*: If thou be *poore*,  
Deject thou not thy selfe, the more;  
For, many worthy men, there are,  
Who, doe not *Fortunes* Iewels weare.

See, [Emb. XVI.](#)

17

Thou, dost not greatly care, by whom  
Thy *wealth*, or thy *Preferments*, come:  
So, thou maist get them, *Foole* or *Knave*,  
Thy *prayers*, and thy *praise* may have;  
Because, thou dost nor feare, nor dreame,  
What disadvantage comes by them:  
But, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,  
That, *Mischieves*, in their *favours* bee.

See, [Emb. XVII.](#)

18

You boast, as if it were, unknowne  
The power you have were not your owne:  
But, had you not an able *Prop*,  
You could not beare so high a *Top*;  
And, if that *Ayde* forsake you shall,  
Downe to the ground, you soone will fall.  
Acknowledge this; and, humble grow,  
You may be, still, supported so.

See, [Emb. XVIII.](#)

19

This *Lot* of yours doth plainely show,  
That, in some danger now you go.  
But, *wounds* by *Steele*, yet, feare you not;  
Nor *Pistoling*, nor *Cannon-shot*;  
But, rather, dread the *shafts* that fly,  
From some deepe-wounding *wantons* eye.  
Your greatest perills are from thence;  
Get therefore, Armour of defence.

See, [Emb. XIX.](#)

20

Thy Vertues, often, have beene tride,  
To finde what proofes they will abide:  
Yet, thinke not all thy *Trialls* past,  
Till thou on ev'ry side art cast;  
Nor, feare thou, what may chance to thee,  
If truely, square, thy dealings be:  
For, then, what ever doth befall,  
Nor *harne*, nor *shame*, betide thee shall.

See, [Emb. XX.](#)

21

Fine *Clothes*, faire *Words*, entising *Face*,  
With *Maske*s of *Pietie* and *Grace*,  
Oft, cheat you, with an outward show,  
Of that, which prooveth nothing so.  
Therefore, your *Emblems* Morall read;  
And, ere too farre you doe proceed,  
Thinke, whom you deale withall, to day,  
Who, by faire shewes, deceive you may.

See, [Emb. XXI.](#)

22

You, are accus'd of no man, here,  
As, if to any, false, you were  
In *word*, or *Deed*; and, wish, we doe,  
Your *Conscience* may acquit you too,  
But, if your selfe you guilty finde,  
(As, unto such a fault inclin'd)  
The crime, already *past*, repent;  
And, what is yet *undone*, prevent.

See, [Emb. XXII.](#)

23

You haue delighted much, of late,  
Gainst *Womens* ficklenesse, to prate;  
As if this frailety you did find,  
Entail'd, alone, on *Womankind*:  
But, in your selfe, ther's now and then,  
Great proofes, of wav'ring minds, in men:  
Then, jugde not faults which are unknown;  
But, rather learne to mend your owne.

See, [Emb. XXIII.](#)

24

At your *Afflictions*, you repine,  
And, in all troubles, cry, and whine;  
As if, to *suffer*, brought no *Ioy*;  
But, quite, did all contents destroy.  
That, you might, therefore, *patient* grow,  
And, learne, that Vertues pow're, to know,  
This *Lot*, unto your view, is brought:  
Peruse, and practise what is taught.

See, [Emb. XXIV.](#)

25

On out side *Friends*, thou much reli'st,  
And, *trustest*, oft, before thou try'st;  
By which, if *Cousnage* thou escape,  
Thy *Wit* wee praise not, but thy *Hap*:  
But, lest by *trust*, (e're *triall due*)  
Thou, overlate, thy *Trusting* rue;  
Observe the *Morall* of thy *Lot*,  
And, looke that thou forget it not.

See, [Emb. XXV.](#)

By this your *Lot*, it should appeare,  
 That, you your selfe are too severe;  
 Or, have, by some, perswaded bin,  
 That, ev'ry *Pleasure* is a *sinne*.  
 That, wiser therefore, you may grow,  
 You have an *Emblem*, now, to show,  
 That, *Hee*, whose wisdome all men praise,  
 Sometime, layes downe his *Bow*, and  
*playes*.

See, [Emb. XXVI.](#)

Thou little heedst how *Time* is lost,  
 Or, how thine *Howres* away doe post;  
 Nor art thou mindfull of the day,  
 In which thy life, will breath away.  
 To thee this *Lot*, now, therefore, came,  
 To make thee heedfull of the same.  
 So, of thy Dutie, let it mind thee,  
 That, thou maist *live*, when *Death* shall  
 finde thee.

See, [Emb. XXVII.](#)

A safe-abiding, wouldst thou know,  
 When *Seas* doe rage, and *winds* doe blow?  
 If so; thine *Emblem* shewes thee, where  
 Such *Priviledges* gained are.  
 Observe it well; then, doe thy best,  
 To bee a *Yongling*, in that nest  
 There *Moraliz'd*; and, mocke thou not  
 At what is taught thee, by this *Lot*.

See, [Emb. XVIII.](#)

Beleeve not, alwayes, as thy *Creed*,  
 That, *Love-profest*, is *Love-indeed*;  
 But, their *Affections* entertaine,  
 Who in thy *need*, firme *Friends* remaine.  
 Perhaps, it much may thee concerne,  
 This *Lesson*, perfectly, to learne.  
 Thine *Emblems* morall, therefore, view,  
 And, get true *Friends*, by being, *true*.

See, [Emb. XXIX.](#)

The *Consciences*, of some, afford  
 No Lawfull use unto the *Sword*:  
 Some dreame, that, in the time of peace,  
 The practise of all *Armes* may cease;  
 And, you, perhaps, among the rest,  
 With such like fancies are possest.  
 However, what your *Morall* sayes  
 Observe; and, walke in blamelesse *waves*.

See, [Emb. XXX.](#)



A better *Fortune* you might gaine,  
If you, could take a little *paine*:  
If you have *Wealth*, you should have more,  
And, should be Rich, (though you are  
*poore*)  
If to the *longings* you have had,  
A true *endeavour* you would adde:  
For, by your *Emblem*, you may see,  
Such, as your *Paines*, your *Gaines* will be.  
See, [Emb. XXXI.](#)

32

When any troublous Time appeares,  
Your *Hope* is ouercome, with *feares*,  
As, if with every *Floud* of *Raine*,  
The *World* would quite be drownd againe.  
But, by your *Emblem*, you shall see,  
That, *Sunshine*, after *Stormes* may be:  
And, you this *Lot*, (it may be) drew,  
In times of neede, to comfort *you*.  
See, [Emb. XXXII.](#)

33

When, you to ought, pretend a right,  
You thinke to winne it by your *might*.  
Yea, by your strength, your purse or  
friends,  
You boast to gaine your wished *Endes*.  
But, such *Presumptions* to prevent  
You to an *Emblem* now are sent  
That, showes, by whom he *Victor* growes,  
That winnes, by giving overthrowes.  
See, [Emb. XXXIII.](#)

34

If, truly *temperate*, thou be,  
Why should this *Lot*, be drawne by thee?  
Perhaps, thou either dost exceed,  
In costly Robes; or, drinke, or feede,  
Beyond the *meane*. If this thou finde,  
Or, know'st, in any other kinde,  
How thou offendest by *excesse*,  
Now, leave off, that *intemp'ratnesse*.  
See, [Emb. XXXIV.](#)

35

Thou hop'st, to climbe, to honor'd *heights*,  
Yet, wouldst not passe through stormes or  
*streights*;  
But, shun'st them so, as if there were  
No way to *blisse*, where *troubles* are.  
Lest, then, thou lose thy hop'd-for praise,  
By, seeking wide, and easie wayes;  
See what thine *Emblem* doth disclose.  
And, feare not ev'ry *winde* that blowes.  
See, [Emb. XXXV.](#)

36

Sometimes, it may be, thou dost finde,  
That, God, thy *prayers*, doth not minde,  
Nor, heede, of those *Petitions* take,  
Which, men and *Congregations* make.  
Now, why they take so ill effect,  
Thou, by our *Morall*, maist collect:  
And, by the same, shalt also see,  
When, all thy *suits* will granted be.

See, [Emb. XXXVI.](#)

37

Thou, hast been very forward, still,  
To *punish* those, that merit ill;  
But, thou didst never, yet, regard  
To give *Desert*, her due *Reward*.  
That, therefore, thou maist now have care,  
Of such *Injustice*, to beware,  
Thine *Emblem*, doth to thee present,  
As well *Reward*, as *punishment*.

See, [Emb. XXXVII.](#)

38

Thou, either hast a *babling tongue*,  
Which, cannot keepe a *secret*, long;  
Or, shalt, perhaps, indanger'd growe,  
By such, as utter all they know.  
In one, or other, of the twaine,  
Thou maist be harm'd; and, to thy gaine,  
It may redound, when thou shalt see,  
What, now, thine *Emblem*, counsels thee.

See, [Emb. XXXVIII.](#)

39

By this, thy *Lot*, we understand,  
That, somewhat, thou hast tooke in hand,  
Which, (whether, further, thou *Proceed*  
Or quite *desist*) will danger breed.  
Consider, then, what thou hast done,  
And, since the *hazzard* is begun,  
Advised be to take the *Course*,  
Whrch may not make the danger worse.

See, [Emb. XXXIX.](#)

40

The *Destinies*, thou blamest, much,  
Because, thou canst not be so rich,  
As others are: But, blame no more.  
The *Destinies*, as heretofore;  
For, if it please thee to behold,  
What, by thine *Embleme*, shall be told,  
Thou, there, shalt find, which be those  
*Fates*,

That, keepe men low, in their *estates*.

See, [Emb. XL.](#)

41

Thou thinkst, that thou from *faults* art  
free;  
And, here, unblamed thou shalt be.  
But, if to all men, thou wilt seeme  
As faire, as in thine owne esteeme,  
Presume thou not abroad to passe,  
Vntill, by ev'ry *Looking-Glasse*,  
Which, in thy *Morall*, is exprest,  
Thou hast, both *Minde*, and *Body* drest.  
See, [Emb. XLI.](#)

42

Some, *labour* hardly, all their daies,  
In painefull-profitable wayes;  
And, others taste the sweetest *gaine*,  
Of that, for which these tooke the *paine*:  
Yet, these, they not alone undo,  
But, having *robd*, they *murther* too.  
The wrongs of such, this *Emblem* showes,  
That, thou mayst helpe, or pittie those.  
See, [Emb. XLII.](#)

43

Thou, often hast observ'd with feares,  
Th' *aspects*, and *motions* of the *Starres*,  
As if, they threatned *Fates* to some,  
Which, *God* could never save them from.  
If this, thy dreaming Error be,  
Thine *Emblems* Morall shewes to thee,  
That, *God* restraines the *Starry-Fates*,  
And, no mans harme, *necessitates*.  
See, [Emb. XLIII.](#)

44

Thou, hast provoked, over long,  
Their *patience*, who neglect the wrong;  
And, thou dost little seeme to heede,  
What *harme* it threatens, if thou proceed.  
To thee, an *Emblem*, therefore, showes,  
To what, *abused-Patience* growes.  
Observe it well; and, make thy *Peace*,  
Before to *Fury*, *Wrath* increase.  
See, [Emb. XLIV.](#)

45

Thou hast the helps of *Natures* light;  
*Experience* too, doth ayde thy sight:  
Nay more, the *Sun* of *Grace-divine*,  
Doth round about thee daylie shine;  
Yet, *Reasons* eye is blind in thee,  
And, clearest *Objects* cannot see.  
Now, from what cause, this *Blindnesse*  
growes  
The *Morall* of thine *Emblem* showes.  
See, [Emb. XLV.](#)

46

Thy *cause*, thy *Money*, or thy *Friend*,  
May make thee forward to *contend*;  
And, give thee Hopes, that thy intents,  
Shall bring thee prosperous events.  
But view thy *Lot*; then, marke thou there,  
That *Victories* uncertaine are;  
And rashly venture not on that  
Whose End may be, *thou knowest not*  
*what*.

See, [Emb. XLVI](#).

47

To them who grudgingly repine,  
Assoone as their estates decline,  
This *Lot* pertaines; or, unto those,  
Who, when their neighbour needy growes,  
Contemne him; as if he were left,  
Of God; and, of all hopes bereft.  
If this, or that, be found in thee,  
Thou, by thy *Morall*, taught shalt be,  
That, there is none so ill besped;  
But may have hope, he shall be fed.

See, [Emb. XLVII](#).

48

Thy *Flesh* thou lov'st, as if it were,  
The chiefest *Object*, of thy *Care*;  
And of such value, as may seeme,  
Well meriting, thy best esteeme.  
But, now, to banish that conceit,  
Thy *Lot* an *Emblem* brings to sight,  
Which, without flattery, shewes to thee  
Of what regard it ought to be.

See, [Emb. XLVIII](#).

49

It may suspected be, thou hast,  
Mispent the *Time*, that's gone and past;  
For, to an *Emblem* thou art sent,  
That's made, such folly to prevent:  
The *morall* heed; Repent thy *Crime*;  
And, Labour, to *Redeeme the Time*.

See, [Emb. XLIX](#).

50

With good applause thou hast begunne,  
And, well, as yet, proceedest on:  
But, e're the *Lawrell*, thou canst weare,  
Thou to the End must *persevere*.  
And, lest this dutie, be so got,  
Thou hast a *Caveat*, by this *Lot*.

See, [Emb. L](#).

51

Although, this time, you drew it not,  
*Good Fortune*, for you, may be got.  
Perhaps, the *planets* ruling now,  
Have cast no good *Aspects* on you.  
For, many say, that, now and then,  
The *Starres* looke angerly on men:  
Then, try your Chance againe, anon;  
For, their displeasure soone is gone.

52

If, by your *Lot* you had beene prais'd  
Your minde, perchance, it would have  
rais'd,  
Above the *meane*. Should you receive  
Some check, thereby, It would bereave  
Your *Patience*: For, but few can beare,  
*Reproofes*, which unexpected are.  
But, now prepared you have beene,  
To draw your *Lot* once more begin;  
And, if another *Blancke* you get,  
Attempt your *chance*, no more, as yet.

53

To crosse your hopes, *Misfortune* sought;  
And, by your *Lot*, a *Blanck* hath brought:  
But, he who knew her ill intent,  
Hath made this *Blanke* her spight prevent;  
For, if that *Number* you shall take,  
Which these two *figres*, backward, make,  
And view the place to which they guide;  
An *Emblem*, for you, they provide.

54

These *Lots* are almost *Ten* to *One*  
Above the *Blankes*; yet, thou hast none.  
If thus thy *Fortune* still proceed,  
Tis *Ten* to *One* if well thou speed.  
Yet, if thou doe not much neglect,  
To doe, as *Wisdome* shall direct,  
It is a *Thousand* unto *ten*  
But all thy Hopes will prosper, then.

55

It seemes, Dame *Fortune*, doth not know,  
What *Lot*, on thee, she should bestow;  
Nor, canst thou tell, (if thou mightst have  
The choice) what *Fortune*, thou shouldst  
crave.  
For, *one thing*, now, thy minde requires;  
Anon, *another* it desires.  
When Resolution thou hast got,  
Then, come againe, and draw thy *Lot*.

56

The *Chance*, which thou obtained hast,  
Of all our *Chances*, is the last;  
And, casting up the totall *summes*,  
We finde thy *Gain*, to *Nothing* comes.  
Yet if it well be understood,  
This *Chance* may chance to doe thee good;  
For, it inferres what *Portion* shall,  
To ev'ry one, (at last) befall;  
And warnes, while *something*, is enjoyd,  
That, well it (alwaies) be imployd.

*FINIS.*

---

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principall things and matters, mentioned in  
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# A *Supersedeas* to all them, whose custome

it is, without any deserving, to importune

*Authors to give unto them their*

*Bookes.*

I T merits nor your Anger, nor my Blame,  
That, thus I have inscrib'd this *Epigram*:  
For, they who know me, know, that, *Bookes* thus  
large,

And, fraught with *Emblems*, do augment the  
Charge

Too much above my *Fortunes*, to afford  
A *Gift* so costly, for an *Aierie-word*:

And, I have prov'd, your *Begging-Qualitie*,

So forward, to oppresse my *Modestie*;

That, for my future ease, it seemeth fit,

To take some Order, for preventing it.

And, peradventure, other Authors may,

Find Cause to thanke me for't, another day.

These many years, it hath your *Custom* bin,

That, when in my possession, you have seene

A *Volume*, of mine owne, you did no more,

But, *Aske* and *Take*; As if you thought my store

Encreast, without my Cost; And, that, by *Giving*,

(Both *Paines* and Charges too) I got my living;

Or, that, I find the *Paper* and the *Printing*,

As easie to me, as the *Bookes* Inventing.

If, of my *Studies*, no esteeme you have,

You, then abuse the *Courtesies* you crave;

And, are *Vnthankfull*. If you prize them ought,

Why should my *Labour*, not enough be thought,

Vnlesse, I adde *Expenses* to my paines?

The *Stationer*, affoordes for litle Gaines,

The *Bookes* you crave: And, He, as well as I

Might give away, what you repine to buy:

For, what hee *Gives*, doth onely *Mony* Cost,

In mine, both *Mony*, *Time*, and *Wit* is lost.

What I shall Give, and what I have bestow'd

On Friends, to whom, I *Love*, or *Service* ow'd,

I grudge not; And, I thinke it is from them,

Sufficient, that such *Gifts* they do esteeme:

Yea, and, it is a *Favour* too, when they

Will take these *Trifles*, my large *Dues* to pay;

(Or, *Aske* them at my hands, when I forget,

That, I am to their *Love*, so much in debt.)

But, this inferres not, that, I should bestow

The like on all men, who, my *Name* do know;

Or, have the Face to aske: For, then, I might,

Of *Wit* and *Mony*, soone be begger'd, quite.

So much, already, hath beene *Beg'd* away,

(For which, I neither had, nor looke for pay)

As being valu'd at the common Rate,

Had rais'd, *Five hundred Crownes*, in my Estate.

Which, (if I may confesse it) signifies,

That, I was farre more *Liberall*, than *Wise*.

But, for the time to come, resolv'd I am,

That, till without denyall (or just blame)

I may of those, who *Cloth* and *Clothes* do make,

(As oft as I shall need them) *Aske*, and *Take*;

You shall no more befoole me. Therefore, *Pray*

*Be Answer'd*; And, henceforward, keepe away.





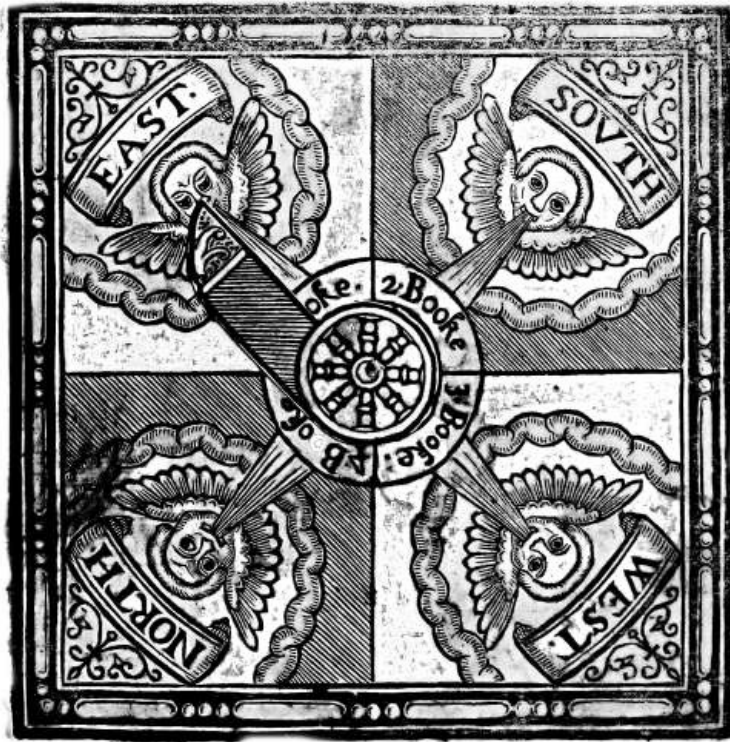
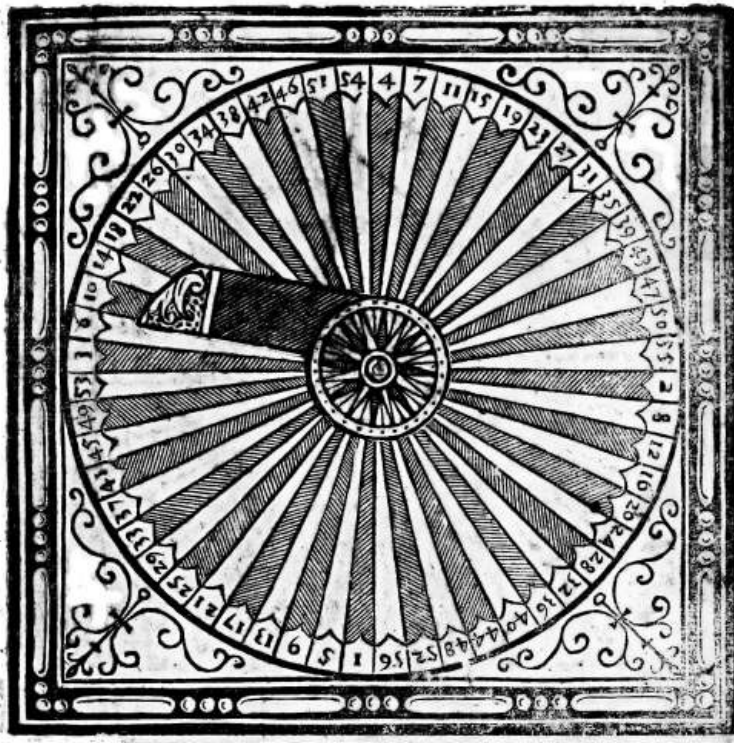
**A Direction, shewing how they who are so  
disposed, shall find out their Chance, in the  
Lotteries aforegoing.**

**T**Urne about one of the *Indexes* in the Figures, which are in the following Page, without casting your eyes thereupon, so observe where it stayeth untill your hand ceaseth to give it motion. If it be the upper *Figure*, whose *Index* you moved; than, that *Number* whereupon it resteth, is the number of your *Lot*, or *Blancke*.

This being knowne, move the other *Index* in like manner, and that *Quarter* of the said *Figure* whereon the same standeth (when your hand is taken away) sheweth in which of the foure *Bookes*, or *Lotteries*, that *Chance* is to be expected, whereunto your *Number* doth send you, whether it be *Lot*, or *Blancke*. If it be any *Number* above Fifty, it is a *Blancke Chance*, and you are to looke no further. If it be any of the other *Numbers*, it sends you to the *Emblem* answering to the same *Number*, in the *Booke* next before the same *Lotterie*.

If the letter *M.* be placed before the allotted *Number*; then, that *Lot* is proper onely to a *Man*: If *W.* stand before it, it is proper onely to a *Woman*: if there be no letter, it is indifferent to both *Sexes*: And, therefore, when a *Man* or *Woman* happneth on a *Chance* impertinent to their proper *Sexe*, they are then, to take the next *Chance* which pertaineth properly to their *Sexe*, whether it be *Blancke* or *Lot*; the triall whereof, I have thus contrived, without the use of *Dice*; lest by bringing them into sight, they might, sometimes, occasion worse *Gaming*.

*If King, Queene, Prince, or any one that  
springs  
From Persons, knowne to be deriv'd from Kings,  
Shall seeke, for Sport sake, hence to draw their  
Lot;  
Our Author sayes; that, hee provided not  
For such as those: Because, it were too much  
For him, to find out Fortunes, fit for such,  
Who, (as hee thinkes) should, rather, Ayde  
supply  
For him, to mend his evill Fortunes by.  
To them, hee, therefore pleased is to give  
This noble, and this large Prerogative;  
That, they shall chuse from hence, what Lots  
they please,  
And make them better, if they like not these.  
All other Personages, of High degree,  
That, will professe our Authors friends to be,  
This Freedome, likewise, have; that till, they find  
A Lot, which is agreeing to their mind,  
They shall have libertie, anewe, to try  
Their fought-for Chance: And, ev'rytime-apply  
The Morrals they disliked, unto those,  
Which are, ill-quallifide, among their Foes.  
All others, who this Game, adventure will,  
Must beare their Fortunes, be they Good, or Ill.*



## Transcriber's notes:

In the text version italics are represented with underscores and small caps with ALL CAPS. Upright text in italic sections, has been marked with =equals=.

As noted at the start of the text, inconsistencies and apparent errors in the text have been left. The only changes that have been made are to unclear or missing punctuation marks (e.g. where a gap in the text is seen). In these cases, consistent punctuation has been used.

### A list of inconsistencies and problems found in the text:—

#### Introduction

Sheet 6 "A Writ of Prevention". STRVCTVRFS should probably read STRVCTVRES.

Sheet 13 "To The Reader". A closing bracket should be added after "Graver"

(whether hee were the Versifier or the Graver.

Sheet 14 "To The Reader". A closing bracket should be added after Hieroglyphicks

(as in the Tetragrammaton; in the Figure of Arion; and in the Proprieties due to some other Hieroglyphicks.

#### Book I

In Book 1, The first illustration is labelled "Illvstratio", subsequent ones are labelled "Illvstr."

Embleme 21. "And by our *Death*, our *Life* is new-begnnne", should probably read "new-begunne."

Embleme 27. "Some, I have *knowne*, by *Harlots Wiles* undone", the italic "n" seems out of place.

Embleme 30. "And shine like purest *Gold*, and *Pretious-Stones*", Pretious and Precious are both found in the text.

Embleme 45. "Made entrance to it owne *Destruction*, hath", it could be its.

The First Lotterie, No. 19. "Of much more *Warinesse*, then *Speed*", "more then" is used throughout the text.

#### Book 2.

Illvstr. 2. "The *Crowe*, when deepe within a close-mouth'd-*Pot*.", should end with a comma.

"Illvstr. IIII.", IV is used in Book 1. IIII used in Book 4. XIII, XXIII and are used in Books 1 and 2. XLIII in B4

Illvstr. XLV. "And, view the well-grown Trees, the wel-trimm'd Bowers", perhaps "wel" should be "well".

The Second Lotterie. Verses after 54 are labelled 5 and 6, but should be 55 and 56.

p.120 has been mislabelled as 118 and corrected by hand.

Book 2 ends at page 124, book 3 starts at page 135.

#### Book 3.

Illvstr XIII. "But, with Sobrietie, be wise," should end with period.

Illvstr. XV. "But, when *one Foote*, thus grasp'd a *Peple-stone*", "Peble-stone" is used a few lines down.

Illvstr. XVI. "The *substnace* of it, still, in *God*, remaines", "substnace" should probably be "substance".

Illvstr. XX. "Of those deare *Mercies*, and that bloudy *Passion*", "and" may be italicised in error.

Illvstr. XXIV. "By long nelect of time, will *burthensome*", "nelect" should probably be "neglect"

Illvstr. XXIV. "As much as makes, at least, *One Line a Day*," should end with period.

Illvstr. XXVI. "It brings (us when we passe the common sight)", Opening bracket should be placed after "us".

Illvstr. XXX. "Delight not *Archers*; tyet, such uselesse Toyes", "tyet" should probably be "yet".

#### Book 4.

Book 3 ends with page 196, Book 4 starts with page 109. The next page is 210 so 109 should be 209

Illvstr. XXXI. "Your houres, in serions matters, if you spend", "serions" should probably be "serious"

Illvstr. XXXVIII. "A *tatlers* tougue; for, paines are lost on him", "tougue" should probably be "tongue".

"And, in our selves true *Vertnes* to maintaine;", "Vertnes" should probably be "Vertues".

The Fourth Lotterie. Verse 1. "If so, thine *Emblom* doth expresse", "Emblom" should probably be "Emblem".

Verse 12. "As none can conquer; And, bohold", "bohold" should probably be "behold".

Verse 39. "Whrch may not make the danger worse", "Whrch" should probably be "Which".

Verse 53. "Which these two *fignres*, backward, make", "fignres" should probably be "figures".

#### Index. (Punctuation has been left as printed).

"Christ the true Pellican. 154." is spelt Pelican on p.154.

"Ganimed 156." Ganymed is used on p.156.

"Greefe 26." Griefe is used on p26

"Halter 66, Halcyon, vid. Kings Fisher." Requires a line break between the two entries.

"Mutuall affection 34. 163. 781." p.781 doesn't exist, a link has been made to p.178.

"Rich Theeves 197" p.197 doesn't exist, a link has been made to p.191.

## Transcriber's Addendum

Transcriptions and translations of the mottoes engraved around each emblem are provided as a convenience to the reader. Each transcription is shown as written (with any notes), followed by the text normalised to modern standards of punctuation and spelling (u/v, æ/ae, -cunque/-cumque, oe/ae etc.) and its translation.

<a href="#">Portrait</a>	EFFIGIES GEORGII WITHERI POETÆ. Effigies Georgii Witheri poetae Portrait of the poet George Wither
<a href="#">III 1 Bk 1</a>	VIVITVR INGENIO CÆTERA MORTIS ERŪT Vivitur ingenio; caetera mortis erunt We live by our genius; the rest will belong to death
<a href="#">III 2 Bk 1</a>	SAPIENTIA CONSTANS Sapientia constans Wisdom is constant
<a href="#">III 3 Bk 1</a>	LEX REGIT ET ARMA TVENTVR. Lex regit et arma tuentur Law directs and arms protect
<a href="#">III 4 Bk 1</a>	NE TENEAR Ne tenear Lest I be held back
<a href="#">III 5 Bk 1</a>	LABORE VIRTVS, VIRTUTE GLORIA PARATVR Labore virtus, virtute gloria paratur Virtue is acquired through labour, glory through virtue
<a href="#">III 6 Bk 1</a>	NON OBEST VIRTVTI SORS. Non obest virtuti sors Chance is no hindrance to virtue
<a href="#">III 7 Bk 1</a>	NON SCEPTRO SED PLECTRO DVCITVR Non sceptro sed plectro ducitur She is led by the plectrum, not by the sceptre
<a href="#">III 8 Bk 1</a>	IN HVNC INTVENS PIVS ESTO In hunc intuens pius esto Look on this and be pious
<a href="#">III 9 Bk 1</a>	IN NOCTE CONSILIŪ In nocte consilium Deliberation at night
<a href="#">III 10 Bk 1</a>	SPERNIT PERICVLA VIRT[VS] Spernit pericula virtus Virtue scorns danger
<a href="#">III 11 Bk 1</a>	AD SCOPVM LICET ÆGRE ET FRVSTRA Ad scopum licet aegre et frustra Towards the goal, but painfully and unsuccessfully
<a href="#">III 12 Bk 1</a>	ΠΑΝΤΑ ΛΕΛΟΙΠΑ πάντα λέλοιπα I have left all things
<a href="#">III 13 Bk 1</a>	REMIGIO VENTISQ[VE] SECVNDIS Remigio ventisque secundis By rowing and favourable winds
<a href="#">III 14 Bk 1</a>	QVID SI SIC Quid si sic What if so?
<a href="#">III 15 Bk 1</a>	DVM NVTRIO CONSUMOR Dum nutrio consumor As I nourish I am consumed
<a href="#">III 16 Bk 1</a>	CONCVSSVS SVRGO Concussus surgo When struck I rise
<a href="#">III 17 Bk 1</a>	DVM EXTENDAR Dum extendar Until I am stretched
<a href="#">III 18 Bk 1</a>	MATVRA Matura Hurry!
<a href="#">III 19 Bk 1</a>	LENTE SED ATTENTE Lente sed attente Slowly but carefully
<a href="#">III 20 Bk 1</a>	TRANSEAT Transeat Let it pass
<a href="#">III 21 Bk 1</a>	MORS VITÆ INITIVM. Mors vitae initium Death is the beginning of life
<a href="#">III 22 Bk 1</a>	QVO ME VERTĀ NESCIIO Quo me vertam nescio I know not where to turn
<a href="#">III 23 Bk 1</a>	PATIOR VT POTIAR Patior ut potiar

- [III 24 Bk 1](#) I suffer to obtain  
CONSEQUITVR QVODCVNQ[VE] PETIT  
Consequitur quodcumque petit  
She attains whatever she aims at
- [III 25 Bk 1](#) NON QVAM CREBRO SED QVĀ BĒE.✠  
Non quam crebro sed quam bene  
Not how often, but how well
- [III 26 Bk 1](#) DVRABO  
Durabo  
I shall endure
- [III 27 Bk 1](#) VBI HELENA IBI TROIA  
Ubi Helena, ibi Troia  
Where Helen is, there is Troy
- [III 28 Bk 1](#) VICTRIX PATIENTIA DVRI.  
Victrix patientia duri  
Patience victorious over hardship
- [III 29 Bk 1](#) NON VNO STERNITVR ICTV.  
Non uno sternitur ictu  
It is not felled with one blow
- [III 30 Bk 1](#) NVDRISCO IL BVONO ET SPENGO IL REO  
Nudrisco il buono et spengo il reo  
I nourish the good and destroy the malefactor
- [III 31 Bk 1](#) SAPIENS DOMINABITVR ASTRIS.  
Sapiens dominabitur astris  
The wise man shall rule over the stars
- [III 32 Bk 1](#) EX VTROQVE CÆSAR  
Ex utroque Caesar  
A Caesar either way
- [III 33 Bk 1](#) PERSEQVAR EXSTINCTŪ  
Persequar exstinctum  
I will follow him into death
- [III 34 Bk 1](#) FLAMMESCIT VTERQVE  
Flammescit uterque  
Each catches fire
- [III 35 Bk 1](#) POSTERITATI  
Posteritati  
For posterity
- [III 36 Bk 1](#) NIL PENNA, SED VSVS  
Nil penna, sed usus  
Not the plume, but its use
- [III 37 Bk 1](#) DVM CLAVVM RECTAM TENEAM.✠  
Dum clavum rectam teneam  
As long as I hold the tiller steady
- [III 38 Bk 1](#) SI SCIENS FALLO.  
Si sciens fallo  
If I knowingly deceive
- [III 39 Bk 1](#) SPEQVE METVQVE PAVET.✠  
Speque metuque pavet  
It trembles with hope and fear
- [III 40 Bk 1](#) COSI VIVO PIACER CONDVCE A MORTE  
Così vivo piacer conduce a morte  
So lively pleasure leads to death
- [III 41 Bk 1](#) PVRIS MANIBVS.  
Puris manibus  
With clean hands
- [III 42 Bk 1](#) LINGVA QVO TENDIS  
Lingua, quo tendis?  
Tongue, where are you going?
- [III 43 Bk 1](#) original reads "OYME ΒΛΨΟΝ ΑΝΩ" which has been corrected to "ΘΥΜΕ ΒΛΕΨΟΝ ΑΝΩ"  
θυμέ, βλέψον ἄνω  
Look up, my soul
- [III 44 Bk 1](#) FLAVESCENT  
Flavescent  
They shall turn golden
- [III 45 Bk 1](#) FINIS AB ORIGINE PĒDET  
Finis ab origine pendet  
The end depends on the beginning
- [III 46 Bk 1](#) TANDEM FIT ARBOR  
Tandem fit arbor  
At last it becomes a tree
- [III 47 Bk 1](#) SVPERATA CRVCE CORONOR  
Superata cruce coronor  
I rise above the cross and am crowned
- [III 48 Bk 1](#) MORS SCEPTRA LIGONIB[VS] ÆQVAT  
Mors sceptris ligonibus aequat  
Death levels sceptres and spades
- [III 49 Bk 1](#) PAVLATIM NON IMPETV.  
Paulatim non impetu  
Gradually, not by force
- [III 50 Bk 1](#) DE PARVIS GRANDIS ACERVVS ERIT.

<a href="#">III 1 Bk 2</a>	De parvis grandis acervus erit From small things a great heap will grow
<a href="#">III 2 Bk 2</a>	NEQVEO COMPESCERE MVLTOS Nequeo compescere multos I cannot restrain so many
<a href="#">III 3 Bk 2</a>	INGENII LARGITOR VENTER. Ingenii largitor venter The belly is the bestower of genius
<a href="#">III 4 Bk 2</a>	MVSICA SERVA DEI Musica serva dei Music is the handmaid of God
<a href="#">III 5 Bk 2</a>	DISCITE IVSTICIAM. Discite iusticiam Learn justice
<a href="#">III 6 Bk 2</a>	CONSENSV POPVLI REGNŪ SVBSISTIT. Consensu populi regnum subsistit The kingdom is sustained by the consent of the people
<a href="#">III 7 Bk 2</a>	QVI ME ALIT ME EXTINGVIT. Qui me alit me extinguit He who feeds me extinguishes me
<a href="#">III 8 Bk 2</a>	SEQVITVR SVA PĒNA NOCENTEM Sequitur sua poena nocentem His punishment follows the evildoer
<a href="#">III 9 Bk 2</a>	POST TENTATIONEM CONSOLATIO. Post tentationem consolatio After temptation, consolation
<a href="#">III 10 Bk 2</a>	PRO GALLINIS Pro gallinis For the hens
<a href="#">III 11 Bk 2</a>	TVTIVS VT POSSIT FIGI. Tutius ut possit figi To be fixed more securely
<a href="#">III 12 Bk 2</a>	IN SILENTIO ET SPE. In silentio et spe In silence and hope
<a href="#">III 13 Bk 2</a>	FATO PRVDENTIA MAIOR. Fato prudentia maior Prudence is greater than fate
<a href="#">III 14 Bk 2</a>	CONIVNCTIS VOTIS Coniunctis votis Joined in prayer
<a href="#">III 15 Bk 2</a>	CVI BONO? Cui bono? For whose benefit? (This is what the phrase usually means. But our author understands it as: For what benefit?)
<a href="#">III 16 Bk 2</a>	SACRIFICIVM DEO COR CONTRIBVLATIM Sacrificium deo cor contribulatum A contrite heart is a sacrifice to God
<a href="#">III 17 Bk 2</a>	REGNI CORONA REX Regni corona rex The king is the crown of the kingdom
<a href="#">III 18 Bk 2</a>	STVDIO ET VIGILANTIA. Studio et vigilantia By study and watchfulness
<a href="#">III 19 Bk 2</a>	ARTE ET MARTE Arte et marte By art and by arms
<a href="#">III 20 Bk 2</a>	CONSTANTE FIDVCIA Constante fiducia By art and by arms
<a href="#">III 21 Bk 2</a>	AMOR DOCET MVSICAM Amor docet musicam Love teaches music
<a href="#">III 22 Bk 2</a>	NON TE SED NVMMOS Non te sed nummos Not you but your money
<a href="#">III 23 Bk 2</a>	FIDE SED CVI VIDE Fide sed cui vide Trust, but be careful whom
<a href="#">III 24 Bk 2</a>	HVMANA FVMVS Humana fumus All things human are smoke
<a href="#">III 25 Bk 2</a>	OMNIA MEA MECVM PORTO Omnia mea mecum porto All that is mine I carry with me
<a href="#">III 26 Bk 2</a>	TAMEN DISCAM. Tamen discam Yet I shall learn
<a href="#">III 27 Bk 2</a>	VIRTVTI FORTVNA COMES. Virtuti fortuna comes

<a href="#">III 27 Bk 2</a>	Fortune is the companion of virtue DEVS NOBIS HÆC OTIA FECIT. Deus nobis haec otia fecit God has granted us this ease
<a href="#">III 28 Bk 2</a>	EX BELLO PAX Ex bello pax From war, peace
<a href="#">III 29 Bk 2</a>	COR RECTŪ INQVIRIT SCIENTIĀ. Cor rectum inquirit scientiam An upright heart seeks knowledge
<a href="#">III 30 Bk 2</a>	EK ΠΟΝΟΥ ΚΛΕΟΣ. ἐκ πόνου κλέος From labour, glory
<a href="#">III 31 Bk 2</a>	PVEROS CASTIGO VIROSQ[VE] Pueros castigo virosque I chastise boys and men
<a href="#">III 32 Bk 2</a>	VITA MORTALIVM VIGILIA. Vita mortalium vigilia The life of mortals is watchfulness
<a href="#">III 33 Bk 2</a>	MANET IMMVTABILE FATVM. Manet immutabile fatum Fate remains unalterable
<a href="#">III 34 Bk 2</a>	DETERIVS FORMIDO. Deterius formido I fear something worse
<a href="#">III 35 Bk 2</a>	ADVERSIS CLARIVS ARDET. Adversis clarius ardet It burns brighter in adversity
<a href="#">III 36 Bk 2</a>	SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MVNDI. Sic transit gloria mundi So passes the world's glory
<a href="#">III 37 Bk 2</a>	IVSQVE A LA MORT Jusqu'à la mort Until death
<a href="#">III 38 Bk 2</a>	SVVM CVIQVE TRIBVE Suum cuique tribue Allow each his own
<a href="#">III 39 Bk 2</a>	IN VIRTVTE ET FORTVNA. In virtute et fortuna In virtue and fortune
<a href="#">III 40 Bk 2</a>	ΑΙΩΝΙΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΠΡΟΣΚΑΙΡΟΝ. αἰώνιον καὶ πρόσκαιρον Eternal and temporal
<a href="#">III 41 Bk 2</a>	VIRIBVS IVNGENDA SAPIENTIA. Viribus iungenda sapientia Wisdom should be joined to strength
<a href="#">III 42 Bk 2</a>	SOLVM A SOLE Solum a sole The soil from the sun
<a href="#">III 43 Bk 2</a>	RECTO CVRSV Recto cursu On a steady course
<a href="#">III 44 Bk 2</a>	SPES ALIT AGRICOLAS: Spes alit agricolas Hope nourishes farmers
<a href="#">III 45 Bk 2</a>	POCO A POCO. Poco a poco Little by little
<a href="#">III 46 Bk 2</a>	TRIBVLATIO DITAT. Tribulatio ditat Affliction enriches
<a href="#">III 47 Bk 2</a>	VICTRIX FORTVNÆ SAPIENTIA. Victrix fortunae sapientia Wisdom victorious over fortune
<a href="#">III 48 Bk 2</a>	AVT MORS AVT VITA DECORA Aut mors aut vita decora Either death or life with honour
<a href="#">III 49 Bk 2</a>	DONEC TOTŪ IMPLEAT ORBĒ. Donec totum impleat orbem Until it fills the whole world
<a href="#">III 50 Bk 2</a>	VIRTVS LORICA FIDELIS Virtus lorica fidelis Virtue is a trusty coat of mail
<a href="#">III 1 Bk 3</a>	SI RECTE FACIES. Si recte facies If you act rightly
<a href="#">III 2 Bk 3</a>	SUPERAT SOLERTIA VIRES. Superat solertia vires Cleverness outdoes strength
<a href="#">III 3 Bk 3</a>	NON SINE CAUSA.



	Non sine causa Not without cause
<a href="#">III 4 Bk 3</a>	PANDO RECONDITA. Pando recondita I disclose what is hidden
<a href="#">III 5 Bk 3</a>	VIRTUTE DUCE COMITE FORTUNA Virtute duce comite fortuna With virtue as guide and fortune as companion
<a href="#">III 6 Bk 3</a>	FLOREBO PROSPICIENTE DEO. Florebo prospiciente deo Under God's gaze I shall flourish
<a href="#">III 7 Bk 3</a>	FAC ET SPERA. Fac et spera Do and hope
<a href="#">III 8 Bk 3</a>	RERUM SAPIENTIA CUSTOS. Rerum sapientia custos Wisdom is the guardian of all things
<a href="#">III 9 Bk 3</a>	LABORE ET CONSTANTIA. Labore et constantia By labour and constancy
<a href="#">III 10 Bk 3</a>	EVERTIT ET AEQUAT. Evertit et aequat He overturns and levels
<a href="#">III 11 Bk 3</a>	SCIENTIA IMMUTABILIS. Scientia immutabilis Knowledge is immutable
<a href="#">III 12 Bk 3</a>	VIRTUTE AC STUDIO PER ORBEM FAMA PERPETUA COMPARATUR. Virtute ac studio per orbem fama perpetua comparatur By virtue and zeal everlasting worldwide fame is obtained
<a href="#">III 13 Bk 3</a>	NOLI ALTUM SAPERE. Noli altum sapere Be not over-wise
<a href="#">III 14 Bk 3</a>	TRACTANT FABRILIA FABRI. Tractant fabrilia fabri Workmen wield their own tools
<a href="#">III 15 Bk 3</a>	NON DORMIT QUI CUSTODIT. Non dormit qui custodit He who is on guard does not sleep
<a href="#">III 16 Bk 3</a>	IN SPE ET LABORE TRANSIGO VITAM. In spe et labore transigo vitam I spend my life in hope and labour
<a href="#">III 17 Bk 3</a>	PRUDENTE SIMPLICITATE. Prudente simplicitate In prudent simplicity
<a href="#">III 18 Bk 3</a>	TRANSITUS CELER EST ET AVOLAMUS. Transitus celer est et avolamus The passage is swift, then we fly away
<a href="#">III 19 Bk 3</a>	PEDETENTIM. Pedetentim Step by step
<a href="#">III 20 Bk 3</a>	PRO LEGE ET PRO GREGE. Pro lege et pro grege For the law and for the flock
<a href="#">III 21 Bk 3</a>	DISCITE IUSTITIAM. Discite iustitiam Learn justice
<a href="#">III 22 Bk 3</a>	NON EST MORTALE QUOD OPTO. Non est mortale quod opto What I choose is no mortal thing
<a href="#">III 23 Bk 3</a>	IN SE SUA PER UESTIGIA UOLUITUR. In se sua per vestigia volvitur It rolls round on its own tracks onto itself
<a href="#">III 24 Bk 3</a>	NULLA DIES SINE LINEA. Nulla dies sine linea No day without a line
<a href="#">III 25 Bk 3</a>	AD REGIS NUTUS. Ad regis nutus At the king's pleasure
<a href="#">III 26 Bk 3</a>	HAC VIRTUTIS ITER. Hac virtutis iter This way is the path of virtue
<a href="#">III 27 Bk 3</a>	CONCEDO NULLI. Concedo nulli I yield to no-one
<a href="#">III 28 Bk 3</a>	MANUS MANUM LAUAT. Manus manum lavat One hand washes another
<a href="#">III 29 Bk 3</a>	LEGIBUS ET ARMIS. Legibus et armis By laws and arms

<a href="#">III 30 Bk 3</a>	NON QUAM FORMOSA SED QUAM RECTA. Non quam formosa sed quam recta Not how beautiful, but how straight
<a href="#">III 31 Bk 3</a>	ALIIS INSERVIENDO CONSUMOR. Aliis inserviando consumor I am consumed in the service of others
<a href="#">III 32 Bk 3</a>	DITAT SERVATA FIDES. Ditat servata fides Keeping faith brings riches
<a href="#">III 33 Bk 3</a>	FVRES PRIVATI IN NERVO PVBLICI IN AVRO Fures privati in nervo, publici in auro Private thieves in fetters, public thieves in gold
<a href="#">III 34 Bk 3</a>	MEMENTO MORI Memento mori Remember you will die
<a href="#">III 35 Bk 3</a>	SERVA MODVM. Serva modum Observe due measure
<a href="#">III 36 Bk 3</a>	FVLCRVM TVTISSIMVM Fulcrum tutissimum The safest support
<a href="#">III 37 Bk 3</a>	VIRTUS INEXPUGNABILIS. Virtus inexpugnabilis Impregnable virtue
<a href="#">III 38 Bk 3</a>	VERITAS PREMITUR NON OPPRIMITUR. Veritas premitur non opprimitur Truth is oppressed but not suppressed
<a href="#">III 39 Bk 3</a>	PAS A PAS. Pas a pas Step by step
<a href="#">III 40 Bk 3</a>	FORTUNA UT LUNA. Fortuna ut luna Fortune like the moon
<a href="#">III 41 Bk 3</a>	ANTÈ FERIT QUÀM FLAMMA MICET. Ante ferit quam flamma micet It strikes before the flame kindles
<a href="#">III 42 Bk 3</a>	PAUPERTATE PREMOR SUBLEUOR INGENIO. Paupertate premor sublevor ingenio I am borne down by poverty, and uplifted by genius
<a href="#">III 43 Bk 3</a>	VIRTUS UNITA FORTIOR. Virtus unita fortior Virtue is stronger when united
<a href="#">III 44 Bk 3</a>	AMORE MUTUO. Amore mutuo By mutual love
<a href="#">III 45 Bk 3</a>	CONCORDIA INSUPERABILIS. Concordia insuperabilis Unconquerable harmony
<a href="#">III 46 Bk 3</a>	IN MANU DEI COR REGIS. In manu dei cor regis The heart of the king is in God's hand
<a href="#">III 47 Bk 3</a>	CELATA VIRTUS IGNAVIA EST. Celata virtus ignavia est Virtue concealed is worthlessness
<a href="#">III 48 Bk 3</a>	REDIBO PLENIOR. Redibo plenior I shall return more full
<a href="#">III 49 Bk 3</a>	NUSQUAM TUTA FIDES. Nusquam tuta fides Nowhere is trust secure
<a href="#">III 50 Bk 3</a>	HODIE MIHI CRAS TIBI: Hodie mihi cras tibi Today for me, tomorrow for you
<a href="#">III 1 Bk 4</a>	NON INFERIORA SECUTUS. Non inferiora secutus Following no lesser things
<a href="#">III 2 Bk 4</a>	IN MANU DOMINI OMNES SUNT FINES TERRÆ. In manu domini omnes sunt fines terrae All the ends of the earth are in the hand of the Lord
<a href="#">III 3 Bk 4</a>	QUOD NON ES NE VIDEARE CAVE. Quod non es ne videare cave Take care lest you seem what you are not
<a href="#">III 4 Bk 4</a>	FESTINAT DECURRERE. Festinat decurrere Swiftly it runs through
<a href="#">III 5 Bk 4</a>	ABRUMPAM. Abrumpam I will break it off
<a href="#">III 6 Bk 4</a>	HINC DOLOR INDE FUGA. Hinc dolor inde fuga

<a href="#">III 7 Bk 4</a>	Hence my pain; thence my flight CAPTIVUM IMPUNE LACESSUNT. Captivum impune laccessunt They provoke the prisoner without fear of harm
<a href="#">III 8 Bk 4</a>	RESTAT DE VICTORE ORIENTIS. Restat de victore orientis This remains of the conqueror of the east
<a href="#">III 9 Bk 4</a>	INSPERATA FLORUIT. Inesperata floruit It flourished unhoped-for
<a href="#">III 10 Bk 4</a>	NESCIT LABI VIRTUS. Nescit labi virtus Virtue knows no failure
<a href="#">III 11 Bk 4</a>	HODIE SIC VERTITVR ORBIS. Hodie sic vertitur orbis So the world turns today
<a href="#">III 12 Bk 4</a>	VIS NESCIA VINCI. Vis nescia vinci A power that knows no defeat
<a href="#">III 13 Bk 4</a>	QUO FATA TRAHUNT. Quo fata trahunt Where the fates lead
<a href="#">III 14 Bk 4</a>	ΟΙΚΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣ ΟΙΚΟΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ οίκος φίλος οίκος ἄριστος The best house is the house you love
<a href="#">III 15 Bk 4</a>	DEUS DAT CUI VULT. Deus dat cui vult God gives to whom he wishes
<a href="#">III 16 Bk 4</a>	INDIGNUM FORTUNA FOVET. Indignum fortuna fovet Fortune cherishes the unworthy
<a href="#">III 17 Bk 4</a>	STULTORUM ADIUMENTA NOCUMENTA. Stultorum adiumenta nocumenta The assistance of fools is a hindrance
<a href="#">III 18 Bk 4</a>	TE STANTE VIREBO. Te stante virebo While you stand I shall flourish
<a href="#">III 19 Bk 4</a>	FERIO. Ferio I hit
<a href="#">III 20 Bk 4</a>	QUOCUNQUE FERAR. Quocumque ferar Wherever I am carried
<a href="#">III 21 Bk 4</a>	BELLA IN VISTA DENTRO TRISTA. Bella in vista dentro trista Fair without, foul within
<a href="#">III 22 Bk 4</a>	EN DEXTRA FIDESQUE. En dextra fidesque See, the right hand and the pledged faith
<a href="#">III 23 Bk 4</a>	VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER. Varium et mutabile semper Always inconstant and changeable
<a href="#">III 24 Bk 4</a>	GAUDET PATIENTIA DURIS. Gaudet patientia duris Patience rejoices in hardships
<a href="#">III 25 Bk 4</a>	SIC SPECTANDA FIDES. Sic spectanda fides So good faith should be examined
<a href="#">III 26 Bk 4</a>	NON SEMPER ARCUM TENDIT. Non semper arcum tendit He does not always draw the bow
<a href="#">III 27 Bk 4</a>	VIVE MEMOR LETHI FUGIT HORA. Vive memor leti; fugit hora Live mindful of death; time flies
<a href="#">III 28 Bk 4</a>	MEDIIS TRANQUILLUS IN UNDIS. Mediis tranquillus in undis Calm amid the waves
<a href="#">III 29 Bk 4</a>	BONA FIDE. Bona fide In good faith
<a href="#">III 30 Bk 4</a>	PACISQUE BONUS BELLIQUE MINISTER. Pacisque bonus bellique minister A good servant in peace and in war
<a href="#">III 31 Bk 4</a>	PAR SIT FORTUNA LABORI. Par sit fortuna labori Let fortune be a match for labour
<a href="#">III 32 Bk 4</a>	POST NUBILA PHŒBUS. Post nubila Phoebus After clouds, the sun
<a href="#">III 33 Bk 4</a>	OMNIS VICTORIA A DOMINO.

	Omnis victoria a domino All victory is from the Lord
<a href="#">III 34 Bk 4</a>	NE QUID NIMIS. Ne quid nimis Nothing to excess
<a href="#">III 35 Bk 4</a>	PER ANGSTA AD ANGSTA. Per angusta ad angusta Through difficulties to greatness
<a href="#">III 36 Bk 4</a>	FIDUCIA CONCORS. Fiducia concors United in faith
<a href="#">III 37 Bk 4</a>	PRO ME SI MEREOR IN ME. Pro me; si mereor, in me For me, or if I deserve it, against me
<a href="#">III 38 Bk 4</a>	HAC ATQUE ILLAC PERFLUIT. Hac atque illac perfluit It leaks in all directions
<a href="#">III 39 Bk 4</a>	UTCUNQUE. Utcumque However
<a href="#">III 40 Bk 4</a>	FATA OBSTANT. Fata obstant The fates oppose
<a href="#">III 41 Bk 4</a>	VT NE QUID DEDECEAT. Ut ne quid dedeceat So there may be nothing unseemly
<a href="#">III 42 Bk 4</a>	NON NOBIS. Non nobis Not for us
<a href="#">III 43 Bk 4</a>	ASTRA DEUS REGIT. Astra deus regit God rules the stars
<a href="#">III 44 Bk 4</a>	FUROR FIT LÆSA SÆPIUS PATIENTIA. Furor fit laesa saepius patientia Patience too often offended turns to fury
<a href="#">III 45 Bk 4</a>	CÆCUS NIL LUCE IU VATUR. Caecus nil luce iu vatur A blind man is not helped by light
<a href="#">III 46 Bk 4</a>	INTER UTRUMQUE VOLAT. Inter utrumque volat She flies between the two
<a href="#">III 47 Bk 4</a>	SI DEUS VOLUERIT. Si deus voluerit If God wishes
<a href="#">III 48 Bk 4</a>	OMNIS CARO FÆNUM. Omnis caro faenum All flesh is grass
<a href="#">III 49 Bk 4</a>	PERIT QUOD ELAPSUM EST. Perit quod elapsum est That which has gone by is lost
<a href="#">III 50 Bk 4</a>	PERSEVERANTI DABITUR. Perseveranti dabitur It will be given to the persevering

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