

SATYRES

Satyre I

Away thou fondling motley humorist,
Leave mee, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few bookes, let me lye
In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I dye;
Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines; and here 5
Natures Secretary, the Philosopher;
And jolly Statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinewes of a cities mistique bodie;
Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddie fantastique Poëts of each land. 10
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee?
First sweare by thy best love in earnest
(If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave mee in the middle street, 15
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,
Not though a Captaine do come in thy way
Bright parcell gilt, with forty dead mens pay,
Not though a briske perfum'd piert Courtier
Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer. 20
Nor come a velvet Justice with a long
Great traine of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen strong,
Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare
A speech to Court his beautious sonne and heire!
For better or worse take mee, or leave mee: 25
To take, and leave mee is adultery.
Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,
That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
Dost search, and like a needy broker prize 30
The silke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat:
That wilt consort none, untill thou have knowne

What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne,
 As though all thy companions should make thee 35
 Jointures, and marry thy deare company.
 Why should'st thou (that dost not onely approve,
 But in ranke itchie lust, desire, and love
 The nakednesse and barenesse to enjoy,
 Of thy plumpe muddy whore, or prostitute boy) 40
 Hate vertue, though shee be naked, and bare?
 At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
 And till our Soules be unapparrelled
 Of bodies, they from blisse are banished.
 Mans first blest state was naked, when by sinne 45
 Hee lost that, yet hee was cloath'd but in beasts skin,
 And in this course attire, which I now weare,
 With God, and with the Muses I conferre.
 But since thou like a contrite penitent,
 Charitably warn'd of thy sinnes, dost repent 50
 These vanities, and giddinesses, loe
 I shut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe.
 But sooner may a cheape whore, who hath beene
 Worne by as many severall men in sinne,
 As are black feathers, or musk-colour hose, 55
 Name her child's right true father, 'mongst all those:
 Sooner may one guesse, who shall beare away
 The Infanta of London, Heire to an India;
 And sooner may a gulling weather Spie
 By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly 60
 What fashioned hats, or ruffles, or suits next yeare
 Our subtile-witted antique youths will weare;
 Then thou, when thou depart'st from mee, canst show
 Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldst go.
 But how shall I be pardon'd my offence 65
 That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
 Now we are in the street; He first of all
 Improvidently proud, creepes to the wall,
 And so imprisoned, and hem'd in by mee
 Sells for a little state his libertie; 70
 Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
 Every fine silken painted foole we meet,
 He them to him with amorous smiles allures,

And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
 As prentises, or schoole-boyes which doe know 75
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe.
 And as fidders stop lowest, at highest sound,
 So to the most brave, stoops hee nigh't the ground.
 But to a grave man, he doth move no more
 Then the wise politique horse would heretofore, 80
 Or thou O Elephant or Ape wilt doe,
 When any names the King of Spaine to you.
 Now leaps he upright, Joggs me, & cries, Do you see
 Yonder well favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis hee
 That dances so divinely; Oh, said I, 85
 Stand still, must you dance here for company?
 Hee droopt, wee went, till one (which did excell
 Th'Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well)
 Met us; they talk'd; I whispered, let'us goe,
 'T may be you smell him not, truely I doe; 90
 He heares not mee, but, on the other side
 A many-coloured Peacock having spide,
 Leaves him and mee; I for my lost sheep stay;
 He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
 Saying, him whom I last left, all repute 95
 For his device, in hansoming a sute,
 To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and pleite,
 Of all the Court, to have the best conceit;
 Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe;
 But Oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so? 100
 Why? he hath travayld; Long? No; but to me
 (Which understand none,) he doth seeme to be
 Perfect French, and Italian; I replied,
 So is the Poxe; He answered not, but spy'd
 More men of sort, of parts, and qualities; 105
 At last his Love he in a windowe spies,
 And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from mee
 Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
 Many were there, he could command no more;
 Hee quarrell'd, fought, bled; and turn'd out of dore 110
 Directly came to mee hanging the head,
 And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

Satyre II

Sir; though (I thanke God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one state
 In all ill things so excellently best,
 That hate, toward them, breeds pitty towards the rest.
 Though Poëtry indeed be such a sinne 5
 As I thinke That brings dearths, and Spaniards in,
 Though like the Pestilence and old fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men; and doth remove
 Never, till it be sterv'd out; yet their state
 Is poore, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate. 10
 One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot reade,
 And saves his life) gives ideot actors meanes
 (Starving himselfe) to live by his labor'd sceanes;
 As in some Organ, Puppits dance above 15
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.
 One would move Love by rithmes; but witchcrafts charms
 Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes:
 Rammes, and slings now are seely battery,
 Pistolets are the best Artillerie. 20
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like singers at doores for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That excuse for writing, and for writing ill;
 But hee is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw 25
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
 As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true,
 For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne
 The meate was mine, th'excrement is his owne: 30
 But these do mee no harme, nor they which use
 To out-doe Dildoes, and out-usure Jewes;
 To out-drinke the sea, to out-sweare the Letanie;
 Who with sinnes all kindes as familiar bee
 As Confessors; and for whose sinfull sake, 35
 Schoolemen new tenements in hell must make:
 Whose strange sinnes, Canonists could hardly tell
 In which Commandements large receipt they dwell.

But these punish themselves; the insolence
 Of Coscus onely breeds my just offence, 40
 Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches poxe,
 And plodding on, must make a calfe an oxe)
 Hath made a Lawyer, which was (alas) of late
 But a scarce Poët; jollier of this state,
 Then are new benefic'd ministers, he throwes 45
 Like nets, or lime-twigs, wheresoever he goes,
 His title of Barrister, on every wench,
 And woos in language of the Pleas, and Bench:
 A motion, Lady; Speake Coscus; I have beene
 In love, ever since *tricesimo* of the Queene, 50
 Continuall claimes I have made, injunctions got
 To stay my rivals suit, that hee should not
 Proceed; spare mee; In Hillary terme I went,
 You said, If I return'd next size in Lent,
 I should be in remitter of your grace; 55
 In th'interim my letters should take place
 Of affidavits: words, words, which would teare
 The tender labyrinth of a soft maids eare,
 More, more, then ten Sclavonians scolding, more
 Then when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore. 60
 When sicke with Poëtrie, and possess with muse
 Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
 Law practise for meere gaine, bold soule, repute
 Worse then imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owlelike watchman, hee must walke 65
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talke
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear
 That onely suretiship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a Kings favourite, yea like a King; 70
 Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre,
 Bearing-like Asses; and more shamelesse farre
 Then carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
 Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmens lives, 75
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as the sea) hee will compasse all our land;
 From Scots, to Wight; from Mount, to Dover strand.

And spying heires melting with luxurie,
 Satan will not joy at their sinnes, as hee. 80
 For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe,
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty yeare
 (Relique-like kept) perchance buyes wedding geare;
 Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time 85
 Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.
 In parchments then, large as his fields, hee drawes
 Assurances, bigge, as gloss'd civill lawes,
 So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse. 90
 These hee writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length; as in those first dayes
 When Luther was profest, He did desire
 Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a Fryer
 Each day his beads, but having left those lawes, 95
 Addes to Christs prayer, the Power and glory clause.
 But when he sells or changes land, he'impaires
 His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
 As slyly as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense; or in Divinity 100
 As controverters, in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the doubt.
 Where are those spred woods which cloth'd hertofore
 Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.
 Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes? In great hals 105
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bachanalls
 Equally I hate; meanes blesse; in rich mens homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs,
 None starve, none surfet so; But (Oh) we allow,
 Good workes as good, but out of fashion now, 110
 Like old rich wardrops; but my words none drawes
 Within the vast reach of th'huge statute lawes.

Satyre III

Kinde pittie chokes my spleene; brave scorn forbids
 Those teares to issue which swell my eye-lids;
 I must not laugh, nor weepe sinnes, and be wise,
 Can railing then cure these worne maladies?
 Is not our Mistresse faire Religion, 5
 As worthy of all our Soules devotion,
 As vertue was to the first blinded age?
 Are not heavens joyes as valiant to asswage
 Lusts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,
 As wee do them in meanes, shall they surpasse 10
 Us in the end, and shall thy fathers spirit
 Meete blinde Philosophers in heaven, whose merit
 Of strict life may be imputed faith, and heare
 Thee, whom hee taught so easie wayes and neare
 To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'st, feare this; 15
 This feare great courage, and high valour is.
 Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch, and dar'st thou lay
 Thee in ships woodden Sepulchers, a prey
 To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth? 20
 Hast thou couragious fire to thaw the ice
 Of frozen North discoveries? and thrise
 Colder then Salamanders, like divine
 Children in th'oven, fires of Spaine, and the line,
 Whose countries limbecks to our bodies bee, 25
 Canst thou for gaine beare? and must every hee
 Which cries not, Goddessse, to thy Mistresse, draw,
 Or eate thy poysonous words? courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand 30
 Sentinell in his worlds garrison) thus yeeld,
 And for forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field?
 Know thy foes: The foule Devill (whom thou
 Strivest to please,) for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit; and as 35
 The worlds all parts wither away and passe,
 So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepitt wayne, and thou loving this,

Dost love a withered and worne strumpet; last,
 Flesh (it selfes death) and joyes which flesh can taste, 40
 Thou lovest; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth
 Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
 Seeke true religion. O where? Mirreus
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
 Seekes her at Rome, there, because hee doth know 45
 That shee was there a thousand yeares agoe,
 He loves her ragges so, as wee here obey
 The statercloth where the Prince sate yesterday.
 Crantz to such brave Loves will not be intrall'd,
 But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd 50
 Religion, plaine, simple, sullen, yong,
 Contemptuous, yet unhansome; As among
 Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
 No wenches wholesome, but course country drudges.
 Graius staves still at home here, and because 55
 Some Preachers, vile ambitious bauds, and lawes
 Still new like fashions, bid him thinke that shee
 Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, hee
 Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
 Tender to him, being tender, as Wards still 60
 Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
 Pay valewes. Carelesse Phrygius doth abhorre
 All, because all cannot be good, as one
 Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
 Graccus loves all as one, and thinks that so 65
 As women do in divers countries goe
 In divers habits, yet are still one kinde,
 So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
 nesse too much light breeds; but unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow; 70
 And the right; aske thy father which is shee,
 Let him aske his; though truth and falshood bee
 Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is;
 Be busie to seeke her, beleve mee this,
 Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best. 75
 To adore, or scorne an image, or protest,
 May all be bad; doubt wisely; in strange way
 To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;

To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill,
 Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and hee that will 80
 Reach her, about must, and about must goe;
 And what the hills suddennes resists, winne so;
 Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,
 Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in that night.
 To will, implies delay, therefore now doe: 85
 Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge too
 The mindes indeavours reach, and mysteries
 Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes.
 Keepe the truth which thou hast found; men do not stand
 In so ill case here, that God hath with his hand 90
 Sign'd Kings blanck-charters to kill whom they hate,
 Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
 Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed
 To mans lawes, by which she shall not be tryed
 At the last day? Oh, will it then boot thee 95
 To say a Philip, or a Gregory,
 A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this?
 Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
 Equally strong? cannot both sides say so?
 That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know;
 Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd; to be
 Then humble to her is idolatrie.
 As streames are, Power is; those blest flowers that dwell
 At the rough streames calme head, thrive and do well,
 But having left their roots, and themselves given loss 105
 To the streames tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
 Through mills, and rockes, and woods, and at last, almost
 Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
 So perish Soules, which more chuse mens unjust
 Power from God claym'd, then God himselfe to trust. 110

Satyre IIII

Well; I may now receive, and die; My sinne
 Indeed is great, but I have beene in
 A Purgatorie, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation to, and scarce map of this.
 My minde, neither with prides itch nor yet hath been 5
 Poyson'd with love to see, or to bee seene,
 I had no suit there, nor new suite to shew,
 Yet went to Court; But as Glaze which did goe
 To'a Masse in jest, catch'd, was faine to disburse
 The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse; 10
 Before he sapt, So'it pleas'd my destinie
 (Guilty of my sin of going,) to thinke me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 full, as proud, as lustfull, and as much in debt,
 As vaine, as witlesse, and as false as they 15
 Which dwell at Court, for once going that way.
 Therefore I suffered this; Towards me did runne
 A thing more strange, then on Niles slime, the Sunne
 E'r bred; or all which into Noahs Arke came;
 A thing, which would have pos'd Adam to name; 20
 Stranger then seaven Antiquaries studies,
 Then Africks Monsters, Guianaes rarities.
 Stranger then strangers; One, who for a Dane,
 In the Danes Massacre had sure beene slaine,
 If he had liv'd then; And without helpe dies, 25
 When next the Prentises, 'gainst Strangers rise.
 One, whom the watch at noone lets scarce goe by,
 One, to whom, the examining Justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your priesthood tell me what you are.
 His cloths were strange, though coarse; and black,
 though bare; 30
 Sleevelesse his jerkin was, and it had beene
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seene)
 Become Tufftaffatie; and our children shall
 See it plaine Rashe awhile, then nought at all.
 This thing hath travail'd, and saith, speakes all tongues 35
 And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
 Made of th'Accents, and best phrase of all these,

He speaks no language; If strange meats displeas,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast,
 But Pedants motley tongue, souldiers bumbast, 40
 Mountbankes drugtongue, nor the termes of law
 Are strong enough preparatives, to draw
 Me to beare this: yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd complement:
 In which he can win widdowes, and pay scores, 45
 Make men speake treason, cosen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either
 Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.
 He names mee, and comes to mee; I whisper, God!
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod, 50
 This fellow chuseth me? He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgement; Whom doe you prefer,
 For the best linguist? And I seelily
 Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie;
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir; Beza then, 55
 Some other Jesuites, and two reverend men
 Of our two Academies, I named; There
 He stopt mee, and said; Nay, your Apostles were
 Good pretty linguists, and so Panurge was;
 Yet a poore gentleman, all these may passe 60
 By travaile. Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told
 That I was faine to say, If you'had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have beene Interpreter
 To Babells bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood. 65
 He adds, If of court life you knew the good,
 You would leave lonenesse. I said, not alone
 My lonenesse is, but Spartanes fashion,
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
 Now; Aretines pictures have made few chast; 70
~~No more can Princes courts, though there be few~~
 Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue;
 He, like to a high stretcht lute string squeakt, O Sir,
 'Tis sweet to talke of Kings. At Westminster,
 Said I, The man that keepes the Abbey tombes, 75
 And for his price doth with who ever comes,
 Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke,

From King to King and all their kin can walke:
 Your eares shall heare nought, but Kings; your eyes meet
 Kings only; The way to it, is Kingstreet. 80
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, Mechanique, coarse,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neate? Mine? as you see,
 I have but one Frenchman, looke, hee followes mee.
 Certes they are neatly cloth'd; I, of this minde am, 85
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
 Not so Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not flie; I chaff'd him; But as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (foole) found, 90
 Crossing hurt mee; To fit my sullennesse,
 He to another key, his stile doth adresse,
 And askes, what newes? I tell him of new playes.
 He takes my hand, and as a Still, which staies
 A Sembriefe, 'twixt each drop, he nigardly, 95
 As loth to enrich mee, so tells many a lye.
 More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,
 Of triviall houshold trash he knowes; He knowes
 When the Queene frown'd, or smil'd, and he knowes what
 A subtle States-man may gather of that; 100
 He knowes who loves; whom; and who by poyson
 Hasts to an Offices reversion;
 He knowes who'hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, bootes, shooes, and egge-
 shels to transport; Shortly boyes shall not play 105
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but they pay
 Toll to some Courtier; And wiser then all us,
 He knowes what Ladie is not painted; Thus
 He with home-meats tries me; I belch, spue, spit,
 Looke pale, and sickly, like a Patient; Yet 110
 He thrusts on more; And as if he'd undertooke
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without booke
 Speakes of all States, and deeds, that have been since
 The Spaniards came, to the losse of Amyens.
 Like a bigge wife, at sight of loathed meat, 115
 Readie to travaile: So I sigh, and sweat
 To heare this Makeron talke: In vaine; for yet,

Either my humour, or his owne to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, Libells now 'gainst each great man. 120
 He names a price for every office paid;
 He saith, our warres thrive ill, because delai'd;
 That offices are entail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as farre
 As the last day; And that great officers, 125
 Doe with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers.
 Who wasts in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
 Who loves whores, who boyes, and who goats.
 I more amas'd then Circes prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turne beasts, felt my selfe then 130
 Becomming Traytor, and mee thought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
 To sucke me in, for hearing him. I found
 That as burnt venome Leachers do grow sound
 By giving others their soares, I might growe 135
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did shew
 All signes of loathing; But since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sinne
 To the last farthing; Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I beare this crosse; But the'houre
 Of mercy now was come; He tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to scape his torturing,
 And saies, Sir, can you spare me; I said, willingly;
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crowne? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as Ransome; But as fidlers, still, 145
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jigge upon you; so did hee
 With his long complementall thanks vexe me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my Crowne: Scant 150
 His thanks were ended, when I, (which did see
 All the court fill'd with more strange things then hee
 Ran from thence with such or more hast, then one
 Who feares more actions, doth make from prison.
 At home in wholesome solitarinesse 155
 My precious soule began, the wretchednesse
 Of suiters at court to mourne, and a trance

Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 It selfe on mee; Such men as he saw there,
 I saw at court, and worse, and more; Low feare 160
 Becomes the guiltie, not the accuser; Then,
 Shall I, nones slave, of high borne, or rais'd men
 Feare frownes? And, my Mistresse Truth, betray thee
 To th'huffing braggart, puft Nobility?
 No, no, Thou which since yesterday hast beene 165
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seene,
 O Sunne, in all thy journey, Vanitie,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Thinke he which made your waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy to stand 170
 With us, at London, flouts our Presence, for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sappe, nor
 Tast have in them, ours are; And naturall
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits, bastard all.
 'Tis ten a clock and past; All whom the Mues, 175
 Baloune, Tennis, Dyet, or the stewes,
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks, are found
 In the Presence, and I, (God pardon mee.)
 As fresh, and sweet their Apparrells be, as bee 180
 The fields they sold to buy them; For a King
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers; And bring
 Them next weeke to the Theatre to sell;
 Wants reach all states; Me seemes they doe as well
 At stage, as court; All are players; who e'r looks 185
 (For themselves dare not goe) o'r Cheapside books,
 Shall finde their wardrops Inventory. Now,
 The Ladies come; As Pirats, which doe know
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchannel,
 The men board them; and praise, as they thinke, well, 190
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; Both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'r weare scarlet gownes, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all reds which scarlets die.
 He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her haire net; 195
 She feares her drugs ill laid, her haire loose set.
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine,

From hat to shooe, himselfe at doore refine,
 As if the Presence were a Moschite, and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift, 200
 Making them confesse not only mortall
 Great staines and holes in them; but veniall
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
 And then by *Durers* rules survay the state
 Of his each limbe, and with strings the odds trye 205
 Of his neck to his legge, and wast to thighe.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symetrie
 Perfect as circles, with such nicetie
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes 210
 Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
 And unto her protests protests protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne
 Ten Cardinalls into the Inquisition;
 And whispred by Jesu, so often, that A 215
 Pursevant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying of our Ladies psalter; But'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,
 Who, in the other extreme, only doth 220
 Call a rough carelesnesse, good fashion;
 Whose cloak his spurres teare; whom he spits on
 He cares not, His ill words doe no harme
 To him; he rusheth in, as if arme, arme,
 He meant to crie; And though his face be as ill 225
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to looke worse, he keeps all in awe;
 Jeasts like a licenc'd foole, commands like law.
 Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men which from gaoles to'execution goe, 230
 Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seaven deadly sinnes?). Being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing Crosse for a barre, men that doe know
 No token of worth, but Queenes man, and fine 235
 Living, barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine;
 I shooke like a spyed Spie. Preachers which are

Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drowne the sinnes of this place, for, for mee
 Which am but a scarce brooke, it enough shall bee 240
 To wash the staines away; Although I yet
 With *Macchabees* modestie, the knowne merit
 Of my worke lessen: yet some wise man shall,
 I hope, esteeme my writs Canonically.

Satyre V

Thou shalt not laugh in this leafe, Muse, nor they
 Whom any pittie warmes; He which did lay
 Rules to make Courtiers, (hee being understood
 May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good?)
 Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme 5
 Are wreched or wicked: of these two a theame
 Charity and liberty give me. What is hee
 Who Officers rage, and Suiters misery
 Can write, and jest? If all things be in all,
 As I thinke, since all, which were, are, and shall 10
 Bee, be made of the same elements:
 Each thing, each thing implyes or represents.
 Then man is a world; in which, Officers
 Are the vast ravishing seas; and Suiters,
 Springs; now full, now shallow, now drye; which, to 15
 That which drownes them, run: These selfe reasons do
 Prove the world a man, in which, officers
 Are the devouring stomacke, and Suiters
 The excrements, which they voyd. All men are dust;
 How much worse are Suiters, who to mens lust 20
 Are made preyes? O worse then dust, or wormes meat,
 For they do eate you now, whose selves wormes shall eate.
 They are the mills which grinde you, yet you are
 The winde which drives them; and a wastfull warre
 Is fought against you, and you fight it; they 25
 Adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way
 Like wittals; th'issue your owne ruine is.
 Greatest and fairest Empresse, know you this?
 Alas, no more then Thames calme head doth know

Whose meades her armes drowne, or whose come o'rflow:
 You Sir, whose righteousnes she loves, whom I
 By having leave to serve, am most richly
 For service paid, authoriz'd, now beginne
 To know and weed out this enormous sinne.
 O Age of rusty iron! Some better wit 35
 Call it some worse name, if ought equall it;
 The iron Age *that* was, when justice was sold; now
 Injustice is sold dearer farre. Allow
 All demands, fees, and duties, gamsters, anon
 The mony which you sweat, and sweare for, is gon 40
 Into other hands: So controverted lands
 Scape, like Angelica, the strivers hands.
 If Law be in the Judges heart, and hee
 Have no heart to resist letter, or fee,
 Where wilt thou appeale? powre of the Courts below 45
 Flow from the first maine head, and these can throw
 Thee, if they sucke thee in, to misery,
 To fetters, halters; But if the injury
 Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou go'st
 Against the stream, when upwards: when thou art most 50
 Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,
 'Gainst whom thou should'st complaine, will in the way
 Become great seas, o'r which, when thou shalt bee
 Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
 That all thy gold was drown'd in them before; 55
 All things follow their like, only who have may have more.
 Judges are Gods; he who made and said them so,
 Meant not that men should be forc'd to them to goe,
 By meanes of Angels; When supplications
 We send to God, to Dominations, 60
 Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if wee
 Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would be
 Scarce to Kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger
 A Stoicke, a coward, yea a Martyr,
 To see a Pursivant come in, and call 65
 All his cloathes, Copes; Bookes, Primers; and all
 His Plate, Challices; and mistake them away,
 And aske a fee for comming? Oh, ne'r may
 Faire lawes white reverend name be strumpeted,

To warrant thefts: she is established 70
 Recorder to Destiny, on earth, and shee
 Speakes Fates words, and but tells us who must bee
 Rich, who poore, who in chaires, who in jayles:
 Shee is all faire, but yet hath foule long nailes,
 With which she scracheth Suiters; In bodies 75
 Of men, so in law, nailes are th'extremities,
 So Officers stretch to more then Law can doe,
 As our nailes reach what no else part comes to.
 Why barest thou to yon Officer? Foole, Hath hee
 Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee? 80
 Foole, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now
 hungerly
 Beg'st right; But that dole comes not till these dye.
 Thou had'st much, and lawes Urim and Thummim trie
 Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper
 Enough to cloath all the great Carricks Pepper. 85
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese,
 Then Haman, when he sold his Antiquities.
 O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize
 Esops fables, and make tales, prophesies.
 Thou'art the swimming dog whom shadows cosened, 90
 And div'st, neare drowning, for what's vanished.

Upon Mr. Thomas Coryats Crudities

Oh to what height will love of greatnesse drive
 Thy leavened spirit, *Sesqui-superlative?*
 Venice vast lake thou hadst seen, and would seek than
 Some vaster thing, and found'st a Curtizan.
 That inland Sea having discovered well, 5
 A Cellar gulfe, where one might saile to hell
 From Heydelberg, thou longdst to see: And thou
 This Booke, greater then all, producest now.
 Infinite worke, which doth so far extend,
 That none can study it to any end. 10
 'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor roote;
 Nor poorely limited with head or foot.
 If man be therefore man, because he can

Reason, and laugh, thy booke doth halfe make man.
 One halfe being made, thy modestie was such, 15
 That thou on th'other half wouldst never touch.
 When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
 Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
 A prosperous nose-borne wenne, which sometimes growes
 To be farre greater then the Mother-nose? 20
 Goe then; and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did Townes, and *Gesner* Authors show,
 Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus*; appear
 As deepe a States-man, as a Gazettier.
 Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back, 25
 Talke of *Will. Conquerour*, and *Prester Jack*.
 Go bashfull man, lest here thou blush to looke
 Upon the progresse of thy glorious booke,
 To which both Indies sacrifices send;
 The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend, 30
 (Meaning to see't no more) upon the presse.
 The East sends hither her deliciousnesse;
 And thy leaves must imbrace what comes from thence,
 The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincense.
 This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoope 35
 To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoope
 Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
 Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
 If for vast Tons of Currans, and of Figs,
 Of Medicinall and Aromaticque twigs, 40
 Thy leaves a better method do provide,
 Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide;
 If they stoope lower yet, and vent our wares,
 Home-manufactures, to thicke popular Faires,
 If *omni-praegnant* there, upon warme stalls, 45
 They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;
 Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
 That they all kinde of matter comprehend.
 Thus thou, by means which th'Ancients never took,
 A Pandect makest, and Universall Booke. 50
 The bravest Heroes, for publike good,
 Scattered in divers Lands their limbs and blood.
 Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,

Do publike good, cut in Anatomies;
 So will thy booke in peeces; for a Lord 55
 Which casts at Portescues, and all the board,
 Provide whole books; each leafe enough will be
 For friends to passe time, and keep company.
 Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
 Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit: 60
 Some shall wrap pils, and save a friends life so,
 Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
 Thou shalt not ease the Criticks of next age
 So much, at once their hunger to asswage:
 Nor shall wit-pirats hope to finde thee lye 65
 All in one bottome, in one Librarie.
 Some Leaves may paste strings there in other books,
 And so one may, which on another looks,
 Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you;
 But hardly* much; and yet I think this true; 70
 As *Sibyls* was, your booke is mysticall,
 For every peece is as much worth as all.
 Therefore mine impotency I confesse,
 The healths which my braine bears must be far lesse:
 Thy Gyant-wit'orethrowes me, I am gone; 75
 And rather then read all, I would reade none.
 J. D.

In eundem Macaronicon

Quot, dos haec, ~~L~~inguists~~is~~ perfetti, Disticha fairont,
 Tot cuerdos ~~S~~rates-men, hic livre fara tuus.
 Es sat a my l'honneur estre hic inteso; Car ~~I~~ leabe
 L'honra, de personne nestre creduto, tibi.

Explicit Joannes Donne.

* I meane from one page which shall paste strings in a booke.
 [Donne's sidenote, 1611]