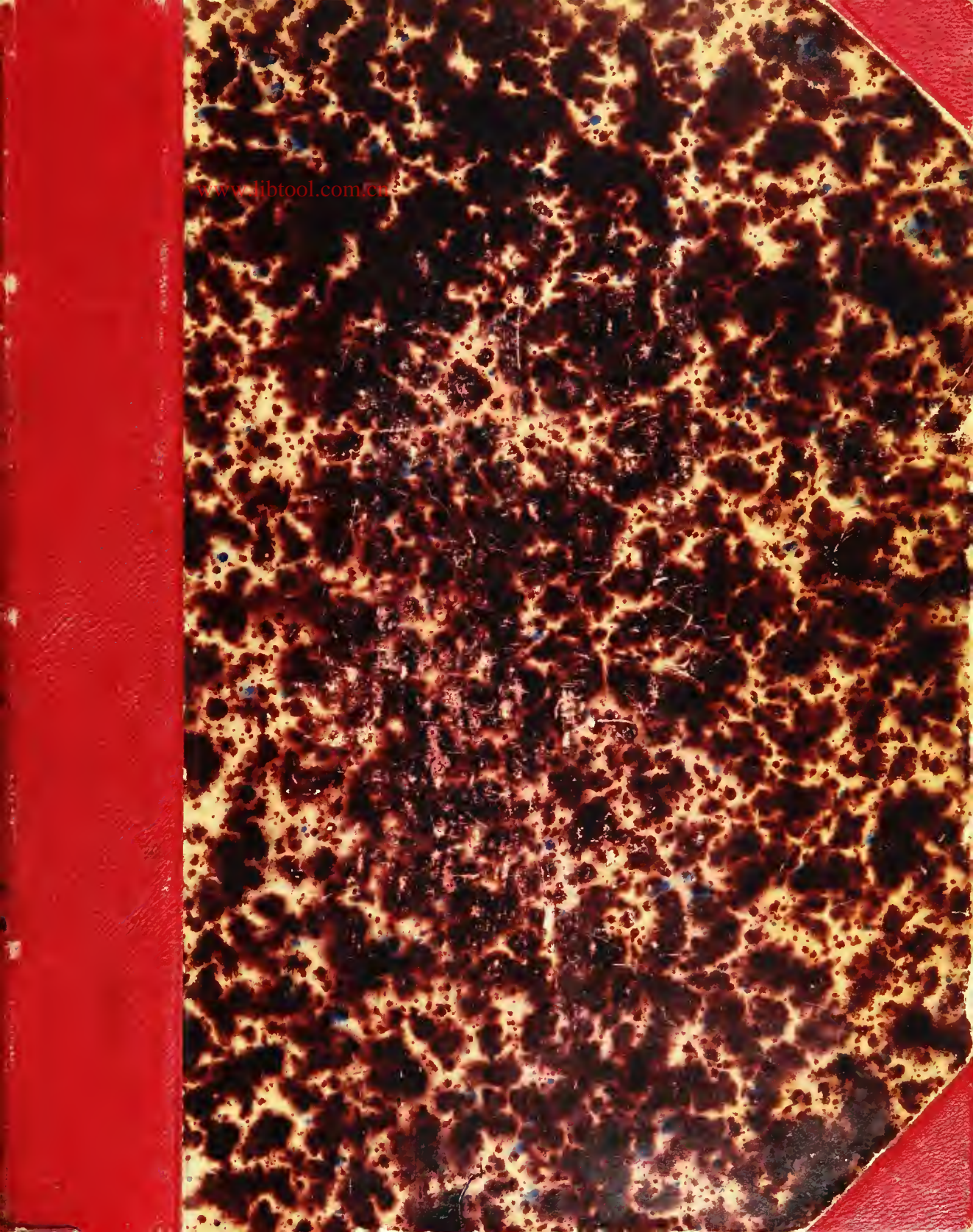


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Publications of the Spenser Society.

Issue No. 17

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BODENHAM'S
BELVEDERE

OR

THE GARDEN OF THE MUSES

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF

1600

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1875

Spenser Society.

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PRINTED BY CHARLES SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

BODENHAM'S *Belvédère, or Garden of the Muses*, may be said to be the last of the series of early poetical collections, extending from Tottel's *Miscellany* to Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* which remains to be reprinted, and accordingly, as promised in the preface to Kendall's *Flowers*, it forms the subject of the present issue. Notwithstanding the amusing attack of the witty author or authors of *Returne from Parnassus*, and the disparaging remark of the excellent editor of the edition of Dodsley's *Plays*, now in progress (see note, vol. ix. p. 111), it is conceived that it possesses sufficient interest and attraction to be worthy of a place in the series above referred to, and in which it may be taken as a fitting introduction to Bodenhams next poetical collection, the charming *England's Helicon*. The limitation of the extracts to one and two lines may perhaps give it too uniformly axiomatic a character for continuous reading; but the praise of *Belvédère* by the editor's elegant panegyrist A. B., in

the lines prefixed to the second work, was surely, on the whole, not undeserved :

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 In the Muses Garden gathering flowers
 Thou mad'st a nosegay as was never sweeter,
 Whose sent will savour to Time's latest howres,
 And for the greatest Prince no Poesie meeter."

The address "to the Reader," omitted, for what reason it is hard to conjecture, in the second edition, which enumerates the authors from whom the extracts were made, has a peculiar value in its connection with the history of Elizabethan poetry, and will always be read with pleasure. To trace back to each author on the list the lines in the following collection, which he might have claimed as his property, would be no easy task even to those most conversant with our early poetry. It is, however, sufficiently obvious on the most cursory perusal of the book, that amongst the writers whom he laid under most frequent contribution, Shakespere, Spenser, Marlowe and Daniel have, at all events, not been neglected.

Of John Bodenham, whose merits as a literary collector and compiler were considerable, nothing positively seems to be known beyond the fact of his being the editor of *Politeuphuia*, *Wit's Commonwealth* 1598, *Wit's Theatre of the Little World* 1599, *Belvedere* 1600, and *England's Helicon* 1600.

The sonnet addressed "to the Vniuersitie of Oxenford," prefixed to the following work, was probably his own composition, and, if so, tends to prove that he was himself a respectable poet.

Belvédère has been noticed by various critics and bibliographers, references to whom will be found in Mr. Corser's valuable *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, part ii. p. 298, where he gives a full and accurate description of the two editions of the work. The second edition appeared under the title of "*The Garden of the Muses*. Quem referent Musæ viuet dum robora tellus, Dum cœlum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas. Printed at London by E. A. for John Tap, and are to be sold at his shop at Saint Magnus corner, 1610." Sm. 8vo, pp. 260. The type appears to be the same as that used in the first edition, but the book is contained in fewer pages. The result of a careful collation of the two editions, which is given afterwards, serves to show that, with frequent differences in the spelling, there are no material variations in the text besides the omission in the second edition of the address "to the Reader," and the addition therein of two lines, in laudation of queen Elizabeth, not contained in the first.

The members are indebted to R. F. Ainsworth, esq., M.D., for kindly affording an opportunity of collation by the loan of his beautiful copy of the second edition.

JA^S. CROSSLEY,
PRESIDENT.

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The following discrepancies appear in the first and second editions of *Belvédère*, published in 1600 and 1610:

First Edition.

To *Bodenham*: Line 12, friends; l. 13, renownme; l. 16, hereafter
 Of *this Garden of the Muses*: l. 3, flowres, fhal; l. 4, find; l. 10, fente; l. 12, comprize
Sonnet to the Muses Garden: l. 2, sweetes; l. 4, honey; l. 6, echoes; l. 10, flowres; phyticke; l. 14, sicknesse, mind; l. 15, find; l. 16, snee; l. 19, heart; l. 20, snee; l. 22, mind
 Of *the Booke*: l. 3, honey; l. 6, trophee
 To *Cambridge*: l. 1, vniuersitie; l. 6, mayft; l. 8, flowres; l. 9, plentie; l. 10, attyre, hir, watry; l. 12, daintie; l. 16, glorie
 To *Oxensford*: l. 1, vniuersitie; l. 3, nurserie; l. 6, happie; l. 8, fuck't, honie; l. 10, yeelde, wood; l. 11, fupplie; l. 15, ne're, dye; l. 16, worlds, they

Page 1: Line 6, weight; l. 7, abundāce; l. 8, dangerous; l. 15, *patient*; l. 19, dare
 P. 2: l. 3, gifts; l. 5, exceed; l. 13, helpe; l. 14, mercie; l. 17, foon, down; l. 18, quickly; l. 32, *dwell*
 P. 4: l. 4, decay; l. 11, afterward
 P. 5: l. 17, habitation
 P. 6: l. 5, lampes; l. 7, *wee*; l. 10, follie; l. 14, wherewith; l. 30, fun
 P. 7: l. 1, *lawes*; l. 5, in; l. 15, for; l. 16, clothes; l. 20, excells; l. 21, brightnesse
 P. 8: l. 5, iron walls; l. 19, *alwayes*
 P. 9: l. 10, *worldly*; l. 21, shew; l. 24, *truely*; l. 28, *loaden*; l. 33, *fenc't*
 P. 10: l. 5, despaire, kills; l. 12, walls; l. 23, empoi'd
 P. 11: l. 3, *embrace*; l. 5, make; l. 6, clarks; l. 9, *unspotted*; l. 11, feldorne
 P. 12: l. 17, only
 P. 13: l. 15, *knowledge*
 P. 14: l. 5, holds; l. 8, *truely*; l. 14, *find a stranger iust*; l. 20, aid; l. 27, *upon*; l. 32, snee
 P. 15: l. 10, here; l. 11, *smile*; l. 13, neither; l. 25, hurt

Second Edition.

friend; renowne; heereafter
 flowers, shall; finde; sent; comprife
 sweetes; hony; echo; flowers; phyticke; sicknes, minde; finde; the; heatt; the; minde
 hony; trophees
 vniuersity; maift; flowers; plenty; attire, her, watery; dainty; glory
 vniuersity; nurfery; happy; fuckt, hony; yeeld, word; supply; ner'e, die; world, it
 waight; abundance; dangerous; *patient*; dares
 giftes; exceede; help; mercy; foone, downe; quickly; *dwell*
 decaie; afterwards
 habitation
 lampes; *we*; folly; wherewith; funne
lawe; to; the; cloths; excels; brightnes
 yron wals; *alwayes*
worldly; shewe; *truely*; *loaden*; *fenc'd*
 dispaire, kils; walles; imploi'd
embrace; makes; clarkes; *unspotted*; fildome
 onely.
knowledge
 holdes; *truely*; *finde a stranger to be iust*; ayde; *upon*; the
 heare; *smiles*; nither; hurts

First Edition.

P. 16: l. 15, *nource*
 P. 17: l. 8, *yeeld*; l. 11, mind; l. 16, fincke;
 l. 28, difgrac'd
 P. 18: l. 18, rich
 P. 19: l. 18, *ech*; l. 24, *gray*; l. 26, re-
 newm'd
 P. 20: l. 15, fauor; l. 27, renomw'd
 P. 21: l. 9, will
 P. 22: l. 1, ouer-poifde; l. 4, violate
 P. 23: l. 21, thereupon
 P. 24: l. 15, but feare to fall; l. 16, but
 feare the wort
 P. 25: l. 10, wee; l. 18, alwaie
 P. 26: l. 9, falls; l. 14, their; l. 26, *subiect*
 P. 27: l. 8, gifts; l. 14, calleth, nource;
 l. 17, faith
 P. 28: l. 8, trueft; l. 12, hath deadly;
 l. 16, ice
 P. 29: l. 10, fowne, feldome; l. 15, daunger
 P. 30: l. 16, fire
 P. 31: l. 18, *yet is the*; l. 22, nourifh; l. 26,
 didided
 P. 32, l. 14, *louers*; l. 16, truly; l. 17,
 brefts; l. 20, *faultes*; l. 23, woon
 P. 33: l. 2, only; l. 5, *ech*; l. 14, iuie;
 l. 27, *Perdiccas*
 P. 34: l. 1, ftoicke; l. 9, eies
 P. 35: l. 2, *thew*; l. 11, *counfell, priuat*; l. 14,
 mercie, whome; l. 25, nourifheth
 P. 36: l. 1, *happie*; l. 24, nor; l. 26,
Demetrius
 P. 37: l. 3, procur'de; l. 7, *chaft*; l. 16,
incense
 P. 38: l. 4, *gift*; l. 14, *clothing*; l. 22,
chaftitie; l. 32, *their*
 P. 39: l. 13, controlles; l. 14, woman; l. 18,
 fente
 P. 41: l. 1, drugs; l. 2, *fwetly*; l. 12,
 alwaies is; l. 15, *encrease*; l. 26, *been*
 P. 42: l. 28, *perfwade*
 P. 43: l. 12, we; l. 17, immortalizd
 P. 44: l. 22, fierd
 P. 45: l. 11, compar'd; l. 17, well
 P. 46: l. 1, raife; l. 2, *wills*; l. 17, *iealous*
 P. 48: l. 3, of wit and wifdom
 P. 49: l. 7, pawfe; l. 10, wayes
 P. 50: l. 23, oportunities
 P. 51: l. 5, wandering
 P. 52: l. 3, employ'd, fhines; l. 12, wifdom;
 l. 20, gift; l. 21, tearmes
 P. 53: l. 5, art; l. 13, know
 P. 54: l. 6, *draw*; l. 8, learneth; l. 18,
juded in well; l. 21, publicke
 P. 55: l. 3, knowledge; l. 25, trial
 P. 56: l. 2, helpes; l. 3, renomwe; l. 8,
 honey; l. 11, mindes; l. 15, *Alexander*
 P. 57: l. 2, Gods; l. 10, *iuftice*

Second Edition.

nurce
yeelds; minde; fincke; difgrac'd
 riche
each; *gaye*; renew'md
 fauour; renomw'd
 wil
 ouer-poizde; violated
 therevpon
 but feare the wort; but feare to fall
 we; alwaies
 falles; thier; *subiect*
 giftes; called, nource; faid
 tueft; hath a dead; yce
 fower, fildome; danger
 fier
yet the; nourifh; deided
loues; truly; breafst; *faults*; wonne
 onely; *each*; ynie; *Perdiccas*
 ftoike; eyes
thewc; *counsell, priuate*; mercy, whom;
 nourifheth
happy; not; *DDemetrius*
 procur'd; *chaft*; incence
guift; *cloathing*; *chaftitie*; *their*
 controlles; wanton; fent
 drugges; *fwiftly*; is alwaies; *increase*;
beene
perfwade
 we; immortaliz'd
 fir'd
 compar'd; wel
 raies; *wills*; *iealous*
 wit and wifdome
 paufe; waies
 oportunities
 wandring
 employ'd, fhine; wifdome; guift; termes
 arte; knowe
drawe; learned; *juded well in*; publique
 knoweledge; *tryall*
 helps; renomwe; hony; minds; *AAlexander*
 God; *iuftice*

First Edition.
 P. 58: l. 10, *inward*
 P. 59: l. 4, *eye*
 P. 61: l. 4, *wip'te*; l. 22, *foueraingtie*
 P. 62: l. 7, *princes*
 P. 63: l. 1, *of kingdomes, &c.*; l. 11, *defired*
 P. 64: l. 5, *obey'd*; l. 12, *florifh*
 P. 66: l. 6, *gladly*; l. 7, *vnworthie*; l. 12, *or praife*; l. 19, *floopes*; l. 20, *defpaire*
 P. 67: l. 8, *ranfacks*; l. 14, *fhines*; l. 25, *only*
 P. 68: l. 8, *funs*; l. 10, *pleafant*; l. 15, *Camillus*; l. 18, *phyficion*
 P. 69: l. 1, *difhonor*; l. 5, *honor*; l. 7, *only*; l. 17, *cheapneth*
 P. 70: l. 32, *foueraingtie*
 P. 71: l. 12, *difceafe*; l. 13, *glorie*
 P. 72: l. 1, *cryes*; l. 5, *dreame*; l. 13, *inconftancie*
 P. 73: l. 4, *mitigate*; l. 5, *counfell*; l. 6, *fit*; ll. 9, 13, *counfell*; l. 15, *wholefome*; ll. 17, 18, *counfels*; l. 19, *counfell*; l. 20, *adui'd*
 P. 74: l. 1, *counfell*; l. 15, *council*; l. 16, *counfels*; l. 17, *unto a careleffe man*; l. 19, *counfell*; l. 26, *council*
 P. 75: l. 11, *treachers*
 P. 77: l. 8, *highly*
 P. 78: l. 26, *were*
 P. 79: l. 5, *pollicie*
 P. 80: l. 24, *crafts-men*; l. 26, *subtiltie*
 P. 81: l. 10, *commend, gouernment*
 P. 82: l. 5, *ftorms*; l. 8, *fourges*
 P. 83: l. 4, *dwelles*; l. 9, *which flie*; l. 13, *glorie*
 P. 84: l. 6, *broyles*; l. 12, *naught*; l. 20, *fomtimes*
 P. 85: l. 6, *the fhame fhall*; l. 13, *thorow*; l. 19, *war, forrowes*
 P. 86: l. 1, *braue*; l. 6, *feldome*; l. 14, *wonne*; l. 16, *encreafe*; l. 26, *countrie*
 P. 87: l. 19, *harmeleffe*; l. 22, *fickeneffe*; l. 28, *hee*
 P. 88: l. 6, *harme to none*; l. 9, *worthy*; l. 11, *floopes, mean*
 P. 89: l. 6, *profiteth*; l. 8, *toucht*; l. 10, *fpeedie*; l. 11, *darkneffe*; l. 19, *confumes*
 P. 90: l. 2, *intens*
 P. 93: l. 13, *ro*
 P. 95: l. 5, *dwells*; l. 33, *alwaies*
 P. 97: l. 10, *good*; l. 23, *fo*
 P. 98: l. 1, *mauy*; l. 15, *tride*
 P. 99: l. 10, *only*; l. 19, *doe*
 P. 100: l. 4, *mild*; l. 10, *bloodie minds doe fcuuffle*; l. 20, *kindle fill the*; l. 22, *impaires*; l. 23, *made*; l. 29, *approu'd*; l. 31, *difcreete, brooke*

Second Edition.
inward
ey
wip'd; *foueraingtie*
princes
of kingdomes; *dofir'd*
obay'd; *flourifh*
gladly; *vnwodthie*; *or a praife*; *floopes*; *difpaire*
ranfacks; *fhine*; *onely*
funs; *plefant*; *Camillus*; *phifition*
difhonour; *honour*; *onely*; *cheapeneth*
foueraingnetie
difceafe; *glory*
cries; *drearme*; *incoftancie*
mitigate; *council*; *fit*; *council*; *wholefome*; *councils*; *council*; *adui'd*
council; *counfell*; *councils*; *unto careleffe men*; *council*; *counfell*
trechers
highly
where
pollicie
crafts-men; *subtiltie*
commemd, gouernment
ftormes; *furges*
dwells; *that fly*; *glory*
broiles; *nought*; *fomtimes*
the fhall; *through*; *warre, forrowes*
braues; *fildome*; *won*; *increafe*; *country*
harmleffe; *fickeneffe*; *he*
harme none; *worthie*; *floopes, meane*
profiteth; *touch'd*; *fpeedy*; *darkneffe*; *confumes*
intents
to
dwels; *alwaies*
good; *fo*
mauy; *try'd*
only; *doth*
milde; *bloodie mindes fcuuffle*; *kindle the*; *impairs*; *make*; *approu'd*; *difcreet*, *brookes*

<i>First Edition.</i>	<i>Second Edition.</i>
P. 103: l. 14, fente; l. 15, workes; l. 21, made for one	fent; works; made one for
P. 104: l. 6, shadow	shadowe
P. 105: l. 5, counfels; l. 10, long; l. 30, one to enuie	councels; longe; to enuie one
P. 106: l. 3, mercie; l. 17, thy wife	mercies; <i>the wife</i>
P. 107: [omitted between ll. 19 and 20] }	<i>Elisabeth</i> late Englands famous Queene Amongst all women hath a mirroure beene
P. 114: l. 7, <i>bosoms</i>	<i>bosomes</i>
P. 116: l. 19, been	beene
P. 119: l. 1, <i>flies</i> ; l. 18, fire	<i>flies</i> ; fier
P. 121: l. 15, <i>weede</i>	<i>weed</i>
P. 122: l. 31, greedie	greadie
P. 123: l. 5, <i>examplis likewise on the same</i> ; l. 11, <i>fonne</i>	<i>similies on the same subiect</i> ; foone
P. 124: l. 1, of pride, &c.	of pride
P. 125: l. 22, <i>his</i> ; l. 24, rich	<i>hir</i> ; riche
P. 126: l. 10, <i>Cyrus</i>	<i>vyrus</i>
P. 127: l. 14, <i>other both</i>	<i>both other</i>
P. 128: l. 24, <i>file</i>	flye
P. 129: l. 28, dyed; l. 29, feeing	died; feing
P. 130: l. 17, kingdomes	kingdomes
P. 131: l. 2, ingendreth; l. 6, <i>toies</i>	engendreth; <i>ioies</i>
P. 135: l. 1, <i>Dionysius</i> ; l. 11, gluttonie	<i>Dyonisius</i> ; gluttony
P. 136: l. 5, cates; l. 10, fecrecie	cares; fecretie
P. 139: l. 4, with; l. 12, <i>sow</i> ; l. 18, neer; l. 33, forow	whith; <i>sowe</i> ; ne'er; forrow
P. 140: l. 15, ebbbes; l. 18, <i>bears</i> ; l. 34, choofe	ebbes; <i>hears</i> ; chofe
P. 141: l. 2, fore-father; l. 26, forow; l. 30, forrow	fore-fathers; forrow; forow
P. 142: l. 15, <i>chat</i> ; l. 31, <i>facietie</i>	<i>that</i> ; <i>societie</i>
P. 143: l. 8, alwayes; l. 15, <i>helpe</i>	alwaies; <i>help</i>
P. 144: l. 2, <i>Coriolanus</i> ; l. 13, penfiues	<i>Corialanus</i> ; penfinenes
P. 145: l. 10, <i>perile</i> ; l. 20, frowning	<i>perill</i> ; frowning
P. 146: l. 17, <i>rightly</i>	<i>rightly</i>
P. 148: l. 1, wrong; l. 11, opportunities	wrongs; oportunities
P. 149: l. 6, fraunge	frange
P. 150: l. 16, <i>mishaps</i>	<i>mishas</i>
P. 151: l. 3, <i>ill</i>	<i>il</i>
P. 152: l. 9, <i>little</i> ; l. 20, ruines	<i>litle</i> ; ruine
P. 155: l. 10, <i>mend</i>	<i>men</i>
P. 156: l. 13, dyde	dide
P. 157: l. 1, mind	minde
P. 159: l. 15, <i>minds</i>	<i>mind</i>
P. 162: l. 2, <i>affections</i> ; l. 25, <i>displayed</i> ; l. 28, dwells	<i>affection</i> ; <i>desplayed</i> ; dwells
P. 167: l. 8, <i>Antoninus</i> ; l. 9, priuat	<i>Antonius</i> ; priuate
P. 170: l. 16, entreats	intreats
P. 171: l. 15, <i>magicque</i> ; l. 16, <i>snake</i> ; l. 26, abundance; l. 32, <i>shewe</i>	<i>magicque</i> ; <i>snail</i> ; abundance; <i>shewe</i>
P. 172: l. 1, <i>vainly</i> ; l. 6, <i>vnstetfulnes</i> ; l. 24, doe; l. 34, <i>whol'som'st</i>	<i>vainely</i> ; <i>vnstetfulnesse</i> ; doth; <i>wholesom'st</i>
P. 173: l. 7, <i>whome</i> ; l. 10, feldome; l. 12, <i>sonewhat</i> ; l. 14, fay; l. 17, recalde	<i>whom</i> ; fildome; <i>sonewhat</i> ; speake; recald
P. 174: l. 3, than; l. 4, refrain'd; l. 6, <i>Cherillus</i> ; l. 15, <i>flatterie</i>	then; refrain; <i>Cherillius</i> ; <i>flaterie</i>

First Edition.

P. 175: l. 15, chuse few friends; l. 18, *figure*; l. 21, *hypocrites*; l. 22, *alwayes*
P. 177: l. 6, *offence*; l. 10, *gifts*
P. 178: l. 3, *only*; l. 8, *authors*; l. 9, *wil*; l. 10, *cruelt'it*
P. 179: l. 16, *highest, quickly*; l. 19, *wec*; l. 23, *well-done*; l. 26, *doe*; l. 27, *fhew*
P. 180: l. 1, *foone*; l. 3, *bewrayes*; l. 14, *Phillip*; l. 18, *stare*; l. 21, *aud*
P. 181: l. 21, *il*
P. 182: l. 5, *euils*; l. 10, *helpleffe*
P. 183: l. 10, *smoother*; l. 23, *thousands*
P. 184: l. 8, *witch-craft*; l. 12, *little*
P. 185: l. 11, *feldome*; l. 15, *eare*; l. 20, *alwayes*
P. 186: l. 3, *agreee*; l. 26, *bewrayes*
P. 188: l. 13, *persuade*
P. 189: l. 7, *drown'd*; l. 18, *quallifie*; l. 25, *small*; l. 31, *wich*
P. 190: l. 20, *fhowres*
P. 191: l. 2, *theit*
P. 192: l. 1, *cedars*
P. 193: l. 1, *and*
P. 195: l. 12, *weaknesse*; l. 31, *quickely*; l. 32, *height*
P. 196: l. 18, *quarrell*; l. 21, *faults are quickly spyde*
P. 197: l. 6, *example*
P. 198: l. 31, *alwayes*
P. 199: l. 4, *deeds*; l. 9, *hee*; l. 21, *fight*; l. 23, *die*
P. 200: l. 9, *dyde*
P. 201: l. 6, *killes*; l. 12, *been*
P. 202: l. 4, *weak*; l. 19, *sicknesse*
P. 203: l. 1, *iournies*; l. 6, *hafte*
P. 205: l. 9, *it euer*
P. 209: l. 17, *scornd*
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P. 211: l. 8, *precious is the tree*; l. 10, *ap-proou'd*; l. 11, *renowme*; l. 15, *grain*
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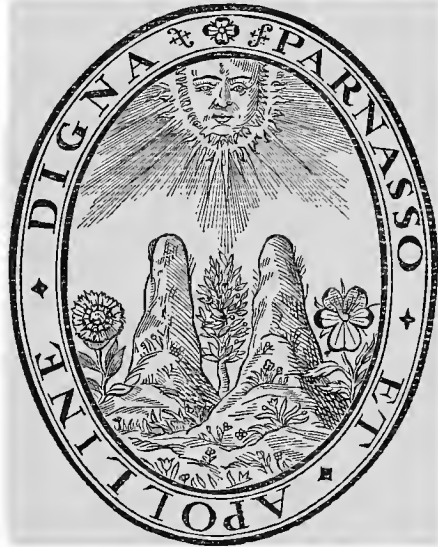
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Bel-vedere
OR
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THE GARDEN OF
THE MVSES.

*Quem referent Musa viuet dum robora tellus,
Dum cælum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas.*



Imprinted at London by *F. K.* for *Hugh Astley*, dwelling at
Saint *Magnus* corner. 1600.

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To the Reader.



IT shall be needlesse (gentle Reader) to make any Apologie for the defence of this labour, because the same being collected from so many singular mens workes; and the worth of them all hauing been so especially approoued, and past with no meane applause the censure of all in generall; doth both disburden me of that paines, and sets the better approbation on this excellent booke. It shall be sufficient for me then to tell thee, that here thou art brought into the Muses Garden, (a place that may beseme the presence of the greatest Prince in the world.) Imagine then thy height of happinesse, in being admitted to so celestiall a Paradise. Let thy behaviour

A 3

then

To the Reader.

then (while thou art here) anfwere thy great fortune, and make vfe of thy time as fo rich a treafure requireth.

The walkes, alleys, and paffages in this Garden, are almoft infinite; euery where a turning, on all fides fuch windings in and out: yet all extending both to pleafure and profit, as very rare or feldome fhalt thou fee the like. Marke then, what varietie of flowres grow all along as thou goeft, and trample on none rudely, for all are right precious. If thy confcience be wounded, here are ftore of hearbs to heale it: If thy doubts be fearefull, here are flowres of comfort. Are thy hopes frustrated? here's immediate helps for them. In briefe, what infirmitie canft thou haue, but here it may bee cured? What delight or pleafure wouldft thou haue, but here it is afforded?

Concerning the nature and qualitie of thefe excellent flowres, thou feeft that they are moft learned, graue, and wittie fentences; each line being a feuerall fentence, and none exceeding two lines at the vttermoft. All which, being fubiefted vnder apt and proper heads,

To the Reader.

heads, as arguments what is then dilated and spoken of: euen fo each head hath first his definition in a couplet sentence; then the single and double sentences by variation of letter do follow: and lastly, Similies and Examples in the same nature likewise, to conclude euery Head or Argument handled. So let this serue to shew thee the whole intent of this worke.

Now that euery one may be fully satisfied concerning this Garden, that no one man doth assume to him-selfe the praise thereof, or can arrogate to his owne deferring those things which haue been deriued from so many rare and ingenious spirits; I haue set down both how, whence, and where these flowres had their first springing, till thus they were drawne together into the *Muses Garden*, that euery ground may challenge his owne, each plant his particular, and no one be iniured in the iustice of his merit.

First, out of many excellent speeches spoken to her Maiestie, at Tiltings, Triumphes, Maskes, Shewes, and deuises performed in prograce: as also out of diuers choise Ditties

To the Reader.

fung to her ; and some especially, proceeding from her owne most sacred selfe: Here are great store of them digested into their meete places, according as the method of the worke plainly deliuereth. Likewise out of priuat Poems, Sonnets, Ditties, and other wittie conceits, giuen to her Honorable Ladies, and vertuous Maids of Honour ; according as they could be obtained by sight, or fauour of copying, a number of most wittie and singular Sentences.

Secondly, looke what workes of Poetrie haue been put to the worlds eye, by that learned and right royall king and Poet, IAMES king of Scotland, no one Sentence of worth hath escaped, but are likewise here reduced into their right roome and place.

Next, out of fundry things extant, and many in priuat, done by these right Honourable persons following :

Thomas, Earle of Surrey.

The Lord Marquesse of Winchester.

Mary, Countesse of Pembroke.

Sir

To the Reader.

Sir Philip Sidney.

From Poëms and workes of these noble personages, extant.

Edward, Earle of Oxenford.

Ferdinando, Earle of Derby.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Edward Dyer.

Fulke Grewile, Esquier.

Sir John Harrington.

From diuers essayes of their Poetrie ; some extant among other Honourable personages writings ; some from priuate labours and translations.

Edmund Spencer.

Henry Constable Esquier.

Samuell Daniell.

Thomas Lodge, Doctor of Physicke.

Thomas Watson.

Michaell Drayton.

John Dauies.

Thomas Hudson.

Henrie Locke Esquier.

John

To the Reader.

John Marstone.

Christopher Marlow.

Benjamin Johnson.

William Shakspeare.

Thomas Churchyard Esquier.

Thomas Nash.

Thomas Kidde.

George Peele.

Robert Greene.

Jofuah Syluefter.

Nicholas Breton.

Geruase Markham.

Thomas Storer.

Robert Wilmot.

Christopher Middleton.

Richard Barnefield.

These being Moderne and extant Poets, that
haue liu'd together; from many of their
extant workes, and some kept in priuat.

Thomas Norton Esquier.

George Gascoigne Esquier.

Frauncis Kindlemarsh Esquier.

Thomas Atchlow.

George

To the Reader.

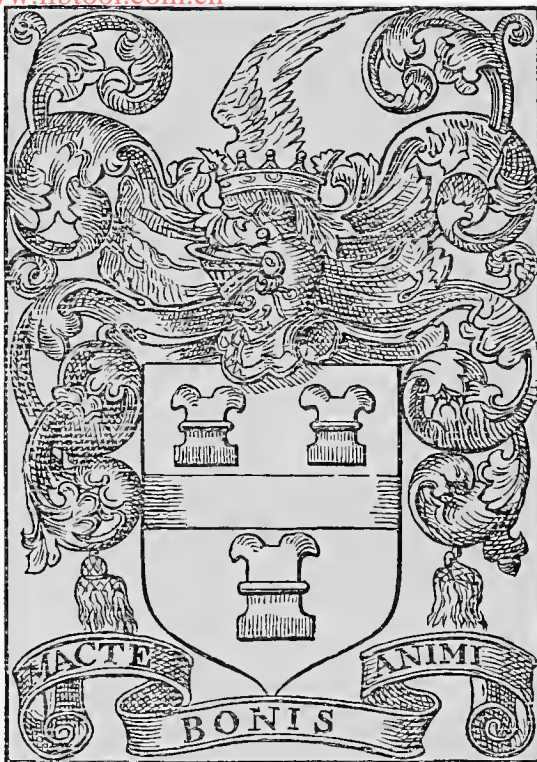
George Whetstones.

These being deceased, haue left diuers extant labours, and many more held back from publishing, which for the most part haue been perused, and their due right here giuen them in the Muses Garden.

Besides, what excellent Sentences haue been in any presented Tragedie, Historie, Pastorall, or Comedie, they haue been likewise gathered, and are here inserted in their proper places.



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To his louing and approued good

Friend, *M. Iohn Bodenham.*

TO thee that art Arts loue, Learnings friend,
First causer and collectour of these floures:
Thy paines iust merit, I in right commend,
Costing whole years, months, weeks, & daily hours.
Like to the Bee, thou euery where didst come,
Spending thy spirits in laborious care:
And nightly brought'st thy gather'd hony home,
As a true worke-man in so great affaire.
First, of thine owne deseruing, take the fame;
Next, of thy friends, his due he giues to thee:
That loue of learning may renewe thy name,
And leaue it richly to posterity,
Where others (who might better) yet forflow it,
May see their shame, and times hereafter know it.

A. M.



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Of this Garden of the Muses.

T*Hou which delight' st to view this goodly plot,
Here take such flowres as best shal serue thy vse,
VWhere thou maist find in euery curious knot,
Of speciall vertue, and most precious iuyce,
Set by Apollo in their seuerall places,
And nourished with his celestiall Beames,
And watered by the Muses and the Graces,
With the fresh dew of those Castalian streames.
What sence or colour canst thou but deuise
That is not here, that may delight the sense?
Or what can Art or Industry comprize,
That in aboundance is not gather'd hence?
No Garden yet was euer halfe so sweet,
As where Apollo and the Muses meet.*

A. B.

A Sonnet to the Muses Garden.

*E*Aire planted Eden of collected sweets,
Cropt from the bosome of the fertile ground,
Where Science with her honey-current greets
The sacred Sisters: where her liberall sound
Makes Angels ecchoes, and to heauens rebound
The repetition of sententious spirits;
(Oh deare below'd in vertues painfull merits.)

*Fruit-furnisht Tempe, all the worlds abstract,
For flowres of vertue, hearbs of rare effect,
From whence, as well soules Physicke is extract,
As bodies gouernment; hold in respect
What Science giues (though Ignorance reiect)
For euery maime and sicknesse of the mind,
A wounded life a precious balme may find.*

*Shee sends you not to search the hidden mynes
For gorgeous iewels, nor to forraine lands,
But in one casket all her wealth combines,
And giues it freely with heart-open hands.
Shee limits not her bountie within bands:
Looke first, then like, suruey, take one or all;
Chooße with the mind, the eye is fancies ball.*

W. Rankins, Gent.



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Of the Booke.

*T*He fundry beames proceeding from one Sunne,
The hie where many Bees their honey bring,
The Sea, to which a thousand riuers runne,
The garden where suruiues continuall spring,
The Trophee hung with diuers painfull hands,
Abstract of knowledge, Briefe of Eloquence,
Aiding the weake, preseruing him that stands:
Guide to the soule, and ruler of the sense.
Such is this Volume, and the freight hereof,
How-euer ignorance presume to scoffe.

R. Hathway.



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To the Vniuersitie of
Cambridge.

*Mother of Muses, and great Nurse of Art, (grown,
Which lent ft the roote from whence these sweets are
Now with increase, receiue a bounteous part,
Which thou mayst iustly challenge as thine owne:
That Grant may to the comfort of her streames
Behold her (Seedes of late) now Dulcet flowres,
And with the plentie of the famous Thames,
Attyre hir Nymphs, and decke her watry bowres
And cherishing these Choyces of delights,
With daintie Garlands, Crowne the peacefull shore,
Prepard for Feasting, and Triumphant fights,
More Beautifull then ages heretofore:
Whil' st all the Floods so famous but of late,
Shall giue their glorie to adorne her state.*

Sua cuique gloria.

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To the Vniuersitie of Oxenford.

*Thou eye of Honour, Nurserie of Fame,
Still teeming-Mother of immortall seed:
Receiue these blessed Orphanes of thy breed,
As from thy happie issue first they came.
Those flowing wits that bathed in thy foord,
And suck't the honie dew from thy pure pap:
Returne their tribute backe into thy lap,
In rich-wrought lines, that yeelde no idle woord.
O let thy Sonnes from time to time supplie
This Garden of the Muses, where dooth want
Such Flowers as are not, or come short, or scant
Of that perfection may be had thereby:
So shall thy name liue still, their fame ne're dye,
Though vnder ground whole worlds of time they lie.*

Stat sine morte decus.

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*God is beyond fraile fence to comprehend,
He first began all, and of all is end.*

WHere God puts too his hand, all else is vaine.
 God thunders oftner than he strikes or beates.
 God giues his wrath by weight, but mercie free.
 Where God doth bleffe, abundāce quickly springs.
 Gods wifdome too much fearcht, is dangerous.
 Gods iustice ouer-urgde, strikes heauily.
*Without the vnderstanding of Gods will,
 Our wit is follie, and our best sight ill.*
 God doth not hate to loue, nor loue to hate.
 God with his finger strikes, and not his arme.
*No man so poore, but God can bleffe his dayes,
 Who patient Iob did from the dunghill raise.*
 In vaine it is for man with God to stand.
 God will controll when mortall men haue done.
 Gods equitie doth every action prooue.
 Gods hand holds thunder, who dare him offend?
 Faith finds free passage to Gods mercie feate.

Of God.

*Where vertue raifeth men to dignitie,
There God his blessings ftill doth multiply.*

Little auailles Gods gifts where wants his grace.
Men order warre, but God giues victorie.

Gods mercie doth his iuftice farre exceed.
God deales not with vs as our finnes deferue.
Gods doctrine is the rule of prouidence.
God is eternall, therefore without end.

*God made all mortall things, and orders them,
According to his wifdome, where and when.*

Gods greatnes is more feene in loue, than wrath.
God ne're made any equall to himfelfe.
If God helpe not, yet deeme him not vniuft.
Gods mercie is the worke of our redemption.

*If thou lift vp thy felfe, God flyes from thee:
If thou be humble, then he comes to thee.*

If God dart lightning, foon he dewes down raine.
Gods wrath foone kindled, is as quickly quencht.
No mifaduentures croffe, where God doth guide.
Where God doth faue, no other falue doth need.

*How can that enterprife ill iffue haue,
Where God himfelfe doth guide, doth fpeed, doth faue.*

Happy are they who fauour from God find.
God and our shame are ftaiues vnto our finne.
Gods iuftice doth mans iuftice farre excell.
Thofe that God loues, in them he nothing hates.

*How can a fimple current him withstand,
Who all the mightie Ocean doth commaund?*

God loues the faithfull, but doth hate their finne.
Good life begun in earth, in heauen is ended.

*When Sathan tempts, he leads vs vnto hell,
But God doth guide whereas no death doth dwell,
When Sathan tempts, he fees our faith to foile,
But God doth feale it, neuer to recoile.*

God

*God makes our burning zeale full bright to shine,
 Amongst the candles of his Church diuine.
 God euer seeks by triall and temptation,
 To sound mans heart and secret cogitation.
 God well knowes men, and still his eye doth see,
 All thoughts of men, ere they conceived be.
 God out of season neuer yet doth trie,
 His children new conuerted by and by.
 Man made of earth, founds not the seas profound
 Of Gods deepe iudgements, where there is no ground.
 The Lord law-maker, iust and righteous,
 Doth frame his lawes, not for himselfe, but vs.
 Gods wisdome guides this worlds societie,
 With equall power, and equall pietie.
 Gods word which made the world, and guides it still,
 To diuers ends conducts both good and ill.
 He that preferres not God fore all his race,
 Amongst the sonnes of God deserues no place.
 He that the furrowes ploweth of Gods field,
 May not turne backe his fainting face, nor yeeld.
 Sathan suggesteth ill, God mooues to grace.
 God can doe all, saue that he will not doe.
 Our mightie God, alwaies for his elect,
 Of wicked things can draw a good effect.
 God keepes his watch about the starrie skies,
 For his elect, who neuer idle lyes.*

Similies on the same subiect.

AS one poore drop is nothing to the sea,
 So all we can is nothing in Gods sight.
 As the bright Sunne defaceth candle-light,
 So Gods great power controlleth all the world.
 As Princes are to be both lou'd and fear'd,
 So God the Prince of princes, muft haue more.

As with great care a Pilot guides the ship,
 So with great grace doth God direct the world.
 As when the soule departs, the body dies :
 So where God bleffeth not, all things decay.
 As mothers hugge their children in their armes,
 So God enfolds his chofen with his grace.

Examples likewise on the same.

P*Heracles*, for his contemning God,
 Was eate with lice, and dyed miserably.
Lucian an Atheist, and denying God,
 Was afterward in pieces torne with dogs.
Iustinian for his light regard of God,
 Became a foole, and fo in follie dyde.
 Th'Athenians banished *Protagoras*,
 Because his bookes question'd the deitie.
Socrates did confesse one onely God,
 And tearm'd the heathen Gods but vanitie.
Plato, when he wrote any ferious thing,
 Began still, *In the name of one sole God.*

Of



*Heauen is Gods feat, the throne of endles grace:
The Soules true home, and Hopes desired place.*

Al powers are subiect to the power of Heauen.
 Nothing but Heauen, is perfect happineffe.
 What heauen will haue, that needs muft come to paffe.
 The Soule is heauenly, and from heauen relieu'd.
 Heauen is as neere to fea, as to the land.
 Heauen fings for ioy, when finners truly pray.
 The waking heauens will plague all fleeping ill.
*When as the heauens are to iuftice bent,
 All things are turn'd to our iuft punifhment.*
 None can attaine what heauen and earth withftands.
 Earth muft come in, when awful heauen commaunds.
 When heauen yeelds meanes, they muft not be neglect.
 Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.
 Heauen is the habitation of th'elect.
 Heauen is the iuft mans true inheritance.
*It's hard to liue well, eafie to dye ill:
 Hard to winne heauen, eafie to keepe from thence.*
 In vaine do men contend againft the ftarres.

Heauen workes our fall, but yet the fault is ours.
 All men ought know they haue the Heauens aboue them.

No walles can hide vs from the eye of heauen.
 Repentance carries heauens eternall keyes.

When heauens lampe shines, all other lights are loft.

*We neuer know what 'tis in heauen to dwell,
 Till wee haue had some feelings of grim hell.*

Heauen is our home, we are but straungers here.

All earthly things are darke, to them diuine.

What heauen decrees, follie may not withstand.

Earths admirations are the heauens delights.

Heauens deepe deffignes are hid from mortall eyes.

We are at heauens dispose, and not our owne.

Heauen sets our time, wherewith can nought dispence.

*Highe heauens hand restraines our wilfull powers,
 Whose will must rule about this will of ours.*

Heauen doth repaire what fortune hath destruid.

Things that are heauenly, no corruption tast.

Whome heauen doth spight, the earth disdaines to hate.

Heauens couers him that hath no buriall.

Earth feeds on earth, heauen giues the spirit food.

*Providence heauenly, passeth humane thought,
 And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way.*

Earth giues vs gold, but heauen the wealth of grace.

The Sunne which shines in heauen, doth light the earth.

Hell cannot hurt, whome heauen doth preferue.

The care of heauen doth seeke the foules content.

*It is the doome of heauen, which can and will,
 Confound the braunch, whose root was planted ill.*

Sinne, is earths Sun; the Sun of heauen, finnes death.

Thoughts fixt on heauen, contemne all earthly things.

Mortals may seele heauens doome, but not remooue.

All men are subiect to the powers aboue.

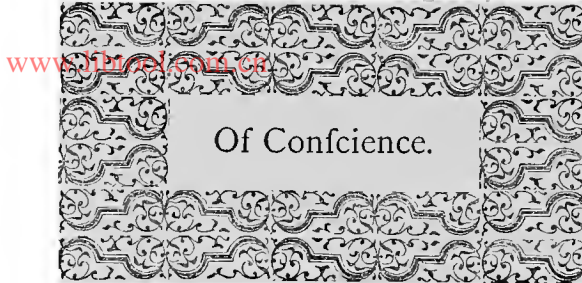
Heauens secrets are conceald from mortall sight.

By

*By mortall lawes a bond may be diuorſt,
But heauens decree by no meanes can be forſt.*
From heauen, our ſoules, receive their ſuſtenance.
Hell is the place of horror, heauen of reſt.
Good death is true inheritance in heauen.
The way to heauen is not ſo wide as hell.
*Men looke vp to the ſtarres, thereby to know,
That as they progreſſe heauen, they earth ſhould ſo.*
Heauen often winkes at mortall mens amiſſe.
Heauens Sun doth ſhine both on the good and bad.
*All humane wiſhes neuer haue the power,
To haſt or hold the courſe of heauen one hower.*

Similies on the ſame ſubieſt.

AS hell was made to puniſh finnes proud guilt,
A Euen ſo was heauen for comfort of the iuſt.
As baſe clothes ill become a princes court,
So none can enter heauen but purely clad.
As trauailers deſire their natiue homes,
So ſhould all foules long for their heavenly home.
As hells obſcuritie excells all darke,
So nothing with heauens brightneſſe may compare.
As *Iacob* for his *Rachell* thought ſower ſweet,
So we for heauen ought deeme all elſe but vile.
As all ioyes in this life are fraile and vaine,
So none but heauens ioyes are perfect gaine.



*Conscience is that accuseth and condemnes,
Needing no other witnesse than it selfe.*

FAults long vnfelt, the conscience will bewray.
The feare of conscience entreth iron walls.
Where coyne preuailles, conscience beares little fway.
Kings, but the conscience, all things can defend.
*Death, but an acted passion doth appeare,
Where truth giues courage, and a conscience cleare.*
Conscience owne doome doth halfe condemne a man.
No armour prooffe against the conscience terror.
Weake consciences are with vaine questions wounded.
*Sound conscience, well is cald a wall of brasse:
Corrupted, fit compar'd to broken glasse.*
In conscience booke, our faults are daily writ.
There conscience failes, where faith beares no account.
A guiltie conscience neuer is secure.
*The conscience stain'd with blood of innocents,
Is alwayes subiect to appeaching guilt.*
Repentance brings the keyes of conscience.
After minds guilt, doth inward grieffe begin.

Rinne

Of Conscience.

9

*Runne where thou wilt, into all lands betake thee,
Yet will a wounded conscience nere forsake thee.*

A stained conscience finds no ioy at all.

They dread no shame, that vse no conscience.

If thou but find thy conscience be vpright,

No matter for the worlds rebuke or spight.

Conscience will neuer suffer wicked thoughts.

Conscience needs no tormenter but it selfe.

Conscience sees that which no eye elfe can doe.

Conscience once drownd in wealth and worldly pompe,

Esteemes all wisdom as meere foolishnes.

A guiltie conscience is a gnawing worme.

Conscience takes vengeance on her owne transgressions.

Nothing but true repent cleares conscience.

The riches we may carrie to our graue,

Is a good conscience: blessed they that haue.

Conscience once faultie, still abides in feare.

Innocence is the ioy of conscience.

A conscience standing free from all detecl,

Feares no accuse, or doth excuse respect.

Lookes confident and sober, shew cleane foules.

Conscience for heauen contemns all worldly things.

To frame excuse, before thou be accuse,

Shewes that thou hast not conscience truly vsde.

Conscience doth couet nothing but her owne.

Conscience cranes nothing, but by lawfull meanes.

Conscience will willingly offend no man.

Conscience once loden with the weight of sinne,

Is Iudge and Iuror to it selfe therein.

Conscience doth bind vs to respect our kinne.

Conscience despiseth bribes in any case.

Conscience commaunds vs to relieue the poore.

A conscience cleare, is like a well senc't tower,

Not to be shaken by rough Canon shot.

Conscience

Conscience, to princes alwaies giues their due.
 Conscience submits, when Iustice doth commaund.

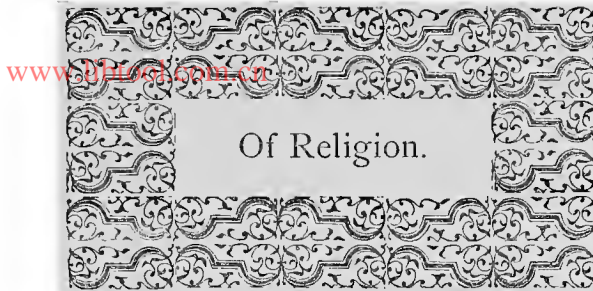
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Similies on the same subiect.

AS perfection is the bodies death:
 So foule despaire quite kills the conscience.
 As the bright Sunne doth lighten all the world,
 So a cleare conscience shineth in the foule.
 As beautie is a thing glads mortall fight,
 So vnstain'd conscience doth high heauen delight.
 As wine cheeres vp the heart when it is sad,
 So peace of conscience makes it much more glad.
 As brazen walls defend a cittie best,
 So conscience taintlesse, is at peace and rest.
 As gold is best, when through the fire 'tis tride,
 So conscience is by troubles purifide.

Examples likewise on the same.

O*Restes* matricide was iustly plagu'd,
 With sting of conscience by his mothers ghof.
 And *Nero* (whose foule fact did equall his)
 Was whipt in conscience with her walking shape.
Cæsar Caligula could neuer rest,
 But conscience torment did him still molest.
Tullie affirmes, a conscience well employ'd,
 Is chiefeft comfort in aduerfitie.
Plato saith: Sweetly sleepeth innocence,
 In the safe chamber of good conscience.
Lactantius writes, that no sinne can preuaile,
 Where quiet conscience fits, and guides the faile.
*Conscience must leaue a little while to grieue,
 To let in horror, conning to reprocue.*



*Religion is the ground of euery grace,
And teacheth man saluation to embrace.*

WHere God is not, religion cannot be.
Sundrie religions, make no religion.
Where faints are clarks, there alwaies God is iudge.
Religions touchstone best doth trie the truth.
*Religion is the soule of innocence,
Working in each vnspotted conscience.*
After religion, painted zeale doth runne.
Blessings come seldome, but by earnest prayer.
Ignorance is religionsemie.
*The Scriptures are sufficient to resolute
All doubts that in religion can arise.*
The word's a medicine to a troubled mind.
Religion is the perfect bond of loue.
No poyson worfe than Scripture falsly taught.
Religion is in truth, not fallacies.
*No surer signe of kingdomes ouerthrow,
Than where religion liueth in contempt.*
Change of religion is most dangerous.

Faith

Of Religion.

Faith, and not reafon, teacheth true religion.
 Man was created for religions vfe.

*There is no error halfe fo daungerous,
 As that committed in religion.*

Ill happens when religion we neglect.
 Doubt in religion, punishment deferues.
 Where no religion is, no vertue bides.
 Religions cloake can couer much abufe.

*Those men may well be cald religious,
 That hate the world, and nothing mind but heauen.*

Religion linketh men in vnitie.
 Religion, to all vertues is the guide.
 Humilitie expreffeth true religion.

*Religion doth relieue the fatherlefse,
 And succours widowes in aduerfitie.*

Religion is the counsell of the iuft.
 Religion only can fupport the weake.
 Religion teacheth remedie gainft finne.
 Religion comforts all afflictions.

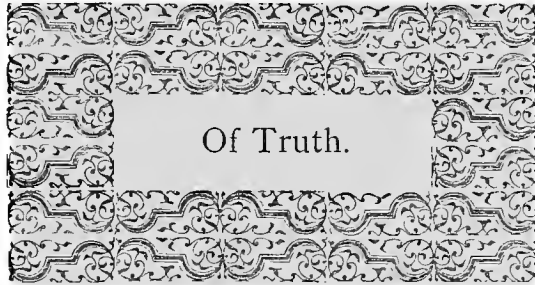
Similies on the fame fubieft.

LIke as a Torch directs vs in the darke,
 So doth religion lighten all our hopes.
 As thefe our bodies liue by earthly food,
 So true religion doth our foules moft good.
 As yron maketh foft the rudeft earth,
 So doth religion temper hardeft hearts.
 As fore eyes cannot gaze againft the Sun,
 So wicked minds brooke no religion.
 As want of food the body hunger-fterues,
 So pines the foule through pure religions lacke.
 As med'cines make ficke bodies whole and found,
 So doth religion wafh out errors wound.

Examples

Examples likewise on the same.

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Brennus for wronging of religion,
Was smitten with a thunderbolt to death.
Conomachus, religious rites prophan'd,
But with an earthquake was he swallowed vp.
Pherecydes, nick-nam'd religion,
For which he was confum'd by wormes aliue.
In *Athens* they would not create a king,
Except he had tane orders of a Priest.
The chiefest oath th'Athenians had, was this:
Pugnabo pro sacris, & cum alijs, & solus.
Old Rome, her fomes sent to Hetruria,
To be instructed in religion.



*Truth is the fount of knowledge, earths best light:
The scale to heav'n, and onely rule of right.*

THe weakeft things are strongeft props to truth,
Truth is moft strong, and alwaies findeth friends.
Truth neuer failes, and true loue wants no might.

Triall

Triall doth certainliest the truth bewray.
 Falshood with truth may by no meanes abide.
*Deeds not by manhood, or the doers might,
 Are to be scand, but by their truth and right.*
 What shineth nearest best, holds truest worth.
 Where then is truth, if there be no felse trust?
 Truth is the onely shield of best defence.
*When truly in our selues our faults we see,
 We deeme them known to all, as well as wee.*
 An honest tale speeds best being truly told.
 Truth may be shent, but neuer shall be sham'd.
 Truth to all goodnesse is the perfect guide.
 All doubts resoluing, is by finding truth.
*How shall he thinke to find a straunger iust,
 That in himselfe dare put no confidence?*
 Falso dreames do euermore the truth deny.
 Time shewes the truth, and wit that's bought is best.
 Truth foundeth sweetly in a fillie tongue.
 Who cherish wrongs, are bent agaiust the truth.
 Truth needeth not the aid of Rhetoricke.
*Happie the people, blessed is the land,
 Where truth and vertue get the vpper hand.*
 Nothing so hard, but is by truth explain'd.
 All hidden secrets, truth can best disclose.
 Truth to all goodnes, is the perfect guide.
 Truth hath two friends; Wisdome, and Constancie.
*Truth standeth not vpon the tongues of men:
 Nor Honour, on authorities bigge frownes.*
 Truth triumphes long, when falshood soone decaies.
 The truth of things, the end or time will trie.
 The smootheft tale, hath oft-times smallest truth.
 Truth most delights, when thee goes meanest clad.
*The seate of Truth is in our secret hearts,
 Not in the tongue, which falshood oft imparts.*

Truth

Truth needs no Orators to plead her caufe.
Truth feareth nothing more than to be hid.
Truth with her owne light is beft fatisfide.
A certaine truth doth need no fubtill glofe.

Truth is a health that neuer will be sicke:

An endleffe life, a Sunne that neuer fets.

Truth shewes her felfe in fecrecie of truft:
A cleare cafe needs no shifting counsellour.
Truth vnbefriended, will find friends at laft.
Truth hateth moft to here a feigned tale.

Innocence fmile before the Iudge by truth,

And falshood found before he was fufpect.

Reprooue not rafhly, neither hide the truth.
Truth is a blab, and will no treafons hide.
Truth is a text that troubles many minds.
Truth ftill hath certaine bounds, but falshood none.

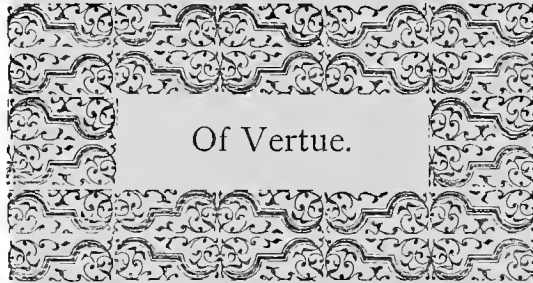
Similies on the fame fubiect.

AS the beft Steele glaffe bewraies the face,
So truth beft fhineth in an honeft foule.
As pureft Emeralds without foyles shine beft,
So truth moft pleafeth in her plaineft clothes.
As wormwood fitteth not a lickerifh tafte,
So truth doth neuer please a lyars tongue.
As clouds oft threaten raine, and yet fhed none,
So stormes oft menace truth, yet hurt her not.
As darkeneffe is an enemie to light,
So falshood is continuall foe to truth.
As meane attire impaires not beauties face,
So pooreft ragges to truth giue no difgrace.

Exam-

Examples likewise on the same.

When *Apostata* the foe to Truth,
 Cried out at length, that Truth had conquerd him.
Nesforius, who contended with the truth,
 His tongue was eaten in his life, with wormes.
 The *Perfians* in the honour of the truth,
 Ordained death to such as did denie it.
Popiel king of Poland, for vnruth,
 Was as he fate aliue, deuour'd with Rats.
Cato was so renowned for the truth,
 That he was onely said, to speake the truth.
 Vnruth, faith *Seneca*, are meetest Armes,
 For any coward or bafe minded man.



*Vertue, is Queene of labour, Nource of loue:
 The minds true grace, and blessing from aboue.*

ALl things decay, but vertue cannot die.
 Vertue makes beautie more angelicall.
 Vertue is free from time, and fortunes power.

Men cannot leaue their vertues to their heires.
*Faire vertues seat is deepe within the mind,
 And not by shewes, but inward thoughts defin'd.*
 Vices are noted, vertues soone forgot.
 Vertues best flore, by giuing doth augment.
 There is no vertue that is borne with vs.
 No vertue springs, where wanteth due regard.
*Vertues obscure, yeeld small and sorie gaines:
 But actiuelly employd, true worth retaines.*
 Winne fame by vertue, let opinion goe.
 Vertue is in the mind, not the attire.
 Vertue and fortune neuer could agree.
 Vertue is loath'd of fooles, lou'd of the wife.
*Vertue is much more amiable and sweet,
 When therewithall true maiesie doth meet.*
 Vice careth not if vertue finke or fwimme.
 Wit shines in vertue, vertue shines in wit.
 Sweetest temptations mozt make vertue knowne.
*Vertue it selfe turnes vice, being misapplied:
 And vice sometimes by action dignified.*
 The field of honour, vertue neuer loofeth.
 Vertue will beare what can on vertue fall.
 True happinesse, on vertue taketh ground.
 The more vice reignes, the lesse doth vertue thriue.
*To vertues goods we onely ought to cleaue,
 The rest are good in semblance, but deceaue.*
 Vertue will liue when villanie shall die.
 Vertue may be disturb'd, but ne're disgrac'd.
 No beautie like the vertue of the mind.
 Vertue through darkest shades doth light her selfe.
*Vertue in greatest daungers being best showne,
 May be oppress'd, but neuer ouerthrowne.*
 Vertue oft lyes where life is in disgrace.
 If sinne were dead, vertue could not be knowne.

C

Sweet

Sweet is the gaine which vertuous trauaile brings.
All vertuous minds doe vertuous deeds declare.

*Our vices nor our vertues neuer die,
Though vnder ground a thousand yeares we lye.*

Vertue doth mortall things immortall make.
The bond of vertue alwaies fureft binds.
Than vertue, there can be no greater dower.
'Tis vertues selfe, that her rewards doth pay.
Eunies black cloud would dim bright vertues rayes.

*All sorrowes in the world are farre more lesse,
Than vertues might and valours confidence.*

Sinne counted folace, vertue is despisde.
Vaine praife is shame, but honour vertues due.
Without defence of vertue, nothing lafts.

*Onely faire vertue scales etermitie,
Aboue earths all-abating tyrannie.*

All Orators are dumbe when vertue pleads.
Vertue but stampt in Lead, is rich enough.
That growes apace which vertue helps to raife.
Vertue curbes in the most vnbridled will.

*With goodnesse men doe soone grow discontent,
Where states are ripe to fall, and vertue spent.*

True vertue is rich dower for chafittie.
In vertuous deeds all stratagems are good.
Vertue is beautie of the inward man.
Exclde discreton, vertue turnes to vice.
Like to the Sunne, fo vertue lights the world.

*Such as leaue off faire vertues to esteeme,
Doe greatly erre, that take things as they seeme.*

Vertue will shine though ne're fo much obscur'd.
Vertue depreffed, is expreffed more.
Vertue makes women seeme to be diuine.
With honours eyes let vertues plaints be scand.
Vertue doth raise by very small degrees,

Where

Of Vertue.

19

Where in a moment Fortune casteth downe.
While vertue suffers, still it vanquisheth.
Need clad with vertue, is abundant rich.
Vertue is better and more sure than Artes.
Vertue is not to get things, but to keepe them.
Vertue on earth doth soonest bring vs fame,
Makes our graues glorious, writes our names in heauen.
Vertue most grieueth at her owne disgrace.
A vertuous act seemes straunge in some mens sight.
A vertuous mind cannot be miserabile.
Death is true life to euery vertuous man.
Though vertue many times wants due reward,
Yet seildome vice escapes deserued blame.
Vertue doth neuer enuie good defert.
Lone maketh vertue liue, and vice to die.
Reports can neuer harme the vertuous.
He is not vertuous that's too timerous.
Ech cunning sinne being clad in vertues shape,
Flyes much reproofe, and many stormes doth scape.
Vertues are many times by faults disgrac'd.
Honours defects, by vertues are supplied.
Vertue still doteth on perfection.
Vertue, in beauteous bodies shineth best.
All the gay pleasures that the world can prooue,
Are but sicke sorrowes to pure vertues loue.
Vertue is most renown'd in honors eyes.
Vertue still smiles, when vaine conceit doth crie.
Immortall vertue liues an endlesse date.
Wisdome on Vertue as her handmaid waits.
The worlds opinion so doth vertue smother,
As one beares that belongs vnto another.
Vertue makes euery where a straungers home,
Vertue doth conquer diffolute desires.
Vertue in Princes is most glorious.

Vertue deserueth more than wealth can doe.
The blasts of Fortune neuer can preuaile,
In the maine sea where vertue hoiseth saile.
 All pompe is vile, where vertue hath no place.
 Vertue doth vanquish Fortune, Time, and Death.

Similies on the same subiect.

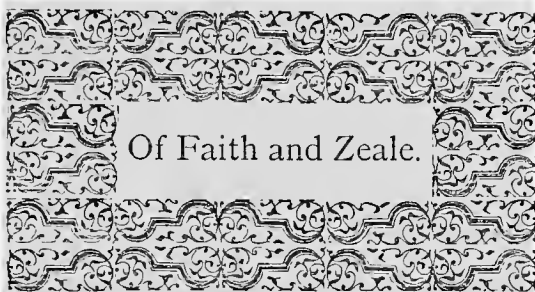
AS feare of torment holds the wicked in,
 So vertues loue make good men loath their sin.
 Looke how one vice begets another sinne,
 Euen so one vertue drawes another in.
 As Musicke profits nothing but by sound,
 So vertue helps not if it faile in life.
 Like as the Sunne obscures all lesser lights,
 So vertues lustre damps all enuies sleights.
 As spices in their bruising fauor most,
 So vertue in affliction best is feene.
 As wine refresheth sad difmayed minds,
 So vertue comforts poore distressed foules.

Examples likewise on the same.

King *Alexander* got the name of Great,
 By vertuous cariage of himselfe in warre.
Spurina chose to mangle his faire face,
 Rather than be feduc'de from vertuous thoughts.
Hercules, bad vaine pleasure get her gone:
 And made faire vertue his companion.
Xerxes for beaftlines was not so blam'd,
 As *Galba* for his vertue was renownd.
Thales affirms, that nothing in the world,
 For man was meet, but vertuous actions.
Cicero saith: That vertue of it felse
 Is the sole cause of happie life and death.

Vertue

*Vertue was neuer hireling of the mind,
Bue still will liue though fame had ne're a tongue.
What sute of grace hath vertue to put on,
If vice shall weare as good, and doe as well.*



*Faith shewes a good mans fruits, preferues the soule,
And zeale doth best giue euidence of faith.*

FAithes best is triall, then it shineth most.
The faithfull stands, the faultie man will flye.
Zeale is but cold where louelesse law restraines.
Tis haftie rashnes where true faith doth flye.
In deepe distresse, true faith doth best auaille.
*When once mans faith is spotted and defamd,
The bodie had been better neuer framd.*
Zeale and good courage best become a Prince.
Faith bides no perfit triall, but by time.
Shipwracke of faith is made, where conscience dyes.
Friends haue no priuiledge to breake their faith.
The gift deserueth most is giuen in zeale.
*False fainting zeale, shadowed with good pretence,
Can find a cloake to couer each offence.*

Falfe faith is oucr-poifde with weakeft weight.

The ballance yeelds vnto the lighteft feather.

An eafie yeelding zeale is quickly quaild.

Faith violate, is moft deteftable.

Faith once refolu'd, treads fortune vnder foot.

The man that holds no faith, fhall find no truft.

Where faith doth fearelefse dwell in brazen tower,

There spoileffe pleafure builds her facred bower.

A zealous heart is alwaies bountifull.

The faith of Knighthood is by vertue tryed.

Euery occafion quailles a hireling faith.

The gift deferueth much is giuen in zeale.

A princes greateft fault, is breach of faith.

The faith of Pagans ought not be belieu'd.

Faith is a fortrefse gainft all fainting feare :

And Zeale, the walles doth euermore vp-reare.

Take faith from iuftice, all things runne to fpoile.

Authoritie is ftrengthened beft by zeale.

Who binds himfelfe by faith, had need beware.

Faith to rafh oathes no credit giues at all.

The greater faith, the greater fufferance.

Faith is the true foundation of the foule,

And foonest doth redeeme the fame from finne.

Zeale makes opinion ftand inuincible.

A good mans wifh, is fubftance, faith, and fame.

Selfe-will doth frown, when earnest zeale reproöues.

Faith mounteth to the clouds on golden wings.

Faith brings forth workes, and workes declare our faith.

No faith too firme, no truft can be too ftiong.

Similies on the fame fubieft.

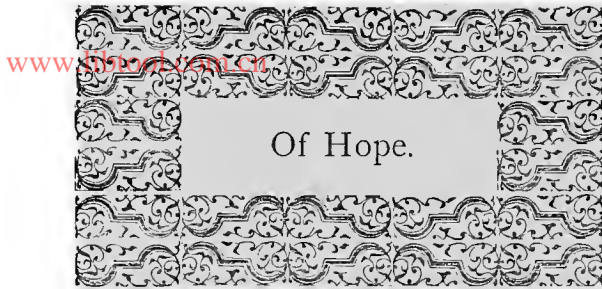
AS raine makes euery ground bring forth encrease.
So faith of euery foule doth fhew the fruits.

As

As honours fire doth kinde high desires,
So zealous faith lifts vp the lowest foule.
As night doth best the diamonds glory show,
So sharpe affliction best makes faith to grow.
As wisdom is the only way to weale,
So true discretion best directeth zeale.
As loue and hate cannot agree in one,
So without zeale, faith thinkes her felse alone.

Examples likewise on the same.

P*Armenio* wild his king to breake his faith,
I would (quoth he) were I *Parmenio*.
Lysander made no reckoning of his faith,
And therefore was by euery one reproou'd.
Attilius sent to Rome vpon his faith,
Boldly return'd, although it cost his life.
Rastrix the Duke of Cleueland, breaking faith,
Was therefore dispossess'd of both his eyes.
Let none speake ill of vs, said *Pittacus*,
To whome we stand oblig'd by our faith.
Keep faith (saith *Cicero*) with enemies
What ere mishap doe follow thereupon.



*Hope is the sad hearts help, the sick thoughts friend,
And what distrust impaires, Hope doth amend.*

All hope is vaine without the feare of God.
 Hope, on each least occasion taketh hold.
 Hope doth forbid vs forrow to beleue.
 When loue growes fickely, hope then daily sterues.
 Things out of hope, by ventring oft are woon.
 Hope many times on blessed hap doth light.
 When hope is lost in care then comfort bleeds.
Vnworthy he of grace, whome once deniall
Excludes from fairest hope, without more triall.
 All foolish hopes haue euermore bad speed.
 Councell doth come too late when hope is past.
 Men well may hope to rise, but feare to fall.
 Its good to hope the best, but feare the worst.
 Chaunging the aire, hopes time will alter chance.
 Defpaire and hope doe still attend on loue.
Its good to feare, yet let our fears be so,
That to our hope it prooue no ouerthrow.
 Oft present hap, makes future hope to yeeld.

No

No hap fo hard but hope doth much amend.
 Hope to enioy, is little leffe than ioy.
 Honour once loft, giues farewell to all hope.
 Vnhappie men are fubiect to no hope.
 Fortune may take our goods, but not our hope.
The heart that's inly hurt, is greatly eas'd,
With hope of that may make grieft beft appeas'd.
 Hopes are vnfire, when certaine is the paine.
 We often fall, when moft we hope to clime.
 As wee waxe hopeleffe, violence ftill growes.
 Hope well in loue what euer be thy hap.
 Hope is the daily dreame of waking men.
 This life, is but the hope of endleffe life.
Vnworthie is he of one happie day,
That will not take the offer of good hope.
 There is no trust in youth, nor hope in age.
 The hope of things vnfeene beares greateft price.
 Good confcience alwaie hath a perfect hope.
 Hope is a pleasing paffion of the mind.
 To hope againft all hope, is high refohue.
True hope is fwift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
 Inconstant hope is drowned oft in feares.
 In midft of grieft, hope alway hath fome part.
 Hope being deluded makes the torment more.
 Who cannot feare to loofe, ne're hopes to haue.
 All greedie hope, vaine vicious humour feeds.
 Hope is companion euermore to loue.
No one without great hopes, will follow fuch,
Whofe power and honour doth not promife much.
 No hope of reft, where hap true hope delays.
 Hope ftill perfwading hope, expecteth good.
 Hope is the God of miferable men.
 In vaine he hopes, who here his hope doth ground.

From

From fruitlesse hopes but fillie fauours spring.
 The euenings hope may comfort mornings care.

*Hope built upon the world, doth neuer thrive,
 But grounded once on God, at no time failes.*

Hope is the bread and food of wretch'd men.
 Bad haps are holpe with hope and good beliefe.
 No greater grieffe in loue, than fruitlesse hope.
 Hope waits on great mens tongues, and oft beguiles.
 Hopes about Fortune, doe fore-point deepe falls.
 Who thinkes to thrive by hope, oft haps to begge.

To hope too much, is boldly to presume:

To hope too little, basely to despair.

Small is his gaine that hopes for golden grieffe.
 Meane mens preferments eleuates their hopes.
 Sad hopes seeme ouer long and burdenous.
 Grace to thy hope is alwaies safest guide.

When hope and hap, when health and wealth is highest,

Then woe and wracke, disease and need is nighest.

Hope of all (passions) is the pleafantest.
 Vaine hopes, are like a Vane turn'd with the wind.
 To haue no hope, is held most miserable.

To liue in hope of that men meane to giue,

Is to deceiue our selues, and not to liue.

Hope not for that which iustice doth denie.
 Where grace begins, hope makes a happie end.

Similies on the same subiect.

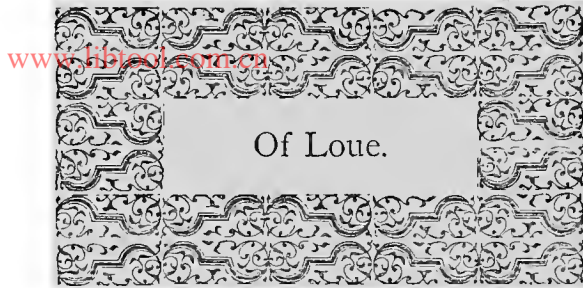
AS greateft calmes oft turne to thunderclaps,
 So sweetest hopes doe change to fowrest haps.
 As in meane places may much wealth be hid,
 So little hopes may mightie things expect.
 As sadnes is the hearts chiefe punishment,
 So hope is highest helpe in deepe distresse.

As one part of the body toiles for all,
So hope friues to accomplish all defires.
As euery mettall is of Sulphur made,
So euery pleasure doth from hope proceed.
As honest pastimes can no way offend,
So good mens hopes must needs haue happy end.

Examples likewise on the same.

WHEN *Alexander* gaue great gifts away,
Being askt, What for himselfe he kept? replied, Hope.
Cæsar continually was led with hope,
That he should gouerne many Monarchies.
Androclidas derided being lame,
Said; Then in fight I hope I shall not flie.
Pindarus calleth hope, The nource of age:
And *Thales* said, Hope was a common helpe.
Learned men differ from the ignorant
(As *Bias* faith) but onely by their Hope.
Hope (as *Simonides* the Poet faith)
Is the sole guide and gouernour of men.

Of



*Loue is a vertue, measur'd by duteous choice,
But not if it be main'd with wilfull chaunce.*

TRue loue is fimple like his mother Truth.
Firme and vntainted loue, had neuer meane.
In long delay, loue most impatient is.
Our treasure we may hide, but not our loue.
The trueest loue is most suspitious.

Loues eyes in looking neuer haue their fill.

M A Y is not loues month, M A Y is full of flowers,

But dropping A P R I L: Loue is full of showers.

Leud love breeds losse, ill peace hath deadly fight.

Life is most loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.

Loue is the mistresse of a many minds.

Loues little fweet, oft finds a longer fower.

Loue's like the winters Rose, or Sommers Ice.

Loue where it likes, life where it loues would be.

Loue doth desire the thing below'd to see,

That like it selfe in lovely shape may be.

As loue is loth to part, so feare flunneth death.

Lukewarme desires best fit with crazed loue.

Valour

Valour nor loue dwells where diuifion is.
 Nought worth is loue without true conftancie.
 Loue cannot found well; but in louers tongues.
 Loues ftrogeft bands, vnkindnes doth vnbind.
Firme loue that is in gentle brefts begun,
No idle charme may eafily remooue.
 Short is the ioy of him that longeft loues.
 Loue neuer can endure a Paragon.
 The greater loue, the greater is the loffe.
 True lone is often fowne, but feldome growes.
 Loofe loues are vaine, and vanifh ftill to fmoake.
 Loue, that two hearts makes one, fo frames one will.
Too hard a leffon tis for liuing clay,
From loue (in courfe of nature) to refrain.
 Firme loue, the dread of daunger doth defpife.
 Loue may not be compeld by mafterie.
 Sweet loue barres lewdneffe from his companie.
 Caufeleffe to chaunge loue, is moft foule reproch.
 Loue hateth thought of all vngenticnes.
 A louers heauen muft paffe by forrowes hell.
All loffe is leffe, yea leffe is infamie,
Than loffe of loue to him that loues but one.
 They cannot iudge of loue, that ne're did lone.
 Loue wants his eyes, yet fhoots he paffing right.
 The fhrine of loue doth feldome offrings want.
 What can be faid, that louers cannot fay?
 Blind loues, beft Poets haue imperfect fight.
 Lone deeply grounded, hardly is diffembled.
Loue is a fiend, a fire, a heauen, a hell,
Where pleasure, paine, and sad repentance dwell.
 Where both deliberate, the loue is light.
 True loue is mute, and oft amazed ftands.
 Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at firft fight?
 The darkeft night is *Cupids* brighteft day.

Loue alwaies makes those eloquent that loue.
There's nothing more than counsell, louers hate.

*The light of hidden fire, it selfe discouers :
And loue that is conceald betraies poore louers.*

A louer most refrained, the worfer fares.
Loue is too full of faith, too credulous.
Great force and vertue hath a louing looke.
No stonie limits can hold out true loue.
What loue can doe, that dare it still attempt.
Sweet are those bands that true loue doth combine.

*Loue goes toward loue like schoole-boyes from their bookes:
But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.*

No loue so sweet as where both foules consent.
True perfect loue is quickest of beleefe.
It's better loue and liue, than loath and die.
Free vent of words, loues fire doth affwage.
Lookes doe kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiues.
Foule words and frownes will not compell a louer.

*Louers well wot, what grieffe it is to part,
When twixt two bodies liueth but one heart.*

Loue easily commenteth on euery woe.
Loues gentle spring doth alwaies fresh remaine.
Loue maketh young men thrall, and old men dote.
In follie loue is wise and foolish wittie.
A louers houres are long, though seeming short.

*Louers doe say, The heart hath treble wrong,
When it is hard the ayding of the tongue.*

Loue doth with gall and hony both abound.
It is not loue, that loues to anger loue.
Loue still is free and led with selfe-delight.
Sweet is the loue that comes with willingnes.

*Who learnes to loue, the lesson is so plaine:
That once made perfect, neuer lost againe.*

There is no paine like loues sweet miserie.

Great talke of loue proceeds but from the tongue.

Loue makes blunt wits, right pleafing Oratours.

All loue deceits are held excufable.

Loue is moft fweet and faire in euery thing.

Loue well is faid, to be alive in death,

That laughes and weepes, and all but with a breath.

Such vertue loue hath, to make one of two.

The fire of loue is blown by dalliance.

Loues fpeciall leffon, is to pleafe the eye.

Loues glorie doth in greateft darknes fhine.

Loue is a fpirit all compact of fire,

Not groffe to funke, but light and will afpire.

Loue paints his longings in faire virgins eyes.

If merit looke not well, Loue bids, ftand by.

Loue loftie, doth defpife a lowly eye.

Loue neuer will be drawn, but muft be led.

Although fweet loue to conquer glorious be,

Yet is the paine farre greater than the fee.

He that fhewes all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

Fauours make happy louers euer dumbe.

The lateft wonne, is alwaies lou'd the longer.

Equall eftate, doth nourifh equall loue.

Loue in braue fpirits, kindles goodly fire,

Which to great height of honour doth afpire.

Loue makes at once, ficke, found, aliue, and dead.

Loue makes diuided creatures liue in one.

Loue is a thing that feeds on care and feare.

Poore is the loue that pouertie impaires.

All loues conceits are excellently wittie.

Two eyes him needeth, both to watch and wake,

That louers will deceiue and find their fcape.

That loue is fingular, is leaft in fight.

A pregnant loue conceits a thoufand things.

Wanton conceits are rife, where loue is wittie.

Difdaine to true loue yet was ener foe.

That loue is it which alwaies lasteth long,

That tends to neither of the louers wrong.

Vnwoed loue knowes not what pittie meanes.

They loue indeed, that dare not fay they lone.

Loues workes are more than of a mortall temper.

Hearts are Loues food, his drinke is louers teares.

Loue is a golden bubble full of dreames,

That waking breakes, and fills vs with extreames.

The gaine is grieffe to them that traffique loue.

Loue is in prime of youth, a Rose; in age, a Weed.

Loue, for a minutes ioy, payes endlesse paine.

Meane men in loue haue frownes as well as Kings.

Two constant louers being ioyned in one,

Yielding to one another, yeeld to none.

Loue truly bred, true triall will abide.

Mens loue is written on the Angels breasts.

Loue, with true friends will alwaies liue and die.

Loue is refiner of inuention.

The faultes that are in loue, by loue committed,

By loue for loue doe claime to be remitted.

Loue teacheth musicke to vnskillfull men.

Loue woon by vertue, still is permanent.

The loue of beantie, reason oft beguiles.

Loue is the Lord of hope and confidence.

Loue whets the dullest wits, his plagues are such:

Yet makes the wise by pleasing dote as much.

Likeneffe in manners maketh loue most pure.

Vertue cannot be perfect, wanting loue.

Loue is most fortunate where courage lyes.

Concealed loue burnes with the fiercest flame.

Louers best like to see themselues alone,

Or with their loues, if needs they must haue one.

A cold base loue, cooles not a hot desire.

Hate

Hate in the name of loue doth oft perfume.
 Selfe-loue, of mischief is the only ground.
 The cowards warfare is a wanton loue.
Where grows a perfect sympathie of hearts,
Ech passion in the one, the other paineth.
 Pure loue did neuer see the face of feare.
 Lasciuious loue is root of all remorse.
 Loue wonne in heat, will with a cold be lost.
 Loue, and high feat, no equals can endure.
 Louers haue quick all-corners searching eyes.

Similies on the same subiect.

Like as the waxe doth quench, and feed the flame,
 So loue to men giues both despaire and life.
 As Iuie finds fit meanes whereby to climbe,
 So loue forts out his subiect where him list.
 As fire with violence consumeth wood,
 So scorne with crueltie doth murder loue.
 As young vines yeeld most wine, but old brings best,
 So young loue speaketh much, but old doth most.
 Like as affection is in louers restlesse.
 So being perfect, it is likewise endlesse.
 As fancie must be cured by affection,
 So loue is onely remedied by loue.

Examples likewise on the same.

Pausanias lou'd his wife with such firme loue,
 As no description well could set it downe.
Perdiccas for his loue to *Alexander*,
 Refused mightie wealth in Macedon.
 The Emperour *Claudius* would not loue or hate,
 But as he was thereto by others led.
Scipio so lou'd the Poet *Ennius*,
 That being dead, he kept his picture still.

D

Zeno

Zeno, although a Stoicke, yet did yeeld,
That loue in young men was most requisite.

Cicero not gain-said wife men to loue
So they might loue without deepe cares and fighes.



*Hate, is loues enemie, and Friendships foe :
Neighbourhoods bane, and Peaces ouerthrow.*

Hate cannot worke, where nature planteth loue.
Hates eies may slumber, but can hardly sleepe.
Hatred is chiefest enemie to loue.
That which is held with hate, we feare to loofe.

*Who hates himfelfe to loue another man,
Senceleffe should be esteemed of all men.*

The deadlieft hate, with smiles, securely ftands.
Where rancour rules, there hate doth most preuaile.
Lewd loue, is hate ; and bafe desire is shame.
Youth old in will, age young in hate doth make.

*'Tis incident to them who many feare,
Many to them more grieuous hate doe beare.*

In meekeneffe masks the most diftemperd hate.

True

True faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate.
 Men oft shew fauour to conceale their hate.
 Hatred attendeth on prosperitie.
*The sweetest loue, changing his proprietie:
 Turns to the sorest and most deadly hate.*
 Loue fo, thou maist haue little feare to hate.
 Few hate their faults; all hate of them to heare.
 A rooted hate will hardly be displac'd.
 Fie on the loue that hatcheth hate and death.
*These are the greatest spoilers of a state:
 Young counsell, priuat gaine, and partiall hate.*
 Hate without might comes euermore too late.
 A poore mans hate is very perillous.
 Mercie may mend, whome hatred made transgreffe.
 From deepe desires, oft comes the deadliest hate.
*Hatred must be beguil'd by some new course,
 Where states are strong, and Princes doubt their force.*
 Neuer put trust in them that hate their blood.
 Hate seekes to salue his harmes by swift reuenge.
 Enforced wedlock breeds but secreet hate.
 Hate euermore is blind, and so is loue.
*In vulgar cares delight it alwaies breeds,
 To haue the hated authors of misdeeds.*
 Where hate doth rule, Lordship small safetie hath.
 Hate nourisheth contempt, debate, and rage.
 Hate furrowes vp a graue to burie loue.
 But few will follow them whom princes hate.
*Hate and disdain doe neuer brooke respect,
 Consisting in true louing hearts neglect.*
 To colour hate with kindnesse, some commend.
 Hid hate exceedeth open enmitie.
 Lookes oft times hate, when as the heart doth loue.
 No hate like that of friends, once chang'd to foes.
 Who foster hate, can neuer find out loue.

*Most happie he, to whome loue comes at last,
And doth restore what hate before did wast.*

Hate many times is hid in fmoother looks.
The wrong of friends exceeds the foe-mans hate.
Hate buried once, hurts deadly afterward.
A bad mans hate can neuer harme the good.

*With pleasing speech men promise and protest,
When hatefull hearts lye lurking in their breast.*

Whome all men hate, none is so fond to loue.
Hate commonly doth most offend it selfe,
Hates winking is a prepratiue to death.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS Lyons are discerned by their pawes,
So hatefull men are by their qualities.
As enuie braggeth and can draw no blood,
So hate in stead of hurt, oft doth men good.
As greeneft wood lies long before it burne,
So hate stands watching till fit time to harme.
As blindnes, led by blindnes, needs must fall,
So hate, vrg'de on by hate, harmes leaft of all.
As children for their faults haue flye excufes,
So hates smooth lookes hide very foule abufes.
As crauen Cocks make shew, yet dare not fight,
So hate makes proffers, when he dares nor bite.

Examples likewise on the same.

DEmetrius Phalerius did condemne
Any that iustly could be said to hate.
Stesilia did procure *Themistocles*,
Euen to the death to hate *Aristides*.
Cato and *Cæsar* hated not each other,
Vntill *Seruilia* made them enemies.
Clodius did hate the men that lou'd him most,

And

And therefore was of all abandoned.
Cicero faith, No honest citizen
w Can be procure to hate his enimie.
Pindarus held no vice more odious,
Than enuious hatred, in what man fo ere.



*Chast life is graces seale, deuotions staffe,
Marke of the iust, and crowne of martyrdome.*

Chastitie is bright honours glorious crowne,
*Loft iewels may be found, Chastitie neuer
That's lost but once: and once lost, lost for euer.*

Shee is most chaste, that's but enioyd of one.

*Pure chastitie is beantie to our soules,
Grace to our bodies, peace to our desires.*

We breake chaste voves when we liue loofely euer.

The purest incense on the altar smokes.

But chasteft thoughts are Nectar in loues sight.

Chastitie lost, can neuer be restor'd.

*Eternall thraldome rather should be wisht,
Than losse of chastitie, or chaunge of loue.*

Chaste loue is founded on a iust desire.

*When chastitie is rifled of her store,
 Lust, the proud theefe, is poorer than before.*
 Chast things are charie to the Gods themselues.
*Chast eyes are blind at any gaudie gift,
 And deafe her eares to goodliest promises.*
 Chast eyes will banish lustfull sights away.
*Riches and beautie praiseth not a wife,
 But pleasing of her husband, and chaste life,*
 No princes wealth can prize true chastitie.
*The browne complexion fam'd for chastitie,
 Exceedeth farre the fairest suspected beautie.*
 No life to libertie, no lone like chastitie.
*Chastitie beautifies the meanest coat,
 Better than biame in richest clothing clad.*
 Beautie vnchast is reckned nothing worth.
*Chastitie, weakely can withstand proud wealth
 And dignitie; both leagued to assault.*
 Chastitie is the crowne of happy life.
*In wedlocke, chastitie is speciall good:
 But more, in virgins life and widowhood.*
 Chastities wrongs, hondage awarrants not.
*Chastitie is the beautie of the soule,
 The ioy of heauen, best ieuell here on earth.*
 Wanton desire, chaste lookes doth often hide.
*Chastitie, charitie, and humilitie,
 Are the vnitid vertues of the soule.*
 Frugalitie is hadge of chastitie.
*Beautie vnchast, is like the Mandrakes fruit,
 Sightly in shew, but poysonous in tast.*
 Idlness is the foe to chastitie.
*Nothing in women worthy praise remaines,
 If once their (glorie) chastitie be lost,*
 Where gold's too plentie, chastitie growes cheape.
Faire is the face which promiseth pure loue,

But

But that celestia!, liues by chastitie.

Fortitude, with chafte life, adorne the foule.

*Shee is not chafte that is by feare compeld:
Neither she honest, that with need is wonne.*

Modest and chafte, is dourie rich enough.

*Chastitie in extremitie is knowne,
And in the end crownd with eternitie.*

A wandring eye bewrayes an vnchafte mind.

With reafons reines, chastitie bridles lust.

*Where needie want is ioynd with chastitie,
There vnclane life gets some authoritie.*

Chafte eares cannot endure dishonest talke.

The modest eye controllles loues wanton ryot.

Chafte modest thoughts befeeme a woman best.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS beautie lookes like flowers in the spring,

So chastitie is like the starres of heauen.

As Violets smell sweet in any fente,

So chastitie shines bright in euery eye.

As water-drops will pearce the hardest flint,

So chafte resolute o'recomes the proudest lust.

As glasses broke, can neuer be repaired,

So chastitie once lost, is ne're restor'd.

As lust and libertie doth shorten life,

So chastitie makes endlesse liue the foule.

As champions by their manhood are best knowne,

So is good life by spotlesse chastitie.

Examples likewise on the same.

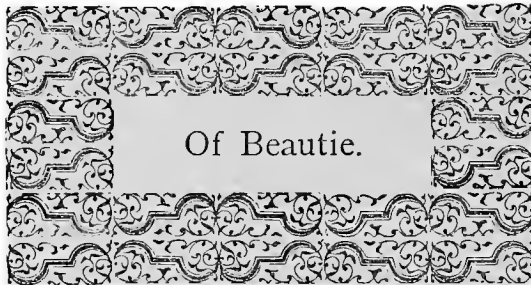
THe Spartane virgins rather chose to die,

Than loose the honour of pure chastitie.

Nicanor mou'd a *Thebane* maid to lust,

Which to preuent, she gladly slue her selfe.

Lucrece once rifled of her chafitie,
 Imagin'd following life, but infamie.
Dixipentina, by her fathers hands,
 Was done to death to faue her chafitie.
Varro did hold the man religious,
 That made a confcience of his chafitie.
Quintilian faith, That heauens chieft gift
 Bestowed on man, is blessed chafitie.



*Beautie is Natures priuiledge, a clofe deceit,
 A short times tyrant, and vast Monarchie.*

Beautie but feldome feene, makes vs admire it.
 Beautie is fuch a bait, that (fswallowed) choakes,
 Beauties beft treafure, is the owners harme.
 Selfe-pleafing foules doe play with beauties baites.
There is no name (if fhee be falfe or not)
But being faire, fome enuious tongue will blot.
 Beautie doth varnish age, as if new borne.
 Where faire is not, no boot to paint the brow.
 Beautie being borrowed, merits no regard.

Simples

Of Beautie.

41

Simples fit beautie, fie on drugs or Art.

Beautie doth sweetly quicken when 'tis nigh :

But distant farre, murders, where 'tis below'd.

Seldome want guests where beautie bids the feast.

Care and suspition is faire beauties dower.

Beautie brings perill, wanting fafe protection.

Beautie at death can be bequeath'd to none.

Were beautie vnder twentie lockes kept fast,

Yet loue will through, and picke them all at last.

Nice fooles delight to be accounted faire.

Beautie is foonest loft, too choicely kept.

Beautie to beautie alwaies is benigne.

Beautie within it selfe should not be wafted.

Bright beautie is the bait, which with delight,

Doth most allure man to encrease his kind.

Beautie and wealth are fraught with coy difdaine.

Beautie is often with it selfe at strife.

True beautie needs no other ornament.

Men praise the face, yet blame the flintie mind.

The fairest flower of beautie fades away,

Like the fresh Lillie in the Sun-shine day.

Swift time makes wrinkles in the fairest brow.

Faire women griene to thinke they must be old.

Pittie and smiles doe best become the faire.

Beautie hath priuiledge to checke all dutie.

All things that faire, that pure, and glorious been,

Offer themselues on purpose to be seene.

Alluring shewes most deepe impressiõn strike.

Sweetly it fits the faire to wantonnize.

Nothing but crueltie misseemes the faire.

Beautie is nothing if it be not seene.

No greater corsue to our blooming yeeres,

Than the cold badge of winter-blasted haire.

Beautie will be where is the most resort,

Beautie

Of Beautie.

Beautie is mightie, yet her strength but weake.

Beautie like Autumne fades and falls away.

Beautie hath power to overcome the strong.

Faire flowers that are not gathered in their prime,

Rot and consume themselves in little time.

The Summers beautie yeelds to winters blasts.

By clouds of care best beauties are defac'd.

Beautie being shamelesse, seemes a loathsome sight.

Amongst faire Roses grow some stinking weeds.

The fairer and more beautifull the skie,

The ouglier seeme the clouds that in it lye.

Nothing so soone allures as beautie doth.

Religion is austere, but beautie mild.

The fair'ft in shew must carrie all away.

At fairest signes, best welcome is surmiz'd.

Beautie in heauen and earth this grace doth win,

It supples rigor, and it lessens sinne.

Dainties are made for tast, beautie for vse.

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty beauty breedeth.

Beautie oft crazeth like a broken glasse.

Both old and young, and all would fairest be.

Hardly perfection is so absolute,

But some impuritie doth it pollute.

A small fault soone impaires the sweetest beautie.

The verie fairest hath her imperfection.

Beautie to dwell with woe, deforms it selfe.

As fairest beautie fades, so loue growes cold.

Beautie it selfe, doth of it selfe perswade

The eyes of men, without an Oratour.

If beautie were not, loue were quite confounded.

The fairest flowers haue not the sweetest smell.

The painted face sets forth no perfect blood.

The beautie of the mind excels the face.

Desire being Pilot, and bright beautie prize,

Who

Of Beautie.

43

Who can feare sinking where such treasure lyes?

Beautie is able forrow to beguile.

There's none so faire, whose beautie all respect.

The fairest buds are soonest nipt with frosts.

Who builds on beautie, builds but for a while.

Beautie is euer held so much more faire,

By how much lesse her hate makes loue despaire.

That's quickly staind, which is the purest fine.

In fairest stonè small raine foone makes a print.

Ill fare that faire which inwardly is foule.

Beautie is inward vertue of the foule.

We trample grasse, and prize the flowers in M A Y,

Yet grasse is greene, when fairest flowers decay.

The loue of beautie, Reason quite forgets.

The cause of loue is only beauties lookes.

Beautie and youth once banisht, ne're returne.

Chast thoughts makes beautie be immortallizd.

Faire beautie is the sparke of hot desire,

And sparkes in time will kindle to a fire.

Sicknesse and age are beauties chiefest foes.

Weeds oft times grow, when fairest flowers fade.

Beautie is like a faire, but fading flower.

Where beautie most abounds, there wants most ruth.

The goodliest gemme being blemisht with a cracke,

Looseth both beautie and the vertue too.

Beautie doth whet the wit, makes bold the will.

Beautie makes Art to worke beyond it selfe.

Vnhonest beautie is a deadly poyson.

Vertue-lesse beautie doth deserue no loue.

The fairest flower nipt with the winters frost,

In shew seemes worse than the basest weed.

The perfect glasse of vertue, beautie is.

No bait so sweet as beautie, to the eye.

White seemes the fairer when as blacke is by.

The

The purest Lawne is apt for euery flaine.

Better it is with beautie to be blinded,

Than beauties graces should be blindly minded.

Beautie is tearm'd the mistresse of delight.

Beautie oft iniures them endued therewith.

Beautie enflates and puffeth vp the mind.

Humilitie with beautie feldome is.

Beautie brings fancie to a daintie feast,

And makes a man, that else were but a beast.

Man of all creatures is most beautifull.

Beautie not proud, nothing more excellent.

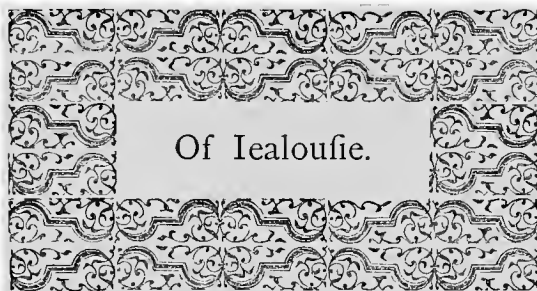
Similies on the same subiect.

AS the right Corall need no other grace,
 So Artlesse beautie best fets forth the face.
 As finest cloth will sooneft catch a flaine,
 So fairest lookes may shadow miuds most vaine.
 As greatest feasts feldome can want fit friends,
 So beauties house will hardly lacke refort.
 As medlers with the fire are easily scorcht,
 So they that gaze on beautie soone are caught.
 As coldest Climates haue their Summer dayes,
 So coolest thoughts are fierd at beauties blaze.
 As that same Speare which harme must heale the wound,
 So looke where beautie kills, it must reuiue.

Examples likewise on the same.

Hercules being a mightie conquerour,
 Yet vaild his courage at faire beauties feet.
 The Lybian Lyons loofe their sternest might,
 If of a beauteous face they once get fight.
 The Scandian Lord, by nature dull and rude,
 By fight of beautie lost this seruitude.
 Alciftaes beautie made Meanders Swannes,

To leaue the flood and on her fhoulders pearch.
Chryfippus held, that beautie did preferue
Kindnes, and all focietie with men.
Zeno, the Prince of Stoickes did agree,
That beautie, like could very hardly be.



*Iealoufie is hells torment to the mind,
Quite quenching reason, and encreasing rage.*

Loue euer laughs when Iealoufie doth weepe.
If age be iealous, youth will be vntrue.
No hell can be compard to iealoufie.
*This still we find, where iealoufie is bred,
Hornes in the mind are worfe than on the head.*

Suspect bewraies our thoughts, betraies our words.
Suspitious eyes are messengers of woe.
Iealous suspect is linked with despaire.

*Well fares the man, how ere his cates doe tast,
That tables not with foule suspicion.*
Better to die, than be suspitious.
Trust not too soone, nor all too light mistrust.

Mistrust

Mistrust doth treason in the trustiest raise.

Where Iealousie directeth forward wills,

Beauties sweet dalliance with despight it kills.

Iealousie kindles enuies quenchlesse fire.

Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.

Suspition often wounds as deepe as death.

When sweet repose doth calme the troubled mind,

Then base suspect soon'ly leaues his sting behind.

Dangerous suspect still waits on loues delight.

Suspition oft times breeds a further ill.

Once guiltie, and suspected euermore.

O Iealousie, when truth once takes thy part,

No mercie-wanting Tyrant so seuer.

No fecrecie can be without suspect.

Iealousie is the father of reuenge.

Iealousie pines it selfe to death aliue.

Thy wife being faire be not thou iealous,

Because suspition cures not womens follies.

Iealousie growes extreame, by lengthning it.

A iealous man no counsell will admit.

Iealousie is the fruit of suddaine choice.

The heart being once infect with iealousie,

Griefe is the night, and day darke miserie.

No thraldome like the yoke of iealousie.

Suspition giues continuall cause of care.

Iealousie is Disdaines blacke harbinger.

Iealousie is the torment of the mind,

For which, nor wit, nor counsell helpe can find.

Suspition wounds, but iealousie strikes dead.

Suspect sends men too swiftly to their end.

Who trauailes in suspect, are bound to haste.

Too much suspition of another, is

A flat condemning of our owne amisse.

Passions kept priuat, doe most preiudice.

Suspition needs no vnger but it selfe.
Wife men haue alwaies hated iealousie.
Where once Suspition breedeth enmitie,
'Tis hard with shewes to compasse amitie.
Iealousie murdereth hospitalitie.
Iealousie rootes vp all good neighbourhood.
Iealousie reckons friends no more than foes.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS no content is like the sweetes of loue,
So no despaire can match with iealousie.
Loue, as it is diuine with loyaltie,
So is it hellish, wrapt in iealousie.
As from small brookes great riuers doe arife,
So huge distemper springs from iealousie.
As Crowes do deeme their brood the fairest birds,
So iealous men their owne choise most commend.
As shippes in tempests by the winds are tost,
So fond conceits doe hurrie iealous heads.
As kindnesse doth delight in companie,
So is it poyson to mad iealousie.

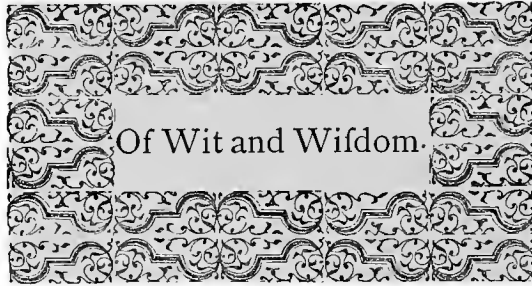
Examples likewise on the same.

THe Persians were so iealous of their wiues,
As but in waggons they ne're went abroad.
Phanius lockt vp his wife through iealousie,
Whereby the compast what she could not else.
Procris was slaine through her owne iealousie,
Hid in a bush to watch her husbands walke.
Argus, albeit he had an hundred eyes,
Yet could not keepe from *Io*, *Iupiter*.
Cicero calleth Iealousie, a feare
Of loosing that belongs to ones owne selfe.

Chrysiippus

Chryseppus holds, that ieaiousie ill brookes
A partner in the thing it most esteemes.

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*Wisdome is Natures child, Experience heire,
Discretely rul'd, while Wit gads euery where.*

Wisdome seemes blind, when she beholdeth best.
Wisdome growne wealthie, lineth then at quiet.
No wisdome with extremities to deale.
*It's wisdome to giue much: a gift preuailes
When deepe perswading Oratorie failes.*

Mans wit doth build for time but to deuoure,
Wisdome is alwaies held the chieftest wealth.
Ech foyle or countrey is a wise mans home.

*He is not wise, that hauing scapte a harme
Will afterward goe meddle with it more.*

Faire fober speed, is counted wisdomes haft.
All after-wit, is euer dearely bought.
Wisdome bids stay, though foot be in the gate.

*Not cowardise, but wisdome warnes to yeeld,
When fortune aids the proud insulting foe.*

Feed

Feed fooles with toyes, and wife men with regard.
When clouds appeare, wife men put on their cloakes.

W ~~He wisely walketh that doth~~ safely goe.

*All places that the eye of heauen suruaies,
Are (to a wife man) happie ports and hauens.*

What wife men see, the vulgar little thinke.
Sad pawfe and deepe regard, becomes the wife.
Warie fore-sight doth mafter head-strong will.

*Wife men doe seldome sit and wayle their woes,
But presently preuent the wayes to waille.*

No common things can please a wandring wit.
Without difcretion, vertue seemes like vice.

Good wit ill vfde, may harme a common-wealth.

*Wisdome commaunds to part the dead and sicke,
Least they infect the faultlesse and the quicke.*

Difcretion praclifeth the things are good.

In loue, difcretion is the chiefest helpe.

Ouer difcretion, Fortune hath no power.

*All after-wit is like a shower of raine,
That falls vntimely on the ripened graine.*

Sharpenesse of wit quickly enflames desire.

What strength denyes, wit may aspire vnto.

Wit bendeth not where will doth shew most force.

*If thou haue lost by fore-wits rash preuention,
Win it againe by after-wits contention.*

Who trusteth most his wit, is ignorant.

Wisdome in midft of rage appeareth best.

By others faults wife men reforme their owne.

*The Pilot, that by skill the ship doth guide
And not by might: makes vessels brooke the tyde.*

Wisdome is poore, her dowrie is content,

To play the foole well, is good signe of wit.

Some little pawfe doth helpe the quickeft wit.

Wife men for fortune doe so well provide,

E

That

That though she shake them, yet they will not slide.

Wisdome will flourish when as folly fades.

True wisdome bids, rather doe well than speake.

Wife-men haue companie, though left alone.

*Wisdome must iudge twixt men apt to amenda,
And minds incurable, borne to offend.*

A wife mans countrey is the world throughout,

Wisdome is wealth, euen to the poorest wretch.

Natures imperfect things, wisdome makes right.

*Reformed wit can scant so iustly deeme,
But that it leaues true goods, for such as seeme.*

Wisdome doth beautifie meane pouertie.

Vnskilfull heads run recklesse on their will.

Sound iudgement slightly weighes opinion.

*Too few there be that doe discretely learne,
What profit rightly ought themselues concerne.*

Who trusts his wit, by wit is foonest tript.

By wit we speake, by wit the mind is rul'd.

By wit we gouerne all our actions.

*Wit in a woman, like to oyle enflam'd,
Kindles great vertue, or much vanitie.*

Wit is the load-starre of ech humane thought.

Wife men will take their opportunities.

All wisdomes heires are icalous of their fall.

*Wisdome hath charmes and incantations,
Can tame huge spirits and outrageous passions.*

Slow to beleene, from wisdome doth proceed.

High is the feat which wisdome doth commend.

It's wisdome when we winne, to winne to faue.

*When all gainst one, and none for him will speake,
Who thinkes himselfe most wise, will prooue too weake.*

Will doth desire, what wisdome still reprooues.

Wisdome breeds care, but folly want doth bring.

Wit daunceth many times, when folly pipes.

T^o attempt

*T'attempt with others daunger, not our owne,
A chiefeſt part of wiſdome may be knowne.*
'Tis wiſdome not to be too credulous.
Short lined wits doe wither as they grow.
Home ſtill is yrkeſome to a wandering wit.
*Wiſe men haue euermore preferred farre,
Th'vniuſeſt peace, before the iuſteſt warre.*
Vnwiſe weanes he that takes two webbes in hand.
Things well regarded, longeſt doe endure.
Fore-fight doth ſtill on all aduantage wait.
*It is no wiſdome to enlarge a thrall,
Whoſe freedom may returne thee greater harme.*
The office of wiſdome, is to ſhadow grieſe.
Wiſdome is that whereby the ſoule doth liue.
Wiſdome is plentiful in good examples.
*Thoſe wits that know how much faire graces moue,
May thereby draw ſound arguments of loue.*
Wit getteth wealth, but none by wealth get wit.
No noble badge like ornament of wit.
Nothing more fine than wit, nothing more fickle.
*Men that neglect their owne for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it.*
Wit wonne by induſtrie is hardly loſt.
When age approacheth, wiſdome waxeth young.
Wiſdome makes poore men rich; rich, honourable.
*All pearles are not deriued from one ſhell,
Nor all good wits within one country dwell.*
Iuſtice, not ioyn'd with wiſdome's crueltye.
Wiſdome in man, is no meane happineſſe.

Similies on the ſame ſubieſt.

AS from the earth the plough all brambles cleares,
So wiſdome from the mind all vices root.
As wife men for them-ſelues are meekeſt ſcribes,

So fooles ne're care what straunger knowes their hearts.
 As braffe or yron (by vse) become most bright:
 So wit employ'd, shines faire in all mens fight.
 As emptie vessels yeeld the loudest found,
 So thofe of meanest wit will prattle most.
 As Bees by their owne hony oft are hurt,
 So wit by wisdome many times is fcourg'd.
 As Sea-crabs vse to swimme againft the streame,
 So wit with wisdome alwaies will contend.

Examples likewise on the same.

C*Æsar* in his great fortunes gloried,
 Yet by his wisdome all were brought to passe.
Antonius the Emperour was so wise,
 He ne're repented what-foe're he did.
Scipio, accus'd vniustly, by his wit
 In making answere, wonne himfelfe renowme.
 The Senate did acquite *Emilius Scaurus*,
 Onely because he answer'd wittily.
Plato in his *Conuiuium* doth affirme,
 That wisdome is the onely gift in man.
Tullie tearmes wisdome, mistresse of this life:
 Likewise, an Art instructing to liue well.

Of



*Learning and Knowledge are the lampes of life,
Chiefe guides to Artes and all perfeltions.*

Learning in spight of fate will mount aloft.
Vaine is the Art that will deceiue it selfe.
*Midas base brood doe sit in honours chaires,
Whereto the Muses sonnes are onely heires.*

Art hath a world of secrets in her power.
There is no age ought thinke too late to learne.
*The world doth smile on euery sottish clowne,
And most vngently treadeth learning downe.*
Oft highest worthes are paid with spightfull hire.
Art is but base, with them that know it not.

*None haue more hard or more obdurate minds,
Than vicious hare-braines, and illit'rate kinds.*
The rarest gifts doe need no trumpets found.
Learning by vertue is more beautifull.
True Art can wound as deepe as any steele.
*Who may haue helpe assuredly else where,
In vaine seeke wonders out of Magique Art.*
Knowledge is hurtfull, if difcretion want.

54 *Of Learning and Knowledge.*

Art must be wonne by Art, and not by might.

Needs must those men be blind, and blindly led,

Where no good lessons can be learn'd or read.

Nature is most of all adorn'd by Artes.

The purest studie seeketh heauenly things.

Learning hath power to draw men waxen rude,

To ciuill loue of Art and fortitude.

Wit learneth vs what secrets Science yeelds.

Artes perish, wanting honour and applause.

Learning can bridle the infernall kind:

To wit, the perturbations of the mind.

The priest vnpaid can neither sing nor fay.

Skill, and the loue of skill, doe ever kisse.

Fooles will find fault without the cause discerning,

And argue most of that they haue no learning.

No bond of loue so strong as knowledge is.

Learning, to graue experience, ought to bow.

True Science suted in well couched rimes,

Is nourished for fame in after-times.

Learning to conquest addeth perpetuitie.

Learning, first founder was of publicke weales.

When dolts haue lucke, on honours step to stay:

Let Schollers burne their bookes, and goe to play.

Learning is ages comfort, youthes best guide.

Learning makes young men fober, old men wise.

Dull idiots neuer learning doe desire,

But hate all such as are by nature wise.

To vnlearne euill, that best learning is.

Opinion without learning is not good.

Some men so striue in cunning to excell,

That oft they marre the worke before was well.

Knowledge continues when all wealth else wafts.

Knowledge in all things is right profitable.

The mind withdrawne from studie, for supplies,

Is lear-

Is learnings wracke, where want doth tyrannize.
To know, and want performance, is mishap.
Best knowledge is for men to know themselues.
Coy readers deeme, that dull conceits proceed
From ignorance, the cause being onely need.
Poets are borne, but Oratours are made.
Poetrie quickeneth wit, sweetens discourse.
Poets scant sweetly write, except they meet
With sound rewards, for sermoning so sweet.
Learning and knowledge, good minds most desire.
Knowledge, before all else should be preferd.
True learning hath a bodie absolute,
That in apparant sence it selfe can sute.
Breuitie is great praife of eloquence.
Silence in wise men is sweet eloquence.
The man that scorneth all the Artes of schoole,
Lackes but a long coat, to be natures foole.
Eloquence is the ornament of speech.
Eloquence makes bad matters oft seeme good.
They which doe like all Artes which can be thought,
Doe comprehend not any as they ought.
Experience is the mistresse of old age.
Men rich in knowledge hate all other wealth.
Arts, which right hard doe seeme at our first sight,
By triall are made easie, quicke and light.
Experience, times characters raceth out.
Knowledge distinguisheth twixt men and beasts.
Learning will live, and vertue still shall shine,
When follie dyes, and ignorance doth pine.
Learning, with courage, make a man complete.
Let Guns serue gownes, and bucklers yeeld to books.
Arts want may stop our tongues, but not our teares.

Similies on the same subiect.
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AS learning helps to purchafe all men fame,
 ASo (truly learn'd) doth more renowme their name.
 As ground vntil'd can neuer bring forth graine,
 So vnlearn'd valour fruitlesse taketh paine.
 As men by folly differ from the Gods,
 Euen so by knowledge come they neereft them.
 As Bees sucke honey out of diuers flowers,
 So out of Sciences men knowledge learne.
 As feales imprint their liuely forme in waxe,
 So Poets in dull mindes fweet thoughts impresse.
 As Mufique quickens difcontented hearts,
 So drowfie foules are cheer'd with eloquence.

Examples likewise on the same.

A *Lexander* honoured *Aristotle*,
 And made his pillow *Homers Iliades*.
 In campe or elfe-where *Cæsar* alwaies bare,
 His Commentaries as his bofome-friend,
Robert king of Scicill vs'd to fay.
 Kingdome and all goe, ere I learning loofe.
Ptolomie Philadelphus, learnings friend,
 Fieue hundred thousand bookes had in his studie.
 Man (as faith *Aristotle*) was create
 To vnderftand, and afterward to doe.
 Oh Science (faid graue *Plato*) how would men
 Loue and esteeme thee, if they knew thee right?

Of



*Kings are the images of Gods on earth:
And therefore they are cal'd, Gods of the earth.*

Kings like to Gods should gouerne every thing.
Monarchs misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.
*Vnhappie kings, that neuer may be taught
To know themselves, or to discerne their faults.*

Princes are glasse to their subiects eyes.

The lines of princes are their subiects bookes.

*To whome should subiects for true iusticce flie,
When Kings themselves doe reigne by tyrannie?*

The greatest scandale waits on greatest state.

Poore groomes are fightlesse night; Kings, glorious day.

*A king should euer priuiledge his pleasure,
And make his peeres esteeme it as their treasure.*

The cares of kings waite life, and hasten age.

Within one land, one single way is best.

*Princes like Sunnes are euermore in sight,
All see the clouds that doe eclipse their light.*

Diuided kingdomes make diuided hearts.

Good deeds from kings must not be drawne perforce.

A prin-

*A Princes wealth, in spending still doth spread,
 Like to a poole with many fountaines fed.*
 Minions too great, argue a king too weake.
 Kings sleeping, see with eyes of other men.
*Whereas proud conquest keepeth all in awe,
 Kings oft are forc'd in seruile yokes to draw.*
 A kings great arme doth reach from shore to shore.
 Kings vse their loues as garments they haue worne.
*Princes haue but their titles for their glorie,
 And outward honour for an inward toyle.*
 Kings pardon death, but can not pardon shame.
 Kings want no means t'accomplish what they would.
*Princes, for meere vsfelt imaginations,
 Do often feele a world of refflesse cares.*
 It shames a Prince to say · *IF THAT I COULD.*
 Kings liues reputed are their subiects lights.
*Betweene kings titles and their lowly name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward frame.*
 No common fortunes can once blemish kings.
 A begging prince, what begger pitties not?
*Where Angels in the cause of Kings doe fight,
 VVeaake men must fall, for heauen regards the right.*
 A king, woes flauie, must kingly woe obey.
 Kings may winne kingdoms, but not conquer hearts.
*Not all the water in the rough rude sea,
 Can wash the balme from an annointed king.*
 The linkes of princes loue, are blood and warre.
 Poore priuat men found not their princes hearts.
*This fault is euer incident to kings,
 Too much to credit ouer-pleasing things.*
 Princes respect their honour more than blood.
 To be a Prince, is more than be a man.
*The man that at a subiects life doth aime,
 To the princes bodie giues a priuie maim.*

Princes like Lyons neuer will be tam'd.
Kings will be onely, competitors must downe.
*Gnats are vnnoted where so'e're they sit,
But Eagles gaz'd vpon with euery eye.*
A kings great name makes not his fault the lesse.
Desire of foueraigntie respects no faith.
*Foolish the begger, that to touch a crowne,
VVould with the scepter strait be smitten downe.*
The threats of kings are like the thunders noife.
Kings haue long armes, and rulers reach at large.
*Princes are as the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
VVhere subiects eyes doe learne, doe read, doe looke.*
Maiestie shines like lightning from the East.
A princes will ought not exceed his law.
*Mildnesse doth better sute with maiestie,
Than rash reuenge, and rough seueritie.*
Princes desires are many times corrupt.
Princes oft fauour flatterers more than friends.
*Kings doe approach the neereſt vnto God,
By giuing life and safetie to their people.*
Vnworthie mens preferment, shames the prince.
Kings Courts are held as vniuerſall schooles.
*Succeeding heapes of plagues doe teach too late,
To learne the mischiefes of misguided state.*
Kings by example sinne more than by act.
Kings feates for foules distrest, are sanctuaries.
*The youth of Princes haue no bounds for sinne,
Vnlesse them-selues doe make them bounds within.*
Princes oft purchase quiet with price of wrong.
With for good princes, but endure the ill.
*Subiects may well complaine, but not correct
A princes faults, they beare more high respect.*
No ruler yet could euer all content.
The face of kings makes faultie subiects feare.

*Kings, Lords of times and of occasions,
May take aduantage when and how they list.*

*It's hard to rule, and please both good and bad.
New kings doe feare when old Courts furdre straine.*

*Poore maiestie, that other men must guide:
Whose discontent can neuer looke aright.*

When princes worke, who then will idle stand?
Peasants may beare, but kings must needs requite.

*Who would all mastring maiestie defeat
Of her best grace: that is to make men great.*

A princes wrath is messenger of death.
What els is pompe, rule, raigne; but earth and dust?

*Kings must haue some be hated worse than they,
On whome they may their weight of enuie lay.*

Pride is no ornament for diademes.
Selfe-loue doth very ill befeeme a prince.

*Blest is that league, where citties further Kings,
And kings doe further them in other things.*

Kings that would haue lawes kept, must rule themselues.
Graue heads are meetest Councillors for kings.

*Looke what a King doth most of all embrace,
To that his subiects will encline as fast.*

The strength of princes is their subiects loue.
Kings ought be free from partialitie.

*Sleepelesse suspicion, pale distrust, cold feare,
Alwaies with princes company doth beare.*

Kings should be fathers to their common-weales.
Kings should preferre them most that feeke it least.

*A Prince not fear'd, hath oft his death conspir'd:
And dreaded Princes haue their deaths desir'd.*

Maiestie scornes to looke on cowardise.
Kings reasons should be more than their opinions.

*What else are kings when regiment is gone,
But like to shadows in a Sun-shine day?*

In subiects wrongs, princes sustaine abuse.
It's greater care to keepe, than get a crowne.
*Kings fauours in their eye-lids vs to hang,
Ready with euery winke to be wip'te out.*
He is no king, that is affections slaue.
No fall like his that falleth from a crowne.
*Kings are not tearmed Gods for wearing crownes,
But for o're fame and fortune they are Lords.*
Misgouern'd kings are cause of common wracke.
Kings chaunging customes, euer feare a chaunge.
*Iest not with Princes if that thou be wise:
For in vnequall iest great daunger lyes.*
Kings are their subiects ioy, their countries hope.
True subiects hearts are princes chiefeft stay.
*In Princes, these two qualities well fit:
For strength a Lyon, and a Foxe for wit.*
Great perils are compriz'd within a crowne.
Beggars make maiestie a gazing marke.
*True iustice is the chiefe and onely thing
That is requir'd and lookt for in a king.*
Mislikes are fillie lets, where kings resoluē.
Iust foueraigntie can neuer be displac'd.
*A king, bereft of all his trustie friends
Is dead aliuē; for fame and honour ends.*
All lawfull princes, first or last preuaile.
A princes safetie is his peoples louē.
*Who hath been kneel'd vnto, can hardly kneele,
Or begge for that which once hath been his owne.*
Kings greatnes stands on the great king of heauen.
No maiestie, where vertue is despis'd.

Similies on the same subiect.

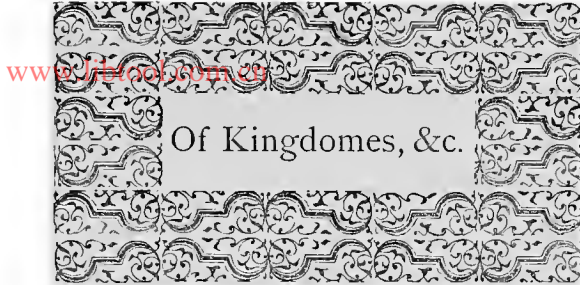
AS princes wills are commonly held lawes.
So life or death dependeth on their lookes.

As often burials is Physicians shame,
 So many deaths argue a kings hard raigne.
 As beafts obey the Lordly Lyons looke,
 So meane estate muft mightie princes brooke.
 As the Sun-beames doe lighten all the world,
 So princes liues are lanternes to their lands.
 As Princes wanting wealth, learue tyrannie,
 So too much treafure makes them vicious.
 As biggeft winds enkindle greateft flames,
 So much fubmiffion makes a king moft mild.

Examples likewise on the fame.

THe Kings of Perfia, alwaies shewed themfelues
 More fubieft to the law, than to their Lords.
Antiochus told his fonne *Demetrius*,
 That kingly rule was noble flauerie.
Belus the fonne of *Nemrod*, was firft king
 That in this world had title of that name.
 The Romane kings did vse to weare no crownes.
 But alwaies bare their fcepters in their hands.
Tully faith, then 'tis beft to checke a prince,
 When he forgets himfelfe to be a prince.
Socrates wil'd good kings preferre their friends,
 And shewe fome kindneffe to their enemies.

Of



*The Kingdome, Countrey, and the Common-weale,
Are things that subjects loue doe most reueale.*

Kingdomes are Fortunes flattering gifts, soone lost.
Kingdomes are burd'nous to the wifest men.
*Concord doth keepe a Realme in stable stay,
When discord brings all kingdomes to decay.*

Wretched the state where men desire to die.
Who strives to alter lawes, disturbs the state.
*Kingdomes are commonly much sooner lost
Than kept: desir'd, than had with mightie cost.*

Kingdomes are Fortunes fatall tenise balls.
A wicked king, makes a more wicked land.
*A man that takes delight in doing ill,
To trouble all the State deuifeth still.*

In a well-gouern'd state one head is best.
Some men vnwilling benefit their land.
*Fooles set in office, doe their splenes reueale:
And meaning well, most hurt the common-weale.*

Some vnawares their countries good preferre.
All earthly kingdomes, euen as men must perish.

Kingdomes

64 *Of Kingdomes and Common-weales.*

*Kingdomes are rul'd but badly, where the base
Will checke the chiefe that sit in highest place.*

WNo state stands sure, but on the grounds of right.
Realmes neuer get by chaunge, but paine and losse.

*When lawes are made, they ought to be obey'd,
And rulers willes with reuerence to be weigh'd.*

Wisdomes and care are kingdomes chieft props.
Rude multitudes are kingdomes ouerthrow.

*By nature, man vnto the worst is bent,
If wholsome statutes stay not his intent.*

Innocent men are common-weales best treasure.
Innocence makes kingdoms florish more than arms.

*That kingdom ought of right to be destroy'd,
Which once was vertues flower, now vices weed.*

Wise princes are their kingdomes comforters.
Vniust exactions killes a common-weale.

*No greater daunger to a common-wealth,
Than when vnskilfull leaders guide her powers.*

Kingdomes are nothing else but common care.
Where fools beare rule, the common-wealth decaies.

*In realmes a many see how broyles begin,
But few respect the end, and remedie.*

Where wise men are neglected, kingdomes perish.
No nearer kinred can be, than our countrey.

*There are no common-weales more loose and bad,
Than where the commons haue most libertie.*

Our countrey, parents, kin, claime part in vs.
Our countries loue ought be most deare to vs.

*Authorities of common-weales decay,
VWhere buildings wast, and carelesse heads beare sway.*

Where any may liue well, that is his countrey.
Remembrance of our countrey is most sweet.

*In common-weales such should be honour'd most,
As shew their care both in sterne warre and peace.*

Of Kingdomes and Common-weales. 65

Our country first by nature claimeth vs.
Sweet is the death in caufe of common-weale.

*The government of common-weales and state,
Will (without wisdom) soone be ruinate.*

Reward and punishment are kingdomes keyes.
Peace in a common-wealth is mellodie.

*There's nothing can impresse so deare constraint,
As countries cause and common foes disdain.*

Men of desert, their country least esteemes.
Discretion best doth rule a common-weale.

*That kingdom may be counted fortunate,
Where no man liueth by anothers sweat.*

Seditious heads disturbe the common good.
Vnruly members soone should be lopt of.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS spring and Autumne hazard health by change,
So innouations harme a common-wealth.
Looke how the body void of members is,
Euen so are kingdomes dispoessed of lawes.
As ships in tempests need all helping hands,
So in a kingdom none must idly stand.
As many Elements one temper frame,
So diuers mens endeauours helpe the state.
As from the heart all members haue their life,
So from the common-wealth comes each mans good.
As Captaines are the eyes to lead their men,
So kings are Load-starrs to their common-weales.

Examples likewise on the same.

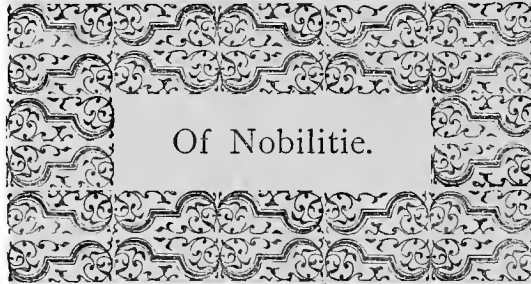
V*Lyses* lon'd so deare his natine land,
As for it, he refus'd to be immortall.

F

Aglaurus

66 *Of Kingdomes and Common-weales.*

Aglaurus to redeeme his countries peace,
From Athens walls himfelfe threw headlong downe.
Faire *Iphigenia* for her kingdomes good,
Made willing facrifice of her owne blood.
King *Codrus*, rather than his realme should perift,
Gladly did runne vpon his foe-mens fwords.
Zenophon did thinke them vnworthie life,
That made no confcience of the common-wealth.
He that denyes to die in countries caufe,
Deferues (faith *Tullie*) hate of all good men.



*Nobilitie, is a fir-name or praise,
Which to our felues by vertue we doe raife.*

A Noble nature no mishap can daunt.
Vertue feeds scorne; and noblest honour, shame.
A noble mind doth neuer dread mishchaunce.
*That which in meane men we call patience,
In noble breasts, is pale, cold cowardise.*

Noblenes neuer stoupes to feruile feare.
A noble heart doth still contemne despaire.

Of

Oft noble deeds by falshood are defac'd.
Good gifts are sometimes giuen to men past good:
 And nobleffe stoopes oft times beneath his blood,
 Our vertues make vs noble, nothing elfe.
 Nobilitie from kinred is but borrowed.
 It is thine owne deserts ennobles thee.
He is not noble, but most basely bred,
That ransacks tombes, and doth deface the dead.
 A noble nature is to all men kind.
 Nobilitie contemneth flatterie.
 A noble resolution makes men iust.
Nobilitie is best continued,
By those conuenient means that made it rise.
 In boldest actions, nobleffe shines most cleare.
 He is not noble, beares a niggards mind.
 True nobleffe is a signe of happie life.
In chaunge of streames ech fish makes shift to liue,
And every place a noble mind contents.
 Nobilitie (to bad men) is reproch.
 To vertuous men, nobilitie brings glorie.
 Nothing are noble titles worth, if life be bad.
If nobleneffe gets but a minutes staine,
An hundred yeares scant makes it well againe.
 Truth is the title of true nobleneffe,
 'Tis vertue only giues nobilitie.
 In vertues loue no noble mind difmayes.
Faire speech, with vsage affable and kind,
Wipes malice out of any noble mind.
 Much babbling doth offend a noble eare.
 A noble nature is religious.
 Pouerties best friend, is the noble mind.
 Noble difcents make vertue more diuine.

Similies on the same subiect.

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As none but Eagles gaze against the Sunne,
 So none but vertuous eyes difcerne nobilitie.
 As credit from opinion often comes,
 So from defert enfues nobilitie.
 As bricks from clay haue their originall,
 So nobleffe first rose from meane parentage.
 As groffe thicke clouds obfcure the Suns faire light,
 So muddie crimes difgrace nobilitie.
 As bitter roots may yet yeeld pleafant fruit,
 So meane difcent may bring forth noble minds.
 As in the barren grounds beft gold doth grow,
 So pooreft race ftaines not true nobleffe.

Examples likewise on the same.

Camillus did exprefse a noble mind,
 In fafe returning the *Falerian* youthes.
Pyrrhus well found *Fabritius* noble nature,
 When his Phyficion would haue poyfon'd him.
Lysander in his famous victories,
 Euer declar'd his minds true nobleneffe.
Catilines wicked life difgraced him,
 And quite obfcure'd his former noble race.
 The name of Noblenes (faith *Cicero*)
 Muft giue them place that by their vertue claime it.
Plato affirmeth, that a noble heart
 Will not by bafe attempts once wrong it felfe.

Of



*Honour, is that the mind doth couet most:
And no dishonour like that honour loſt.*

Honour once loſt, can neuer be repair'd.
Honor, ambitious womens ſexe doth pleaſe.
*It is no honour to be Princes heires:
When we can boaſt, but only birth is theirs.*
Their fall is great, that from high honour ſlide.
Honour is leaſt, where oddes appeareth moſt.
*Honour was firſt ordained for no cauſe,
But to ſee right maintained by the lawes.*
To honour, beautie is a due by right.
Die rather, then doe ought diſhonour yeelds.
*True loue doth alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in good minds deſire of honour breeds,*
It is more honour to preferue, than ſpill.
Who cheapneth honour, muſt not ſtand on price.
*Fie on the fame, for which good fame is ſold,
Or honour with indignitie embac'd.*
Honour is grounded on the tickle Ice.
No kingly vaile can couer villanie.

*An honourable graue is more esteem'd,
Than the polluted closet of a king.*

No scepter ferues dishonour to excuse.

No subtile plea reuokes dishonours error.

*Profite with honour still must be commixt,
Or else our actions are but scandalous.*

Honour and eniue are companions.

Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we doe.

*To frustrate them that but expect their due,
Doth ill befeeme an honourable mind.*

On generall bruit, honour doth most depend.

With painfull toyle is honour foonest found.

*Honour will hardly fellowship endure,
Nor neuer Crowne corriuall could abide.*

Some honour liues in honourable spoile.

'Tis honour to forgiue a yeelding foe.

*The mightier man, the mightier is the thing:
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate.*

Daunger hath honour; great designes their fame.

Honour's a thing without vs, not our owne.

*It's honour to depriue dishonour'd life:
The one will liue, the other being dead.*

Honour by oath, ought right poore Ladies wrongs.

Honours are smoakes, and dignities haue cares.

*Honour and beautie in the owners armes,
Are weakely fortrest from a world of harmes.*

Honour relieues a foe as well as friend.

It is no honour to be swolne with pride.

Honour doth scorne dishonourable thoughts.

*The victor can no honour iustly claime,
To loose the meanes that should aduance the same.*

Where hate beares foueraigntie, there honour dies.

He that regards his honour, will not wrong it.

Difquiet honour hurteth more than helpes.

*Honour and wealth oft times too dearely cost
The death of all, so altogether lost.*
Honour doth euer iudge with lenitie.
No greater honour than a quiet mind.
Honour's no priuiledge against defame.
*Alwaies doth great employment for the great,
Quicken the blood, and honour still beget.*
Honour, to many is more fweet than life.
Honour is fruit of vertue and faire truth.
Honour once gone, bids farewell to all hope.
*The inward touch that wounded honour beares,
Findeth no helpe, till death cure the disease.*
Honour and glorie labours in mistrust.
Honour is first step to disquietnesse.
How hard is princely honour to attaine?
*High honour, not long life, the treasure is,
Which noble mindes without respect defend.*
Dishonest deeds no honour can attaine.
The praife of honour is not alwaies blood.
*Neuer retire with shame, bright honour saith,
The worst that can befall thee, is but death.*
Honour doth scorne the height of Fortunes pride.
Great honours youth may loofe it felfe in age.
*Report, that feld to honour is true friend,
May many lies against true meaning mint.*
No honour comes by fpilling aged blood.
Who feeke for honour, lingers not his time.
*Vilde is that honour, and the tittle vaine,
The which true worth and honour did not gaine.*
Honour doth hate with base delights to dwell.
Honour helps nothing where contentment wants.
*He that contends with th' inferiour sort,
May with dishonour reape but bad report.*
Honour is worthlesse in a wretched state.

High honour cries reuenge vpon his foes.

*No death or hell can damnifie thine honour,
So long as reason's arme upholds thy banner.*

Who reach at honour, spurne at beauties baits.

Honour is like a vaine, yet pleasing dreame.

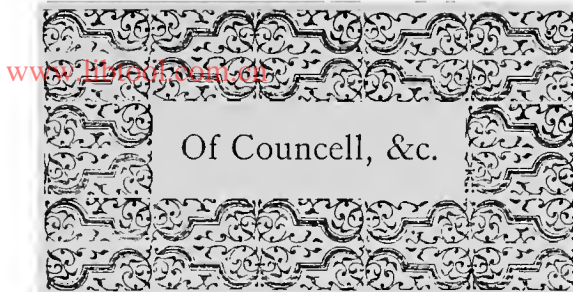
Honour deckes learning that with honour reares it.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS fairest bloffoms soone are nipt with frost,
So honours pride by fortunes frownes are crost.
As goodly trees that yeeld no fruit are bad,
So beauteous bodies (honour-lesse) as bad.
As shadowes are the fleetest things that be,
So honours haue the like inconstauncie.
As raine in haruest doth but little good,
So fooles for honour beare no likelihood.
As he that climbs aloft may quickly fall,
So honours feat is not the surft of all.
As euery crowne fits not a conquerour,
So honour not agrees with euery one.

Examples likewise on the same.

N *Esor* rehearst his honourable deeds,
That *Hectors* combat might be vndertane.
Leonidas to honour *Eutichus*,
Led him from forth the daunger of the fight.
Pericles being requested to sweare false,
Replied: That honour would not suffer him.
Agefilaus vrg'd to giue sentence wrong,
Said: But for honour he could easly doe it.
Parmenides, his schollers did instruct:
No wound was comparable to dishonour.
Cleobulus condemn'd that citie quite,
Where honour was not held in high esteeme.



*Councell and good aduise is wisdomes square,
And most auailing to the life of man.*

Councell doth mitigate the greatêt smarts.
In publicke shame, oft counfell seemes disgrac'd.
*That counsell euermore is held most fit,
Which of the time doth due aduantage take.*

They that thriue well, take counsell of their friends.
Vntroubled night giues counfell euer best.

*With graueſt counsell all muſt be directed,
VVhere plaineſt ſhewes are openly ſuſpected.*
All wounded minds good counsell helpeth moſt.

With patient counsell thirt is not appeas'd.
*A kingdomes greatneſſe hardly can he ſway,
That whoſome counsell will not firſt obey.*

Direct not him, whoſe way himſelfe will choofe.
Oft long debated counfels hinder deeds.

*In vaine be counfels, ſtatutes, humane lawes,
VVhen chiefe of counsell pleads the vniuſt cauſe.*
Ne're grieue his harme that would not be aduiſ'd.
Friends by aduife may helpe ech other much.

Alway

*Always too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutinie with wits regard.*

The sicke man may giue counsell to the found.

The wisest men (in need) will list aduise.

*When greene deuise by graue aduise is stayed:
A world of harmes are openly displayed.*

Who vseth counsell, is not soone deceiu'd.

A worldly mans aduise is dangerous.

*Time, and fit place, giues alwaies best aduise:
For what comes out of season's out of price.*

Aduise is quickly giuen, not ta'ne so foone.

No man so wise, but he may counsell want.

*Oft times the counsell of a very friend,
Appearing good, may faile yet in the end.*

Counsell confoundeth doubts, dissolues denials.

Afflicted hearts, all counsels doe deferre.

*Counsell vnto a carelesse man applyed,
Is like a charme vnto an Adders eare.*

The wise accept of counsell, fooles will not.

The carelesse man is full of wretchednesse.

Counsell vnto it selfe most honour drawes.

*Wounds oft grow desperate, and death doth end,
Before good counsell can the fault amend.*

Aduise bids quench a sparke before it flame.

Counsell best curbs dotting affections.

*Where sound aduise and wholsome counsell wants,
Trees hardly prooue, but perish in the plants.*

Counsell, the iealous scorne, and will not learne.

What boots complaining, where's no remedie?

*It cannot be, but such as counsell scorne,
Shall in their greatest need be left forlorne.*

In euils, counsell is a comfort chiefe.

Good counsell oft times cheares dispairing mindes.

The sicke that loathes to listen to his cure,

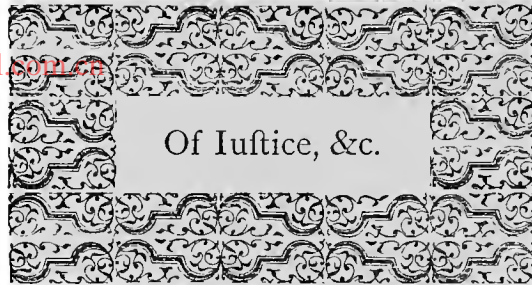
To die the death for lacke of helpe is sure.
Good counsell may be call'd a right good worke.
Courteous advise, calmes stormes of miserie.
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Similies on the same subiect.

AS wile men scorne not to accept advise,
So fooles hold counsell not of any price.
As young rash heads without discretion run,
So old mens counfels tell what should be done.
As gentle showers doe cause the earths encrease.
So mild advise assures the conscience peace.
As treachers treasons prooue against themselues,
So euill counsell oft turnes on it selfe.
As flowers in their prime haue sweetest sente,
So in distresse counsell best shewes it selfe.
As foes by fleeing feeke each others harme,
So friends by counsell gaine each others good.

Examples likewise on the same.

TO *Plutarch* did the Emperour *Traiane* write,
Only to counsell him what he should doe.
The Emperour *Galba* said; All his mishaps
Enfued, because he would not be advis'de.
Demetrius of Macedon would fay:
Reprooue me, when I counsell doe refuse.
Verres had neuer fallen in miserie,
But that good counsell alwaies he despis'd.
Solon bad wealthie *Craesus* be advis'd,
For counsell was more worth than all his wealth.
Philoxenus the Poet did esteeme
Nothing so precious as discreete advise.



*Iustice is that which giueth equall right,
Punisheth wrong, keepes law in publicke fight.*

Iustice and order keepe vp common-weales.
Iustice allowes no warrant to defraud.
Iustice giues euery man that is his owne.
Good Iustices are common-weales Phisitions.
*Honour and fame hold vp mild iustice traine,
And heavenly hopes in heart she doth retaine.*
Wrong must haue wrong, & blame the due of blame.
A world of wrongs can not weigh downe one right.
Men are content to leaue right, being distrest.
Weak doth he build, that fenceth wrong with wrong.
*To a strong man, and of most puissant might,
He giues him more that takes away his right.*
What wrong hath not continuance out-worne?
Yeares makes that right, which neuer was so borne.
That right is wrong, ill fought, and got with spoile.
Proud, rich, and poore, to iustice are alike.
*Princes ne're doe themselues a greater wrong,
Than when they hinder iustice, or prolong.*

With

With loue and law is iustice ioyned still.
 Wrong richly clad, to blindnesse feemeth right.
 To pay each with his owne, is right and due.
 In suffering harmes great wrongs are offered.

*Where iustice swayes in time of peace and quiet,
 It fits not sturiers fishing, nor their diet.*

Right often-times by might is ouer-raught.
 Men higly wronged, feare not to displeafe.
 True noble minds doe still respect the right.
 Iustice, not pittie, fits a princes mind.

*Where our owne wrongs doe worke our overthrow,
 In vaine we hope to weare it out with woe.*

Men arm'd with iustice, know not how to feare.
 Companion to offence, is punishment.
 The punishment of some, reformeth all.
 Speed doth loue right, but long delay is wrong.

*Innocence, concord, friendship, and godlinesse:
 These doe support iustice and equitie.*

Right maketh roome somtimes where weapons faile.
 Accusers shoud themselues be innocent.
 Iustice forbids to slay them that submit.

The foe doth iustly kill where prince forsakes.

*The iudge himselve doth for condemned stand,
 Where guilt goes free with pardon in his hand.*

Poffession is no plea where wrong insults.
 They that haue part in wrongs, haue part in griefes.
 Wrongs are remembered while the scarres remaine.
 A lawlesse peere, by law deserues to die.

*Iustice is vertues badge, and staffe of peace:
 Maintaining honour in her rich increase.*

True iustice payes the bloodie home their hire.
 Blood spilt by wrong, calls vengeance scourge by right.
 Seldome aduantage is in wrongs debar'd.
 Who foweth wrong, is fure to reape the same.

*All runnes to wracke and ruine, where selfe-kind,
From selfe-same kind with-holdeth mutuall right.*

Delay in punishment no pardon is.

A publicke fault craues open punishment.
Who flyeth iudgement, shewes his guiltinesse.
Equitie iudgeth mildly, law seuerely.

*Wrongs done vs, we are sparing to forgive:
Not minding, we by mercie onely liue.*

Wrong is the triall of true patience.
Law with extremitie is extreame wrong. .

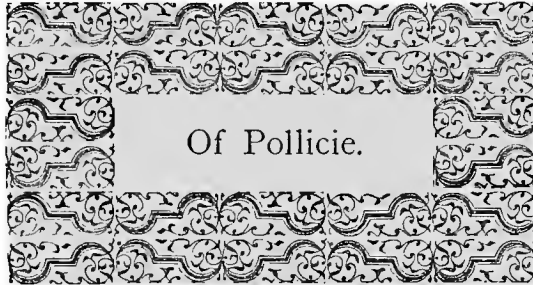
Similies on the same subiect.

AS hardest mettals in the fire is melt,
So greatest finnes by iustice soone are felt.
As sinne at first is sweet, but after sower,
So Law lookes sterne, yet shewes not all her power.
As from worst maladies best med'cines come,
So are best lawes from lewdest manners form'd,
As citties with their walles are fenced round,
So are good minds with right and equitie.
As he that wanteth reason is no man,
So who lines lawlesse may be tearm'd a beaft.
As thirtie soules doe seeke some long lookt spring,
So wrongs receiud with right, doe comfort bring.

Examples likewise on the same.

P^{Hilip}, when any made complaint to him,
Stopt one eare, till the other part were heard.
Aristides so loued Equitie,
That he of all men was fir named IVST.
Iunius the Confull so respected right,
As his owne sonnes he did condemne to death.
Cato Censorius was so iust and firme,
As none durst mooue him in a naughtie cause.

Iustice (faith *Seneca*) is the law of God,
And bond of all humane societie.
Deuotion and good will (*Lactantius* faith)
Ioynes vs to God, as iustice doth to men.



*Pollicie is a wise and discreet care,
For King, for countrey, and for common good.*

Pollicie oft religions habit weares.
What wants in strength, is holpe by pollicie.
*Small pollicie hath prowesse learn'd, to spill
Much blood abroad, to cut her owne with skill.*

Small harme, pretending good, is pollicie.
*Oft times hath reaching pollicie deuise,
A cunning clause which hath himselje surpriz'd.*

A wraflers fleights oft counter-checketh force.
*Strength, wanting wit and pollicie to rule,
Is soone cast downe, and prooues himselje a foole.*

'Tis pollicie to feare a powerfull hate.
*Counsell in any kingdome pollicied,
More worthie is than warre, more dignified.*

No pollicie where lambes doe lyons lead.

It is the summe of perfect pollicie.

To worke securely with vulgaritie.

Who builds on strength, by pollicie is stript.

More worthie 'tis, by wit and pollicie

To compasse honour, than by progenie.

Pollicie is to prowesse chiefest friend.

Where power and pollicie do often faile,

Respect of gold both conquers and commaunds.

The very poorest hath his pollicie.

Men may in conquest benefit themselves,

As much by pollicie as power and might.

All pollicie is foone destroy'd by pride.

Pollicie oft subdues where valour failes.

Courage that hath nor wit nor pollicie,

Flyes like a slaue before his enemye.

A well-established pollicie is best.

Societie must be preferu'd by pollicie.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS dull neglect is follies chiefest badge,

So quicke conceit is signe of pollicie.

As carelesse heads doe soonest harme a state,

So pollicie fore-sees before too late.

As cunning crafts-men are commended most,

So Realmes of pollicicke aduifers boast.

As subtiltie is flye to helpe it selfe,

So pollicie is wise to shield it selfe.

As daungers felt are worfe than others fear'd,

So pollicies not executed, most offend.

As counsell is some comfort in distresse,

So pollicie employ'd, kills wretchednesse.

Exam-

Examples likewise on the same.

L *Lurgus* by his pollicicke aduife,
Reform'd the Lacedæmon mangled state.
Numa Pompilius difcreete pollicie,
Made Rome to flourish in her royaltie.
Deucalions pollicie befriended Greece,
And brought the people to religious awe.
Scipioes Lieutenant nam'd *Polybius*
Was highly praifed for his pollicie,
Byas did much commend the gouernment,
Where the chiefe heads were wife and pollicicke.
Plutarch thought, cities could as ably stand
Without foundations, as no pollicie.



*Peace is the ground of kingdoms happinesse:
Nource of true concord, loue, and all encrease.*

P *Peace is great riches in the poorest state.
Men know not peace, nor rightly how to deeme it,
That first by warre haue not been taught t'esteeme it.*

G

Peace

Peace hath best bidding in a settled mind.

Peace brings in pleasure, pleasure breeds excessse:

Excesse procureth want, want workes distresse.

Peace doth depend on reason, warre on force.

You whose faire calme make neighbors storms seeme sore,

Try you your tydes, before you trust the shore.

Peace, all extreames concludeth with remorfe.

Sourges may rise on suddaine ere we thinke,

And whiles we swimme secure, compell vs sinke.

Mild calm'd-fac't peace, exceeds blood-thirsting war.

Warre is ordain'd for nothing else but peace:

And perfect peace is end of bloudie warre.

Peace flourisheth where reason beareth fway.

Peace still is honest, humane, and vpright:

When warre is brutish, fostered by despight.

Concord of many, makes an vnitie.

Concord makes small things mightily encrease:

Where discord makes great things as fast decrease.

True peace, is peace with vertue, warre with vice.

In peace, for warre let vs so well prouide,

As in each state, no harme doe vs betide.

Peace from a Tyrants mouth, is treacherie.

Deare and vnprofitable is the peace,

That's purchast with expence of guiltlesse blood.

The weight of peace, is easie to be borne.

They iustly doe deserue the sword of warre,

That wilfully withstand faire offered peace.

To flye from peace, is seeking felse-decay.

Peace asketh no lesse wisdom to preferue it,

Than valour was bestowed in getting it.

Peace still succceeds, what euer drifts withstand.

That's more esteem'd, obtain'd by peace-full words,

Than any thing atchieu'd by violence.

State-stabling peace, brings froward minds in fashion.

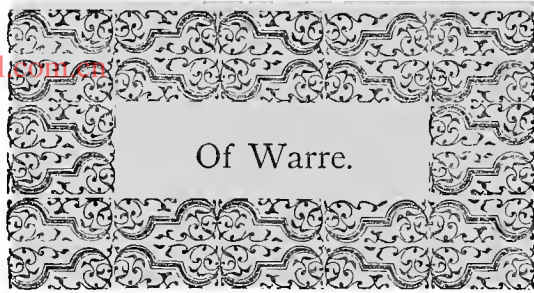
Similies

Similies on the same subiect.

AS members knit in one, doe maintaine life:
So states combin'd in peace, doe nourish loue.
As defolation dwelles where discord is,
So where is concord, liues all happineffe.
As Laurell euer crownes the Conquerour,
So peace becommeth any Emperour.
As they that seeke their harme, deserue to haue it,
So they which flie from peace, should neuer feele it.
As warre cuts deepe, and maketh mightie wounds,
So peace like foueraigne balme doth cure them all.
As grieue is cognifance of falling states,
So peace is glorie of faire shining fway.

Examples likewise on the same.

FOrtie yeeres keeping *Ianus* temple shut,
Gauē testimonie of the Romanes peace.
Numa (the second king of Rome) so loued peace,
That all his reigne, was neither warre nor strife.
Archidamus, wrote to the Elians
Nothing but this; *Peace is a goodly thing.*
The cause why *Cato* did oppose himselfe
Against great *Cæsar*; was, For breach of peace.
Tullie saith: Let vs so begin our warre,
That afterward we may be sure of peace.
Phocion being askt; What fitted kingdomes best?
Replied: A little warre, to win long peace.



*Warre is most lawfull for a countries good,
To purchase peace with least expence of blood.*

WArre makes the conquer'd yeeld, & serue with hate.
Where warre once enters, ruine doth enfue.

*Great is the horror of intestine broyles,
When with our blood we fat our native soyles.*

Warre makes the victour to desire debate.

A Captaine talketh best of boiftrous warre.

*Looke where the sword for pittie leaues to spill,
Pittie that Iustice should begin to kill.*

Warre leaues naught fure, though we prefume to choofe.
Bloodshed by bloodshed still is nourished.

*Warre should not fill kings pallaces with mone:
Nor perill come when 'tis least thought vpon.*

In vaine are armes, when heauen becomes our foe.

Warres rage hath no respect of pietie.

*It is a meritorious faire designe,
To chase iniustice with reuengefull armes.*

Vertue may somtimes be surpriz'd by number.

Valour and Art, are both the sonnes of Ioue.

Who

*Who would not be a Souldiour in that band,
 Which (ere it fight) holds victorie in hand?*
 Arte is Nobilities true register.
 Nobilitie, Arts champion still is nam'd.
*Honour doth say: That if shee chaunce to faile,
 The braue attempt the shame shall counteruaile.*
 Learning, is fortitudes right kalender.
 Faire fortitude is learnings faint and friend.
*Honour shields learning from all iniurie,
 And learning, honour from blacke infamie.*
 A crowne twixt breethren breeds contention.
 Valour in greateft daunger shines most bright.
*If thorow rashnes valour doe get honour,
 We blame the rashnes, but reward the honour.*
 Well doth he die, that dies gainst countries foes.
 An honourable buriall is the field.
*He that hath once sustain'd the bullets wound,
 What need he feare the Canons harmeleffe sound?*
 Blood, nought but sin; war, nought but forrows yeeld.
 Sad are the fights, bitter the fruits of warre.
*Those that are brought vp in the broiles of realmes,
 Thinke it best fishing still in troubled streames.*
 A martiall man ought not be fancies slaue.
 Men vs'd to warre, are greateft foes to peace.
*The smallest iarres if they be suffered run,
 Breed wrath and warre, yea death ere they be done.*
 No warre is right, but that which lawfull is.
 The sword muft mend what infolence did mårre.
*Who knowes to win by sword, can iudge of wit:
 For without wit, no warre can prosper well.*
 On little broyles ensueth bloodie warre.
 Who best doth speed in warre, small safetie finds.
*The best obseruing prouidence in warre,
 Still thinketh foes much stronger than they are.*

Vnnaturall warres where subiects braue their king.

A bloodie conquest staines the captaines praise.

*A braver mind hath he that fights for more,
Than he that warres for that he had before.*

His flight is shamefull that flies victorie.

Warres conquerours, in loue doe feldome pine.

*When warre and troubles doe vs most molest,
Then wicked persons euer prosper best.*

In warre and loue, courage is most requir'd.

A coward Captaine marres the fouldiours fight.

*Armes, but in great extreames, doe neuer serue
To reconcile and punish such as sweare.*

A valiant leader, makes faint cowards fight.

By armes, Realmes, Empires, Monarchies are wonne.

*Let warre his boast of dignitie surcease,
And yeeld to wisdom, which seekes all encrease.*

To armes, lawes, iustice, magistrates submit.

Artes, Sciences, before Armes triumphes sit.

*The plough-mans hope, and husbands thristie tillage,
Oft times become the wastfull fouldiours pillage.*

Vnciuill warre, all iustice doth diuorce.

Baſely he fights, that warres as others bid.

*It's much to conquer, but to keepe it then,
Is full as much, if not a great deale more.*

Booke-expert warriours ne're are truly bold.

Warre for our cuntry is a holy fight.

*Those wiser heads that know the scourge of warre,
Seeke safest means to mitigate the iarre.*

Warre rightly handled, is most excellent.

Who fights for crownes, fet life and all too light.

To keepe our cuntry safe from any harme:

For warre or worke, we either hand should arme.

Warre was ordain'd to make men liue in peace.

Warre doth defend our right, repulse our foes.

*In warre they are esteem'd as Captaines good,
That win the field with leaſt experience of blood.
Neuer vie armes where money may preuaile.*

The effects of warre, are couetous deſires.

Let deſperate men and Ruffians thiſt for blood:

Win foes with loue, and thinke that conqueſt good.

In warre, let female honour be preferu'd.

Ambition is the chiefeſt cauſe of warre.

He that was woont to call his ſword to aid:

It's hard with him, when he muſt ſtand to plead.

Necéſſitie makes warre to ſeeme moſt iuſt.

Many may talke of warre, but few conclude.

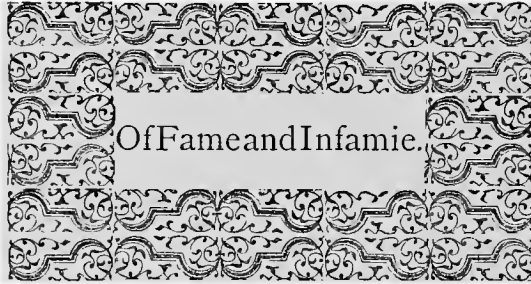
Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Earth and Fire were firſt in this worlds frame,
So Warre and Peace are chiefe in kingdomes rule.
As cunning Pilots beſt can guide the ſhip,
So expert Captaines apteſt manage warre.
As peace may ſuffer wrong, and be abus'd,
So warre is harmeleſſe, if but rightly vs'd.
As pleaſant talke makes ſhort the longeſt way,
So valiant leaders whet on dulleſt mindes.
As lingring ſickneſſe moſt offendeth life,
So quicke diſpatch in warre is glorious.
As ruſticke notes likes any loutiſh ſwad,
So drummes and trumpets pleaſe a Souldiour beſt.

Examples likewise on the ſame.

PApyrius Curſor puniſht Fabius,
Because vniuſtly hee commenced warre.
The Emperour Aurelius gaue ſtriçt charge,
That no man ſhould abuſe himſelfe in warre.
The worthis Souldiour Bellixarius,
Would neuer warre but on ſome ſpeciall cauſe.

Traiane was neuer vanquished in warre,
 Because he would not meddle, but in right.
 Warre makes men cruell, fo faith *Seneca*:
 But peace pronoketh them to gentlenes.
Plato affirmed, warre was excellent
 When it did harme to none but enemies.



*Good Fame is that which all men ought desire:
 But euill Fame is bad mens worthy hire.*

FAme neuer finds a tombe t'enclofe it in.
 Fame neuer stoops to things are mean or poore.
 No fame doth follow any vniust act.
*To fames rich treasure, Time vnlockes the doore,
 Which angrie Fortune had shut vp before.*

Fame neuer lookes fo low as idle drones.
 Bafe Enuie still will barke at sleeping fame.
 Life is not loft that brings eternall fame.
*All perils ought be lesse, and lesse all paine,
 In open field, than the deare losse of fame.*
 Dearer is loue than life, and fame than gold.

The

Of Fame, and Infamie.

89

The path is sweet which daunger leads to fame.
Fame being once foil'd, incurable the blot.

Our deeds in life to worth cannot be rated :

In death our life with fame euen then is dated.

Fame is not subiect to authoritie.

Fame neuer profiteth a wicked man.

Infamie hath no power to hurt the good.

Thy fame defac'd, or toucht with any staine :

Being once supplanted, neuer growes againe.

Fame is a speedie herald to beare newes.

A good report, in deepest darknesse shines.

Good life is readiest way to purchase fame.

If spotlesse reputation be away,

Men are but guilded loame, or painted clay.

Fame, by our vertuous actions is maintain'd.

Rumours foone rais'd, decay ; but fame stands firme.

A man can haue no sweeter friend than fame.

Fame, not suppos'd to waste, but grow by wasting :

(Like snow in riuers fulne) consumes by lasting.

Couet not fame, without great care to keepe it.

No like mishap, as to be infamous.

Fame, that the liuing faues, reuines the dead.

Fame hath two wings ; the one of false report :

The other hath some plumes of veritie.

No law can quit, where fame is once endighted.

Fame is the ioy and life of valiant minds.

Preferre sharpe death before infamous life.

The chiefest thing a princes fame to raise,

Is, to excell those that are excellent.

Glorie doth neuer blow cold pitties fire.

There's nothing can be done, but fame reports.

To know too much, is to know nought but fame.

Let not proud will hold vp thy head for fame,

When inward wants may not expect the same.

Fame

Fame dyes with them that all their honour waste.

Fame, bad concealer of our clofe intens.

Fame got by follie, dyes before it liues.

Fame with her golden wings aloft doth flie,

Above the reach of ruinous decay.

He liueth long enough, dies foone with fame.

Where fame beares fway, there *Cupid* will be bold.

Good fame is better than a crowne of gold.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS thunder not fierce lightning harmes the Bay,
So no extremitie hath power on fame.

As precious stones (though fet in Lead) will shine,

So fame in pooreft corners will appeare.

As earth producing falt, brings nothing else,

So vertue, seeking fame, craues nothing else.

As many voices make the confort fweet,

So many vertues doe confirme true fame.

As pride is enemie to good report,

So lowly thoughts doe lead the way to fame.

As fight receiues his splendour from the aire,

So fame from vertue doth derive her felfe.

Examples likewise on the same.

P*ublicola* wonne fame for leading armes;

And *Solon* by his ciuill actions.

The fame *Milciades* got at *Marathon*,

Would not permit *Themistocles* to sleepe.

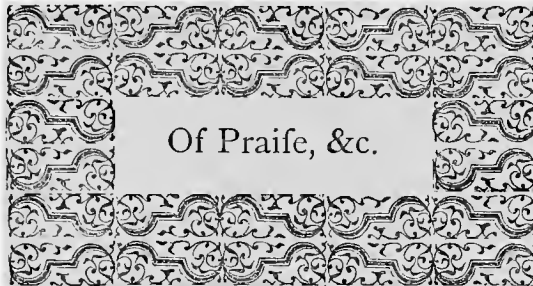
Fabius did by his vertues get fuch fame,

As *Maximus* was added to his name.

Lyfmachus was famous through the world,

Because he kill'd a Lyon in his youth.

Seneca faith ; Fame should be followed,
Rather than coueted by fond desire.
No man (faith *Cicero*) is learn'd and wife,
But fame must needs attend his actions.



*Praise is the hyre of vertue, for those partes
That well deserue it, both in eyes and hearts.*

PRaife is but smoake that sheddeth in the skie.
Men for their owne deeds shall be prais'd or blam'd.
True laud proceeds by the report of other :
Of more esteeme, when we our selues it smoothen.

The peoples voice, is neither shame nor praise.
Safetie may breed delight, not nourish praise.

*Hard words doe discommend some men to day,
Yet praise to morrow with all might they may.*

Many will praise in words, but spight in workes.
Chiefe praise consisteth in contented life.

*It's better to be praised for a truth,
Than for a leasing to be honoured.*

To praise vnworthie men, is flatterie.

92 *Of Praise, and Commendation.*

Saue vertuous deeds, there's nothing merits praise.

*When men doe praise themselves immoderately,
Makes other sentence them with obloquie.*

Praise stirres the mind to great and mightie things.

Praise nourisheth true vertue where it sprang.

*The benefits of peace deserue more praise,
Than all the cunningst stratagemes of warre.*

Praise maketh labour light, enricheth hope.

When others praise thee, best to iudge thy selfe.

*Praise is a poyson to ambitious men,
Because it makes them out-run honestie.*

In doing that we ought, deserues no praise.

By counterfeited vertue seeke no praise.

*In vaine we seeke the idle smoake of praise,
Since all things by antiquitie decayes.*

All good things haue preheminance in praise.

Neuer praise that which is not commendable.

*Oft those whome princes patronage extold,
Forget themselves and what they were of old.*

Condemne not that deserueth praise by due.

An ill mans praise, is praise for doing ill.

*Who striues to gaine inheritance of aire,
Leaues yet perhaps but beggerie to his heire.*

Helping the poore, deserueth double praise.

Vertue begetteth praise ; praise, honours height.

*Nothing of more vncertaintie than praise :
For one dayes gift, another rob vs of.*

An open praise deserues a secret doubt.

Too much commending, is a heauie load.

*He that commends a man before his face,
Will scant speake well of him behind his backe.*

Bad nature by good nurture mended, merits praise.

Abasing worthie men, argues selfe-praise.

It is more worthie praise to keepe good fame,

Than

Than the bare stile, or getting of the same.
Our elders praise, is light vnto our liues.
Be not too rash in discommending any.
Be not too hastie in bestowing praise:
Nor yet too slow when due time calls for praise.
A mans owne praise, is publicke infamie.
Honest attempts can neuer want due praise.

Similies on the same subiect.

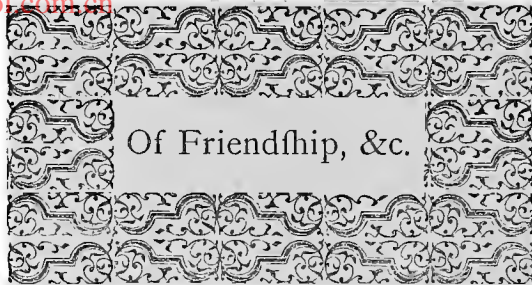
AS shadowes ou our bodies doe attend,
So praie doth wait ou vertue to the end.
As praising make the Peacocke spread her taile,
So men commended doe expresse themselues.
As fooles in folly are not to be foth'd,
So wicked actions are not to be prais'd.
As Cockes by crowing shew their victorie,
So mens owne praises blab their obloquie.
As niggards are discerned by their giftes,
So mens commendings doe expresse their loue.
As greatest praises fatten not thy fields,
So much commending pleafeth not thy friend.

Examples likewise on the same.

THE noble Romane *Titus Flaminius*,
Could not endure when any praised him.
Cesar beholding *Alexanders* image,
Wept, in remembring his exceeding praise.
Pompey did count it praise enough for him,
To set *Tigranes* in his throne againe.
Agathocles condemned all vaine praise,
And still confest himselve a potters sonne.
By vertue (saith *Euripides*) get praise,
For that will liue when time expires thy dayes.

Solon said, All vaine-glorious men were fooles ;
And none praise-worthie, but the humble-wife.

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*The summe of friendship is, that of two soules
One should be made, in will and firme affect.*

TRue friends partake in either weale or woe.
Faint-hearted friends, their succours long delay.
*A deare friends graue is a more heauie sight,
Than all the feares wherewith death can affright.*

Of foes, the spoile is ill ; farre more of friends.
Who faileth one, is false, though true to other.

*That friendship can no length of time endure,
Which doth cause ill, or euill end procure.*

The truest friendship, is in equalitie.

Likeness in manners, makes best amitie.

*When equall might is vp onto the chin,
Weake friends become strong foes to thrust him in.*

Among kind friends, departing drinks vp ioy.

Better a new friend, than an auncient foe.

Call him not friend, that sauours most of foe :

Tearme him thy deaths-man, looke he prooue not so.

Giue foes no oddes, nor friends vnequall power.

Truſt not to foes, if friends their credit looſe.

For friends if one ſhould die, were rarely much :

But die for foes, the world affords none ſuch.

In baſe minds dwells friendſhip nor enmitie.

No feruice will a gentle friend deſpiſe.

Looke what abuſe is offer'd to a friend,

The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe or end.

To wrong a friend doth prooue too foule a deed,

Foes often wake, when loyall friends doe ſleepe.

Faire louely concord, and moſt ſacred peace,

Doe nourish vertue, and make friendſhip ſaſt.

A ſteadfaſt friend is to be lou'd as life.

Faint friends, when they fall out, prooue cruell foes.

Thoſe friends that loue the Sun-ſhine of delights,

Will flye the winter when affliction bites.

True friendſhip at the firſt affront retires not.

Moſt friends befriend themſelues with friendſhips ſhew.

Suſpition is ſedition mongſt good friends,

When eithers drift to others miſchiefe tends.

They kill, that feele not their friends liuing paine.

Be enui'd of thy foe, rather than pitied.

More conqueſt is the gaining of a friend,

Than the ſubduing of an enemy.

He is too fooliſh that miſtruſts his friend.

In greateſt need, a friend is beſt diſcern'd.

We ought ſometimes as well to reprehend,

As praife the partie whome we count a friend.

True friendſhip maketh light all heauie harmes.

A friend in moſt diſtreſſe, will moſt aſiſt.

Who entertaineth many friends, doth looſe

The title of a true and ſtedfaſt friend.

Men in their friendſhip, alwayes ſhould be one.

A hard attempt to tempt a foe for aid.

Make

*Make all men our well-willers if we can,
 But onely chuse good men to be our friends.*
 Small is that friendship table-talke will cracke.
 Requests twixt friends are counted as commaunds.
To straungers let great proffers still be made :
But to true friends vse sound and perfect deedes.
 Performance is in friendship held a dutie.
 No man should loue himfelfe more than his friend.
Foure things we ought supply our friend withall :
Our person, counsell, comfort, and our goods.
 A friend is to a man another selfe.
 With euery one to shake hands, is not good.
*Who wanteth friends to backe what he begins
 In lands farre off: gets not, although he winnes.*
 A wife man takes not ech one as his friend.
 Prooue strangers to loue them, and not loue to prooue them.
*The man that makes a friend of euery straunger,
 Discards him not againe without some danger.*
 True friendship ought be free, like charitie.
 Opinion of vertue is the fount of friendship.
In friendship this one difference is tryde :
True friends stand fast, when as the feigned slide.
 Who neuer had a foe, ne're knew a friend.
 Friendship admitteth not an angry frowne.
*A true firme friend will neuer sound retreat,
 Nor stoope his sailes for any storme of weather.*
 Vnity, is Amities chieftest essence.
 Hazard displeasure to relieue a friend.
*True friendships Sunne continually doth last,
 And shines the clearer in the bitterst blast.*
 They are no friends, that hazard them they loue.
 True friendship fcornes confederacie with shame.
In earnest, ieast, in quiet, peace, or warre :
Neuer presume to try thy foe too farre.

Aduerſitie doth beſt diſcloſe a friend.

Amitie ſtretcheth not beyond the Altar.

*An open foe a man may ſoone prevent,
But a falſe friend, murders in blandiſhment.*

A feigned friend will quickly chaunge conceit.

Ouer-much boldneſſe makes men looſe their friends.

*Whiſt things go well, friends alwaies will be neer thee,
But failing once, the deareſt friends will feare thee.*

What death is life, when deareſt friends are loſt.

It's good to haue a wife and diſcreete friend.

*No foe ſo fell, or cunning to eſcape,
As is a friend, clad in a foe-mans ſhape.*

Oſten to trie our friends is profitable.

Flatterie is friendſhips forme, but not the fruit.

*Many to thoſe they ſhould moſt friendſhip ſhow,
Doe lie in wait to worke their overthrow.*

Suſpition is the poiſon of firme friendſhip.

Forgetfull fooles vnfriendly vie their friends.

*Of any foe, be ſure no giſt thou take,
Leaſt to thy ruine it ſome entrance make.*

Follie reſpecteth flatterers more than friends.

Good natures inly grieue to trie their friends.

*No mortall foe ſo full of venomous ſpight,
As man to man, when miſchiefe he pretends,*

Begging at friends hands, is eſteemed buying.

Friends hide no coine, or ſecrets from their friends.

*Who ſees their friends in want, and them deſpiſe:
When they doe fall, neuer deſerue to riſe.*

True friends doe foone forget a friends offence.

Scornfull and proud, are very perillous friends.

*He that intendeth guile, and thou findeſt ſo:
No wrong thou doeſt, to viſe him as thy foe.*

Where friends are knit in loue, there griefes are ſhar'd.

Quicke promiſers, ſlow doers, are ſlacke friends.

H

Where

*Where many hearts doe gently sympathize
In sacred friendship, there all blisse abounds.*

No friend like him whome no distresse can daunt.
Happie is he that finds and feeles a friend.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS no calamitie can thwart true loue,
As no mishap can separate firme friends.
As want of friends is very perillous,
So talking friends doe prooue too tedious.
As fire from heat cannot be separate,
So true friends hearts will no way be disjoyn'd.
As Phyficke cures the secre't griefes we haue,
So friendship heales the hearts extreameft woes.
As instruments are tun'd e're muficke's heard,
So friends are tride ere they be firmly found.
As exiles haue no comforts but their cares,
So home-abiders haue no ioy like friends.

Examples likewise on the same.

CYrus vpon his left side plac'd his friends,
Because they should be neereft to his heart.
Dyon and Cafar rather wish'd death,
Than they should grow distrustfull of their friends.
Cato this poefie caried in his Ring :
Be friend to one, andemie to none.
Lucilius seeing *Brutus* round engirt,
Call'd himfelfe *Brutus*, that his friend might scape.
Phocion, in desperate furie sau'd his friend,
Saying : *For this cause was I made thy friend.*
Three things (saith *Tullie*) men should wish their friends :
Health, good account, and priuiledge from need.

Of



*Patience, is voluntarie sufferance
Of hardest matters, for faire vertues sake.*

Patience preuailes against a world of wrongs.
 What Fortune hurts, patience can onely heale.
*No banishment can be to him assign'd,
 That hath a patient and resolued mind.*
 The minds affliction, patience can appeafe.
 To be borne well, and die worfe, breaketh patience.
*That life is only miserable and vile,
 Which from faire patience doth it selfe exile.*
 Patience doth passions alwaies mortifie.
 The minds distresse, with patience is relieu'd.
*They that loose halfe, with greater patience beare it,
 Then they whose all, is swallowed in confusion.*
 For curelesse fores, patience is chiefest salue.
 Patience, all trouble sweetly doth digest.
*True patience can mildly suffer wrong,
 Where rage and furie doe our liues defame.*
 True patience is the prouender of fooles.
 Patience importun'd, doth conuert to hate.

Of Patience.

The strength to fight with death, is patience,

And to be conquer'd of him, patience.

The onely salve for wrong, is patience.

Reuenge on fortune, is mild patience.

Let such whome patience cannot moderate,

Endaunger them that would endamage him.

He is most valiant that is patient.

No conquest can compare with patience.

Patience is oft from princely seat puld downe,

When bloodie minds doe scuffle for a crowne.

Patience makes light, afflictions heauiest load.

The shield of patience beares off all mishaps.

Comfortlesse patience brings consumption.

No sting hath patience, but a sighing grieffe:

That stings nought but it selfe without reliefe.

The end of patience, is expect of promise.

Patience beares that which care cannot redresse.

A heauenly spirits hope, is patience.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS rage doth kindle still the fire of wrath,
 Patience to quench it, store of water hath.
 As fire impaires not gold, but makes it bright,
 So greatest wrongs by patience are made light.
 As phyicke doth repaire decayed health,
 So patience brings true blessing to the soule.
 As water quengeth the extreamest fire,
 So patience qualifes the mightiest wrongs.
 As Diamonds in the darke are best discern'd,
 So patience is in trouble best approou'd.
 As angrie splenes are hastie in reuenge,
 So discrete foules brooke all with patience.

Exam-

Of Patience.

101

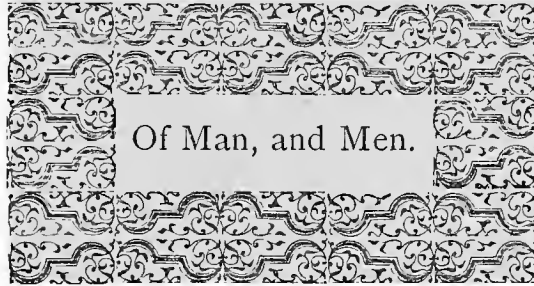
Examples likewise on the same.

What-e're mishap *Darius* did befall,
Yet in his mind he was not moou'd at all.

Marcus Aurelius said, that patience
Had holpe him more than any thing be fide.
Sylla endur'd reuilings patiently,
And mildly yeelded his Dictator-ship.

Mauritius moou'd not at his childrens death,
Although he saw them flaine before his face.
When *Socrates* was counsel'd to reuenge,
Said: *If an Asse strike, shall I strike againe?*

In patience conflict, saith *Euripides* :
The vanquisht doe exceed the vanquisher.



*Man is a creature of such excellence,
As all else was created for his vse.*

MAn in himfelse a little world doth beare.
*All other creatures follow after kind,
But man alone is ruled by his mind.*

All men, to some peculiar vice encline.

*The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad, that he doth undertake.*

A man once stung, is hardly hurt againe.

*Fond is the man that will attempt great deeds,
And loose the glorie that attends on them.*

Where ease abounds, men soone may doe amisse.

*Men doe not know what they themselves will be,
When as more than themselves, themselves they see.*

The worth of all men by their end, esteeme.

*When men have well fed, and the blood is warme,
Then are they most improvident of harme.*

Birds haue the aire, Fish water, Men the land.

*When from the heart of man ascends true sighes,
From Gods diuineſt spirit descendeth grace.*

The man that feeke his thraldome, merits it.

*Man of himselfe is as a barren field,
But by the grace of heauen, a fruitfull vine.*

Men easily doe credit what they loue.

*The man that liueth by anothers breath:
Looke when he dies, is certaine of his death.*

No man weigheſ him, that doth himselfe neglect.

*Men ought especially to saue their winnings
In all attempts, els loose they their beginnings.*

Oft one mans sorrow doth another touch.

*The man vniust, is hopelesſe fortunate:
Quickely misse-led, but hardly reconcil'd.*

It grieues a man to aske, when he deferues.

*Men are but Fortunes subiects, therefore variable:
And times disciples, therefore momentarie.*

Deuise of man, in working hath no end.

*There liues no man so felled in content,
That hath not daily somewhat to repent.*

Ech man muſt thinke, his morning shall haue night.

Of Man and Men.

103

*Mens imperfections often-times are knowne,
When they repine to thinke them as their owne.*
Man neuer takes delight to heare his fault.
*Men often iudge too well their owne deserts :
When others smile to see their ignorance.*
Men honoured, wanting wit, are fruitlesse trees.
Man is but meere calamitie it felse.
*Man when he thinkes his state is most secure,
Shall find it then both fickle and vnsecure.*
Mans nature is desirous still of change.
To greatest men, great faults are incident.
Mishaps haue power o're man, not he o're them.

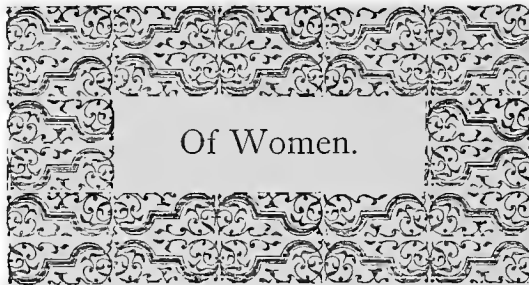
Similies on the same subiect.

AS flowers by their sight and sente are knowne,
So men are noted by their words and workes.
As snow in water doth begin and end,
So man was made of earth, and so shall end.
As waxe cannot endure before the fire,
So cannot vniust men in sight of heauen.
As all things on the earth are for mans vse,
So men were made for one anothers helpe.
As Toades doe sucke their venime from the earth,
So bad men draw corruption from foule finne.
As fooles erect their houfes on the sands,
So wise men doe rely their hopes on heauen.

Examples likewise on the same.

P*hilip* of Macedon was daily told:
Remember Philip, thou art but a man.
Cyrus held no man worthie gouernment,
Except his vertues were to be admir'd.

Those men did *Alcibiades* count safe,
 That kept their countries lawes vnchangeable.
Timon was cal'd, the enimie to men,
 And would perfwade them to destroy them-felues.
 What elfe is man (faith *Pindarus*) but a dreame,
 Or like a shadow we difcerne in sleepe?
Homer cryed out : Man was moft miserable
 Of all the creatures that the world contain'd.



*Women are equall euery way to men,
 And both alike haue their infirmities.*

Women by men receiue perfection.
 Women and loue like emptie houfes perish.
*Like vntun'd golden strings faire women are,
 Which lying long vntoucht, will harshly iarre.*

Faire and vnkind, in women ill befeemes
 Women are wonne, when they beginne to iarre.
*Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
 Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.*

All women are ambitious naturally.
 In womens tongues is quickly found a rub.
A womans will that's bent to walke astray.
Is feldome chaung'd by watch or sharpe restraint.
 Ripe still to ill, ill womens counfels are.
 All things are subiect, but a womans will.
'Tis fast good will, and gentle courtesies
Reclaime a woman, and no watching eyes.
 Women are most wonne, when men merit leaft.
 Women that long, thinke fcorne to be faid nay.
Neuer as yet was man so well aware,
But first or last was caught in womens snare.
 Find constancie in women, all is found.
 Women desire to see, and to be seene.
Great vaunts doe seeme hatcht vnder Sampsons lockes,
Yet womens words can giue them killing knockes.
 Women haue teares for forrow and diffembling.
 Women allure with fmiles, and kill with frownes.
It is a common rule, that women neuer
Loue beautie in their sexe, but enuie euer.
 Women with wanton eyes, haue wanton trickes.
 Vertue is richeft dowrie for a woman.
Though men can couer crimes with bold sterne lookes,
Foore womens faces are their owne faults bookes.
 Women leaft reckon of a doting louer.
 What cannot women doe, that know their power?
If womens hearts, that haue light thoughts to spill them
Die of themselues : why then should forrow kill them?
 No beaft is fiercer than a iealous woman.
 Women oft looke, one to enuie another.
A womans teares are falling starres at night,
No sooner seene, but quickly out of sight.
 A womans fauour lasteth but a while.
 Two things, to be a woman, and a Queene.

Women

Of Women.

*Women doe hold, 'tis ioyes life, lifes best treasure,
Both to begin, and leaue to kisse at leisure.*

Of womens mercie, more than mens is feene.

Some womens wits exceed all Art, in loue.

A womans passions doth the aire resemble:

Neuer alike, they sinne if they dissemble.

Loue, women, and inconstancie ne're part.

Blushes shew womens thoughts, and teach men wit.

Those vertues that in women merit praise,

Are sober shewes without, chaste thoughts within.

A womans heart and tongue, are relatives.

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Those women of their wit may iustly boast,

That buy their wisdom by anothers cost.

A womans mind is fit for each impresion.

High praises hammer best a womans mind.

Thy wife being wise, make her thy secretarie:

Else not, for women seldome can keepe silence.

Women in mischief, are more wise then men.

A womans tongue, wounds deeper than her eye.

Constant in loue, who tryes a womans mind:

Wealth, beautie, wit, and all in her doth find.

Women are Natures wonder, loking Nature.

Women doe couet most, what's most denied them.

Extreams are womens sorrowes, past redresse:

Or so dissembled, not to be beleue'd.

A woman of good life, feares no ill tongue.

Silence in women, is a speciall grace.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS none can tell a grieft but he that feelles it,
So none knowes womens wrongs, but they that find them.

As women most despise what's offered them,

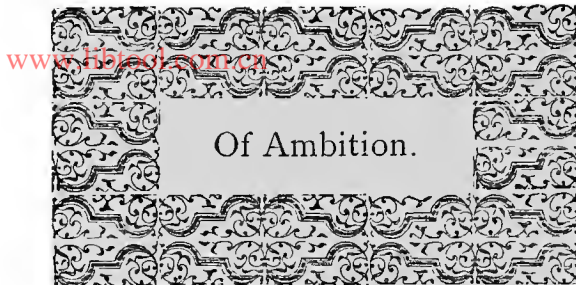
So to denie their minds, is worfe than death.

As a sharpe bridle fits a froward horfe,
So a curft woman muft be roughly vs'd.
As the beft mettall'd blade hath iron commixt,
So the beft women are not free from faults.
As readines of fpeech becomes a man,
So filence doth a woman beft befeeme.
As goodlieft gardens are not void of weeds,
So faireft women may haue fome defect.

Examples likewise on the fame.

I *Strina*, fometime Queene of Scithia,
With her fweet voice, made calme the rough fwolne fea.
Romane *Cornelia* was fo eloquent,
That to her they did daily facrifice.
Lachis of Athens, to her country-men
Appointed lawes for ciuill gouernment.
Queene *Parisatis* caus'd the Perfian kings,
To haue their buriall in rich tombes of gold.
Plato held women in a familie,
As needfull as a kingdome's gouernour.
If nature doe defire her felfe to fee,
(Saith *Plutarch*) women then her glaffe may be.

Of



*Ambition is a humour that aspires,
And slayes it selfe in seeking high desires.*

AMbition, with the Eagle loues to build.
*Ambition being once inur'd to raigne,
 Can neuer brooke a priuat state againe.*
 Ambitious fauorites alwaies mischief bring.
*Th'aspirer once attain'd vnto the top,
 Cuts off those meanes whereby himselfe got vp.*
 Ambition yet tooke neuer lasting root.
*High aimes, young spirits, birth of loyall line:
 Make men play false, where kingdomes are the stakes.*
 Th'ambitious will find right, or else make right.
*It is ambitions sicknes, hauing much,
 To vexe vs with defect of that we haue.*
 Might makes a title where he hath no right.
*Those men that commonly o're-looke too much,
 Doe ouer-see themselues, their state is such.*
 Ambitious minds, a world of wealth would haue.
Ambitious minds to get a princes traine,

Would

Of Ambition.

109

Would afterward of beggers life be faine.

Ambition, paine, and loue, brookes no delay.

Lions doe neuer cast a gentle looke

On any beast, that would vsurpe their den.

Who climbs too foone, oft time repents too late.

Bloud and alliance nothing doe preuaile,

To coole the thirst of hot ambitious breasts.

Aspiring things are readie still to fall.

Bruises are sooner caught by reaching high,

Than when the mind is willing to stoope low.

Many vsurpe, but most in mischief end.

Fortune doth neuer grudge at them that fall:

But enuie stings and biteth them that climbe.

Aspiring thoughts led Phaeton awry.

Beware ambition, 'tis a sugred ill,

That fortune layes, presuming minds to kill.

Ambitions Icarus did climbe too high.

Ambitions bold and true begott'n soune,

Is quite spent in desire ere hope be wonne.

Gazers on starres, oft stumble at small stones.

Seldome can proud presumption be enthroan'd

To liue esteem'd; or die, to be bemoan'd.

Ambition, no corriuall will admit.

The man that doth presume about his state,

In stead of loue, incurres but deadly hate.

Higheft attempts to low disgraces fall.

Craft giues ambition leaue to lay his plot,

And crasse his friend, because he sounds him not.

Competitors the subiects dearely buy.

Presuming will counts it high preiudice

To be reprov'd, although by sound aduise,

Beware ambition in felicitie.

Such reaching heads as neuer thinke them well,

After their fall, their owne misshaps may tell.

High

High mounting Eagles soone are smitten blind.
Ambitions dying, is great glorie wonne.
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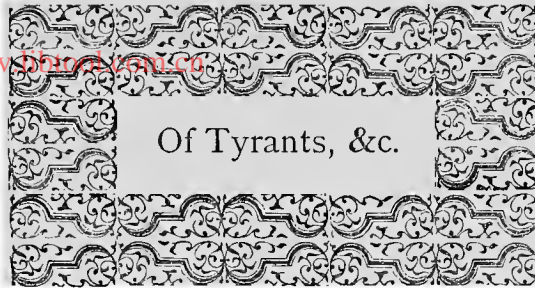
Similies on the same subiect.

AS breath on steele, as soone is off as on,
So climbers are as quickly downe as vp.
As nothing in substance is more light than aire,
So nothing can out-goe ambitious thoughts.
As winds being vp, doe blow more violent,
So proud vsurpers tyrannise in height.
As bad men grieue at good mens happineffe,
So high aspirers grudge at lowlines.
As powder fier'd, is but a suddaine flash,
Euen so ambition is no more than smoke.
As Bats doe flutter, not directly flie,
So climbers aime at much, and misse of all.

Examples likewise on the same.

F *Rodericke* the third, was by his bastard sonne
Ambitious *Manfroy* dispossess'd of life
Geta murdered *Antonius* his brother,
Through his ambitious mind to rule alone.
Craffus procur'd himselfe a shamefull death,
Through his ambitious spight at *Cæsars* fame.
Marius, not satisfisd with former praise,
Through his ambition soone abridg'd his dayes.
Plato would haue good men exalted still,
But none that fauour'd of ambition.
Saith *Aristotle*, kingdomes soone decay,
Where pride, or else ambition beareth sway.

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Of Tyrants, &c.

*Tyrants are kingdoms plagues, and good mens woe:
Their owne destroyers, and soone ouerthrow.*

A Tyrants lookes breed terror after death.
Oft in the childrens slaughters, fathers die.
*The man that once is strong in equitie,
Will scorne th' auflereft lookes of tyrannie.*

Tyrannie still strikes terror to it selfe.

Death is the vtmost end of tyrannie.

*Those that in blood a violent pleasure haue,
Seldome descend but bleeding to the graue.*

Birth is no shadow to sterne tyrannie.

Ladies and tyrants doe respect no lawes.

*When tyrannie is with strong aid supported,
All iustice from good minds is quite extorted.*

No tyrannie can force true fortitude.

Tyrants are leaders to a many ills.

*A tyrant that hath tasted once of bloud,
Doth hardly thriue by any other food.*

Tyrants will brooke no tearmes, or list dispute.

Tyrants are torturers of honest foules.

VVords

*Words not preuaile, neither can sighes aduise,
To moue the heart that's bent to tyrannise.*

No fame confits in deeds of tyrannie.

Tyrants are alwaies traitours to them-felues.

*To punish many for th' amisse of one,
Most properly to tyrants appertaine.*

Where tyrants reigne, God help the land that while.

It's worse than death, to liue a tyrants slaue.

*Tyrants being suffred, and not quail'd in time,
VWill cut their throats that gaue them leaue to climbe.*

The smallest worme will turne, being trode vpon.

The Doves will pecke in rescue of their brood.

*The sauage Beare will neuer licke his hand,
That spoiles her of her young before her face.*

By vniust deeds, a true prince growes a Tyrant.

Nothing more abiect than a tyrant is.

*He that in bountie doth exceed himselfe,
Becomes a tyrant afterward to others.*

Tyrants subdue by strength, maintaine in hate.

Tyrants are Nobles scourge, the commons plague.

*Kings as they ought, Tyrants rule as they list:
The one to profit all, the other few.*

No peace, no hope, no rest hath tyrannie.

One iniurie, makes not a tyrannie.

*Princes ought iustly to defend their owne,
Rather than tyrant-like to conquer others.*

Who kings refuse, deferue a tyrant Lord.

Vfurping rule is held by tyrannie.

*Tyrannie in a teacher is most vile:
For youth with loue, not rigour should be taught.*

Tyrants tread lawes and honour vnder foot.

Subiects in Tyrants eyes, are held as slaues.

*Tyrants by armes, the iust referre their cause
To due arbitrement of right and lawes.*

A tyrants

Of Tyrants and Tyrannie.

113

A tyrants reigne hath feldome permanence.
Tyrants doe neuer die an honest death.

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Similies on the same subiect.

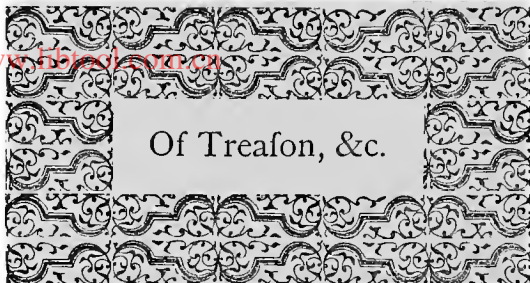
AS kings doe rule by counsell and aduise.
So tyrants by their will, and not by law.
As want of riches makes a tyrant prince,
So great abundance heapes vp wickednes.
As boiftrous winds doe shake the highest towers,
So blood and death cuts off proud tyrannie.
As enuie shooteth at the fairest markes,
So tyrants leuell at true princes liues.
As forest tempests are in largest seas,
So greatest euill enfues on tyrannie.
As trees are alwaies weakest toward the top,
So falleth Tyrants in their chiefest height.

Examples likewise on the same.

T *Hrasillus* teaching meanes of tyrannie,
Was first enforst to tast thereof himselfe.
Scyron threw others headlong in the sea,
Till *Theſeus* did the like by him at length.
Caligula wisht Rome had but one head,
That at one stroke himselfe might smite it off.
Cyrus that neuer had enough of blood,
Had afterward his head all drown'd in blood.
The foules of tyrants, *Plutarch* doth affirme,
To be compos'd of crueltie and pride.
A tyrant seekes his priuate benefit
And no mans else, as *Seneca* maintaines.

I

Of



*Treason is hated both of God and men,
As such a sinne, as none can greater be.*

TReason hath no place where obedience is.
Rebellion doth bewray corrupted nature.
*There is no treason woundeth halfe so deepe,
As that which doth in princes bosoms sleepe.*
Rebellion springs of too much head-strong will.
The rebell shrinks, where rule and order fwayes.
*Kings pallaces stand open to let in
The soothing traitour, and the guide to sinne.*
In darknesse dwels the blind rebellious mind.
Traitors are loath'd, and yet their treason lou'd.
*They that gainst states and kingdomes doe coniure,
Their head-long ruine none can well recure.*
Treason first workes ere traitors are espied.
Most bitter-fower doth foule rebellion taste.
*Betime 'tis good to let the traitour die,
For sparing iustice feeds iniquitie.*
All filthie floods flow from rebellions brinks.
No vertue merits praife with treason toucht.

No wor-

*No worthy mind by treason will assaile,
When as he knowes his valour can preuaile.*

A factious Lord feld benefits him-felfe.
Who builds in blood and treason, builds vnfire.

*A troubled streame of puddle mixt with mire,
Doth quench the thirst of rebels hot desire.*

Men in feditions nourc'd, in factions liue.
Shame, is the rightfull end of treacherie.

*It's madnesse to giue way to treacherie.
Without due vengeance to such iniurie.*

In carelesse trust is treason foonest found.
Reuolted subiects, of them-felues will quaille.

*No greater spight, than basely be betrayed
By such a one whome thou before hast made.*

Reuolt's a mischiefe, euer-more pernicious.
Who will be subiects, shall be slaues at length.

*Conuerse with treachers, looke for treacherie:
Who deales with bad men, must haue iniurie.*

Conflict with traitors is most perillous.
A traitor once, ne're trusted afterward.

*They that doe couet deadly to betray,
By sweetest meanes first practise to entrap.*

No place is safe enough for any traitour.
Time is the touch that treacherous minds doth try.

*Nothing auailles, strong bulwarkes, fence or towers:
When treacherous foes all inward strength deuoures.*

Traitours are subiect to continuall feare.
Traitours, like vipers, gnaw their countries bones.

Similies on the same subiect.

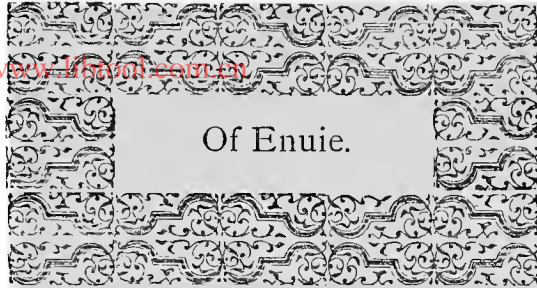
AS Inie kills the tree embracing it,
So traitours murder with their smootheft looks.
As euill fauours doe corrupt the aire,
So treachers doe pollute a common-weale.

As in faire weather greatest stormes arise,
 So in mild seafons, treason is most bold.
 As branches too much loden quickly breake,
 So traitors too farre trusted, doe most harme.
 As too much rankeneffe bends the stalkes of corne,
 So too much mildneffe whets the traitor on.
 As hawkes are lost by foaring ouer-high,
 So traitours perish in their chiefest hopes.

Examples likewise on the same.

They that flew *Cæsar* in the Senate-houfe,
 Perisht like traitours, neuer prospered.
 The traitours that great *Pompey* did betray,
 With death did *Cæsar* iustly guerdon them.
Sylla to her owne father proou'd vntrue,
 And therefore felt desert accordingly.
Lyciscus rotted aline about the ground
 For his vile treason to th'Orcmenians.
 Th'Athenians would let none be buried,
 That had been traitours to the country.
Tullie faith: Wife men not at any time
 Will trust a traitour or a faithlesse man.

Of



*Enuie is nothing els but grieffe of mind,
Conceiv'd at sight of others happinesse.*

E Nuie is hand-maid to prosperitie.
Enuie let in, doth in more mischief let.
Enuie doth cease, wanting to feed vpon.
Enuious is he, that grieues his neighbors good.

*Enuie hath oft times eloquence in store
To serue his turne, than which he craues no more.*

Ill will too soone regardeth enuies cries.
Hee's most enuied, that most exceeds the rest.
Promotions chaung'd, glorie is enuies marke.
No fooner excellent, but enuied fraight.

*Enuie doth vertue in such sort disgrace,
It makes men foes to them they should embrace.*

Enuie to honour, is a secreet foe.
The fruits of enuie, is despight and hate.
It's hate, which enuies vertue in a friend.
Anger and enuie, are lifes enemies.

*Enuie liues with vs while our felues suruiue,
And when we die, it is no more aliue.*

Let enuie with misfortune be contented.

Honour is still a moate in enuies eye.

Enuie cannot offend but such as liue.

On dead mens vertues, enuie hath no power.

Enuie in this point may be knowne from hate:

The one is euident, the other hid.

All poysoned thoughts, are enuies daily food.

Enuie is friendships secreet enemie.

Enuie at other shoots, but wounds her selfe.

It's better be enuied, than pitied.

Enuie doth make the body ill dispos'd,

And kills the colour of the countenance.

Men enuious, by their manners are best knowne.

Enuie doth often brag, but drawes no blood.

Enuie like lightning in the darke is feene.

Enuie is blind, and vertues mortall foe.

Enuie doth scorne to cast her eye below:

As proud ambition alwayes gazeth vp.

As rust the iron, so enuie frets the heart.

At good mens fatnesse, enuie waxeth leane.

Enuie spots beauties colours with disdaine.

Enuie will reach at them are farthest off.

The enuious man is fed with daintie fare,

For his owne heart is his continuall food.

Enuie is mightie mens companion.

Enuies diseafe proceeds from others good.

Enuie at vertues elbow alwaies waits.

The enuious man, thinkes others losse, his gaine.

It's better be a beggers mate in loue,

Than in base enuie, fellow with a king.

Enuie teares vp the dead, buries the quicke.

Enuie speakes alwaies what comes next in mind.

Glorie erects, what enuie casteth downe.

Enuie is like a shaft shot from a bow,

Which

Which flies a while aloft, but lighteth low.

The enuious man ne're spares to perfecte.

W *Hid enuie is more dangerous than knowne.*

When enuie winkes, then waiteth he most harme.

If any man be good, he is enuied:

If euill, then himselſe is enuious.

Patience endures what euer enuie dare.

An enuious neighbour is a double ill.

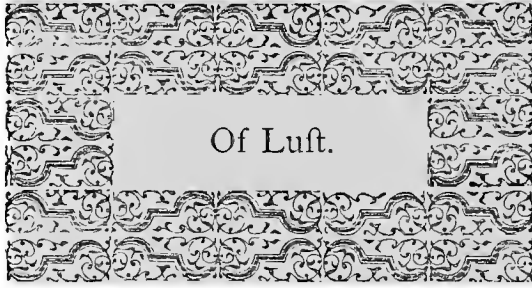
Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

As Bauens by their bands are eaſily knowne,
So enuies lookes doe moſt diſcloſe her ſelſe.
As greateſt floods haue alwaies quickeſt ebbes,
So enuies heat is commonly ſoone cold.
As rigour blaſteth fancieſ faireſt bloomes,
So enuie doth the nobleſt man diſgrace.
As no diſeaſe with inward grieſe compares,
So nothing more than enuie wounds the mind.
As fire not maintain'd is quickly out,
So enuie not ſupplied, dieſ of it ſelſe.
As in the Cedar, wormes doe neuer breed,
So in the wife, enuie can haue no power.

Examples likewise on the ſame.

Philip was told, that men enuied him:
Quoth he; *I care not, I haue giuen no cauſe.*
Caligula had ſuch an enuious heart,
As he repin'd at all mens happineſſe.
Th'Athenians ſo enuied *Themiftocles*,
As they made verſes in reproch of him.
Pompey and *Ceſars* enuie to each other,
Can ſcant be matcht in any hiſtories.
Plutarch ſaith, enuie is damn'd forcerie,
And therefore wiſht it generally abhorr'd.

Thucidides graunts, wife men may be enuid,
 Only to make their vertues shine the more.
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*Lust, is the minds disturber, purses foe:
 The conscience wronger, and first step to woe.*

Lust oft is fill'd, but neuer satisfied.
 Lasciuious lust the fences doth deceine.
 Where lust gets footing, shame doth foon ensue.
*Lust like a lanthorne sheweth through it selfe,
 The poysoned venime hid within it selfe.*
 Lust puts the most vnlawfull things in vre.
 The Leachers tongue, is neuer void of guile.
 Lust liues by spoile, like theeues that rob true men.
*Lust makes obliuion, beateth reason backe:
 Forgetteth shames pure blush, and honours wracke.*
 The flames of lust doe from loues fewell rife.
 The filth of lust, vncleaneffe wallowes in.
 Lust gads abroad, desire doth feldome sleepe.
*Most sweet it is, swift fame to ouer-goe:
 But vile, to liue in lusts blacke ouerthrow.*

Where

Of Lust.

121

Where lust is law, it booteth not to plead.
Lust lacks no wings, when loue is fled away.

W **B** **l** **i** **n** **d** **i** **s** **b** **a** **f** **e** **l** **u** **s** **t**, **f** **a** **l** **s** **e** **c** **o** **l** **o** **u** **r** **s** **t** **o** **d** **e** **f** **c** **r** **i** **e**.

*Lustes Owle-sight eyes are dazeled with the light,
Yet see too clearely in the darkest night.*

Loue surfets not, lust like a glutton dies.

Loue is all truth, lust full of perjur'd lyes.

Lusts winter comes ere fommer halfe is done.

*While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, or reine his rash desire.*

Lust being Lord, there is no trust in kings.

Leud lust is endlesse, pleasure hath no bounds.

As corne o're-growes by weeds, so feare by lust.

All faire humanitie abhorres the deed,

That staines with lust loues modest snow-white weede.

Teares harden lust, though marble weare with drops.

Faire loue, foule lust, are deadly enemies.

Lust blowes the fire when temperance is thawed.

*Faire day discouers lustes obscurest wayes,
And sheweth ech thing as it is indeed.*

The loue of lust is losse vnto our health.

Lust led with enuie, dreads no deadly sinne.

Sower is the ease that from lusts root doth spring.

Inchastitie is euer prostitute,

Whose tree we loath, when we haue pluckt the fruit.

It is great vertue to abstaine from lust.

Who followes lust, can neuer come to loue.

Lust alwaies seekes the ruine of chaste loue.

Better severitie that's right and iust,

Than impotent affections led with iust.

Greatnesse doth make it great incontinence.

No bondage like the flauish life to lust.

Lust is a pleasure bought with after paine.

The gate that opens to iniquitie,

Is vn-

Of Lust.

Is unrestrained lust and libertie. -

Lust by continuance growes to impudence.

Shame and disgrace attend vnbridled lust.

Adulterie is iniurie to nature.

Where wicked lust doth dwell in foule excessse,

That is no house but for damn'd beaſtlines.

Adult'rie is vnlawfull matrimonie.

Adult'rie is despis'd among brut beaſts.

Concupifcence doth violence the foule.

Loue comforteth like Sun-ſhine after raine,

But luſts effect is tempeſt after Sunne.

No beaſtlines like baſe concupifcence.

Lust is the path-way to perdition.

Concupifcence leads on the way to death.

Poore ſillie flyes may teach great men be iuſt,

And not to yeeld them-ſelues a prey to luſt.

Lust is in age moſt loathſome, vile in youth.

Lust makes vs couet things beyond our power.

Lust cuts off life before the dated time.

Luſt neuer taketh ioy in what is due,

But ſtill leaues knowne delights to ſeeke out new.

A man long plung'd in luſt, is hardly purg'd.

Slothfulneſſe is the nourisher of luſt.

Similies on the ſame ſubieſt.

AS fire confumeth wood into it ſelfe,
 So luſt drawes men into her deepeſt finnes,
 As Sulphur being hot, is quickly fier'd,
 So luſt vnbridled eaſily is prouokt.
 As wanton thoughts are full of wanton ſpeech,
 So leud conceits are filld with looſe defires.
 As greedie minds encroch on others right,
 So luſt makes no reſpect of leud delight.

As

Of Lust.

123

As leprosie the members doth corrupt,
So luxurie enuenometh the foule.
As ravenous birds make no respect of prey,
So all are apt that come in lusts foule way.

Examples likewise on the same.

C*leopatra* had her brothers companie,
Wronging thereby her husband & her selfe.
Thalestris trauail'd fise and twentie dayes,
To lye one night with mightie *Alexander*.
Claudius of his owne sifters made no spare.
Semiramis in lust desir'd her fonne.
Nero slew *Atticus* the Romane Confull,
That he might haue acceffe vnto his wife.
Aristotle saith, that lust mens bodies change,
And likewise breedeth madnesse in their foules.
Hippocrates call'd lust the foule difease,
Than which could be no worfe infection.

Of

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*Pride, is a puffed up mind, a swollen desire,
That by vaine-glory seeketh to aspire.*

Pride, is the chiefe disgrace beautie can haue.
Pride drawes on vengeance, vengeance hath no meane.
Weake weapons doe the greateft pride abate.
*When pride but pointeth once vnto his fall,
He beares a sword to slay him-selfe withall.*

Vaine-glorie neuer temperance doth retaine.

Vaine-glorie fondly gazeth on the skies.

Pride gapes aloft, and scorneth humble lookes.

Pride is contemned, scorn'd, disdain'd, derided:

While humbleness of all things is provided.

Proud will is deafe, and heares no heedfull friends.

The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace.

Suppreffe the proud, helpe to support the meeke.

Vaine-glories vice, like to the mistie night,

Doth blemish oft our vertues shining bright.

Small Gnats enforc'd proud Pharaoh soone to stoope.

Very vnshurely stands the foot of pride.

Vaine-glorious men desire to please their eies.

Such

Of Pride, Vaine-glorie.

125

*Such is the nature still of haughtie pride,
Than others praise, can nothing worse abide.*
In-sight illustrates, outward brauerie blinds.
Shame followes pride, as doth the bodies shade.
Wit oft-times wrackes, by felfe-conceit of pride.
*Though pride leads on, yet shame doth wait behind,
And shame for pride by iustice is assign'd.*
Beautie breeds pride, pride bringeth forth difdaine.
Vertue is plac'd, where pride may not perfume.
The plague of pride presumption did begin.
*Nothing there is that heauen can worse abide,
Amongst mens deeds, than arrogance and pride.*
Trust not to choife of proud confederates.
High-built castles ouer-looke low lands.
Enuie is auncient'ft sinne, but pride is greateft.
*Proud thoughts, that greateft matters take in hand,
Falls soonest, where they safest thinke to stand.*
Sorrow ne're followes him that flies from pride.
Where least defert is, alwaies pride is most.
Prides lowest step is blood, Enuie the highest.
*Pride bathes in teares of poore submission,
And makes his soule the purple he puts on.*
A proud mans glory, foone begets defame.
A rich man hardly can be free from pride.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS vapours in ascending soone are loft,
So prides presuming but confounds it felfe.
As great fires hazard simple cottages,
So pride in poore men is most perillous.
As winds blow sternely being neere to ceafe,
So pride is loftiest, neere destruction.
As Cedar trees vnfruitfull are and stiffe,
So proud men helpe not any, nor themselues.

As

As pride is the beginner of all vice,
 So the destruction is it of all vertue.
 As full the droppe couets after drinke,
 So pride is neuer pleased but with pride.

Examples likewise on the same.

F*Abius* the Senatour, o're-come with pride,
 Swallowed a haire in milke, and thereof dyed.
Poppoia that was *Neroes* concubine,
 Had with the purest gold her horses shod.
Chares for hurting *Cyrus* in the knee,
 Became so proud, that forth-with he ran mad.
 The Emperour *Dioclesian* in his pride,
 Would needs be call'd the brother to the Sunne.
 Saith *Aristotle*, Men ouercome with pride,
 Their betters nor their equals can abide.
Quintilian would haue men of greatest gifts,
 Rather be humble, than fwolne vp with pride.

Of



*Couetoufnes is onely root of ill,
That kingdome, conscience, soule and all doth spill.*

They that most couet, oftentimes loofe more.
 Gaine commeth in, while as the miser sleeps.
*Couetous wretches doe such grieues sustaine,
 That they prooue bankrupts in their greatest gaine.*

Vaine is it, all to haue and nothing vse.
 Intemperance thralles men to couetife.
*Treasure is most abus'd, being hoorded vp,
 When being employed, it turneth two for one.*

It's vaine to couet more than we need vse.
 He that encrocheth much, is alwaies needie.
*Rich roabes, other both and themfelues adorne,
 But nor themfelues nor others, if not worne.*

Great is the scope that greedie will defires.
 Gains got with infamie, is greatest losse.
*Lesse sinnes the poore man, that doth starue him-felfe,
 Than he that slayes his soule by hoording pelfe.*

Defire to haue, doth make vs much endure.
 Auarice is good to none, worfe to himfelfe,

Who

*Who would not wish his treasure safe from theeues,
And rid his heart of pangs, his eyes from teares?*

The man that couets much, he wanteth much.

The gaine of gold makes many loofe their foules.

Learnings decay, is thankelesse auarice:

Not rendring vertue her deseruing price.

All vices haue their taste from auarice,

The couetous mans excuse, is childrens care.

Who hugs th'idolatrours desire of gold,

To scorne and ruine hath his freedome sold.

The deuils mouth is tearm'd a milers purse.

Mens faults, by couetousnes the world discernes.

The greedie wretch that for him-selfe still spares.

Doth hoord vp nothing but continuall cares.

A couetous eye doth seldome find content.

Desire of gaine, at no time hath enough.

A niggard seldome wanteth this slye shift,

To call his cursed auarice, good thrift.

The couetous minded man is alwayes poore,

Couetousnes runnes round about the world.

Couetousnes deserueth speciall hate

In Iudges, or in rulers of a state.

Auarice diseafe, nothing can cure but death.

To flie from auarice, is a kingdomes gaine.

So greedie minds may but augment their wealth,

They not respect how much they harme their health.

How hard from couetousnes can men refraine?

Gold, that makes all men false, is true it selfe.

Treasures fast bard vp by a couetous mind,

As prodigall expenders after find.

The more we spare, the more we hope to gaine.

To haue gold, and to haue it safe, is all.

In old men, couetousnesse is monstrous,

Because they are so neare their iournies end.

Auarice (like the dropſie) ſtill ſeekes more.

The gulfe of greedineſſe will ne're be filld.

The couetous churle, whoſe care great heapes attaines:

Hath for his end affliction, grieſe his gaines.

Auarice is the chiefeſt hooke of death.

The miſers mind is neuer ſatiſhed.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS fire, the more it hath, the fiercer burnes,
So couetous minds doe alwaies craue for more.

As Bees doe flocke vnto a hony dew,

So couetous men ſtill haunt the fente of gaine.

As greateſt fiſh deuoure the ſmaller frie,

So couetous wretches feed vpon the poore.

As gluttons from them-ſelues can nothing ſpare,

So miſers will let nothing paſſe their purſe.

As without waues we neuer ſee the ſea,

So couetous men are neuer free from cares.

As clouds doe ſomtime hide the Sunnes cleare light,

So couetouſnes depriues the light of grace.

Examples likewise on the ſame.

H*ermocrates* lying at the point of death,
Bequeath'd his goods to no one but him-ſelfe.

Euclio hid his treaſure in his houſe,

And durſt not goe abroad for feare of robbing.

Caligula became ſo couetous,

That he would ſpare no meanes to compaſſe coine.

Demonica for gold ſold Epheſus,

And after dyed vnder the weight thereof.

Socrates ſeeing one ignorant, yet rich,

Said: He was nothing but a golden ſlaue.

Diogenes would ſay to couetous men,

That he had rather be their ſheepe, than ſonne.



*Sloth is to Vertue, chiefeſt enemy:
And Idlenes, the guide to euery ill.*

Sloth dulls the wit, and doth corrupt our ſtrength.
Sloth both corrupts, and chokes the vitall powers.
Idlenes is a death in life eſteem'd.

Long ſlumbers are for idle perſons meet.

The idle luſke, that no way is enclin'd,

Walkes as one dead among the liuing kind.

Eaſe is the mothet of diſſention.

Who growes too negligent, too ſoone repents.

Humours, by much exceſſe of eaſe are bred.

All idle workes, are but the workes of lyes.

All idle houres are Calenders of ruth,

And time ill ſpent is preiudice to youth.

Idleneſſe cauſeth error and ignorance.

Through idlenes, kingdoms haue ben deſtroi'd.

Idlenes is the root of deſperation.

The idle mind is apt to all vncleanneſſe.

In height of weale who hath a ſlothfull heart,

Repents too late his ouer-fooliſh part.

Sloth

Of Sloth and Idleneſſe.

131

Sloth blunts conceit, but studie ſharpens it.
Proſperitie alwaies ingendreth ſloth.
The ſlothfull man in his owne want doth ſleepe.
Sloth hinders thrift, and much diſpleaſeth God.
*Loue is a prodigie to loytring wits,
A hell of life, a trap for idle toies.*
The idle heart is mooued with no prayers.
In doing nothing, men learne to doe ill.
Sloth is a feare of labour to enſue.
The Bees abide no idle Drones among them.
*Vſurie is the nource of idlenes:
And idlenes the mother of all euill.*
The wife mans idlenes, is daily labour.
A noble nature, ſloth doth ſoone corrupt.
Idlenes is the canker of the mind.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS mothes eat garments that are ſeldome worne,
So idlenes infecteth loytring wits.
As too much bending breakes the ſtrongeſt bow,
So too much ſloth corrupts the chaſteſt mind.
As moſſe growes on thoſe ſtones which are not ſtirr'd,
So ſloth defiles the foule, not well employed.
As ſtanding waters venomous wormes ingender,
So idle braines beget vnholly thoughts.
As pooles freeze ſooner than the running ſtreames,
So idle men ſpeed worſe than thoſe that worke.
As fitters ſooner ſleepe than they that walke,
So ſinne tempts ſooner ſloth, than diligence.

Examples likewise on the ſame.

S*Cipio* did baniſh from his campe, all ſuch
As could be toucht with ſloth or idlenes.

The wise men thus did answer *Alexander*,
 If he were idle, long he could not live.
 Because the *Sabians* did abound in wealth,
 They gave them selves to nought but idleness.
Metellus being arriv'd in Africa,
 Dismiss'd all means might offer idleness.
Tully saith, Men were borne to doe good workes,
 As a preternature gainst idleness.
Pythagoras gaue all his schollers charge,
 At no time to admit an idle thought.



*Anger is entrance to vnseemely wrath,
 Prouoking Furie, Rage, and Violence.*

Angers rash fire conceal'd, enkindles more.
 Anger must be no reason of diuorce.
 Anger doth still his owne mishaps encrease.
*Thunder affrighteth infants in the schooles:
 And angry threats are conquests meet for fooles.*
 What reason vrgeth, rage doth still denie.
 Vntamed rage doth all aduise reiect.

Rage

Of Anger, Wrath, &c.

133

Rage is like fire, and naturally ascends.

Hot haſtie wrath, and heedleſſe hazardie,

Breeds late repentance, and long infamie.

Full many miſchiefes follow haſtie wrath

Happie who can abtaine when anger ſwelles.

Words haue great power t'appeaſe enflamed rage.

Furie and frenzies are fit companie,

To helpe to blaze a woſfull tragedie.

Mightie mens anger is more fear'd than death.

Miſhapen ſtuffe is meet for rude demeanour.

Violent fires doe ſoone burne out them-felues.

Oft times we ſee, men troubled with annoy

Doe laugh for anger, and yet weepe for ioy.

Small ſhowers laſt long, but angry ſtormes are ſhort.

Oft outward rage doth inward griefes increaſe.

The wrathfull man is ſeldome free from woe.

The broken tops of loftie trees declare,

The furie of a mercie-wanting ſtorme.

Men will not ſpend their furie on a child.

Young flipes are neuer graft in windie dayes.

Loue being reſiſted, growes impacient.

Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,

Perforce will make it ouer-flow the banke.

Calmes ſeldome hold, without enſuing ſtormes.

Choller vnto digeſtion is a friend.

He that loues eaſe, offends no angrie man.

If once the fire be to the powder got,

It's then too late to ſeeke to ſtie the ſhot.

Heat added vnto heat, augmenteth it.

There is no reſt, where rage runnes all on head.

The waters ſwell before a boiſtrous ſtorme.

In windie dayes we hold our garments faſt,

But glaring Sun-ſhine makes vs put them off.

Tydes being refrain'd, o're-ſwell their bounds with rage.

The depth is hid by troubling of the flood.
 Great mists arise before the greatest raine.
 If rage spare not the walles of pietie,
How shall the profane piles of sinne keepe strong?
 The raine doth cease, before the floods doe rife.
 All stormes are calmed by a gentle starre.
 Pale angrie death a greedie longing strops.
When discontented sectes and schismes arise,
They feed the simple, and offend the wise.
 The edge of reprehension, is sharpe words.
 Reproue with loue, not anger, others faults.
 Cold breath doth not coole fire, but makes more hot.
What is with furie and sterne rage begun,
Doth challenge shame before it be halfe done.
 Fond disagreement is loues ouerthrow.
 Loue should preuaile, iust anger to affwage.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS hate is oft conceiu'd vpon no cause,
 So anger on small matters doth ensue.
 As he that loueth quiet, sleeps secure,
 So he that yeelds to wrath, much harmes him-felse.
 As wrathfull anger is a grieuous fault,
 So sufferance is great commendation.
 As winter commonly is full of stormes,
 So angrie minds haue still impatient thoughts.
 As luke-warme water inward heats affwage,
 So gentle language calmeth augers rage.
 As tumours rise by blowes vpon the flesh,
 So anger fwelles by buffetting the mind.

Examples likewise on the same.

Great *Alexander*, in his angrie mood
 Gild *Clytus*, his old councillour and friend.

Dionysius

Of Gluttonie, Drunkennesse, &c. 135

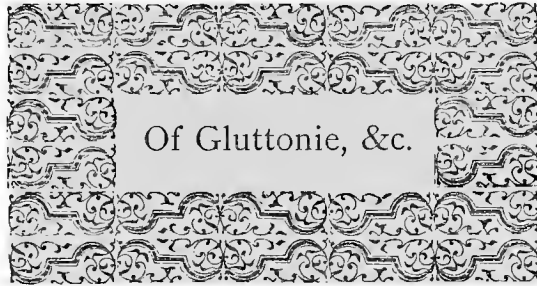
Dionysius being ouer-come with rage,
Stabd to the heart his innocent poore Page.

Periander, angry and misse-gouerned,
His deare wife most vnkindly murdered.

Architas, though his bond-man did amisse,
Yet in his anger he refus'd to fmitte him.

Euripides, held nothing in a man
Of more defect, than sterne impatience.

The elder *Cato* counsaill'd angrie men,
To banish rage, if they desir'd long life.



*Gluttonie, drunkennesse, and leud excesse,
Is the high-way to woe and wretchednesse.*

WHo daily taste neat wine, do water loath.
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood.
Aduantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

*In Italie, the fat, faire, sticke and full,
Are better lik'd than leane, lanke, spare and dull.*

Staru'd men best geffe the sweetnesse of a feast.
Worldlings (like Antes) eat vp the gaines of men.

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Things vndigested, neuer turne to blood.

Steele is the glasse of beautie for our sight,

But wine is learmed, the mirrouer of the mind.

A beastly shape with brutish foule agrees.

Set-banquets made by Courtiers, want no cates.

It's good in health to counsell with a Leach.

It's good abstaining from superfluous feasts:

Where too much feeding maketh men brut beasts.

Wine burnes vp beautie, and prouokes on age.

No secrecie abides, where liues exceffe.

Exceffe is nothing else, but wilfull madnesse.

He that delights in pampering vp himselfe,

Is chiefeft seeker of his bodie's shame.

Chastities daunger waits on drunkenesse.

Wine is the earths blood, and th'abusers blame.

A double fire in man, is wine and youth.

Gluttonie dryes the bones, more thereby die

Than in a kingdome perish by the sword.

Surfet hath sicknesse to attend on him.

Gluttonie causeth many maladies.

Exceffe is that which foone dispatcheth life.

Rich men may feed their bellies when they please,

But poore mens dinners stay till they haue meat.

Much feeding causeth much infirmitie.

The belly alwaies is a thanklesse beast.

Drunkenesse is a many-headed monster.

Moderate diet is a wise mans badge,

But surfetting, the glory of a foole.

Women and wine haue made the wife to dote.

Too much of any thing conuerts to vice.

Ameane in all things is most commendable.

Similies

Similies on the same subiect.

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AS corporall fasting quickens vp the foule,
So too much feeding doth depresse it downe.
As fable clouds obscure the silver Moone,
So gluttonie dimmes glorie of the mind.
As birds with weightie bodies hardly flie,
So men o're-come with drinke, scant rightly goe.
As too much wet doth cause a moorish ground,
So too much drinke doth make a muddie mind.
As ships of lightest burden lightliest faile,
So minds of quickest motion are most apt.
As drowfie fouldiours are vnfit for fight,
So drunken humours are not meet for men.

Examples likewise on the same.

THE Tyrant *Dionysius*, by much drinke,
Loft vtterly the benefit of fight.
Aruntius in his beastly drunkennes,
With his owne daughter incest did commit.
Ptolomie slew his father and his mother,
Through wine and women, dying like a beaft.
Geta the Emperour three dayes feasting fate,
Seru'd by the order of the Alphabet.
Men giuen to belly-seruice, *Plato* saith,
Deferue no better name, than brutish beafts.
Excesse (saith *Tullie*) is a testimonie
Of foules incontinence, and base desires.

Of



*Griefe, Sorrow, Woe, and sighing care,
Endaunger health, and often vрге despaire.*

Griefe doth await on life, though neuer fought.
Griefe being disclos'd, the fooner is recur'd.
Ech griefe best iudgeth of his contrarie.

*Extreame and hard with sorrow doth it goe,
Where woe becomes a comforter to woe.*

Sorrow doth dimme the iudgement of the wit.
Great griefes more easilly can be thought than told.
There is no griefe, but time doth make it lesse.

*Sighes of them-selues, are ouer-silent much,
And farre too short to make our sorrowes knowne.*

Griefe, to it felse most dreadfull doth appeare.
Neuer was forrow quite deuoid of feare.

Sorrow best fitteth with a cloudie cell.

*Still we behold some griefe our blisse besets,
Yet often-times that griefe, some good begets.*

Sorrow disclofeth what it most doth grieue.
The deapth of griefe with words is founded leaft.
No plaister helps before the griefe be knowne.

F Verds

*Words are but shadowes of a further smart,
But inward griefe doth truly touch the heart.*
Sower is the sweet that sorrow doth maintaine.
A heauie heart, with sorrowes pipe must daunce.
Sorrow her selfe, is in her selfe confounded.
*Where sorrow serues for food, where drinke is teares,
There pleasure sighes amidst confused feares.*
Sighes often sue, but seldome times find grace.
We may conclude our words, but not our woes.
Great griefes are mute, when mirth can chearely speake.
*What bootes it plaine that cannot be redrest,
Or sow vaine sorrowes in a fruitlesse care?*
Nothing auaieth griefe, when fates denie.
Cares, close conceal'd, doe aggranate the paine.
It's ease to tell the cares that inly touch.
*Men torne with tempests, safe arriu'd at last,
May sit and sing, and tell of sorrowes past.*
Well fitteth moane the mind, neer kill'd with care.
A double griefe afflicts concealing hearts.
One louing hower quits many yeares of griefe.
*When thou dost feele thy conscience rent with griefe,
Thy selfe pursuest thy selfe, both robd, and thiefe.*
All earthly fights can nought but sorrow breed.
Woe waxeth old, by being still renew'd.
Woe neuer wants, where euery cause is caught.
*When sorrow once is seated in our eyes,
What-e're we see, encreaseth miseries.*
Men change the aire, but seldome change their cares.
Griefes are long liu'd, and sorrowes seldome die.
Griefe need no feigned action to be taught.
*Know how to weepe when mightie griefes constraine,
Else teares and sighes are meerely spent in vaine.*
Sorrow growes fence-lesse, when too much she bears.
We need not cherish griefes, too fast they grow.

Woe be to him that dyes of his owne woe.

*To meane estate, but common woes are knowne,
But crownes haue cares that euer be vnknowne.*

Sorrow doth make the shortest time seeme long.

One griefe conceal'd, more grieuous is than ten.

From strongest woe we hardly language wrest.

Oft times it haps, that sorrowes of the mind

Find helpe vnsought, that seeking cannot find.

Huge horrors, in high tydes of griefes are drown'd.

Woe past may once laugh present woe to scorne.

Griefe carueth deepest, comming from the heart.

Enough of griefe it is to pensue minds,

To feele their faults, and not be further vext.

Care makes men passionate, and sorrow dumbe.

High floods of ioy, oft falls by ebbes of griefe.

No note is sweet, where griefe beares all the ground.

It's euer pleasing for a man to heare,

Those griefes discourst, that once were hard to beare.

Some often sing that haue more cause to sigh.

Griefe neuer parts from a care-filled breast.

Free vent of griefe doth ease the ouer-flow.

Vnhappie man, the subiect of misfortune,

Whose very birth doth following woe importune.

Mens dayes of woe are long, but short of ioy.

Our time may passe, but cares will neuer die.

Oft greatest cares, the greatest comforts kill.

Men die, and humane kind doth passe away,

But griefe (that makes them die) doth euer stay.

Ioy still ascends, but sorrow sings below,

Men may lament, but neuer difanull.

Sorrow still feazeth on a grieved heart.

Things of small moment we can scarcely hold,

But griefes that touch the heart, are hardly told.

They easily grieue, that cannot choofe but moane.

Sorrow concludes not when it seemeth done.

Conceit deriues from fome fore-father griefe.

Concerned griefe reboundeth where it falls:

Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight.

Things past redresse should be as free from care.

It is no losse to be exempt from care.

Against a change, woe is o're-run with woe.

Woe with the heauier weight doth alwaies sit,

Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne.

The deepest cares cure not the smallest griefe.

Sorrow is mortall enemy to health.

Griefe wanteth words to vtter what it would.

Fell gnarling sorrow hath least power to bite

The man that mockes it, and doth set it light.

No need to hasten care, it comes too soone.

Griefes best redresse, is the best sufferance.

Griefe finds some ease by him that beareth like.

Sharpe sorrowes tooth doth neuer ranckle more,

That when he bites, and launceth not the sore.

The hearts deepe sorrow hates both light and life.

Mirth may not sojourne with blacke male content.

What helpeth care, when cure is past and gone?

Ech substance of a griefe hath twentie shades,

Which shewes like griefe it selfe, yet is not so.

It is some ease our sorrowes to reueale.

Sorrow doth euer long to heare the worst.

Long are their nights whose cares doe neuer sleepe.

The eyes of sorrow glaz'd with blinding teares,

Deuides one thing entyre to many objects.

No farre remooue can make sterne sorrow lesse,

Care-charming sleepe, is sonne of fable night.

Idly we grieue, when fruitlesly we grieue.

Their legges can keepe no measure in delight,

Whose heart doe hold no measure in their griefe.

They

They that report griefe, feele it for the time.

Sad foules are slaine in merrie companie.

Griefe is best pleas'd with griefes societie.

In wooing sorrow, it is best be briefe,

When wedding it, there is such length in griefe.

Great griefe grieues most at that would do it good.

Griefe dallied with, nor law nor limit knowes.

A wofull hostesse brookes no merrie guests.

Ech thinks him-selfe to fetch the deepest grone,

Because he sees no sorrow but his owne.

Distresse likes dumps, when time is kept with teares.

Woe is most tedious when her words are briefe.

Though woe be heauie, yet it feldome sleepest.

Kind fellowship in woe, doth woe asswage,

As Palmers chat makes short their pilgrimage.

Loue ne're so loyall, is not free from care.

Weepe ne're so long, yet griefe must haue an end.

Of forrow, comes but fancies and fond dreames.

True sorrow then is feelingly suffis'd,

When with like semblance it is sympathis'd.

Sad hearts with weeping liue vpon their teares.

Sad sighes fet downe the hearts most feeling woes.

Affurance alway putteth griefe to flight.

Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle stoud,

Which being stopt, the bounding bankes o're-floues.

Accustom'd forrow, is meere crueltie.

Sorrow is very doubtfull in beleefe.

Silence, is sorrowes chiefest Oratour.

To see sad sights, mooues more than heare them told,

For then the eye interprets to the eare.

Societie makes passions still lesse strong,

All fence must die where griefe too much abounds.

All care is bootlesse in a carelesse case.

Sorrow is like a heauie hanging bell,

VVhich

Which set on ringings, with his owne weight goes.
Sorrow best speakes by signes of heauie eyes.
On greatest charge, the greatest care attends.
Dorme is the message of a hidden griefe.
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing houres:
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tyde night.
Our inward cares are most pent in with griefe.
Sad cares, mens eyes doth alwayes open keepe.
Short walkes feeme long when sorrow metes the way.
Sorrow hath onely this poore bare reliefe,
To be bemoand of such as woofull are.
Wounds helpe not wounds, nor griefe ease grieuous deeds.
Excesse of sorrow lifteth no reliefe.
Passions encreasing, multiply complaints.
To moane ones care, yet cannot helpe his thrall,
It kills his heart, but comforts not at all.
No griefe like to the bondage of the mind.
No outward vtterance can commaund conceit.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS fire suppress, is much more forcible,
So griefes conceal'd, vrge greater passions.
As streames restrain'd, breake through or ouer-flow,
So sorrow smother'd, growes to greater woe.
As tendrest wood is most annoyed of wormes,
So feeblest minds doth sorrow most afflict.
As clouds doe rob vs of faire heauens beautie,
So care bereanes vs of our speeches libertie.
As the sweet rose doth grow among the bryars,
So oft in sorrowes some content is found.
As discrete Pylots doe for stormes prepare,
So in our ioy let vs prouide for care.

Exam-

Examples likewise on the same.www.libtool.com.cn

C*oriolanus*, finding his offence
 For warring gainst his country, dyde with griefe.
Torquatus, banisht from his fathers house,
 For griefe thereof did rashly slay him felse.
 The Romane matrons for a whole yeares space,
 Sighed and forrowed for *Brutus* death.
Lepidus griening long his wiues abuse,
 Shortned his owne dayes with conceit of griefe.
 The Pythagorians alwaies had this poesie:
The heart ought not be eaten with sad griefe.
Cicero thought, the minds chiefe enemies,
 Were melancholly griefes, and penfues.



*Feare is defect of manly fortitude,
 Continually by dread and doubt pursued.*

A Hell-tormenting feare, no faith can moue.
 Safetie (most fafe) when she is fenc'd with feare.

Better

Better first feare, than after still to feare.

Daunger deuifeth shifts, wit waits on feare.

*Abhorre sinne past, prevent what is to come,
These two are things feare not the day of doome.*

The bait in fight, the hooke much lesse is fear'd.

Who euer feares, is better neuer feare.

To loue for feare, is secretly to hate.

Feare is companion of a guiltie mind.

Faint feare and doubt still taketh their delight

In perils, which exceed all perill might.

Fidelitie doth flye where feare is hatcht.

Feares vrge despaires, ruth breeds a hopelesse rage.

By needlesse feare, none euer vantage got.

The benefit of feare, is to be wife.

Who would not die, to kill all murdering grieues?

Or who would liue in neuer-dying feares?

Feare giueth wings, and need doth courage teach.

Fond is the feare that finds no remedie.

The dread of dying, payes death seruile breath.

Who liues content, need feare no frowning fate.

To feare the foe, when feare oppresseth strength,

Giues in our weaknesse, strengthning to the foe.

Feare finds out shifts, timiditie is subtill.

No greater hell than be a slaue to feare.

Birds feare no busshes that were neuer lim'd.

The guilt being great, the feare doth more exceed.

Feare, and be staine, no worse can come to fight:

And fight and dye, is death destroying death.

Loue thrives not in the heart that shadowes feare.

Against lones fire, feares frost can haue no power.

The Lyons roaring, lesser beafts doe feare.

Doubt takes fure footing oft in slipperie wayes.

Huge rockes, high windes, strong pyrats, shelues and sands,

The merchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

L

Delay

Delay breeds doubt, and doubt brings on difmay,

A fearefull thing to tumble from a crowne.

Give no beginning to a doubtfull end.

It's fearefull sleeping in a ferpents bed.

Extreameſt feare can neither fight nor flye,

But coward-like, with trembling terrorr die.

Our owne examples makes vs feare the more.

Feare that is wifer than the truth, doth ill.

Greatneſſe that ſtandeth high, ſtands ſtill in feare.

Feare caſts too deepe, and euer is too wiſe.

Who feares a ſentence, or an old mans ſaw,

May by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

The doubtfull can no vſuall plots endure.

A moderate feare fore-caſts the worſt of ill.

It's vaine to feare the thing we cannot ſhun.

Better to feare thy choice, than rue thy chaunce.

He rightly may be tearm'd a valiant man,

Whome honeſt death doth not affright with feare.

Distracted terrorr knowes not what is beſt.

No feare of death ſhould force vs to doe ill.

Dread of vnknowne things breeds a greater dread.

Feare not the things muſt come, bethinke faults paſt.

In vaine with terrorr is he fortifide,

That is not guarded with firme loue beſide.

The loue vnſeene, is neuer knowne to feare.

A ſeruile feare, doth make a drooping mind.

Leaſt we perfume, we muſt goe backe with feare.

Delay doth much torment a doubtfull mind.

It much offendeth to be old with feares,

When youth ſaith, thereof thou want'ſt many yeeres.

Hardly we credit what imports our ill.

Men feare not them whoſe feeble ſtrength they know.

Feare commonly doth breed and nourifh hate.

Small eaſe hath he that feared is of all.

*Cold doubt cauills with honour, scorneth fame,
And in the end, feare weighes downe faith with shame.*
Diffection euer more breeds greater doubt.
We foone beleue the case we would haue fo.
A fearefull looke bewrayes a guiltie heart.
Death is farre fweeter than the feare of death.
*It's better much, to suffer that we feare,
Than still by feare, to liue in martyrdome.*
Continuall grieffe, is feare beyond all feare.
Bafenesse aduanced, purchafeth but feare.
Who walke in feare, fufpect the pathes they tread.
Death being affur'd to come, deferues no feare.
*Whiles tимерous knowledge ftands confidering,
Audacious ignorance performs the deed.*
He that knowes moft, the more he hath to doubt.
Better miftruff too foone, than rue too late.
We deeme things doubtfull, breed not contentation.
Where men leaft feare, there harme they fooneft find.
*Wicked men commonly are void of feare,
And therefore daunger alwaies with them beare.*
Lone neuer was without both feare and teares.
Feare lendeth wings for aged folke to flie.

Similies on the fame fubiect.

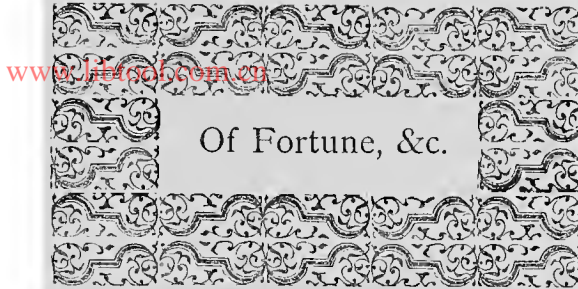
AS fuddaine bleeding, argues ill enfiuing,
So fuddaine ceafing is fell feares renewing.
As leaking veffels cannot long endure,
So fearefull minds haue slender permanence.
As nettles haue no prickes, and yet doe sting,
So feares haue little motion, yet oft kill.
As falt ta'ne moderately doth rellifh meat,
So difcreet feares doe often benefite.
As in calamitie good friends anaile,
So found aduife aduantageth in feare.

As wrong fufpitions are but mens difgrace,
 So needleffe feares declare but want of wit.
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Examples likewise on the same.

C*Laudius* being giuen to feare, his mother faid,
Nature begun, but had not finisht him.
Midas grew desperate by his fearefull dreames,
 That to be rid of them, he flew him-felfe.
Aristodemus fear'd with howling dogges,
 Tooke fuch conceit, that foone he ended life.
Nicias th'Athenian, through cowardly feare,
 Loft many famous opportunities.
Tully faith, Much more euill is in feare,
 Than in the thing that doth procure the feare.
Solon gaue instance to his country-men,
 That shame did enermore attend on feare.

Of



*Fortune is nource of fooles, poyson of hope,
Fewell of vaine desires, deserts destruction.*

WHat fortune works, feemes not alwaies pretended.
Fortune not alwaies doth poure forth her bagges.
Fortune in tariance, to her selfe is straunge.
*Fortune her gifts in vaine to such doth giue,
Who when they liue, seeme as they did not liue.*

The end is it that maketh fortune good.
The fea of fortune doth not alwaies flow.
Hap commeth well although it come but late.
*When Fortune all her vtmost spight hath sturwen,
Some blisse-full houres may ne're-thelesse appeare.*
Fortune's not alwaies good, nor alwaies ill.
Fortune doth some-times laugh as well as lower.
Misfortune followes him that tempteth fortune.
*How can mischaunce vnto that ship betide,
Where fortune is the pylot and the guide?*
Fortune oft hurts, when most she feemes to helpe.
Wisdome predominates both fate and fortune.
Oft where best chaunce begins, ill chaunced doth end.

150 *Of Fortune, Misfortune, &c.*

Misfortune is attended by reproch:

Good fortune, fame and vertue sellifies.

Theuent oft-times makes foule faults fortunatē.

What follie hurts not, fortune can repaire.

Like clouds continually doth fortune change.

Where Fortune doth her bountie franke bestow,

There heauen and earth must pay what she doth owe.

Mishaps are maftred by difcreet aduife.

The helpe-leffe hap, it booteth none to grieue.

Misfortune waits aduantage to entrap.

Misfortunes power can neuer foyle thy right,

Doe thou but beare a mind in her defpight.

Misfortune followes many ouer-fast.

Where firft mishap began, there will she end.

A chaunce may win, what by mifchance was loft.

Where great mishaps our errorrs doth assault,

There doe they eafieft make vs fee our fault.

Nimble mifchaunce, is verie fwift of foot.

Silent mishap difclofeth mourning grieue.

Our friends misfortune doth encrease our owne.

A mifchiefe feene, may eafily be preuented,

But being hapt, not helpt, though still lamented.

In fome things all, in nothing all are croft.

On mifchiefes maine, mishap full faile doth beare.

The greateft loffes feldome are reftor'd.

Nothing fo much a mans mishap torments,

As who to him his good state represents.

Harmes vnexpected, ftill doe hurt vs moft.

Vnlookt for things doe happen foon't of all.

Power hath no priuiledge againft mishap.

Complaine not thy misfortune to thy foe,

For he will triumph when he fees thy teares.

The higheft state awarrants not mishaps.

Vnfortunate are fome men that be wife.

Happy

Happy he liues that tasteth no mischaunce.

Oft times we see amidst the greatest cares,

Some ill successe doth slip in vnawares.

No wit nor wealth preuailes against mischaunce.

If ill approach vs, onely that is ours.

Of greatest ill, a greater good may spring.

The man that still amidst misfortunes stands,

Is sorrowes slaue, and bound in lasting bands.

Neuer stayes tickle fortune in one state.

The basest meanes, oft highest fortune brings.

Well may he swimme, held vp by fortunes hand.

The world is rightly tearmed full of rubs,

When all our fortunes runne against the byas.

Fortune hurts not where she is held despis'd.

The fleece of fortune striues to haue the fell,

Who keepes his fortunes wisely needs no more.

They fall, which trust to fortunes fickle wheele:

But stayed by vertue, men shall neuer reele.

Time goes by turnes, and chances change by course.

A tragicke note best fits a tragicke chaunce.

By fortunes smiles ensues the greatest falls.

He cannot iudge aright of fortunes power,

Nor taste the sweet that neuer tride the sower.

Fortune may raise againe a downe-cast foe.

The cards once dealt, it boots not aske, why so?

Loue throwes them downe, whom fortune raised vp.

Riches are nothing else but fortunes gifts,

And bring with them their owne confusion.

Mariners found at first for feare of rockes.

Fortune assaults, but hurts no constant mind.

Physicall drugs helpe not sinister chaunce.

It's seldome seene in any high estate,

Father and sonne like good, like fortunate.

Fortunes fierce frownes, are oft times princes haps.

Fortunes being equall, are loues fauorites.

Where Fortune fauours much, she flatters more.

Nothing is ours that we by hap may loose:

What nearest seemes, is furthest off in woes.

Birth many times by fortune is abas'd.

Fortune in sleepers nets poures all her pride.

To painfull persons fortune is ingrate.

When Fortune doth most sweetly seeme to smile,

Then soone she frownes, she laughes but little while.

Few reape the sweete, that taste not of the fower.

Whome fortune scornes, the common people hate.

Trust not to Fortune when she seemes to smile,

For then she doth intend the greatest guile.

Fortune is tear'md a bog or dauncing mire.

Fortune, though fickle, sometime is a friend.

Fortune helps hardie men, but scorneth cowards.

Long-passed cares renew againe their course,

When fatall chaunce doth chaunge from bad to worse.

Fortune can take our goods, but not our vertues.

Fortune is first and last, that ruines states.

Fortune oft brings vs to misfortunes gate.

Desert awaits, while fortune makes prouision,

For fooles and dolts, and men of base condition.

While worthiest fall, fortune doth worth-lesse raise.

Fortune best shewes her-selfe in women kind.

Fortune doth glorie in her chaunging mood.

While grasse doth grow, the labouring Steed may starue,

For fortune feld each wishers turne doth serue.

On vertuous actions fortune hath no power.

Fortune can neuer hurt a steadfast mind.

Who farthest seemes, is to misfortune nighest.

Similies

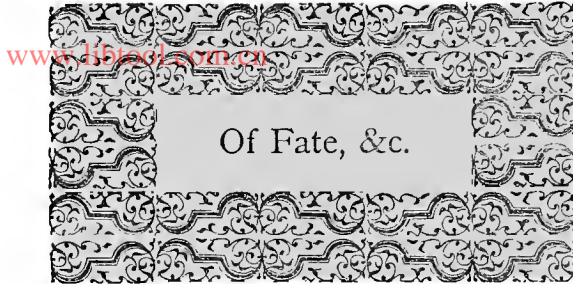
Similies on the same subiect.
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EVen as the racket takes the balls rebound,
So doth good fortune catch ill fortunes prooffe,
As winds blow fome men good, and other harme,
So fortune friending fome, on others frownes.
As Archers alwayes cannot hit the white,
So no man may of fortune alwaies boast.
As glaffes shew the figure of the face,
So doe our fortunes best difclose our minds.
As Hedge-hogs doe fore-fee ensuing stormes,
So wise men are for fortune still prepar'd.
As haile hurts not the houle, though makes a noife,
So haps may daunt, but not difmay the mind.

Examples likewise on the same.

SCylla for multitude of high good haps,
Would often fay: That he was Fortunes child.
Cæsar said to the Pilot in a storme:
Feare not, thou cariest Cæsar and his fortune.
Augustus wish'd *Scipioes* valiancie,
And *Pompeys* loue, but Fortune like him-selfe.
Paulus Aemilius greatly feared Fortune,
Chiefly in those things which he held diuine.
To him whose hope on fortune doth depend,
Nothing can be assured, *Tully* faith.
Pindarus said, the Romanes did rely
Only on Fortune, as their patronesse.

Of



*Destinie, or the firme decree of Fate,
Is sure to happen, be it soone or late.*

NO priuledge can from the fates protect.
The fates farre off fore-seene, come gently neere.
*Men are but men in ignorance of fate,
To alter chaunce exceedeth humane state.*

Mens haps by heauen are fram'd preposterous.
That yeelds to fate, which will not stoope to force.
*We often find the course of fatall things,
Is best discern'd in states of realmes and kings.*

No one can turne the streame of destinie.
No man can shun what destinie ordaines.
*It lyes not in our power to loue or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-ru'd by fate.*

There's none by warning can auoid his fate.
Our haps doe change, as chaunces on the dyce.
*In vaine we prize that at so high a rate,
Whose best assurance but depends on fate.*

What fate imposeth, we perforce muft beare.
All mens estates alike vnsteadfast are.

Things

Of Fate and Destinie.

155

*Things which presage both good and bad there be,
Which fate fore-shewes, but will not let vs see.*
w Our frailties doome is written in the flowers.
Fate cannot be preuented, though fore-knowne.
*VValles may a while hold out an enemy,
But neuer castle kept out destinie.*
Errours are neuer errours but by fate.
No providence preuenteth destinie.
*Those fates that one while plague poore men with crosses,
Another time provide to mend their losses.*
The fairest things are subiect still to fate.
No man is sure what finall fruits to reape.
*Men attribute their follies vnto fate,
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.*
What happens me this day, may you the next.
He thrineth best that hath a blessed fate.
*Fatall is that ascent vnto a crowne,
From whence men come not, but are hurled downe.*
What fate intends, follie cannot fore-stall.
Whome fate casts downe, hardly againe recouers.
*The breach once made vpon a battered state,
Downe goes distresse, no shelter shrouds their fate.*
Force cannot winne, what fate doth contradict.
Men are but men, and may not know their lot.
*VVhen men doe wisht for death, fates haue no force,
But they (when men would liue) haue no remorse.*
It fatall is to be feduc'd with shewes.
To alter course, may bring men more astray.

Similies on the same subiect.

L Ike as the day cannot preuent the night,
So vaine it is against the fates to fight.
As with the worst, fate spareth not the best,
So faults are easier lookt in, than redrest.

Euch

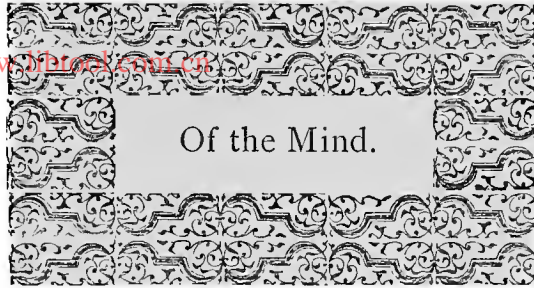
Euen as the starres and sands haue wondrous date,
 So are our liues subiect to nought but fate.
 As cities are o're-come by batterie,
 So all on earth must yeeld to destinie.
 As lookes of loue oft shadow inward hate,
 So times faire hope is shortned soone by fate.
 As flowers in morning fresh, oft fade ere night,
 So fate cuts off what goodliet seemes in sight.

Examples likewise on the same.

AS *Bibulus* in triumph rode through Rome,
 His fate was with a tyle-stone to be slaine.
Aurelius sister, *Lucia*, by her needle
 But prickt her breast, and dyde immediatly.
Cneius Rufferius, combing of his head,
 One of the teeth bereft him of his life.
Methridates, suppos'd mens destinies
 Consisted in the power of hearbs and stones.
Chilo of Lacedæmon did maintaine,
 That men might comprehend what was to come.
Plato affirmed, That a good mans fate
 Neuer to euill could be destinate.

Of

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*The Mind is that bright eye, which guides the soule
And gouernes men in all their aꝑtions.*

THe mind is free, what euer man afflicts.
Libertie is the minds best liuing fame.
Hope of long life, is balefull to the mind.
*O're-many thoughts, maze-like the mind enclose
Confusedly, till order them dispose.*

Patience doth giue a troubled heart delight.
Patience is the true touch-stone of the mind.
The griefes of troubled minds, exceed beliefe.
*When roomes of charge are giuen to minds of praise,
Then maiestie doth shewe her brightest rayes.*
The gentle mind, by gentle deeds is knowne.
The noblest mind, the best contentment hath.
No deuilish thoughts difmay a constant mind.
*Fame, cherisher of honour-breathing hearts,
Is valours friend, and nource of sacred Artes.*

By outward lookes, the mind is oft discern'd.
The mind discernes, where eyes could neuer see.
A yeelding mind doth argue cowardlife.

The

*The action and affection of the heart,
 Two wayes whereby a christian playes his part.*
 The vertuous mind beares patiently all wrongs.
 Ill may a sad mind forge a merrie face.
 The higheft lookes haue not the higheft minds.
*The carelesse man with vnaduised mind,
 Doth blindly follow euery puffe of wind.*
 Free is the heart, the temple of the mind.
 Mens bodies may be ours, their minds their owne.
*The mind of man doth many times behold,
 That which fraile sight can neuer reach vnto.*
 Great hearts will breake before they yeeld to bend.
 A priuat mind may yeeld, yet cares not how.
*Mans mind a mirrow is of heauenly sights:
 A brieft wherein all maruailles summed lye.*
 No man can flay the mind resoln'd to die.
 Our seeming each man fees; God knowes the heart.
*The mind a creature is, yet can create,
 And adde to natures patternes higher skill.*
 None hath enough for euery greedie mind.
 Mens minds oft times are tainted by their eares.
*Bad mind, so much to mind anothers ill,
 As to become vnmindfull of his owne.*
 Men haue rude marble, women soft waxe minds.
 Theeues, cares, and troubled minds, are long awake.
*There's none can tell the ease the mind doth gaine,
 VVhen eyes can weepe, heart groane, or grieft complaine.*
 The mind corrupted, takes the worfer part.
 A gentle mind will alwaies iudge the best.
*Oh what a balme is made to cheare the heart,
 If pearle and gold and spices beare a part!*
 Where minds are knit, what helps, if not enioyed?
 What the tongue dares not, oft the mind doth say.
The gentle mind doth plainly represent,

The

Of the Mind.

159

The glorious splendour of the firmament.
The mind floopes to no dread, though flesh be fraile.
Little persuasion mooues a wicked mind.
It's pittie gold should funder vertuous minds.
He doth but pine among his delicates,
VVhose troubled mind is fust with discontent.
The heart oft fuffers for the eyes offence.
Much promifeth the mind, if fate as much.
Great is the will, but greater farre the mind.
In case of iarre, when as one man espies
Another's mind like his, then ill breeds worse.
Hire of a hireling mind, is earned shame.
The guiltie mind hath neuer quiet life.
The bodies rest, is quiet of the mind.
Agriev'd minds feldome weigh the intent,
But alwaies iudge according to th'intent.
The mind well bent, is safe from any harme.
Cares cruell scourge doth greatly whip the mind.
No plague is greater than the griefe of mind.
The feeble mind through weaknesse coines new feares:
VVhen stronger hearts their griefes more wisely beares.
Ignorance is the deadly night of mind.
Mens faces glister when their minds are blacke.
The face is held the Herald of the mind.
VVhereas the mind is willing and addict,
Examples are more forcible and strict.
The greatest minds doe aime at greatest things.
Pithie demaunds are whetstones to the mind.
The fairest face may haue the foulest mind.
All impious minds, though their fore-casts be great,
They cannot hide them from the greatest great.
The minds old habit hardly will be chaung'd.
Pure is the mind that neuer meant amiffe.
Where mind consents not, faults deferue excufe.

VVhen

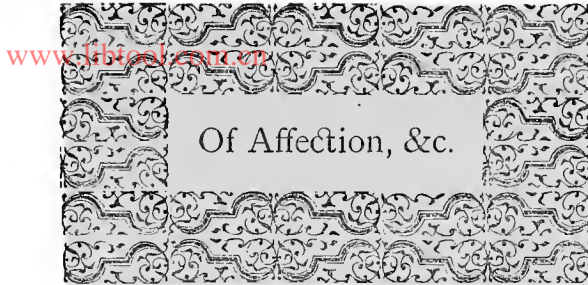
*When many tunes doe sweetly symphonize,
It conquers hearts, and kindly them compounds.
Dome plaints in feeling minds, make greateft noife.
The mind by wrong is made a male-content.*

Similies on the same subiect.

AS Scales by poife are mounted vp and downe,
So too and fro conceits doe vrge the mind.
As tender trees bend euery way we please,
So gentle minds are easily ouer-rul'd.
As heauines fore-tels fome harme at hand,
So minds difturb'd, preface enſuing ill.
As ſickly bodies brooke not heat nor cold,
So crazed minds diflike of euery thing.
As working veffels are by vent kept found,
So troubled minds by conference find eafe.
As fennie grounds fend forth vnfaourie fents,
So bad minds blunder out diftemper'd thoughts.

Examples likewise on the same.

SCenola in the greatneffe of his mind,
Entred *Porſennaes* Tent to murder him.
Queene *Tomiris* to ſhew her dauntleffe mind,
With *Cyrus* blood, reueng'd her deare ſonnes death.
Zenobia told *Aurelian* in the field,
He was not able to ſubdue her mind.
Lucius Dentatus, neuer matcht for mind,
Came eighteene times a conquerour from field.
Cicero faith, the goodneffe of the mind,
Is moſt difcern'd in pardoning iniuries.
Socrates ſaid, His quietnes in mind
Was caufe he neuer ſickned till his death.



*Affection, and sweet fancies secret fire,
Kindle the coales, that quicken vp desire.*

WHere we affect, we feldome find defect.
Of things vnknowne, we can haue no desire.
*Men oft affect them, that doe loue them least,
And least doe loue them whome they should like best.*

That one desires, another doth disdain.

Affection by the countenance is defcried.

Full easly the fault may be redrest,

Where kind affection onely hath transgress.

Kindly affection, youth to line with youth.

Truest affection doth no bounds retaine.

Affection is a fierce, yet holy fire:

Free of him-selfe, and chain'd to strong desire.

Desire, with small encouraging growes bold.

It's easie to desire, but hard to chuse.

Affections speech, that easly can dissolue,

Doth moisten Flint, yet Steele in stiffe attire.

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none.

In darkest nights, desire sees best of all.

M

Secret

*Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires, with like affections meet.*

Affections claue regards no oathes nor lawes.
Luke-warme desires best fit with crazed loue.

*Affection is a coale that must be coold:
Else suffered, it will set the heart on fire.*

Entire affection hateth nice coy hands.

Affection will like fire, him-felfe betray.

*Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best, when most his choise is froward.*

The coales are quicke, where fancie blowes the fire.
Desire can make a Doctour in a day.

*Where loue doth reigne, disturbing ieaalousie
Doth call him-felfe, affections Sentinell.*

Fauour and grace, are teamed fancies fuell.
An equall age doth equall like desires.

*Bad mens affections, turne to feare and hate:
And hate, to daunger and deserued death.*

That's hardly kept, which is desir'd of many.
The most maid-seeming, is not without affection.

*That needs must issue to the full perfection,
Hath grounded-being by the minds affection.*

There's nothing can affections force controll.
Drunken desire doth vomit his receipt.

*Affections gaudie banner once displayed,
The coward fights, and will not be dismayed.*

Things much restrain'd, make vs the more desire them.
In meanest shewe, the most affection dwells.

*Small drops doe oft-times quench a nightie fire,
But hugest Seas not qualifie desire.*

All qualifide affections loue doth hate.

Beautie strikes fancie blind, vaine shewes decciue.

*Sad perturbations that affections guide,
Should not giue iudgement, till their cause be tride.*

Desire

Defire is life of loue, and death of feare.

Death is the final end of all defires.

Nothing can quench an infinite desire,

Once kindled through the first conceiu'd fire.

Sad sighes doe shew the heat of hearts defire.

Defire controld, doth aggrauate defire.

Defire being fierce, is spring of sighes and teares.

Men once degenerate and growne deprest,

Are pleas'd to share affections with a beast.

Defire doth spring from that we wish and want.

Fancie is blind, deafe, and incredulous.

Fancie is watchfull, and doth seldome sleepe.

Fancie compeld, to Lute-strings is compar'd,

Which ouer-stretcht, doe cracke before they sound.

Lawfull defires, are honesties best notes.

Affection's rest-lesse, yet (being perfect) end-lesse.

Delay is preiudiciall to defire.

The greater part leane to example so,

That what they fancie, they will scant forgoe.

Fancies best cure, is mutuall affection.

Fancie foone fires, but long before it quench.

When lone leads lookes, no compasse keepes defire.

A hot desire, on present heat doth dote:

When cold repentance will it not fore-note.

Low fortunes often-times haue high defires.

Like fortunes globe, euen so is fancies feat.

Appetites flame, with wisdom best is quencht.

There neuer did all circumstances meet,

With those desires which were conceiu'd before.

Affection brooketh no diuision.

Sleepe hath no priuiledge ouer defire.

Similies on the same subiect.

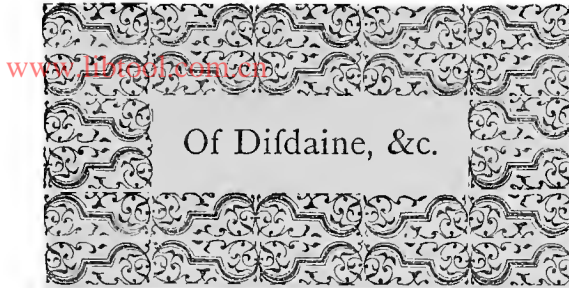
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AS poyson sweetly mixt is sooner ta'ne,
 So fancie close conceal'd, is sooneft fier'd.
 As Chrysolites are proued in the fire,
 So is affection in enforc'd restraint.
 As cities wanting Magistrates, decay:
 Euen so desire vngouern'd, hurts it selfe.
 As all the world were darke but for the Sunne,
 So life, but for affection, were vnſure.
 As ſteele brings fire from the hardeſt flint,
 So fancie mollifies the ſtearneſt mind.
 As Almond trees in age doe beare moſt fruit,
 So yeares doth beſt approoue affection.

Examples likewise on the same.

Z*Aleucus* to the Locrians made a law,
 To loofe their eyes that ſunn'd in foule defires.
Appius was baniſhed the cittie Rome,
 For leud affection to *Virginia*.
Marke Anthonie diſgrac'd his former fame,
 By not reſtraining his affection,
 King *Alexander* hated to the death
 In men or women loofe and leud defires.
 Fancie (faith *Ariſtotele*) often makes
 A frenzie in their foules are led thereby.
 Defire (faith *Socrates*) no limits holds,
 And therefore hardly can be maſtred.

Of



*Contempt and Scorne, are Wits infirmitie,
Wherwith Difdaine and Scoffes keepe company.*

FLint, frost, difdaine; weares, melts, and yeelds we fee.
Things long in getting, quickly are difdain'd.
Present difdaine oft after-loue diuines
Prayers preuaile not, where is coy difdaine?

*Better to die a thousand deaths and more,
Than liue contemn'd, that honour'd was before.*

Difdaine deliuers a depraued mind.
Griefe often-times giues place to nice difdaine.
Too much precifeneffe fauours of felfe-loue.
Gibing demaunds deferue fcornefull replies.

*Neither can wit or Art take any place,
Where aduerſe ſcorne, with feare, ſtrikes boldneſſe dead.*

Prefumption giues no guerdon, but difdaine.
Deſpifed men on earth, muſt liue in heauen.
There muſt be ſome contempt, ere plagues enſue.
Difdaine attends where greateſt honour haunts.

*In high difdaine, loue is a baſe deſire:
And Cupids flames doe ſeeme but watric fire.*

Disdain repines at all good things it sees,
 They others vertues scorne, that doubt their owne.
 Mocke none in need, beware thine owne mishap.
 Scoffes without feare, from follie doe proceed.

*The choice is hard, where silence kills with griefe,
 Or speech reapes no reward, but base contempt.*

To mocke a friend, is held no manly part.
 Scorne can haue no reward, but like contempt.
 Teasting is tollerable, but scorne most vile.
 Disdain declares a proud presuming heart.

*Loues passions quenched by vnkind disdain,
 Doth often-times encrease the more desire.*

Scorning is artificiall iniurie.
 Who scorneth most, shall be but paid with scoffes.
 Scorne not thy wife, least scorn'd, she do thee scathe.
 Better an open foe, than scornfull friend.
 Better be borne a foole, than wrong thy wit.
 No mocker, but at length did meet his match.

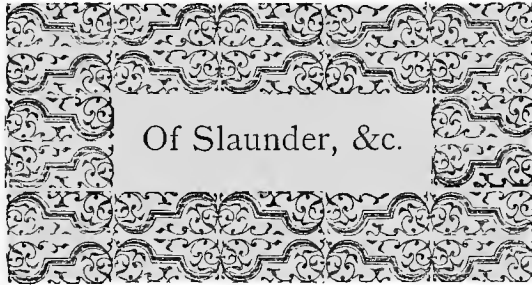
Similies on the same subiect.

AS hottest loue hath soonest cold disdain,
 So greatest pleasures haue the greatest paine.
 As good and ill each other doe pursue,
 So hate-full estimation scorne succeeds.
 As Adders keepe their venime in their tayles,
 So scoffers poyson lurketh in their tongues.
 As fairest beautie may deserue some blame,
 So wittiest scoffes prooue but ridiculous.
 As some things sweet in taste, are fowre going downe,
 So scoffes that like the eare, dislike the mind.
 As faire demeanour most commends a man,
 So scornes and scoffes as much dishonour him.

Exam-

Examples likewise on the same.

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C *Aligula* did couet his owne ease,
And yet disdain'd others should doe the like.
Anthonie caufde the head of *Cicero*
In fcorne, be fet before him at his meat.
Plato, *Xenophon*, and *Demosthenes*,
Against each other were contemptuous.
Geta and *Antoninus*, heing brethren,
Slew one the other through their priuat fcorne.
Among all perturbations, *Tullie* saith,
Disdaine is most iniurious to it felse.
And *Fabius Maximus* holds like conceit,
Affirming, nothing worfer than contempt.



*Slauder and base Detraction, is the fruit
Of deuilish hearts, and foule polluted soules.*

W Ho liues, that standeth out of slaunders reach?
Detractions tongue, delights in ill reports.

168 *Of Slaunder, Detraction, &c.*

*What likes not mallice, fraight disprais'd must be,
Slaunder is blind, and cannot vertue see.*

In lauding speech, euer takes pleasure most.

With spightfull tongue detract no honest mind.

*Doe what we will, we cannot scape the sting
Of slaundrous tongues, that still afresh doe spring.*

Take not away that thou canst not restore:

Encrease not grieffe, but rather salue the sore.

Detracting speech, of heauen doth not smell,

But rather stinking, like the pit of hell.

Leudnesse is still defam'd, and euer was.

Bold slaunders tongue, time neuer can suppress.

Good words of all men gaineth laud and praise,

Where slaunders are but counted cast-awayes.

No secret's hid, where slaunder keeps the dore.

Detraction will not spare *Dianaes* name.

Detracting talke, Gods picture out doth race,

And setteth vp the Devils in the place.

A free consent is priuiledg'd from blame.

Slaunder can neuer iust deferts deface.

The Bee hath honey, so he hath a sting:

The one doth wound, more than the other heales.

Against bad tongues, goodnes cannot defend her.

A sprightly wit disdaines detraction.

Men hardly stop the infamie and noise,

Of slaunders published by common voice.

An vnjust slaunder hath no recompence.

Foule mouth'd detraction is his neighbours foe.

Blame is esteem'd more blame-lesse generall,

Than that which priuat errors doth pursue.

Slanders call things in question, not approues them.

A tale vnaptly told, may be depraud'd.

An open slaunder, often times hath brought

That to effect, which neuer else was thought.

Flatterie

Flatterie, lyes, and slaunder, are sworne friends.
Slaunder will wrong his friend behind his backe.
Slaunder like ennies dogge, detects the dead.

*Slaunders like arrows gainst a wall rebound,
And soon'st of all the slaunderer doth wound.*

Slaunder being odious, so would others make.

Slaunder may barke at truth, but cannot bite.

All itching eares doe swallow many wrongs.

Who by his slaundring tongue his neighbour harmes,

Doth wound his owne soule by his wicked words.

Large slaunders are apparant signes of enuie.

Slaunder offends the liuing, gnawes the dead.

Patience is prooued by detraction.

No bane to friendship, worfe than slaunder is.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS Rats and Myce doe feed vpon our meat,
So slaunders feed on flesh of other men.

As diuers meats doe hurt digestion,

So changeable reports begetteth slaunder.

As Princes armes reach very farre in length,

So slaunder stretcheth vnto following times.

As deepe incisions are for festred fores,

So mightie meanes must cure vp slaunders wounds.

As vultures prey vpon dead carion,

So slaunders feed vpon mens liuing names.

As Somners liue by peoples daily finnes,

So slaunders liue by killing mens good fame.

Examples likewise on the same.

NE Arjetes that renowned Generall,

By slaunders was difmissed from his charge.

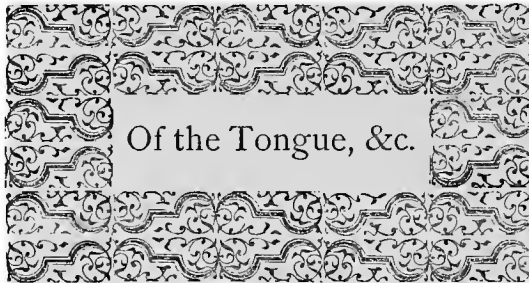
When *Scipio* was by slaunder highly wrong'd,

His discreet answere soone acquitted him.

Calisthenes,

170 *Of the Tongue, Words, &c.*

Calisthenes, Parmenio, and Philotas,
By flaudrous accusations lost their lines.
Augustus pardon'd one that would haue slaine him,
But banisht him that falsely flaudred him.
Diogenes affirmed, the flauderer
Was worfe than any wild or furious beaft.
Seneca saith, Of theenes men may beware,
But hardly shall they scape the flauderer.



*The tongue is tell-tale of the priuat thoughts,
And words oft times doe ouer-reach the wise.*

WOrds are but wind, they bid, but doe not buy.
The greateft words, oft times haue weakeft deeds.
*Deepe sounds make lesser noise than shallow foords:
And sorrow ebbs, being blowne with wind of words.*
Imperious tongues doe scorne to vie entreats.
The vulgar tongue proueth vnpartiall still.
*Few words doe euer fit a trespasse best,
Where no excuse can giue the fault amends.*

A foft

A soft slow tongue, true marke of modestie.
The least discourse is commonly most stout.
*Presumption's euer fullest of deceits,
And many times proud words haue poore effects.*
Words are but shadowes of a further smart.
Things being twise told, the vulgar not allow.
*The further men doe speake of things well done,
They haue more mouthes, but not more merit wonne.*
Not words, but deeds are still respected most.
No charming words by dead tongues vttered are.
*Of others faults what need we babble so,
When we our selues haue vices many moe?*
Few words will serue a righteous cause to plead.
Great power haue pleasing words, and mickle might.
*Faire pleasing words are like to Magique Art,
That doth the charmed snake in slumber lay.*
With words and gifts, it's easie to attempt.
Speech doth preuaile, where weapons cannot win.
*He that no more must speake, is listned more,
Than they whome youth and ease hath taught to glose.*
By good perswasion, what cannot be done?
Curfes, are but vaine breathings in the aire.
*Curfes resemble arrowes shot vpriht,
Which falling downe, light on the shooters head.*
The tongues of dying men enforce attention,
The hearts abouндance issues from the tongue.
*Still easie yeelding seale is quickly caught,
With what the mouth of grauitie hath taught.*
Foule paiment for faire words is more than needs.
The tongues mis-vse oft breeds the bodies smart.
*Sorrow makes silence her best Oratour,
Where words may make it lesse, not shew it more.*
In poore mens words, the rich haue small delight.
Report can make a substance of a shade.

*Follie doth guide the tongue that vainly speakes,
 And vaine is that which modest measure breakes.*
 In many words muſt needs be much amiſſe.
 Mens thoughts and words nothing ſo oppoſite.
*Few words among the wiſe haue greater grace,
 Than long Orations with vnſkilfulnes.*
 Words are the ſhadowes of our daily workes.
 Superfluous ſpeech doth much diſgrace a man.
*Griefe ſometimes doth diſtreſſed minds ſo wreake,
 That heart neere burſteth ere the tongue can ſpeake.*
 The tongue gads many times before the wit.
 Much babling doth bewray great impudence.
*Words are but fruitleſſe that infect the eare,
 Without ſome ſweet impreſſion of the mind.*
 Wine often-times is cauſe of many words.
 The fewer words, the more diſcretion.
*That man may worthily be ſaid to dote,
 That truſts faire words, and ſelles his goods for ſmoke.*
 When ſwords haue pleaded, words doe come too late.
 The leſſe men ſpeake, the more they meditate.
*Bargaines made by conſtraint, may well be broken:
 And words by force compeld, as well vnſpoken,*
 By the hearts thoughts, the tongue is carried.
 Few words well coucht, doe moſt content the wife.
*Reports in Courts are held both night and day,
 As common gueſts, and ſeldome part away.*
 Seld ſpeaketh loue, but ſighes his ſecret paines.
 Of whome the tongue talkes much, the heart thinks more.
*Better by ſpeaking little, make a ſcarre,
 Than by much babling cauſe a wide deepe wound.*
 Report hath oft a bliſter on her tongue.
 The ſweeteſt words may come from ſowreſt hearts.
*The words that ſound the ſweeteſt in the eare,
 Are not the whoſom'ſt alwaies to the heart.*

In many words is couched most mistrust.
 Who fights with words, doth sooneſt wound himſelfe.
*Many repent the words that they haue ſpoke,
 But neuer any, that they held their peace.*
 The coldeſt words, oft cooles the hotteſt throat.
 Workes, and not words, doe moſt commend a man.
*Spend ſtripes on him, whome words may not retaine:
 Yet ſpend to mend by ſtrokes, but not to maim.*
 From feweſt words may great effects enſue.
 Silence hath ſeldome yet made any ſad.
*Whereas deſire doth vrge the tongue to ſpeake,
 Somewhat muſt out, or elſe the heart will breake.*
 The tongue is call'd, the gate of life and death.
 Who ſpeakes with heed, may boldly ſay his mind.
*The man whoſe tongue before his wit doth run,
 Oft ſpeakes too ſoone, and rues when he hath done.*
 A word once paſt, can be recalde no more.
 Better be ſilent, than in vaine to ſpeake.
 As good be dombe, as ſpeake and not be heard.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS one ſparke may procure a mightie fire,
 So one ill tongue may cauſe great enmitie.
 As riuers are bound in with bankes for ouer-flowing,
 So reaſon ſhould reſtraine too lauifh talking.
 As gold boiles beſt when it doth bubble leaſt,
 So mild deliuerance ſweetens beſt our words.
 As ſilence is a gift deuoid of feare,
 So talking is a thing to vrge ſuſpect.
 As he beares miſerie beſt that hides it moſt,
 So he declares leaſt wit that prateth moſt.
 As we muſt giue account for idle ſilence,
 So much more muſt we for our fruitleſſe talke.

Exam-

Examples likewise on the same.

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Pompey let burne his finger in the fire,
Rather than he would be too free of tongue.
Vlyffes in his youth refrain'd from speech,
Because in yeares he would direct his tongue.
Great *Alexander*, gave *Cherillus* coine
To hold his peace, and to forbear to write.
Antigonus this lesson taught his sonne,
First to learne silence, then to practise speech.
Zeno reprov'd one that prated much,
And said, his eares were founded on his tongue.
The tongue (saith *Aristotle*) blabs the mind,
And fooles or wise men soone thereby we find.



*Flatterie, is friendships vtter ouerthrow,
The wracke of States, and honest natures foe.*

THe greenest hearb, oft hides the sonlest toad.
The stillest water hath the deepest channell.

It's bet-

Of Flatterie and Disimulation. 175

*It's better to be blamed by a friend,
Than to be kissed of a flatterer.*
Soothing gets friends, but truth doth purchase hate.
A feeming friend, is a deceitfull bogge.
*Flatterie survivues not at the dead mans dore,
Liue men haue eares, when tombes are deafe and poore.*
Of false difsembling, foulie must befall,
The best difsembler, hath the braueft wit.
*It is esteem'd no certaine way to thrive,
To praise the dead, but flattering men aliue.*
Difsembled holinesse, is double crime.
Faie feigned tales conuey foule things from sight.
*Difsembling sometimes may attaine to saue
Mens liues, their fame, their goods, and all they haue.*
Chuse few friends, trie them, flatterers speake faie.
Men strew sweet flowers to hide the deepest snares.
*Mens pleas in loue, like painters pensils are,
Which figure shadowes, and the substance leaue.*
Faie outward shewes prooue inwardly the worst.
Lone looketh faie, when liap is most accurst.
*The badge of hypocrites is noted still,
By alwayes speaking well, yet doing ill.*
Flatterie doth verie feldome want rewards.
To flatter wife men, shewes discretions want.
*When greatest braues are brought to trials prooffe,
The boasters are content to stand aloofe.*
Flatterers respect their owne good, no mans else.
Better a wretch, than a difsembler.
*False flatterers are worse than greedie crows:
The one deuoures aliue, the other dead.*
Plaine, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
Men still doe foulest, when they fairest speake.
*Fond Physgnomics complexion,
Guides not the inward disposition.*

Better

176 *Of Flatterie and Difsimulation.*

Better offend with truth, than flattering praife.

Flatterers are nought elfe but trencher flies.

True loue's a Saint, fo' fhall ye true loue know,

False loue's a Scithian, yet a Saint in fhew.

Flatterie is the nource of wickedneffe.

Difsembling weares a cloake, truth naked goes.

The fmootheft lookes, doe foorn'ft of all beguile,

And oft are clokes to cogitations vile.

Womens difsembling hardly can be matcht.

A foe is better than a difsembling friend.

Similies on the fame fubieft.

AS vultures sleepe not where they find no prey,
So flatterers haunt not but where profit growes.

As vermine breed in places of moft warmth,

So flatterers cling where beft they find reliefe.

As Pilgrims creepe not but where is fome croffe,

So flye difsemblers crouch not but for gaine.

As mothes the fineft garments doe confume,

So flatterers feed vpon the frankeft hearts.

As Panthers haue sweet fents, but raenous minds,

So flatterers haue fmooth lookes, but killing hearts.

As ftraighteft trees haue ftill the crookedft roots,

So all difsemblers haue the craftieft trickes.

Examples likewise on the fame.

THe Emperour *Sigifmond* ftrooke a flatterer,

And faid: He bit worfe than a Scorpion.

Auguftus fo detefted flatterie,

He could not bide his feruants kneele to him.

Tyberius feruants might not call him Lord,

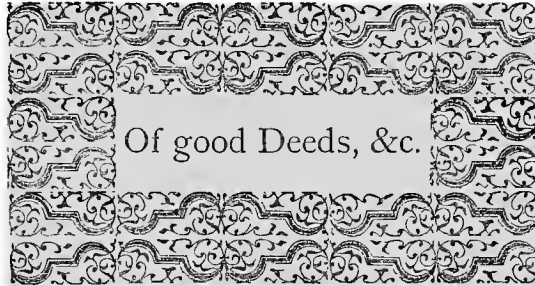
Because he faid, therein they flatter'd him.

Cliffiphus was call'd *Philips* counterfeit,

Because like him he fashion'd all he did.

Phocion

Phocion said to king *Antipater*,
He could not be his friend and flatterer.
Wife men (saith *Bias*), make not all their friends,
But haue a speciall eye to flatterers.



*Good Deeds confound all bad, suppressse offence:
Correcting faults with loue and patience.*

That is a good deed which prevents the bad.
Good vovs are neuer broken by good deeds.
*He that sets downe what gifts in goodnes turke,
Shall breath him twise, before he end his worke.*

In perfons full of note, good deeds are done.
Vovs are but feeds, and good deeds are the fruits.
*Good turnes ought not be held a seruite bond,
To bind their doers to receiue their meed.*

That which doth good, disgraceth no degree.
We haue no good, that we can fay is ours.
*Of passed good to make a new discourse,
By double vsurie doth twise renew it.*

N

Good

Good lampes will shine till all their oyle be gone.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin.

When as the doing good, is only thought

Worthy reward, who will be bad for nought?

Raife not the bad, to make the good complaine.

No good at all, with doing ill, is wonne.

Let vs not thinke, that that our good can frame,

Which ruin'd hath the Authors of the same.

They are too blame, which deeds well done wil wrest.

Good deeds, the cruel't heart to kindnesse brings.

Good done to any, doth impression strike

Of ioy and loue, in all that are alike.

Good deeds, are famishment vnto the denill.

The end is crowne of euery worke well done.

Good still is best when it is soonest wrought,

For lingring-fauour euer comes to nought.

The way to good, is neuer learn'd too late.

Faults should be meafur'd by intent, not deed.

Nothing so good, but may through guiltie shame,

Be much corrupt, and wrested to great blame.

Ignorant faults craue pardon still by courfe.

Faults done, may be repented, not reclaim'd.

He that will purchase things of greatest price,

Must conquer by his deeds, and not by words.

Faults vncommitted, challenge no repent.

Many deferts, may lessen slender faults.

Vniust offences daunger scape a time,

But yet at length reuenge doth pay them home.

Faults oft are meafur'd by their secrecie.

An error past, is likewise past recalling.

There's nought so vile that on the earth doth liue,

But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.

Good is the end that cannot be amended.

Where good is found, we should not quit with ill.

There's

*There's nought so good, but strain'd from that faire use:
Reuolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.*

Gold and base mould, no difference but by vse.

Better to heare than doe what is not well.

For ones offence, why should a number fall,

Or priuat sinne be plagu'd in generall?

Seldome but some good commeth ere the end.

Gay without good, is good hearts greatest loathing.

Forraine defects giuing home-faults the way,

Make many times bad actions well succeed.

Still the directest cources best succeed.

Vertue conducteth to all things are good.

First weigh the qualitie of each offence,

And thereunto apply the punishment.

What one thinkes good, another counts as vaine.

The highest iudger quickly can espie,

If faults or fraud doe vnder couert lye.

Wisdome directs to know the good from bad.

As oft as we doe good, wee sacrifice.

The more our grace and goodnesse doth encrease,

The more our soules prepare them selues to God.

Truth is the guide to all good actions.

Neuer repent thee of thy well-done deeds.

The goodnesse that proceeds from ignorance,

Is like the hearbs that on a dunghill growes.

Good men doe still delight in doing good.

Good deeds doe shew the fruits of zealous faith.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS hardest stones are pierc'd with softest drops,

As vertuous deeds reforme the loofest minds.

As fond behauiour most displaies a foole,

So honest deeds declare an honest heart.

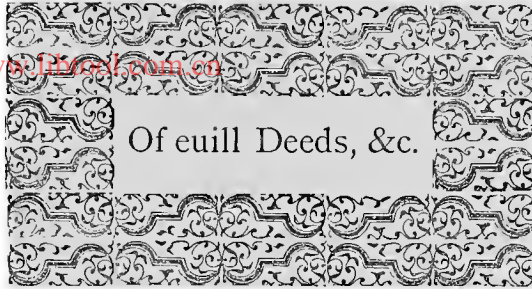
As falling starres are foone extinguished,
 So slight offences craue quicke pardoning.
 As fullen lookes bewrayes renenge-full thoughts,
 So mild aspect declares a gentle heart.
 As golden bridles better not a horfe,
 So words without good deeds, shew not a man.
 As bankets haue no grace, where wanteth guefts,
 So words are litle worth, where deeds come short.

Examples likewise on the same.

T*Raiane* reproof'd for listning poore mens wrongs,
 Said : None should hinder him from doing good.
 The Emperour *Aurelian* had great care,
 Least malice should obscure his well-done deeds.
Philip did thanke the woman for her checke,
 And said : Still chide me when I doe not well.
Augustus left his friend to iudgements triall,
 For hindring law (quoth he) becomes no king.
Cleon being call'd to deale in state affaires,
 Fore-warn'd his friends be carefull of their deeds.
 Reward the good (saith *Solon*) for their doing good,
 And punish them delight in wicked deeds.

Of

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Of euill Deeds, &c.

*Euill deeds and wicked, come from vicious minds:
And here, or some-where els, due vengeance finds.*

EXtreamest ills, some time a ioy possesse.
Ill hardly fet on, is as hard got out.
Those things which we deeme good, oft prooue but ill.
*Counsell that comes when ill hath done his worst,
Blesseth our ill, but makes our good accurst.*

To put backe ill, our good we must forbear.
Euill tidings still doe faster flye than good.
Our greatest ills, we most of all mistrust.

*A guiltie conscience, vrged with the thought
Of former ill done deeds, not easly erres.*

Euils vnto euils, still conducters are.
Ill comes too soone, repentance oft too late.
Ill newes hath wings, and with the wind doth flye.

*In the first rising, seeke to stifle ill,
Least it get head, and grow against thy will.*

That daye's ne're ill, that brings a pleasing night.
Worse than the worst of euils, are wicked thoughts.
No blasph can paint the shame is due to il.

The

*The apprehension of what e're is good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worfe.*

All wicked deeds doe wrathfull doomes procure.

In euills, counfell is the comfort chiefe.

Many times good doth grow by euils prooffe.

By euill courses may be vnderstood,

That their euents can neuer fall out good.

When ill is hapt, teares but encrease the ill.

Ill by example often gaineth good.

It's double grieffe to see a helpleffe ill.

Great men that will haue lesse doe for them still,

Must beare them out, although their deeds be ill.

Good heart in ill, doth much the ill amend.

It's better to reforme, than cut off ill.

The worfer deed, the doer likes for best.

Neuer was man so euill, did or thought,

But would pretend some good cause, though starke naught.

Good words doe often couer ill pretence.

One day doth wreake the ill that many wrought.

Mischiefe oft falls vpon the meaners head.

An euill deed done by authoritie,

Is mightie sinne and subornation.

The good compar'd with bad, is soonest seene.

Who will not floope to good, must yeeld to ill.

Mischiefe doth euer ouer-match the bad.

The wicked cannot sleepe or take their rest

Till they be pleased with some ill done deed.

Mischiefe is light, and mounteth ouer head.

Old mischiefes oft doe fet new ills abroach.

Ill present, the tyde that wafes to vice.

A minute spent in good, seemes long-loath'd day:

But nights of ill like moments slip away.

The more ill threats vs, we suspect the lesse.

To harme, there alwaies needs but little helpe.

Euill enfueth of each wrong intent.

*With vnjust men to stand debating lawes,
Is to giue power to hurt a rightfull cause.*

Constrained ill must needs be suffered.

We see the good, but yet we chuse the ill.

Oft that is vile, shewes like a vertuous deed.

*Nothing the world with greater harme doth fill,
Than want of feeling one anothers ill.*

Mens faults doe feldome to them-selues appeare.

Men smoothen partially their owne misdeeds.

Faults still against them-selues giue euidence.

*When better choices are not to be had,
We needs must take the seeming best of bad.*

The euill doth alwaies argue the offence.

One bad done deed, may worke to many ill.

Euill seeming good, is most pernicious.

*Those evils whereto a man by loue is driven,
So much the rather ought to be forgiuen.*

Things badly got, can haue but bad successe.

Custome confirms, and makes ill in perfection.

Nothing is euill, that is necessarie.

*Too small a sacrifice for mischiefes done
Is one mans breath, that thousands did defeat.*

Mischiefe is no meet way to seeke redresse.

Mischiefe is oft thought good by speeding ill.

A bad beginning makes a worfer end.

*Ill some-times is the cause of good successe,
And wicked meanings turne to happinesse.*

One mischiefe Sunne, thawes not anothers Ice.

The fight of euill fets out goodnesse best.

Euill designs haue euill accidents.

*All such as are the ministers of ill,
The galloves eates, or fatall sword doth kill.*

Similies on the same subiect.

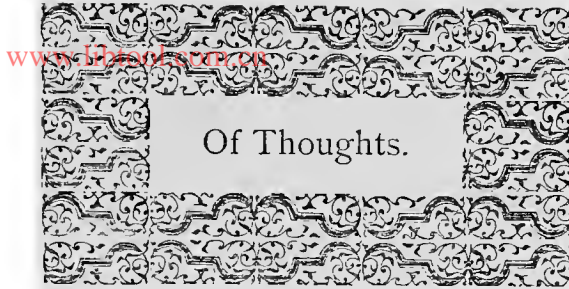
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AS Fowlers by their craft beguile the birds,
 So wicked deeds corrupt plaine meaning minds.
 As serpents food is onely on the earth,
 So wicked mens delights is ill done deeds.
 As sheep-cloath'd Wolues do alwaies greateft spoile,
 So painted deeds doe most of all deceiue.
 As *Circes* witch-craft chaunged men to beafts,
 So wicked deeds makes feeming men bruit beafts.
 As branches prosper not cut from the tree,
 So all is vaine that fwerues from honest courfe.
 As little sparkes of fire procure great harme,
 So least ill deeds doe hardly find amends.

Examples likewise on the same.

P*ericles* said, th' Athenians loued him,
 Because they neuer could detect his deeds.
Demetrius lost all his followers,
 Because he had no care of doing ill.
Pyrrhus desired to be smit with death,
 When he did ought that ill befeem'd a King.
Seuerus caus'd his man be smoakt to death,
 Because his deeds should not dishonour him.
 Men to doe ill, or iniurie each other,
 Is no meane eye-fore, *Tullie* doth affirme.
 No man (saith *Socrates*) should deale vniustly
 In any matter, be it ne're so small.

Of



*Thoughts are the flowring blossoms of the mind,
And words, the daily fruits of our desires.*

Close thoughts stands free from fword or violence.
No kings commaund could ener hinder thought.
What thought can thinke, another thought can mend.
A secreet shame in euery thought will smother.

*Where feares doe Candie-thoughts with Ice-cold,
Heat stirres the tongue to daungers manifold.*

Thoughts are but dreames, till their effects be tryed.
Vntained thoughts doe seldome dreame of ill.
A fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted.
Preuention speaketh all, but what he thinks.

*That which the thought would by the tongue digest,
The eare conuayes it backe into the breast.*

The thoughts of men are fed with expectations.
All wishing thoughts sprout forth by quicke desire.
Citties doe bastardize the brauest thoughts.
It's very hard, imprifoned thoughts to bale.

*Pure thoughts doe alwayes sleepe secure and still,
While lust and murder wakes to staine and kill.*

Thoughts

Thoughts oft times force a lingring life to pine.
 Hope strengthened, addes much matter to each thought.

All womens tongues and thoughts feldome agreee.

How poore soeuer, thought is rich enough.

*If springing thoughts be any iot diminisht,
 They wither in their prime, and prooue nought worth.*

The heart hath but one string, yet many thoughts.

All earthly thoughts are subiect to annoy.

Vnreuerend thoughts gainst kings, are treacherie.

Vnmeasur'd thoughts, by fortune are cut short.

*Nothing doth sooner dry vp beauties blood,
 Than sullein thoughts, though it be ne're so fresh.*

Oft princes thoughts are tyed to beauties wings.

All wicked thoughts haue still a wicked end.

Sweet is the thought, where hope perfwadeth hap.

Sweet are the thoughts that neuer found amiffe.

*Nothing doth sooner shorten life of man,
 Than vaine deluding hopes, and idle thoughts.*

Deare is the thought whereby difcretion liues.

Thoughts prosper not, where feare doth perish them.

No witnesse, needeth for a guiltie thought.

The meanest man, will yet in thought aspire.

*Our narrow-eyed thoughts oft times looke more direct,
 Than our loose wisdomes, borne with wild neglect.*

All leaden thoughts, than earth no higher flies.

Full many signes bewrayes our secret thoughts.

Thoughts often-times doe shroud vs in the earth.

To muse and meditate, is learnings life.

*By common cariage of the outward parts,
 The secret thoughts are seene of many hearts.*

Carrie thy thoughts in silence sealed vp.

Sweet are the thoughts of pleasures we haue tryed.

Thoughts are not seene, yet lookes bewray the mind.

Similies

Similies on the same subiect.

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AS white and blacke are contrarie in sight,
ASo words and thoughts are very different.
As fire and water neuer can agree,
Euen so mens words and thoughts doe difagree.
As courtiers cloakes are shifted very oft,
So are our thoughts neuer at certaine stay.
As light is welcome to perplexed minds,
So merrie thoughts doe banish sadnesse best.
As enery tree hath his peculiar fruit,
So enery man hath his owne prinat thought.
As merrie hofts care not for frowning guefts,
So pleafant minds can brooke no penfiue thoughts.

Examples likewise on the same.

CAesar did neuer feare a merrie looke,
But doubted sad men to haue wicked thoughts.
The Spartanes carried commendation,
Becaufe they scorn'd to beare iniurious thoughts.
Pulvillus being told, his sonne was dead,
Made anfwere: Therefore he would take no thought.
When Scipio read the bookes of Xenophon,
He said: They counfail'd him from taking thought.
Thoughts doe afflict the mind, saith Cicero,
And makes it subiect to no certaintie.
Saith Aristotle, They need Phyficke most,
That doe deuoure their health by fretfull thoughts.

Of



*Teares are best friends to solitarie minds :
And mourning is a foe to company.*

WEeping auailles not, where laments are fcom'd.
Our teares oft times draw teares from others eies.
Great losses, greatly are to be bemoan'd.
*Teares tye the tongue of an accusers grudge,
And softs the rigour of the stearnest iudge.*

No grieffe like that, to mourne and be despis'd.

A troubled foule in teares her comfort feekes.

Well mourning garments fit a mourning mind.

*Teares are dumbe Oratours, and wanting speech,
Perswade some-time more than the tongue can doe.*

Teares are the most effectuall rhetoricke.

Teares are the treafure of a grieffe-gald heart.

Grieffe tyes the tongue, and forrow stoppeth teares.

*Teares must not be as torments, but as markes
To shew the loue we beare vnto our friend.*

Teares will appeafe, where trespasse hath incentf.

Repentant teares doth quench Gods kindled ire.

Teares shed in time, doth winne a bliffe-full houre.

Of Teares, Mourning.

189

*Our teares must be as drops of vitall blood,
Not feigned, but deriued from the heart.*

The heart may weepe, although the eyes be drie.
Partners in loue, are partners in laments.
Eyes are first causers of the hearts lamenting.

*Musicke can hardly solace humane cares,
When strings are broke, and eyes are drown'd in teares.*

Soft teares make batterie in the hardest heart.
Teares deem'd but silent, are as loud as thunder.
Teares are swift postes to certifie our griefes.

*They seldome doe respect poore beggers teares,
That may haue musique to delight their eares.*

Teares are as nourishment to godly foules.
Weeping is ioy to well-affected minds.
Our eyes must not be drowned, nor yet dry.

*To weepe for losse, or worldly dignitie
And not for sinne, is meere hypocrisie.*

Teares kindle loue, and quallifie displeasure.
The deepest cares, breake neuer into teares.
Teares ill becomes the Iudge that first condemnes.

*To weepe alone, is thought an yrkesome sore :
Yet companie disturbeth some much more.*

Venus smiles seldome in a house of teares.
It's better wake and weepe, than sleepe and ioy.
Teares ease the mind, though else doe small anaile.
*Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or strength,
But by oft falling weares it out at length.*

Teares shed for vertues sake, are blessed teares.
Teares worke no ruth, but where the heart is tender.
Teares are the riches of a fighting soule.

*Griefe-broken hearts doe liue wich teares in eyes,
And dye with mirth, appearing in their lookes.*

Griefe till all ends, hath neuer perfect ending.
Sighes vsually proceed from griefe and smart.

Teares

Teares doe but blind the eyes, as clouds the aire.

The rich man doth reuenge him-felfe by armes,

But poore men haue no other helpe than teares.

Whose griefes are great, haue need of quickeft cure.

Teares cannot change what God hath fore-decreed.

Teares do want eies which fhould giue teares to weep.

Teares are no remedies for sad diftreffe:

Neither can present plaints eafe paffed harmes.

Hearts true contrition, is foules bliffe beginner.

Teares are the badges of true penitence.

Similies on the fame fubieft.

AS fome men weepe that are not rightly fad,

So many fmile that are not rightly glad.

As trees by nature bringeth forth their fruit,

So forrow doth by cuftome fhed fad teares.

As thunder alwayes is not quencht with raine,

So grieffe not euer is appeafd with teares.

As too much boldneffe is in women bad,

So fits it not in men to be too fad.

As fhowres of raine doe caufe the earths encrease,

So freames of teares doe giue the foule true peace.

As weeping Oliue trees moft fruitfull are,

So mourning minds doe foonest kill defpaire.

Examples likewise on the fame.

BRaue *Coriolanus* being banifht Rome,

Toucht with his fault, went forth, and dide in teares.

The Romane matrons for old *Brutus* death,

For one whole yere did nothing elfe but mourne.

The wife of *Lepidus*, her misbehaviour,

In teares and anguifh did abridge his daies.

Craffius was neuer feene in all his life

But once to fmile; but many times to mourne.

Seneca faith, That mightie men by power
Reuenge themselues; the weaker, by theiſe teares.
The broken heart (faith *Tullie*) hath moiſt eyes,
When often-times it faines forth merrie lookes.



*Humilitie, is lowlinesse of mind,
The onely way, the ſeat of bliſſe to find.*

Humilitie looks lowly on the ground.
Humilitie, her friends with kindeſſe feeds.
The lowly dales ennie not higheſt hills.

*Humilitie, to heauen, the ſteppe, the ſtaire,
Is by deuotion, heartie grieſe, and prayer.*

The lowly mind doth higheſt gifts adorne,
Meekneſſe of heart is glorie to man-kind.
Humilitie admires his paine with ioy.

*The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.*

The Cedar yeeldeth to the Axes edge.
Better fit ſtill, than riſe, and after fall.
The ſhrub is fafe, when the tall Cedar ſhakes.

192 *Of Humilitie, and Lowlineffe.*

*He that high growth on Cedars did bestow,
Gave likewise lowly Mushromes leaue to grow.*
Humble and meeke, becomes both young and old.
Gray hath lesse grieffe, than costly filken futes.
*Humilitie walkes lowly on the earth,
Assur'd of certaine dignitie in heauen.*
The lowest shrubs doe feele the fewest stormes.
The minds submission pulls downe loftie lookes.
*When as the Eagle meanes his highest flight,
He makes his mounting in the lowest dale.*
Great floods doe often rise from humble streames.
Content below, ne're climbs to seeke aloft.
*The cottage seated in the lowly dale,
Is more secure than highest soueraigntie.*
Humilitie, the foules chiefe beantie is.
Humilitie doth anger soone aswage.
*A lowly life that feares no suddaine losse,
Is still content, how-euer things goes crosse.*
An humble minde fauours of pietie.
True humblenes doth all mens vertues praise.
*A mind that feares no fall, nor craues no crowne,
Is in the rightest way to true renowne.*
Religions chiefe precept, is humblenes.
Happie that man, who is in honour humble.
*Where humble thoughts doe to the heauens aspire,
There is no place for any proud desire.*
The minds best armour, is humilitie.
Lowlineffe is the perfect path to honour.
*Humilitie hath brought those things to passe,
Which reason, nor no vertue else could doe.*
Pride wageth warre against humilitie.
By lowlineffe, is true discrecion wonne.
Proud minds can hardly learne humilitie.
Humilitie augments bencoulence,

Supporteth

Supporteth truth, and keepes a kingdome safe.

Humilitie reuiues dead charitie.

The face doth loone expresse an humble mind.

Truth loone appeares to humble minded men.

The noble Lyon neuer stayes the least,

But alwayes preyes vpon the proudest beaſt.

Humilitie rules all the minds affects.

No way to heauen, but by humilitie.

Humilitie winnes immortalitie.

Humilitie with perfect grace ſtands faſt,

When all things elſe are vaniſhed and paſt.

Breake not a bending reed, ſpare the ſubmiſſe.

Earth veſſels, with the brazen may not ſtriue.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS lowlineffe of heart brings downe heauens grace,

So humble words can proudeſt tearmes deface.

As ſalt doth ſeaſon euery kind of meat,

So lowlineffe doth ſhew all vertues beſt.

As vallies fertilineſſe the hills exceeds,

So humble lowlineſſe ſhewes faireſt deeds.

As wine in loweſt vaults is beſt prefer'd,

So grace in humble minds is beſt diſcern'd.

As proud preſumption ſeekes his owne decay,

So lowlineffe to bliſſe directes the way.

As ignorance moſt ſcorneth to be taught,

So humbleneſſe deſireth ſtill to learne.

Examples likewise on the ſame.

PHilip for humblenes of mind was praiſd,

Beyond all princes of the Macedons.

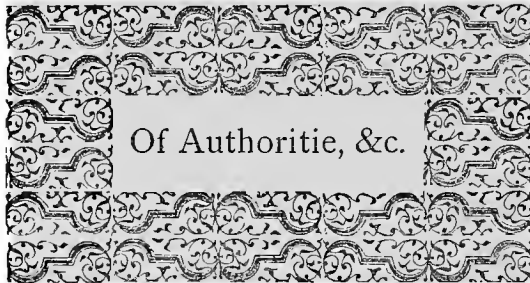
Antigonus with great humilitie,

Bare off the ſlaunders of his enemies.

O

Scipio

Scipio, in all his fortunes neuer sweru'd,
 From patient sufferance, and humilitie.
Pericles most of all defam'd him-felfe,
 By making scorn of true humilitie.
Tullie affirms, all vertues what-foe-re,
 Are foonest learned by humilitie.
Plato calls lowlineffe, the foules defence,
 And onely shield againft extremities.



*Authoritie, proud pompe, and worldly power,
 Makes monarchs but as marks, whē fate doth lower.*

Authoritie makes many men feure.
 Death giues no thanks, but checks authority.
*It is in vaine, and fondly we resist,
 Against proud might, that can doe what it list,*
 A lawfull title counter-checks proud might.
 The greatest oft may need a weaker helpe.
*Little auailes a lawlesse vsurpation,
 Which gains a scepter, but not rules a nation.*

Might

Might wanting measure, proueth furquedrie.
 Nothing so fell as wrong, being arm'd with right.
Might is reputed absolute alone,
When of two powers there's true coniuention.
 Some learne to rule, while others learne to lue.
 They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them.
Vaine is the vaunt, and victorie vniust,
That more to might, than rightfull cause doth trust.
 When great leaues fall, then winter is at hand.
 Needs must we doe, what might will force vs doe.
The ouer-spreading pompe of greatest might,
Will darken weaknesse, and debase his sight.
 What mightie men misdoe, they cannot mend.
 Deepe are the blowes made with a mightie Axe.
More than enough he finds, that finds his might,
Hath force to make all that he will haue, right.
 The more, the mightier, if they gree in one.
 Arme not vnskilfulnes with mightie power.
He, who his owne cause makes, doth still deuise,
To make too much, to haue it more than sure.
 Great is the daunger of vnmastred might.
 Too many great, one kingdome cannot hold.
Where power hath decreed to find offence,
The cause is better still, than the defence.
 Might makes a title, where he hath no right.
 Men count that wrong, is compassed by might.
He onely treads the sure and perfect path
To greatnesse, who loue and opinion hath.
 Vncertaine power, cannot it felse retaine.
 Custome hath power to kill with weakeft might.
Who falls but low, may quickly rise againe:
Who falls from height, is mercilesely staine.
 Loue is not alwaies dignities companion.
 The tallest trees are shaken most with winds.

*When one selfe-power is common made to two,
Their duties they nor suffer, nor will doe.*

Prerogative is the first step to disquiet.

In equall play-fellowes, no perill lyes.

*The man that giues a weapon to his stronger,
Is like himselve to carrie rule no longer.*

Ech little spot, appeares most in the face.

Great might is like a fortified tower.

*No man can manage great affaires of state,
And yet content a wayward multitude.*

Where many lead, they lead to many blowes.

Let Gods with Gods, and men with men contend.

*What ere he be, with his superiour playes,
Stands in the mouth of daunger many wayes.*

He hardly will entreat, that may commaund.

All dignitie on tickle stayes doth stand.

*With mightie men 'tis better ceasing strife,
Than an vnequall quarrell to maintaine.*

There is no hell, like to declining pompe.

He fits not fafests, that is mounted high.

*In high degree small faults are quickly spyde,
But low estate a many errors hyde.*

No high estate can yeeld a quiet life.

The power of vertue euer-more preuailes.

*What though our sinnes goe braue and better clad?
They are in ragges as base and all as bad.*

Might breakes the law the sacred Senat makes.

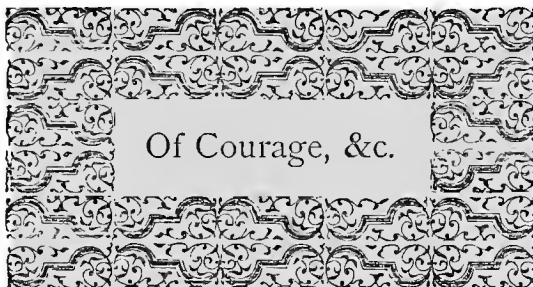
The more our greatnesse, makes our faults the more.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS in fine cloth the brightest staines we see,
So faults are most discern'd in high degree.
As hastie climbers oft catch fuddaine falls,
So might mis-vfde, doth kindle nought but braules.

As he that stands on high, stands still in feare,
So they that manage states, doe want no care.
As Rauiors are not fit for childrens hands,
So fooles no way befeeme authoritie.
As prefidents are aptest meanes for youth,
So rulers goodnesse giues example best.
As the great Elme supports the sreading vine,
So might ought still support humilitie.

Examples hereof are generally through the booke:
as in Kings, Princes, Kingdomes, Magistrates, &c. and
therefore no need of other collections.



*Courage, is foe to faint-heart cowardise:
And man-hood, teacheth valour to be wise.*

Courage emboldneth wit, wit courage armes.
Without experience, valour wants his armes.
*Daunger and feare, like cowards turnes aside,
When man-hood is by resolution tryde.*

198 *Of Courage, Valour, &c.*

Skill valour guides, and valour armeth skill.
Who hopes a conquest, leaues no means vnfought.
*The inward thoughts, that haughtie courage beares,
Grieues more at words, than deaths pale-faced feares.*
Courage, with cowardife will not be matcht.
The valiant man, doth most in warre delight.
*Seldome shall any living creature see,
That courtesie and manhood disagree.*
The coward seekes to liue at home in ease.
Valour is neuer knowne till it be tryed.
*They that attempt high daungers eident,
Vpon no reason, are not valiant.*
Actions doe kill imaginations fway.
Vnequall warres, t' vnequall shame is fold.
*The man that dares, not caring how he dares,
Sells vertues name, to purchase foolish skarres.*
Rebellious natures must be roughly vs'd.
Repining courage yeelds no foe a foot.
*Cowards doe onely wish and call for death,
While valiant hearts in silence banish breath.*
Vaine words cannot bewitch a valiant mind.
Measure not manhood by the outward shewe.
*The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,
That may unworthie of it selfe be thought.*
Chaffer no words, high courage to prouoke.
Courage may lend a cloake to cowardife.
*Nothing the praise of manhood more doth marre
Than foule reuenge, and base contentious iarre.*
Action, is fierie valours foueraigne good.
True valour lodgeth in the lowliest hearts.
*High courage with true wisdom always backt.
Winnes perfect fame, and shunneth each mishap.*
Weakeneffe is false, and faith in cowards rare.
Glorie doth follow, courage goes before.

The

*The man that couples courage with desire,
Runnes freely through his daunger, and preuailles.*

True valour aimes at honour euermore.
A cowards heart keepes words and deeds afunder.
*A ieuell in a ten-times bard-up cheff,
Is a bold spirit in a loyall breast.*

Courage and industrie can neuer want.
In conquering will, true courage most is shewen.

*In vaine hee seeketh others to suppressse,
Who hath not learn'd first to subdau him-selfe.*

All strength is fraile, and full of ficklenesse.
No fortunes frowne can daunt true valors heart.

*Beggers (but feigning brauerie) are the proudest:
And cowards (bragging boldnesse) wrangle loudest.*

A valiant mind disdaines to hide his head.
It's cowardife, vnworthie wrongs to beare.

*Where wronged valour reignes, it's hard to find
Such pittie, as may honours pride controll.*

True valour, seeles nor grieve nor miserie.
Refolute courage, makes loue fortunate.

*Cowards in peace doe dread the weapons fight,
But vrg'd by need, will venture then the pikes.*

Courage to die, exceeds a captiu'd life.
Courage despifeth dread, and conquers death.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS courage addeth wings to braue desire,
So bloodie shewes doth quench incensed ire.
As it is valour to be conquerour,
So wifdome maketh vse of victorie.
As courage keeps the mind from base affaults,
So cowardife infects it with all faults.
As courage is esteem'd a wife mans coat,
So cowardife is follies cognifance.

As Faulconers doe in Faulcons most delight,
So mightie men reioyceth in their might.

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Examples likewise on the same.

THe Romane *Sergius*, loosing his right hand,
Slew with his left hand, foure in single fight.
Scæuola entred king *Porfennæes* Tent,
Either to kill him, or be slaine by him.
Agis dissuaded from the fight, replied :
No man wonne shame, that with true courage dyde.
Stout *Alcibiades* cheerd vp his followers,
By his couragious leading them to field.
Courage, faith *Seneca*, is of such power,
As it can conquer any miserie.
Plato faith, Courage eleuates the mind,
To all things that are laudable and iust.

Of

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*Pleasure and sweet Delights, doe much beguile:
Expecting ioy, grieffe happens oft meane-while.*

Pleasures are poore, and our delights foone dye.
Where pleasure is displac'd, care keeps his marte.
Where care killes pleasure, life not long endures.
*Who tries, shall find, that pleasures long restrain'd,
Be farre more pleasant when they once are gain'd.*

Where strife is stir'd, there pleasure hath no part.
Worlds pleasure lasts not long, but grieffe abides.
Farewell delight, when grauel is all grace.

*Neuer haue vniust pleasures been compleat
In ioyes entire, but feare still keeps the doore.*

The sweetest pleasure hath the shortest date.
Long wish'd things, a sweet delight doe beare.
Pleasure and penance still are mortall foes.

*Enforced solace, like a vapour flies,
And hath no power repining hearts to mooue.*

Solace and forrow haue their certaine times.
While pleasure withers, paine more ripe doth grow.
When pleasures ebbe, then griefes begin to flow.

To vaine delights, a man may easily goe:

But safely to returne may much be fear'd.

Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eares.
The strong, through pleasure falls; the weak, by smart.
Pleasures doe neuer feed, but on excesse.

He that in pleasures vaine doth time bestow,

Treads but the path to his owne overthrow.

In things without vs, no delight is sure.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceiu'd.

Pleasure is short, and glory lasts not long.

The sweets we wish for, turne to loathed fowers,

Euen in the moment, that we call them ours.

That pleaseth most, is farthest from the eye.

Low is the stalke, whereon best pleasures grow.

Pleasure asleepe, then sorrow will awake.

Maids are not wonne by brutish force or might,

But speeches full of pleasure and delight.

Pleasure maintain'd by care, is quickly lost.

After long sicknesse, health brings most delight.

Vncertaine pleasures, bring a certaine paine.

Maydes doe take more delight, when they prepare

And thinke of wines state, than when wines they are.

Shortest delights, doe bring a long repent.

Pleasures them-selues, are but imaginations.

Things soone obtain'd, doe least of all delight.

This world is but the pleasure of an houre,

And yet the sorrow of a thousand dayes.

Oft pleasures past, doe way to woe prepare.

In worldly mirth, lurketh much miserie.

All sweet delights, are drown'd in dulled minds.

Pleasures (like posting guests) make but small stay,

Where griefes bide long, and leaue a score to pay.

It's true delight, to know the cause of grieffe.

Mirth foundeth harsh to melancholly men.

Mirth

Mirth makes the longest iournies to seeme short.

*What more apparant signe can be of madnesse,
Than haue anothers pleasure cause thy sadnesse?*

Who buyes a minutes mirth, may waile a weeke.

Mirth seareth out the bottome of annoy.

Vnlawfull pleasures, haste destruction.

*Potions (if pleasant) though infectious,
Are sooner ta'ne, than holefome pills for health.*

Sorrow, fore-going pleasure, graceth it.

Gladnesse with griefe, continually is mixt.

Banke-rupts in pleasure, can but pay with woe.

We are right docible to imitate

Deprauid pleasures, though degenerate.

Short pleasures many times haue large repents.

Pleasures are still inductions to our griefes.

Oft hath a tragicke entrance, pleasant end.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS no estate can stable stand for aye,
So euery pleasure hath his ending day.
As small brookes fwell and are enrag'd with raine,
So fight of pleasure trebleth euery paine.
As weeds expeld, the corne doth better thriue,
So care being kild, pleasure bides long aliuie.
As greateft griefes doe make the least not feene,
So huge delights cause meane ones vanish cleane.
As greateft light, is in the largest skie,
So that delights, is furthest from the eye.
As sad minds brooke no merrie companie,
So sorrow is to pleasure enemie.

Examples likewise on the same.

S*Ardanapalus* was so giuen to pleasure,
That of a man, he made him-felfe a beast.

Xerxes

Xerxes bestowed gifts on none but such,
 As daily could invent new kinds of pleasures.
 In King *Latinus* Court, the Trojans
 In choise of all delights did spend their time.
Demetrius being to all vaine pleasures giuen,
 Was by the Macedonians quite expulst.
Cineas told *Fabritius*, that vaine pleasure,
 Did like a moath consume the life of man.
Demosthenes in his Orations,
 Always forbad voluptuous vaine delights.



*Paine, as companion doth on Pleasure wait:
 And Daunger is the hand-maid to Delight.*

Short paine may be endur'd, that brings long ease.
 He neuer findeth helpe, that hides his paine.
*Farre harder is it, to learne continence
 In ioyfull pleasures, than in grienous paine.*
 They lesser paines can beare, that hide the great.
 Paine profit reapes, if feeds be wifely sowne.

Where

*Where words be scarce, th'are seldome spent in vaine,
 For they speake truth, that breath their words with paine.*
 W *Soone-dying mirth, begets long-liuing paine.*
 Who bears the wound, perforce must feele the paine.
*The man that needs will seeke for vnknowne gaine,
 Oft liues by losse, and leaues with mickle paine.*
 The greater paine, the greater miserie.
 Paine payes the in-come of each precious thing.
*It easeth some, though none it euer cur'd,
 To thinke that others haue their paines endur'd.*
 It's paine to keepe the things we would expresse.
 All labours haue their end, but paine hath none.
*No paine or sickness doth so swiftly breed,
 As euill humours grow, the grieffe to feed.*
 To get, and keepe not; is not losse, but paine.
 Paine breedeth honour, vertue getteth fame.
*Better in prison euer to remaine,
 Than being forth, to suffer greater paine.*
 With ease a sparke, with paine is quencht a flame.
 Pleasure doth follow paine, and blisse annoy.
*It's paine and grieffe, to beare and suffer wrong:
 But shame and sinne to him that causeth it.*
 An inward fore strikes the Phisition blind.
 Salues seldome helpe ouer-long festred fores.
*How mightie is the soueraigne power of loue,
 Which paine, thirst, hunger, no nor death can moue?*
 Sad musicke to sad passions, addes more paine.
 One paine is lessened by anothers anguish.
*Let him for euer liue in woe and grieffe,
 That feelth paine, and will not haue reliefe.*
 Paine is the entrance to eternall ioy.
 How fraile is that which men atchieue with paine?
*They that must either serue, or pine in want,
 Ought scorne no paines, that may relieue their scant.*

The cause, and not the paine, the martyr makes.
Remembrance of ioyes past, breeds greater paine.

*He that with ease may paine and harme eschew,
Is vaine, if he his proper death pursue.*

Patience doth put all toyle-some paine to flight.
He best doth beare his paine, that hides it most.

*Few linke for loue, but all for greedie gaine,
Though in the end, it turnes them most to paine.*

An vnknowne paine, is greatest miserie.
He cannot iudge of pleasure, ne're felt paine.

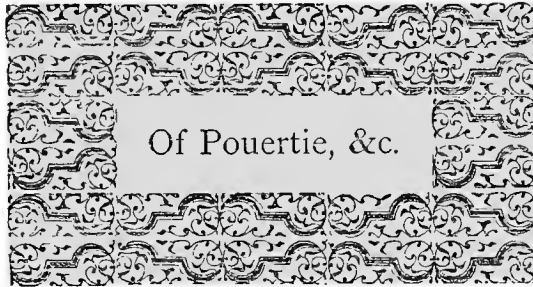
Similies on the same subiect.

AS daunger waiteth at the heeles of pride,
So euery pleasure hath a following paine.
As where mishaps doe flow, there loue doth ebbe,
So where friends faile, the heart feeles no like paine.
As sicke men with least anguish are disturb'd,
So to vexed troubled minds, augments their paine.
As Sun-shine daies of fortune getteth friends,
So paine or perill loofeth them as foone.
As miserie a med'cine hardly finds,
So inward paines, are not with pratings cur'd.
As he beares forrow best that hides it most,
So who knowes patience, stands prepar'd for paine.

Examples likewise on the same.

PHILOSTRATES endured all his paines,
To th'admiration of his enemies.
MARIUS the Romane said, he felt no paine
In all his hurts, if but one friend were by.
SEXTUS POMPEIUS could abide no paine,
No, not so much as feele his head to ake.
The Spartanes for their pleasures, made strict lawes,
Shewing, what paine to each one did belong.

Cicero said, No paine could touch the mind,
That was but rampierd-in with fuffurance.
And *Aristotle* held the same opinion,
Firme resolution could fubdue all paine.



*Pouertie is a vertue of it selfe,
Content with want and needie miserie.*

POuertie is not wifdomes hinderance.
Contented pouertie is greateft wealth.
Need, is esteem'd a perfect Schoole-mistresse.
Need answers not to euery mans request.

*Poore miserie is troden on by many,
And being low, neuer relieu'd by any.*

Wife men, must giue place to necessitie.

Ignorance is the greateft pouertie.

Stout vovs are oft repeal'd in extreame need.

Sweet are poore crummes, where pain'd thoughts doe starue.

*Need hurteth none so much as sillie soules,
Who cannot patiently endure her yoke.*

Plentie

Plentie breeds perill, want procures difdaine.

Miferie craues rather mercie, than reproofe.

There is no vertue like neceffitie.

Thanks ought be deem'd th'Exchequer of the poore.

We should our felues not miserable deeme,

Sith none are fo but in their owne esteeme.

To needie men, delay is euen as death.

Moſt wretched he, that is, yet cannot tell.

Miferie oft makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe.

The wretched conquered, may nought reſufe.

Who in diſtreſſe from reſolution flies,

Is rightly ſaid, to yeeld to miſeries.

That needs muſt be perform'd, which need conſtraines.

Poore wretches haue remorſe in poore abuſes.

The graunts are ſmall to them that ſtand in need.

Men flye from foes, but not from miſerie.

Sharpe are the wounds, but ſweet the medicines be,

That wretched ſoules from wearie bondage free.

Want pines away, and comfortleſſe doth dye.

Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-pac'd need.

He is not poore, hath little, but that much deſires.

Contented pouertie, is happineſſe.

A little ſtroke will ſerue to make him die,

That is halfe ſtaine before with miſerie.

Diligence moſt enableeth pooreſt men.

The loue of poore men, great mens harmes debates.

Loue neuer keepes where wretchednes abides.

Poore men ſhould ſuffer for no great mens finnes.

No truer friends haue poore men than their teares,

Wherein men (each way wretched) may be rich.

It is too much for one good man to want.

Giue them that want, not ſuch as haue no need.

To liue and lacke, doth breed a daily grieſe.

Sharpe is the food neceſſitie impoſeth.

Want

*Want smiles secure when princely thoughts doe feele
That feare and daunger treads vpon their heele.*

W Speed in necessitie is chief spurre.

Distresse cuts deeper than sterne fortunes frownes.
Necessitie endures what else would not.
Miserie finds no multitude of friends.

*It is an honour to aduersitie,
With sleights to vndermine prosperitie.*

Where need compells, Orations are in vaine.
Occasion makes them stirre, that else would not.
The iust mans miserie is no meane merit.
Though thou art poore, yet seeke, and thou shalt find.

*Prosperitie is lou'd of very many,
But men in want are hardly holpe by any.*

By others wants we know our owne good haps.
Miserie doth the brauest mind abate.
Need makes men seeke for that they somtime scorn'd.
Want, is the enemy to good desires.

*Pouertie oft with heauie clogge of care
Pulls many downe, when they ascending are.*

Poore men are little shrubs, rich men tall trees.
Need sometimes doth instruct vnlawfull things.
A poore and honest life hath no compare.

Similies on the same subject.

AS Kings haue honour to beare out their deeds,
The poore haue honestie to guide their liues.
As riches seemeth cumberfome to fooles,
So pouertie is pleasing to the wife.
As riches is the mother of delight,
So pouertie doth nource calamitie.
As want, to many is intollerable,
So in good men, it is most comfortable.

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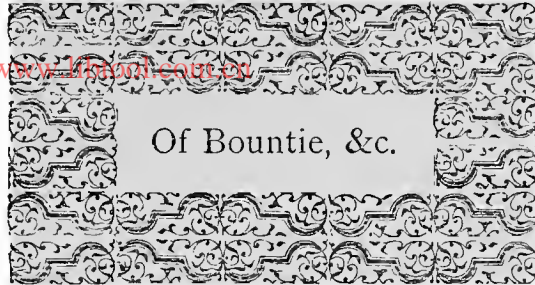
As

As the wild Affe is still the Lyons prey,
 So doe the rich feed on the poore ech day.
 As euery Artizane best knowes his trade,
 So euery poore man best doth feele his want.

Examples likewise on the same.

P*ublicola* cast downe from high degree,
 Sham'd not, but ioyed in his pouertie.
Aristides, from humble pouertie,
 Was raised to degree of dignitie.
Fabritius in his meanest pouertie,
Pyrrhus made choise of, as companion.
Vulturmus banished by *Anthonie*,
 Neuer repined at his miserie.
 Pouertie, is helpe to Philosophie,
 Learn'd of it selfe; so said *Diogenes*.
Laclantius said: *Take away insolence,*
And there's no difference twixt the rich and poore.

Of



*Bountie hath open hands, a zealous hart:
And liberally bestowes without respect.*

Like clouds that haue no raine, are liberall words.
The whole effect of bountie, is in loue.
*The liberall heart, God cherisheth and loues,
And from him still, all cause of want remooues.*
The more the fruit, more precious is the tree.
The more the fish, more valued is the streame.
*That bountie is the best, and most approou'd,
Which without perill of renowne is past.*
The goodliest night is, when most starres are feene.
*Bounties best honour is to helpe the poore,
And happines to liue in good mens minds.*
We count that ground the best, which yeelds most grain.
*Bountie, remitting fraile and mortall things,
Doth for reward, receiue immortall fame.*
The whole effect of bountie, is in loue.
*They that in bountie doe begin to want,
In weake estate shall find their friends and foes.*
True bountie is not fastened to respect.

212 *Of Bountie and Liberalitie.*

*A spend-thrift sworne to prodigalitie,
Excuseth it with liberalitie.*

A liberall minded man, bafe enuie hates.

*He that still draweth forth without supply,
The fountaine of his store will soone be drie.*

He neuer giues in vaine, that giues in zeale.

*Gifts to the poore, let them be done with speed,
For long delay, more wretched makes their need.*

Bountie and thankfullnesse are concords bonds.

*One gift in time bestowed, as good minds doe,
Falls out in pooofe to helpe much more than two.*

A liberall heart procures benenolence.

Honours chiefe grace is liberalitie.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS pride makes enemies of perfect friends,
So liberalitie makes friends of foes.

As hollow spouts retaineth nought but aire,

So hollow hearts all bountie euer hate.

As Bees doe flocke vnto a honey dewe,

So multitudes flyes to a liberall mind.

As shadowes hinders ripening of the fruits,

So couetousnes still holdeth bountie backe.

As Henbane causeth death by sleepines,

So bountie is destroy'd by niggardnes.

As manhood is discern'd by cowardise,

So bountie is beheld by wretchednesse.

Examples likewise on the same.

BY liberall bountie, *Alexander* wonne
More fame, than all his conquests else befide.

Cæsar, by bountie to his followers,

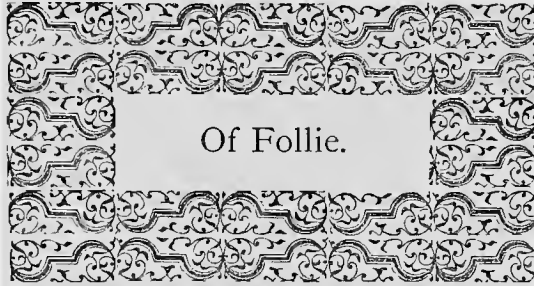
Was call'd the liberall't prince in all those times.

Archelaus

Of Follie.

213

Archelaus gaue not to vnworthie men,
For that he held not liberalitie.
w *Titus*, remembering one day nothing giuen,
Said: O my friends, how haue we loft this day?
Plato faid, Niggards neuer can be good,
For all attendeth on the bountifull.
Phocylides will'd no man sleepe at night,
Till that day he could count some well-done deed.



*Follie is both rewarded and respected,
When wit is often scorned and reiected.*

WHat folly can pretend, wifdome preuents.
*A greater signe of follie is not knowne,
Than trusting others force, distrust our owne.*
Repentance, youthfull follie quite expells.
*Who hazards his estate, to remedie
A curelesse mischiefe, may be tearm'd a foole.*
Wifhes are vaine, where will is follies guide.
*Fooles may not play with swords, nor maids with loue,
Least follie crye, and wantonnes repent.*

Fooles many times, to dignities arife.

*A foole such pastime with his pleasure maketh,
As in the end his ruine he awaketh.*

Fooles wanting knowledge, doe contemne the wife.

*He is a foole that doth prepare a ginne,
To be him-selfe the first man ta'ne therein.*

Vnlettered fooles, at learning doe repine.

*Who with a rasour thinkes to cut the Flint,
But vnder-takes a foolish fruit lesse taske.*

Follies oft leaue a memorie of shame.

*Learning doth liue in penurie and bare,
When fooles grow rich, and feed on daintiest fare.*

Wisdomes doth frowne when follie is in place.

*Fooles are set vp in offices full gay,
When wiser men come downe, and sit below.*

It's better be a foole, than prooue a Foxe.

*Follie is iudg'd in silence to be wise,
For too much babbling, wisdomes doth despise.*

Follie flings forth, if counsell touch him neere.

*For childrens hands, a rasour is vnfit,
And fooles vnmeet in wisdomes seat to sit.*

What greater scourge than follie, is to wit?

*Foolish that science is, held ne're so deare,
Which fore-shewes perils farre, not daungers neere.*

Silence is still best answere to a foole.

*Promote a foole, his follie strait appeares,
And prooues a shame to them which caus'd him climbe.*

All's prouender to Affes, but the aire.

*Mount vp a foole, his wit is quickly heard:
Then keepe such downe, let wise men be preferr'd.*

Instructions giuen to fooles, encreaseth follie.

*A leaden sword clad in a golden sheath,
Is like a foole of natures finest mould.*

Follies are sooner thought on, than redrest.

For

*For man, it is great follie to delight
In fading smoake, and loofe the heavenly light.*

Follie, to faue a part, and loofe the whole.

A very foole I doe him firmly hold,

That loues his fetters, though they be of gold.

A Lyons skinne hides not the Affes eares.

So much doth follie thrust men into blame,

That euen to leaue off shame, they count a shame.

Follie, though ouer-guilt, at length appears.

Proferitie oft maketh fooles starke mad.

Similies on the same subiect.

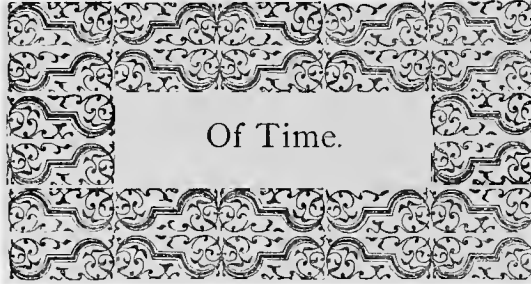
AS foolish questions merit silence best,
As kind demaunds require as kind replies.
As no mishap can moue a carelesse mind,
So no instructions can reforme a foole.
As wise men not esteem'd by outward shewes,
So any semblance satisfieth fooles.
As snow in Summer no man doth commend,
So none deemes honour requisite for fooles.
As spots disfigure any beauteous face,
So follie is the blemish of the mind.
As smoake at highest, soonest vanishest,
So follie praised, quickest perisheth.

Examples likewise on the same.

BY follie *Nicias* was ta'ne alieu,
Dismayed onely with the Moones eclipse.
Emilius tearmed *Perfes* but a foole,
To be dismay'd because of vanquishing.
Cleander, who would needs betray his lord,
Lost all his hopes, and proun'd him-felse a foole.
Torquatus foolishly thunn'd dignitie,
Because himselfe was pained with fore eyes.

Be neither simple, nor yet ouer fubtil,
Such counfell gaue the wise and learned *Bias*.

Follie, faith *Cicero*, pollutes the foule,
But wifdome is a glorious ornament.



*Time calls account of what before is past,
For time will haue a reckning made at last.*

Time wanting bounds, still lacketh certaintie.
Time hath a salue for all extremities.
There's none but haue in time perfwaded been.
Flowers haue time, before they fall to feed.

*VVe can helpe time, to furrow vs with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage.*

Times office is to end the hate of foes.
Times glorie is to calme contending kings.
Time is a tutour both to good and bad.
Short time feemes long, in forrowes sharpe fustaining.
*Time is the herald, that doth best of all
Emblazon all affections of the mind.*

They

They that watch well, see time how flow it creeps.

Dalliance of time doth long lookt ioyes preuent.

Time offers still each houre, to doe amiffe.

In time all things decay, and draw to end.

*Time is the sweet Physitian, that allows
Some remedie for all our past mishap.*

Times minutes losse, no treasure can restore.

We may much shorten time by negligence.

Time heales, when Art and reason both doe faile.

No time so long as that which breedeth griefe.

*Nothing than time there is more precious,
And nothing lesse than time accounted of.*

Nothing so firme, but time dissolueth it.

Faire baits of time doth all the world deuoure.

By time and wisdom, passions are suppressed.

In time, small wedges cleane the hardest Oakes.

*He that will not endure the stormie time,
Where will he liue untill the lustie prime?*

In time the flint is pierc'd with softest showers.

Time is the anker both of truth and right.

In great extreames, aduantage hath no time.

Times losse, is greatest prodigalitie.

*Time ripens all, and hastes the harvest on,
To sow new seeds ere all the old are gone.*

Showres come out of time, when corne is ripe.

Time is discoverer of all mishaps.

Time hath set downe the compasse of his course.

When time is lost, repentance is but vaine.

*While we haue iewels, we doe not esteeme them:
But being lost, would with our liues redeeme them.*

Times change, and we in them, doe alter still.

By times delay, new hope of helpe still liues.

Time is the father of vncertaintie.

Time measureth our daily actions.

Times

*Times motions equalleth the reeling Sunnes,
Or as the Sea reciprocally runnes.*

That longest kept, must yet at length be spent.
Both life and loue, in time must haue an end.
Our daily labours harbour deepe distrust.
Time, on the weariest wretch, bestoweth rest.

The losse of time, all other losse exceeds:

And commonly, too late repentance breeds.

Time is best governour of all our counsailes.

Time to the greatest forrowes limits end.

Neglected time is follies chiefeft signe.

Time is our liues discreetest councillor.

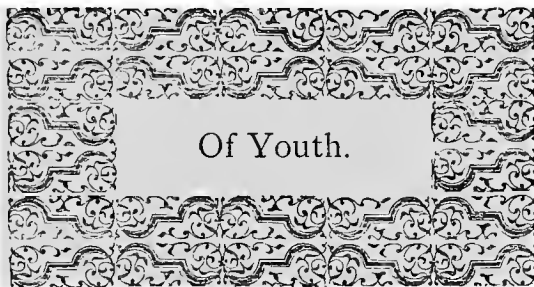
Similies on the same subiect.

AS when the ship is split, no anker helps,
So time once spent, can neuer be repeal'd.
As ioynts cut off, the plaister comes too late,
So time being past, repentance booteth not.
As no retrait auailles, when fight is fought:
So no deuife recouereth passed time.
As time well vnde, a mans best treasure is,
So badly wasted, is most miserie.
As nothing is of greater price than time,
So nothing should with greater care be kept.
As winter nips the freshest flowers that be,
So time makes furrowes in the fairest face.

Examples likewise on the same.

SEuerus made such deare account of time,
As nothing grien'd him more than losse of time.
Pyrrhus had priuat obseruations,
Whereby to know how time did steale away.
Philip of Macedon would chide him-felse,
For the least vaine employment of his time.

Great *Alexander* learn'd of *Diogenes*,
 How in his warre affaires to spend his time.
 By as maintain'd; *Pooles* might in time be wife,
 And ignorance attaine to learnings reach.
 Our happines of time (in *Solons* mind)
 Confitteth in the shorter while it lafts.



*Youth is that state our minds doth most affect,
 Our speediest spoile, without most wise respect.*

Young grafts of future goodnesse, foone appeares.

*When youth haue wealth before they can well vse it,
 It is no wonder though they doe abuse it.*

Custome, small faults of youth permits to scape.

*The meane is best, young fruits the stomacke gripe,
 And elder cloy, when they are ouer-ripe.*

Suspect is still a page that waits on youth.

*The Summers glorie figures youths vanitie,
 The winters wracke, ages declining steps,*

Youth hardly can obey an old decree.

*Looke what impression we in youth retaine,
In age, our reason hardly will refraine.*

Loue is youths plague, wits scourge, and ages hell.

*Looke where unbruised youth, with unstuft braines
Doth couch his limbes, there golden sleepe remains.*

The spring hath flowres, but autumn wither'd leaues.

*It's often seene, that loue in young men lyes
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.*

Youths loue is quicke, fwifter than fwiftest speed.

*Nothing can temper well a young mans rage,
But thraldome, wedlocke, or the staffe of age.*

Youth is too hot, and void of care or dread.

*Youth learnes to change the course that he hath run,
When he perceiues and knowes what age hath done.*

Youth minds no daunger in his haftines.

*Young slips new set, are quickly pluckt away,
But elder roots cleaue faster to the clay.*

Youth, into needlesse quarrels soone is led.

*How-euer youngsters seeme to boast and braue,
Their worth and wit, they from their elders haue.*

Lewd obiects, forward natures soone retaine.

*Youths common fault, is to admit and chuse
Those errors which their lawlesse parents vse.*

Youth by encreasing, doth as fast decrease.

*What things by vaine examples youth conceiues,
The same for lawfull daily he receiues.*

Youth well instructed, makes age well dispos'd.

*The faults and follies men in youth commit,
Are causes of repentance in old age.*

Examples are best preidents for youth.

*The prime of youth is like the pine tree flowers,
Seemely in sight, vsfauorie in their sente.*

Like to a shipwracke is the death of youth.

Hee

Of Youth.

221

*He that in youth, by reason guides his life,
In age shall find the foot-steps from decay.*
Youth vsfeth pastimes but as naturall rest.
*The better that a child is borne by birth,
The more respect should wait vpon his youth.*
So tutour youth, that ages finnes may die.
*Good doctrines characters being stamp't in youth,
No age or fortune once can weare them out.*
Vanie is the maske for youths fond march.
*Where vice in youth doth beare the chiefeſt sway,
Their vertue is neglected most in age.*
Lesse paine to learne in youth, than dote in age.
*Tyrannie is no schoole-master for youth,
Rather vse kindnesse than compulsion.*
Wild youth, by gentleneſſe will foonest yeeld.
*When beautie and sweet youth are banished,
They neuer after can be call'd againe.*
Young willowes easly bend, greene wit foon caught.
Youth grac'd with vertue, then most perfect is.

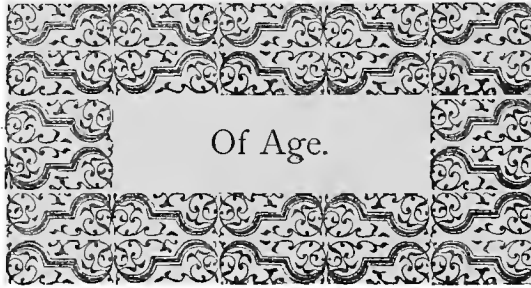
Similies on the same subiect.

AS finne is foonest entertain'd in youth,
So is it hardly shaken off in age.
As gentle mould is apt for any print,
So youth receiues what-e're impresion.
As vntill'd fields bring nothing forth but weeds,
So vntaught youth yeelds all but vanitie.
As freshest flowres the canker foonest eats,
So youthfull heads are quickly caught by vice.
As vnripe apples fall not but by force,
So vnconstrain'd, youth hardly yeelds to die.
As youngest nettles are not free from stings,
So wisest youth hath imperfections.

Examples

*Of Age.**Examples likewise on the same.*

C^{Om}modus not well tutor'd in his youth,
 Did afterward proone a most wicked Prince.
*Nero*s vnbridled youth, made him to fall
 To greater leudnesse than was euer heard.
Cato would to his sonnes be schoole master,
 Because he would not haue their youth infected.
Scemides and her sonne were cast in Tyber,
 For bringing vp the gulfe of shame to Rome.
 Youth well instructed, saith *Euripides*,
 Doth after make his age more honourable.
Pythagoras bad, tutor to young youth,
 The finnes of age be not imposde on thee.



*Age is the gift of Heauen, expence of yeares:
 Exchaunge of haps, and graue experience schoole.*

A^Ge is a Cinicke, not a flatterer.
 A^Ge, or infirmitie, soone blasteth beantie.
 Age is alike in Kings and other men.

Gray

Gray haire in youth, kindles no greene desires.

*The power of Kings may well with-stand proud foes,
But cannot keepe backe age, with time that growes.*

In womens honour, age is worft diseafe.

Let springing youth reioume old ages woes.

For age to die, is right ; for youth, it's wrong.

Blame we not youth, if wantonly he woos,

Since doting old, and booke-wife cannot choofe.

Follie in youth, is sinne ; in age, it's madneffe.

Age, though conceal'd, doth warme with thoughts desire.

Cold age dotes most, when heat of youth is gone.

Age still is prone to credit what it likes.

Mens chiefeft aime, is but to nource vp life,

With honour, wealth, and ease in waining age.

Respect and Reason, wait on wrinkled age.

Youthfull delights, lode crooked age with griefe.

Age is as credulous as fuspitious.

What can auaille vnpleasurable age,

That feeds on luft, or bafe vnable rage?

Age is a glorious crowne, adorn'd with grace.

Death is the due to nature, ages almes.

Gray haire are fruits for death, not flowers for life.

Trees may haue roots, although they beare no leaues.

Loue (as a vertue) is in age allowed,

Except vnequall choife doe difallow.

Age well may ioyne with youth in law, not loue.

When old Bees dye, the young poffeffe the hiue.

Age is chill cold, and full of doubts and feares.

Pleasant conceits are bloffoms for young yeares,

But melancholly thoughts, fruits of gray haire.

Age with fore-sight, a many harmes preuents.

Age takes aduife, ere he prefume too farre.

Age is ordaind to counsell, youth to fight.

Age lends fore-sight, young courage muft enact.

*Age is allowed to gaze at beauties tree,
 But youth must climbe and gather up the fruit.*
 Old age, helps by good counsell and fore-fight.
 Old age can neuer pay youthes debt fet downe.
 Difcretion waxeth young, when age drawes neere.
*Care keepes his watch in every old mans eye,
 And where care lodgeth, sleepe can neuer lie.*
 Age breedeth no defect in innocence.
 Innocence is an excellence in age.
 Old age being come, life cannot long endure.
 Each age of man hath end, but old age none.
*Age can report, and youth doth daily prooue,
 There is no comfort like the sweets of loue.*
 Sickneffe and age are our conducts to death.
 It helps not age to with him young againe.
 It's grieuous to be old with feares, not yeares.
*It's time to flye from braules of iudgement seat
 And publique noise, when age once gets the start.*
 Gray haire is a wifdomes badge, and ages pride.
 The benefit of age, is libertie.
 Respect old age, it commeth not alone.
 Old men, are young mens meetest presidents.
*Aduised age right warily doth keepe,
 What headstrong youth would loose, and loosing weepe.*
 Youth runneth well, when age the bridle holds.
 Old age hath all things, and yet all things wants.
*Our parents age, worfe than our grand-fires be,
 We worst beget, our children worfe than we.*
 White haire, are grauities embaffadours.
 Aged and wife, deferues great reuerence.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS Cedars in their age the straighter growes,
 So men in age should haue the grauer showes.

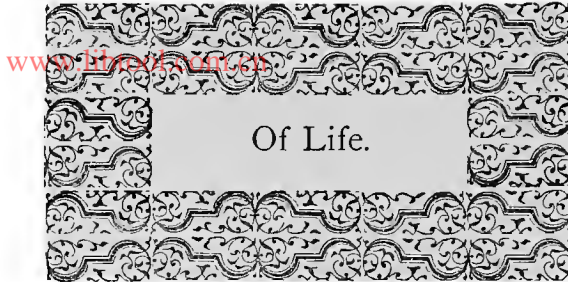
As bonds being seald, are past recalling backe,
 So age once come, by no means can be shund.
 As flood-gates helpe not, when the towne is drown'd,
 So cunning helpes not, when gray haire are seene.
 As coine confum'd, expence is rued too late.
 So snow-white heads in vaine with youth againe.
 As phyficke hoots not for a bodie dead,
 So counfell helpes not ages wayward head.
 As fairest Sunnie dayes must haue their nights,
 So goodliest youth old age at length affrights.

Examples likewise on the same.

C*Litomachus* of Carthage, in good yeares
 Went to be scholler to *Carneades*.
Marcus Aurelius told to *Lucius*,
 He went to learne what yet he did not know.
Terentius Varro, and *Marcus Portius Cato*,
 Went to learne Greeke when they were verie old.
Alphonfus, king of Arragon, at fiftie yeares,
 Translated *Linie* into the Spanish tongue.
 When men (saith *Tullie*) looke on their white haire,
 They must doe nothing mis-becomes those yeares.
 Old men, whose foules are fed with heavenly light,
 Griue not their age, but ioy it, so saith *Sophocles*.

Q

Of



*Life, is a frost of cold felicitie,
And death, a thaw of all our miserie.*

Life is a wandering course to doubtfull rest.
Life is but losse, where death is counted gaine.
*When vertues dayes doe end, they are not done,
But liue two liues, where others haue but one.*

The death of sinne, is life vnto the foule.
Mans life still endeth, with the end of life.

*In vanitie of life, and wandring wayes,
The wicked run and weare out all their dayes.*

Better not be, than being, soone to die.
Life is most loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.

*Death is most louely, sweet, and amiable,
But captiu'd life, for foulnesse admirable.*

The longer life, the greater is our guilt.
Life must with life, and blood with blood be paid.

*Hate not thy life, but loath captiuitie,
Where rests no hope to purchase victorie.*

He that giues life, best knowes the date thereof.
Mans life may leff'ned, not enlarged be.

Who

*Who will not bide the burden of distresse,
Must not here liue, for life is wretchednesse.*
True loue despiseth shame, when life is fear'd.
Life warres with loue, and loue contends with life.
*Too long they liue, that liue till they be naught,
Life sau'd by sinne, base purchase, dearely bought.*
More are mens ends markt, than their liues before.
As death is foe to life, so hate to loue.

*Euen then when we of obscure life doe boast,
It often prooues, that then we are knowne most.*
Men must haue grieue, so long as life remains.
Life is not that which should be much desir'd.
*We often see, who on a king relies,
Finds death aliue, while liuing yet he dyes.*
So some men liue, they care not how they liue.
Life suffers wrong, when death would end her woes.

*Ill, compassing fit opportunitie,
Or killes his life, or else lifes qualitie.*
That dead things can giue life, we seldome find.
Contrition doth reformed life begin.

*To liue or dye, which of the twaine is better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproches debter?*
First doe we bud, then blow; next feed, last fall.
We aske deaths aid, to end lifes wretchednesse.
*God guides mans life, and when he list to haue it,
Wil, wealth, nor any thing beside can saue it.*

Our life is death, if we doe liue in sinne.
A dying life, all kind of deaths exceeds.
*Contented meane estate, true life doth giue,
Resting secure, not rising up to grieue.*
This life affords no fweet without some sowre.
To liue and loue not, is no life at all.

*Fond blinded greatnesse, with his buse toyle,
Seeking for happie life, doth life despoyle.*

Life neuer is too short, where death is wisht.

There is no force so great, as life enforced.

*What kind of life (alas) liue those men in,
That cannot liue without, nor with their kinne?*

Life is ill spar'd, that's spar'd to spill more blood.

To liue in death, is but a dying life.

*Long vse of life, is as a lingering foe,
And gentle death the onely end of woe.*

Sweet is the life that is maintain'd by loue.

Redeeme thy life, although with all thou hast.

*The good doe liue, as if they liued not:
And die, as if their death were but a dreame.*

That life is death, where men doe liue alone.

A good life doth beget as good a death.

*No wise man likes in such a life to dwell,
Whose wayes are strait to heauen, but wide to hell.*

Mans life may not be destitute of office.

A good life, is next way to winne good fame.

*The life corrupt with vnexpected shame
And timelesse death, is buried with defame.*

They liue but ill, who alwayes thinke to liue.

To men in miserie, life seemes too long.

Long life hath commonly long cares annex.

The breath that maintaines life doth finish life.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS falls the tree, so prostrate still it lyes:

So speedeth life, in liuing, as it dyes.

As men by life in bondage soone are brought,

Euen so by death is freedome soonest wrought.

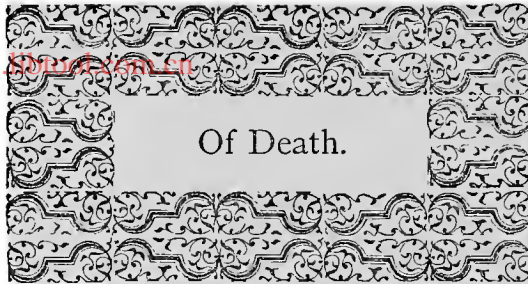
As fire burnes fiercely, being still supplied,

So life postes swiftly when it least is spyed.

As sharpe frosts easily nip forward springs,
So life to end it, hath too many things.
As Easterne winds doth towardly bloffoms blaft,
So inward cares makes life to finish fast.
As life is onely by the gift of grace.
So death by nature taketh time and place.

THERE is hardly any one Chapter in this Booke, but it deliuereth plentie of examples for this argument of life; the whole summe (indeed) but containing the course of our actions, euen from our entrance into life, vnto the verie houre of our death: therefore there shall need no speciall collection vpon this head.

Of



*Death is the key, which vnlocks miserie,
And lets the soule to blessed libertie.*

DEath is the end of woe and wretchednesse.
When deaths houre comes, let none aske reason why.
He ought to die, that not deferues to liue.

*Who dyes the death with honour in the field,
Both his lifes woes and sorrowes briefly ends.*

With sharpe affliction, death first grounds his cause.
The fairest blossome, deaths sterne winter nips.
Death hath no dart to slay deserued fame.

*The tragicque Scene where death her play begins,
Are acts of night, and deeds of ougly darke.*

To wretched men, death is the welcom'ft friend,
Death neuer comes when need doth most require.
Life is but losse, and death felicitie.

*Who dyes, the vtmost anguish doth abide:
But he that liues, is left to waile his losse.*

Sad life, is much more worfe than gladsome death.
Our life is day, but death is ougly night.
Faire death it is, to shun more shame, to die.

Death

Of Death.

231

*Death to sharpe sorrow, quickly ease doth send,
For death, doth griepe and sorrow soonest end.*

Death to the wretched, is both grace and gaine.
In death, aduise for daunger comes too late.

It's worfe than death, to linger on reliefe.

*Death is the gulfe of all, and then I say,
Thou art as good as Cæsar in the clay.*

A sicke man best fets downe the pangs of death.
Deaths name is much more mightie than his deeds.
To die, is all as common, as to liue.

*It is not death, that which the world calls dying,
But that is death, which is all ioyes denying.*

The shade pursues the bodie, so death vs.
Death is the driery Dad, and dust the Dame.
Death is misfortunes monarchizing foe.

*Thy fatall end, why dost thou so begin,
Locking death out, yet keep'st destruction in.*

None moane his death, whose life hath all annoy'd.
We haue one life, and so our death is one.
Death lends vs fight, while he doth spare vs breath.

*It's treble death, a freezing death to feele,
For him on whome the Sunne hath euer shone.*

Long liues the man, that dies in lustie yeares.
Death is the lowest step a man can fall.

Death is not shunn'd of them that dutie yeeld.

*Death which ends care, yet carelesse of our death,
Doth steale our ioyes, but stealeth not our breath.*

Parting breeds mourning, abfence cruell death.
To good and bad, death is an equall doome.
Though death be poore, it ends a world of woe.

*Death is to some a fierce vnbidden guest,
But those that craue his aid, he helpeth least.*

There's nothing we can call our owne, but death.
Death's the deuourer of all worlds delight.

It's sweet to dye, when we are forc'd to liue.

When heapes of treasure is the meed proposed,

Though death be adiunct, there's no death supposed.

Neere death he stands, that stands too neere a crowne.

It's double death, to drowne in ken of shoare.

Death is too good for base dishonest life.

There's nothing else remaines for us beside,

But teares and coffins onely to provide.

All things are subiect to deaths tyrannie.

What thing foener liues, is sure to die.

All-killing death, by Christ is kill'd him-felse.

Oh Sicknesse, thou art many times belyde,

When death hath many wayes to come beside.

The sharpest sting of death, hurts not but helps.

Carrion corruption is the food of death.

The day of death, excels our day of birth.

Oft times their gaines whome greatnesse fauoureth,

When chiefe preferr'd, stand as preferr'd to death.

Raife vp no liuing blame against the dead.

A present death exceeds a lingring life.

Life leads to care, death to the scale of heauen.

The dying man, whose eyes are sunke and dimme,

Thinks eery passing bell rings out for him.

To die in life, is but a liuing death.

Good death, not loftie life, is most renownme.

In countries caufe to die, is noble death.

Death doth no time, no age, no reason measure.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS the hearb Rew is bitter in our taste,
 So deaths remembrance fearefull is to many.
 As sleepe deprivies the memorie of paines,
 So sleepe of death ends all our wretchednes.

Of Death.

233

As all small currents runne into the fea,
So all mens toiles are swallowed vp in death.
As borrowed money must be paid againe,
So what life owes, must be by death discharged.
As we are merrie at our childrens birth,
So should we not grieue vainly at their death.
As darknesse doth obscure the fairest day,
So death laies hold vpon the forward't life.

Examples likewise on the same.

Hector said to his wife *Andromache*,
Griue not my death, all men are borne to die.
Gorgias, askt in sicknesse how he far'd?
Said, Sleepe now yeelds me to his brother death.
Pindarus sleeping on a young lads breast,
Neuer awaked, but in that fort dyed.
Vespasian stood vp at the point of death,
And said, An Emperour should standing dye.
Plato thankt Nature, that she let him liue,
In such a time, as taught him well to die.
Thales will'd every man amend his life,
Else he could haue no honour in his death.

The



The Conclusion.



His worke, which cost no meane paines and labour, to reduce into this forme and method; is thus at the length happily concluded, & commended to the kind acceptation of all gentle and well-disposed minds. If some carping Sycophant (readier alway to cauill and find fault, than correct and amend) shall mislike of the course obserued in this booke, and imagine the heads not aptly or properly placed, (according as in his nice opinion perhaps hee would haue them :) let me thus plainly answere him, That they were neuer meant for the pleasing of his vaine appetite, and therefore hee hath more loue to
 looke

looke off, than be prying into matters aboue his capacitie. Onely to the iudiciall and affable iudgements of this age, both the paines and pleafure of this labour is published: not doubting, but they will meafure it by the iuft desert, and cenfure thereof as their owne kind natures haue euer beene accuftomed.

In this first Imprefion, are omitted the Sentences of *Chaucer, Gower, Lidgate*, and other auncient Poets, becaufe it was not knowne how their forme would agree with thefe of ten fyllables onely, and that fometimes they exceed the compaffe herein obferued, hauing none but lineall and couplet sentences, aboue and beyond which courfe, the Gentleman who was the caufe of this collection (taking therein no meane paines him-felfe, befides his friends labour) could not be perfwaded, but determinately aimed at this obferuation. Neuertheleffe, if this may enioy but the fauour hee hopes it will, and the good intent thereof be no way mifconftred: at the next imprefion it fhall be largely fupplied, with things that at this pre-
fent

fent could not be obtained, both in respect
of some yrgent occasion, beeing the hinderance
thereof: as also because there wanted apt
meanes to furnish further purpose then
intended. All which, shall then be answered
effectually, and any thing els may be
thought auailable to this worke,
and the good liking of
the wife.

F I N I S .



An Alphabetical Table, of the
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2. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio Edition of 1630. *Part I.*

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6. The 'ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Watson. Reprinted from the Original Edition of (circa) 1581.
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