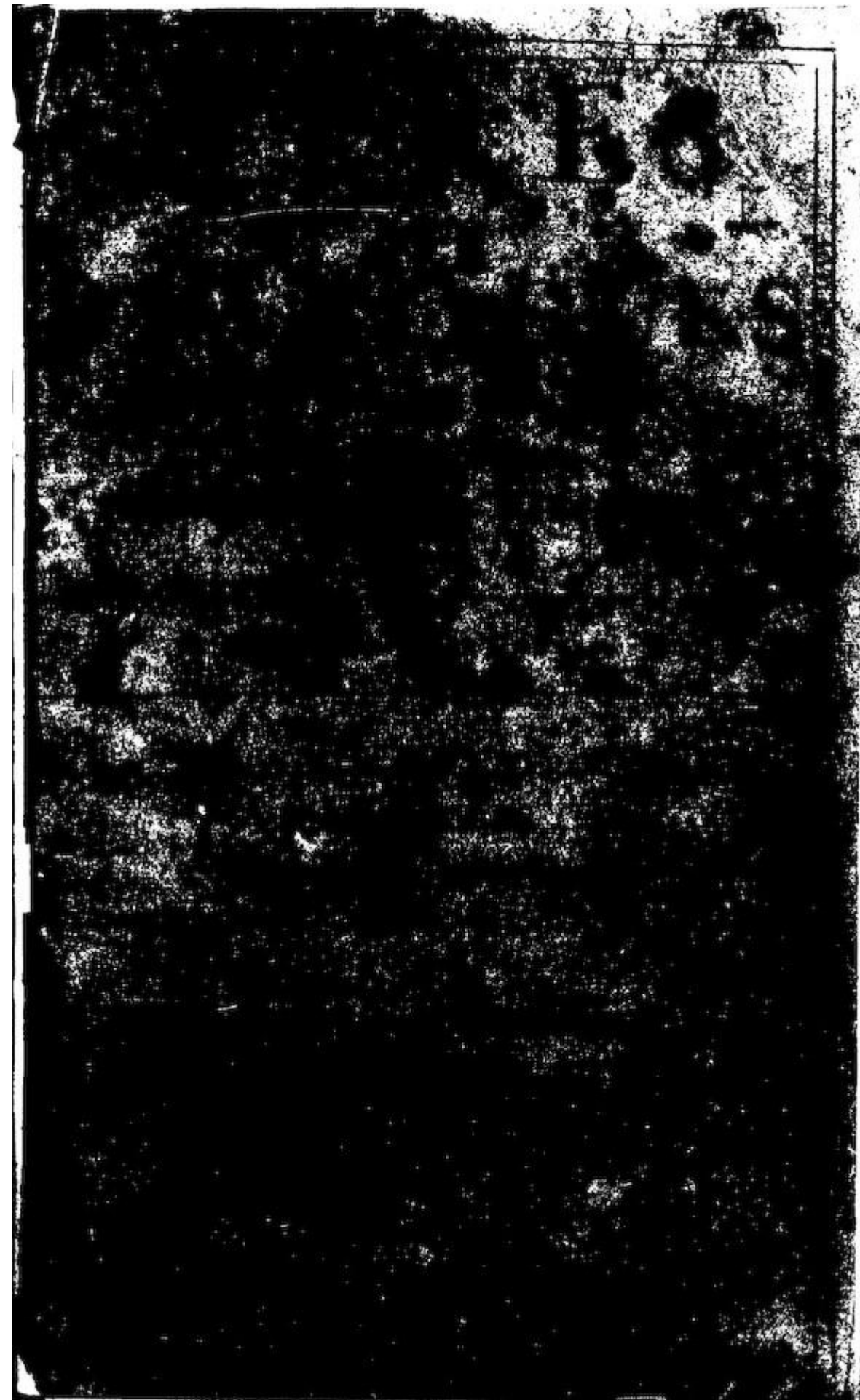




To the Right Honourable CHARLES CAVENDISH,
Viscount MANSFIELD.

My Lord,



Know the little you have of Leisure to be
conferred in Private Addresses: But
Hecatombs not ~~always~~ ^{not} ~~so~~ ^{not} take up the
Altar ~~but it~~ ^{but it} ~~only~~ ^{only} admit ~~is~~ ^{is} necessi-
tous Devotion, ~~that~~ ^{that} can but warm it
with a little Frankincense. I have
therefore presum'd (amongst the louder
Solemnities) to lay before you this Sa-
crifice of Duty, for the Favours (I
have sometimes received from your Family) exact the Tribute of
all my Services.

I have brought you (my Lord) a Variety of Voyces; but all
Tun'd Unison to implore your Patronage: If you ~~will~~ ^{will} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~refuse~~ ^{refuse} them
the Honour of Protection, they will not fear to fetch a Pedigree
from Heaven, and find themselves of Kindred with Stars: They
are the Younger Daughters of Musick, and may perhaps have an
Ayre of the Mother; But however (my Lord) they are Titled
as Princesses, they will not forget to wait your Hand-maids. If I
may have had less Fortune in Choice, I shall find a satisfaction in
the Endeavour of Gratitude; and I had rather be wanting in some-
thing of Circumstance, then not at all confess my Acknowledge-
ments.

Where these Compositions appear not Genuine, they must not
hope my now Recognition: the all that can contribute to their
Harmony is (my Lord) your Voice in Pardon of

Your Honour, with all obedience devoted

JOHN GAMBLE

EDWARD REVELL

To his Good Friend Mr. JOHN GAMBLE on his
COMPOSITIONS.

I.

E Ach' Poet now to his own words
(With merit) Admiration brings,
And as thou dost divide the Chords,
Is led thy Captive in the Strings:
Rapt with a Musick more then dwels
In Numerous falling Syllables.

II.

He thinks his Sonnet now a Charm;
And that 'tis safe to shut the Ear;
But that he fears the greater harm
Would be, to be debarr'd to hear:
Then doth the Antick Proverb mock,
And Syrens find without a Rock.

III.

Sure Harmony thee through hath Lin'd
And all thy *Organs* doth inspire;
That (*Instruments*) one way inclin'd,
Do from their Functions breath in Quire:
At least thy Brest hath Tuned been,
And all the *Fibra's* Chime within.

ELDRAD REVET.

To his Honest Friend and Old Acquaintance
Mr. JOHN GAMELE; upon his Musical
Compositions, on several Poems.

L Et the dull Drum and shrill Fife silent be,
Whilst we attend his Vocal Harmonie;
Where Word and Note in Complication roll,
Like twisted Twilight, or the Sense and Soul:
Here each insinuating Note doth grow
One with the Word as waters mix and flow;
A well form'd freeborn Fancy may from hence
Hear the Word sing, and every Note speak sense:
They both consent as Lovers woo by winks
When thoughts agree, One speaks what th' other thinks;
The sliding Notes so intricately creep,
Sometimes you'd think, they howl, sing, smile and weep:
The lineaments of Passions are here drawn
As visibly as pictures behind lawn;
In these few Amorets is all compact
The Sense can suffer, or the Soul can act:
The Ayre and language grow as much the same,
As several materials make one flame;
With so much aptitude and prompt connexion,
As red and white comply in a Complexion.

Love-Songs will make you sigh when you come near 'em,
And Tavern Toyes make Creeples dance to hear 'em:
Where like some straight, although indented border,
Each reeling Note doth stagger into order.

He that dislikes this Piece, *must* (it appears)
Confess he wants both Intellect and Ears;
And may, most properly be ranck'd with they
Who verily can neither Sing nor Say.

THOMAS JORDAN.

A DEFENCE FOR MUSICK

*In its Practique and Theorie, occasioned upon the Publication of
these Poems Composed by Mr. JOHN GAMELE:*

IMPLORATION.

Empress of Order! Whose Eternal Arms
Put Chaos into Concord, by whose Charms
The Cherubims in Anthems clear, and Even,
Create a Confort for the King of Heaven:
Inspire me with thy Magick, that my Numbers
May rock the never-sleeping Soul in slumbers;
Tune up my Lyre, that when I sing thy Merits
My subdivided Notes may sprinkle Spirits
Into my Auditor, whilst their fears
Suggest their Souls are falling through their Ears.
What Tropes, or Figures can thy Glories reach,
That art thy self the splendor of all Speech?
Mysterious Musick! he that doth thee right
Must shew thy Excellence by thy own Light:
Thy Purty must teach us how to Praise,
As men seek out the Sun with his own Rayes:
What Creature that hath being, life or sense,
But wares the Badges of thy Influence?
Musick is Harmony, whose Copious bounds
Is not confined onely unto Sounds:
'Tis the Eyes object, for (without Extortion)
It comprehends All things that have *Proportion*:
Musick is Concord, and doth hold allusion.
With every thing that doth oppose Confusion:
In Comely Architecture it may be
Known by the Name of *Uniformitie*;
Where *Piramids* to *Piramids* relate,
And the whole Fabrick doth *Configurate*
In perfectly proportion'd Creatures, we
Accept it by the title *Symmetrie*.
When many Men for some design Convent,
And all Concenter, It is call'd *Consent*:
Where mutual Hearts in Sympathy do move
Some few embrace it in the Name of *Love*:

But

But when the Soul and Body do agree
To serve their God, it is Divinitie:
In all melodious *Compositions* we
Declare and know it to be *Symphonie*:
Where all the Parts in Complication roll,
And every one Contributes to the *Whole*:
He that can Set and Humour Notes aright
Will move the Soul to Sorrow, to Delight,
To Courage, Courtezie, to Consolation;
To Love, to Gravity, to Contemplation:
It hath been known (by its mysterious motion)
To raise Repentance, and advance Devotion:
It works on all the faculties, and why
The very Soul it self is *Harmony*:
Musick! It is the breath of second Birth,
The Saints imployment, and the Angels Mirth;
The Rhetorick of *Seraphims*, a Gem
In the King's Crown of new *Jerusalem*;
They sing Continually, the Exposition
Must needs inferre, there is no Intermision.
I hear some Men hate *Musick*, let them shew
In Holy Writ what else the Angels do:
Then those that do despise such sacred Mirth
Are neither fit for Heaven nor for Earth.

THOMAS JORDAN.

On the Excellent Compositions of his Good Friend

Mr. JOHN GAMBLE.

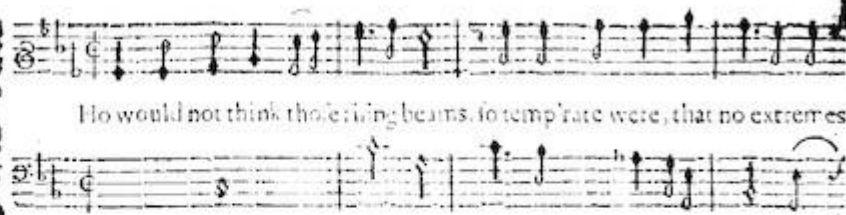
How are these *Lutes* scrud up in every String,
And temper'd to our ready Fingering?
No Nerve is loose here, nor no sinew slack,
Nor any so ungently stretcht to crack:
Sure none could fit them to so just a Key
But *Phebus*, but the Nine would fit to Play:
Where all variety of Notes comply,
Lead in one silken thread of Harmony.

WILLIAM REVET.

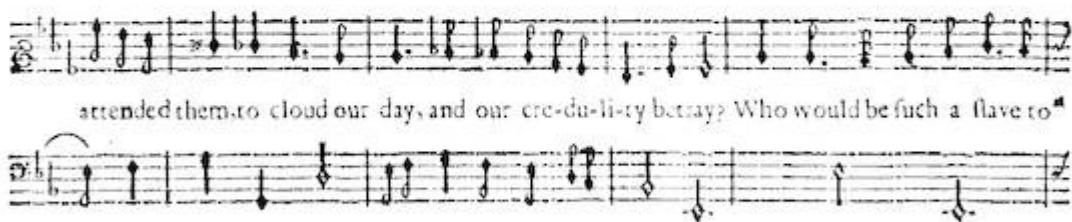
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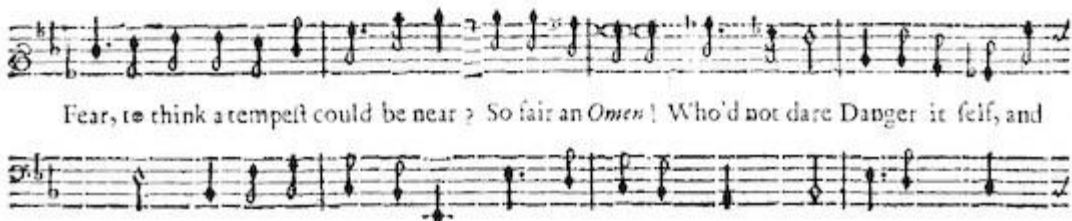
A Smile.



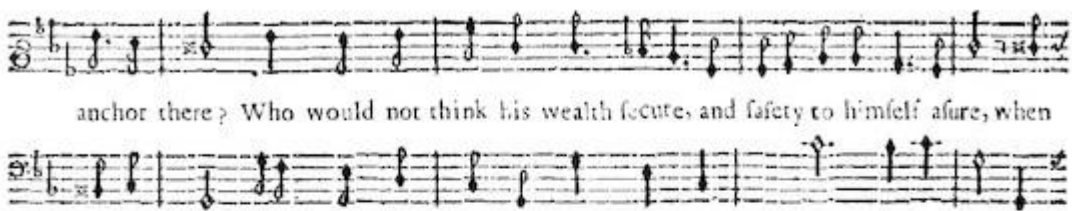
Ho would not think those rising beams, so temperate were, that no extremes



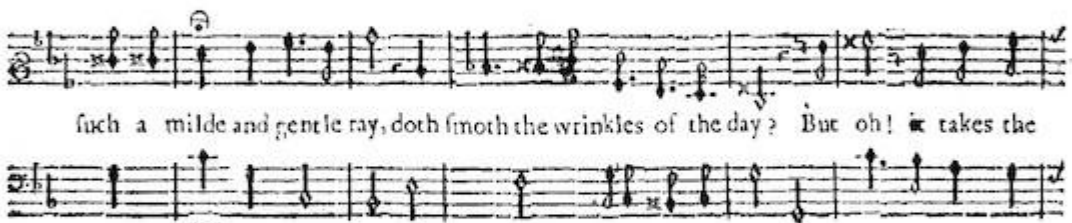
attended them, to cloud our day, and our cre-du-li-ty betray? Who would be such a slave to



Fear, to think a tempest could be near? So fair an *Omen*! Who'd not dare Danger it self, and



anchor there? Who would not think his wealth secure, and safety to himself asure, when



such a milde and gentle ray, doth smoth the wrinkles of the day? But oh! it takes the



Lightnings form, and I'm betray'd into a Storm.

B

A Tempest.

Help Love, or else I sink; for know, he best can help that causeth

woe; help then, and with thy smoother palm, the fury of my passion calm:

Succeeding tears in billows rise, as there were Seas met in my eyes; My sighs united

proudly grown, as the four winds combin'd in one; Hark how they rore, my sighs and

tears, have conspir'd to tempt my fears; See how they swell, now they are met,

and ev'n a tempest do beget; it shakes my Bark, her Ribs do crack, and now my fears a

wrack: Help Love for pity then I pray, ere my poor heart be cast away.

The Rebel.

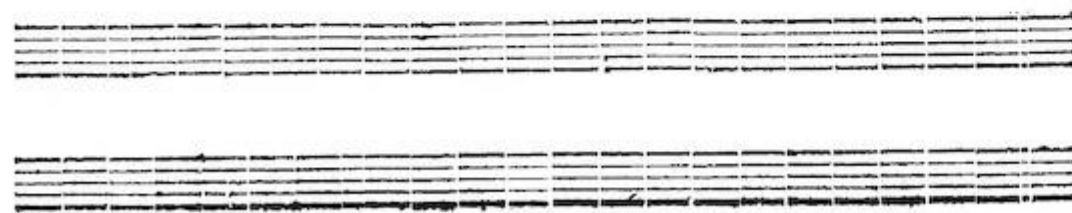
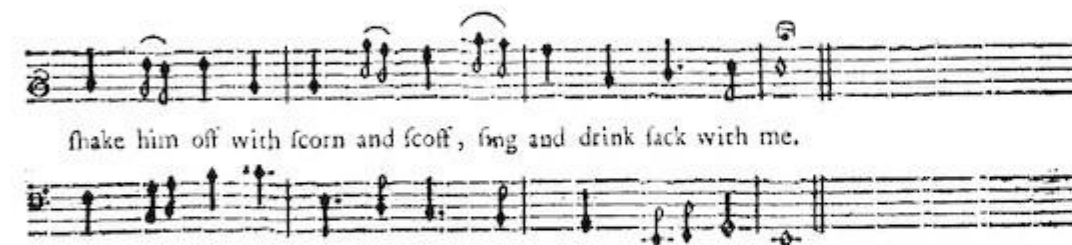
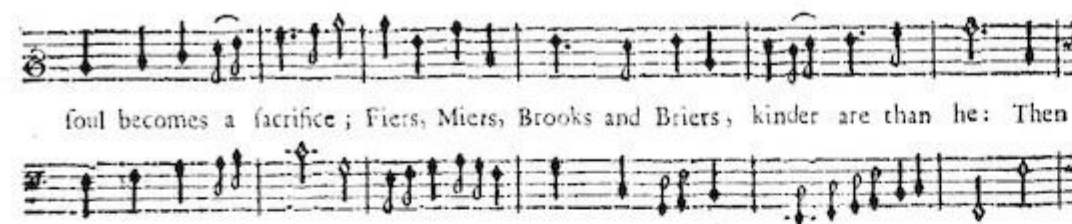
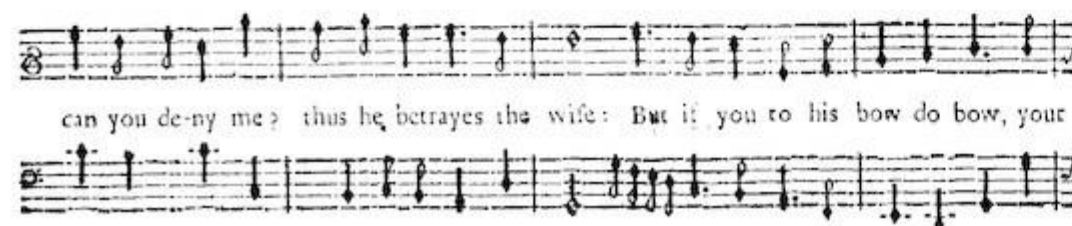
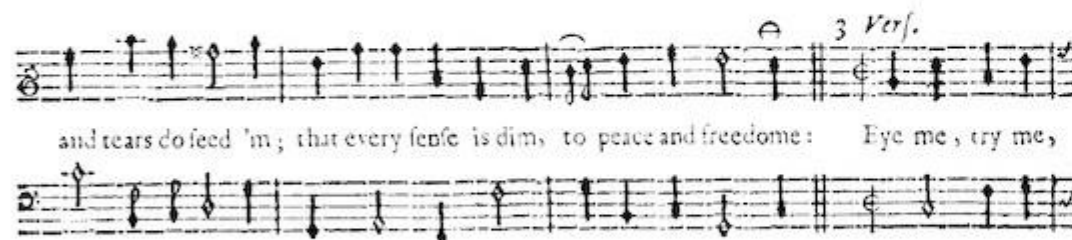
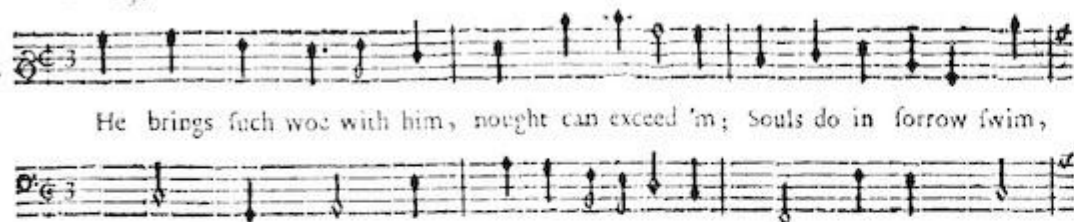
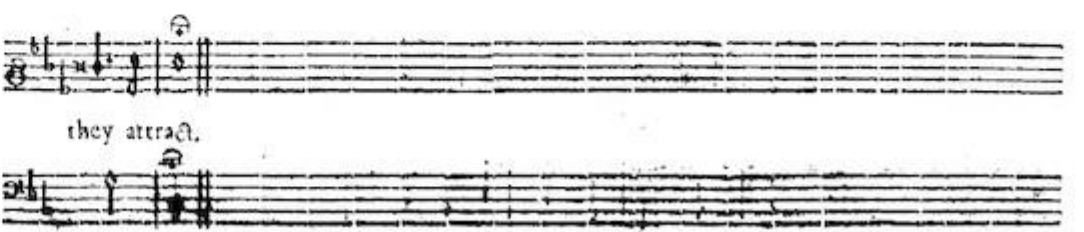
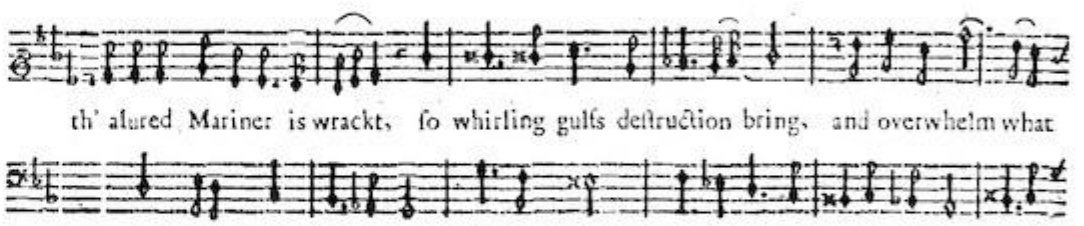
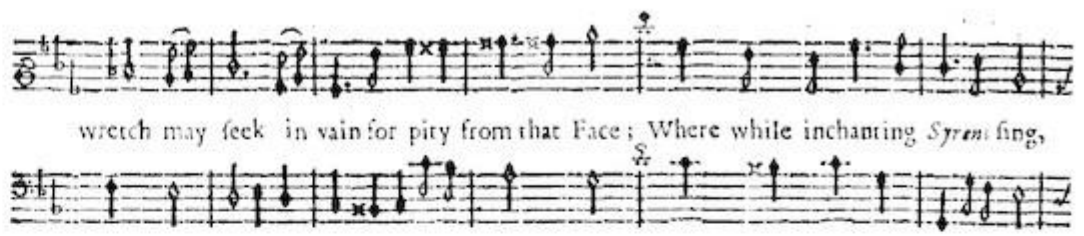
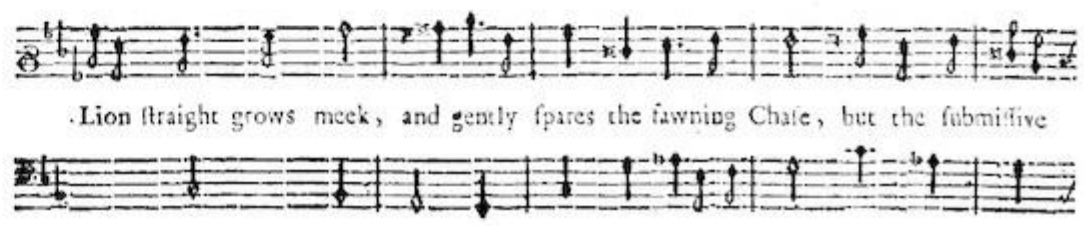
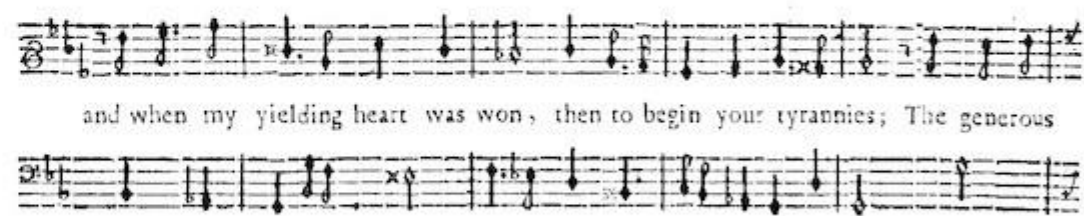
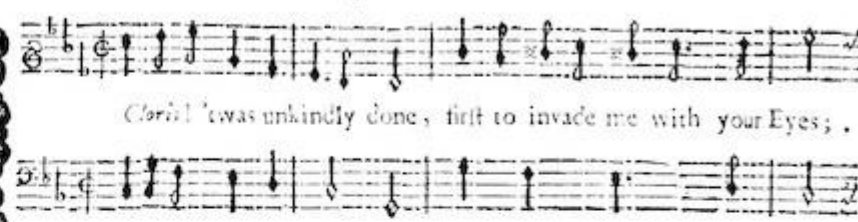
Ove' no, I am not such a foe to my peace, prethee cease, say no more,

though her Eyes are the skies, where Love flies, and inveigles all the Eagles, that in his

aerie fore: I dare not fly in her sky, tis too high, once her frown threw me down so

low, that I swore, never more, in a Sun beam to soare, Love and I will each other never know.

[Turn over.]

2 *Vers.**Love Surpris'd*

Admired Beauty.



Am no Pris'ner sure, nor can it be, when such rare Beauty

comes to visit me: The free and uncontrolled Air's confin'd, more than my mind,

when it reflects upon those beams that lately in my prison shon; that glorious

Angel which was sent to free the captive Saint, more bright Divinity brought not with

him, than in this darksome place, from *Atalanta's* face brake forth and ravish'd me,

with adoration of that De-i-tie: Blest *Atalanta*, may that powerful spring of Beauty

in thy Cheeks ne'r die, but living thee more Idolaters: May the faction now see

in thy Brow their errors, and repent, that thought it sin to worship such a Saint.

On Celia.



Ere *Celia* but as chaste as fair, how could I kiss the snare, and never be

weary of my Captivitie! But she's a Whore that cools my blood; Oh that she were less

handiome, or more good.

II.

Would you believe that there can rest
Deceit within that Breast,
Or that those Eyes
Which look like friends are onely spies:
But she's a Whore; yet sure I lie.
May not their be, degrees of Chastitie.

III.

No, no, what means that wanton smile,
But onely to beguile;
Thus did the first
Of Women make all men accurst;
I for their sakes give Women o're,
The first was false, the fairest was a Whore.

Loves Theft.

Ove still a Child a Bee pursues, whose thighs hung with fresh morning

dews, perfumes the air, and alures the Wag, to spoil him for his Honey bag; they grapple,

the Bee stings the Elf, he to his Mother flies to moan himself: She smil'd and says,

Do not complain my Child, but learn by thy just pain, how many a wretched Lovers heart

th' hast stung unjustly with thy Dart; and that till th' halt the grace to be more pitiful, none

ought to pity thee.

A Calme.

Late Warring Thoughts, and let his Brain no more discord

entertain, but be smooth and calm again; Ye Christal Rivers that are nigh, as your

Streams are passing by, teach your murmurs Harmony; Ye Winds that wait upon the

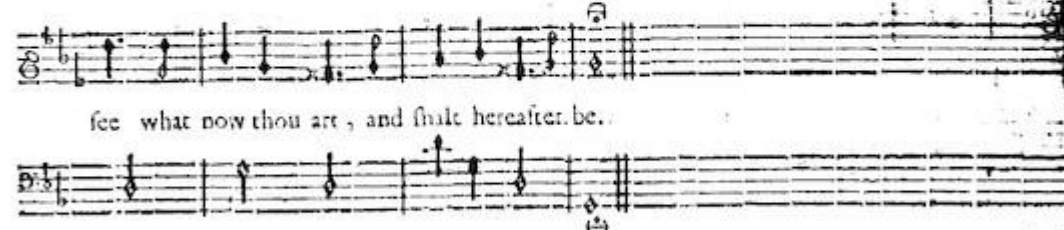
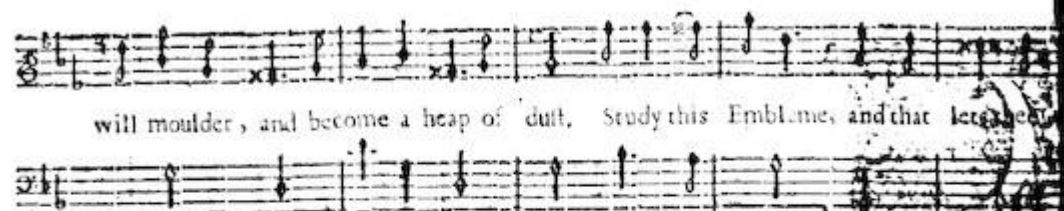
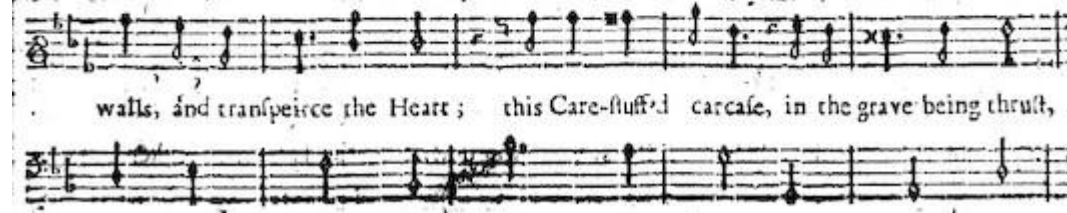
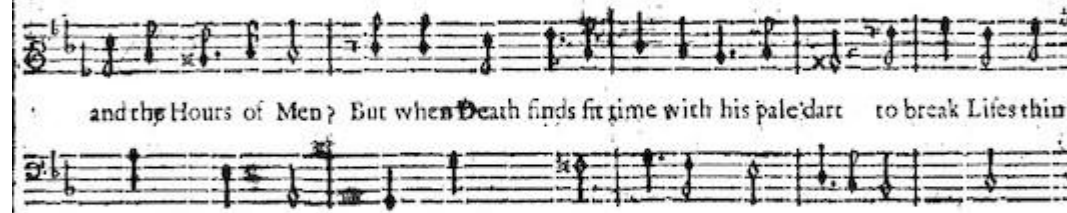
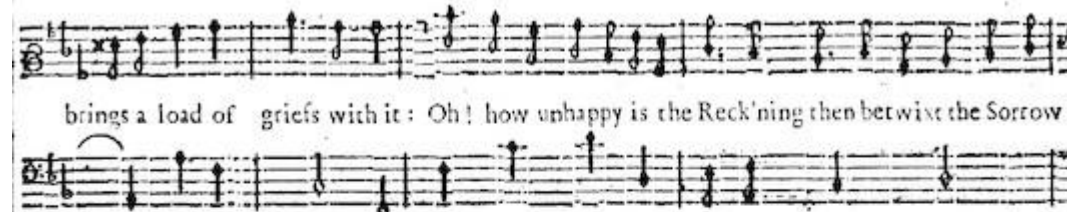
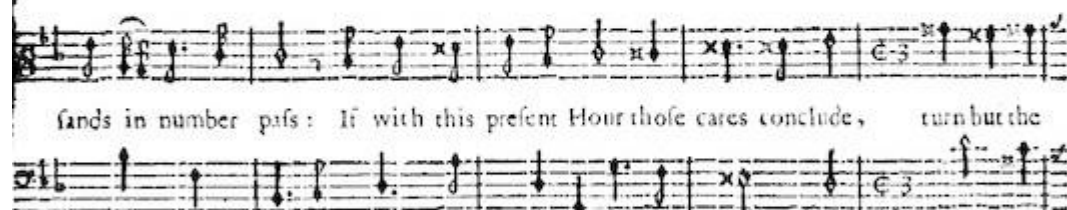
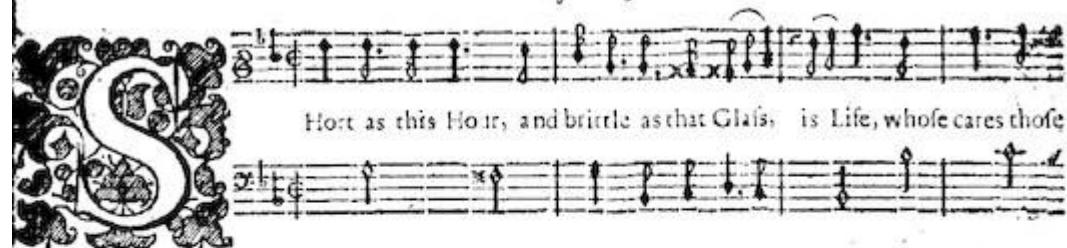
Spring, and perfumes to Flowers do bring, let your Amorous whispers here, breath soft

Musick to his ear; Ye warbling Nightingals repair from every Wood to charm this

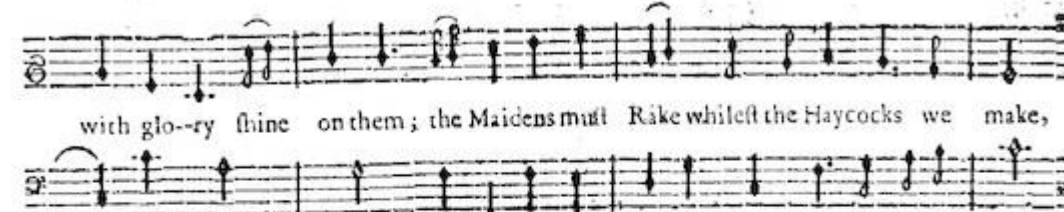
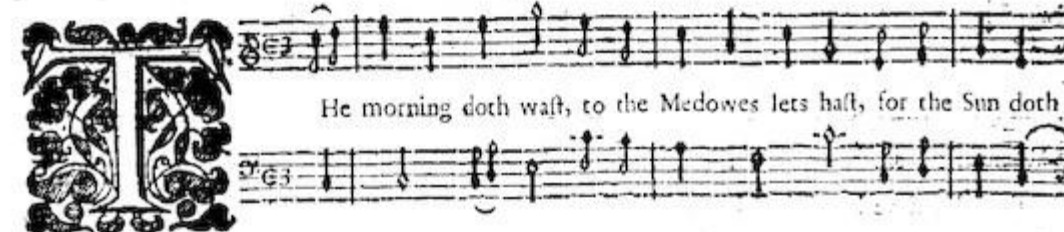
air; and with the wonders of your breast, each striving to excel the rest, when it is

time to 'wake him, close your Parts; and drop down from the Trees with broken hearts.

On Man's frailty.



The Haymaker's Song.



II.

The envy of Court
Ne'r aims at our sport,
For we live both honest and meanly;
Their Ladies are Fine,
But to Venus incline,
And our Lasses are harmless and cleanly.

III.

Then let us advance
Our selves in a dance,
And afterwards fall to our labour;
No measure so meet
Nor Musick so sweet,
To us as a Pipe and a Tabor.

Advice to Cloris.

Cloris forbear a while, do not o're-joy me, urge not another smile
 Loris forbear a while, &c.

lest it destroy me: That Beauty pleases most, and is best taking, which soon is
 won, soon lost, kind, yet forsaking: I love a Conning Lady, faith I do, but now and
 then I'de have her scornful to.

II.

O're-cloud those Eyes of thine,
 Boop-erp thy features,
 Warm with an April smile,
 Scorch not thy Creatures;
 Still to display thy ware,
 Still to be fooling,
 Argues how rude you are
 In *Cupid's* Schooling;
 Disdain begets a smile, scorn draws us nigh,
 'Tis cause I would, and cannot, makes me try.

III.

Cloris I'de have thee wife
 When Gallants view thee,
 And Court do thou despise,
 Fly those pursue thee;
 Fasts move an appetite,
 Makes hunger greater;
 Whose stinted of delight
 Fals to's the better:

Be coy and kind by turns, be smooth and rough,
 And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

The Exile.

Have you observ'd the life that when he runs his weary race, without a
 home like other men: but walks from place to place, Look then on me, whom grief makes tame;
 my wandering fortunes are the same, known onely by another name.

II.

Or have you seen a helpless man,
 Purs'd from Town to Town;
 Whose guilt from honesty began,
 And loyalty to th' Crown?
 'Mongst untrod Thorns have you bin lead,
 Or seen a tumbld Sick-mans Bed?
 Such places for such faults I tread.

III.

Like him that is confin'd to be,
 Close Prisoner all his dayes;
 Or cloy'd with too much libertie,
 Or banish't sundry wayes:
 Although my patience scorns to grutch,
 Yet my intemperate state is such
 Plagu'd with too little, or too much.

IV.

Have you beheld the sick estate
 Of seperated Doves?
 So 'tis with mee, so with my Mate,
 But crueller it proves:
 Yet why so angry have I been,
 Since in these latter dayes there's seen,
 Such difference 'twixt the King and Queen.

V.

But since the Law allowes no Love,
 And Tyranny so reigns,
 We will implore the Powers above
 To ease us of our pains:
 Then let there be with one intent,
 Petitions unto *Cupid* sent;
 Never to call a Parliament.

E

Loves Theft.



Now my Dear Idol *Cloris*, that all zealous, here at thine altar

I would prostrate lay; But common morn of every house jealous, to my disaster

brings the Star of day: *Cloris* farewell, Oh! let me dying vanish; day-light is

come, my delight hence to banish.

II.

Why with such fiery speed incessant driver,
Bring'st thou a light that obscures Lovers Skyes,
Controul thy Race, keep back thy Beamie-Quiver,
What needs more day, then shoots from these fair Eyes.
Cloris farewell, &c.

III.

Trusty Night that in favour of close Lovers,
Friendly displays thy securing Veils,
Fright back pale Morn; tell her thy shady covers
Can light us back to Love's secret affairs.
Cloris farewell, &c.

IV.

Can it be, ye gods, whom I importune,
That this dayes birth should make Loves Morning dye?
And this first dawn of my yet tender fortune
Must it make wings, before fledg'd Night doth fly.
Cloris farewell, Oh! let me dying vanish,
Day-light is come, my delight hence to banish.

A Health to Bacchus.



Ring us up some sack and claret, claret Pipes, and the best Va-

rinus, weel swell our Veins, and wash our Brains, and *Tom* shall snook his wry nose:

Then to *Bacchus* wee with mer-ry glee, whilst round our Cups are turning, will sacri-

fice this *Indian* Spice on these white Altars burning.

II.

'Tis nought to Bleed to death Sir,
We'll therefore talk no treason;
But with this Provision,
And Amunition,
Bear down the Fort of Reason:
Still will we drink,
Make our Arms cry clink,
Be free without Commanding;
Discharge the Can,
Till every man
Bid good-night too's Understanding.

Coyne's in Love.



Ay prethee do be Coy, and slight me; I must love, though thou abhor it;

thy pretty Niceness doth invite me; scorn me, and I shall love thee for it: That world of

Beauty that is in you, He overcome like Alexander; in Amorous flames I will continue,

unfing'd like any Salamander.

11.

Do not be won too soon I prethee,
But let mee woe while thou do't fly mee,
'Tis my delight to dally with thee,
I'll court thee still if thou'll deny mee;
I've fresh supplies on all occasions
Of thoughts as various as your Face is;
No Directory for Evasions,
Nor will I woe by Common-places.

111.

My hearts with Antidotes provided,
Nor will I dye when you frown on mee;
I'm merry when I am derided,
Now laugh at mee, I think 'tis on mee:
'Tis fancy only makes your pleasures,
Nor have they being, but conceited;
And when we come to dig those treasures,
We see our selves, our selves have cheated.

Then if thou'rt minded to destroy me,
Love mee much, and love me ever;
I'll love the more, so thou may'st stay mee,
And I'm thy Martyr then or never.

A Schismatick in Love.



Like me not, I am not of this mind to hate all Women kinde; nor

can you so my patience Vex, to make my Pen Blaspheame your Sex: Or with my Satyres

bite you; yet there are some in your free States, some things in those who are Candidate;

that he who Loves, or is himself, must hate; yet He not therefore slight you: For I'm a

Schismatick in Love, and what makes men adore it? in me does more affection move, I

love the better for it.

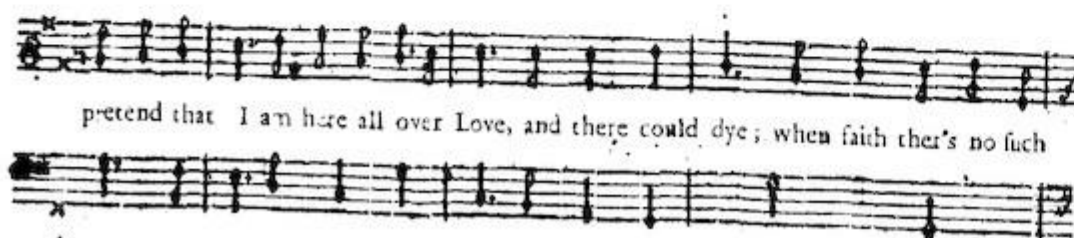
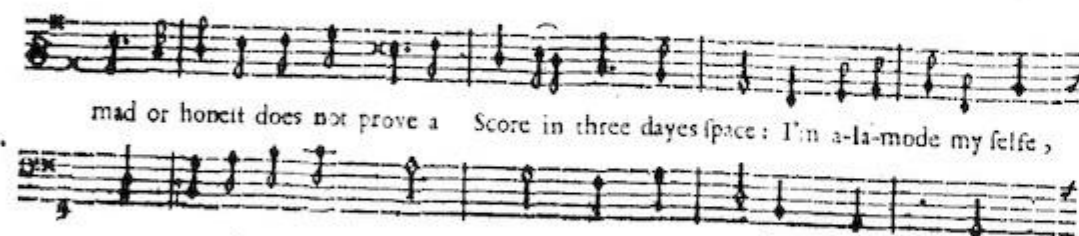
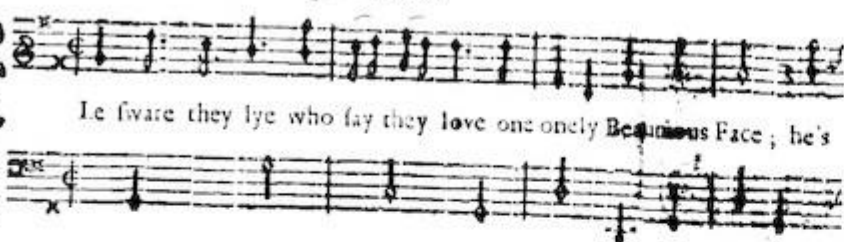
11.

I vow I am so far from loving none,
That I Love every one;
If Fair, or Near, I must, if Brown she be,
She's Lovely, and for sympathie;
'Cause we're alike I love her;
If Tall, she's Proper; and if Short,
She's humble, and I love her for't;
Small, Pretty; Fat is pleasant; ev'ry Sort
Some gracefull good discover:
If Young, she's plesant to the Sport,
And though her Visage carry
Gray Hairs and wrinkles; yet I'll court,
And so turn Antiquary.

111.

Be her Hair Red, be her Lips Gray, or Blew,
Or any other hue;
Or has she but the Ruins of a Nose,
Or but Eye-sockets, He Love those;
Though Scales, nor Skin doth cloath her;
Though from her Lungs, the Scent that comes
Does Rouse her Teeth; out of her Gums
He count all those for high Encumbers,
Nor will I therefore loath her;
There are no Rules for Beauty, but
'Tis as Fancy makes it,
Be you but kind, I'll say you're Fair,
And all for truth shall take it.

Love pretended.



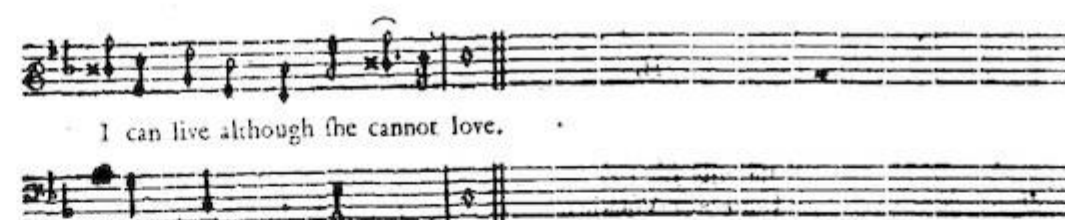
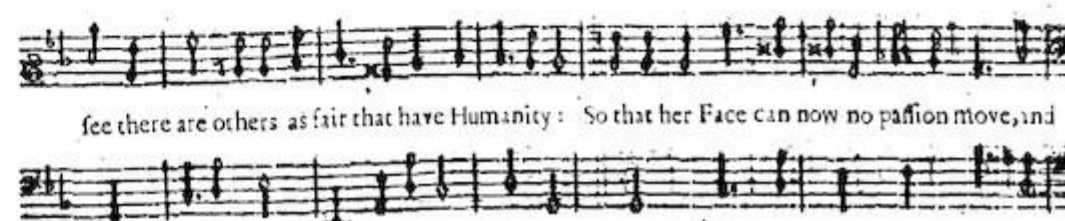
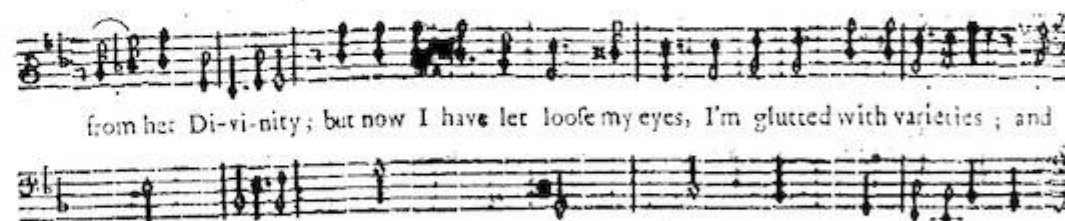
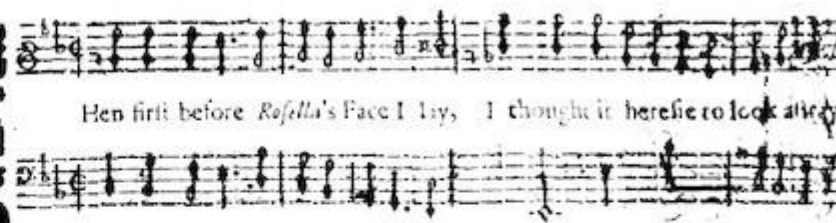
II.

Most Earnest Love is but in Jest,
Ladies are cheated all;
I've now a Thousand Girdles at least,
That do me Servant call;
I've courted them alike, have vow'd and sworn
My flames of Love for all did burn;
But most for her, who best will serve my turn.

III.

And yet I'll swear I've been as true,
As Constant every way;
As those who colour for't in blaw
And Cupids prizes play;
Shew me the Lad who best Love feats can do,
I'll do as much as him, perhaps more too;
Yet never Lov'd above an hour or two.

Love convinc'd.



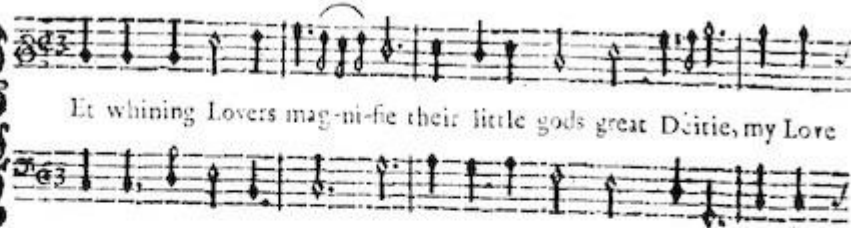
II.

That every Charter which hath given her power
To look upon two Servants in an hour
Doth grant the same to me;
Nature did many Beauties make,
That men may at their pleasure take
And he that's wife
Will take his choice
In her whole Nurseire;
As Women have the Freedome, so have we,
For Cupid hath his Equitie.

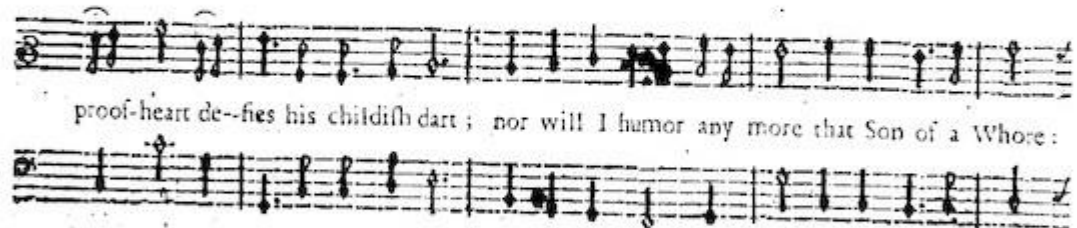
III.

Had I gaz'd on him still as heretofore,
And made a Conscience of Courting more,
How had I play'd the Sor,
I might have done as others do,
Received her Scorns and thank you too;
But now I see,
There are that be
Wretched, and know it not:
He that confines himself when he is Free,
Builds his own Jail, and buyes his slavery.

Fortune Adored.



Et whining Lovers mag-ni-fie their little gods great Deitie, my Love



proof-heart de-fies his childish dart; nor will I humor any more that Son of a Whore:



'Tis Fortune, Fortune onely I adore.

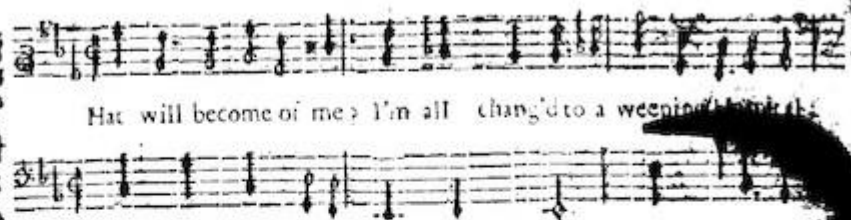
II.

Then (Sacred Goddess) since I do,
Renounce all Deities for you,
Be kind and free,
Unto your Vorarie;
Let my condition happy prove,
And so much above
Men's pity, that it may their envy move.

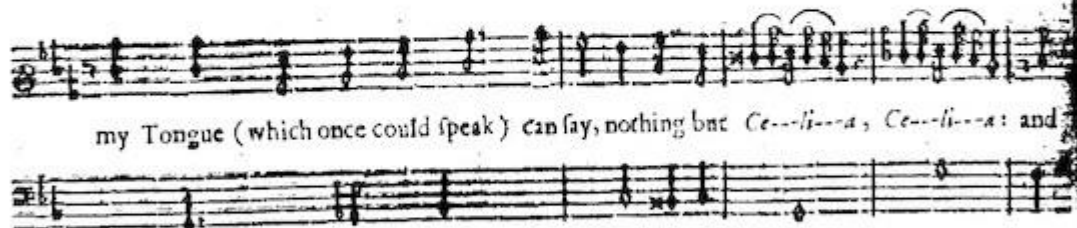
III.

Or if I am decreed to be,
An Object of your Tyranic;
Let me not know,
What 'tis to Ebb and Flow:
Make me no more your Tennis-Ball,
But take away all,
That I may hope to rise, not fear to fall

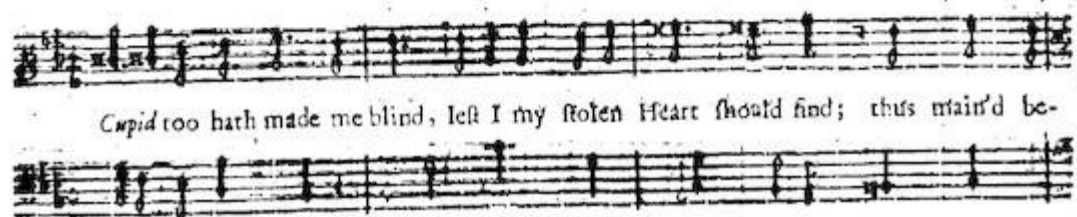
Loves Passion.



What will become of me? I'm all chang'd to a weeping



my Tongue (which once could speak) can say, nothing but Ce-li-a, Ce-li-a: and



Cupid too hath made me blind, lest I my stolen Heart should find; thus main'd be-



fore her do I lie, without a Tongue, a Heart, or Eye.

II.

But see the Miracle, She's kind,
And doth my fettered Tongue unbind;
The Sun-shine of her Smile doth quite
Dispell the Mourners in my Sight;
And in an instant I recover
Heart enough to serve a Lover's
Thus when She list, She can recall
My Tongue, my Eyes, my Heart and all.

III.

Then (Dearest Calia) let me pay
Rent-kisses to thee every day;
They are Loves Peppercorns, and shew
I'm Tenant of my self to you;
Your Favour only must confirm
My Title, and enlarge my Term;
Twice me a rent Substances give,
And you the bottom that I live.

Love Enlightned.

Welcom my heart, thou'lt fondly stray'd to find content in Widdow,
 Maid, or Woman-kind; whose wind-like change, now courteous, now perverse, and
 change their Loves designs, their Heat's a Fire that ne'r decays, but still flames higher.

II.

Their Business Pride, their Beauties Shape
 A Looking-glasse for th'amorous Ape
 To spend himselfe, and Hours therein;
 Their Court-ships, Garbes, but Fraud and Sin:
 Say, say my Heart, Halt not this found,
 And that these very Kisses wound?

III.

Yes, yes, my Brat thence (tough) I fly
 Back from that Syrian Company;
 Who not lov'd, hate; if lov'd, despise;
 If had, insult and tyrannize:
 Therefore I add; Blest is his Lot,
 That will not know, and loves whom not.

Love decyphered.

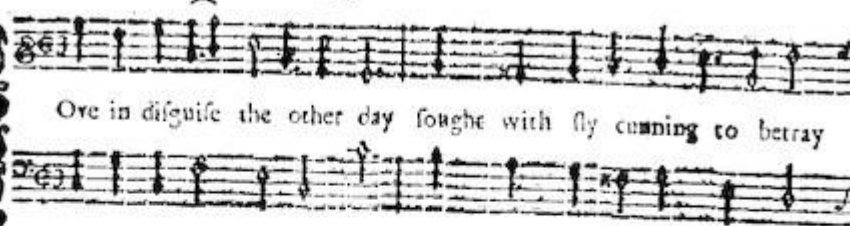
Ove, Love I fly thy power, my fearful heart how she may prove
 arms me again't thy Dart; and though I'm ignorant the Knowing say, thy Counters
 have more toilsome Cares then Play; therefore I'll hugg my Cave, and Love alone
 and love my Self better for loving none.

II.

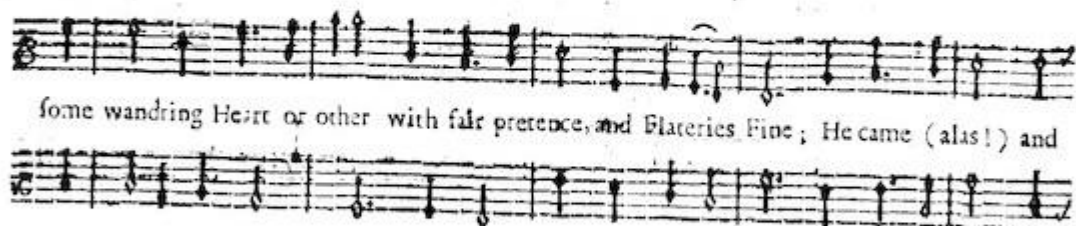
For what is Love, but th'Brat of fond Conceit,
 Business, or Idleness a very Cheat?
 They pay's our dream'd Eliziums, minutes Joys,
 With years of pervers Humours, Fear a noyes:
 Then welcome Cave, where Prayers and Tears shall prove
 My active Business for Celestial Love.

III.

Here calmly pensive pious Thoughts shall be
 With my good Angell, my choice Companie
 And Contemplation of those Joys above,
 As the same fire shall dead the flames of Love;
 The Spring my Drink, the Herbs my Meate, this Cave
 Shall be my Prison, Pallace, Church and Grave.

Love disguis'd.

Ove in disguise the other day foughe with fly cunning to betray



some wandering Heart or other with fair pretence, and Flatteries Fine; He came (alas!) and



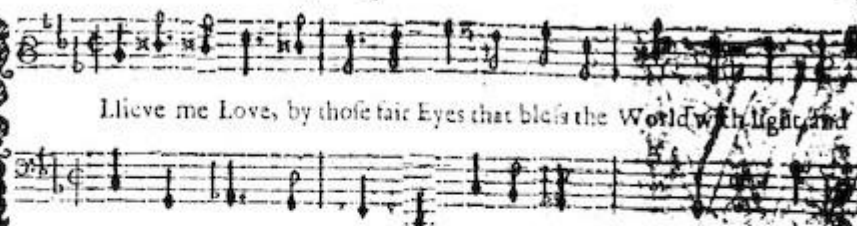
scis'd on mine, but took it for another.

II.

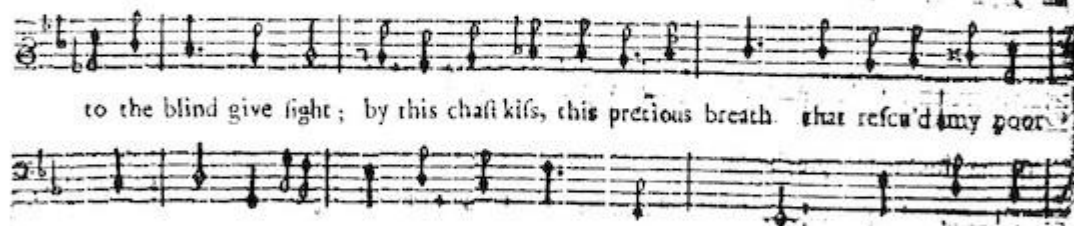
Now in His Chains I fettered lye,
But cannot tell for what, or why;
No Plaintiffe will declare;
Imprisonment I must embrace
For doting on some killing Face
That will not now appear.

III.

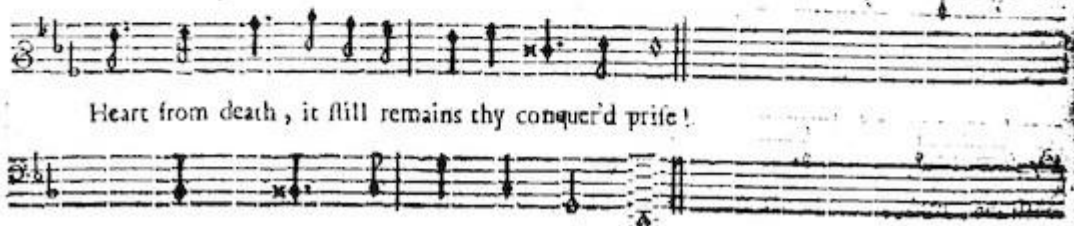
Clorinda too, soon as she heard
That I was Tain, had no regard
But cast her Frowns to grieve me;
To satisfie her cold Disdain,
She lets me still live in my pain,
And will no more relieve me.

Constancy.

Believe me Love, by those fair Eyes that bleis the World with light, and



to the blind give sight; by this chaste kiss, this precious breath that rescu'd my poor



Heart from death, it still remains thy conquer'd prize!

II.

By Vertues self, Enthron'd in thee,
For other Beauties were
But th' Figure of what's Rare;
No thoughts of change disturb my rest,
Whose heats consume, not warm the breast,
There's no content like constancie!

III.

Yet should'st thou not continue mine
As firm as when I first
Love in my bosome Nurst;
I would the Bastard banish thence,
Though yet the Child of Innocence,
And prove him humane, not divine,

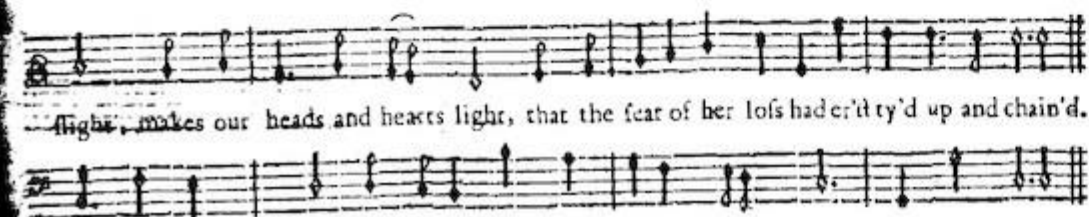
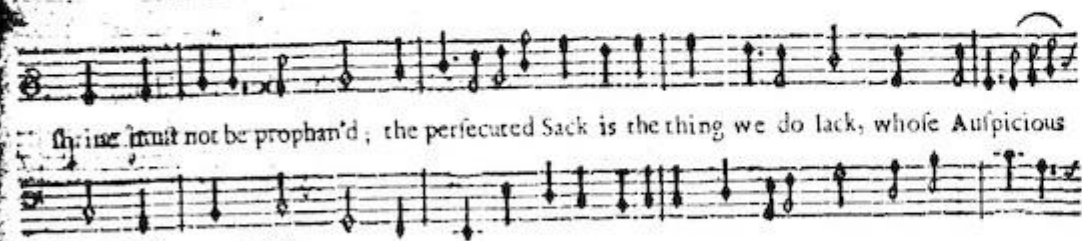
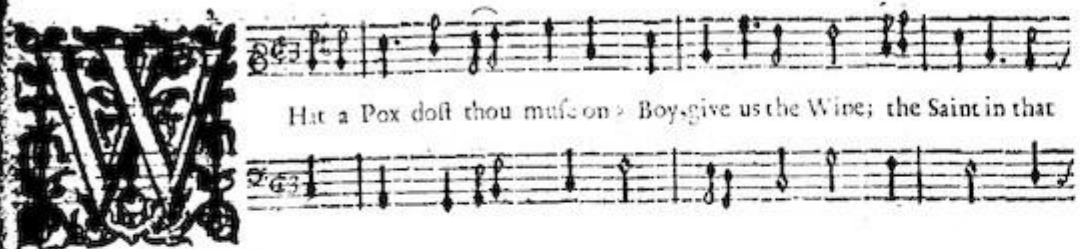
IV.

Did not thy fires preserve my flame,
It should dispersing fly,
Like sparks at every eye
With wanton liberty should range,
And every minute cover change,
Till it dissolv'd Loves holy frame

V.

Then till thy fancy change thy minde,
If I without offence
May doubt such Innocence;
My love shall be so purely true,
From loose thoughts of disloyalty;
It shall teach Turtles to be kind.

The Cheat.



II.

Not a Relique of her but we ought to adore,
And prize it before
Those Tell-tales of Time;
True, *Ellen* and *Lucy*
Were Saints, but not *Jucy*;
And *Winifreds Well*
Bears no sound of a Spell;
If it had, some had written her Acts more sublime.

III.

Know the Time will come, Sirrah, as it was of yore,
A Dram and no more
Must serve such a Clown;
Let's then here welcome ring-Boys;
Whose flight makes us sing Boys,
Whose Patience is such
She doth not care how much
We of her do consume, be but true to the Crown.

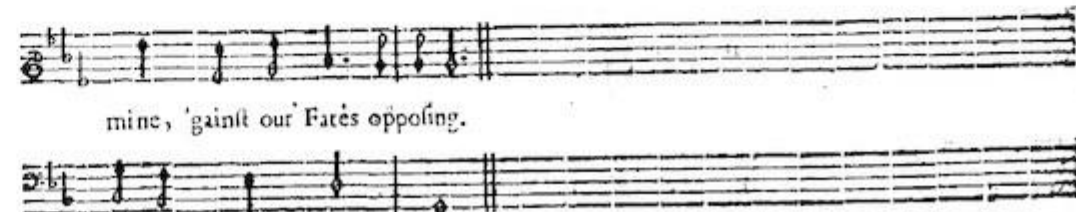
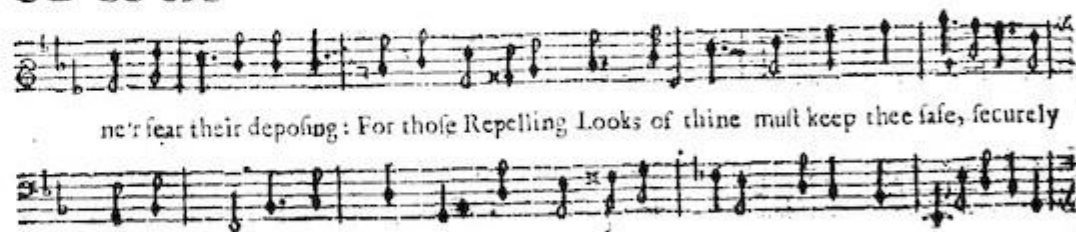
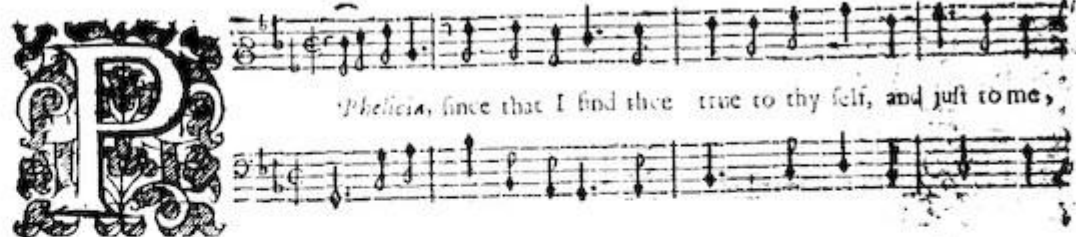
IV.

'Tis the flavour of this makes the Miter to stand,
The Crown to command,
The Mare-maid to sing;
Makes the Mores in the Sun
Like to Ganimeds run;
The Fleece-Coats with Gold,
And the Seven Stars uphold,
Her Influence makes the Twelve Hours so ring.

V.

Then drink, fall, and adore her, 'tis fit we should be
More humble than she
Hath travel'd for us;
Let's the Convoy then bless,
And the Merchant no less,
To'th Vintner a Health
Who from them got by Stealth
This Jem, with intention to baste with us,

To Phelicia.



II.

No matter though thy Voraries
Complain how thou dost tyrannize,
And do resolve to harm
Thy Beauties Ciradell; Be wise,
Thou art beyond their subtilties
Thus circled in my arme.

III.

Should they with factious force rebell,
Their faith and loyalties (too) sell;
'Tis what we must expect;
For when at first they did pretend
A duty, 'twas for their own end,
And treachery in effect.

IV.

So such as have desire of power
Think other government too sower,
And preach up libertie;
Till they into the stirrup get,
And mounted are by others wit
It's place they did desire.

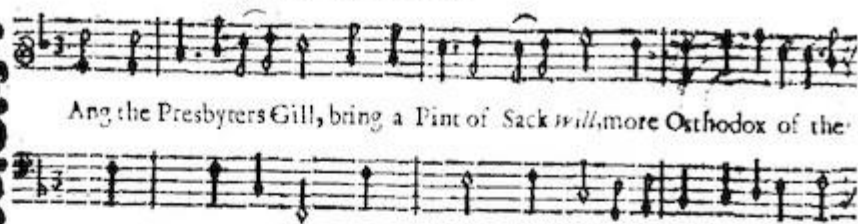
V.

Nay, though they swear they'll make thee far
More glorious than the Eastern Star,
Know, such as swear will lye;
And 't hath been prov'd in tricks of State
When they have got as they would ha't,
Now have at all, they cry.

VI.

Then dearest, in thine own hands keep
That power that will preserve thy sleep
Against conspiracie,
Let thy majestick frowns repell
All trecherous hearts that would rebell,
But keep thy smiles for me!

The Presbyters Gill.



Ang the Presbyters Gill, bring a Pint of Sack will, more Orthodox of the



two; though a slender dispute will strike the Elfe Mute, he's one of the hopester Crew.

II.

In a Pint there's small heart;
Sirrah, bring us a Quart;
Their's substance and vigour met,
'Twill hold us in Play
Some part of the Day,
But wee'll sink him before Sun-set.

III.

The daring old Portle
Does now bid us Battaille,
Let's try what his strength can do;
Keep your Ranks, and your Files,
And for all his Wiles
Wee'll tumble him down Stairs too.

IV.

The Stout Brested Lumbard
His Brains ne'r incumbred
With drinking of Gallons three,
Trygonius was named,
And by *Caesar* Famed,
Who dubbed him Knight Cap-a-pe.

V.

If then Honour be in't,
Why a Pox should we stint
Our selves of the fulness it bears?
H'has less Wit than an Ape
In the Bloud of the Grape
Will not plunge himself o're Head and Ears
I'll warrant he'll sleep at your foot.

VII.

See the bold foe appears,
May he fall that him fears,
Keep you but close order and then,
Wee will give him the Rour
Be he never so stout,
And prepare for his Railing Agen.

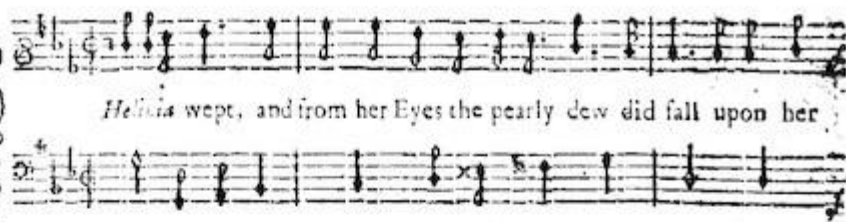
VI.

Then Summon the Gallon,
A Rour Foe, and a Tall one,
And likely to hold us to't;
Keep but Coyn in your Purse,
The word is Disburse,
I'll warrant he'll sleep at your foot.

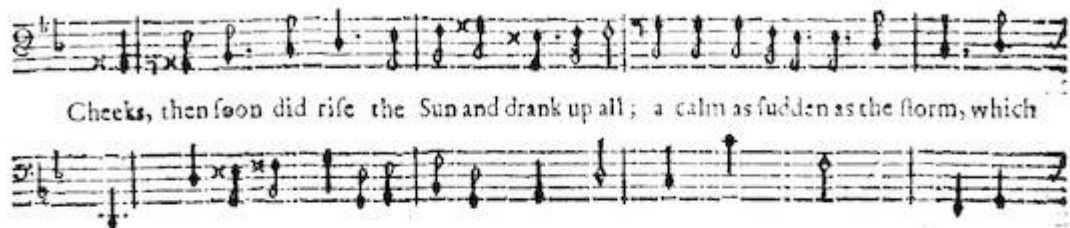
VIII.

Let's drain the whole Cellar,
Pipes, Burs, and the Dweller,
If the Wine flows not the faster;
Will, when thou do'st slack us
By Warrant from *Bacchus*
Wee will Cane thy Tun-belly'd Master.

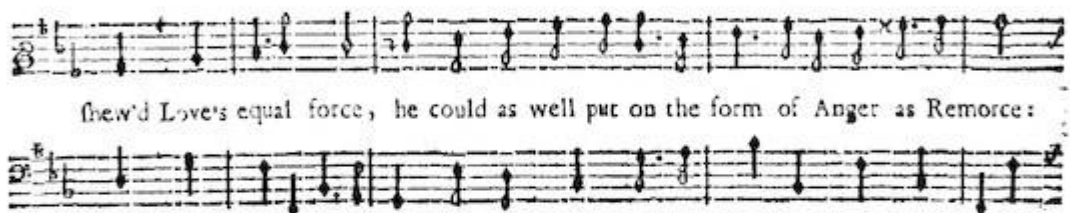
Loves Power.



Helena wept, and from her Eyes the pearly dew did fall upon her

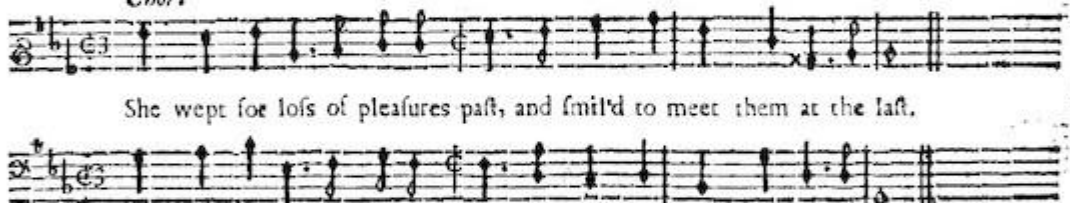


Cheeks, then soon did rise the Sun and drank up all; a calm as sudden as the storm, which



shew'd Love's equal force, he could as well put on the form of Anger as Remorse:

Chor.



She wept for loss of pleasures past, and smil'd to meet them at the last.

II.

Love so inspir'd her every part,
That shee could Spirits raise;
And lay them with more ease and Art,
Then Boys crack Nuts at Plays:
With various Sceans of fresh delight
We spent a Summers-day,
Thou art my Son, in spite of Night,
Whilst thou art up I'll stay:
Chor.--- But th' fancy I could not maintain,
And then she falls to whine again.

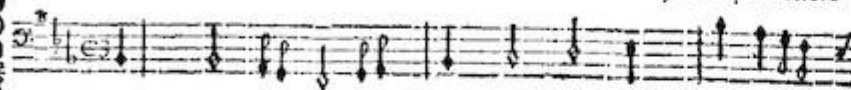
III.

Oh fye, quoth she, can Love grow cold
In Thee, who's All-desire?
Or yet his Mother (never old)
In me want sprightly fire?
How can'st thou then so soon forsake
The Sweetness of my Love?
The Bane was straight brought to the stake,
But baird like a Dove.
Chor.--- With that she smil'd, and cry'd (my heart)
I wish that we may never part.

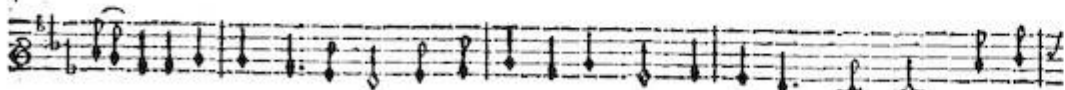
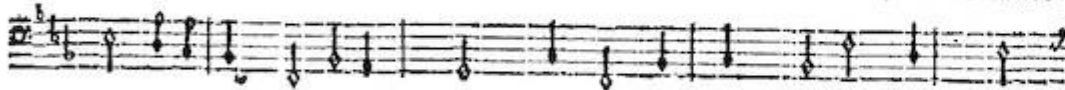
The Allegory.



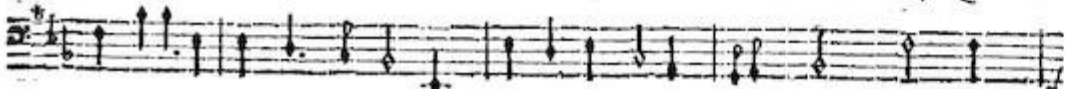
S. Plutarch doth write, (a man of known credit) a Serpent there



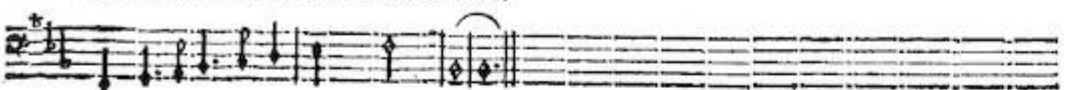
was had a murinous Tail, rebell'd 'gainst the Head, that so oft had fed it, and would not



permit it to lead or prevail: I'll not sit that by turns we Leaders should be? Quoth the



Tail, Follow me, as I've follow'd thee.



II.

Now the Body being grown too strong for the Head,
Quoth the Head, Since it must be, then let it be so;
'Tis for quietness sake I yield to be lead,
Though I fear that from hence some danger will grow:
A thing so unnatural never was read,
As the Head to turn Tail, and the Tail to turn Head.

III.

The Tail takes precedence as blindly leads on,
As deaf to the Reason the Head had it given;
It blusters along, and ne'r thinks upon
The straits thorough which, th' poor Head had been driven:
At last by an accident a Scean of woe,
The Head was destroy'd and the Tail perish'd too.

IV.

A Monster like this, but of stranger conditions,
Ingender'd there was in the year Thirty nine;
Rebell'd 'gainst the Head, but with fawning Petitions,
To have it its right and its power to resigne:
This Monster, the truth on't to speak, was begot
'Twixt a Mungrel Parson, and that Witch the Scot.

V.

So large and so mighty this Tail grew in length,
That where so e'r it came, it swept all before it;
There was no resisting so powerful a strength,
The Head at the last was forc'd to implore it:
All our Castles and Towns this Tail did subdue,
A sad tale to tell, but believe me 'tis true.

VI.

Above seven years conflict this Head did endure
With that monstrous Tail, and the spawn it begot;
In which time scarce any mans life was secure,
Their Goods and their Cattle went all to the pot:
At last came a Champion with an Iron Flail,
And ended the strife 'twixt the Head and the Tail.

VII.

The Head being departed, the Body began
To consult with the Tail what best was to do;
Saint George (quoth the Body) 'tis said was a man,
But what can this thing be that's called Saint O:
Why? he (quoth the Tail) was one of our rout,
And 'tis wondrous strange, he should turn Tail about!

VIII.

But while they thus argu'd, in rush'd brave Saint O,
With courage more keen, then the sword that he wore;
Quoth he, You are vile things, not fit here to grow,
Such Fins in this place were ne'r known heretofore:
The blood and the fat of the Country doth feed you,
And high time it is I guess now to bleed you.

IX.

Some say that this Tail wore the mark of a P;
O is a letter in rank known before it;
But it makes no matter, 'tis all one to me,
Save this, I'm sure the O had the more wit:
There's no man so blind but may easily see,
H' has added unto his smal O, a tall P.

X.

My story now ended, come, viva Saint George,
That old true blew Lad and Hospital Saint;
Bring a But of good Sack to fill up my gorge,
At this tale of Head and Tail I almost faint:
How e'r let it pass, if you study upon't,
I hope you will neither make Head or Tail on't.

Sack's Vertue.



Ne'r trouble thy self at the Times, nor their Turnings, Afflictions run



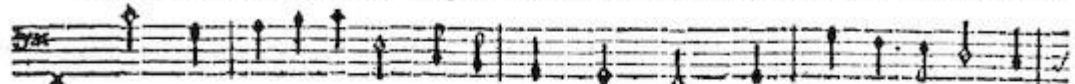
Circular, and wheel about; Away with thy murmuring and thy heart-burnings with the



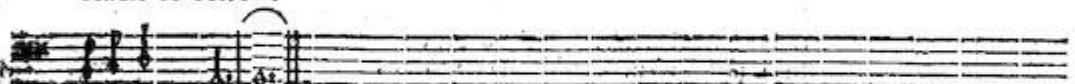
Juice of the Grape wee'l quench the fire out; Ne'r chain nor Imprison thy Soul up in



sorrow, what fails us to day may be-frind us to morrow; Let us scorn our content from



others to borrow.



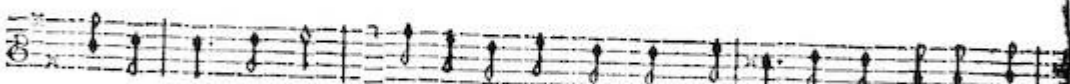
II.

Though Fortune hath left us, wee'l strive to regain her,
And Court her with Cupid till her Favourite come;
Then we with a Courage uncap'd will maintain her,
And silence the noise of the Enemies drum:
We will fix her into the main most deserving,
He'll keep her at work, as well as frind-sharving;
She shall not hereafter be at her own carving.

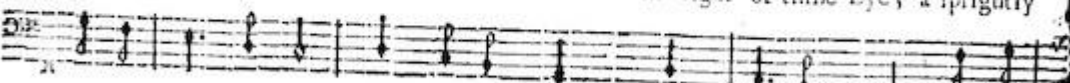
To his Mistressse advising him from Wine.



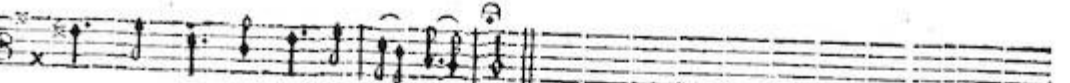
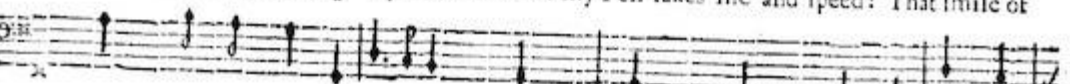
Ow Dearest! Art thou weary of thy time, that thou wouldst



that preserves my flame? When I doe write on th' vigor of thine Eye, a sprightly



Glass of Sack I've standing by, from whence my Pen takes life and speed: That smile of

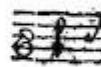


thine, thou ow'st to Sack for my fair guile.



II.

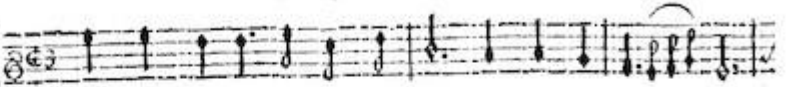
That lively colour of thy Cheek and Lip,
From the rich Claret did my fancy lip;
And from the mantling sparks which thence arise,
I Metaphor'd those Cupids in thy Eyes:
From the Lov'd Grape I can create conceit
Enough to raise dejection to the



Seat

III.

Of Honour: 'tis the *Nepenthean* Spring,
About the which the jolly Muses sing
Thy praises from my Verse: Oh! let me lack
All things else useful, so thou'lt give me Sack:
Thou mayst as well go bid me leave to live,
As have me leave the means which Life doth give:
Faith, leave my Wine, and Farewell Poetrie;
Forgetting which none will remember thee.

The Deceiving Mistress.


Hine Eyes shall be my Scars no more, they have decei--ved me ;



He madly doth his death implore, that seeks from them securitie.

II.

I thought they had been fix'd on me,
But wandring Lights they prove ;
The more they are admir'd in thee,
The more they love to gad and rove.

IV.

Yet boast not of that cruel Art
That so out-witted mine ;
For know, thou ne'r hadst got my heart,
Had I not more then hop'd for thine.

III.

As though they would out-vie the light
Contracted to the day ;
Untill the glory of its fight
Some easie Hearts, (like mine) betray.

V.

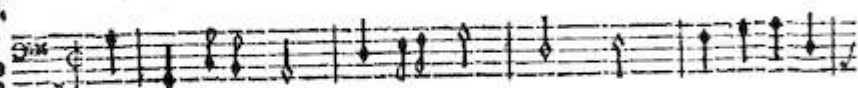
I see their's policy in Love,
The slower men come on ;
The faster your desires do move,
'Tis Madnes you to dote upon.

VI.

For this sad truth I boldly tell,
Experience finds it such ;
That had not I Lov'd half so well,
Thou hadst not hated me so much.

How to chuse a Mistress.


Would not wed the Creature that desires to know the secrets of the



Marriage-bed ; and to repell the fury of her fires, forsooth, in all haste must be married,

II.

Nor the who by her Parents cruelty
Is made to loath her self, and cares not how
She is bestow'd, to Joy or Milery :
Ne's minding Love nor Marriages Bricks Vow.

III.

Nor the who hath co any been a Stale,
And now with Frankick Resolution swears
The next that comes to Court her shall prevail,
Oh ! such a peice would lug Love by the Ears.

Nor She that would be Wed to be made fine,
Thinking content should her attendant be ;
Believing not to want what e're was mine ;
Faith, such a Peice doth Love her self, not me.

Nor your half Matron of some thirty five,
Whose in good-law and good-sooths have worn out
Her Lips and Teeth, whose heart is but a Sive,
As fast as Love creeps in it goeth out.

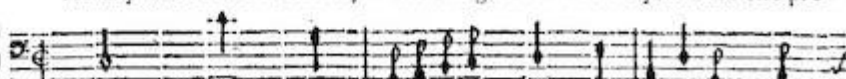
Nor the green peice that weds for the Rings sake,
And other pretty things belonging to't ;
The man that hath her must her Babies make,
And have a Fool and thousand plagues to boot.

Nor yet the serious Soul that doth employ
Her whole day at her work, or pries into
The Cooks Affairs, in her there is small joy,
She'll Love me when She's as nothing else to do.

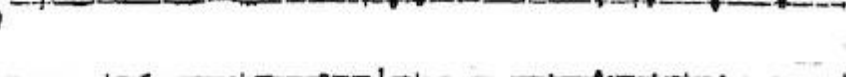
Now some will say, I cann't find such an one,
That is from one or all these follies free ;
To such I answer, that they are unknown,
Unto thy worth, and ignorant of thee.

Jealousie.

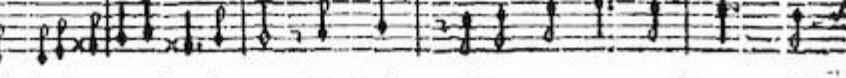

He day that's lost ere scarcely shown, might rule eternally, did not the pre-



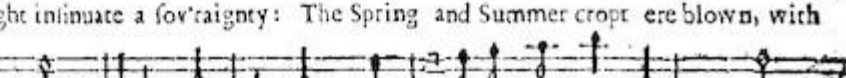
rogative of Night intinuate a sov'raignty: The Spring and Summer crop ere blown, with



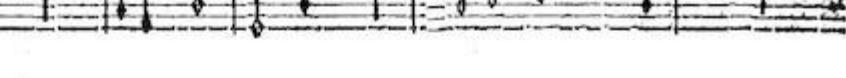
all their gaudy train, might ever season our delight, did not intruding Winter reign.



The Sea whose often Shipwracks strike
A fear into the Advent'ers mind,
Would safely harbour did no Storm
Engage its nature to the Wind :
All things in goodness would be like,
Did not their ill their differ'nce show
Beauty in freedome as in form,
And Nature no decaying know.

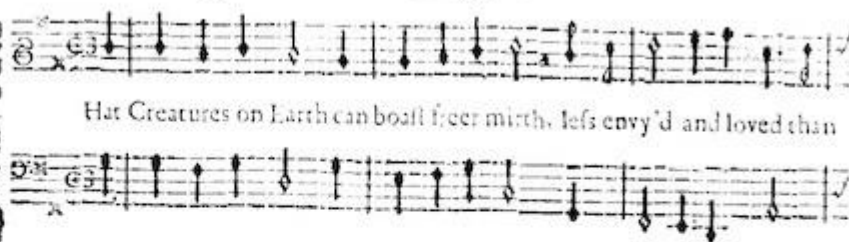


Youth dwell for ever on our Checks,
Did not the Iron hand of Age
Imprint a Ruine or disease,
Invade our healths and life Engage ;
Man might possess as soon as seek,
The pleasures that do so entice ;
But his own nature doth displease,
Else Earth had been a Paradise.



So, had not cruel Love crept in,
My heart had been from passion free ;
And my content had been my own,
Nor slav'd to foolish Jealousie :
But Love hath rais'd such war within,
It doth disturb my peaseful pores ;
And Tyrant-like (Alas!) hath thrown
My Rest and Quiet out of dores.

The poor Scholar's Song.



What Creatures on Earth can boast freer mirth, less envy'd and loved than



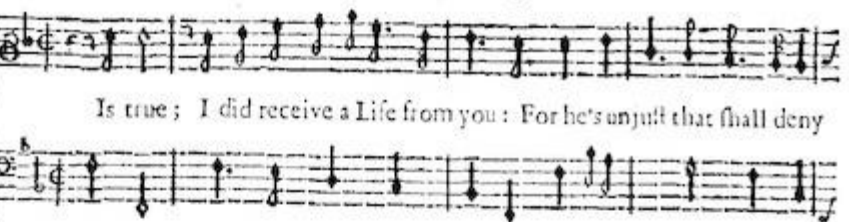
wee; though Learning grow poor we scorn to implore a gift but what's noble and free.



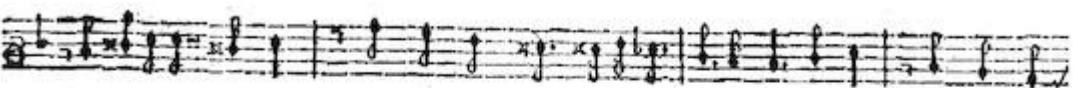
Our freedom of mind
Cannot be confin'd,
With Riches we're inwardly blest;
No Death nor the Grave
Our worth can deprave,
Nor Malice our Athesmolest:

When such Moles as you
Your own Earth shall mure,
And Worms shall your memory ear;
Our names being read,
Shall strike Envy dead,
And Ages our Worths shall repeat.

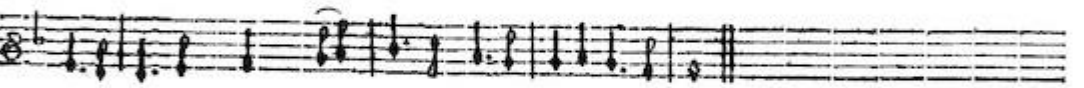
Upon Recovery of a fit of Sicknes.



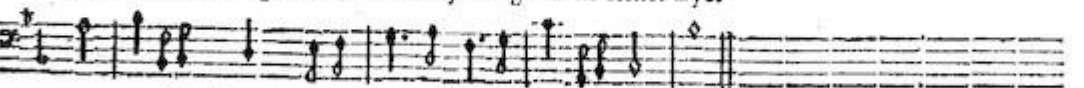
Is true; I did receive a Life from you: For he's unjust that shall deny



the miracles thou dost: When my poor Heart was ready to depart this air, thou cam'st to



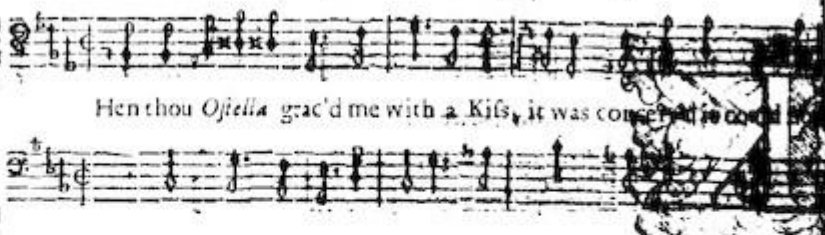
visit me, and brought'st me heavenly Surgerie in either Eye.



But see,
This mercy's full of cruelty;
For I had paid
But one poor Life, had then my frame decay'd:
When now to please
Your Pride is a Disease
Past cure; for with each minute I
Suffer a Death, yet cannot dye;
'Tis Tyranny.

My Heart,
Whereon you practise all your Art;
You'll say's your own,
So Surg'ons torture ere their skill be shown:
If you'll devise
Mine to Anatomise,
That so you may advance your skill,
First be so kind as thoroughly kill;
My wish fulfill,

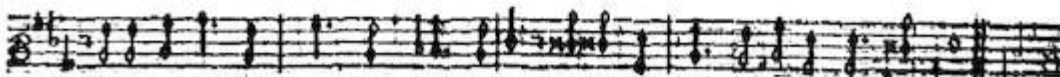
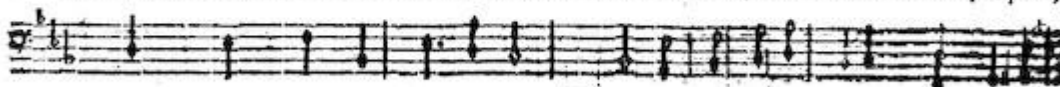
A Kiss.



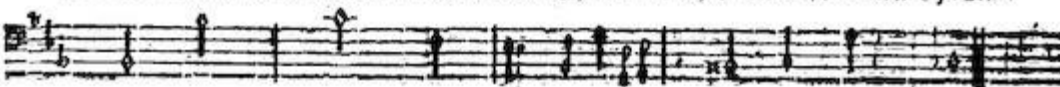
Hen thou *Ophelia* grac'd me with a Kiss, it was consens'd to could



wound my Bliss, or discompose the Quiet I possess, ere Love usurp'd the freedom of my breast;



But this I find, such Bliss, such Torment too, I ne'r had felt, had I not fanci'd you.



II.

That welcom'd Kiss shot fire at every part,
Till it had seiz'd the Chamber of my Heart;
And there surpriz'd the Virgin of Content
That ne'r knew Love before, or Detriment:
The Bee so leaves her sting, yet doth not know,
Mistaking thus where shee hath hurt or no.

III.

Then when with Sighs and Tears I strive to kill
The Raging Heat, they but augment my ill;
The more I breath, the more the Flames aspire,
Love turns my Tears to Oyle to feed the Fire;
And when to you my Grievs I would impart,
Fear tyes my Tongue, and Love enthral's my Heart.

IV.

License my love *Ophelia* then, and give
A Cure to that, else must not hope to live;
Nor glory in this conquer'd Heart of mine;
Pitie will make your Beauty more divine;
Softens your Heart like mine that melts on you,
Or teach me how to make mine Marble too.

His Mistress bidding him make another choice.

Now Dearest 'twas no easie Art could so have conquer'd me, my breast was

proof against the Dart of any foe but thee: And hadst thou wounded me with smiles, then

cur'd me with a kiss, I had contemn'd thy Sexes wiles as Enemies to Bliss.

II.

But having caught me in the snare,
I can't with ease return;
Had others harmes made me beware
I might have left to burn:
But greedy of my misery,
I courted so my fate;
The Object spake all Love to me,
But the Effect on't hate.

IV.

When thou shalt frame thy Throne of Bliss,
Look down on my sad heart;
And know for whose dear sake it is
Appointed so to smart:
When thou shalt find I prize thy joy
More then my own content;
What heart but thine could so destroy
A heart so innocent.

VI.

Till when my soul when 'tis most sad
Shall find the way to Sing:
There is no comfort to be had,
But what thy Love must bring:
And if thy glories think it meet
I must thy Martyr be
When Nature's watch hath left to bear,
Farewell Fair crueltie,

III.

No Beauty but thy own shall make,
Me sensible of wo;
For when I do the same forsake,
I must my bliss forego:
My heart shall never yield it self,
A prisoner, but to thee;
For no respect to praise or self,
Shall bribe my constancie.

V.

When thou shalt find my youth to waste,
My Loyalty indure;
And I no other joys do taste,
Then what thy hate doth sowre:
When thou shalt find I take delight
In nothing saving thee;
If pity would my Love requite,
Be kind to murder me.

To a Mistress that thinks the Sight without other Injoyment is Love sufficient.

If thou intend'st only to try the silent Courtship of the Eye, without the

sense of what is good, which by Loves Fires are understood; Command those Cupids to retire

whose Darts are headed with Desire.

II.

Forbid the union of our hands,
Each Amorous touch a heat commands;
Forbid our lips to meet and melt,
Where the pure sense of Love is felt:
Forbid thy Tongue to whisper Love,
That very word hath power to move.

IV.

Forbid thy Cheeks to shew their Spring,
Forbid thy Nightingale to sing;
Forbid thy All and every part,
To shew so much their Mistress Art:
For 'leas thou keep'st those baits within,
They'll tempt an Anchorite to sin.

VI.

So I confess my flames may end,
And thou a shadow lose thy friend;
Unless thy fancy raise conceit,
Thou art my Mistress counterfeit:
And so surveying each fair part,
I paint her figure in my heart.

III.

Whose ardent breath inspired, can
Raise courage in a dying man;
And through each Vein fresh heat restore,
That had been star'd with cold before:
So from thy Air such vigour came,
It cur'd my Heart into a flame.

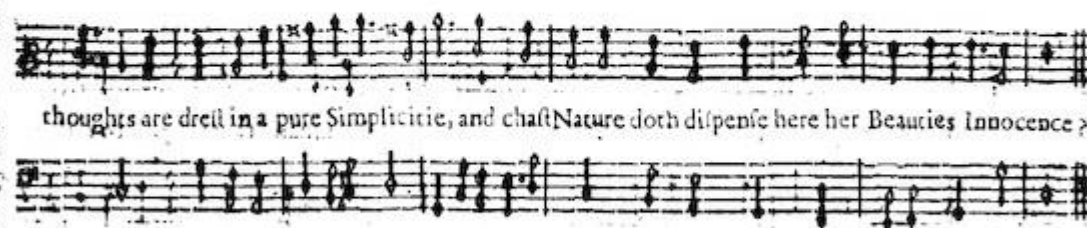
V.

Yet should those excellences be,
Depriv'd their proper use in thee;
Men would be apt their faiths to pawn,
Th'art but a picture lively drawn:
One which each rude presumptuous Eye,
Admiring feasts as well as die.

The Country Man's Life.



Ho can boast a happiness more compleatly sure then wee, since our harmless



thoughts are dress'd in a pure Simplicitie, and chaste Nature doth dispense here her Beauties Innocence

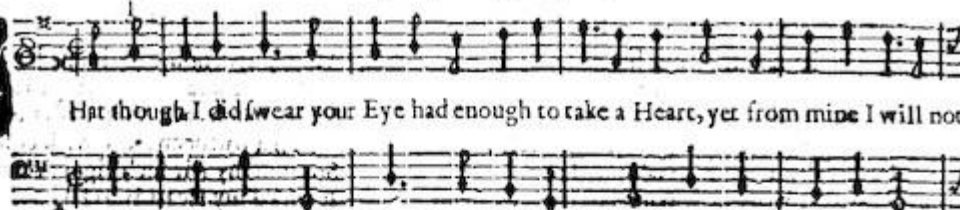
II.

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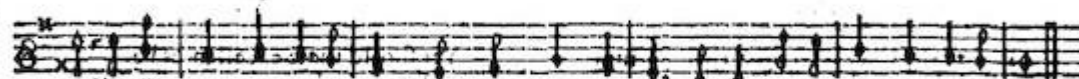
Envie is a stranger here,
Blest Content our Boles do crown;
Let such slave themselves to fear
On whose guilt the Judge doth frown;
We from evill Actions are
Free as undisturbed Air;

With the Turles whisper Love,
With the Birds we practise Mirth;
With our harmless Kicks we move,
And receive our food from Earth;
Nor do we disdain to be
Cloath'd with the Lambs Eiverie.

To a simple Coy Mistress.



But though I did swear your Eye had enough to take a Heart, yet from mine I will not



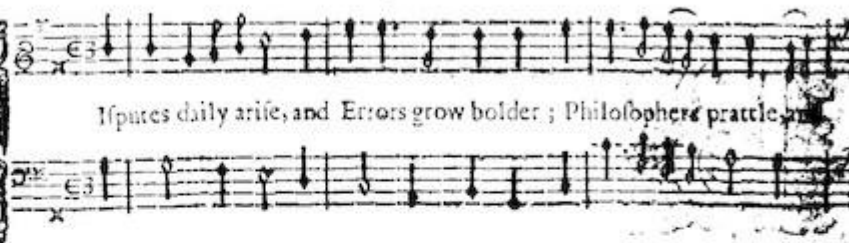
part, I have read Loves Sophistry: But know, Proud, I ne'r was born to endure your Sexes Scorn.



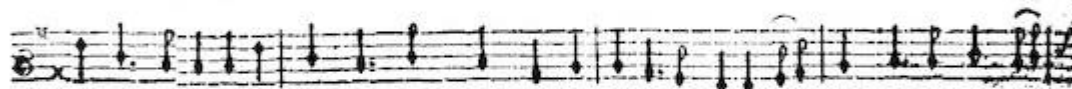
Though I you a Lilly swore,
Yet the Violets azur'd hue
Is far more priz'd than you:
Nor will I those Lips adore,
Since the Charivies roses do bear
Are far sweeter than yours are.

Though I priz'd your swelling Breast,
Yet the Grape, or Gooseberry
Yield a juice more Savory;
Nor will I again profess
To an out-side, till I know
'Tis for Taste as well as Show.

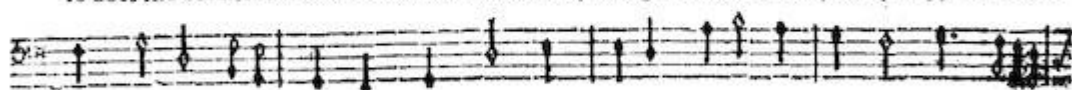
The Real Drinker.



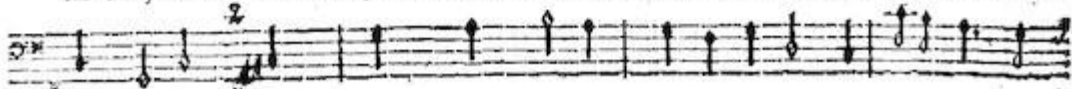
If pleasures daily arise, and Errors grow bolder; Philosophers prattle,



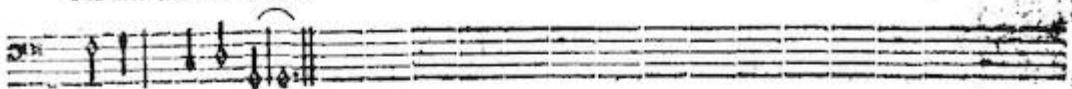
so does the Sizer, the more we should know then by being the older; but plainly 't appears ther's



no body wiser: Hee that spends what hee has, and wisely drinks all, 'tis hee is the man



Ma-the-ma-ti-call.



II.

The scepticall Brain, 'tis that most men like best,
To appear subtille Wits, but live in suspence;
Thus all their lives long they are but in Quest,
And never arrive at true Science or Sense:
Since the Schools then dispute about Aristotle,
Let us now agree in our terms o're a Poule.

III.

Opinion it is that governs the World;
Why should not mine, and the Clubbs be as free,
As he that a hundred into Prison hurl'd,
And with his Horse and his Mace confutes poor mee?
We have probable reasons our Tenets to back,
And what more pretend they that quarrell with Sack?

IV.

Since we now for mirth (Lads) our fancy dispose,
And ev'ry man thinks what he does is but ruse;
Let's tipple a Glas round, till our Cheeks and our Noses
Are deeper dy'd than the Rose in 'tis season:
What is demonstrative is approv'd by all,
Then drinking Healths too, is Mathematical.

V.

To our Mistresses then a full Glas be crown'd;
He that will not pledge it, we'll count him a Sinner;
Then freely cast all your Hats on the ground,
'Tis but what was done at a thanksgiving Dinner;
They too had reason, being inspir'd by Wine,
To believe what they did was partly Divine.

N

Beauty and Love at odds.



Beauty and Love once fell at odds, and thus revild each other:

Said Love, I am one of the gods, and you wait on my Mother: Thou hast no

power ore Man at all, but what I gave to thee; nor art thou longer fair or sweet

than men acknowledge thee. Away, Fondboy, then Beauty said, we know that

thou art blind; but men have knowing eyes, and can thy graces better find: 'Twas

I begot thee, Mortals know, and call'd thee *Blind desire*; I made thy Quiver and thy

Bow, and Wings to kindle fire. Love then in anger flew away, and straight to

Vulcan pray'd, that he would tip his shafts with Scorn to punish this proud Maid.

Thus Beauty ever since hath been but courted for an hour, to Love a day is now a

sin 'gainst *Cupid* and his pow'r.

Natural beauty best.



Beauty pleaseth most the fancy, yet a question will arise, whether it is

more in *Nancy* or in sweet *Philoclea's* Eyes? Ten black Patches on a Face, adde no Beauty to that

place; nor admitt'd by men are wise.

II.

Symmetry some Beauty call,
And Colours some say base is;
What shall they do have none at all,
But are subject to disgraces?
The *Frenchman's* Shop on *Ludgate-Hill*,
The Ladies there buy what they will
Both for their Hands and Faces.

III.

I wonder how to them't appears,
There beauty is so lasting,
That they should not at threescore years;
Nay, sooner find it wasting?
'Tis a Fort can't long hold out,
Light-foot time sure will it rout,
For after them he's halting.

V.

That's perfect Beauty when the Mind,
(And's longer liv'd then babling Fame,)
To Wit and Wisdome is inclin'd,
The Face and Body Natures frame:
Not patch'd up with Exchanging Shops,
Or devising Taylors props;
Art and Ornament they shame.

IV.

Paint Ladies therefore whilst you live,
Alluring 'tis to plaister fair;
Purchase this art what ere you give,
It makes you appear not what you are:
If your house chance once to fall,
Ruines far all to you all,
And yee are past all repair.

VI.

Such a Mistress I have found,
With adoration her admire!
With all these Graces She is crown'd,
And I have my own desire:
Aged Time shall Poets raise
More worthy far to sing her praise
In a strain that is more higher.

Liberty breeds Presumption.



Hence the unfetter'd Subjects of the Seas, the Rivers, found their silver

feet at ease; no sooner summon'd, but they swiftly went, to meet the Ocean at a Parliament:

Did not the perty Fountains say, their King, the Ocean, was no Ocean but a Spring? As now some

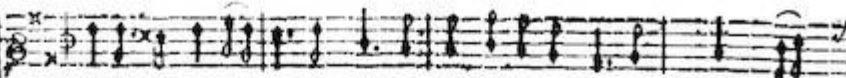
do, the power of Kings dispute; and think it less, 'cause more is added too't.

II.

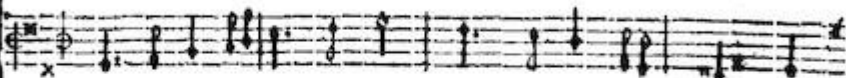
Pale Ignorance, can the excess of Store
Make him seem poorer than he was before?
The Stars, the Heavens Inferior Courtiers, may
Govern the Nights darkness but not rule the Day:
Where the Sun Lords it, though they all combine
With *Lucia*, in her Vulgar dress, to shine
Brighter than they; nor can he be subdu'd,
Although but one, and they a multitude.

III.

Say Subjects, are you Stars, be it allow'd,
You justly of your Members may be proud;
But to the Sun inferior; for know this,
Your Light is borrow'd, not your own, but his:
And as all Streams into the Ocean run,
You ought to pay your contribution:
Then do not such Ingratitude oppress,
To make him low that could have made you less.

The true Sack-drinker.


One let us drink away the Time, a pox upon this peevish Rhime, when



Wine runs high wits in the prime; Drink and true Drinkers are true joyes, Odes, Sonnets,



and such little Toyes, are Ex-er-ci-ses fit for Boyes.

II.

The whyning Lover that does place
His wonder in a painted Face,
And wafts his Subtance in the Chace,
Could not in melancholy pine,
Had he affections so Divine
As once to fall in Love with Wine.

III.

Then to our Liquor let us sit,
Wine makes the Soul for Action fit;
Who bares most Wine has then most wit:
The Gods themselves their Revels keep,
And in pure Nectar ripple deep
When sloathfull Mortals are asleep.

IV.

They fudd once for Recreation;
In Water which by all Relation,
Did cause Duncalons Inundation:
The spangled Globe, as it held most,
Their Bole was with Salt-water doft,
The Sun-burnt Center was the Toft.

V.

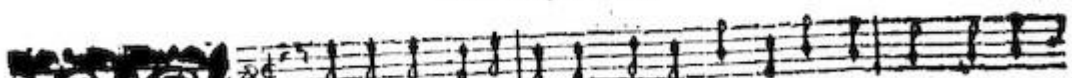
In Wine, Apollo allwayes chose
His darrest Oracles to disclose;
'Twas Wine gave him his Ruby-nose;
The gods they let us imitate,
Secure of Fortune and of Fate;
Wine Wit and Courage doth create.

VI.

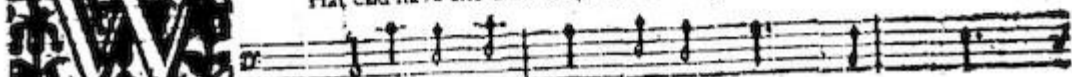
Who dares not drink's a wretched Wight,
Nor do I think that man dares fight
All day, that dares not drink all night;
Fill up the Goblet till it swim
With Foam that over looks the Brim:
He that drinks deepe't, Here's to him.

VII.

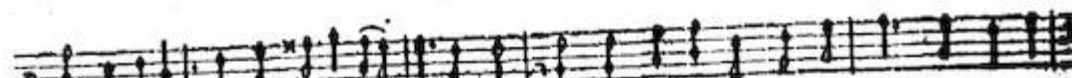
Sobriety and Study breeds
Suspition in our Thoughts and Deeds,
The Down-right Drunkard no man heeds:
Let me have Sack, Tobacco store,
A drunken Friend a little Whore,
Provided, I will ask no more.

Love Infatiable.


Ha't end have his desires that takes delight in Red and White, his Eyes



can never rest till he do see the fairest Shee; then thinking to improve his Bliss, he'd give a



Kingdome for a Kiss.

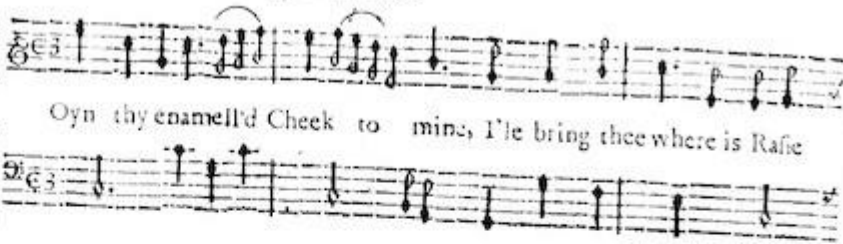
II.

If he in time obtain the Charitie
Of a kind Kiss,
The touch of the warm Snow-balls on her Breast,
And all the rest;
Such Favours heighten his desire,
And do increase, not quench the fire.

III.

If she yield up her honour to his will,
He'll cover still;
Another Face inviteth him to trie
Varietie,
No sweets of love can satisfie
A wanton Curiousitie.

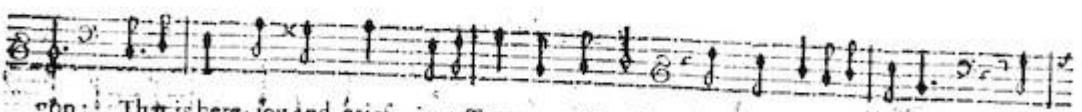
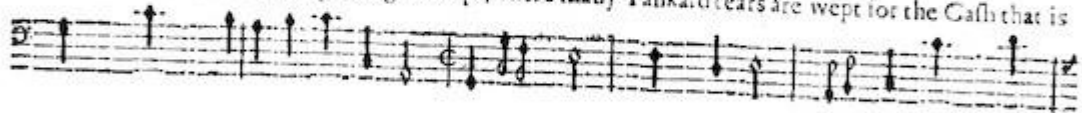
Sack's Flavour.



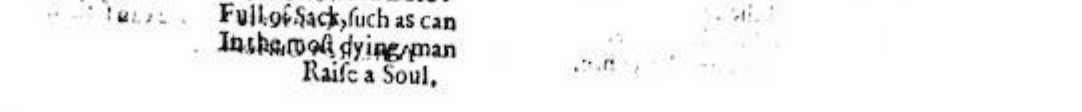
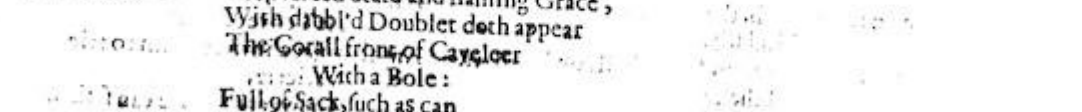
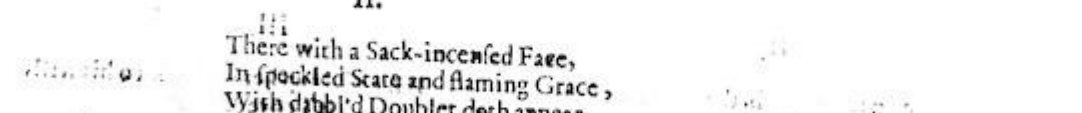
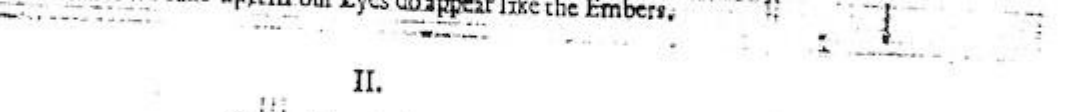
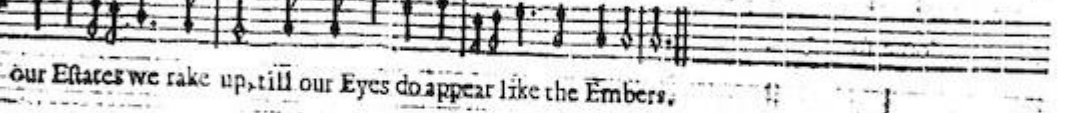
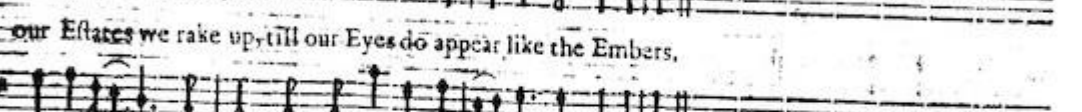
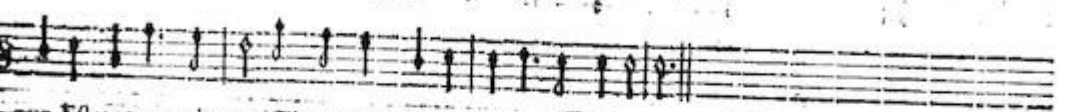
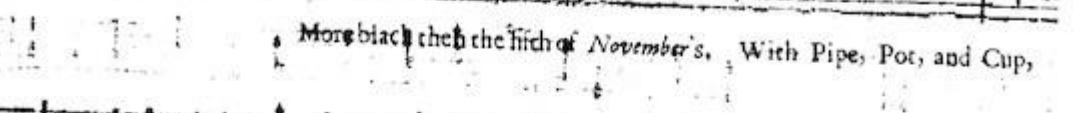
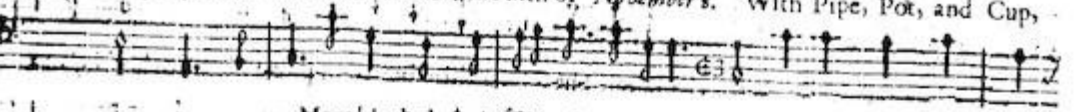
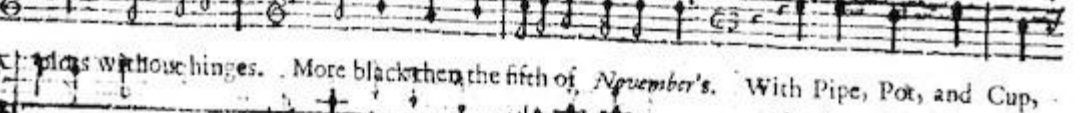
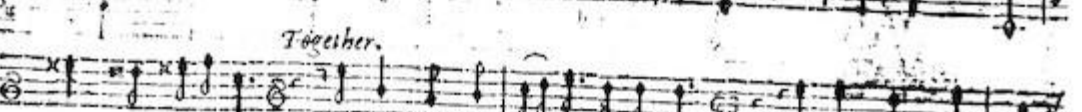
Oyn thy enamell'd Cheek to mine, I'll bring thee where is Rafe



Wine: and where a loving Leagur's kept, where many Tankard tears are wept for the Gash that is



gon: That is here; joy and grief, in a Tear we will wash. There we studie Revenges. Make



II.

There with a Sack-incens'd Face,
In speckled State and flaming Grace,
With dabb'd Doublet doth appear
The Corall frons of Cayleer
With a Bole:
Full of Sack, such as can
In the wood dying man
Raise a Soul,

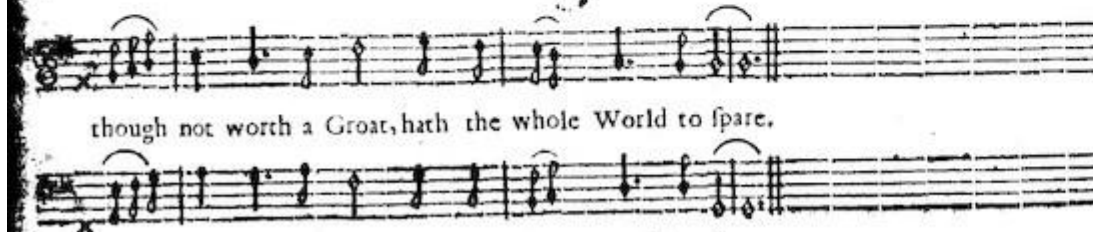
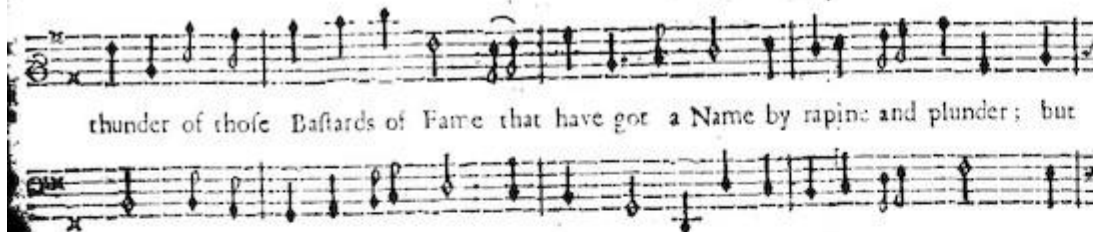
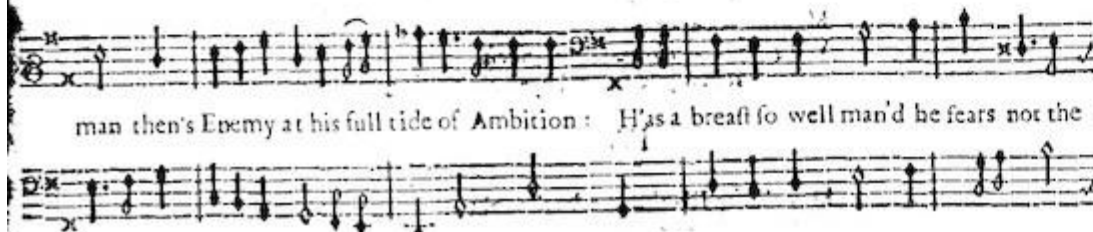
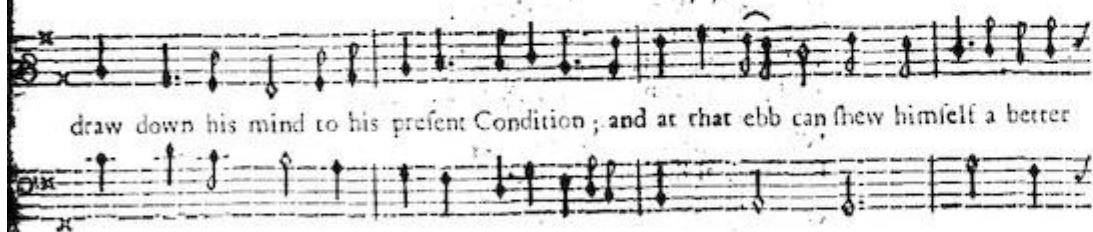
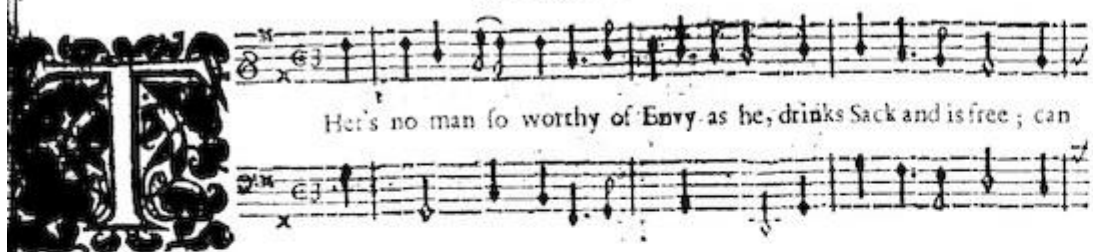
And forbids any venter
The Leagure to enter,
Or neer it commit such a Trespas;
If his Cheeks do not shine,
With the blond of the Vine,
And his Nostrils do look like a Respass.

III.

In Fletcher's Wit, and Johnson's Style,
There we will sit and fret a while;
Curfing the puddle of their Brains
That pull'd down Grapes, and put up Grains;
They are Foes
Who with Bag-pipes for Shalmes,
Deal in smal Beer and Pfalmes
Through the Nose;
May want of drink grieve them,
And no man relieve them,
Till scorning inform them what Hell is;
May Hous-ditch, and Tower-ditch,
With Shore-ditch, and More-ditch,
Be empt'd to fill up their Bellies.

IV.

May all the Ills that can be thought
Either to heavy or to hot
Light on his Belly and his Back,
That envies us the joys of Sack:
Let him dye;
Or let him live with so much strife,
That he may beg to lose his life,
Till he cry
Good fellows forgive me;
If you will beleive me,
I swear by the Sword of a Lay-man,
I'll draw out my Whyneard,
And set up the Vineyard,
In spite of the Devil and Drayman.

The Resolve.

though not worth a Groat, hath the whole World to spare.

He's arm'd gainst the Chances and Changes of State,
And still meets his Fate
With a conquering Cup of the stoutest Canarie;
Drinks healths to the best,
And he wrestles with the rest,
Yet never is foyl'd, lest his liquor miscarry;
His Thoughts are more free then the Bed that he lyes on;
Who puts his Cares to flight
A Prince is o're Night,
And next morning doth rise one;
Let Faces do what they will
He's the self-same man still.

Chorus. — Scepters have Palfies, and Crowns too are shaking,
He that soundly doth sleep, need not keep others waking.

III.

Then give us the Sack, let the Hen-hearted sit
Drink Whey and submit,
His Cucumber-Courage nere does well till beaten;
He Camel-like kneels,
And his burden ne'r feels
Till his Back becomes gall'd, and his Carcase near eaten:
He's a spirit so poor that every Knave rides him;
He's soul-less alone,
At best but a Drone,
And no man abides him;
He's a compact of Clay
That will turn any way:

Chorus. — 'Tis Sack and good Company makes the Soul free,
Like the Musique of that there's no Harmonic.

A Dialogue between Cloris and Doris.



Ou have forgot then, *Doris*, your protest? No, I have not my *Cloris*, 'tis con-

fast. But yet I saw you slide a Garland nearly tide into *Strania's* hand; Let it suffice, though love

be blind, Lovers have many eyes. Will you appear so strangely full of passion? I've cause to

fear dissembled Love's in Fashion. Then why did you, I pray, with *Strephon* Sport and Play?

You Kiss'd and Danc'd till day was past its prime, and all the while my Heart did beat the

Time.

II.

Cl. — May I not dance, or harmlessly be kind?

Do. — So I may chance give Garlands, if I list.

Cl. — But when you are so free,
Me thinks you steal from me
For every Lover, will this Text approve
There's Charity in all things, but in Love?

Do. — That day the storm fell to be cause you swore.

Cl. — But when the Sun did shine; you vow'd much more.

Do. — Those constant vows I made,
Were by your self betray'd;
For I am taught to know, it is my due
To be no faithfuller in Love than you.

Chorus.

Then jealousies be gone, and keep our sheep, lest that the Wolfe should make their

Then jealousies be gone, and keep our sheep, lest that the Wolfe should make their

number Small; but of our Loves our Loves no thing Command shall keep, but *Cloris*

number Small; but of our Loves no thing Command shall keep,

will, and *Cloris* will is all,

but *Cloris* will, and *Cloris* will is all.

A Dialogue between Lucrecia and Alexis.

Lucrecia.

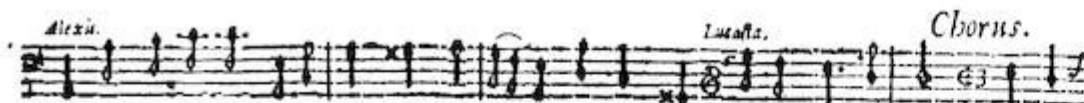


Ell me *Alexis* what this parting is, that so like dying is, but is not it.

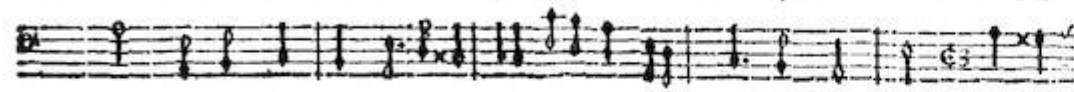
Alexis.

It is a sounding for a while from bliss, till kind how dee'you, calls us from the fit:

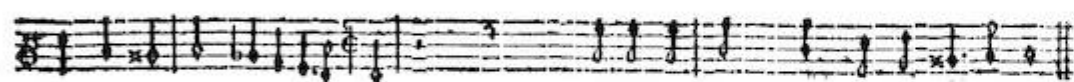
If then, &c.



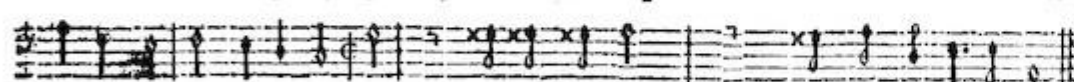
If then the Spirits only stay, let mine fly to thy Bosome. And my Soul to thine. Thus in



Thus in



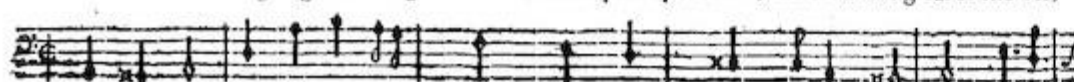
our Native Seat we gladly give our right for one where we can better live.



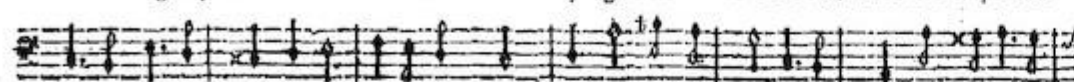
our Native Seat we gladly give our right for one where we can better live.



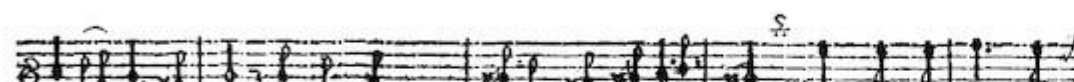
But oh! this Lingring Murd'ring Farewell Death quickly wounds; and wounding cures the ill,



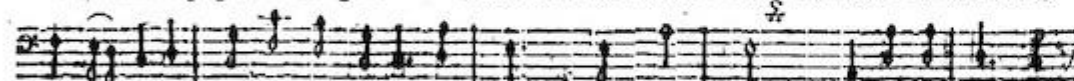
It is the glory of a valiant Lover, still to be dying, still for to recover. Soldiers suspected



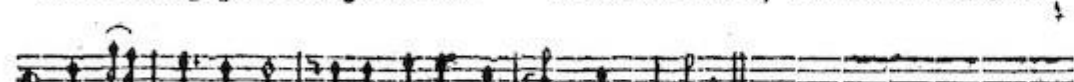
Soldiers suspected



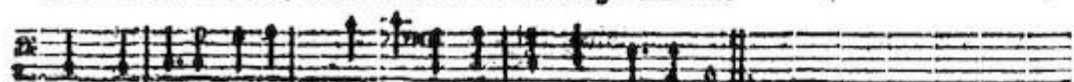
of their courage go, that Ensigns and their Breasts untorn show; Love near his Standard,



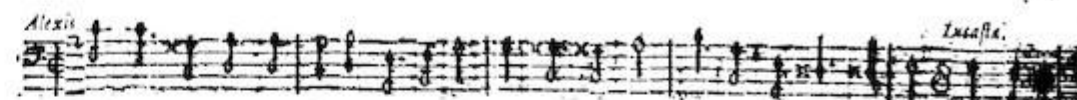
of their courage go, that Ensigns & their Breasts untorn show; Love near his Standard,



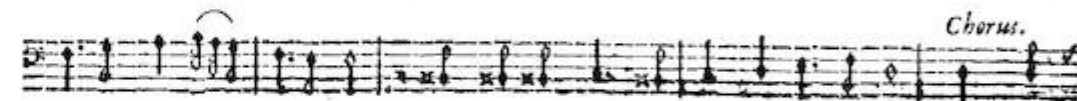
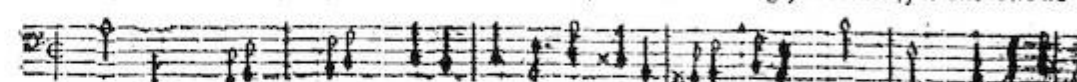
when his Host he sets, creates alone fresh bleeding Bannerets.



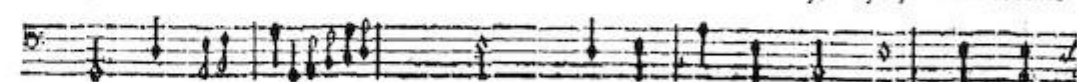
when his Host he sets, creates alone fresh bleeding Bannerets.



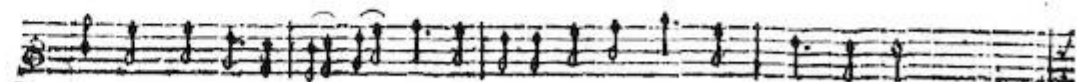
But part we when thy Figure I retain, still in my Heart, still strongly in mine Eye. Shadows no



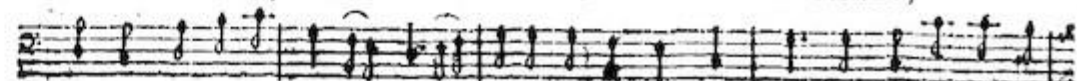
longer than the Sun remain; but when his Beams that made them fly, they fly. Vain dreams



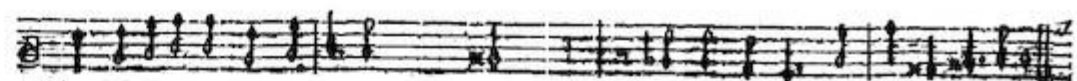
Vain dreams



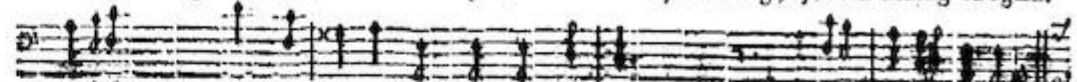
of Love, that only so much bliss allow us as, to know our wretchedness;



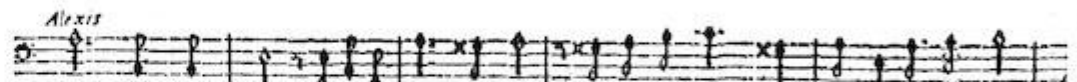
of Love, that only so much bliss allow us, as to know our wretchedness; and deal a



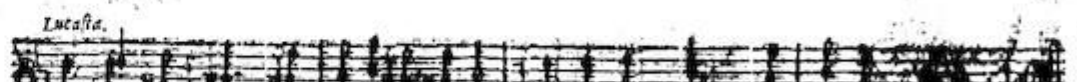
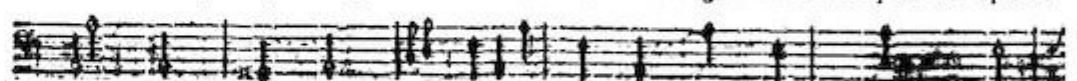
and deal a larger measure in our pain, by shewing joy, then hiding it again.



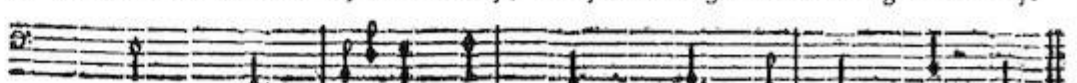
larger measure in our pain, by shewing joy, then hiding it again.



No, whilst Light reigns *Lucasta* still rules here, and all the night dwines wholly in this Sphere.

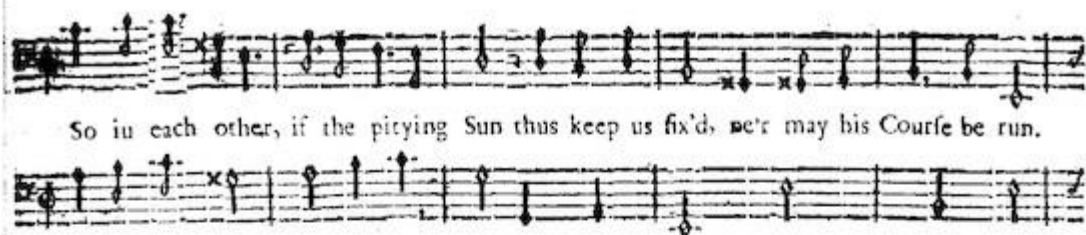


I know no Morne, but my *Alexis* Ray, to my dark thoughts the breaking of the day.



Chorus ag. in. Vain dreams, &c.

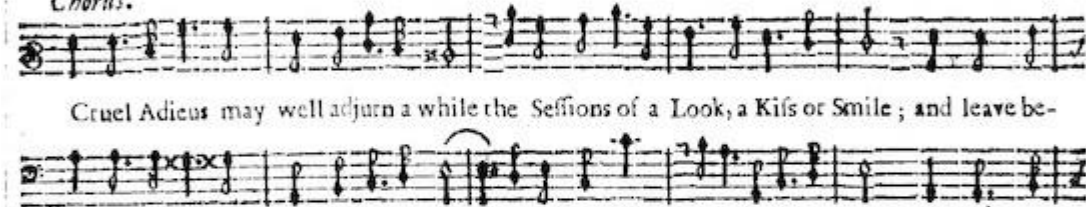
Allegro.



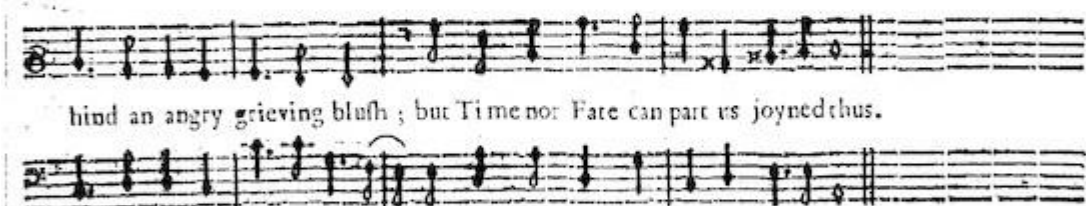
Lento.



Chorus.

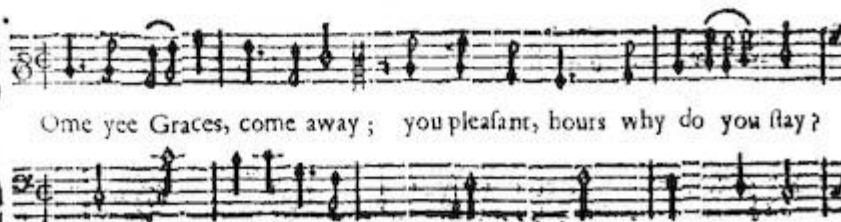


Cruel Adieu may well adorn a while the Sessions of a Look, a Kiss or Smile; and leave be-

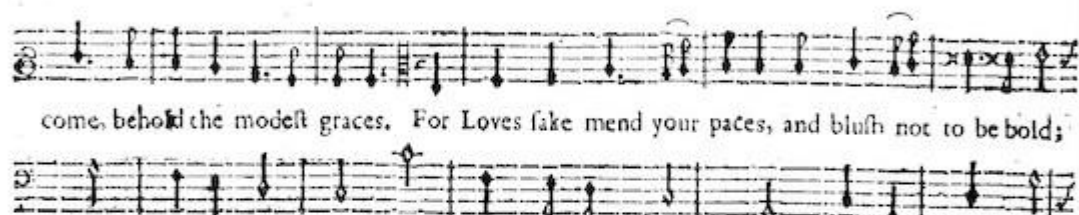
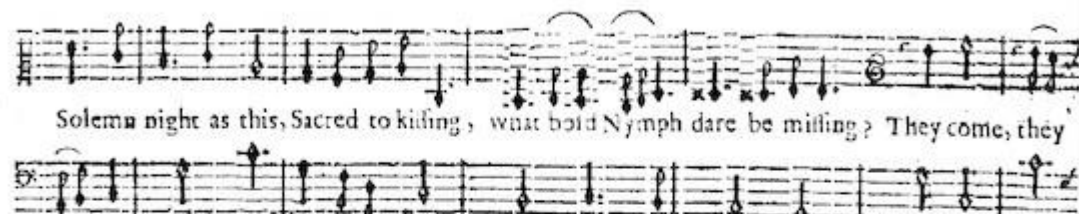


hind an angry grieving blush; but Time nor Fate can part us joyned thus.

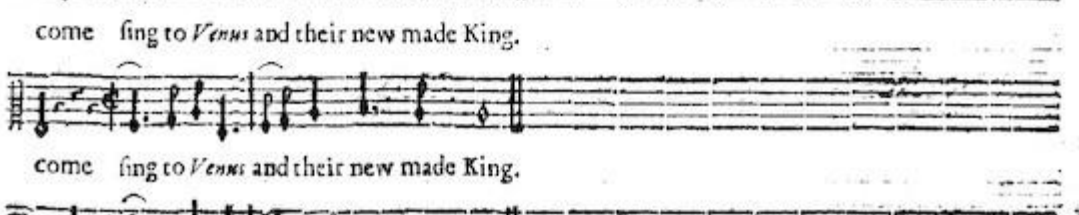
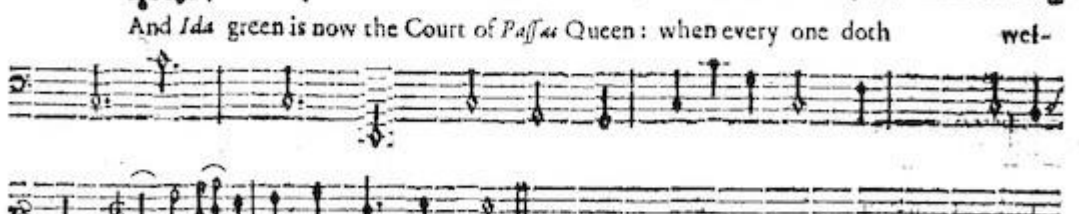
A Pastoral Dialogue.



Upon



Chorus.



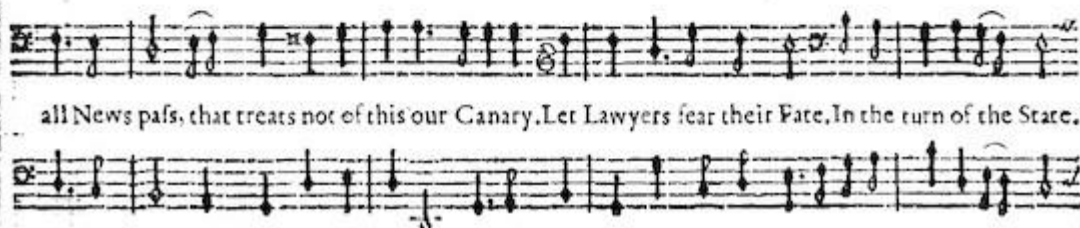
Lilly Contemn'd.



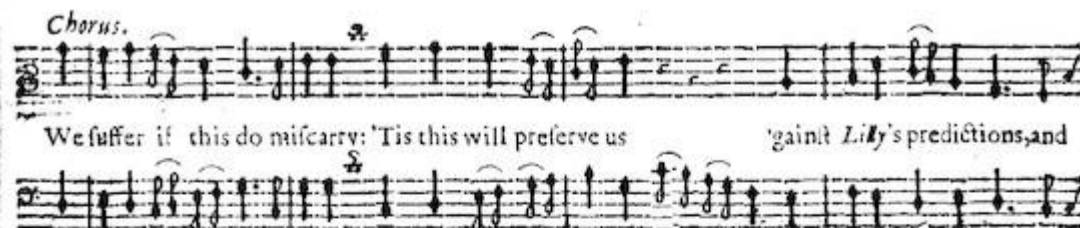
Hy art thou sad? Our Glasses flow like little Rivers to the Main, and ne'r a



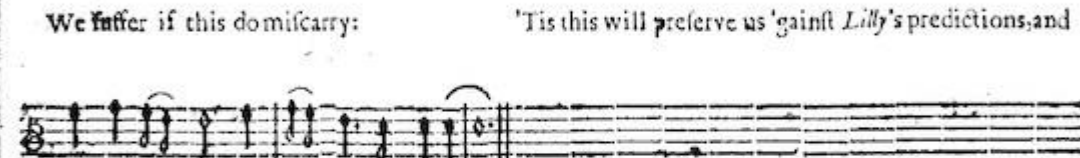
man here hath a Shrew, what need'st thou then complain? Then Boyes mind your Glasse, and let



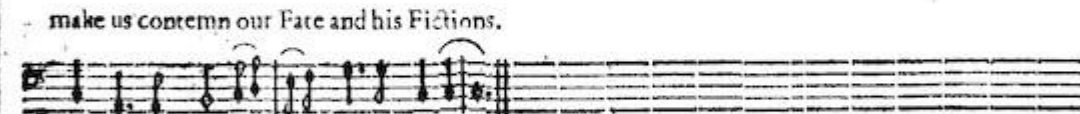
all News pass, that treats not of this our Canary. Let Lawyers fear their Fate, In the turn of the State.



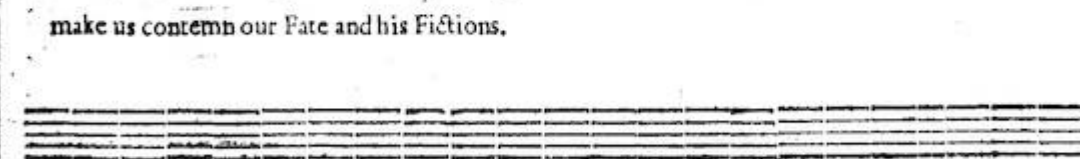
We suffer if this do miscarry: 'Tis this will preserve us 'gainst Lilly's predictions, and



We suffer if this do miscarry: 'Tis this will preserve us 'gainst Lilly's predictions, and



make us contemn our Fate and his Fictions.



make us contemn our Fate and his Fictions.

'Tis

II.

'Tis this maintains the City Ruff,
And lines the Aldermen with Furr;
It makes the Watchmen stiff and tuff
To call, Where go you Sir?

'Tis this doth advance
The Cap of Maintenance,
And keeps the Sword sleeping or waking;
It Courage doth raise
In such men now a dayes,
That heretofore cry'd at Head-aching.

Chorus.—'Tis this doth infuse in a Miser some pity,
And is the Genius and Soul of the City.

III.

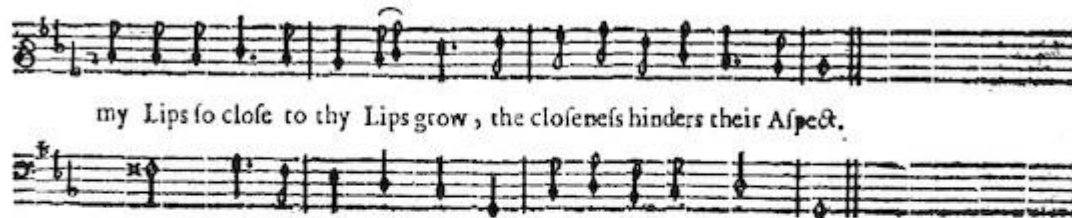
Then why should we despair, or think
The Enemy approacheth nere?
Let such as never use to drink
Sack, be enslav'd to Fear:
Then to get Honour,
And that waits on her,
Strange Titles Illustrious and Mighty,
We'll have a smart Bout,
Shall speak us men and stout,
And be the first that shall fight ye.

Chorus.—He that stily can stand to't, and hath the best Brain;
Shall be Ryl'd Son of Mars, and God of the Main.

Loves Charm.



Nfold thine Arms, and let me go, thine Eyes upbraid me with neglect;



my Lips so close to thy Lips grow, the closeness hinders their Aspect.

II.

We first say they found out her face,
And to thy wandering heart made known
The purchase of so sweet a place,
To make a dwelling of its own.

III.

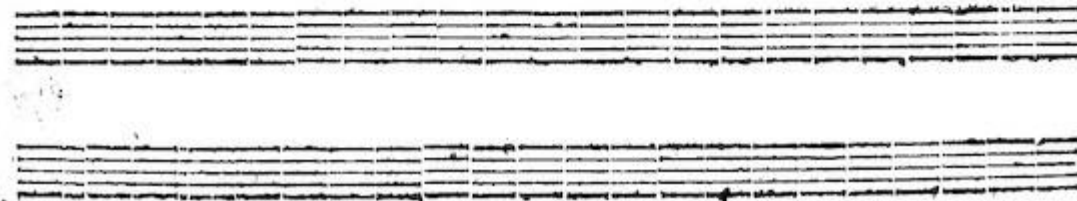
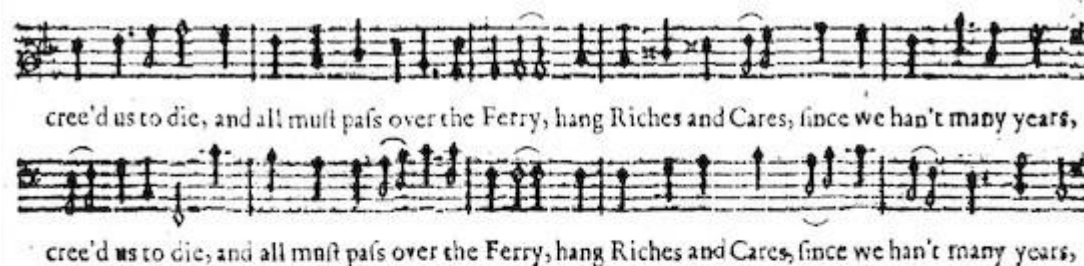
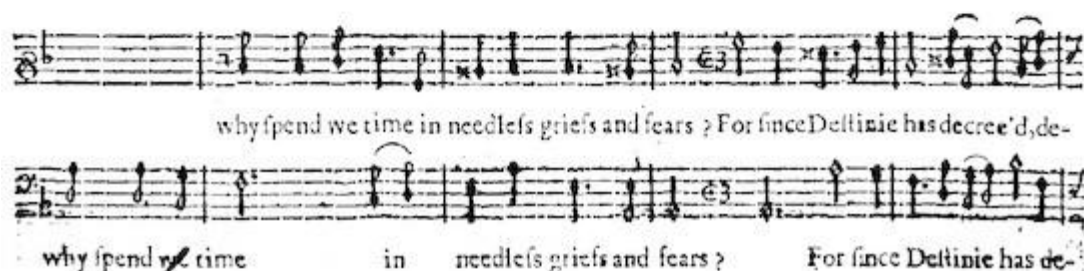
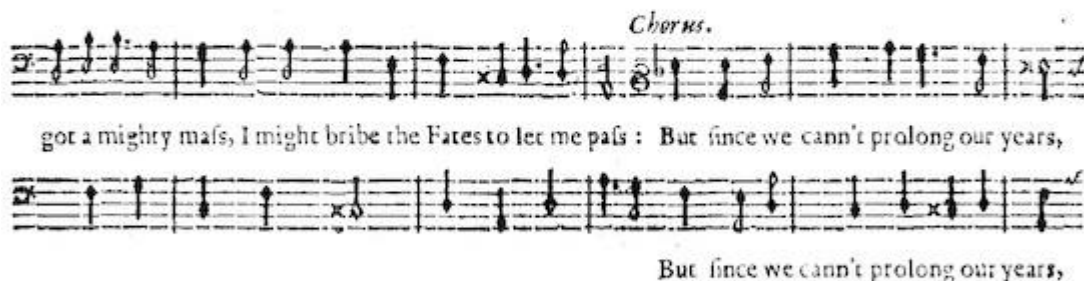
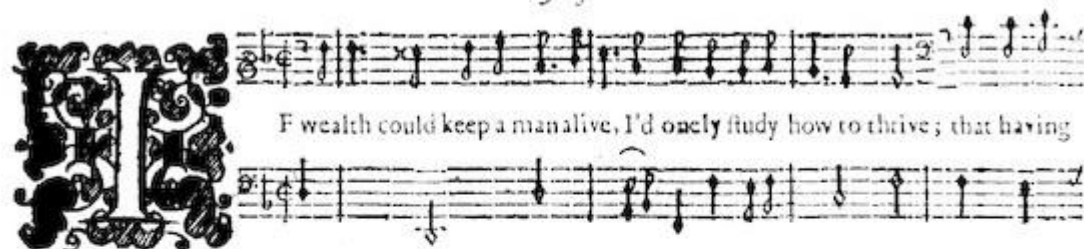
When men a building do erect,
They give not Drudges so much pay
As they do to the Architect,
Who did the first foundation lay.

IV.

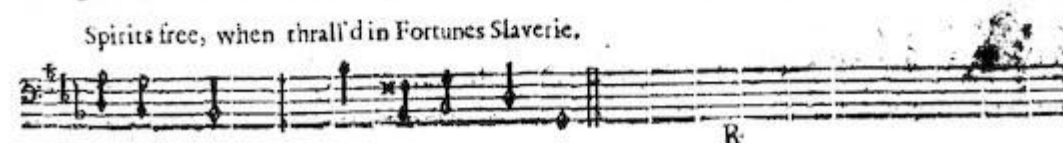
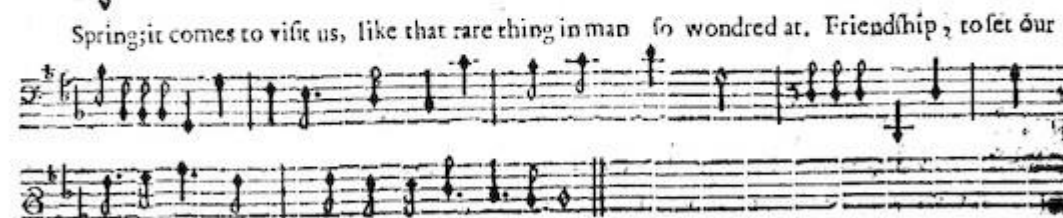
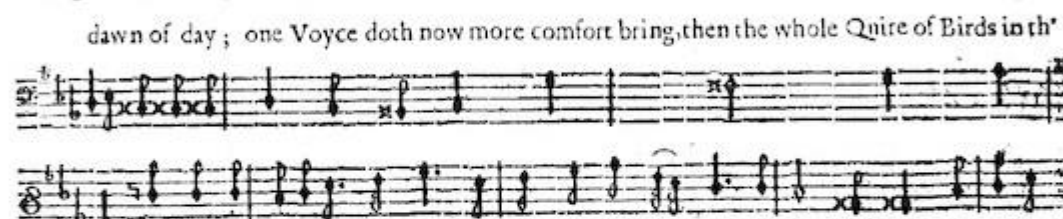
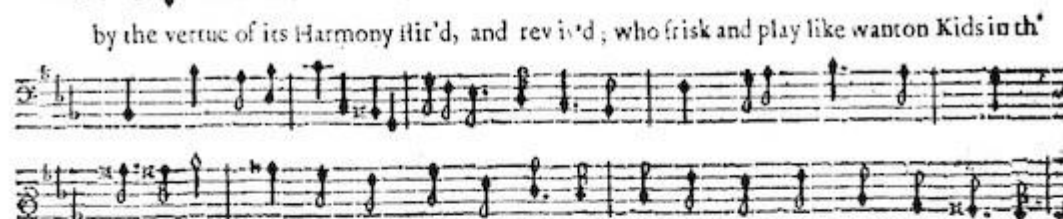
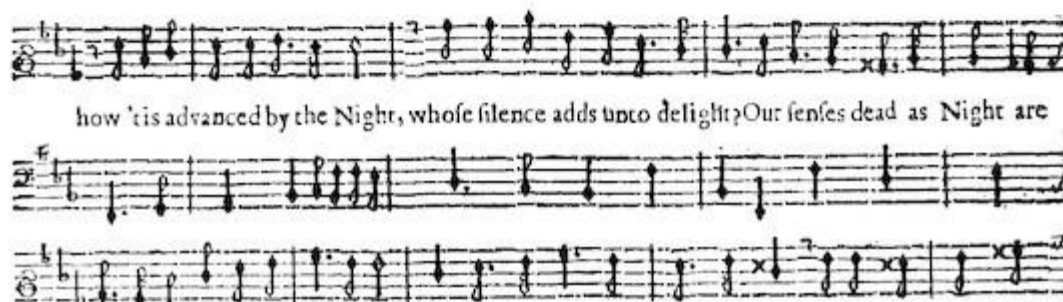
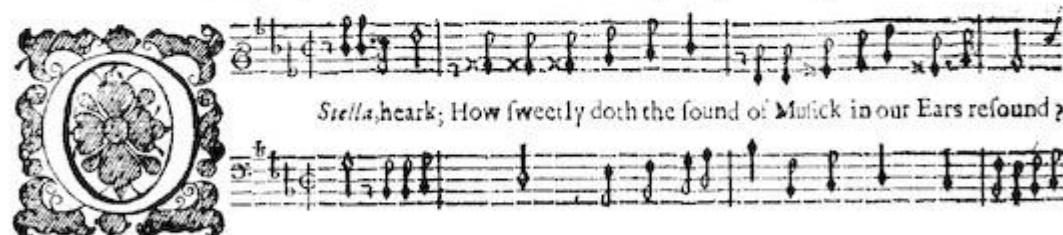
Compar'd with us, what vertue hath
Each other sense; since if it must
Always rely upon our faith
To take Beauty upon trust.

V.

Oh! Eyes, why do you thus complain?
We dare not rob you of your due;
For our Imbraces onely aim
To humble every sense to you.

The Vanity of Wealth.

Times keep their round and Destiny
Observes not what we laugh or cry;
And Fortune never does bestow
A look on what we do below:
But men with equal labour run,
Either to enrich themselves or be undone.
Since we can take no course
To be better or worse,
Let none be a melancholly thinker;
Let the times their round go,
So the Cups do so too,
Never blush at the name of a Drinker.

Musick being heard in the dead Season of the Night.

A Dialogue between Castadorus and Arabella.

Arabella.

Dear Castadorus, let me rise, *Aurora* 'gins to jeer me; and tells me I do

Castador.

wantonize. I prethee Sweet lie neer me: Let Red *Aurora* smile my Dear, and *Phebus* laughingfollow; thou onely art *Au-ro-ra* here, let me be thy *Apollo*: It is to envy at our blifs, that

Arabella.

they do rise before us; Is their such hurt in this, or this. Nay tye, why *Castadorus*.

Castador.

What *Arabella*, can one night of Loving dallying tire you? I could lye ever if I might, one hour

Arabella.

let me desire you. Nay, Fie; You hurt me, let me go, if you so roughly use me, what can I

Castador.

say or think of you? I prethee Sweet excuse me; thy Beauty and my Love defend, I should

Arabella.

ungently move thee, 'tis kisses Sweet that I intend; Is it not I that Love thee? I do confesse it

is, but then since you do so importune, that I should once lie down again, vouchsafe to draw the

Chorus.

Curtain. *Aurora* and *A-pol-lo* too may visit, may vi-sit silent Fields; by our con-sent*Aurora* and *A-pol-lo* too may vi-sit silent Fields; by our con-

they ne'r shall know what blifs our pleasure yields.

sent they ne'r shall know what blifs our pleasure yields.

A Pastoral Dialogue.



Nymph.
Ly, Fly good *Shepherd*, hast away, the Wood's beset; come

Shepherd.
take this way, lest that thou lose that Life which I could dye for so contentedly. Oh! no, oh!

Nymph. no, my Dear I cannot Fly. *Shep.* Then I perceive 'tis I must dye. Wrong not my Courage,

nor my Love, nor let thy Fears my Ruine prove. He not depart, though for it I do soundly smart.

Nymph. Prethee begone, here comes in arms a mighty throng. *Shepherd.* What's that to mee. *Nymph.* Oh! lovely

Shep. Shepherd prethee flee. *Nymph.* Sing first a song; and then perchance I may begone. What shall it be?

Shepherd. What ever't be best pleaseth thee. *Nymph.* Be not so fond, but hast away, I have known

thou needs must die, it boots thee not to make delay, and if thou love me quickly fie.

Chorus. Then shall we find hereafter, hereafter when once met, joys that are lasting, joys that are

Then shall we find hereafter, hereafter when once met, joys that are lasting, lasting, and hugely full, not Counterfeir.

lasting, and hugely full, not Counterfeir.

A Dialogue between Thirsis and Dorinda.

Dorinda.

Then death shall part us from these Kids, and shut up our devided

Lids; tell me *Thirsis*, prethee do, whether I shall go? To the E-li-zi-um. Oh! where

A chaff Soul can never mis'r. I know no way but one, our home: Is our Cell E-

li-zi-um? Turn thine Eye to yonder sky, there the milky way doth lye, 'tis a-

sure but rugged way, that leads to everlasting day: There Birds may nest. But

how thin I, that have no wings and cannot fly? Do not sigh, fair Nymph, for

Fire, hath no wings but doth aspire; tell it hit against the pole, Heaven, the Center of the

Soul. But in E-li-zi-um, how do they pass eternity away? Oh! there is

neither hope nor fear, there is no Wolf, nor Fox, nor Bear; no need of Dog to fetch our

fray, our Lightfoot we may give away: No Oatepipes needful, there thy Eares may

sleep with Musick, with Musick, Musick of the Spheres. O Sweet! O Sweet! how I

my future State, by silent thinking, silent thinking answer I prethee let us spend our

Thirfa.

time to come, in talking of Eli-zi-um. Then I'll go on; There Sheep are full of sweetest

grafs, and softest wool; there Birds sing comfort, Garlands grow, cool winds do whisper, Springs do

flow; there alwayes is a rising Sun, and day is ever but begun: Shepherds there, bear equal sway,

Dorinda.

Thirfa.

Dorinda.

and every Nymph a Queen, of May. Ah! me. Dorinda, why dost cry? I'm

Sick, I'm Sick, and fain would die; convince me now that this is true, by bidding with

Thirfa.

me all adieu. I; cannot live without thee, I will for thee, much more wish thee die.

Chorus.

Then let us give Corilla charge, Corilla charge o'h' Sheep, and thou and I

Then let us give Corilla charge, Corilla charge o'h' Sheep and thou and I and thou and

thou and I'll pick Poppies, Poppies, and them sleep them sleep in

I'll pick Poppies, I'll pick Poppies, Poppies, and them sleep them sleep in Wine them sleep in

Wine, and drink on't, and drink on't even till we weep; so shall we pass,

Wine, and drink on't and drink on't even till we weep; so shall we

shall we pass away, so shall we pass away in a sleep.

pass shall we pass away, so shall we pass away in a sleep.

A Dialogue between a Shepherd and a Nymph.

Nymph.

What busie Cares too timely born (young Swain) disturb thy sleep?

Thy early Sighs awake the Morn, thy Tears teach her to weep. Sorrows, fair Nymph, are

full alone, nor Counsel can endure. Yet thine disclose, for until known, sickness admits no

Cure. My Grievs are such as but to be it would poyson all thy Joys; thy Pity which thou

seemst to bear my Health, thine owne destroys. How can diseased Mindes in--fect?

say what thy Grief doth move. Call up thy virtue to protect thy Heart: & know't was I pray,

Fond Swain.

By which I have been long destin'd to meet with Fate. *Vic Shepherd*

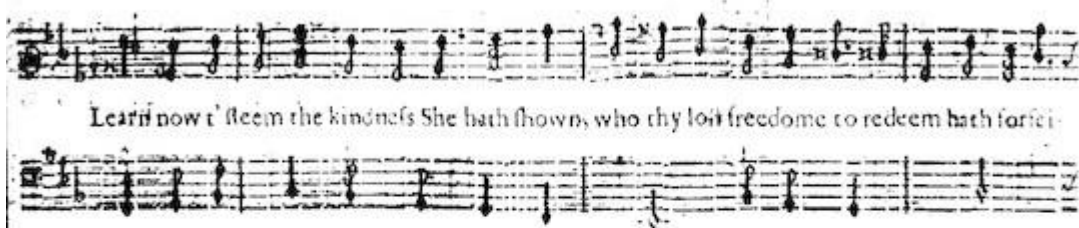
fie, thou dost love wrong to call thy Crime thy Fate. Alas! what cunning could de-

cline, what Force can Love repell? Yes, there's a way to confine thy Heart. For

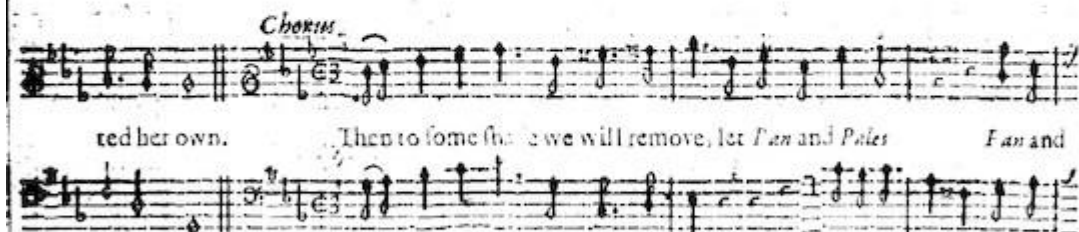
pity tell. Choose one whose love may be allur'd by thine: Who ever knew in ve-

rate diseases cur'd but by receiving new? All will like her my soul perplex, Yet my

O! could there be but any softness in that Sex, I'd wish it were in thee. Thy prayer is



Learn now to stem the kindness She hath shown, who thy lost freedom to redeem hath forgi-

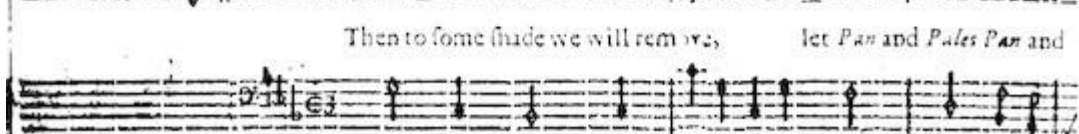


Chorus

ted her own.

Then to some shade we will remove, let Pan and Pales

Pan and



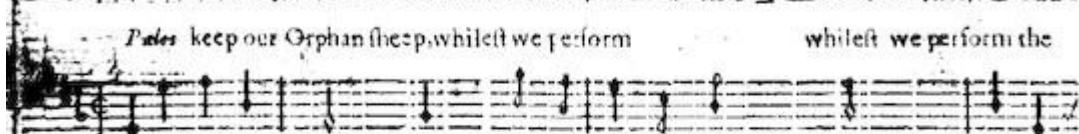
Then to some shade we will remove,

let Pan and Pales Pan and



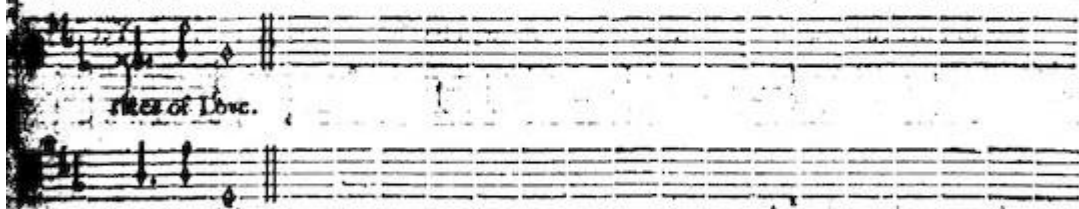
Pales keep our Orphan sheep,

whilest we perform, whilest we perform the

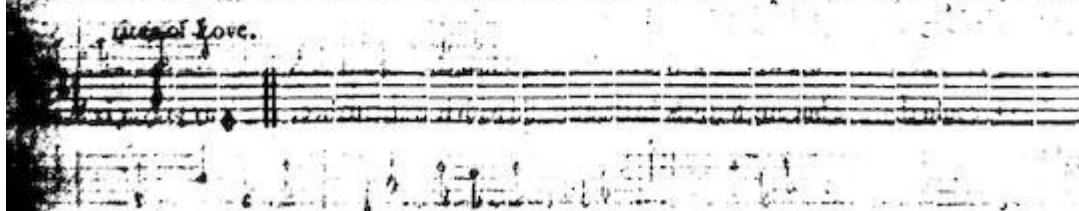


Pales keep our Orphan sheep, whilest we perform

whilest we perform the

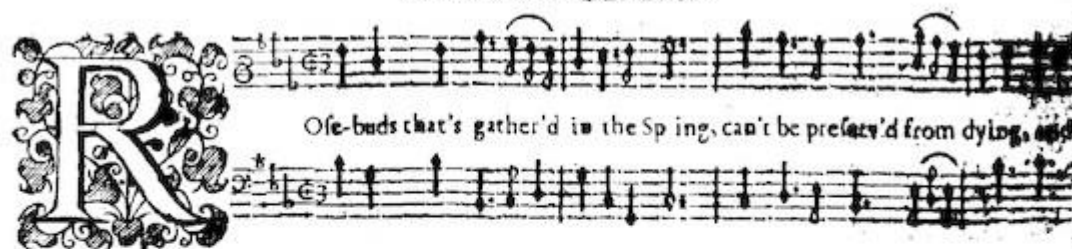


ness of Love.

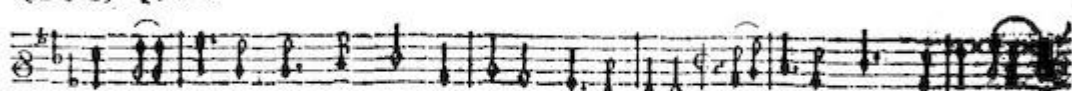


ness of Love.

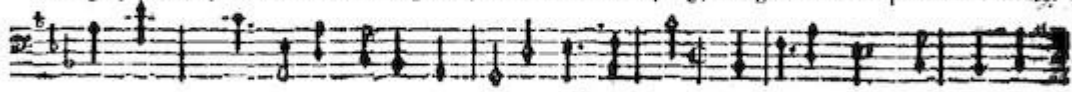
The contented Bachelor.



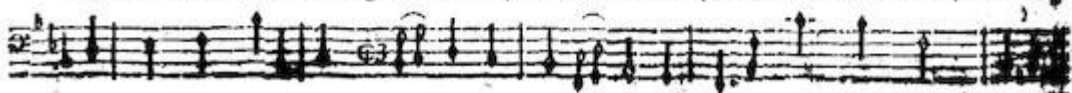
Ose-buds that's gather'd in the Spring, can't be preserv'd from dying, and



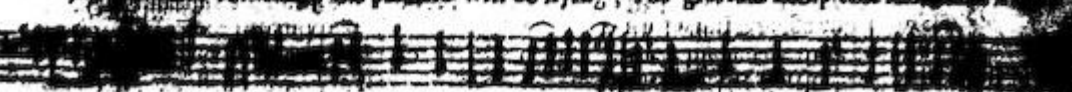
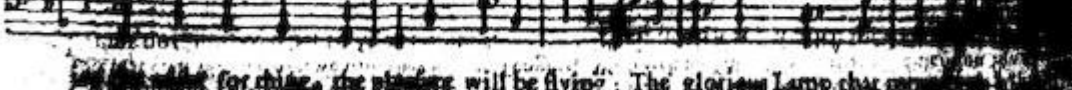
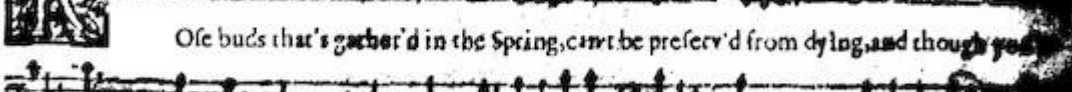
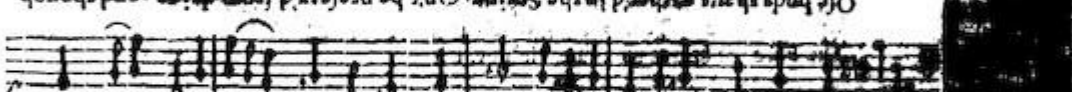
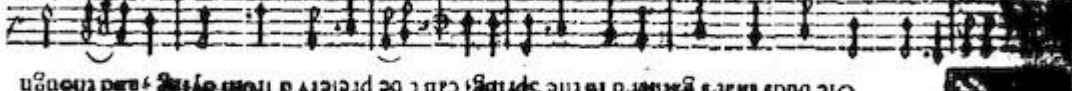
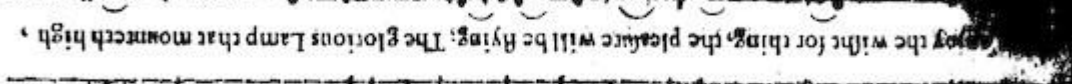
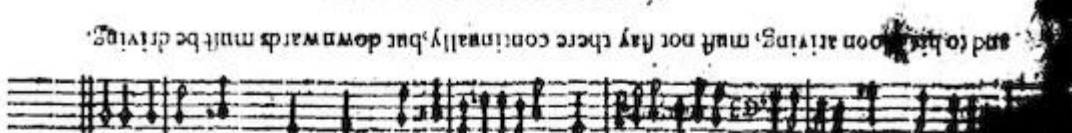
though you enjoy the wish for thing, the pleasure will be flying, The glorious Lamp that mounteth



high, and to his Noon arriving, must not stay there continually, but downwards must be driving.



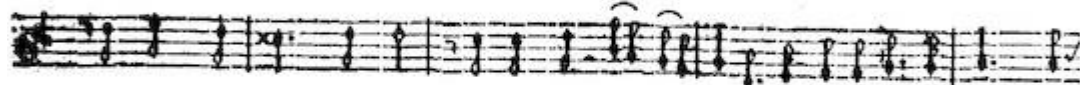
The last is best, for though that time
With Age and Sickness seize us;
Yet on our Crutches do we climb:
Untill a light shall ease us:
Then though I may, yet will I not
Possess me of't, but tarry;
He lives the best that hath forgot,
What means the word Go Marry.



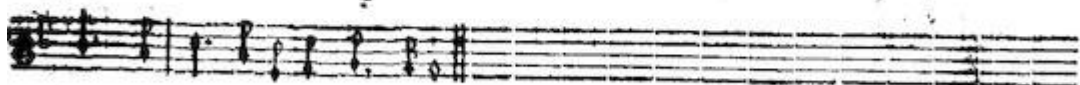
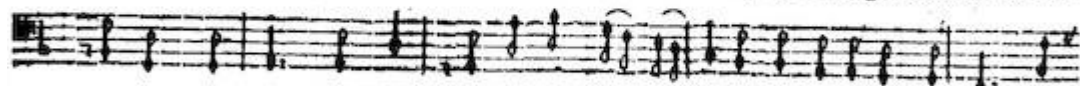
and to his Noon arriving, must not stay there continually, but downwards must be driving.



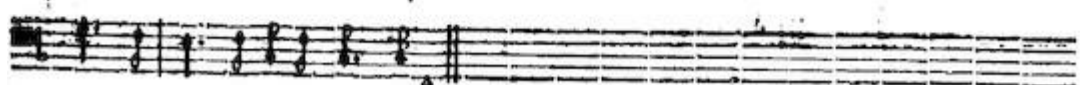
On Ladies of our Nation where is your greatness gone? what sudden alteration



hath forc'd you from your own? whilst we live here obscurely, in Cottages unknown, no



Cares or Fears we ever think upon.



Our Walls are highest Mountains,
For we live in a Comb;
We drink of Flowing Fountains,
Our dwelling is our Tomb:
Nor look to be expected before the day of Doom,
Where Scribes for bribes shall ne'r deny us Room.

We have a dreadful summons
Up in the high Countrie;
Our gracious King and Commons,
They say cannot agree:
This harnes is for Cedars, and no such shrubs as we,
Yet still we will pray for a unitee.

The day we spend in working,
And charming harmless Songs;
No mallice here lies lurking,
Our thoughts are free from wrongs:
And those that civil War do love, we wish they had no tongues,
No Guns, nor what to War belongs.

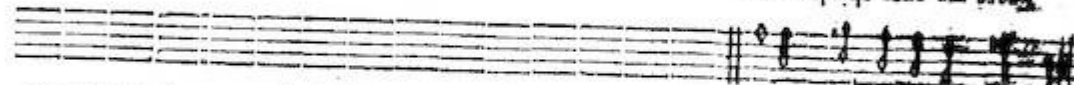
We wound the Earths hard Bowels;
Where hidden treasure grows;
With Twibil, Sledge and Trowels,
Pick-Axe and Iron-Crowes:
We search for sinful Silver, that all dissention sows,
Their health and wealth, men do so ill dispose.

We eat the Bread of Labour,
And what endeavours brings;
Sorrow is no next Neighbour,
Our Eyes they are no Springs,
Unless we shed a Tear or two, when as we pity Kings;
The Fates of States to us are Hebrew things.

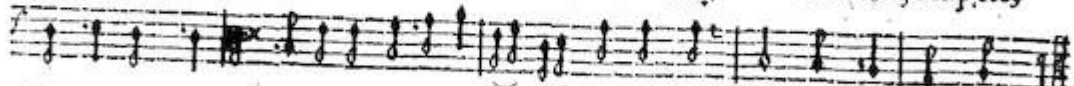
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With Twibil, Sledge and Trowels,
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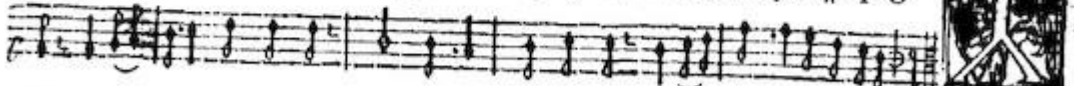
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Yet still we will pray for a unitee.



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On Ladies of our Nation, where is your greatness gone? what sudden alteration hath

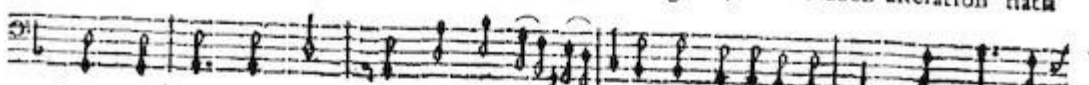


Tenors.

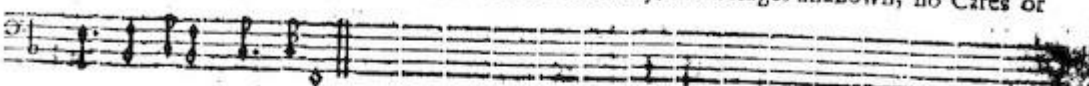
Bass.



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Our Eyes they are no Springs,
Unless we shed a Tear or two, when as we pity Kings,
The Fates of States to us are Hebrew things.

Bacchus true Adorers.



T's the news of the Town, that Healths are put down; Zealors

say 'tis for our ease; then tippie like a Sinner, at a Thank-giving dinner, who is drunk

with what you please: Kind Remembrances now each good Fellow must allow, the Ad

forbids not drinking, fill the Glass to the brim, and let our Fancies swim, none is excluded

thinking: To-Bacchu Rites we'll pay, and on his Altar lay, both Fat Zeal, and Goats, and

Swine; then his Phrygian Horne, which Teaching Drunken Scorn, in our thought shall be

Chorus.

Let Anacrision's Bowl be full,

we have

and fill Ben. Johnson's Scul;

We have

Who approv'd of Apollo's Wine, we have

liberty to drink, to Nod

or to mine, we have

liberty to drink, wink,

to thine, we have

liberty to drink,

or think, to his,

we have

liberty, to drink to nod, wink or think, to his, to thine, or to mine.

liberty, to drink to nod, wink or think, to his, to thine, or to mine.

liberty, to drink to nod, wink or think, to his, to thine, or to mine.

An EPITHALAMIUM

On the Nuptials of THOMAS STANLEY Esquire;
And the Lady DOROTHY ENION.



O (at the first) the Soul and Body met, when the Creator did in

Confer fer, to make a little world command the great; nor are your flames less innocent then

they, before the Grand Imposter did betray their fatal freedom to the worlds decay;

Therefore let all that Heaven can dispense to Royal Mankind, in the Soul and Sense possess ye

with Seraphick Influence: May all the promised blessings on each Nation, From *Genesi* to

John's high Revelation, contribute to your Cordial Coronation: May both your Brows be

circled with such Beams of Glory as appear'd in *Jacob's* Dreams, or the Dove

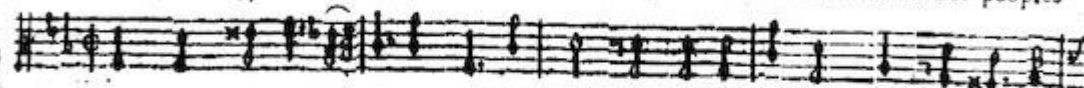
darted upon *Jordan's* Streams: May Love's light their Torches at your Flame, and may the

powers of *Stanley's* Single Name prove the sublimest Epithet of Fame,

Chorus.



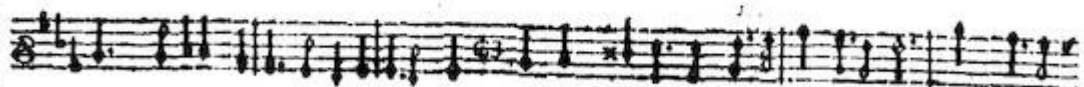
May your Hearts fix above the force of Fate, may neither Princes frown nor peoples



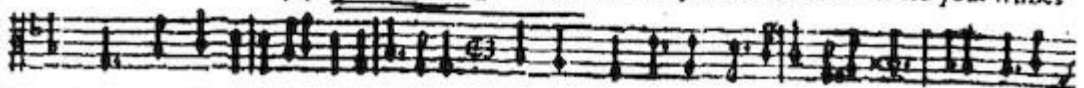
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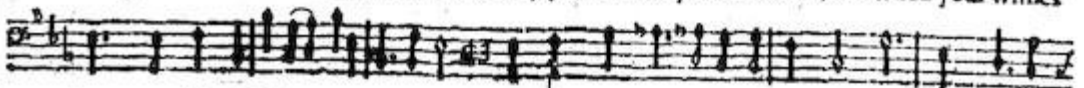
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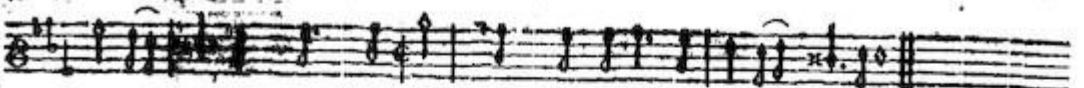
hate your fair affections disunanimare; May you have all you can desire, and when your wishes



hate your fair affections disunanimare; May you have all you can desire, and when your wishes



hate your fair affections disunanimare; May you have all you can desire, and when your wishes



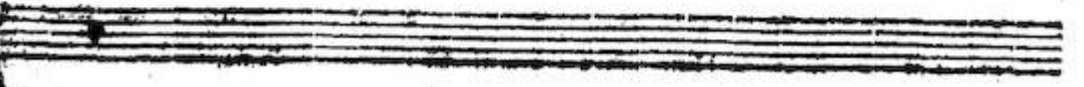
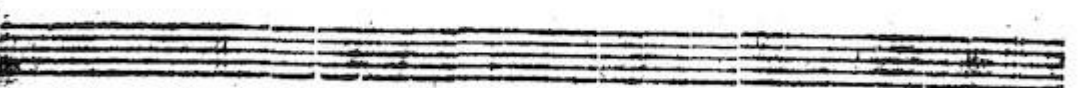
have out-v'd the thoughts of men, some Power direct you how to wish again.



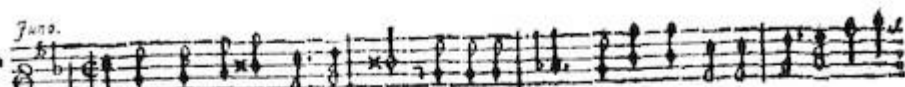
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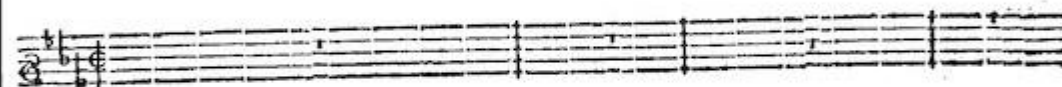
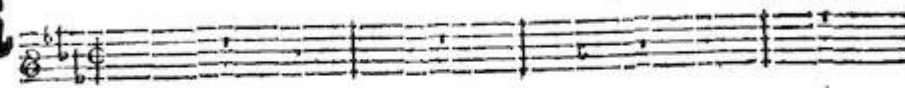
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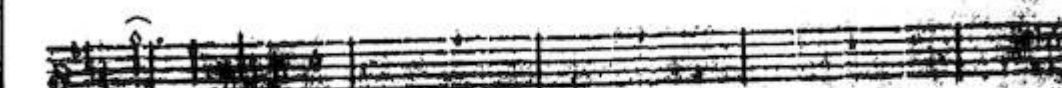
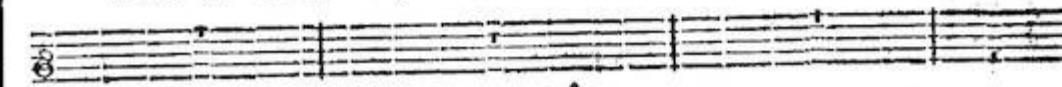
Fano.



Our sent thee Paris what is mine; Be safely bold, and for this Trifle I'll resign a



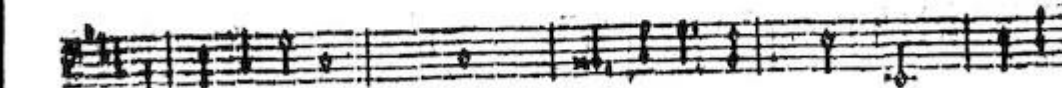
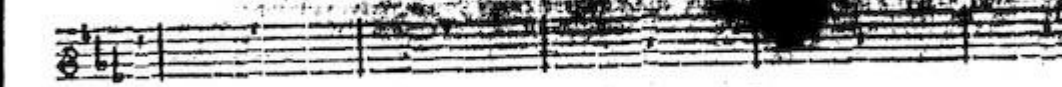
wreath of Gold; Obey then, and command; thou canst not be just to thy



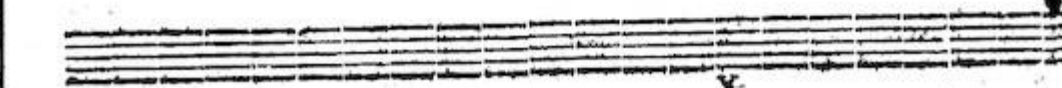
self if not to me;



Twice happy in thy choice, I'm e'er thy slave, this is

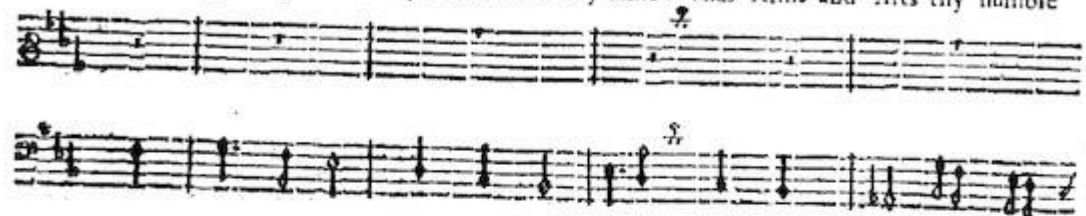


treasure





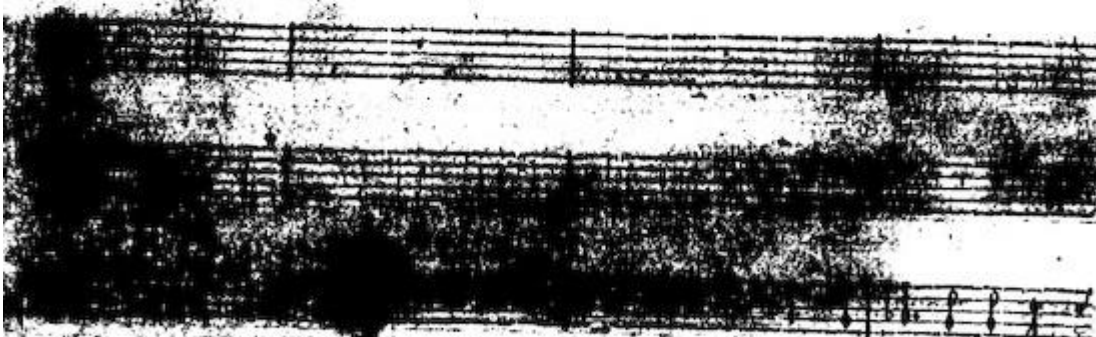
treasure, give thy reason Eyes, and blind thy sense: Thus Arms and Arts thy humble



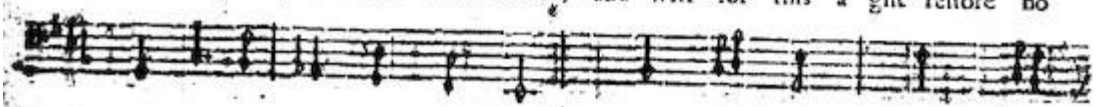
Name shall raise, alike to wreaths of Oak and Bayes.



She whom all Suppliants



else implore, is here made thine, and will for this a gift restore no



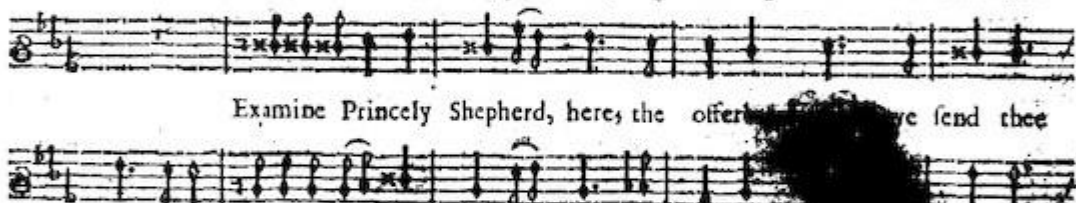
lessie



lessie divine, the best of pleasures thus enjoy, and try where Beauty courts, none



Examine Princely Shepherd, here, the offerings which we send thee



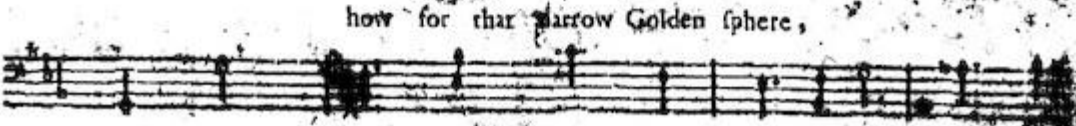
Examine Princely Shepherd, here, the offerings which we send thee



can deny. Examine Princely Shepherd, here, the offerings which we send thee

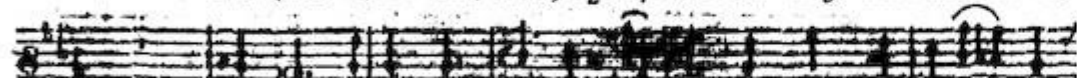


how for that Marrow Golden Sphere,





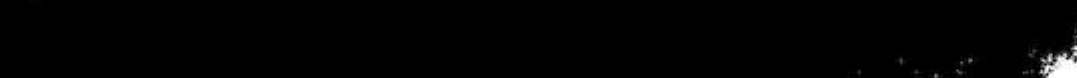
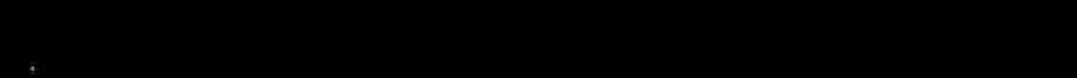
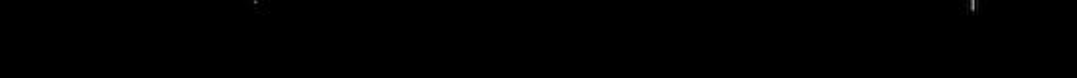
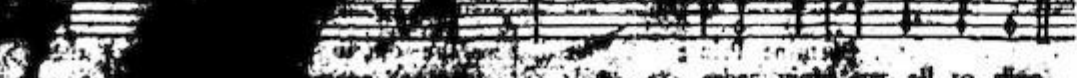
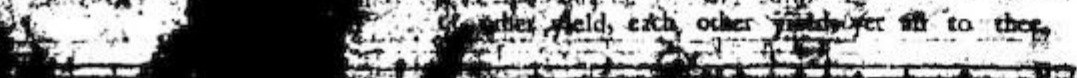
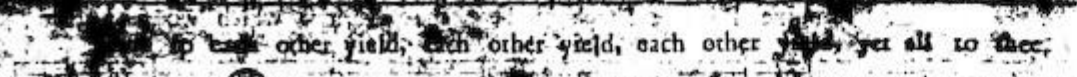
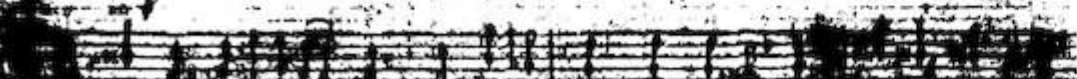
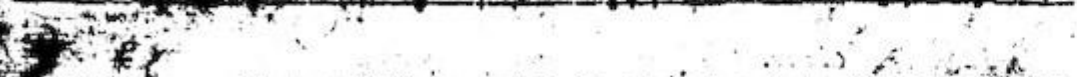
and Love attend thee, and judge by this how large these honours be,



and Love attend thee, and judge by this how large these honours be,



and Love and Love attend thee, and judge by this how large these honours be,



An Alphabetical Table of all the several AYRES & DIALOGUES contained in this Book.

I. Table of Through Set Songs.

Beauty and Love once fell at odds
Cease warring thoughts
Help Love, or else I sink
I am no prisoner sure, nor can it be
Love? No. I am not such a Fool
Love still a Child a Bee pursues
O Cloris! 'twas unkindly done
Short as this Hour
Who would not think these rising Beams
Ostella, Hark how sweetly

II. Table of Single Songs.

As Plutarch doth write
Believe me Love by those fair eyes
Bring us up some Sack
Beauty pleaseth most the fancy
Cloris forbear a while
Come let us drink away the time
Disputes daily arise,
Have you observ'd the Hermit
Hang the Presbyters Gill
How Dearest art thou weary of
I'll swear they lie, who swear they love
I would not wed the creature that desires
If thou intendst only to try
Know my dear Idol, Cloris
Know Dearest, 'twas no easie Art
Let whining Lovers magnifie
Love, love, I fly thy power and thee
Love me, disguise the other day
Mistake me not, I am not of that mind
Nay, prethee, do be coy and slight me
Ne'r trouble thyself with the times
Phelicia since that I find thee
Phelinia wept and from her Eyes
The Morning doth wast to the Meddowes
Thine Eyes shall be my Stars no more
The day that's lost ere scarcely shown
'Tis true I did receive a life from you
Unfold thine Arms and let me go
Were Celia but as chaste as fair
When first before Rosella's face I lay

III. Table of Single Songs.

42, 43 What will become of mee
9 Welcome my Heart thou'lt fondly stray'd
2 What a pox dost thou muse on
6 What Creatures on Earth
3 When thou Ostella grac'd mee
8 Who can boast a happiness
5 What though I did swear your Eye
10 When the Unfetter'd Subjects of the Seas
1 What end hath desires
61

IV. Table of Songs for Two V with a Through Base.

30, 31 Joyn thy enamel'd Cheek to mine
25 If Wealth could keep a Man alive
15 There's no Man so worthy of Envy
44 Why art thou sad our Glasses flow
12

V. Table of Dialogues for Two V with a Through Base.

Come ye Graces come away
Dear Castadoris let me rise
Fly, fly, good Shepherd hast away
Tell me Alexis what this parting is
39 You have forgot then Doris your protest
14 When Death shall part us from their
38 68, 69.

20 What Busy Cares untimely bring

VI. Table of Songs for with a Through

27 As's the News of the Town
29 Jove sent thee Paris what is mine
11 Rose-buds that's gather'd in the Spring
34 So at the first the Soul and Body met
35 Ten Ladies of the Nation
36
59
70
19