

THE
TENTH MUSE

Lately sprung up in America.

or
Severall Poems, compiled
with great variety of Wit
and Learning, full of delight.

Wherein especially is contained a com-
pleat discourse and description of
The Four

Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year.

Together with an Exact Epitomie of
the Four Monarchies, viz.
The
Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman.

Also a Dialogue between Old *England* and
New, concerning the late troubles.

With divers other pleasant and serious Poems.

By a Gentlewoman in those parts.

Printed at *London* for *Stephen Bowtell* at the signe of the
Bible in Popes Head-Alley. 1650.

Kind Reader:

Had I opportunity but to borrow some of the Authors wit, 'tis possible I might so trim this curious Work with such quaint expressions, as that the Preface might bespeake thy further perusal; but I feare 'twil be a shame for a man that can speak so little, to be seene in the title page of this Womans Book, lest by comparing the one with the other, the Reader should passe his sentence, that it is the gift of women, not only to speak most, but to speake best; I shall leave therefore to commend that, which with any ingenious Reader will too much commend the Author, unlesse men turne more peevish then women, to envie the excellency of the inferiour Sex. I doubt not but the Reader will quickly finde more then I can say, and the worst effect of his reading will be unbeleif, which will make him question whether it be a womans Work, and aske, Is it possible? If any doe, take this as an answer from him that dares avow it; It is the Work of a Woman, honoured, and esteemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet mannaging of her family occasions; and more then so, these Poems are the fruit but of some few houres, curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments. I dare adde little, lest I keepe thee too long, if thou wilt not beleve the worth of these things (in their kind) when a man sayes it, yet beleve it from a woman when thou seest it. This only I shall annex, I feare the displeasure of no person in the publishing of these Poems but the Authors, without whose knowledge, and contrary to her expectation, I have presumed to bring to publick view what she resolved should never in such a manner see the Sun; but I found that divers had gotten some scattered papers, affected them wel, were likely to have sent forth broken peices to the Authors prejudice, which I thought to prevent, as well as to pleasure those that earnestly desired the view of the whole.

~~~~~  
 Mercury shew'd Apollo, Bartas Book,  
 Minerva this, and wisht him well to look,  
 And tell uprightly, which, did which excell;  
 He view'd, and view'd, and vow'd he could not tell.  
 They bid him Hemisphear his mouldy nose,  
 With's crackt leering-glasses, for it would pose  
 The best brains he had in's old pudding-pan,  
 Sex weigh'd, which best, the Woman, or the Man?  
 He peer'd, and por'd, and glar'd, and said for wore,  
 I'me even as wise now, as I was before:  
 They both 'gan laugh, and said, it was no mar'l  
 The Auth'resse was a right Du Bartas Girle.  
 Good sooth quoth the old Don, tel ye me so,  
 I muse whither at length these Girls wil go;  
 It half revives my chil frost-bitten blood,  
 To see a woman, once, do ought that's good;  
 And chode buy Chaucers Boots, and Homers Furr,  
 Let men look to't, least women weare the Spurs.

*N. Ward.*

To my deare Sister, the Author of these Poems.

Though most that know me, dare (I think) affirm  
 I ne're was borne to doe a Poet harm,  
 Yet when I read your pleasant witty strains,  
 It wrought so strongly on my addle braines;  
 That though my verse be not so finely spun,  
 And so (like yours) cannot so neatly run:  
 Yet am I willing, with upright intent,  
 To shew my love without a complement.  
 There needs no painting to that comely face,  
 That in its native beauty hath such grace;  
 What I (poore silly I) prefix therefore,  
 Can but doe this, make yours admir'd the more;  
 And if but only this, I doe attaine  
 Content, that my disgrace may be your gaine.

If women, I with women, may compare,  
 Your Works are solid, others weake as aire;  
 Some books of Women I have heard of late,  
 Perused some, so witlesse, intricate,  
 So void of sence, and truth, as if to cire  
 Were only wisht (acting above their sphear)  
 And all to get, what (silly soules) they lack:  
 Esteeme to be the wisest of the pack;  
 Though (for your sake) to some this be permitted,  
 To print, yet wish I many better witted;  
 Their vanity make this to be inquired,  
 If women are with wit, and sence inspired:  
 Yet when your Works shall come to publick view,  
 'Twill be affirm'd, 'twill be confirm'd by you:  
 And I, when seriously I had revolved  
 What you had done, I presently resolved,  
 Theirs was the Persons, not the Sexes failing,  
 And therefore did be-speak a modest vailing.  
 You have acutely in Eliza's ditty  
 Acquitted women, else I might with pittie,  
 Have wisht them all to womens Works to look,  
 And never more to meddle with their book.  
 What you have done, the Sun shall witness beare,  
 That for a womans Worke 'tis very rare;  
 And if the Nine vouchsafe the Tenth a place,  
 I think they rightly may yeeld you that grace.  
 [break]  
 But least I should exceed, and too much love,  
 Should too too much endear'd affection move,

To super-adde in praises I shall cease,  
 Least while I please my selfe I should displeas  
 The longing Reader, who may chance complaine,  
 And so requite my love with deep disdain;  
 That I your silly Servant, stand i' th' porch,  
 Lighting your Sun-light with my blinking torch;  
 Hindring his minds content, his sweet repose,  
 Which your delightfull Poems doe disclose,  
 When once the Caskets op'ned; yet to you  
 Let this be added, then i'le bid adieu.  
 If you shall think, it will be to your shame  
 To be in print, then I must beare the blame:  
 If't be a fault, 'tis mine, 'tis shame that might  
 Deny so faire an infant of its right,  
 To looke abroad; I know your modest minde,  
 How you will blush, complaine, 'tis too unkinde,  
 To force a womans birth, provoke her paine,  
 Expose her Labours to the world's disdain:  
 I know you'l say, you doe defie that mint,  
 That stampt you thus, to be a foole in print.  
 'Tis true, it doth not now so neatly stand,  
 As ift 'twere pollisht with your owne sweet hand;  
 'Tis not so richly deckt, so trimly tir'd  
 Yet it is such as justly is admir'd.  
 If it be folly, 'tis of both, or neither,  
 Both you and I, we'l both be fools together;  
 And he that sayes, 'tis foolish (if my word  
 May sway) by my consent shall make the third.  
 I dare out-face the worlds disdain for both,  
 If you alone professe you are not wroth;  
 Yet if you are, a womans wrath is little,  
 When thousands else admire you in each tittle.

*I. W.*

~~~~~  
 Upon the Author, by a knowne Friend.

Now I beleeve Tradition, which doth call
 The Muses, Vertues, Graces, Females all;
 Only they are not nine, eleaven, nor three,
 Our Authresse proves them but one unity.
 Mankind take up some blushes on the score,
 Menopolize perfection no more:
 In your owne Arts, confesse your selves out-done,
 The Moone hath totally ecclips'd the Sun,
 Not with her sable mantle mufling him,

But her bright silver makes his gold looke dim:
 Just as his beams force our pale Lamps to winke,
 And earthly Fires within their ashes shrinke.

B. W.

~~~~~  
 I cannot wonder at Apollo now  
 That he with Female Lawrell crown'd his brow,  
 That made him witty: bad I leave to chuse,  
 My Verse should be a Page unto your Muse.

*C. B.*

~~~~~  
 Arme, arme, Soldado's arme, Horse,
 Horse, speed to your Horses,
 Gentle-women, make head, they vent
 their plots in Verses;
 They write of Monarchies, a most seditious word,
 It signifies Oppression, Tyranny, and
 Sword:
 March amain to London, they'l rise, for
 there they flock,
 But stay a while, they seldome rise till
 ten a clock.

R. Q.

~~~~~  
 In praise of the Author,  
 Mistris Anne Bradstreet, Vertue's  
 true and lively Patterne, Wife of  
 the Worshipfull Simon Bradstreet Esquire.

At present residing in the Occidentall parts of the World, in  
 America, alias  
 Nov-Anglia.

What Golden splendent Star is this, so bright,  
 One thousand miles thrice told, both day, and night,

(From th' Orient first sprung) now from the West  
 That shines; swift-winged Phœbus, and the rest,  
 Of all Joves fiery flames surmounting far,  
 As doth each Planet, every falling Star;  
 By whose divine, and lucid light most cleare,  
 Natures darke secret Mysteries appeare;

Heaven's, Earths, admired wonders, noble acts  
 Of Kings, and Princes most heroyick facts,  
 And what e're else in darknes seem'd to dye,  
 Revives all things so obvious now to th' eye;  
 That he who these, its glittering Rayes views o're,  
 Shall see what's done, in all the world before.

*N. H.*

Upon the Author.

Twere extreame folly should I dare attempt,  
 To praise this Authors worth with complement;  
 None but her self must dare commend her parts,  
 Whose sublime brain's the Synopsis of Arts:  
 Nature and Skil, here both in one agree,  
 To frame this Master-peice of Poetry:  
 False Fame, belye their Sex, no more, it can,  
 Surpasse, or parallel the best of man.

*C. B.*

~~~~~  
 Another to M^{ris}. Anne Bradstreete,
 Author of this Poem.

I've read your Poem (Lady) and admire,
 Your Sex, to such a pitch should e're aspire;
 Goe on to write, continue to relate,
 New Histories, of Monarchy and State:
 And what the Romans to their Poets gave,
 Be sure such honour, and esteeme you'l have.

H. S.

~~~~~  
 An Anagram.

Anna Bradestreate. Deer Neat An Bartas.  
 So Bartas like thy fine spun Poems been,  
 That Bartas name will prove an Epicene.

~~~~~  
 Another.

Anne Bradstreete.
 Artes bred neat An.

~~~~~  
 [END OF COMMENDATORY VERSES; BEGINNING OF POEMS BY A..B.]

To her most Honoured Father

Thomas Dudley Esq; These

humbly presented.

Deare Sir, of late delighted with the sight,  
Of your four sisters, deckt in black & white {T.D. on the four parts of the world}

Of fairer Dames, the sun near saw the face,  
(though made a pedestall for Adams Race)  
Their worth so shines, in those rich lines you show.  
Their paralells to find I scarcely know,  
To climbe their Climes, I have nor strength, nor skill,  
To mount so high, requires an Eagles quill:  
Yet view thereof, did cause my thoughts to soare,  
My lowly pen, might wait upon those four,  
I bring my four; and four, now meanly clad,  
To do their homage unto yours most glad,  
Who for their age, their worth, and quality,  
Might seem of yours to claime precedency;  
But by my humble hand thus rudely pen'd  
They are your bounden handmaids to attend.  
These same are they, of whom we being have,  
These are of all, the life, the nurse, the grave,  
These are, the hot, the cold, the moist, the dry,  
That sinke, that swim, that fill, that upwards flye,

Of these consists, our bodyes, cloathes, and food,  
The world, the usefull, hurtfull, and the good:  
Sweet harmony they keep, yet jar oft times,  
Their discord may appear, by these harsh rimes.  
Yours did contest, for Wealth, for Arts, for Age,  
My first do shew, their good, and then their rage,  
My other four, do intermixed tell  
Each others faults, and where themselves excell:  
How hot, and dry, contend with moist, and cold,  
How Aire, and Earth, no correspondence hold,  
And yet in equall tempers, how they gree,  
How divers natures, make one unity.  
Something of all (though mean) I did intend,  
But fear'd you'd judge, one Bartas was my friend,  
I honour him, but dare not wear his wealth,  
My goods are true (though poor) I love no stealth,

But if I did, I durst not send them you;  
 Who must reward a theife but with his due.  
 I shall not need my innocence to clear,  
 These ragged lines, will do't, when they appear.  
 On what they are, your mild aspect I crave,  
 Accept my best, my worst vouchsafe a grave.

From her, that to your selfe more duty owes,  
 Then waters, in the boundlesse Ocean flowes.  
*March 20, 1642*

*Anne Bradstreet.*

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The Prologue.

1.

To sing of Wars, of Captaines, and of Kings,  
 Of Cities founded, of Common-wealths begun,  
 For my mean pen, are too superiour things,  
 And how they all, or each, their dates have run:  
 Let Poets and Historians set these forth,  
 My obscure Verse, shal not so dim their worth.

2.

But when my wondring eyes and envious heart,  
 Great Bartas sugar'd lines doe but read o're;  
 Foole, I doe grudge, the Muses did not part  
 'Twixt him and me, that over-fluent store;  
 A Bartas can, doe what a Bartas wil,  
 But simple I, according to my skill.

3.

From School-boyes tongue, no Rhethorick we expect,  
 Nor yet a sweet Consort, from broken strings,  
 Nor perfect beauty, where's a maine defect,  
 My foolish, broken, blemish'd Muse so sings;  
 And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,  
 'Cause Nature made it so irreparable.

4.

Nor can I, like that fluent, sweet tongu'd Greek  
 Who lisp'd at first, speake afterwards more plaine

By Art, he gladly found what he did seeke,  
 A full requitall of his striving paine:  
 Art can doe much, but this maxime's most sure,  
 A weake or wounded brain admits no cure.

## 5.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue,  
 Who sayes, my hand a needle better fits,  
 A Poets Pen, all scorne, I should thus wrong;  
 For such despight they cast on female wits:  
 If what I doe prove well, it wo'nt advance,  
 They'l say its stolne, or else, it was by chance.

## 6.

But sure the antick Greeks were far more milde,  
 Else of our Sex, why feigned they those nine,  
 And poesy made, Calliope's owne childe,  
 So 'mongst the rest, they plac'd the Arts divine:  
 But this weake knot they will full soone untye,  
 The Greeks did nought, but play the foole and lye.

## 7.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and Women what they are,  
 Men have precedency, and still excell,  
 It is but vaine, unjustly to wage war,  
 Men can doe best, and Women know it well;  
 Preheminance in each, and all is yours,  
 Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

## 8.

And oh, ye high flown quilts, that soare the skies,  
 And ever with your prey, still catch your praise,  
 If e're you daigne these lowly lines, your eyes  
 Give wholesome Parsley wreath, I aske no Bayes:  
 This meane and unrefined stufte of mine,  
 Will make your glistering gold but more to shine.

A. B.

~~~~~  
 [The original four quaternions, *The Elements*, *The Humours*, *The Ages of Man*, *The Four Seasons* come next; see the link from the 1642 manuscript for these poems]
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The Foure Monarchies,  
the Assyrian being the first,  
beginning under Nimrod, 131. yeares  
after the Floud.

When Time was young, and World in infancy,  
Man did not strive for Sovereignty,  
But each one thought his petty rule was high  
If of his house he held the Monarchy:  
This was the Golden Age, but after came  
The boysterous Sons of Cush, Grand-child to Ham,  
That mighty Hunter, who in his strong toyls,  
Both Beasts and Men subjected to his spoyls.  
The strong foundation of proud Babel laid,  
Erech, Accad, and Calneh also made;  
These were his first, all stood in Shinar land,  
From thence he went Assyria to command;  
And mighty Ninivie, he there begun,  
Not finished, til he his race had run;  
Resen, Caleh and Rehoboth likewise,  
By him, to Cities eminent did rise;  
Of Saturn, he was the original,  
Whom the succeeding times a god did call:  
When thus with rule he had been dignified,  
One hundred fourteen years, he after dyed.

*Bellus.*

Great Nimrod dead, Bellus the next, his Son,  
Confirms the rule his Father had begun,  
Whose acts, and power, is not for certainty,  
Left to the world, by any History;  
But yet this blot for ever on him lyes,  
He taught the people first to Idolize;  
Titles divine, he to himself did take,  
Alive, and dead, a god they did him make;  
This is that Bell, the Chaldees worshipped,  
Whose Preists, in Stories, oft are mentioned;  
This is that Bell, to whom the Israelites  
So oft profanely offered sacred rites;  
This is Belzebub, god of Ekronites,  
Likewise Bal-peor, of the Moabites:  
His reign was short, for as I calculate,  
At twenty five, ended his regal date.

*Ninus.*

His father dead, Ninus begins his reign,  
 Transfers his Seat, to the Assyrian plain,  
 And mighty Ninivie more mighty made,  
 Whose foundation was by his Grand-sire laid;  
 Four hundred forty Furlongs, wall'd about,  
 On which stood fifteen hundred towers stout:  
 The walls one hundred sixty foot upright,  
 So broad, three Chariots run abreast there might,  
 Upon the pleasant banks of Tigris flood,  
 This stately seat of warlike Ninus stood.  
 This Ninus for a god, his father canoniz'd,  
 To whom the sottish people sacrific'd;  
 This Tyrant did his neighbours all oppresse,  
 Where e're he warr'd he had too good successe,  
 Barzanes, the great Armenian King,  
 By force, his tributary, he did bring.  
 The Median country, he did also gain,  
 Pharmus, their King, he caused to be slain;  
 An army of three Millions he led out,  
 Against the Bactrians (but that I doubt)  
 Zoroaster their King, he likewise slew,  
 And all the greater Asia did subdue;  
 Semiramis from Menon he did take,  
 Then drown himself, did Menon, for her sake;  
 Fifty two years he reign'd (as we are told)  
 The world then was two thousand nineteen old.

*Semiramis.*

This great oppressing Ninus dead, and gone,  
 His wife, Semiramis, usurp'd the throne,  
 She like a brave Virago, play'd the rex,  
 And was both the shame, and glory of her sex;  
 Her birth-place was Philistrius Ascalon,  
 Her Mother Docreta, a Curtezan;  
 Others report, she was a vestal Nun,  
 Adjudged to be drown'd, for what she'd done;  
 Transform'd into a fish, by Venus will,  
 Her beauteous face (they feign) retaining still.  
 Sure from this fiction, Dagon first began,  
 Changing his womans face, into a man.  
 But all agree, that from no lawfull bed;  
 This great renowned Empresse, issued.  
 For which, she was obscurely nourished.

Whence rose that fable, she by birds was fed.  
 This gallant dame, unto the Bactrian war;  
 Accompanying her husband Menon far,  
 Taking a towne, such valour she did show,  
 That Ninus of her, amorous soon did grow;  
 And thought her fit, to make a Monarch's wife,  
 Which was the cause, poor Menon lost his life,  
 She flourishing with Ninus, long did reigne;  
 Till her ambition, caus'd him to be slaine:  
 That having nor compeer, she might rule all,  
 Or else she sought, revenge for Menons fall:  
 Some think the Greeks, this slander on her cast,  
 As of her life, licentious, and unchast.  
 And that her worth deserved no such blame,  
 As their aspersions, cast upon the same.  
 But were her vertues, more, or lesse, or none,  
 She for her potency, must go alone.  
 Her wealth she shew'd in building Babylon;  
 Admir'd of all, but equaliz'd of none.  
 The walls so strong, and curiously were wrought;  
 That after ages, skil, by them were taught.  
 With Towers, and Bulwarks made of costly stone  
 Quadrangle was the forme, it stood upon:  
 Each Square, was fifteen thousand paces long,  
 An hundred gates, it had, of mettall strong;  
 Three hundred sixty foot, the walls in heighth:  
 Almost incredible, they were in breadth.  
 Most writers say, six chariots might a front,  
 With great facility, march safe upon't.  
 About the wall, a ditch so deep and wide,  
 That like a river, long it did abide.  
 Three hundred thousand men, here day, by day;  
 Bestow'd their labour, and receiv'd their pay,  
 But that which did, all cost, and art excell,  
 The wondrous Temple was, she rear'd to Bell;  
 Which in the midst, of the brave Town was plac'd  
 (Continuing, till Xerxes it defac'd)  
 Whose stately top, beyond the clouds did rise;  
 From whence, Astrologers, oft view'd the skies.  
 This to discribe, in each particular,  
 A structure rare, I should but rudely marre,  
 Her gardens, bridges, arches, mounts, and spires;  
 All eyes that saw, or ears that hears, admires.  
 On Shinar plain, by the Euphratan flood,  
 This wonder of the world, this Babell stood.  
 An expedition to the East she made.

Great King Staurobates, for to invade.  
 Her Army of four Millions did consist,  
 (Each man beleive it, as his fancy list)  
 Her Camells, Chariots, Gallies in such number,  
 As puzzells best hystorians to remember:  
 But this is marvelous, of all those men,  
 (They say) but twenty, ere came back agen.  
 The River Indus swept them half away,  
 The rest Staurobates in fight did slay.  
 This was last progresse of this mighty Queen,  
 Who in her Country never more was seen.  
 The Poets feign her turn'd into a Dove,  
 Leaving the world, to Venus, soar'd above,  
 Which made the Assyrians many a day,  
 A Dove within their Ensigne to display.  
 Forty two years she reign'd, and then she dy'd,  
 But by what means, we are not certifi'd.

*Ninias, or Zamies.*

His Mother dead, Ninias obtains his right,  
 A Prince wedded to ease, and to delight,  
 Or else was his obedience very great,  
 To sit, thus long (obscure) wrong'd of his seat;  
 Some write, his Mother put his habite on,  
 Which made the people think they serv'd her Son;  
 But much it is, in more then forty years,  
 This fraud, in war, nor peace, at all appears;  
 It is more like, being with pleasures fed,  
 He sought no rule, til she was gone, and dead;  
 What then he did, of worth, can no man tel,  
 But is suppos'd to be that Amraphel,  
 Who warr'd with Sodoms, and Gomorahs King,  
 'Gainst whom his trained Bands Abram did bring.  
 Some may object, his Parents ruling all,  
 How he thus suddenly should be thus small?  
 This answer may suffice, whom it wil please,  
 He thus voluptuous, and given to ease;  
 Each wronged Prince, or childe that did remain,  
 Would now advantage take, their own to gain;  
 So Province, after Province, rent away,  
 Until that potent Empire did decay.  
 Again, the Country was left bare (there is no doubt)  
 Of men, and wealth, his mother carried out;  
 Which to her neighbours, when it was made known,  
 Did then incite, them to regain their own.

What e're he was, they did, or how it fel,  
 We may suggest our thoughts, but cannot tel;  
 For Ninias, and all his Race are left,  
 In deep oblivion, of acts bereft,  
 And e'leav'n hundred of years in silence sit,  
 Save a few names anew, Berosus writ,  
 And such as care not, what befalls their fames,  
 May feign as many acts, as he did names;  
 It is enough, if all be true that's past,  
 T' Sardanapalus next we wil make haste.

*Sardanapalus.*

Sardanapalus, (Son t' Ocrazapes)  
 Who wallowed in all voluptuousnesse,  
 That palliardizing sot, that out of doores  
 Ne're shew'd his face, but revell'd with his Whores.  
 Did wear their garb, their gestures imitate,  
 And their kind t' excel did emulate.  
 Knowing his basenesse, and the peoples hate,  
 Kept ever close, fearing some dismal fate;  
 At last Arbaces brave, unwarily,  
 His master like a Strumpet chanc'd to spy,  
 His manly heart disdain'd, in the least,  
 Longer to serve this Metamorphos'd beast;  
 Unto Belosus, then he brake his minde,  
 Who sick of his disease, he soone did finde.  
 These two rul'd Media and Babylon  
 Both, for their King, held their dominion,  
 Belosus, promised Arbaces aide,  
 Arbaces him, fully to be repaid.  
 The last, the Medes and Persians doth invite.  
 Against their monstrous King to bring their might,  
 Belosus the Chaldeans doth require,  
 And the Arabians, to further his desire.  
 These all agree, and forty thousand make,  
 The rule from their unworthy Prince to take  
 By prophesie, Belosus strength's their hands,  
 Arbaces must be master of their lands.  
 These Forces mustered, and in array,  
 Sardanapalus leaves his Apish play.  
 And though of wars, he did abhor the sight;  
 Fear of his diadem, did force him fight:  
 And either by his valour or his fate  
 Arbaces courage he did sore abate:  
 That in dispaire, he left the field and fled:

But with fresh hopes Belosus succoured.  
 From Bactaria an Army was at hand,  
 Prest for this service, by the Kings command;  
 These with celerity, Arbaces meers,  
 And with all termes of amity, he greets,  
 Makes promises, their necks for to un-yoak,  
 And their Taxations sore, all to revoake,  
 T'infranchise them, to grant what they could crave,  
 To want no priviledge, Subjects should have,  
 Only intreats them, joyn their force with his,  
 And win the Crown, which was the way to blisse,  
 Won by his loving looks, more loving speech,  
 T'accept of what they could, they him beseech.  
 Both sides their hearts, their hands, their bands unite,  
 And set upon their Princes Camp that night;  
 Who revelling in Cups, sung care away,  
 For victory obtain'd the other day;  
 But all surpris'd, by this unlookt for fright.  
 Bereft of wits, were slaughtered down right.  
 The King his Brother leaves, all to sustaine,  
 And speeds himself to Ninivie amain;  
 But Salmeneus slaine, his Army fals,  
 The King's pursu'd unto the City wals;  
 But he once in, pursuers came too late,  
 The wals, and gates, their course did terminate;  
 There with all store he was so wel provided,  
 That what Arbaces did, was but derided;  
 Who there incamp'd two years, for little end:  
 But in the third, the River prov'd his friend,  
 Which through much rain, then swelling up so high,  
 Part of the wal it level caus'd to lye;  
 Arbaces marches in, the town did take,  
 For few, or none, did there resistance make;  
 And now they saw fulfill'd a Prophetie;  
 That when the River prov'd their enemy,  
 Their strong wall'd town should suddenly be taken;  
 By this accomplishment, their hearts were shaken:  
 Sardanapalus did not seek to fly,  
 This his inevitable destiny;  
 But all his wealth, and friends, together gets,  
 Then on himself, and them, a fire he sets;  
 This the last Monarch was, of Ninus race,  
 Which for twelve hundred years had held that place;  
 Twenty he reign'd, same time, as Stories tel,  
 That Amazia was King of Israel;  
 His Father was then King (as we suppose)

When Jonah for their sins denounc'd such woes;  
 He did repent, therefore it was not done,  
 But was accomplished now, in his Son.  
 Arbaces thus, of all becomming Lord,  
 Ingeniously with each did keep his word;  
 Of Babylon, Belosus he made King,  
 With over-plus of all treasures therein,  
 To Bactrians, he gave their liberty,  
 Of Ninivites, he caused none to dye,  
 But suffered, with goods to go elsewhere,  
 Yet would not let them to inhabite there;  
 For he demolished that City great,  
 And then to Media transfer'd his seat.  
 Thus was the promise bound, since first he crav'd,  
 Of Medes, and Persians, their assisting aide;  
 A while he, and his race, aside must stand,  
 Not pertinent to what we have in hand;  
 But Belochus in's progeny pursue,  
 Who did this Monarchy begin anew.

*Belosus, or Belochus.*

Belosus settled, in his new, old seat,  
 Not so content, but aiming to be great,  
 Incroached stil upon the bord'ring Lands,  
 Til Mesopotamia he got in's hands,  
 And either by compound, or else by strength,  
 Assyria he also gain'd at length;  
 Then did rebuild destroyed Ninivie,  
 A costly work, which none could doe but he,  
 Who own'd the treasures of proud Babylon,  
 And those which seem'd with Sardanapal's gone;  
 But though his Palace, did in ashes lye,  
 The fire, those Mettals could not damnifie;  
 From rubbish these, with diligence he rakes,  
 Arbaces sufferers all, and all he takes.  
 He thus inricht, by this new tryed gold,  
 Raises a Phœix new, from grave o'th old;  
 And from this heap did after Ages see,  
 As fair a Town, as the first Ninivie.  
 When this was built, and all matters in peace,  
 Molests poor Israel, his wealth t'increase.  
 A thousand tallents of Menahem had,  
 Who to be rid of such a guest, was glad;  
 In sacred Writ, he's known by name of Pul,  
 Which makes the world of differences so ful,

That he, and Belochus, one could not be,  
 But circumstance, doth prove the verity;  
 And times of both computed, so fall out,  
 That those two made but one, we need not doubt:  
 What else he did, his Empire to advance,  
 To rest content we must, in ignorance.  
 Forty eight years he reign'd, his race then run,  
 He left his new got Kingdoms to his Son.

*Tiglath Palasser.*

Belosus dead, Tiglath his warlike Son  
 Next treads the steps, by which his Father won.  
 Damascus, ancient seat of famous Kings,  
 Under subjection by his sword he brings;  
 Resin their valiant King, he also slew,  
 And Syria t'obedience did subdue;  
 Juda's bad King occasioned this War,  
 When Resins force his borders sore did mar.  
 And divers Cities, by strong hand did seize,  
 To Tiglath then doth Ahaz send for ease.  
 The temple robes, so to fulfill his ends,  
 And to Assyria's King a Present sends.  
 I am thy Servant, and thy Son (quoth he)  
 From Rezin, and from Pekah set me free:  
 Gladly doth Tiglath this advantage take,  
 And succours Ahaz, yet for Tiglath's sake,  
 When Rezin's slain, his Army over-thrown,  
 Syria he makes a Province of his own.  
 Unto Damascus then, comes Judah's King,  
 His humble thankfulnesse (with hast) to bring,  
 Acknowledging th' Assyrians high desert,  
 To whom, he ought all loyalty of heart.  
 But Tiglath, having gain'd his wished end,  
 Proves unto Ahaz but a feigned friend;  
 All Israels Land, beyond Jordan, he takes.  
 In Galilee, he woful havock makes;  
 Through Syria now he marcht, none stopt his way,  
 And Ahaz open, at his mercy lay,  
 Who stil implor'd his love, but was distress'd,  
 (This was that Ahaz, which so much transgrest.)  
 Thus Tiglath reign'd, and warr'd twenty seven years,  
 Then by his death, releas'd, was Israels fears.

*Salmanasser, or Nabonasser.*

Tiglath deceas'd, Salmanasser is next,  
 He Israelites, more then his Father vext;  
 Hoshea, their last King, he did invade,  
 And him six years his tributary made;  
 But weary of his servitude, he sought,  
 To Ægypt's King, which did avail him nought;  
 For Salmanasser, with a mighty Hoast,  
 Besieg'd his regal town, and spoyl'd his Coast,  
 And did the people, nobles, and their King,  
 Into perpetual thraldome that time bring;  
 Those that from Joshua's time had been Estate,  
 [note] Did Justice now, by him, eradicate:  
 This was that strange degenerated brood,  
 On whom, nor threats, nor mercies could do good;  
 Laden with honour, prisoners, and with spoyl,  
 Returns triumphant Victor to his soyl;  
 Plac'd Israel in's Land, where he thought best,  
 Then sent his Colonies, theirs to invest;  
 Thus Jacobs Sons, in exile must remain,  
 And pleasant Canaan ne're see again:  
 Where now those ten Tribes are, can no man tel,  
 Or how they fare, rich, poor, or ill, or wel;  
 Whether the Indians of the East, or West,  
 Or wild Tartarians, as yet ne're blest,  
 Or else those Chinoes rare, whose wealth, and Arts,  
 Hath bred more wonder, then beleefe in hearts;  
 But what, or where they are, yet know we this;  
 They shal return, and Zion see, with blisse.

*Senacherib.*

Senacherib Salmaneser succeeds,  
 Whose haughty heart is shewn in works, and deeds;  
 His Wars none better then himself can boast,  
 On Henah, Arpad, and on Ivah least;  
 On Hena's, and on Sepharuaim's gods,  
 [note] Twixt them and Israels he knew no odds.  
 Until the thundring hand of heaven he felt,  
 Which made his Army into nothing melt;  
 With shame then turn'd to Ninivie again,  
 And by his Sons in's Idols house was slain.

*Essarhadon.*

His Son, weak Essarhadon reign'd in's place,  
 The fifth, and last, of great Belosus race,  
 Brave Merodach, the Son of Balladan,  
 In Babylon, Leiutenant to this man,  
 Of opportunity advantage takes,  
 And on his Masters ruins, his house makes;  
 And Belosus, first, his did unthroned,  
 So he's now stil'd, the King of Babylon;  
 After twelve years did Essarhadon dye,  
 And Merodach assume the Monarchy.

*Merodach Baladan.*

All yeelds to him, but Ninivie kept free,  
 Until his Grand-childe made her bow the knee;  
 [note] Embassadours to Hezekiah sent,  
 His health congratulates with complement.

*Ben. Merodach*

Ben. Merodach, Successor to this King,  
 [note] Of whom is little said in any thing;  
 But by conjecture this, and none but he,  
 Led King Manasseh, to captivity.

*Nebulassa.*

Brave Nebulassar to this King was Sonne,  
 The ancient Niniveh by him was won;  
 For fifty years, or more, it had been free,  
 [note] Now yeelds her neck unto captivity:  
 A Vice-roy from her foe, she's glad t'accept,  
 By whom in firm obedience she's kept.

*Nebuchadnezar, or Nebopolassar.*

The famous Wars, of this Heroyick King,  
 Did neither Homer, Hesiod, Virgil sing;  
 Nor of his acts have we the certainty,  
 From some Thucidides grave History;  
 Nor's Metamorphosis from Ovids Book,  
 Nor his restoring from old legends took;  
 But by Prophets, Pen-men most Divine,

This Prince in's magnitude doth ever shine;  
 This was of Monarchies that head of gold,  
 The richest, and the dreadfull'st to behold;  
 This was that tree, whose branches fill'd the earth,  
 Under whose shadow, birds, and beasts, had birth;  
 This was that King of Kings, did what he pleas'd,  
 Kild, sav'd, pull'd down, set up, or pain'd, or eas'd;  
 And this is he, who when he fear'd the least,  
 Was turned from a King, unto a Beast;  
 This Prince, the last year of his Fathers reign,  
 Against Jehoiakim marcht with his train;  
 Judah's poor King besieg'd, who succourlesse,  
 Yeelds to his mercy, and the present stresse;  
 His Vassal is, gives pledges for his truth,  
 Children of Royal blood, unblemish'd youth;  
 Wise Daniel, and his fellows 'mongst the rest,  
 By the victorious King to Babel's prest;  
 The temple of rich ornaments defac'd,  
 And in his Idols house the Vassal's plac'd.  
 The next year he, with unresisted hand,  
 Quite vanquish'd Pharaoh Necho, and his Band;  
 By great Euphrates did his Army fall,  
 Which was the losse of Syria withall;  
 Then into Ægypt, Necho did retire,  
 Which in few years proves the Assyrians hire;  
 A mighty Army next, he doth prepare,  
 And unto wealthy Tyre with hast repaire.  
 Such was the scituation of this place,  
 As might not him, but all the world out-face,  
 That in her pride, she knew not which to boast,  
 Whether her wealth, or yet her strength was most;  
 How in all Merchandise she did excell,  
 None but the true Ezekiel need to tell:  
 And for her strength, how hard she was to gain,  
 Can Babels tired Souldiers tell with pain;  
 Within an Island had this City seat,  
 Divided from the maine, by channel great;  
 Of costly Ships, and Gallies, she had store,  
 And Mariners, to handle sayle, and oare;  
 But the Chaldeans had nor ships, nor skill,  
 Their shoulders must their Masters minde fulfill;  
 Fetch rubbish from the opposite old town,  
 And in the channell throw each burden down;  
 Where after many assayes, they make at last,  
 The Sea firm Land, whereon the Army past,  
 And took the wealthy town, but all the gain

Requited not the cost, toyle, and pain.  
 Full thirteen yeares in this strange work he spent,  
 Before he could accomplish his intent;  
 And though a Victor home his Army leads,  
 With peeled shoulders, and with balded heads,  
 When in the Tyrian wars, the King was hot,  
 Jehoiakim his Oath had clean forgot;  
 Thinks this the fittest time to break his bands,  
 While Babels King thus deep engaged stands;  
 But he (alas) whose fortunes now i'th ebbe,  
 Had all his hopes like to a Spiders web;  
 For this great King, with-drawes part of his force,  
 To Judah marches with a speedy course,  
 And unexpected findes the feeble Prince,  
 Whom he chastised for his proud offence;  
 Fast bound, intends at Babel he shal stay,  
 But chang'd his minde, and slew him by the way;  
 Thus cast him out, like to a naked Asse,  
 For this was he, for whom none said, Alas!  
 His Son three months he suffered to reign,  
 Then from his throne, he pull'd him down again:  
 Whom with his Mother, he to Babel led,  
 And more then thirty years in prison fed;  
 His Unckle, he established in's place,  
 Who was last King of holy Davids race;  
 But he, as perjur'd as Jehoiakim,  
 Judah lost more (then e're they lost) by him;  
 Seven years he keeps his faith, and safe he dwels,  
 But in the eighth, against his Prince rebels;  
 The ninth, came Nebuchadnezar with power,  
 Besieg'd his City, Temple, Zions Tower;  
 And after eighteen months he took them all,  
 The wals so strong, that stood so long, now fall;  
 The cursed King, by flight could no wise free  
 His wel deserv'd, and fore-told misery;  
 But being caught, to Babels wrathful King,  
 With Children, Wives, and Nobles, all they bring,  
 Where to the sword, all but himself was put,  
 And with that woful sight his eyes close shut.  
 A haplesse man, whose darksome contemplation,  
 Was nothing, but such gastly meditation;  
 In mid'st of Babel now, til death he lyes,  
 Yet as was told, ne're saw it with his eyes;  
 The Temple's burnt, the Vessels had away,  
 The Towers, and Palaces, brought to decay;  
 Where late, of Harp, and Lute, was heard the noyse,

Now Zim and Sim, lift up their shrieking voyce;  
 All now of worth, are captive led with tears,  
 There sit bewailing Zion seventy years.  
 With all these Conquests, Babels King rests not,  
 No, nor when Moab, Edom he had got.  
 Kedar, Hazer, the Arabians too,  
 All Vassals, at his hands, for grace must sue;  
 A totall Conquest of rich Ægypt makes,  
 All rule, he from the ancient Pharoes takes;  
 Who had for sixteen hundred years born sway,  
 To Babylons proud King, now yeelds the day.  
 Then Put, and Lud, doe at his mercy stand,  
 Where e're he goes, he Conquers every Land;  
 His sumptuous buildings passes all conceit,  
 Which wealth, and strong ambition made so great;  
 His Image, Judahs Captives worship not,  
 Although the Furnace be seven times more hot;  
 His Dreams, wise Daniel doth expound ful wel,  
 And his unhappy change with grief fore-tel;  
 Strange melancholly humours on him lay,  
 Which for seven years his reason took away;  
 Which from no natural causes did proceed,  
 For by the Heavens above it was decreed:  
 The time expir'd, remains a Beast no more:  
 Resumes his Government, as heretofore,  
 In splendor, and in Majesty, he sits,  
 Contemplating those times he lost his wits;  
 And if by words, we may guesse at the heart,  
 This King among the righteous had a part:  
 Forty four years he reign'd, which being run,  
 He left his Wealth, and Conquest, to his Son.

*Evilmerodach.*

Babels great Monarch, now laid in the dust,  
 His son possesses wealth, and rule, as just;  
 And in the first year of his royalty,  
 Easeth Jehoiakims captivity.  
 Poor forlon Prince, that had all state forgot,  
 In seven and thirty years, had seen no jot,  
 Among the Conquered Kings, that there did lye,  
 Is Judah's King, now lifted up on high.  
 But yet in Babell, he must still remain:  
 And native Canaan, never see again,  
 Unlike his father, Evilmerodach,  
 Prudence, and magnanimity, did lack

Faire Ægypt is, by his remissenesse lost;  
 Arabia, and all the boardering coast.  
 Wars with the Medes, unhappily he wag'd,  
 (Within which broiles, rich Cræsus was engag'd,)  
 His Army routed, and himselfe there slain,  
 His Kingdome to Belshazzar did remain,

*Belshazzar.*

Unworthy Belshazzar next weares the Crown,  
 Whose prophane acts, a sacred pen sets down.  
 His lust, and cruelty, in books we find,  
 A Royall State, rul'd by a bruitish mind.  
 His life so base, and dissolute, invites  
 The Noble Persains, to invade his rights.  
 Who with his own, and Uncles power anon;  
 Laves siedege to's regall seat, proud Babylon,  
 The coward King, whose strength lay in his walls,  
 To banquetting, and revelling now falls,  
 To shew his little dread, but greater store,  
 To chear his friends, and scorn his foes the more.  
 The holy vessells, thither brought long since,  
 Carous'd they in; and sacrilegious Prince,  
 Did praise his gods of mettall, wood, and stone,  
 Protectors of his Crown, and Babylon,  
 But he above, his doings did deride,  
 And with a hand, soon dashed all his pride,  
 The King, upon the wall casting his eye:  
 The fingers of his hand-writing did spy.  
 Which horrid sight, he fears, must needs portend,  
 Destruction to his Crown, to's Person end.  
 With quaking knees, and heart appall'd, he crys,  
 For the Soothsayers, and Magicians wise;  
 This language strange, to read, and to unfold;  
 With guifts of Scarlet robe, and Chaines of gold,  
 And highest dignity, next to the King,  
 To him that could interpret clear this thing:  
 But dumb the gazing Astrologers stand,  
 Amazed at the writing, and the hand.  
 None answers the affrighted Kings intent.  
 Who still expects some fearful sad event,  
 As thus amort he sits, as all undone:  
 In comes the Queen, to chear her heartlesse son.  
 Of Daniel tells, who in his Grand-sires dayes,  
 Was held in more request, then now he was,  
 Daniel in haste, is brought before the King,

Who doth not flatter, nor once cloake the thing.  
 Re-minds him of his Grand-sires height, and fall,  
 And of his own notorious sins, withall;  
 His drunkenesse, and his prophainnesse high,  
 His pride, and sottish grosse Idolatry.  
 The guilty King, with colour pale, and dead,  
 There hears his Mene, and his Tekel read;  
 And did one thing worthy a King (though late)  
 Perform'd his word, to him, that told his fate;  
 That night victorious Cyrus took the town,  
 Who soone did terminate his Life, and Crown:  
 With him did end the race of Baladan,  
 And now the Persian Monarchy began.

The end of the Assyrian Monarchy.

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 The Second Monarchy,
 being the Persian, begun under
 Cyrus, Darius (being his Unckle,
 and his Father in Law) reigning with him about two years.

Cyrus Cambyses, Son of Persia's King
 Whom Lady Mandana did to him bring;
 She Daughter unto great Astiages,
 He in descent the seventh from Arbaces.
 Cambyses was of Achemenes race,
 Who had in Persia the Lieutenants place.
 When Sardanapalus was over-thrown,
 And from that time, had held it as his own;
 Cyrus, Darius Daughter took to wife,
 And so unites two Kingdoms, without strife;
 Darius was unto Madana brother,
 Adopts her Son for his, having no other:
 This is of Cyrus the true pedigree,
 Whose Ancestors, were royal in degree;
 His Mothers Dream, and Grand-sires cruelty,
 His preservation in his misery;
 His nourishment afforded by a Bitch,
 Are fit for such, whose eares for fables itch;
 He in his younger dayes an Army led,
 Against great Cressus, then of Lidia head;
 Who over-curious of wars event,
 For information to Apollo went:
 And the ambiguous Oracle did trust,
 So over-thrown of Gyruus, as was just;

Who him pursues to Sardis, takes the town,
 Where all that doe resist, are slaughter'd down;
 Disguised Cressus, hop'd to scape i'th throng,
 Who had no might to save himself from wrong;
 But as he past, his Son, who was born dumbe,
 With pressing grief, and sorrow, over-come,
 Amidst the tumult, bloud-shed, and the strife,
 Brake his long silence, cry'd, spare Cressus life:
 Cressus thus known, it was great Cyrus doome,
 (A hard decree) to ashes he consume;
 Then on a Pike being set, where all might eye,
 He Solon, Solon, Solon, thrice did cry.
 Upon demand, his minde to Cyrus broke,
 And told, how Solon in his hight had spoke.
 With pittie Cyrus mov'd, knowing Kings stand,
 Now up, now down, as fortune turnes her hand,
 Weighing the age, and greatnesse of the Prince,
 (His Mothers Unckle, stories doe evince:)
 Gave him at once, his life, and Kingdom too,
 And with the Lidians, had no more to doe.
 Next war, the restlesse Cyrus thought upon,
 Was conquest of the stately Babylon,
 Now trebble wall'd, and moated so about,
 That all the world they neither feare, nor doubt;
 To drain this ditch, he many sluces cut,
 But till convenient time their heads kept shut;
 That night Belshazzar feasted all his rout,
 He cuts those banks, and let the river out;
 And to the walls securely marches on,
 Not finding a defendant thereupon;
 Enters the town, the sottish King he slayes,
 Upon earths richest spoyles his Souldiers preys;
 Here twenty yeares provision he found,
 Forty five mile this City scarce could round;
 This head of Kingdoms, Caldes excellence,
 For Owles, and Satyres, makes a residence;
 Yet wondrous Monuments this stately Queen,
 Had after thousand yeares faire to be seen.
 Cyrus doth now the Jewish captives free,
 An Edict makes, the Temple builded be,
 He with his Unckle Daniel sets on high,
 And caus'd his foes in Lions den to dye.
 Long after this, he 'gainst the Sythians goes,
 And Tomris Son, an Army over-throwes;
 Which to revenge, she hires a mighty power,
 And sets on Cyrus, in a fatall houre;

There routs his Hoast, himself she prisoner takes,
 And at one blow, worlds head, she headlesse makes;
 The which she bak'd within a But of blood,
 Using such taunting words as she thought good.
 But Zenophon reports, he dy'd in's bed,
 In honour, peace, and wealth, with a grey head,
 And in his Town of Pasargada lyes,
 Where Alexander fought, in hope of prize,
 But in this Tombe was only to be found
 Two Sythian bowes, a sword, and target round;
 Where that proud Conquerour could doe no lesse,
 Then at his Herse great honours to expresse;
 Three Daughters, and two Sons, he left behind,
 Innobled more by birth, then by their mind;
 Some thirty years this potent Prince did reign,
 Unto Cambyses then, all did remain.

Cambyses.

Cambyses, no wayes like, his noble Sire,
 But to enlarge his state, had some desire;
 His reign with Blood, and Incest, first begins,
 Then sends to finde a Law for these his sins;
 That Kings with Sisters match, no Law they finde,
 But that the Persian King, may act his minde;
 Which Law includes all Lawes, though lawlesse stil,
 And makes it lawful Law, if he but wil;
 He wages warre, the fifth year of his reign,
 'Gainst Ægypt's King, who there by him was slain,
 And all of Royal blood that came to hand,
 He seized first of life, and then of Land;
 (But little Marus, scap'd that cruel fate,
 Who grown a man, resum'd again his state)
 He next to Cyprus sends his bloody Hoast
 Who landed soon upon that fruitful coast,
 Made Evelthon their King, with bended knee,
 To hold his own, of his free courtesie;
 The Temples he destroyes not, for his zeal,
 But he would be profest god of their Weal;
 Yea, in his pride, he ventured so farre,
 To spoyl the Temple of great Jupiter;
 But as they matched o're those desart sands,
 The stormed dust o'r-whelm'd his daring bands;
 But scorning thus by Jove to be out-brav'd,
 A second Army there had almost gravd;
 But vain he found, to fight with Elements,

So left his sacrilegious bold intents:
 The Ægyptian Apis then he likewise slew,
 Laughing to scorn that calvish, sottish crew.
 If all his heat, had been for a good end.
 Cambyses to the clouds, we might commend;
 But he that 'fore the gods, himself prefers,
 Is more prophane, then grosse Idolaters;
 And though no gods, if he esteem them some,
 And contemn them, woful is his doome.
 He after this, saw in a Vision,
 His brother Smerdis sit upon his throne;
 He strait to rid himself of causlesse fears,
 Complots the Princes death, in his green years,
 Who for no wrong, poore innocent must dye,
 Praraspes now must act this tragedy;
 Who into Persia with Commission sent,
 Accomplished this wicked Kings intent;
 His sister, whom incestuously he wed,
 Hearing her harmlesse brother thus was dead,
 His woful fate with tears did so bemoane,
 That by her Husbands charge, she caught her owne;
 She with her fruit was both at once undone,
 Who would have borne a Nephew, and a Son.
 O hellish Husband, Brother, Unckle, Sire,
 Thy cruelty will Ages still admire.
 This strange severity, one time he us'd,
 Upon a Judge, for breach of Law accus'd;
 Flayd him alive, hung up his stuffed skin
 Over his Seat, then plac'd his Son therein;
 To whom he gave this in remembrance,
 Like fault must look, for the like recompence.
 Praraspes, to Cambyses favourite,
 Having one son, in whom he did delight,
 His cruell Master, for all service done,
 Shot through the heart of his beloved son:
 And only for his fathers faithfullnesse,
 Who said but what, the King bad him expresse.
 'T would be no pleasant, but a tedious thing,
 To tell the facts, of this most bloody King.
 Fear'd of all, but lov'd of few, or none,
 All thought his short reign long, till it was done.
 At last, two of his Officers he hears,
 Had set a Smerdis up, of the same years;
 And like in feature, to the Smerdis dead,
 Ruling as they thought good, under his head.
 Toucht with this newes, to Persia he makes,

But in the way, his sword just vengeance takes.
 Unsheathes, as he his horse mounted on high,
 And with a Mortall thrust, wounds him ith' thigh,
 Which ends before begun, the Persian Warre,
 Yeelding to death, that dreadfull Conquerer.
 Griefe for his brothers death, he did expresse,
 And more, because he dyed issulesse.
 The Male line, of great Cyrus now did end.
 The Female many ages did extend,
 A Babylon in Egypt did he make.
 And built fair Meroe, for his sisters sake.
 Eight years he reign'd, a short, yet too long time,
 Cut off in's wickednesse, in's strength, and prime.

*The inter Regnum between Cambyses,
 and Darius Hyslaspes.*

Childlesse Cambyses, on the sudden dead,
 The Princes meet to chuse one in his stead,
 Of which the cheife were seven, call'd Satrapes,
 (Who like to Kings, rul'd Kingdomes as they please,)
 Descended all, of Achemenes blood,
 And kinsmen in account, to th' King they stood,
 And first these noble Magi 'gree upon,
 To thrust th'Imposter Smerdis out of throne,
 Their Forces instantly they raise, and rout,
 This King, with conspirators so stout,
 Who little pleasure had, in his short reigne,
 And now with his accomplyces lye slaine.
 But yet, 'fore this was done, much blood was shed,
 And two of these great Peers, in place lay dead:
 Some write that sorely hurt, they 'scap'd away;
 But so or no, sure tis, they won the day.
 All things in peace, and Rebels throughly quel'd,
 A Consultation by the States was held.
 What forme of Government now to erect,
 The old, or new, which best, in what respect,
 The greater part, declin'd a Monarchy.
 So late crusht by their Princes Tyranny;
 And thought the people, would more happy be,
 If governed by an Aristocracy.
 But others thought (none of the dullest braine,)
 But better one, then many Tyrants reigne.
 What arguments they us'd, I know not well,
 Too politicke (tis like) for me to tell
 But in conclusion they all agree,

That of the seven a Monarch chosen be;
 All envie to avoyd, this was thought on,
 Upon a Green to meet, by rising Sun;
 And he whose Horse before the rest should neigh,
 Of all the Peers should have precedency.
 They all attend on the appointed houre,
 Praying to Fortune, for a Kingly power;
 Then mounting on their snorting coursers proud,
 Darius lusty stallion neighed full loud;
 The Nobles all alight, their King to greet,
 And after Persian manner, kisse his feet.
 His happy wishes now doth no man spare,
 But acclamations ecchoes in the aire;
 A thousand times, God save the King, they cry,
 Let tyranny now with Cambyses dye.
 They then attend him, to his royall roome,
 Thanks for all this to's crafty Stable-groome.

Darius Hyslaspes.

Darius by election made a King,
 His title to make strong omits no thing;
 He two of Cyrus Daughter now doth wed,
 Two of his Neeces takes to nuptiall bed;
 By which he cuts their hopes (for future times)
 That by such steps to Kingdoms often climbs.
 And now a King, by marriage, choyce, and bloud,
 Three strings to's bow, the least of which is good;
 Yet more the peoples hearts firmly to binde,
 Made wholesome gentle Laws, which pleas'd each mind.
 His affability, and milde aspect,
 Did win him loyalty, and all respect;
 Yet notwithstanding he did all so well,
 The Babylonians 'gainst their Prince rebell;
 An Hoast he rais'd, the City to reduce,
 But strength against those walls was of no use;
 For twice ten months before the town he lay,
 And fear'd, he now with scorn must march away:
 Then brave Zopirus, for his Masters good,
 His manly face dis-figures, spares no bloud,
 With his own hands cuts off his eares, and nose,
 And with a faithfull fraud to' th' town he goes,
 Tels them, how harshly the proud King had dealt,
 That for their sakes, his cruelty he felt;
 Desiring of the Prince to raise the siege,
 This violence was done him by his Leige;

This told, for enterance he stood not long,
 For they beleev'd his nose, more then his tongue;
 With all the Cities strength they him betrust,
 If he command, obey the greatest must:
 When opportunity he saw was fit,
 Delivers up the town, and all in it.
 To loose a nose, to win a Town's no shame,
 But who dare venture such a stake for th' game;
 Then thy disgrace, thine honour's manifold,
 Who doth deserve a Statue made of gold;
 Nor can Darius in his Monarchy,
 Scarse finde enough to thank thy loyalty;
 But yet thou hast sufficient recompence,
 In that thy fame shall sound whilst men have sence;
 Yer o're thy glory we must cast this vaile,
 Thy falshood, not thy valour did prevaile;
 Thy wit was more then was thine honesty,
 Thou lov'dst thy Master more then verity.
 DariUs in the second of his reign,
 An Edict for the Jews publish'd again,
 The temple to re-build, for that did rest
 Since Cyrus time, Cambyses did molest;
 He like a King, now grants a Charter large,
 Out of his owne revenues beares the charge;
 Gives sacrifices, wheat, wine, oyle, and salt,
 Threats punishment to him, that through default
 Shall let the work, or keep back any thing,
 Of what is freely granted by the King;
 And on all Kings he poures out execrations,
 That shall, but dare raze those firme foundations;
 They thus backt of the King, in spight of foes,
 Built on, and prosper'd, till their walls did close;
 And in the sixth yeare of his friendly reign
 Set up a Temple (though, a lesse) again.
 Darius on the Sythians made a war,
 Entring that large and barren country far;
 A bridge he made, which serv'd for boat, and barge,
 Over fair Ister, at a mighty charge;
 But in that Desart, 'mongst his barbarous foes,
 Sharp wants, not swords, his vallour did oppose;
 His Army fought with Hunger, and with Cold,
 Which two then to assaile, his Camp was bold.
 By these alone his Hoast was pinch'd so sore,
 He warr'd defensive, not offensive, more;
 The Salvages did laugh at his distresse,
 Their minds by Hieroglyphicks they expresse;

A Frog, a Mouse, a Bird, an Arrow sent,
 The King will needs interpret their intent;
 Possession of water, earth, and aire,
 But wise Gobrias reads not half so farre:
 Quoth he, like Frogs, in water we must dive,
 Or like to Mice, under the earth must live;
 Or fly like birds, in unknown wayes full quick;
 Or Sythian arrows in our sides must stick.
 The King, seeing his men, and victuall spent,
 His fruitlesse war, began late to repent;
 Return'd with little honour, and lesse gaine,
 His enemies scarce seen, then much lesse, slaine;
 He after this, intends Greece to invade,
 But troubles in lesse Asia him stay'd;
 Which husht, he straight so orders his affaires;
 For Attica an Army he prepares;
 But as before, so now with ill successe,
 Return'd with wondrous losse, and honourlesse:
 Athens perceiving now their desperate state,
 Arm'd all they could, which elev'n thousand make;
 By brave Miltiades (their chief) being led,
 Darius multitude before them fled;
 At Marathon this bloody field was fought,
 Where Grecians prov'd themselves right Souldiers, stout;
 The Persians to their Gallies post with speed,
 Where an Athenian shew'd a valiant deed,
 Pursues his flying-foes, and on the strand,
 He stayes a landing Gally with his hand;
 Which soon cut off, he with the left
 Renews his hold; but when of that bereft,
 His whetted teeth he sticks in the firm wood,
 Off flyes his head, down showres his frolick bloud.
 Go Persians carry home that angry peece,
 As the best trophe that ye won in Greece.
 Darius light, he heavie, home returnes,
 And for revenge his heart still restlesse burnes;
 His Queen Attossa, caused all this stir,
 For Grecian Maids ('tis said) to wait on her;
 She lost her aime; her Husband, he lost more,
 His men, his coyn, his honour, and his store;
 And the ensuing yeare ended his life,
 ('Tis thought) through grief of his succeslesse strife.
 Thirty six years this royall Prince did reign,
 Unto his eldest Son, all did remain.

Xerxes.

Xerxes, Darius, and Attossa's Son,
 Grand-childe to Cyrus now sits on the throne;
 The Father not so full of lenity,
 As is the Son, of pride, and cruelty;
 He with his Crown, receives a double warre,
 Th' Ægyptians to reduce, and Greece to marre;
 The first begun, and finish'd in such hast,
 None write by whom, nor how, 'twas over-past;
 But for the last he made such preparation,
 As if to dust he meant to grinde that Nation;
 Yet all his men, and instruments of slaughter,
 Produced but derision, and laughter;
 Sage Artabanus counsell, had he taken,
 And's cousen, young Mardonius forsaken,
 His Souldiers, credit, wealth, at home had stay'd,
 And Greece such wondrous triumphs ne're had made.
 The first departs, and layes before his eyes,
 His Fathers ill successe in's enterprise,
 Against the Sythians, and Grecians too,
 What infamy to's honour did accrue.
 Flattering Mardonius on th'other side,
 With certainty of Europe feeds his pride;
 Vaine Xerxes thinks his counsell hath most wit,
 That his ambitious humour best can fit;
 And by this choyce, unwarily posts on,
 To present losse, future subversion;
 Although he hasted, yet foure yeares was spent,
 In great provisions, for this great intent;
 His Army of all Nations, was compounded,
 That the large Persian government surrounded;
 His Foot was seventeen hundred thousand strong;
 Eight hundred thousand Horse to them belong;
 His Camels, beasts, for carriage numberlesse,
 For truth's asham'd how many to expresse;
 The charge of all he severally commended,
 To Princes of the Persian bloud descended,
 But the command of these Commanders all,
 To Mardonius, Captain Generall;
 He was the Son of the fore-nam'd Gobrias,
 Who married the sister of Darius:
 These his Land Forces were, then next, a Fleet
 Of two and twenty thousand Gallies meet,
 Mann'd by Phenisians, and Pamphilians,
 Cipriots, Dorians, and Cilicians,

Lycians, Carians, and Ionians
 Eolians, and the Helispontines;
 Besides, the Vessels for his transportation,
 Three thousand (or more) by best relation,
 Artemesia, Halicarna's Queene,
 In person there, now for his help was seen;
 Whose Gallies all the rest in neatnesse passe,
 Save the Zidonians, where Xerxes was.
 Hers she kept still, separate from the rest,
 For to command alone, she thought was best.
 O noble Queen, thy valour I commend,
 But pittie 'twas, thine ayde that here did'st lend,
 At Sardis, in Lidia, these all doe meet,
 Whither rich Pithyus comes, Xerxes to greet;
 Feasts all this multitude, of his own charge,
 Then gives the King, a King-like gift, most large;
 Three thousand Tallents of the purest gold;
 Which mighty sum, all wondred to behold.
 He humbly to the King then makes request,
 One of his five Sons there, might be releast;
 To be to's age a comfort, and a stay,
 The other four he freely gave away:
 The King calls for the Youth, who being brought,
 Cuts him in twain, for whom his Sire besought.
 O most inhumain incivility!
 Nay, more then monstrous barb'rous cruelty!
 For his great love, is this thy recompence?
 Is this to doe like Xerxes, or a Prince?
 Thou shame of Kings, of men the detestation,
 I Rhethorick want, to poure out execration.:
 First thing, Xerxes did worthy recount,
 A Sea passage cuts, behind Orthos Mount.
 Next, o're the Hellispont a bridge he made,
 Of Boats, together coupled, and there laid;
 But winds, and waves, these couples soon dissever'd;
 Yet Xerxes in his enterprise persever'd;
 Seven thousand Gallies chain'd, by Tyrians skil,
 Firmly at length, accomplished his wil;
 Seven dayes and nights, his Hoast without least stay,
 Was marching o're this interrupting Bay;
 And in Abidus Plaines, mustring his Forces,
 He glories in his Squadrons, and his Horses;
 Long viewing them, thought it great happinesse,
 One King, so many Subjects should possesse;
 But yet this goodly sight produced teares,
 That none of these should live a hundred yeares:

What after did ensue, had he fore-seen.
 Of so long time, his thoughts had never been.
 Of Artabanus he again demands,
 How of this enterprise his thoughts now stands;
 His answer was, both Land and Sea he feared,
 Which was not vaine, as it soon appeared:
 But Xerxes resolute, to Thrace goes first,
 His Hoast, who Lissus drinks to quench their thirst,
 And for his Cattell, all Pissirus Lake
 Was scarce enough, for each a draught to take.
 Then marching to the streight Thermopyle,
 The Spartan meets him, brave Leonade,
 This 'twixt the Mountains lyes (half Acre wide)
 That pleasant Thessaly, from Greece divide;
 Two dayes and nights a fight they there maintain,
 Till twenty thousand Persians falls down slain;
 And all that Army, then dismay'd, had fled,
 But that a Fugative discovered,
 How part, might o're the Mountains goe about,
 And wound the backs of those bold Warriours stout.
 They thus behemm'd with multitudes of foes,
 Laid on more fiercely, their deep mortall blowes;
 None cryes for quarter, nor yet seeks to run,
 But on their ground they dye, each Mothers Son.
 O noble Greeks, how now, degenerate?
 Where is the valour, of your antient State?
 When as one thousand, could some Millions daunt;
 Alas, it is Leonades you want!
 This shamefull Victory cost Xerxes deare,
 Amongst the rest, two brothers he lost there;
 And as at Land, so he at Sea was crost,
 Four hundred stately Ships by stormes was lost,
 Of Vessels small almost innumerable,
 Them to receive, the Harbour was not able;
 Yet thinking to out-match his foes at Sea,
 Inclos'd their Fleet i' th' streights of Eubea;
 But they as valiant by Sea, as Land,
 In this Streight, as the other, firmly stand.
 And Xerxes mighty Gallies batter'd so,
 That their split sides, witness'd his overthrow;
 Yet in the Streights of Salamis he try'd,
 If that smal number his great force could bide;
 But he, in daring of his forward foe,
 Received there, a shameful over-throw.
 Twice beaten thus by Sea, he warr'd no more:
 But Phocians Land, he then wasted sore:

They no way able to withstand his force,
 That brave Thymistocles takes this wise course,
 In secret manner word to Xerxes sends,
 That Greeks to break his bridge shortly intends;
 And as a friend, warns him, what e're he doe,
 For his retreat, to have an eye thereto:
 He hearing this, his thoughts, and course home bended,
 Much, that which never was intended!
 Yet 'fore he went, to help out his expence,
 Part of his Hoast to Delphos sent from thence,
 To rob the wealthy Temple of Apollo,
 But mischief, Sacriledge doth ever follow;
 Two mighty Rocks, brake from Parnassus Hil,
 And many thousands of these men did kil;
 Which accident, the rest affrighted so,
 With empty hands they to their Master go;
 He seeing all thus tend unto decay,
 Thought it his best, no longer for to stay;
 Three hundred thousand yet he left behind,
 With his Mardon'us, judex of his minde;
 Who for his sake, he knew, would venture far,
 (Chief instigater of this helpelesse War;)
 He instantly to Athens sends for peace,
 That all Hostility might thence-forth cease;
 And that with Xerxes they would be at one,
 So should all favour to their State be shown.
 The Spartans, fearing Athens would agree,
 As had Macedon, Thebes, and Thessalie,
 And leave them out, the shock for to sustaine,
 By their Ambassador they thus complain;
 That Xerxes quarrel was 'gainst Athens State,
 And they had helpt them, as confederate;
 If now in need, they should thus fail their friends,
 Their infamy would last till all things ends:
 But the Athenians, this peace detest,
 And thus reply'd unto Mardon's request;
 That whilst the Sun did run his endlesse course,
 Against the Persians they would use their force.
 Nor could the brave Ambassador be sent,
 With Rhetorick, t' gain better complement:
 Though of this Nation borne a great Commander,
 No lesse then Grand-sire to great Alexander.
 Mardonius proud, hearing this answer stout,
 To adde unto his numbers, layes about,
 And of those Greeks, which by his skil he'd won,
 He fifty thousand joynes unto his own;

The other Greeks, which were confederate,
 One hundred thousand, and ten thousand make.
 The Beotian Fields, of war, the seats,
 Where both sides exercis'd their manly feats;
 But all their controversies to decide,
 For one maine Battell shortly, both provide;
 The Athenians could but forty thousand arme,
 For other Weapons, they had none would harme;
 But that which helpt defects, and made them bold,
 Was Victory, by Oracle fore-told:
 Ten dayes these Armies did each other face,
 Mardonius finding victuals wast apace,
 No longer dar'd, but fiercely on-set gave,
 The other not a hand, nor sword will wave,
 Till in the entrails of their Sacrifice,
 The signall of their victory doth rise;
 Which found, like Greeks they fight, the Persians fly,
 And troublesome Mardonius now must dye:
 All's lost, and of three hundred thousand men,
 Three thousand scapes, for to run home agen;
 For pittie, let those few to Xerxes go,
 To certifie this finall over-throw.
 Same day, the small remainder of his Fleet,
 The Grecians at Mytale in Asia meet,
 And there so utterly they wrack'd the same,
 Scarce one was left, to carry home the fame;
 Thus did the Greeks destroy, consume, disperce,
 That Army, which did fright the Universe;
 Scorn'd Xerxes, hated for his cruelty.
 Yet ceases not to act his villany:
 His brothers wife, sollicites to his will;
 The chaste, and beauteous Dame, refuses still.
 Some years by him in this vain suit was spent,
 Yet words, nor guifts, could win him least content:
 Nor matching of her daughter, to his son:
 But she was stil, as when it first begun.
 When jealous Queen Amestris, of this knew,
 She Harpy-like, upon the Lady flew:
 Cut off her lilly-breasts, her nose, and ears;
 And leaves her thus, besmear'd with blood, and tears
 Straight comes her Lord, and finds his wife thus lie,
 The sorrow of his heart, did close his eye:
 He dying to behold, that wounding sight;
 Where he had sometime gaz'd with great delight.
 To see that face, where Rose and Lilly stood,
 O're-flown with torrent of her ruby blood.

To see those breasts, where chastity did dwel,
 Thus cut, and mangled by a hag of hell,
 With loaden heart unto the King he goes,
 Tels as he could, his unexpressed woes,
 But for his deep complaints; and showres of tears,
 His brothers recompence was naught but jears:
 The grieved Prince finding nor right, nor love,
 To Bactria his household did remove.
 His wicked brother, after sent a crew,
 Which him, and his, most barbarously there slew,
 Unto such height did grow his cruelty,
 Of life, no man had least security.
 At last his Uncle, did his death conspire,
 And for that end, his Eunuch he did hire.
 Which wretch, him privately smother'd in's bed,
 But yet by search, he was found murdered,
 The Artacanus hirer of this deed,
 That from suspicion he might be freed,
 Accus'd Darius, Xerxes eldest son,
 To be the Authour of the deed was done,
 And by his craft, ordered the matter so,
 That the poor innocent, to death must go.
 But in short time, this wickednesse was knowne,
 For which he dyed, and not he alone.
 But all his family was likewise slain,
 Such Justice then, in Persia did remain,
 The eldest son, thus immaturely dead,
 The second was inthron'd, in's fathers stead.

Artaxerxes Longimanus.

Amongst the Monarchs next, this Prince had place
 The best that ever sprang of Cyrus race.
 He first, war with revolting Ægypt made.
 To whom the perjur'd Grecians lent their aide,
 Although to Xerxes, they not long before,
 A league of amity, had sworn before,
 Which had they kept, Greece had more nobly done,
 Then when the world, they after over-run:
 Greeks and Egyptians both, he overthrows,
 And payes them now, according as he owes,
 Which done, a sumptuous feast; makes like a King
 Where ninescore days, are spent in banquetting,
 His Princes, Nobles, and his Captaines calls,
 To be partakers in these festivalls.
 His hangings, white, and green, and purple dye,

With gold and silver beds, most gorgeously.
 The royall wine, in golden cups doth passe,
 To drink more then he list, none bidden was.
 Queen Vashty also feasts, but 'fore tis ended,
 Alas, she from her Royalty's suspended.
 And a more worthy, placed in her roome,
 By Memucan's advice, this was the doome.
 What Hester was, and did, her story reed,
 And how her Country-men from spoile she freed.
 Of Hamans fall, and Mordica's great rise;
 The might o'th' Prince, the tribute on the Isles.
 Unto this King Thymistocles did flye.
 When under Ostracisme he did lye.
 For such ingratitude, did Athens show
 This valiant Knight, whom they so much did owe;
 Such entertainment with this Prince he found,
 That in all Loyalty his heart was bound;
 The King not little joyfull of this chance,
 Thinking his Grecian wars now to advance.
 And for that end, great preparation made,
 Fair Attica, a third time to invade.
 His Grand-sires old disgrace, did vex him sore,
 His father Xerxes losse, and shame, much more,
 For punishment, their breach of oath did call,
 The noble Greek, now fit for generall.
 Who for his wrong, he could not chuse but deem,
 His Country, nor his Kindred would esteem,
 Provisions, and season now being fit
 T^rThymistocles he doth his war commit,
 But he all injury, had soon forgate,
 And to his Country-men could bear no hate.
 Nor yet disloyall to his Prince would prove,
 To whom oblig'd, by favour, and by love;
 Either to wrong, did wound his heart so sore,
 To wrong himselfe by death, he chose before.
 In this sad conflict, marching on his ways,
 Strong poyson took, and put an end to's dayes.
 The King this noble Captaine having lost,
 Again dispersed, his new levyed hoast.
 'Rest of his time in peace he did remain;
 And dy'd the two and fortieth of his reign.

Daryus Nothus.

Three sons great Artaxerxes left behind;
 The eldest to succeed, that was his mind.

But he, with his next brother fell at strife,
 That nought appeas'd him, but his brothers life.
 Then the survivor is by Nothus slaine;
 Who now sole Monarch, doth of all remaine,
 These two lewd sons, are by hystorians thought,
 To be by Hester, to her husband brought.
 If they were hers, the greater was her moan;
 That for such gracelesse wretches she did groan,
 Disquiet Egypt, 'gainst this King rebels,
 Drives out his garison that therein dwels.
 Joynes with the Greeks, and so maintains their right,
 For sixty years maugre the Persians might.
 A second trouble, after this succeeds.
 Which from remissenesse, in Asia proceeds
 Amerges, whom their Vice-roy he ordain'd
 Revolts, having treasure, and people gain'd:
 Invades the Country, and much trouble wrought,
 Before to quietnesse things could be brought,
 The King was glad, with Sparta to make peace,
 So that he might, these tumults soon appease.
 But they in Asia, must first restore
 All townes, held by his Ancestors before.
 The King much profit reapeth, by these leagues,
 Re-gaines his own, and then the Rebell breaks:
 Whose forces by their helpe were overthrowne,
 And so each man again possest his owne.
 The King, his sister, like Cambyses, wed;
 More by his pride, then lust, thereunto led.
 (For Persian Kings, did deem themselves so good,
 No match was high enough, but their own blood,)
 Two sons she bore, the youngest Cyrus nam'd,
 A hopefull Prince, whose worth is ever fam'd.
 His father would no notice of that take;
 Prefers his brother, for his birth-rights sake.
 But Cyrus scornes, his brothers feeble wit;
 And takes more on him, then was judged fit.
 The King provok'd, sends for him to the Court,
 Meaning to chastise him, in sharpest sort,
 But in his slow approach, ere he came there,
 His fathers death, did put an end to's fear.
 Nothus reign'd nineteen years, which run,
 His large Dominions left, to's eldest son.

Artaxerxes Mnemon.

Mnemon now sits upon his fathers Throne,

Yet doubts, all he enjoyes, is not his own.
 Still on his brother, casts a jealous eye,
 Judging all's actions, tends to's injury.
 Cyrus o'th' other side, weighs in his mind,
 What helps, in's enterprize he's like to find,
 His interest, in the Kingdome, now next heir,
 More deare to's mother, then his brother far.
 His brothers litle love, like to be gone,
 Held by his mothers intercession.
 These and like motives, hurry him amain,
 To win by force, what right could not obtain.
 And thought it best, now in his mothers time,
 By lesser steps, towards the top to climbe;
 If in his enterprize he should fall short,
 She to the King, would make a fair report:
 He hop'd, if fraud, nor force the Crowne could gaine;
 Her prevailence, a pardon might obtain.
 From the Lieutenant first, he takes away,
 Some Townes commodious in lesse Asia,
 Pretending still, the profit of the King,
 Whose rents and customes, duly he sent in.
 The King finding, revenues now amended;
 For what was done, seemed no whit offended.
 Then next, the Lacedemons he takes to pay;
 (One Greeke could make ten Persians run away)
 Great care was his pretence, those Souldiers stout,
 The Rovers in Pisidia, should drive out.
 But least some worsenewes should fly to Court,
 He meant himselfe to carry the report.
 And for that end, five hundred Horse he chose,
 With posting speed towards the King he goes;
 But fame more quick, arrives ere he came there,
 And fills the Court with tumult, and with fear.
 The young Queen, and old, at bitter jars:
 The one accus'd the other, for these wars:
 The wife, against the mother, still doth cry
 To be the Author of conspiracy.
 The King dismay'd, a mighty Hoast doth raise;
 Which Cyrus heares, and so sore-slowes his pace:
 But as he goes, his Forces still augments,
 Seven hundred Greeks now further his intents:
 And others to be warm'd by this new fun,
 In numbers from his brother daily run.
 The fearfull King, at last, musters his Forces;
 And counts nine hundred thousand foot and horses:
 And yet with these, had neither heart, nor grace;

To look his manly brother in the face.
 Three hundred thousand, yet to Syria sent;
 To keep those streights, to hinder his intent.
 Their Captain hearing, but of Cyrus name.
 Ran back, and quite abandoned the same,
 Abrocomes, was this base cowards name,
 Not worthy to be known, but for his shame:
 This place was made, by nature, and by art;
 Few might have kept it, had they but a heart.
 Cyrus despair'd, a passage there to gain,
 So hir'd a fleet, to wast him ore the Maine,
 The mazed King, was now about to fly;
 To th' utmost parts of Bactr'a, and there lye.
 Had not a Captain; sore against his will;
 By reason, and by force, detain'd him still.
 Up then with speed, a mighty trench he throwes,
 For his security, against his foes.
 Six yards the depth, and forty mile the length,
 Some fifty, or else sixty foote in breadth.
 Yet for his brothers comming, durst not stay,
 He surest was, when furthest out o'th' way.
 Cyrus finding his campe, and no man there;
 Rejoyced not a little at his feare.
 On this, he and his Souldiers carelesse grow,
 And here, and there, in carts their Armes they throw,
 When suddenly their Scouts come in and cry,
 Arme, arme, the King is now approaching nigh;
 In this confusion, each man as he might,
 Gets on his armes, arayes himselfe for fight;
 And ranged stood, by great Euphrates side,
 The brunt of that huge multitude to bide.
 Of whose great numbers, their intelligence,
 Was gather'd by the dust that rose from thence:
 Which like a mighty cloud darkned the skye;
 And black and blacker grew, as they drew nigh
 But when their order, and silence they saw;
 That, more then multitudes, their hearts did awe:
 For tumult and confusion they expected,
 And all good discipline to be neglected.
 But long under their fears, they did not stay,
 For at first charge the Persians ran away.
 Which did such courage to the Grecians bring,
 They straight adored Cyrus for their King,
 So had he been, and got the victory,
 Had not his too much valour put him by.
 He with six hundred, on a squadron set,

Of six thousand, wherein the King was yet;
 And brought his Souldiers on so gallantly,
 They were about to leave their King and fly,
 Whom Cyrus spi'd, cries out, I see the man,
 And with a full career, at him he ran.
 But in his speed a Dart hit him i'th' eye,
 Down Cyrus falls, and yeelds to destiny;
 His Host in chase, knowes not of his disaster,
 But treads down all, for to advance their Master;
 At last his head they spy upon a Lance,
 Who knowes the sudden change made by this chance;
 Sencelesse and mute they stand, yet breath out groans,
 Nor Gorgons like to this, transform'd to stones.
 After this trance, revenge, new spirits blew,
 And now more eagerly their foes pursue,
 And heaps on heaps, such multitudes they laid,
 Their armes grew weake, through slaughters that they made.
 The King unto a country Village flies,
 And for a while unkingly there he lyes;
 At last, displayes his Ensigne on a Hil,
 Hoping with that to make the Greeks stand stil,
 But was deceiv'd; to it they make amain,
 The King upon the spur, runs back again;
 But they too faint, still to pursue their game,
 Being Victors oft, now to their Camp they came;
 Nor lackt they any of their number small,
 Nor wound receiv'd, but one among them all:
 The King with his dispers'd also incampt.
 With infamy upon each fore-head stamp't;
 After a while his thoughts he re-collects,
 Of this dayes cowardize, he feares the effects;
 If Greeks unto their Country-men declare,
 What dastards in the field the Persians are;
 They soone may come, and place one in his Throne,
 And rob him both of Scepter, and of Crown;
 That their return be stopt, he judg'd was best,
 That so Europeans might no more molest; I Forth

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Forth-with he sends to's Tent, they straight addresse,
 And there all wait his mercy, weaponlesse;
 The Greeks with scorn reject his proud commands;
 Asking no favour, where they fear'd no bands.
 The troubled King, his Herauld sends again,

And sues for peace, that they his friends remain;
 The smiling Greeks reply, they first must bait,
 They were too hungry to capitulate;
 The King great store of all provision sends,
 And courtesie to th' utmost he pretends;
 Such terrour on the Persians then did fall,
 They quak'd, to heare them, to each other call.
 The King's perplext, there dares not let them stay,
 And feares as much to let them march away;
 But Kings ne're want such as can serve their will,
 Fit instruments t'accomplish what is ill;
 As Tyssaphern, knowing his Masters minde,
 Invites their chief Commander, as most kinde;
 And with all Oathes, and deepest flattery,
 Gets them to treat with him in privacy,
 But violates his honour, and his word,
 And Villaine-like, there puts them to the sword.
 The Greeks, having their valiant Captaines slaine,
 Chose Xenophon, to lead them home again;
 But Tyssaphern did what he could devise,
 To stop the way in this their enterprise,
 But when through difficulties still they brake,
 He fought all sustinance from them to take,
 Before them burnt the country as they went,
 So to deprive them of all nourishment;
 But on they march, through hunger, and through cold,
 O're mountains, rocks, and hils, and Lions bold;
 Nor rivers course, nor Persians force could stay,
 But on to Trabezond they kept their way;
 There was of Greeks, settled a Colony,
 These after all, receiv'd them joyfully:
 There for some time they were, but whilst they staid,
 Into Bitbynia often in-rodes made;
 The King afraid what further they might doe,
 Unto the Spartan Admirall did sue,
 Straight to transport them to the other side,
 For these incursions he durst not abide;
 So after all their travell, danger, pain,
 In peace they saw their Native soyl again.
 The Greeks now (as the Persian King suspects)
 The Asiatiques, cowardize detects;
 The many victories themselves did gain,
 The many thousand Persians they had slain;
 And now their Nation with facility,
 Might win the universall Monarchy;
 They then Dercilladas, send with an Hoast,

Who with his Spartans on the Asian coast;
 Town after town, with small resistance take,
 Which rumor makes great Artaxerxes quake;
 The Greeks by this successe, encourag'd so,
 Agesilaus himself doth over-goe,
 By th' Kings Lieutenant is encountered,
 But Tyssaphernes with his Army fled;
 Which over-throw incens'd the King so sore,
 That Tyssapherne must be Vice-roy no more;
 Tythraustes now is placed in his stead,
 And hath command, to take the others head,
 Of that false perjur'd wretch, this was the last,
 Who of his cruelty made many tast,
 Tythraustes trusts more to his with then Arms,
 And hopes by craft to quit his Masters harmes;
 He knows that many towns in Greece envies
 The Spartans height, which now apace doth rise;
 To these he thirty thousand Tallents sent,
 With suit, their force, against his foes be bent;
 They to their discontent, receiving hire,
 With broyls, and quarrels, sets all Greece on fire.
 Agestilaus is called home with speed,
 To defend, more then offend, he had need.
 They now lost all, and were a peace to make,
 The Kings conditions they are forc't to take;
 Dissention in Greece continued long,
 Til many a Captain fel, both wise, and strong,
 Whose courage nought but death could ever tame,
 'Mongst these Epimanondas wants no fame;
 Who had (as noble Raleigh doth evince)
 All peculiar vertues of a Prince:
 But let us leave these Greeks, to discord bent.
 And turne to Persia, as is pertinent;
 The King from forraign foes, and all at ease,
 His home-bred troubles seeketh to appease;
 The two Queens, by his means, 'gin to abate
 Their former envie, and inveterate hate;
 Then in voluptuousnesse he leads his life,
 And weds his Daughter for a second wife;
 His Mothers wicked counsell was the cause,
 Who sooths him up, his owne desires are Lawes:
 But yet for all his greatnesse, and long reign,
 He must leave all, and in the pit remain;
 Forty three years he rules, then turns to dust,
 As all the mighty ones, have done, and must:
 But this of him is worth the memory,

He was the Master of good Nehemie.

Darius Ochus.

Great Artaxerxes dead, Ochus succeeds,
 Of whom no Record's extant of his deeds;
 Was it because the Grecians now at war,
 Made Writers work at home, they sought not far?
 Or dealing with the Persian, now no more
 Their Acts recorded not, as heretofore?
 Or else, perhaps the deeds of Persian Kings
 In after wars were burnt, 'mongst other things?
 That three and twenty years he reign'd, I finde,
 The rest is but conjecture of my minde.

Arsames, or Arses.

Why Arsames his brother should succeed,
 I can no reason give, cause none I read;
 It may be thought, surely he had no Son,
 So fell to him, which else it had not done:
 What Acts he did, time hath not now left pend,
 But as 'tis thought, in him had Cyrus end:
 Whose race long time had worn the Diadem,
 But now's divolved, to another Stem.
 Three years he reign'd, as Chronicles expresse,
 Then Natures debt he paid, quite Issue-lesse.

Darius Codomanus.

How this Darius did attain the Crown,
 By favour, force, or fraud, is not set down:
 If not (as is before) of Cyrus race,
 By one of these, he must obtain the place.
 Some writers say, that he was Arses son,
 And that great Cyrus line, yet was not run,
 That Ochus unto Arsames was father,
 Which by some probabilities (seems rather;)
 That son, and father, both were murdered
 By one Bagoas, an Eunuch (as is sed.)
 Thus learned Pemble, whom we may not slight,
 But as before doth (well read) Raleigh write,
 And he that story reads, shall often find;
 That severall men, will have their severall mind;
 Yet in these differences, we may behold;
 With our judicious learned Knight to hold.

And this 'mongst all's no controverted thing,
 That this Darius was last Persian King,
 Whose warres and losses we may better tell;
 In Alexanders reign who did him quell,
 How from the top of worlds felicity;
 He fell to depth of greatest misery,
 Whose honours, treasures, pleasures, had short stay;
 One deluge came, and swept them all away;
 And in the sixt year of his haplesse reigne,
 Of all, did scarce his winding sheet retaine.
 And last; a sad catastrophe to end,
 Him, to the grave, did Traytor Bessus send.
The end of the Persian Monarchy.

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The third Monarchy was  
 the Grecian, beginning  
 under Alexander the Great, in  
 the 112 Olimpiad.

Great Alexander was wise Phillips son,  
 He, to Amintas, Kings of Macedon;  
 The cruell, proud, Olimpias, was his mother,  
 Shee to the rich Molossians King, was daughter.  
 This Prince (his father by Pausanias slain)  
 The twenty first of's age, began to reign.  
 Great were the guifts of nature, which he had;  
 His Education, much to these did adde.  
 By Art, and Nature both, he was made fit,  
 T'accomplish that, which long before was writ.  
 The very day of his nativity,  
 To th' ground was burnt, Diana's Temple high,  
 An Omen, to their near approaching woe;  
 Whose glory to the Earth, this Prince did throw,  
 His rule to Greece, he scorn'd should be confin'd.  
 The universe, scarce bounds his large vast minde  
 This is the hee-goat, which from Grecia came,  
 Who ran in fury, on the Persian Ram,  
 That broke his hornes, that threw him on the ground,  
 To save him from his might, no man was found.  
 Phillip, on this great conquest had an eye;  
 But death did terminate, those thoughts so high.  
 The Greeks had chose him Captain Generall,  
 Which honour to his son, now did befall.  
 (For as worlds Monarch, now we speak not on,  
 But as the King of little Macedon.)  
 Restlesse both day and night, his heart now was,

His high resolves which way to bring to passe:  
 Yet for a while, in Greece is forc'd to stay,  
 Which makes each moment seem, more then a day:  
 Thebes, an old Athens, both 'gainst him rebell,  
 But he their mutinies, full soon doth quell.  
 This done, against all right, and natures laws,  
 His kinsmen puts to death without least cause;  
 That no combustion in his absence be,  
 In seeking after Sovereignty:  
 And many more, whom he suspects will clime,  
 Now taste of death, (least they deserv't in time)  
 Nor wonder is't, if he in blood begin,  
 For cruelty, was his parentall sin.  
 Thus eased now, of troubles, and of fears;  
 His course to Asia, next Spring he steers.  
 Leaves sage Antipater at home to sway,  
 And through the Hellispont, his ships make way.  
 Comming to land, his dart on shoar he throwes,  
 Then with alacrity he after goes:  
 Thirty two thousand made up his foot force,  
 To these were joyn'd, five thousand goodly horse.  
 Then on he march'd, in's way he veiw'd old Troy;  
 And on Achillis Tombe, with wondrous joy,  
 He offer'd, and for good successe did pray  
 To him, his mothers Ancestor (men say.)  
 When newes of Alexander, came to th' Court,  
 To scorn at him, Darius had good sport:  
 Sends him a frothy, and contemptuous letter,  
 Stiles him disloyall servant, and no better;  
 Reproves him, for his proud audacity;  
 To lift his hand, 'gainst such a Monarchy.  
 Then to his Lieutenant, in Asia sends,  
 That he be tane alive, (for he intends)  
 To whip him well with rods, and then to bring,  
 That boy so mallepart, before the King.  
 Ah! fond vaine man, whose pen was taught ere while,  
 In lower termes to write a higher stile,  
 To th' river Granicke, Alexander hyes,  
 Which twixt Phrigia and Propontis lyes.  
 The Persians for encounter ready stand,  
 And think to keep his men from off the land,  
 Those banks so steep, the Greeks, now scramble up  
 And beat the coward Persians from the top,  
 And twenty thousand, of their lives bereave,  
 Who in their backs did all their wounds receive  
 This Victory did Alexander gain;

With losse of thirty four, of his there slaine:  
 Sardis, then he, and Ephesus, did gaine,  
 Where stood of late Diana's, wondrous Phane,  
 And by Parmenio (of renowned fame)  
 Miletus, and Pamphilia overcame,  
 Hallicarnassus and Pisidia  
 He for his master takes, with Lycia.  
 Next Alexander marcht, t'wards the black sea;  
 And easily takes old Gordium in his way;  
 (Of Asse-eard) Midas, once the regall seat,  
 Whose touch turn'd all to gold, yea even his meat:  
 There the Prophetick knot, he cuts in twain;  
 Which who so did, must Lord of all remain,  
 Now newes, of Memmons death (the Kings Vice-roy)  
 To Alexanders heart's no little joy.  
 For in that Peer, more valour did abide;  
 Then in Darius multitudes beside:  
 There Arsemes was plac'd, yet durst not stay;  
 But sets one in his roome, and ran away.  
 His substitute, as fearfull as his master,  
 Goes after too, and leaves all to disaster.  
 Now Alexander all Cilicia takes:  
 No stroake for it he struck, their hearts so quakes.  
 To Greece he thirty thousand talents sends;  
 To raise more force, for what he yet intends.  
 And on he goes Darius for to meet:  
 Who came with thousand thousands at his feet,  
 Though some there be, and that more likely, write;  
 He but four hundred thousand had to fight,  
 The rest attendants, which made up no lesse;  
 (Both sexes there) was almost numberlesse.  
 For this wise King, had brought to see the sport;  
 Along with him, the Ladyes of the Court.  
 His mother old, beautious wife, and daughters,  
 It seemes to see the Macedonians slaughters.  
 Sure its beyond my time, and little Art;  
 To shew, how great Darius plaid his part;  
 The splendor, and the pompe, he marched in,  
 For since the world, was no such Pageant seen  
 Oh 'twas a goodly sight, there to behold;  
 The Persians clad in silk, and glitt'ring gold;  
 The stately Horses trapt, the launces guilt;  
 As if they were, now all to run at tilt:  
 The Holy fire, was borne before the Host:  
 (For Sun and Fire the Persians worship most)  
 The Priests in their strange habit follow after;

An object not so much of fear, as laughter.  
 The King sat in a chariot made of gold,  
 With Robes and Crowne, most glorious to behold.  
 And o're his head, his golden gods on high;  
 Support a party coloured canopy.  
 A number of spare horses next were led,  
 Least he should need them, in his chariots stead.  
 But they saw him in this state to lye;  
 Would think he neither thought to fight nor fly,  
 He fifteen hundred had like women drest,  
 For so to fright the Greeks he judg'd was best,  
 Their golden Ornaments so to set forth,  
 Would aske more time, then were their bodys worth.  
 Great Sisigambis, she brought up the Reare;  
 Then such a world of Wagons did appear,  
 Like severall houses moving upon wheeles:  
 As if she'd drawne, whole Sushan at her heeles.  
 This brave Virago, to the King was mother;  
 And as much good she did, as any other.  
 Now least this Gold, and all this goodly stuffe.  
 Had not been spoile, and booty rich enough,  
 A thousand Mules, and Camells ready wait.  
 Loaden with gold, with Jewels and with Plate,  
 For sure Darius thought, at the first sight,  
 The Greekes would all adore, and would none fight.  
 But when both Armies met, he might behold,  
 That valour was more worth then Pearls, or gold,  
 And how his wealth serv'd but for baits t'allure,  
 Which made his over-throw more fierce, and sure.  
 The Greeks come on, and with a gallant grace,  
 Let fly their Arrowes, in the Persians face;  
 The cowards feeling this sharp stinging charge,  
 Most basely run, and left their King at large,  
 Who from his golden Coach is glad t'alight  
 And cast away his Crown, for swifter flight;  
 Of late, like some immovable he lay,  
 Now finds both leggs, and Horse, to run away;  
 Two hundred thousand men that day were slaine,  
 And forty thousand Prisoners also tane;  
 Besides, the Queens, and Ladies of the Court,  
 If Curtius be true, in his report.  
 The Regall ornaments now lost, the treasure  
 Divided at the Macedonians pleasure.  
 Yet all this grief, this losse, this over-throw,  
 Was but beginning of his future woe;  
 The Royall Captives, brought to Alexander,

T'ward them, demean'd himself like a Commander;  
 For though their beauties were unparalled  
 Conquer'd himself (now he had conquered)  
 Preserv'd their honour, us'd them courteously,  
 Commands, no man should doe them injury,  
 And this to Alexander is more a fame,  
 Then that the Persian King he over-came;  
 Two hundred eighty Greeks he lost in fight,  
 By too much heat, not wounds (as Authors write.)  
 No sooner had this Captaine won the field,  
 But all Phenicia to his pleasures yeeld;  
 Of which, the Government he doth commit  
 Unto Parmenio, of all, most fit;  
 Darius now, more humble then before,  
 Writes unto Alexander, to restore  
 Those mournfull Ladies, from captivity,  
 For whom he offers him a ransome high;  
 But down his haughty stomach could not bring,  
 To give this Conquerour, the stile of King;  
 His Letter Alexander doth disdain,  
 And in short termes, sends this reply againe;  
 A King he was, and that not only so,  
 But of Darius King, as he should know.  
 Now Alexander unto Tyre doth goe,  
 (His valour, and his victories they know)  
 To gain his love, the Tyrians do intend,  
 Therefore a Crown, and great provisions send;  
 Their present he receives with thankfulness,  
 Desires to offer unto Hercules,  
 Protector of their Town; by whom defended,  
 But they accept not this, in any wise,  
 Least he intend more fraud, then sacrifice,  
 Sent word, that Hercules his Temple stood,  
 In the old town (which now lay like a wood)  
 With this reply, he was so sore enrag'd,  
 To win their town, his honour he engag'd;  
 And now, as Babels King did once before,  
 He leaves not, till he makes the sea firme shoar;  
 But far lesse cost, and time, he doth expend,  
 The former ruines, help to him now lend;  
 Besides, he had a Navie at command,  
 The other by his men fetcht all by Land  
 In seven months space he takes this lofty town,  
 Whose glory, now a second time's brought down;  
 Two thousand of the cheif he crucifi'd,  
 Eight thousand by the sword now also dy'd,

And thirteen thousand Gally-slaves he made,  
 And thus the Tyrians for mistrust were paid,  
 The rule of this he to Philosas gave,  
 Who was the Son of that Parmenio brave;  
 Cilicia he to Socrates doth give,  
 For now's the time, Captains like Kings may live;  
 For that which easily comes, as freely goes;  
 Zidon he on Ephestion bestowes:  
 He scorns to have one worse then had the other,  
 And therefore gives this Lord-ship to another.  
 Ephestion now, hath the command o'th' Fleet,  
 And must at Gaza, Alexander meet;  
 Darius finding troubles still increase,  
 By his Embassadors now sues for peace:  
 And layes before great Alexanders eyes,  
 The dangers, difficulties, like to rise;  
 First, at Euphrates, what he's like to abide,  
 And then at Tigris, and Araxis side:  
 These he may scape, and if he so desire,  
 A league of friendship make, firm, and entire;  
 His eldest Daughter, (him) in marriage offers,  
 And a most Princely Dowry with her proffers;  
 All those rich Kingdoms large, which doe abide  
 Betwixt the Hellespont, and Hallis side;  
 But he with scorn, his courtesie rejects,  
 And the distressed King no way respects;  
 Tels him, these proffers great (in truth were none)  
 For all he offered now, was but his owne:  
 But, quoth Parmenio, (that brave Commander)  
 Was I as great, as is great Alexander,  
 Darius offers I would not reject,  
 But th' Kingdoms, and the Ladies, soone accept;  
 To which, brave Alexander did reply,  
 And so if I Parmenio were, would I.  
 He now to Gaza goes, and there doth meet  
 His favourite Ephestion, with his fleet;  
 Where valiant Betis, doth defend the town,  
 (A loyall Subject to Darius Crown)  
 For more repulse, the Grecians here abide,  
 Then in the Persian Monarcy beside,  
 And by these walls, so many men were slaine,  
 That Greece must yeeld a fresh supply againe;  
 But yet, this well defended town is taken,  
 (For 'twas decreed, that Empire should be shaken,  
 The Captaine tane, had holes bor'd through his feet,  
 And by command was drawn through every street,

To imitate Achilles (in his shame)  
 Who did the like to Hector (of more fame)  
 What, hast thou lost thy late magnanimity?  
 Can Alexander deale thus cruelly?  
 Sith valour, with Heroyicks is renown'd,  
 Though in an enemy it should be found;  
 If of thy future fame thou hadst regard,  
 Why didst not heap up honour, and reward?  
 From Gaza, to Jerusalem he goes,  
 But in no hostile way (as I suppose)  
 Him in his Priestly Robes, high Jaddus meets,  
 Whom with great reverence Alexander greets;  
 The Priest shews him good Daniels Prophetie,  
 How he should over-throw this Monarchy.  
 By which he was so much encouraged,  
 No future dangers he did ever dread:  
 From thence, to fruitfull Ægypt marcht with speed,  
 Where happily in's wars he did succeed;  
 To see how fast he gain'd, is no small wonder,  
 For in few dayes he brought that Kingdom under.  
 Then to the Phane of Jupiter, he went,  
 For to be call'd a god, was his intent;  
 The Pagan Priest through hire, or else mistake,  
 Son of Jupiter did straight him make:  
 He Diabolicall must needs remaine,  
 That his humanity will not retaine,  
 Now back to Ægypt goes, and in few dayes,  
 Faire Alexandria from the ground doth raise;  
 Then settling all things in lesse Asia,  
 In Syria, Ægypt, and Phœnicia;  
 Unto Euphrates marcht, and over goes,  
 For no man to resist his valour showes;  
 Had Betis now been there, but with his Band,  
 Great Alexander had been kept from Land;  
 But as the King is, so's the multitude,  
 And now of valour both were destitute;  
 Yet he (poore Prince) another Hoast doth muster,  
 Of Persians, Scithians, Indians, in a cluster;  
 Men but in shape, and name, of valour none,  
 Fit for to blunt the swords of Macedon,  
 Two hundred fifty thousand by account,  
 Of Horse, and Foot, this Army did amount;  
 For in his multitudes his trust still lay,  
 But on their fortitude he had small stay;  
 Yet had some hope, that on the eeven plain,  
 His numbers might the victory obtaine.

About this time, Darius beauteous Queen,  
 Who had long travaile, and much sorrow seen,  
 Now bids the world adieu, her time being spent,  
 And leaves her wofull Lord for to lament.  
 Great Alexander mourns, as well as he,  
 For this lost Queen (though in captivity)  
 When this sad newes (at first) Darius heares,  
 Some injury was offered, he feares;  
 But when inform'd, how royally the King  
 Had used her, and hers, in every thing,  
 He prays the immortall gods, for to reward  
 Great Alexander, for this good regard;  
 And if they down, his Monarchy wil throw,  
 Let them on him, that dignity bestow:  
 And now for peace he sues, as once before,  
 And offers all he did, and Kingdoms more;  
 His eldest Daughter, for his Princely Bride.  
 (Nor was such match, in all the world beside)  
 And all those Countries, which (betwixt) did lye,  
 Phenisian Sea, and great Euphrates high,  
 With fertile Ægypt, and rich Syria,  
 And all those Kingdoms in lesse Asia;  
 With thirty thousand Tallents, to be paid  
 For his Queen-Mother, and the royall Maid;  
 And till all this be well perform'd, and sure,  
 Ochus his Son a hostage shall endure.  
 To this, stout Alexander, gives no eare,  
 No, though Parmenio plead, he will not heare;  
 Which had he done (perhaps) his fame had kept,  
 Nor infamy had wak'd, when he had slept;  
 For his unlimited prosperity,  
 Him boundlesse made, in vice, and cruelty;  
 Thus to Darius he writes back again,  
 The Firmament two Suns cannot contain;  
 Two Monarchies on Earth cannot abide,  
 Nor yet two Monarchs in one World reside;  
 The afflicted King, finding him set to jar,  
 Prepares against to morrow for the war,  
 Parmenio, Alexander wisht, that night,  
 To force his Camp, so put them all to flight;  
 For tumult in the dark doth cause most dread,  
 And weaknesse of a foe is covered;  
 But he disdain'd to steale a victorie,  
 The Sun should witsse of his valour be:  
 Both Armies meet, Greeks fight, the Persians run,  
 So make an end, before they well begun;

Forty five thousand Alexander had,  
 But 'tis not known what slaughters here they made.  
 Some write, th' other had a million, some more,  
 But Quintus Curtius, as was said before.  
 At Arbela, this victory was gain'd,  
 And now with it, the town also obtain'd.  
 Darius stript of all, to Media came,  
 Accompani'd with sorrow, fear, and shame;  
 At Arbela left, his ornaments, and treasure,  
 Which Alexander deals, as suits his pleasure.  
 This Conquerour now goes to Babylon,  
 Is entertain'd with joy, and pompous train,  
 With showres of Flowers, the streets along are strown,  
 And Insence burnt, the silver Altars on;  
 The glory of the Castle he admires,  
 The firme foundations, and the lofty spires;  
 In this a masse of gold, and treasure lay,  
 Which in few hours was carried all away;  
 With greedy eyes, he views this City round,  
 Whose fame throughout the world, was so renown'd;  
 And to possesse, he counts no little blisse,  
 The Towers, and Bowers, of proud Semiramis:  
 Though worn by time, and raz'd by foes full sore,  
 Yet old foundations shew'd, and somewhat more;  
 With all the pleasures that on earth was found,  
 This City did abundantly abound;  
 Where four and thirty dayes he now doth stay,  
 And gives himself to banqueting, and play:  
 He, and his Souldiers, wax effeminate,  
 And former Discipline begins to hate;  
 Whilst revelling at Babylon, he lyes,  
 Antipater, from Greece, sends great supplies;  
 He then to Sushan goes, with his fresh bands,  
 But needs no force, 'tis rendred to his hands;  
 He likewise here a world of treasure found,  
 For 'twas the seat of Persian Kings renown'd;  
 Here stood the Royall houses of delight,  
 Where Kings have shown their glory, wealth, and might;  
 The sumptuous Palace of Queen Hester here,  
 And of good Mordecai, her Kinsman dear;  
 Those purple hangings, mixt, with green, and white,  
 Those beds of gold, and couches of delight,  
 And furniture, the richest of all Lands,  
 Now falls into the Macedonians hands.  
 From Sushan, to Persapolis he goes,  
 Which newes doth still augment Darius woes;

In his approach, the Governour sends word,  
 For his receipt with joy, they all accord;  
 With open Gates, the wealthy town did stand,  
 And all in it was at his high command;  
 Of all the Cities, that on Earth was found;  
 None like to this in riches did abound.  
 Though Babylon was rich, and Sushan too;  
 Yet to compare with this, they might not do.  
 Here lay the bulk, of all those precious things;  
 Which did pertain unto the Persian Kings.  
 For when the Souldiers, had rifled their pleasure,  
 And taken mony, plate, and golden treasure;  
 Statues of gold, and silver numberlesse,  
 Yet after all, as stories do expresse.  
 The share of Alexander did amount,  
 To a hundred thousand Tallents by account,  
 Here of his own, he sets a Garrison,  
 (As first at Sushan, and at Babylon)  
 On their old Governours, titles he laid;  
 But on their faithfullnesse, he never staid;  
 Their charge, gave to his Captains (as most just)  
 For such revolters false, what Prince will trust:  
 The pleasures and the riches of this town,  
 Now makes this Kings, his vertues all to drown.  
 He walloweth now, in all licenciousnesse,  
 In pride, and cruelty, to th' highest excesse.  
 Being inflam'd with wine upon a season,  
 (Filled with madnesse, and quite void of reason)  
 He at a bold, base Strumpets, lewd desire;  
 Commands to set this goodly town on fire.  
 Parmenio wise, intreats him to desist,  
 And layes before his eyes, if he persist  
 His names dishonour, losse unto his State.  
 And just procuring of the Persians hate.  
 But deafe to reason, (bent to have his will;)  
 Those stately streets with raging flames doth fil.  
 Now to Darius, he directs his way,  
 Who was retir'd, and gone to Media.  
 (And there with sorrows, fears, and cares surrounded)  
 Had now his fourth, and last Army compounded,  
 Which forty thousand made; but his intent,  
 Was straight in Bactria these to augment,  
 But hearing, Alexander was so near;  
 Thought now this once, to try his fortunes here,  
 Chusing rather an honorable death:  
 Then still with infamy, to draw his breath.

But Bessus false, who was his cheife Commander;  
 Perswades him not to fight, with Alexander.  
 With sage advice, he layes before his eyes,  
 The little hope, of profit like to rise.  
 If when he'd multitudes, the day he lost;  
 Then with so few, how likely to be crost.  
 This counsell, for his safety, he pretended,  
 But to deliver him to's foes, intended.  
 Next day this treason, to Darius known,  
 Transported sore, with griefe and passion;  
 Grinding his teeth, and plucking off his haire,  
 Sate down o'rewhelme'd, with sorrow, and despair,  
 Bidding his servant Artabassus true;  
 Look to himselfe, and leave him to that crew;  
 Who was of hopes, and comfort quite bereft;  
 And of his Guard, and Servitors now left.  
 Straight Bessus comes, and with his traiterous hands,  
 Lays hold on's Lord, and binding him with bands.  
 Into a cart him throwes, covered with hides;  
 Who wanting means t' resist, these wrongs abides.  
 Then draws the Cart along, with chaines of gold;  
 In more dispight, the thrawled Prince to hold.  
 And thus to Alexander, on he goes,  
 Great recompence, in's thoughts, he did propose;  
 But some detesting, this his wicked fact,  
 To Alexander fly, and told this act;  
 Who doubling of his march, posts on amain,  
 Darius from those Traitors hands to gain;  
 Bessus gets knowledge, his disloyalty,  
 Had Alexanders wrath incensed high;  
 Whose Army now, was almost within sight,  
 His hopes being dasht, prepares himself for flight:  
 Unto Darius, first he brings a Horse,  
 And bids him, save himselfe, by speedy course:  
 This wofull King, his courtesie refuses,  
 Whom thus the execrable wretch abuses:  
 By throwing Darts, gives him his mortall wound,  
 Then slew his servants, that were faithfull found;  
 Yea, wounds the beasts (that drew him) unto death,  
 And leaves him thus, to gaspe out his last breath.  
 (Bessus, his Partner in this Tragedy,  
 Was the false Governour of Media)  
 This done, they with their Hoast, soon speed away,  
 To hide themselves, remote, in Bactria;  
 Darius bath'd in bloud, sends out his groanes,  
 Invokes the heavens, and earth, to heare his moanes;

His lost felicity did greive him sore,  
 But this unheard of injury much more;  
 Yea, above all, that neither eare, nor eye,  
 Should heare, nor see, his groans, and misery:  
 As thus he lay, Polistratus a Greeke,  
 Wearied with his long march, did water seek,  
 So chanc'd these bloody Horses to espy,  
 Whose wounds had made their skins of purple dye;  
 To them he goes, and looking in the Cart,  
 Findes poore Darius, peirced to the heart;  
 Who not a little chear'd, to have some eye,  
 The witsse of his dying misery:  
 Prayes him, to Alexander to commend,  
 The just revenge of this his wofull end;  
 And not to pardon such disloyalty,  
 Of treason, murther, and base cruelty.  
 If not, because Darius thus did pray,  
 Yet that succeeding Kings in safety may  
 Their lives enjoy, their crowns, and dignity,  
 And not by Traitors hands untimely dye.  
 He also sends his humble thankfulnessse,  
 For all that Kingly Grace he did expresse,  
 To's Mother, Children deare, and Wife now gone,  
 Which made their long restraint, seeme to be none;  
 Praying the immortall gods, that Sea, and Land,  
 Might be subjected to his royall hand;  
 And that his rule as farre extended be,  
 As men, the rising, setting Sun shall see.  
 This said, the Greek for water doth intreat,  
 To quench his thirst, and to allay his heat;  
 Of all good things (quoth he) once in my power,  
 I've nothing left, at this my dying houre;  
 Thy pittie, and compassion to reward,  
 Wherefore the gods requite thy kinde regard.  
 This said, his fainting breath did fleet away,  
 And though a Monarch once, now lyes like clay;  
 Yea, thus must every Son of Adam lye,  
 Though gods on earth, like Sons of men shall dye.  
 Now to the East great Alexander goes,  
 To see if any dare his might oppose.  
 (For scarce the world, or any bounds thereon,  
 Could bound his boundlesse, fond ambition)  
 Such as submits, he doth againe restore,  
 And makes their riches, and their honours more;  
 On Artabasus more then all bestow'd,  
 For his fidelity to 's Master show'd;

Thalestris, Queen of th' Amazons, now brought  
 Her traine to Alexander (as 'tis thought)  
 Though some reading of the best, and soundest minde,  
 Such country there, nor yet such people finde.  
 Then tell her errand, we had better spare  
 To th' ignorant, her title may declare.  
 As Alexander in his greatnesse growes,  
 So daily of his vertues doth he lose;  
 He basenesse counts his former clemency,  
 And not beseeming such a dignity;  
 His past sobriety doth also hate,  
 As most incompatible to his state;  
 His temperance, is but a sordid thing,  
 No wayes becomming such a mighty King;  
 His greatnesse now he takes, to represent,  
 His fancied gods, above the firmament,  
 And such as shew'd but reverence before,  
 Are strictly now commanded to adore;  
 With Persian Robes, himselfe doth dignifie,  
 Charging the same on his Nobility;  
 His manners, habit, gestures, now doth fashion,  
 After that conquer'd, and luxurious Nation;  
 His captains, that were vertuously enclin'd,  
 Griev'd at this change of manners, and of minde:  
 The ruder sort, did openly deride  
 His fained Deity, and foolish pride:  
 The certainty of both comes to his eares,  
 But yet no notice takes, of what he hears;  
 With those of worth, he still desires esteem,  
 So heaps up gifts, his credit to redeem;  
 And for the rest new wars, and travels findes,  
 That other matters may take up their minds.  
 Then hearing, Bessus makes himselfe a King,  
 Intends with speed, that Traitor down to bring;  
 Now that his Hoast from luggage might be free,  
 And no man with his burden, burdened be,  
 Commands forth-with, each man his fardle bring.  
 Into the Market-place, before the King;  
 Which done, sets fire upon those costly spoyls  
 The recompence of travels, wars, and toyls;  
 And thus unwisely, in one raging fume,  
 The wealth of many Cities doth consume:  
 But marvell 'tis, that without muteny,  
 The Souldiers should passe this injury;  
 Nor wonder lesse, to Readers may it bring,  
 For to observe the rashnesse of the King.

Now with his Army, doth he hast away,  
 False Bessus to finde out, in Bactria;  
 But sore distrest for water, in their march,  
 The drought, and heat, their bodies much doth parch;  
 At length, they came to th' River Oxus brink,  
 Where most immoderately these thirsty drink;  
 This more mortality to them did bring,  
 Then did their wars, against the Persian King.  
 Here Alexander's almost at a stand,  
 How to passe over, and gaine the other Land;  
 For Boats here's none, nor neare it any wood,  
 To make them rafts, to waft them o're the floud;  
 But he that was resolved in his minde,  
 Would by some means a transportation finde;  
 So from his carriages the Hides he takes,  
 And stuffing them with straw, he bundles makes;  
 On these, together ty'd, in six dayes space,  
 They all passe over, to the other place;  
 Had Bessus had but valour to his wil,  
 He easily might have made them stay there stil;  
 But coward, durst not fight, nor could he fly,  
 Hated of all, for's former treachery,  
 Is by his owne, now bound in Iron chaines,  
 (A collar of the same his neck containes)  
 And in this sort, they rather drag, then bring,  
 This Malefactor vild, before the King,  
 Who to Darius Brother gives the wretch,  
 With wracks, and tortures, every limbe to stretch.  
 Here was of Greeks, a town in Bactria,  
 Whom Xerxes from their country led away;  
 These not a little joy'd, this day to see,  
 Wherein their own had soveraignty.  
 And now reviv'd with hopes, held up their head,  
 From bondage, long to be infranchised;  
 But Alexander puts them to the sword,  
 Without cause, given by them, in deed, or word:  
 Nor sex, nor age, nore one, nor other spar'd,  
 But in his cruelty alike they shar'd;  
 Nor could he reason give, for this great wrong,  
 But that they had forgot their Mother-tongue.  
 Whilst thus he spent some time in Bactria,  
 And in his Camp strong, and securely lay,  
 Down from the mountains twenty thousand came,  
 And there most fiercely set upon the same;  
 Repelling these two marks of honour got,  
 Imprinted deep in's legg, by Arrowes shot;

And now the Bactrians 'gainst him rebel,  
 But he their stubbornnesse full soone doth quel;  
 From hence he to Jaxartis river goes,  
 Where Scithians rude, his valour doth oppose,  
 And with their out-cries, in a hideous sort,  
 Besets his Camp, or Military Court;  
 Of Darts, and Arrowes, made so little spare,  
 They flew so thick they seem'd to dark the aire:  
 But soone the Grecians forc'd them to a flight,  
 Whose nakednesse could not endure their might;  
 Upon this Rivers banck in seventeen dayes,  
 A goodly City doth compleatly raise;  
 Which Alexandria he doth also name,  
 And furlongs sixty could not round the same.  
 His third supply, Antipater now sent,  
 Which did his former Army much augment,  
 And being an hundred twenty thousand strong,  
 He enters now the Indian Kings among;  
 Those that submit, he doth restore again.  
 Those that doe not, both they, and theirs, are slain;  
 To age, nor sex, no pittie doth expresse,  
 But all fall by his sword, most mercilesse.  
 He t' Nisa goes, by Bacchus built long since,  
 Whose feasts are celebrated by this Prince;  
 Nor had that drunken god, one that would take  
 His liquors more devoutly in, for's sake.  
 When thus, ten dayes, his brain with wine he'd soak'd,  
 And with delicious meats, his Pallat choak'd,  
 To th' river Indus next, his course he bends,  
 Boats to prepare, Ephestion first he sends,  
 Who comming thither, long before his Lord;  
 Had to his mind, made all things now accord:  
 The Vessells ready were, at his command;  
 And Omphis, King of that part of the land:  
 Through his perswasion Alexander meets;  
 And as his Sovereign Lord, him humbly greets.  
 Fifty six Elephants he brings to's hands:  
 And tenders him the strength of all his lands,  
 Presents himselfe, there with a golden Crowne,  
 And eighty Tallents to his Captaines down.  
 But Alexander, caus'd him to behold;  
 He glory sought, no silver, nor yet gold;  
 His Presents all, with thanks he doth restore;  
 And of his own, a thousand Tallents more.  
 Thus all the Indian Kings, to him submit;  
 But Porus stout, who will not yeeld as yet;

To him doth Alexander thus declare,  
 His pleasure is, that forthwith he repaire  
 Unto his Kingdoms borders, and as due,  
 His Homage unto him as Sovereigne doe.  
 But Kingly Porus this brave answer sent,  
 That to attend him there, was his intent;  
 And come as well provided as he could,  
 But for the rest, his sword advise him should.  
 Great Alexander vext at this reply,  
 Did more his valour then his Crown envie;  
 Is now resolv'd to passe Hidaspes floud,  
 And there his Sovereignty for to make good;  
 But on the banks doth Porus ready stand,  
 For to receive him, when he comes to land;  
 A potent Army with him, like a King,  
 And ninety Elephants for war did bring;  
 Had Alexander such resistance seen,  
 On Tygris side, here now he had not been;  
 Within this spacious river, deep, and wide,  
 Did here, and there, Isles full of trees abide;  
 His Army Alexander doth divide,  
 With Ptolomy, sends part o' th' tother side;  
 Porus encounters them, thinking all's there,  
 Then covertly, the rest gets o're else where;  
 But whilst the first he valiantly assayl'd,  
 The last set on his back, and so prevail'd:  
 Yet Work enough, here Alexander found,  
 For to the last, stout Porus kept his ground.  
 Nor was't dishonour, at the length to yeeld;  
 When Alexander strives to win the field,  
 His fortitude his Kingly foe commends;  
 Restores him, and his bounds further extends;  
 East-ward, now Alexander would goe still,  
 But so to doe, his Souldiers had no will;  
 Long with excessive travailes wearied,  
 Could by no means be further drawn, or led:  
 Yet that his fame might to posterity,  
 Be had in everlasting memory,  
 Doth for his Camp a greater circuit take,  
 And for his Souldiers larger Cabins make;  
 His Maungers he erected up so high,  
 As never Horse his Provender could eye;  
 Huge Bridles made, which here, and there, he left,  
 Which might be found, and so for wonders kept:  
 Twelve Altars, he for Monuments then rears,  
 Whereon his acts, and travels, long appears;

But doubting, wearing Time would these decay,  
 And so his memory might fade away,  
 He on the faire Hidaspis pleasant side,  
 Two Cities built, his fame might there abide;  
 The first Nicca, the next Bucephalon,  
 Where he entomb'd his stately stallion.  
 His fourth, and last supply, was hither sent,  
 Then down t' Hidaspis with his Fleet he went;  
 Some time he after spent upon that shore,  
 Where one hundred Embassadours, or more,  
 Came with submission, from the Indian Kings  
 Bringing their Presents, rare, and precious things:  
 These, all he feasts in state, on beds of gold,  
 His furniture most sumptuous to behold;  
 The meat, and drink, attendants, every thing,  
 To th' utmost shew'd, the glory of a King;  
 With rich rewards, he sent them home again,  
 Acknowledg'd for their Masters Sovereigne;  
 Then sayling South, and comming to the shore,  
 These obscure Nations yeelded as before;  
 A City here he built; cal'd by his name,  
 Which could not sound too oft, with too much fame;  
 Hence sayling down by th' mouth of Indus floud,  
 His Gallies stuck upon the sand, and mud;  
 Which the stout Macedonians mazed sore  
 Depriv'd at once, the use of Saile, and Oare;  
 But well observing th' nature of the tide,  
 Upon those Flats they did not long abide;  
 Passing faire Indus mouth, his course he stear'd,  
 To th' coast which by Euphrates mouth appear'd;  
 Whose inlets neare unto, he winter spent,  
 Unto his starved Souldiers small content;  
 By hunger, and by cold, so many slaine,  
 That of them all, the fourth did scarce remaine.  
 Thus Winter, Souldiers, and provision spent,  
 From hence he to Gedrosia went,  
 And thence he marcht into Carmania,  
 So he at length drew neare to Persia;  
 Now through these goodly countries as he past,  
 Much time in feasts, and ryoting doth wast;  
 Then visits Cyrus Sepulcher in's way,  
 Who now obscure at Passagardis lay;  
 Upon his Monument his Robes he spread,  
 And set his Crown on his supposed head;  
 From hence to Babylon, some time there spent,  
 He at the last to royall Sushan went;

A Wedding Feast to's Nobles then he makes,  
 And Statirah, Darius daughter takes,  
 Her Sister gives to his Ephestion deare,  
 That by this match he might be yet more neare.  
 He fourscore Persian Ladies also gave;  
 At the same time, unto his Captains brave;  
 Six thousand Guests he to this feast invites,  
 Whose Sences all, were glutted with delights:  
 It far exceeds my meane abilities,  
 To shadow forth these short felicities:  
 Spectators here, could scarce relate the story,  
 They were so wrapt with this externall glory.  
 If an Ideall Paradise, a man should frame,  
 He might this feast imagine by the same.  
 To every Guest, a cup of gold he sends,  
 So after many dayes this Banquet ends.  
 Now, Alexanders conquests, all are done,  
 And his long travells past, and over-gone;  
 His vertues dead, buried, and all forgot,  
 But vice remaines, to his eternall blot.  
 'Mongst those, that of his cruelty did taste,  
 Philotas was not least, nor yet the last;  
 Accus'd, because he did not certifie  
 The King of treason, and conspiracy;  
 Upon suspicion being apprehended,  
 Nothing was found, wherein he had offended;  
 His silence, guilt was, of such consequence,  
 He death deserv'd, for this so high offence;  
 But for his Fathers great deserts, the King,  
 His Royall pardon gave, for this same thing;  
 Yet is Philotas unto Judgement brought;  
 Must suffer, not for what he did, but thought:  
 His Master is Accuser, Judge, and King,  
 Who to the height doth aggravate each thing;  
 Enveighs against his Father, now absent,  
 And's Brethen whom for him their lives had spent;  
 But Philotas, his unpardonable crime,  
 Which no merit could obliterate, or time:  
 He did the Oracle of Jupiter deride,  
 By which his Majesty was deifi'd.  
 Philotas thus o're-charg'd, with wrong, and greif,  
 Sunk in despair, without hope of releif;  
 Faine would have spoke, and made his owne defence,  
 The King would give no eare, but went from thence;  
 To his malicious foes delivers him,  
 To wreak their spight, and hate, on every limbe.

Philotas after him sends out this cry,  
 Oh, Alexander, thy free clemency,  
 My foes exceeds in malice, and their hate,  
 Thy Kingly word can easily terminate;  
 Such torments great, as wit could first invent,  
 Or flesh, or life could bear, till both were spent,  
 Are now inflicted on Parmenio's Son,  
 For to accuse himself, as they had done;  
 At last he did: So they were justified,  
 And told the world, that for desert he dyed.  
 But how these Captaines should, or yet their Master,  
 Look on Parmenio, after this disaster,  
 They knew not; wherefore, best now to be done,  
 Was to dispatch the Father, as the Son.  
 This sound advice, at heart, pleas'd Alexander,  
 Who was so much engag'd, to this Commander,  
 As he would ne're confesse, nor could reward,  
 Nor could his Captaines bear so great regard;  
 Wherefore at once all these to satisfie,  
 It was decreed Parmenio should dye:  
 Polidamus, who seem'd Parmenio's friend,  
 To doe this deed, they into Media send;  
 He walking in his Garden, too and fro,  
 Thinking no harme, because he none did owe,  
 Most wickedly was slaine, without least crime,  
 (The most renowned Captaine of his time)  
 This is Parmenio, which so much had done,  
 For Philip dead, and his surviving Son,  
 Who from a petty King of Macedon,  
 By him was set upon the Persian Throne:  
 This that Parmenio, who still over-came,  
 Yet gave his Master the immortall fame;  
 Who for his prudence, valour, care, and trust,  
 Had this reward most cruel, and unjust.  
 The next that in untimely death had part,  
 Was one of more esteem, but lesse desart;  
 Clitus, belov'd next to Ephestion,  
 And in his cups, his chief Companion;  
 When both were drunk, Clitus was wont to jeere;  
 Alexander, to rage, to kill, and sweare,  
 Nothing more pleasing to mad Clitus tongue,  
 Then's Masters god-head, to defie, and wrong;  
 Nothing toucht Alexander to the quick  
 Like this, against his deity to kick:  
 Upon a time, when both had drunken well,  
 Upon this dangerous theam fond Clitus fell;

From jeast, to earnest, and at last so bold,  
 That of Parmenio's death him plainly told.  
 Alexander now no longer could containe,  
 But instantly commands him to be slaine;  
 Next day, he tore his face, for what he'd done,  
 And would have slaine himself, for Clitus gone,  
 This pot companion he did more bemoan,  
 Then all the wrong to brave Parmenio done.  
 The next of worth, that suffered after these,  
 Was vertuous, learned, wise Calisthines,  
 Who lov'd his Master more then did the rest,  
 As did appeare, in flattering him the least:  
 In his esteem, a God he could not be,  
 Nor would adore him for a Deity:  
 For this alone, and for no other cause,  
 Against his Sovereigne, or against his Lawes,  
 He on the wrack, his limbs in peeces rent,  
 Thus was he tortur'd, till his life was spent.  
 Of this unkingly deed, doth Seneca  
 This censure passe, and not unwisely, say,  
 Of Alexander, this th' eternall crime,  
 Which shall not be obliterate by time,  
 Which vertues fame can ne're redeem by farre,  
 Nor all felicity, of his in war;  
 When e're 'tis said, he thousand thousands slew,  
 Yea, and Calisthines to death he drew,  
 The mighty Persian King he over-came,  
 Yea, and he kild Calisthines by name;  
 All Kingdoms, Countries, Provinces, he won,  
 From Hellispont, to th' furthest Ocean;  
 All this he did, who knows not to be true,  
 But yet withall, Calisthines he slew;  
 From Macedon his Empire did extend,  
 Unto the furthest bounds of th' orient;  
 All this he did, yea, and much more, 'tis true,  
 But yet withall, Calisthines he slew;  
 Now Alexander goes to Media,  
 Findes there the want of wise Parmenio,  
 Here his cheif favourite Ephestion dyes,  
 He celebrates his mournfull obsequies;  
 For him erects a stately Monument,  
 Twelve thousand Tallents on it franckly spent;  
 Hangs his Phisitian, the reason why,  
 Because he let Ephestion to dye.  
 This act (me thinks) his god-head should ashame;  
 To punish, where himself deserved blame:

Or of necessity, he must imply,  
 The other was the greatest Deity.  
 From Media to Babylon he went,  
 To meet him there, t' Antipater had sent,  
 That he might next now act upon the Stage,  
 And in a Tragedy there end his age.  
 The Queen Olimpias, bears him deadly hate,  
 (Not suffering her to meddle in the State)  
 And by her Letters did her Son incite,  
 This great indignity for to requite.  
 His doing so, no whit displeas'd the King,  
 Though to his Mother he disprov'd the thing;  
 But now, Antipater had liv'd thus long,  
 He might well dye, though he had done no wrong;  
 His service great now's suddenly forgot,  
 Or if remembred, yet regarded not;  
 The King doth intimate 'twas his intent,  
 His honours, and his riches, to augment  
 Of larger Provinces, the rule to give,  
 And for his Counsell, ne're the King to live.  
 So to be caught, Antipater's too wise,  
 Parmenio's death's too fresh before his eyes;  
 He was too subtile for his crafty foe,  
 Nor by his baits could be ensnared so:  
 But his excuse with humble thanks he sends,  
 His age, and journey long, he now pretends;  
 And pardon craves, for his unwilling stay,  
 He shewes his grief, he's forc'd to disobey:  
 Before his answer came to Babylon,  
 The thread of Alexanders life was spun;  
 Poyson had put an end to's dayes 'twas thought,  
 By Philip, and Cassander, to him brought,  
 Sons to Antipater, bearers of his Cup,  
 Least of such like, their Father chance to sup:  
 By others thought, and that more generally,  
 That through excessive drinking he did dye.  
 The thirty third of's age doe all agree,  
 This Conquerour did yeeld to destiny;  
 Whose famous Acts must last, whilst world shall stand,  
 And Conquests be talkt of, whilst there is Land;  
 His Princely qualities, had he retain'd  
 Unparalel'd, for ever had remain'd;  
 But with the world his vertues overcame,  
 And so with black, be-clouded all his fame.  
 Wise Aristotle, tutour to his youth,  
 Had so instructed him in morall truth.

The principles of what he then had learn'd  
 Might to the last (when sober) be discern'd.  
 Learning, and learned men, he much regarded,  
 And curious Artists evermore rewarded.  
 The Illiads of Homer he still kept,  
 And under's pillow laid them when he slept.  
 Achille's happinesse he did envy,  
 'Cause Homer kept his Acts to memory;  
 Profusely bountifull, without desert,  
 For those that pleas'd him: had both wealth and heart:  
 Cruell by nature, and by custome too,  
 As oft his Acts throughtout his reigne did shew:  
 More boundles in ambition then the skie,  
 Vain thirsting after immorality:  
 Still fearing that his Name might hap to die,  
 And fame not last unto Eternity:  
 This conquerour did oft lament ('tis sed)  
 There was no worlds, more, to be conquered:  
 This folly great Augustus did deride,  
 For had he had but wisdome to his pride,  
 He would have found enough for to be done,  
 To govern that he had already won:  
 His thoughts are perish'd he aspires no more,  
 Nor can he kill, or save as heretofore,  
 A God alive him all must Idolize;  
 Now like a mortall helplesse man he lies;  
 Of all those kingdomes large which he had got,  
 To his posterity remain'd no jot,  
 For by that hand, which still revengeth bloud,  
 None of his Kindred, or his Race, long stood;  
 And as he took delight, much bloud to spill,  
 So the same cup to his, did others fill.  
 Four of his Captains, all doe now divide,  
 As Daniel, before had Prophesied;  
 The Leopard down, his four wings 'gan to rise,  
 The great Horn broke, the lesse did tytannize;  
 What troubles, and contentions did ensue,  
 We may hereafter shew, in season due.

*Aridæns.*

Great Alexander dead, his Army's left,  
 Like to that Giant, of his eye bereft;  
 When of his monstrous bulk it was the guide,  
 His matchlesse force no Creature could abide;  
 But by Ulysses, having lost his sight,

Each man began for to contemn his might;  
 For ayming still amisse, his dreadfull blowes  
 Did harm himself, but never reacht his foes:  
 Now Court, and Camp, all in confusion be,  
 A King they'l have, but who, none can agree:  
 Each Captain wisht this prize to beare away,  
 Yet none so hardy found as so durst say.  
 Great Alexander had left issue none,  
 Except by Artabasus daughter one;  
 And Roxan faire, whom late he married,  
 Was neare her time to be delivered;  
 By Natures right, these had enough to claime,  
 But meannesse of their Mothers bard the same:  
 Alleadg'd by those, which by their subtill plea  
 Had hope themselves, to beare the Crown away;  
 A Sister Alexander had, but she  
 Claim'd not, perhaps her Sex might hindrance be.  
 After much tumult, they at last proclaim'd  
 His base born Brother Aridæus nam'd,  
 That so under his feeble wit, and reign,  
 Their ends they might the better still attain.  
 This choyse Perdicas, vehemently disclaim'd,  
 And th' unborn babe of Roxan he proclaim'd;  
 Some wished him, to take the stile of King,  
 Because his Master gave to him his Ring,  
 And had to him, still since Ephestion dyed,  
 More then to th' rest, his favour testified:  
 But he refus'd, with fained modesty,  
 Hoping to be elect more generally;  
 He hold of this occasion should have laid,  
 For second offers there were never made;  
 'Mongst these contentions, tumults, jealousies,  
 Seven dayes the Corps of their great Master lyes  
 Untoucht, uncovered, slighted, and neglected,  
 So much these Princes their owne ends respected.  
 A contemplation to astonish Kings,  
 That he, who late, possest all earthly things,  
 And yet not so content, unlesse that he  
 Might be esteemed for a Deity;  
 Now lay a spectacle, to testifie  
 The wretchednesse of mans mortality.  
 After this time, when stirs began to calme,  
 The Egyptians, his body did enbalme;  
 On which, no signe of poyson could be found,  
 But all his bowels, coloured well, and sound.  
 Perdicas, seeing Aridæus must be King,

Under his name begins to rule each thing.  
 His chief opponents who kept off the Crown,  
 Was stiffe Meleager, whom he would take down,  
 Him by a wile he got within his power,  
 And took his life unworthily that houre:  
 Using the name, and the command o' th' King  
 To authorize his Acts in every thing.  
 The Princes seeing Perdicas's power and Pride,  
 Thought timely for themselves, now to provide.  
 Antigonus, for his share Asia takes,  
 And Ptolomy, next sure of Egypt makes.  
 Seleuchus afterward held Babylon;  
 Antipater, had long rul'd Macedon,  
 These now to govern for the King pretends,  
 But nothing lesse: each one himself intends.  
 Perdicas took no Province, like the rest,  
 But held command o' th' Armies which was best;  
 And had a higher project in his head,  
 Which was his Masters sister for to wed:  
 So, to the Lady secretly he sent,  
 That none might know, to frustrate his intent;  
 But Cleopatra, this suitour did deny,  
 For Leonatus, more lovely in her eye,  
 To whom she sent a message of her mind,  
 That if he came, good welcome he should find:  
 In these tumultuous dayes, the thrall'd Greeks  
 Their ancient liberty, afresh now seeks,  
 Shakes off the yoke, sometimes before laid on  
 By warlike Philip, and his conquering son.  
 The Athenians, force Antipater to fly  
 To Lamia, where he shut up doth ly;  
 To brave Craterus, then, he sends with speed,  
 To come and to release him in his need,  
 The like of Leonatus, he requires,  
 (Which at this time well suited his desires)  
 For to Antipater he now might go,  
 His Lady take i' th' way, and no man know.  
 Antiphilus the Athenian Generall,  
 With speed his forces doth together call,  
 Striving to stop Leonatus, that so  
 He joyn not with Antipater, that foe,  
 The Athenian Army was the greater far,  
 (Which did his match with Cleopatra mar)  
 For fighting still, whilst there did hope remain,  
 The valiant Chief, amidst his foes was slain,  
 'Mongst all the Captains of great Alexander,

For personage, none was like this Commander:  
 Now to Antipater, Craterus goes,  
 Blockt up in Lamia, still by his foes;  
 Long marches through Cilicia he makes,  
 And the remains of Leonatus takes;  
 With them and his, he into Grecia went,  
 Antipater releas'd from's prisonment,  
 After this time, the Greeks did never more  
 Act any thing of worth, as heretofore,  
 But under servitude, their necks remain'd,  
 Nor former liberty, or glory gain'd,  
 Now dy'd (about the end of th' Lamian warre)  
 Demosthenes, that sweet tongu'd oratour.  
 Craterus, and Antipater now joyn  
 In love, and in affinity combine:  
 Craterus doth his daughter Phisa wed,  
 Their friendship may the more be strenghtened:  
 Whilst they in Macedon doe thus agree,  
 In Asia they all asunder be.  
 Perdicas griev'd, to see the Princes bold,  
 So many Kingdoms in their power to hold,  
 Yet to regain them, how he did not know,  
 For's Souldiers 'gainst those Captains would not goe;  
 To suffer them goe on, as they begun,  
 Was to give way, himself might be undone;  
 With Antipater t' joyn, sometimes he thought,  
 That by his help, the rest might low be brought:  
 But this again dislikes, and would remain,  
 If not in word, in deed a Sovereigne.  
 Desires the King, to goe to Macedon,  
 Which of his Ancestors was once the throne,  
 And by his presence there, to nullifie  
 The Acts of his Vice-royes, now grown so high:  
 Antigonus of Treason first attaints,  
 And summons him, to answer these complaints;  
 This he avoyds, and ships himself, and's Son,  
 Goes to Antipater, and tels what's done;  
 He, and Craterus, both with him now joyn,  
 And 'gainst Perdicas, all their strength combine.  
 Brave Ptolomy, to make a fourth now sent,  
 To save himself from dangers eminent;  
 In midst of these, Garboyles, with wondrous state,  
 His Masters Funerals doth celebrate;  
 At Alexandria, in Ægypt Land,  
 His sumptuous monument long time did stand;  
 Two years and more since, Natures debt he paid,

And yet till now, at quiet was not laid.  
 Great love did Ptolomy by this act gain.  
 And made the Souldiers on his side remain;  
 Perdicas hears, his foes are now combin'd,  
 ('Gainst which to goe, is troubled in his minde;)

With Ptolomy for to begin was best,  
 Near'st unto him, and farthest from the rest.  
 Leaves Eumenes, the Asian coast to free,  
 From the invasions of the other three;  
 And with his Army into Ægypt goes,  
 Brave Ptolomy to th' utmost to oppose.  
 Perdicas surly carriage, and his pride,  
 Did alienate the Souldiers from his side;  
 But Ptolomy by affability,  
 His sweet demeanour, and his courtesie,  
 Did make his owne firme to his cause remaine,  
 And from the other, daily some did gaine.  
 Pithon, next Perdicas, a Captaine high,  
 Being entreated by him scornfully,  
 Some of the Souldiers enters Perdica's tent,  
 Knocks out his braines, to Ptolomy then went,  
 And offers him his Honours, and his place,  
 With stile of the Protector, would him grace;  
 Next day into Camp comes Ptolomy,  
 And is of all received joyfully;  
 Their proffers he refus'd, with modesty  
 Confers them Pithon on, for's courtesie;  
 With what held, he now was well content,  
 Then by more trouble to grow eminent.  
 Now comes there newes of a great victory,  
 That Eumenes got of the other three,  
 Had it but in Perdicas life arriv'd,  
 With greater joy it would have been receiv'd;  
 Thus Ptolomy rich Ægypt did retaine,  
 And Pithon turn'd to Asia againe.  
 Whilst Perdicas thus staid in Africa,  
 Antigonus did enter Asia,  
 And fain would draw Eumenes to their side,  
 But he alone now faithfull did abide:  
 The other all, had kingdomes in their eye,  
 But he was true to's masters family,  
 Nor could Craterus (whom he much did love)  
 From his fidelity make him once move.  
 Two battells now he fought, and had the best,  
 And brave Craterus slew, amongst the rest,  
 For this great strife, he pours out his complaints,

And his beloved foe, full sore laments.  
 I should but snip a story into verse,  
 And much eclipse his glory to rehearse  
 The difficulties Eumenes befell,  
 His stratagems, wherein he did excel,  
 His policies, how he did extricate  
 Himself from out of labyrinths intricate.  
 For all that should be said, let this suffice,  
 He was both valiant, faithfull, patient, wise.  
 Python now chose protector of the State,  
 His rule Queen Euridice begins to hate,  
 Perceives Aridæus must not king it long,  
 If once young Alexander grow more strong,  
 But that her Husband serve for supplement,  
 To warm the seat, was never her intent,  
 She knew her birthright gave her Macedon,  
 Grandchild to him, who once sat on that throne,  
 Who was Perdicas, Philips elder brother,  
 She daughter to his son, who had no other;  
 Her mother Cyna sister to Alexander,  
 Who had an Army, like a great Commander.  
 Ceria the Phrigian Queen for to withstand,  
 And in a Battell slew her hand to hand;  
 Her Daughter she instructed in that Art,  
 Which made her now begin to play her part;  
 Pithons commands, She ever countermands  
 What he appoints, She purposely withstands:  
 He wearied out, at last, would needs be gone,  
 Resign'd his place, and so let all alone;  
 In's stead, the Souldiers chose Antipater,  
 Who vext the Queen more then the other farre;  
 He plac'd, displac'd, controll'd, rul'd, as he list,  
 And this no man durst question, or resist;  
 For all the Princes of great Alexander  
 Acknowledged for chief, this old Commander:  
 After a while, to Macedon he makes;  
 The King, and Queen, along with him he takes.  
 Two Sons of Alexander, and the rest,  
 All to be order'd there as he thought best:  
 The Army with Amigonus did leave.  
 And government of Asia to him gave;  
 And thus Antipater the ground-work layes,  
 On which Antigonus his height doth raise:  
 Who in few years the rest so over-tops,  
 For universall Monarchy he hopes;  
 With Eumenes he divers Battels fought,

And by his sleights to circumvent him sought;  
 But vaine it was to use his policy,  
 'Gainst him, that all deceits could scan, and try:  
 In this Epitomy, too long to tell  
 How neatly Eumenes did here excell,  
 That by the selfe-same traps the other laid,  
 He to his cost was righteously repaid.  
 Now great Antipater, the world doth leave  
 To Polisperchon, then his place he gave,  
 Fearing his Son Cassander was unstay'd,  
 Too young to beare that charge, if on him lay'd;  
 Antigonus hearing of his decease,  
 On most part of Assyria doth seize,  
 And Ptolomy, now to encroach begins,  
 All Syria, and, Phenicia he wins;  
 Now Polisperchon 'gins to act in's place,  
 Recals Olimpias, the Court to grace;  
 Antipater had banisht her from thence,  
 Into Epire, for her great turbulence;  
 This new Protector's of another minde,  
 Thinks by her Majesty much help to finde;  
 Cassander could not (like his father) see  
 This Polisperchons great ability,  
 Slights his commands, his actions he disclaimes;  
 And to be great himselfe now bends his aymes;  
 Such as his father had advanc'd to place,  
 Or by his favour any way did grace,  
 Are now at the devotion of the Son,  
 Prest to accomplish what he would have done;  
 Besides, he was the young Queens favourite,  
 On whom ('twas thought) she set her chief delight;  
 Unto these helps, in Greece, he seeks out more,  
 Goes to Antigonus, and doth implore,  
 By all the Bonds 'twixt him and's father past  
 And for that great gift, which he gave him last;  
 By these, and all, to grant him some supply,  
 To take down Polisperchon grown so high;  
 For this Antigonus needed no spurs.  
 Hoping still more to gaine by these new stirs;  
 Straight furnisht him with a sufficient aide,  
 Cassander for return all speed now made:  
 Polisperchon, knowing he did relye  
 Upon those friends, his father rais'd on high,  
 Those absent, banished, or else he slew  
 All such as he suspected to him true.  
 Cassander with his Hoast to Grecia goes,

Whom Polisperchon labours to oppose,  
 But had the worst at Sea, as well as Land,  
 And his opponent still got upper hand,  
 Athens, with many Townes in Greece besides,  
 Firme to Cassander at this time abides:  
 Whilst hot in wars these two in Greece remaine,  
 Antigonus doth all in Asia gaine;  
 Still labours Eumenes might with him side,  
 But to the last he faithfull did abide;  
 Nor could Mother, nor Sons of Alexander,  
 Put trust in any, but in this Commander;  
 The great ones now began to shew their minde,  
 And act, as opportunity they finde:  
 Aridæus the scorn'd, and simple King,  
 More then he bidden was, could act no thing;  
 Polisperchon hoping for's office long,  
 Thinks to enthrone the Prince when riper grown;  
 Euridice this injury disdaines,  
 And to Cassander of this wrong complaines;  
 Hatefull the Name, and House of Alexander,  
 Was to this proud, vindicative Cassander,  
 He still kept fresh within his memory,  
 His Fathers danger, with his Family;  
 Nor counts he that indignity but small,  
 When Alexander knockt his head to th' wall:  
 These, with his love, unto the amorous Queen  
 Did make him vow her servant to be seen.  
 Olimpias, Aridæus deadly hates,  
 As all her Husbands children by his Mates;  
 She gave him poyson formerly ('tis thought)  
 Which damage both to minde and body brought:  
 She now with Polisperchon doth combine,  
 To make the King by force his seat resigne;  
 And her young Nephew in his stead t' inthroned,  
 That under him she might rule all alone.  
 For ayde goes to Epire, among her friends,  
 The better to accomplish these her ends;  
 Euridice hearing what she intends,  
 In hast unto her deare Cassander sends,  
 To leave his Seige at Tagra, and with speed  
 To come and succour her, in this great need;  
 Then by intreaties, promises, and coyne,  
 Some Forces did procure, with her to joyne.  
 Olimpias now enters Macedon,  
 The Queen to meet her, bravely marched on;  
 But when her Souldiers saw their ancient Queen,

Remembring what sometime she had been,  
 The Wife, and Mother, of their famous Kings,  
 Nor Darts, nor Arrowes now, none shoots, nor flings;  
 Then King, and Queen, to Amphipolis doe fly,  
 But soone are brought into captivity;  
 The King by extreame torments had his end,  
 And to the Queen, these presents she doth send;  
 A Halter, cup of Poyson, and a Sword,  
 Bids chuse her death, such kindnesse she'l afford:  
 The Queen with many a curse, and bitter check,  
 At length yeelds to the Halter, her faire neck;  
 Praying, that fatall day might quickly haste,  
 On which Olimpias of the like might taste.  
 This done, the cruell Queen rests not content,  
 Till all that lov'd Cassander was nigh spent;  
 His Brethern, Kinsfolk, and his chiefest friends,  
 That were within her reach, came to their ends;  
 Digg'd up his brother dead, 'gainst natures right,  
 And throwes his bones about, to shew her spight.  
 The Courtiers wondring at her furious minde,  
 Wisht in Epire she still had been confin'd;  
 In Pelioponesus then Cassander lay,  
 Where hearing of this newes he speeds away,  
 With rage, and with revenge, he's hurried on,  
 So goes to finde this Queen in Macedon;  
 But being stopt, at Straight Tharmipoley  
 Sea passage gets, and lands in Thessaly;  
 His Army he divides, sends part away,  
 Polisperchon to hold a while in play,  
 And with the rest Olimpias pursues,  
 To give her for all cruelties her dues:  
 She with the flow'r o'th Court to Pidna flies,  
 Well fortified, and on the Sea it lies;  
 There by Cassander she's block'd up, so long,  
 Untill the Famine growes exceeding strong.  
 Her Cousen of Epire did what he might,  
 To raise the Seige, and put her foes to flight;  
 Cassander is resolv'd, there to remaine,  
 So succours, and endeavours proves but vaine.  
 Faine would she come now to capitulate,  
 Cassander will not heare, such is his hate.  
 The Souldiers pinched with this scarcity,  
 By stealth unto Cassander daily fly;  
 Olimpias wills to keep it, to the last,  
 Expecting nothing, but of death to taste;  
 But he unwilling longer there to stay,

Gives promise for her life, and wins the day:  
 No sooner had he got her in his hands,  
 But made in Judgement her Accusers stand,  
 And plead the blood of their deare Kindred spilt,  
 Desiring Justice might be done for guilt;  
 And so was he acquitted of his word,  
 For Justice sake she being put to th' sword.  
 This was the end of this most cruell Queen,  
 Whose fury yet unparalleld hath been;  
 The Daughter, Sister, Mother, Wife to Kings,  
 But Royalty no good conditions brings;  
 So boundlesse was her pride, and cruelty,  
 She oft forgot bounds of Humanity.  
 To Husbands death ('twas thought) she gave consent,  
 The Authours death she did so much lament,  
 With Garlands crown'd his head, bemoan'd his Fates,  
 His sword unto Apollo consecrates:  
 Her out-rages too tedious to relate,  
 How for no cause, but her inveterate hate;  
 Her Husbands Wife, and Children, after's death  
 Some slew, some fry'd, of others, stopt the breath;  
 Now in her age she's forc't to taste that Cup,  
 Which she had often made others to sup:  
 Now many Townes in Macedon supprest,  
 And Pellas faine to yeeld amongst the rest;  
 The Funeralls Cassandra celebrates,  
 Of Aridæus, and his Queen, with state;  
 Among their Ancestors by him there laid,  
 And shewes of lamentation for them made.  
 Old Thebes he then re-built (so much of fame)  
 And rais'd Cassandria after his name,  
 But leave him building, others in their urn,  
 And for a while, let's into Asia turn,  
 True Eumenes endeavours by all skill,  
 To keep Antigonus from Susha still,  
 Having Command o' th treasure he can hire,  
 Such as nor threats, nor favour could acquire;  
 In divers battels, he had good successe,  
 Antigonus came off still honourlesse,  
 When victor oft had been, and so might still,  
 Pencestas did betray him by a wile,  
 Antigonus, then takes his life unjust,  
 Because he never would let go his trust:  
 Thus lost he all for his fidelity,  
 Striving t' uphold his Masters family,  
 But as that to a period did haste,

So Eumenes of destiny must taste.  
 Antigonus, all Persia now gains,  
 And Master of the treasure he remains;  
 Then with Seleushus straight at ods doth fall,  
 But he for aid to Ptolomy doth call.  
 The Princes all begin now to envie  
 Antigonus, his growing up so hye,  
 Fearing their state, and what might hap ere long,  
 Enter into a combination strong:  
 Seleuchus, Ptolomy, Cassander joynes,  
 Lysimachus to make a fourth combines:  
 Antigonus, desirous of the Greeks,  
 To make Cassander odious to them, seeks,  
 Sends forth his declaration from a farre,  
 And shews what cause they had to take up warre.  
 The Mother of their King to death he'd put,  
 His Wife, and Son, in prison close had shut;  
 And how he aymes to make himselfe a King,  
 And that some title he might seeme to bring,  
 Thessalonica he had newly wed,  
 Daughter to Phillip, their renowned head;  
 Had built, and call'd a City by his name,  
 Which none e're did but those of royall fame;  
 And in despite of their two famous Kings,  
 Th' hatefull Olinthians to Greece re-brings;  
 Rebellious Thebs he had re-edified,  
 Which their late King in dust had damnified;  
 Requires them therefore to take up their Armes,  
 And to requite this Traytor for those harmes:  
 Now Ptolomy would gain the Greeks likewise,  
 For he declares against his injuries;  
 First, how he held the Empire in his hands,  
 Seleuchus drove from government, and lands;  
 Had valiant Eumenes unjustly slaine,  
 And Lord o' th' City Susa did remain.  
 So therefore craves their help to take him down,  
 Before he weare the universall Crown;  
 Antigonus at Sea soone had a fight,  
 Where Ptolomy, and the rest put him to flight;  
 His Son at Gaza likewise lost the field,  
 So Syria to Ptolomy did yeeld;  
 And Seleuchus recovers Babylon,  
 Still gaining Countries East-ward goes he on.  
 Demetrius againe with Ptolomy did fight,  
 And comming unawares put him to flight;  
 But bravely sends the Prisoners back againe,

And all the spoyle and booty they had tane;  
 Curtius, as noble Ptolomy, or more,  
 Who at Gaza did th' like to him before.  
 Antigonus did much rejoyce his son,  
 His lost repute with victorie had won;  
 At last these Princes tired out with warres,  
 Sought for a peace, and laid aside their jarres:  
 The terms of their agreement thus expresse,  
 That each shall hold what he doth now possesse,  
 Till Alexander unto age was grown,  
 Who then shall be installed in the throne:  
 This touch'd Cassander sore, for what he'd done,  
 Imprisoning both the mother, and her son,  
 He sees the Greeks now favour their young Prince,  
 Whom he in durance held, now and long since,  
 That in few years he must be forc'd or glad  
 To render up such kingdomes as he had  
 Resolves to quit his fears by one deed done,  
 And put to death, the mother and her son,  
 This Roxane for her beautie all commend,  
 But for one act she did, just was her end,  
 No sooner was great Alexander dead,  
 But she Dariu's daughters murdered,  
 Both thrown into a well to hide her blot,  
 Perdicas was her partner in this plot:  
 The Heavens seem'd slow in paying her the same,  
 But yet at last the hand of vengeance came,  
 And for that double fact which she had done,  
 The life of her must go, and of her son  
 Perdicas had before, for his amisse,  
 But from their hands, who thought not once of this.  
 Cassander's dead, the Princes all detest,  
 But 'twas in shew, in heart it pleas'd them best  
 That he was odious to the world, they'r glad,  
 And now they are, free Lords, of what they had,  
 When this foul tragedy was past, and done,  
 Polisperchon brings up the other son,  
 Call'd Hercules, and elder then his brother,  
 (But, Olympias, thought to preferre th' other:)  
 The Greeks touch'd with the murther done so late,  
 This Prince began for to compassionate.  
 Begin to mutter much 'gainst proud Cassander,  
 And place their hopes o'th heire of Alexander,  
 Cassander fear'd what might of this insue,  
 So Polisperchon to his Counsell drew,  
 Gives Peloponesus unto him for hire,

Who slew the prince according to desire:  
 Thus was the race, and house of Alexander  
 Extinct, by this inhumane wretch Cassander;  
 Antigonus for all this doth not mourn,  
 He knows to's profit, all i' th end will turn,  
 But that some title he might now pretend,  
 For marriage to Cleopatra, doth send  
 Lysimachus and Ptolomy, the same,  
 And vile Cassander too, sticks not for shame;  
 She now in Lydia at Sardis lay,  
 Where, by Embassy, all these Princes pray,  
 Choise above all, of Ptolomy she makes  
 With his Embassadour, her journey takes,  
 Antigonu's Lieutenant stayes her still,  
 Untill he further know his Masters will;  
 To let her go, or hold her still, he fears,  
 Antigonus thus had a wolf by th' ears,  
 Resolves at last the Princesse shou'd be slain,  
 So hinders him of her, he could not gain.  
 Her women are appointed to this deed,  
 They for their great reward no better speed,  
 For straight way by command they'r put to death,  
 As vile conspiratours that took her breath,  
 And now he thinks, he's ordered all so well,  
 The world must needs believe what he doth tell:  
 Thus Philips house was quite extinguished,  
 Except Cassanders wife, who yet not dead,  
 And by their means, who thought of nothing lesse  
 Then vengeance just, against the same t' expresse;  
 Now blood was paid with blood, for what was done  
 By cruell father, mother, cruell son,  
 Who did erect their cruelty in guilt,  
 And wronging innocents whose blood they spilt,  
 Philip and Olympias both were slain,  
 Aridaeus and his Queen by slaughters ta'ne;  
 Two other children by Olympias kill'd,  
 And Cleopatra's blood, now likewise spill'd,  
 If Alexander was not poysoned,  
 Yet in the flower of's age, he must lie dead,  
 His wife and sons then slain by this Cassander,  
 And's kingdomes rent away by each Commander:  
 Thus may we hear, and fear, and ever say,  
 That hand is righteous still which doth repay:  
 These Captains now, the stile of Kings do take,  
 For to their Crowns, there's none can title make.  
 Demetrius is first, that so assumes,

To do as he, the rest full soon presumes,  
 To Athens then he goes, is entertain'd,  
 Not like a King, but like some God they fain'd;  
 Most grossely base, was this great adulation,  
 Who incense burnt, and offered oblation.  
 These Kings fall now afresh to warres again,  
 Demetrius of Ptolomy doth gain;  
 'Twould be an endlesse story to relate  
 Their severall battells, and their severall fate,  
 Antigonus and Seleuchus, now fight  
 Near Ephesus, each bringing all their might,  
 And he that conquerour shall now remain,  
 Of Asia the Lordship shall retain.  
 This day twixt these two foes ends all the strife,  
 For here Antigonus lost rule, and life,  
 Nor to this son did there one foot remain,  
 Of those dominions he did sometimes gain,  
 Demetrius with his troops to Athens flies,  
 Hoping to find succour in miseries.  
 But they adoring in prosperity,  
 Now shut their gates in his adversity,  
 He sorely griev'd at this his desperate state,  
 Tries foes, since friends will not compassionate,  
 His peace he then with old Seleuchus makes,  
 Who his fair daughter Straetonica takes,  
 Antiochus, Seleuchus dear lov'd son,  
 Is for this fresh young Lady half undone,  
 Falls so extreamly sick, all fear his life,  
 Yet dares not say, he loves his fathers wife;  
 When his disease the skilfull Physician found,  
 He wittily his fathers mind did sound,  
 Who did no sooner understand the same,  
 But willingly resign'd the beauteous dame:  
 Cassander now must die, his race is run,  
 And leaves the ill got kingdomes he had won,  
 Two sons he left, born of King Philips daughter,  
 Who had an end put to their dayes by slaughter.  
 Which should succeed, at variance they fell,  
 The mother would the youngest should excell,  
 The eld'st enrag'd did play the vipers part,  
 And with his Sword did pierce his mothers heart,  
 (Rather then Philips child must longer live)  
 He, whom she gave his life, her death must give)  
 This by Lysimachus soon after slain,  
 (Whose daughter unto wife, he'd newly ta'n)  
 The youngest by Demetrius kill'd in fight,

Who took away his now pretended right:  
 Thus Philips, and Cassander's race is gone,  
 And so falls out to be extinct in one,  
 Yea though Cassander died in his bed,  
 His seed to be extirpt, was destined,  
 For blood which was decreed, that he should spill,  
 Yet must his children pay for fathers ill.  
 Jehu in killing Ahabs house did well,  
 Yet be aveng'd, must th' blood of Jesreel.  
 Demetrius, Cassanders kingdomes gains,  
 And now as King, in Macedon he reigns;  
 Seleuchus, Asia holds, that grieves him sore,  
 Those Countries large, his father got before,  
 These to recover, musters all his might,  
 And with his son in law, will needs go fight:  
 There was he taken and imprisoned  
 Within an Isle that was with pleasures fed,  
 Injoy'd what so beseem'd his Royalty,  
 Onely restrained of his liberty;  
 After three years he dyed, left what he'd won  
 In Greece, unto Amigonus, his son,  
 For his posterity unto this day,  
 Did ne'r regain one foot in Asia.  
 Now dyed the brave and noble Ptolomy,  
 Renown'd for bounty, valour, clemency,  
 Rich Ægypt left, and what else he had won  
 To Philadelphus, his more worthy Son.  
 Of the old Heroes, now but two remaine,  
 Seleuchus, and Lysimachus; those twaine  
 Must needs goe try their fortune, and their might,  
 And so Lysimachus was slaine in fight.  
 'Twas no small joy, unto Seleuchus breast,  
 That now he had out-lived all the rest:  
 Possession he of Europe thinks to take,  
 And so himselfe the only Monarch make;  
 Whilst with these hopes, in Greece he did remaine,  
 He was by Ptolomy Cerannus slaine.  
 The second Son of the first Ptolomy,  
 Who for rebellion unto him did fly,  
 Seleuchus was as Father, and a friend,  
 Yet by him had this most unworthy end.  
 Thus with these Kingly Captaines have we done,  
 A little now, how the Succession run:  
 Antigonus, Seleuchus, and Cassander,  
 With Ptolomy, reign'd after Alexander;  
 Cassanders Sons, soone after's death were slaine,

So three Successors only did remaine;  
 Antigonus his Kingdoms lost, and's life,  
 Unto Seleuchus, author of that strife.  
 His Son Demetrius, all Cassanders gaines,  
 And his posterity, the same retaines,  
 Demetrius Son was call'd Amigonus,  
 And his againe, also Demetrius.  
 I must let passe those many battels fought,  
 Between those Kings, and noble Pyrrus stout  
 And his son Alexander of Epire,  
 Whereby immortall honour they acquire.  
 Demetrius had Philip to his son,  
 He Perseus, from him the kingdom's won,  
 Emillius the Roman Generall,  
 Did take his rule, his sons, himself and all.  
 This of Antigonus, his seed's the fate,  
 Whose kingdomes were subdu'd by th' Roman state.  
 Longer Seleuchus held the Royalty  
 In Syria by his posterity,  
 Antiochus Soter his son was nam'd,  
 To whom Ancient Berosus (so much fam'd)  
 His book of Assurs Monarchs dedicates,  
 Tells of their warres, their names, their riches, fates;  
 But this is perished with many more,  
 Which we oft wish were extant as before.  
 Antiochus Theos was Soters son,  
 Who a long warre with Egypts King begun.  
 The affinities and warres Daniel set forth,  
 And calls them there, the Kings of South, and North;  
 This Theos he was murdered by his wife,  
 Seleuchus reign'd, when he had lost his life,  
 A third Seleuchus next sits on the seat,  
 And then Antiochus surnam'd the great,  
 Seleuchus next Antiochus succeeds,  
 And then Epiphanes, whose wicked deeds,  
 Horrid massacres, murders, cruelties,  
 Against the Jewes, we read in Macchabees,  
 By him was set up the abomination  
 I' th' holy place, which caused desolation;  
 Antiochus Eupator was the next,  
 By Rebels and imposters daily vex't;  
 So many Princes still were murdered,  
 The Royall blood was quite extinguished.  
 That Tygranes the great Armenian King,  
 To take the government was called in,  
 Him Lucullus, the Romane Generall

Vanquish'd in fight, and took those kingdoms all,  
 Of Greece, and Syria thus the rule did end,  
 In Egypt now a little time we'l spend.  
 First Ptolomy being dead, his famous son,  
 Cal'd Philadelphus, next sat on the throne,  
 The Library at Alexandria built,  
 With seven hundred thousand volumes fill'd,  
 The seventy two interpreters did seek,  
 They might translate the Bible into Greek,  
 His son was Evergetes the last Prince  
 That valour shew'd, vertue or excellence.  
 Philopater was Evergete's son,  
 After Epiphanes, sat on the Throne  
 Philometer: then Evergetes again.  
 And next to him, did false Lathurus reigne,  
 Alexander, then Lathurus in's stead,  
 Next Auletes, who cut off Pompey's head:  
 To all these names we Ptolomy must adde,  
 For since the first, that title still they had,  
 Fair Cleopatra next, last of that race,  
 Whom Julius Cæsar set in Royall place,  
 Her brother by him, lost his trayterous head  
 For Pompey's life, then plac'd her in his stead,  
 She with her Paramour Mark Antony,  
 Held for a time the Egyptian Monarchy:  
 Till great Augustus had with him a fight,  
 At Actium slain, his Navy put to flight.  
 Then poysonous Aspes she sets unto her Armes,  
 To take her life, and quit her from all harmes;  
 For 'twas not death, nor danger, she did dread,  
 But some disgrace, in triumph to be led.  
 Here ends at last the Grecian Monarchy,  
 Which by the Romans had its destiny.  
 Thus Kings, and Kingdoms, have their times, and dates,  
 Their standings, over-turnings, bounds, and fates;  
 Now up, now down, now chief, and then brought under,  
 The Heavens thus rule, to fill the earth with wonder.  
 The Assyrian Monarchy long time did stand,  
 But yet the Persian got the upper hand;  
 The Gretian, them did utterly subdue,  
 And Millions were subjected unto few:  
 The Grecian longer then the Persian stood,  
 Then came the Romane, like a raging flood,  
 And with the torrent of his rapid course,  
 Their Crownes, their Titles, riches beares by force.  
 The first, was likened to a head of gold,

Next, armes and breast, of silver to behold;  
 The third, belly and thighs of brasse in sight,  
 And last was Iron, which breaketh all with might.  
 The Stone out of the Mountaine then did rise,  
 And smote those feet, those legs, those arms and thighs;  
 Then gold, silver, brasse, iron, and all that store,  
 Became like chaffe upon the threshing floor;  
 The first a Lion, second was a Beare,  
 The third a Leopard, which four wings did rear;  
 The last more strong, and dreadfull, then the rest,  
 Whose Iron teeth devoured every beast;  
 And when he had no appetite to eate,  
 The residue he stamped under's feet:  
 But yet this Lion, Bear, this Leopard, Ram,  
 All trembling stand, before that powerfull Lambe.  
 With these three Monarchies, now have I done,  
 But how the fourth, their Kingdoms from them won;  
 And how from small beginnings it did grow,  
 To fill the world with terrour, and with woe:  
 My tired braine, leaves to a better pen,  
 This taske befits not women, like to men:  
 For what is past I blush, excuse to make,  
 But humbly stand, some grave reproof to take:  
 Pardon to crave, for errorrs, is but vaine,  
 The Subject was too high, beyond my straine;  
 To frame Apologie for some offence,  
 Converts our boldnesse, into impudence.  
 This my presuption (some now) to requite,  
*Ne sutor ultra crepidum*, may write.

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After some dayes of rest, my restlesse heart,
 To finish what begun, new thoughts impart
 And maugre all resolves, my fancy wrought
 This fourth to th' other three, now might be brought.
 Shortnesse of time, and inability,
 Will force me to a confus'd brevity;
 Yet in this Chaos, one shall easily spy,
 The vast limbs of a mighty Monarchy.
 What e're is found amisse, take in best part.
 As faults proceeding from my head, not heart.

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The Roman Monarchy,  
being the Fourth, and last,  
beginning, Anno Mundi,  
3213.

Stout Romulus, Romes Founder, and first King,  
Whom vestall Rhea, into th' world did bring  
His Father was not Mars, as some devis'd,  
But Æmulus, in Armour all disguis'd.  
Thus he deceiv'd his Neece, she might not know  
The double injury, he then did doe:  
Where Shepheards once had Coats, and Sheep their Folds,  
Where Swaines, and rustick Peasants made their Holds.  
A Citty faire did Romulus erect:  
The Mistris of the World, in each respect.  
His Brother Remus there, by him was slaine,  
For leaping o're the Walls with some disdain;  
The Stones at first was cimented with bloud,  
And bloody hath it prov'd, since first it stood:  
This City built, and Sacrifices done,  
A forme of Government he next begun;  
A hundred Senators he likewise chose,  
And with the stile of Patres honour'd those;  
His City to replenish, men he wants,  
Great priviledges then, to all he grants,  
That wil within these strong built walls reside,  
And this new gentle Government abide:  
Of Wives there was so great a scarsity,  
They to their neighbours sue, for a supply;  
But all disdain alliance then to make,  
So Romulus was forc'd this course to take.  
Great shewes he makes at Tilt, and Turnament,  
To see these sports, the Sabins all are bent;  
Their Daughters by the Romans then were caught,  
For to recover them, a Feild was fought;  
But in the end, to finall peace they come,  
And Sabins, as one people, dwelt in Rome.  
The Romans now more potent 'gin to grow,  
And Fedinates they wholly over-throw:  
But Romulus then comes unto his end,  
Some faining say, to heav'n he did ascend;  
Others, the seven and thirtyeth of his reigne  
Affirme, that by the Senate he was slaine.

*Numa Pompilius.*

Numa Pompilius, is next chosen King,  
 Held for his Piety, some sacred thing;  
 To Janus, he that famous Temple built,  
 Kept shut in peace, but ope when bloud was spilt;  
 Religious Rites, and Customs instituted,  
 And Priests, and Flamines likewise he deputed;  
 Their Augurs strange, their habit, and attire,  
 And vestall Maids to keep the holy fire.  
 Goddesses Ægeria this to him told,  
 So to delude the people he was bold:  
 Forty three yeares he rul'd with generall praise,  
 Accounted for some god in after dayes.

*Tullus Hostilius.*

Tullus Hostilius, was third Roman King,  
 Who Martiall Discipline in use did bring;  
 War with the antient Albans he doth wage,  
 The strife to end, six Brothers doe ingage;  
 Three call'd Horatii, on Romans side,  
 And Curiatii, three Albans provide;  
 The Romans Conquereth, others yeeld the day,  
 Yet for their compact, after false they play:  
 The Romans sore incens'd, their Generall slay,  
 And from old Alba fetch the wealth away;  
 Of Latine Kings this was long since the Seat,  
 But now demolished, to make Rome great.  
 Thirty two yeares doth Tullus reigne, then dye,  
 Leaves Rome, in wealth and power, still growing high.

*Aneus Martius.*

Next, Aneus Martius sits upon the Throne,  
 Nephew unto Pomphilius dead, and gone;  
 Rome he inlarg'd, new built againe the wall,  
 Much stronger, and more beautifull withall;  
 A stately Bridge he over Tyber made,  
 Of Boats, and Oares, no more they need the aide;  
 Faire Ostia he built, this Town, it stood,  
 Close by the mouth of famous Tyber flood:  
 Twenty foure yeare, th' time of his royall race,  
 Then unto death unwillingly gives place.

*Tarquinius Priscus.*

Tarquin, a Greek, at Corinth borne, and bred;  
 Who for sedition from his Country fled;  
 Is entertain'd at Rome, and in short time,  
 By wealth, and favour, doth to honour climbe;  
 He after Martius death the Kingdome had,  
 A hundred Senatours he more did adde;  
 Warres with the Latins he againe renewes,  
 And Nations twelve, of Tuscany subdues.  
 To such rude triumphs, as young Rome then had,  
 Much state, and glory, did this Priscus adde:  
 Thirty eight yeares (this Stranger borne) did reigne,  
 And after all, by Aneus Sons was slaine.

*Servius Tullius.*

Next, Servius Tullius sits upon the Throne,  
 Ascends not up, by merits of his owne,  
 But by the favor, and the speciall grace  
 Of Tanaquil, late Queen, obtaines the place;  
 He ranks the people, into each degree,  
 As wealth had made them of abilitie;  
 A generall Muster takes, which by account,  
 To eighty thousand soules then did amount:  
 Forty foure yeares did Servius Tullius reigne,  
 And then by Tarquin, Priscus Son, was slaine.

*Tarquinius Superbus, the last  
Roman King.*

Tarquin the proud, from manners called so,  
 Sate on the Throne, when he had slaine his foe;  
 Sextus his Son, doth (most unworthily)  
 Lucretia force, mirrour of chastety;  
 She loathed so the fact, she loath'd her life,  
 And shed her guiltlesse blood, with guilty knife.  
 Her Husband sore incens'd, to quit this wrong,  
 With Junius Brutus rose, and being strong,  
 The Tarquins they from Rome with speed expell,  
 In banishment perpetuall, to dwell;  
 The Government they change, a new one bring,  
 And people swears, ne're to accept of King.

*The end of the Roman Monarchy, being the fourth and last.*

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A Dialogue between Old
England and New, concerning their present troubles.
Anno 1642.

New England.

Alas, deare Mother, fairest Queen, and best,
With honour, wealth, and peace, happy and blest;
What ayles thee hang thy head, and crosse, thine armes?
And sit i' th dust, to sigh these sad alarms?
What deluge of new woes thus over-whelme
The glories of thy ever famous Realme?
What meanes this wailing tone, this mourning guise?
Ah, tell thy Daughter, she may simpathize.

Old England.

Art ignorant indeed, of these my woes?
Or must my forced tongue these griefes disclose?
And must my selfe dissect my tatter'd state,
Which 'mazed Christendome stands wondring at?
And thou a childe, a Limbe, and dost not feele
My weakned fainting body now to reele?
This Phisick-purging-potion I have taken,
Will bring Consumption, or an Ague quaking,
Unlesse some Cordial thou fetch from high,
Which present help may ease this malady.
If I decease, dost think thou shalt survive?
Or by my wasting state, dost think to thrive?
Then weigh our case, if 't be not justly sad,
Let me lament alone, while thou art glad.

New England.

And thus, alas, your state you much deplore,
In generall terms, but will not say wherefore:
What Medicine shall I seek to cure this woe,
If th' wound's so dangerous I may not know?
But you perhaps would have me guesse it out,
What, hath some Hengist, like that Saxon stout,
By fraud, and force, usurp'd thy flowring crown,
And by tempestuous Wars thy fields trod down?
Or hath Canutus, that brave valiant Dane,
The regall, peacefull Scepter from thee tane?
Or is't a Norman, whose victorious hand
With English blood bedews thy conquered Land?

Or is't intestine Wars that thus offend?
 Doe Maud, and Stephen for the Crown contend?
 Doe Barons rise, and side against their King?
 And call in Forreign ayde, to help the thing?
 Must Edward be depos'd, or is't the houre
 That second Richard must be clapt i' th' Tower?
 Or is the fatall jarre againe begun,
 That from the red, white pricking Roses sprung?
 Must Richmonds ayd, the Nobles now implore,
 To come, and break the tushes of the Boar?
 If none of these, deare Mother, what's your woe?
 Pray, doe not feare Spaines bragging Armado?
 Doth your Allye, faire France, conspire your wrack?
 Or, doth the Scots play false behind your back?
 Doth Holland quit you ill, for all your love?
 Whence is this storme, from Earth, or Heaven above?
 Is't Drought, is't Famine, or is't Pestilence?
 Dost feele the smart, or feare the consequence?
 Your humble Childe intreats you, shew your grief,
 Though Armes, nor Purse she hath, for your releif:
 Such is her poverty, yet shall be found
 A supplyant for your help, as she is bound.

Old England.

I must confesse., some of those Sores you name,
 My beauteous Body at this present maime;
 But forraigne Foe, nor fained friend I feare,
 For they have work enough (thou knowst) elsewhere;
 Nor is it Alcies Son, and Henries Daughter,
 Whose proud contention cause this slaughter;
 Nor Nobles siding, to make John no King
 French Lewis unjustly to the Crown to bring;
 No Edward, Richard, to lose rule, and life,
 Nor no Lancastrians, to renew old strife;
 No Crook-backt Tyrant, now usurps the Seat,
 Whose tearing tusks did wound, and kill, and threat:
 No Duke of York, nor Earle of March, to soyle
 Their hands in Kindreds blood, whom they did foyle:
 No need of Teder, Roses to unite,
 None knowes which is the Red, or which the White:
 Spaines braving Fleet a second time is sunke,
 France knowes, how of my fury she hath drunk;
 By Edward third, and Henry fifth of fame,
 Her Lillies in mine Armes avouch the same.
 My Sister Scotland hurts me now no more,

Though she hath bin injurious heretofore.
 What Holland is, I am in some suspence,
 But trust not much unto his Excellence;
 For wants, sure some I feele, but more I feare,
 And for the Pestilence, who knowes how neare?
 Famine, and Plague, two sisters of the Sword,
 Destruction to a Land doth soone afford;
 They're for my punishments ordain'd on high,
 Unlesse thy teares prevent it speedily.
 But yet, I answer not what you demand,
 To shew the grievance of my troubled Land;
 Before I tell the effect, ile shew the cause,
 Which are my Sins, the breach of sacred Lawes;
 Idolatry, supplanter of a Nation,
 Which foolish superstitious adoration;
 And lik'd countenanc'd by men of might,
 The Gospel is trod down, and hath no right;
 Church Offices are sold, and bought, for gaine,
 That Pope, had hope, to finde Rome here againe;
 For Oathes, and Blasphemies did ever eare
 From Beelzebub himself, such language heare?
 What scorning of the Saints of the most high,
 What injuries did daily on them lye;
 What false reports, what nick-names did they take,
 Not for their owne, but for their Masters sake;
 And thou, poore soule, wast jeer'd among the rest,
 Thy flying for the Truth I made a jeast;
 For Sabbath-breaking, and for Drunkenesse,
 Did ever Land prophannesse more expresse?
 From crying bloods, yet cleansed am not I,
 Martyrs, and others, dying causelesly:
 How many Princely heads on blocks laid down,
 For nought, but title to a fading Crown?
 'Mongst all the cruelties which I have done,
 Oh, Edwards Babes, and Clarence haplesse Son,
 O Jane, why didst thou dye in flowring prime,
 Because of Royall Stem, that was thy crime:
 For Bribery, Adultery, for Thefts, and Lyes,
 Where is the Nation, I cann't paralyze;
 With Usury, Extortion, and Oppression,
 These be the Hydra's of my stout transgression;
 These be the bitter fountains, heads, and roots,
 Whence flow'd the source, the sprigs, the boughs, and fruits;
 Of more then thou canst heare, or I relate,
 That with high hand I still did perpetrate;
 For these, were threatned the wofull day,

I mock'd the Preachers, put it faire away;
 The Sermons yet upon record doe stand,
 That cry'd, destruction to my wicked Land:
 These Prophets mouthes (alls the while) was stopt,
 Unworthily, some backs whipt, and eares crept;
 Their reverent cheeks, did beare the glorious markes
 Of stinking, stigmatizing, Romish Clerkes;
 Some lost their livings, some in prison pent,
 Some grossely fin'd, from friends to exile went:
 Their silent tongues to heaven did vengeance cry,
 Who heard their cause, and wrongs judg'd righteously,
 And will repay it sevenfold in my lap,
 This is fore-runner of my after-clap,
 Nor took I warning by my neighbours falls,
 I saw sad Germanie's dismantled walls.
 I saw her people famish'd, Nobles slain,
 Her fruitfull land, a barren heath remain.
 I saw (unmov'd) her Armies foil'd and fled,
 Wives forc'd, braves toss'd, her houses calcined,
 I saw strong Rochel yeelding to her foe,
 Thousands of starved Christians there also.
 I saw poore Ireland bleeding out her last,
 Such cruelty as all reports have past.
 My heart obdurate, stood not yet agast.
 Now sip I of that cup, and just 't may be,
 The bottome dregs reserved are for me.

New England.

To all you've said, sad mother, I assent
 Your fearfull sinnes, great cause there's to lament,
 My guilty hands (in part) hold up with you,
 A sharer in your punishment's my due,
 But all you say, amounts to this effect,
 Not what you feel, but what you do expect.
 Pray in plain termes, what is your present grief,
 Then let's join heads, and hands for your relief.

Old England.

Well, to the matter then, there's grown of late,
 'Twixt King and Peeres a question of state,
 Which is the chief, the law, or else the King,
 One saith its he, the other no such thing.
 My better part in Court of Parliament,
 To ease my groaning land shew their intent,

To crush the proud, and right to each man deal.
 To help the Church, and stay the Common-Weal,
 So many obstacles comes in their way,
 As puts me to a stand what I should say,
 Old customes, new Prerogatives stood on,
 Had they not held law fast, all had been gone,
 Which by their prudence stood them in such stead,
 They took high Strafford lower by the head,
 And to their Laud be 't spoke, they held i' th' Tower,
 All Englands Metropolitane that houre,
 This done, an Act they would have passed fain,
 No prelate should his Bishoprick retain;
 Here tugg'd they hard indeed, for all men saw,
 This must be done by Gospel, not by law.
 Next the Militia they urged fore,
 This was deny'd, I need not say wherefore.
 The King displeas'd, at York himself absents,
 They humbly beg return, shew their intents,
 The writing, printing, posting to and fro,
 Shews all was done, I'll therefore let it go.
 But now I come to speak of my disaster,
 Contentions grown 'twixt Subjects and their Master:
 They worded it so long, they fell to blows,
 That thousands lay on heaps, here bleeds my woes.
 I that no warres, so many yeares have known,
 Am now destroy'd, and slaughter'd by mine own,
 But could the field alone this cause decide,
 One battell, two or three I might abide,
 But these may be beginnings of more woe,
 Who knows, the worst, the best may overthrow;
 Religion, Gospell, here lies at the stake,
 Pray now dear child, for sacred Zions sake,
 Oh pity me, in this sad perturbation,
 My plundered Townes, my houses devastation,
 My ravisht virgins, and my young men slain,
 My wealthy trading faln, my dearth of grain,
 The seed time's come, but Ploughman hath no hope,
 Because he knows not, who shall inn his crop:
 The poore they want their pay, their children bread,
 Their wofull mother's tears unpitied.
 If any pity in thy heart remain,
 Or any child-like love thou dost retain,
 For my relief now use thy utmost skill,
 And recompence me good, for all my ill.

New England.

Dear mother cease complaints, and wipe your eyes,
 Shake off your dust, chear up, and now arise,
 You are my mother, nurse, I once your flesh,
 Your sunken bowels gladly would refresh:
 Your griefs I pity much, but should do wrong,
 To weep for that we both have pray'd for long,
 To see these latter dayes of hop'd for good,
 That Right may have its right, though 't be with blood;
 After dark Popery the day did clear,
 But now the Sun in's brightnesse shall appear,
 Blest be the Nobles of thy Noble Land,
 With (ventur'd lives) for truths defence that stand,
 Blest be thy Commons, who for Common good,
 And thine infringed Lawes have boldly stood.
 Blest be thy Countries which do aid thee still
 With hearts and states, to testifie their will.
 Blest be thy Preachers, who do chear thee on,
 O cry: the sword of God, and Gideon:
 And shall I not on those wish Mero's curse,
 That help thee not with prayers, arms, and purse,
 And for my self, let miseries abound,
 If mindlesse of thy stare I e'r be found.
 These are the dayes, the Churches foes to crush,
 To root out Prelates, head, tail, branch, and rush.
 Let's bring Baals vestments out, to make a fire,
 Their Myters, Surplices, and all their tire,
 Copes, Rochests, Crossiers, and such trash,
 And let their names consume, but let the flash
 Light Christendome, and all the world to see,
 We hate Romes Whore, with all her trumperie.
 Go on brave Essex, shew whose son thou art,
 Not false to King nor Countrey in thy heart,
 But those that hurt his people and his Crown,
 By force expell, destroy, and tread them down:
 Let Gaoles be fill'd with th' remnant of that pack,
 And sturdy Tyburn loaded till it crack,
 And yee brave Nobles, chase away all fear,
 And to this blessed Cause closely.
 O mother, can you weep, and have such Peeres.
 When they are gone, then drown your self in teares.
 If now you weep so much, that then no more,
 The briny Ocean will o'rflow your shore,
 These, these, are they (I trust) with Charles our King
 Out of all mists, such glorious dayes will bring,

That dazzled eyes beholding much shall wonder
 At that thy settled Peace, thy wealth and splendour,
 Thy Church and Weal, establish'd in such manner,
 That all shall joy that thou display'dst thy banner,
 And discipline erected, so I trust,
 That nursing Kings, shall come and lick thy dust:
 Then Justice shall in all thy Courts take place,
 Without respect of persons, or of case,
 Then bribes shall cease, and suits shall not stick long,
 Patience, and purse of Clients for to wrong:
 Then High Commissions shall fall to decay,
 And Pursevants and Catchpoles want their pay,
 So shall thy happy Nation ever flourish,
 When truth and righteousnesse they thus shall nourish.
 When thus in Peace: thine Armies brave send out,
 To sack proud Rome, and all her vassalls rout:
 There let thy name, thy fame, thy valour shine,
 As did thine Ancestours in Palestine,
 And let her spoils, full pay, with int'rest be,
 Of what unjustly once she poll'd from thee,
 Of all the woes thou canst let her be sped,
 Execute to th' full the vengeance threatned.
 Bring forth the beast that rul'd the world with's beek,
 And tear his flesh, and set your feet on's neck,
 And make his filthy den so desolate,
 To th' 'stonishment of all that knew his state.
 This done, with brandish'd swords, to Turkey go,
 (For then what is't, but English blades dare do)
 And lay her wast, for so's the sacred doom,
 And do to Gog, as thou hast done to Rome.
 Oh Abrahams seed lift up your heads on high.
 For sure the day of your redemption's nigh;
 The scales shall fall from your long blinded eyes,
 And him you shall adore, who now despise,
 Then fulnes of the Nations in shall flow,
 And Jew and Gentile, to one worship go,
 Then follows dayes of happinesse and rest,
 Whose lot doth fall to live therein is blest:
 No Canaanite shall then be found ith' land,
 And holinesse, on horses bells shall stand,
 If this make way thereto, then sigh no more,
 But if at all, thou didst not see't before.
 Farewell dear mother, Parliament, prevail,
 And in a while you'l tell another tale.

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An Elegie upon that Honourable and renowned Knight,  
 Sir Philip Sidney, who was untimely slaine at the Seige of Zutphon,  
 Anno 1586.

By A. B. in the yeare, 1638.

When England did injoy her Halsion dayes,  
 Her noble Sidney wore the Crown of Bayes;  
 No lesse an Honour to our British Land,  
 Then she that sway'd the Scepter with her hand:  
 Mars and Minerva did in one agree,  
 Of Armes, and Arts, thou should'st a patterne be.  
 Calliope with Terpsecher did sing,  
 Of Poesie, and of Musick thou wert King;  
 Thy Rethorick it struck Polimnia dead,  
 Thine Eloquence made Mercury wax red;  
 Thy Logick from Euterpe won the Crown,  
 More worth was thine, then Clio could set down.  
 Thalia, and Melpomene, say th' truth,  
 (Witnesse Arcadia, penn'd in his youth).  
 Are not his Tragick Comedies so acted,  
 As if your nine-fold wit had been compacted;  
 To shew the world, they never saw before,  
 That this one Volumne should exhaust your store.  
 I praise thee not for this, it is unfit,  
 This was thy shame, O miracle of wit:  
 Yet doth thy shame (with all) purchase renown,  
 What doe thy vertues then? Oh, honours crown!  
 In all records, thy Name I ever see,  
 Put with an Epithet of dignity;  
 Which shewes, thy worth was great, thine honour such,  
 The love thy Country ought thee, was as much.  
 Let then, none dis-allow of these my straines,  
 Which have the self-same blood yet in my veines;  
 Who honours thee for what was honourable,  
 But leaves the rest, as most unprofitable:  
 Thy wiser dayes, condemn'd thy witty works,  
 Who knowes the Spels that in thy Rethorick lurks?  
 But some insatuate fooles soone caught therein,  
 Found Cupids Dam, had never such a Gin;  
 Which makes severer eyes but scorn thy Story,  
 And modest Maids, and Wives, blush at thy glory;  
 Yet, he's a beetle head, that cann't discry  
 A world of treasure, in that rubbish lye;  
 And doth thy selfe, thy worke, and honour wrong,  
 (O brave Refiner of our Brittish Tongue;)  
 That sees not learning, valour, and morality,

Justice, friendship, and kind hospitality;  
 Yea, and Divinity within thy Book,  
 Such were prejudicate, and did not look:  
 But to say truth, thy worth I shall but staine,  
 Thy fame, and praise, is farre beyond my straine;  
 Yet great Augustus was content (we know)  
 To be saluted by a silly Crow;  
 Then let such Crowes as I, thy praises sing,  
 A Crow's a Crow, and Cæsar is a King.  
 O brave Achilles, I wish some Homer would  
 Engrave on Marble, in characters of Gold,  
 What famous feats thou didst on Flanders coast,  
 Of which, this day, faire Belgia doth boast.  
 O Zutphon, Zutphon, that most fatall City,  
 Made famous by thy fall, much more's the pittie;  
 Ah, in his blooming prime, death pluckt this Rose,  
 E're he was ripe; his thred cut Atropos.  
 Thus man is borne to dye, and dead is he,  
 Brave Hector by the walls of Troy, we see:  
 Oh, who was neare thee, but did sore repine;  
 He rescued not with life, that life of thine,  
 But yet impartiall Death this Boone did give,  
 Though Sidney dy'd, his valiant name should live;  
 And live it doth, in spight of death, through fame,  
 Thus being over-come, he over-came.  
 Where is that envious tongue, but can afford,  
 Of this our noble Scipio some good word?  
 Noble Bartas, this to thy praise adds more,  
 In sad, sweet verse, thou didst his death deplore;  
 Illustrious Stella, thou didst thine full well,  
 If thine aspect was milde to Astrophell;  
 I feare thou wert a Commet, did portend  
 Such prince as he, his race should shortly end:  
 If such Stars as these, sad presages be,  
 I wish no more such Blazers we may see;  
 But thou art gone, such Meteors never last,  
 And as thy beauty, so thy name would wast.  
 But that it is record by Philips hand,  
 That such an omen once was in our land,  
 O Princely Philip, rather Alexander,  
 Who wert of honours band, the chief Commander.  
 How could that Stella, so confine thy will?  
 To wait till she, her influence distill,  
 I rather judg'd thee of his mind that wept,  
 To be within the bounds of one world kept,  
 But Omphala, set Hercules to spin,

And Mars himself was ta'n by Venus gin;  
 Then wonder lesse, if warlike Philip yield,  
 When such a Hero shoots him out o' th' field,  
 Yet this preheminance thou hast above,  
 That thine was true, but theirs adult'rate love.  
 Fain would I shew, how thou fame's path didst tread,  
 But now into such Lab'rincths am I led  
 With endlesse turnes, the way I find not out,  
 For to persist, my muse is more in doubt:  
 Calls me ambitious fool, that durst aspire,  
 Enough for me to look, and so admire.  
 And makes me now with Sylvester confesse,  
 But Sydney's Muse, can sing his worthinesse.  
 Too late my errour see, that durst presume  
 To fix my faltring lines upon his tomb:  
 Which are in worth, as far short of his due,  
 As Vulcan is, of Venus native hue.  
 Goodwill, did make my head-long pen to run,  
 Like unwise Phaeton his ill guided sonne,  
 Till taught to's cost, for his too hasty hand,  
 He left that charge by Phœbus to be man'd:  
 So proudly foolish I, with Phaeton strive,  
 Fame's flaming Chariot for to drive.  
 Till terrour-struck for my too weighty charge.  
 I leave't in brief, Apollo do't at large.  
 Apollo laught to patch up what's begun,  
 He bad me drive, and he would hold the Sun;  
 Better my hap, then was his darlings fate,  
 For dear regard he had of Sydney's state,  
 Who in his Deity, had so deep share,  
 That those that name his fame, he needs must spare,  
 He Promis'd much, but th' muses had no will,  
 To give to their detractor any quill.  
 With high disdain, they said they gave no more,  
 Since Sydney had exhausted all their store,  
 That this contempt it did the more perplex,  
 In being done by one of their own sex;  
 They took from me, the scribling pen I had,  
 I to be eas'd of such a task was glad.  
 For to revenge his wrong, themselves ingage,  
 And drave me from Parnassus in a rage,  
 Not because, sweet Sydney's fame was not dear,  
 But I had blemish'd theirs, to make 't appear:  
 I pensive for my fault, sat down, and then,  
 Errata, through their leave threw me my pen,  
 For to conclude my poem two lines they daigne,

Which writ, she bad return't to them again.  
 So Sydney's fame, I leave to England's Rolls,  
 His bones do lie interr'd in stately Pauls.

*His Epitaph.*

Here lies intomb'd in fame, under this stone,  
 Philip and Alexander both in one.  
 Heire to the Muses, the Son of Mars in truth,  
 Learning, valour, beauty, all in vertuous youth:  
 His praise is much, this shall suffice my pen,  
 That Sidney dy'd the quintessence of men.

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 In honour of Du Bartas. 1641. A. B.

Amongst the happy wits this Age hath showne,
 Great, deare, sweet Bartas, thou art matchlesse knowne;
 My ravisht eyes, and heart, with faltering tongue,
 In humble wise have vow'd their service long;
 But knowing th' taske so great, and strength but small,
 Gave o're the work, before begun withall:
 My dazled sight of late, review'd thy lines.
 Where Art, and more then Art in Nature shines;
 Reflection from their beaming altitude,
 Did thaw my frozen hearts ingratitude;
 Which Rayes, darting upon some richer ground,
 Had caused flowers, and fruits, soone to abound;
 But barren I, my Daysey here doe bring,
 A homely flower in this my latter spring:
 If Summer, or my Autumne age, doe yeeld
 Flowers, fruits, in garden, orchard, or in field;
 They shall be consecrated in my Verse,
 And prostrate off'red at great Bartas Herse.
 My Muse unto a Childe, I fitly may compare,
 Who sees the riches of some famous Fayre;
 He feeds his eyes, but understanding lacks,
 To comprehend the worth of all those knacks;
 The glittering Plate, and Jewels, he admires,
 The Hats, and Fans, the Plumes, and Ladies tires,
 And thousand times his mazed minde doth wish
 Some part, at least, of that brave wealth was his;
 But seeing empty wishes nought obtaine,
 At night turnes to his Mothers cot againe,
 And tells her tales; (his full heart over-glad)
 Of all the glorious sights his eyes have had:
 But findes too soone his want of Eloquence,

The silly Pratler speakes no word of sence;
 And seeing utterance fayle his great desires,
 Sits down in silence, deeply he admires:
 Thus weake brain'd I, reading thy lofty stile,
 Thy profound Learning; viewing other while
 Thy Art, in Naturall Philosophy:
 Thy Saint-like minde in grave Divinity,
 Thy peircing skill in high Astronomy,
 And curious in-sight in Anatomy,
 Thy Phisick, Musick, and State policy,
 Valour in War, in Peace good Husbandry.
 Sure liberall Nature, did with Art not small,
 In all the Arts make thee most liberall;
 A thousand thousand times my senselesse Sences,
 Movelesse, stand charm'd by thy sweet influences,
 More senselesse then the Stones to Amphions Lute,
 Mine eyes are sightlesse, and my tongue is mute;
 My full astonish'd heart doth pant to break,
 Through grief it wants a faculty to speak,
 Vollies of praises could I eccho then,
 Had I an Angels voice, or Barta's pen,
 But wishes cann't accomplish my desire,
 Pardon, if I adore, when I admire.
 O France, in him thou didst more glory gain,
 Then in thy Pippin, Martell, Charlemain.
 Then in Saint Lewis, or thy last Henry great,
 Who tam'd his foes, in bloud, in skarres and sweat,
 Thy fame is spread as farre, I dare be bold,
 In all the Zones, the temp'rate, hot and cold,
 Their trophies were but heaps of wounded slain,
 Thine the quintessence of an Heroick brain,
 The Oaken garland ought to deck their browes,
 Immortall bayes, all men to thee allows.
 Who in thy tryumphs (never won by wrongs)
 Leadst millions chaine'd by eyes, by eares, by tongues,
 Oft have I wondred at the hand of heaven,
 In giving one, what would have served seven.
 If e'r this golden gift was show'r'd on any,
 Thy double portion would have served many.
 Unto each man his riches are assign'd,
 Of names, of state, of body, or of mind,
 Thou hast thy part of all, but of the last,
 Oh pregnant brain, Oh comprehension vast:
 Thy haughty stile, and rapted wit sublime,
 All ages wondring at, shall never clime.
 Thy sacred works are not for imitation,

But monuments for future admiration:
 Thus Bartas fame shall last while starres do stand,
 And whilst there's aire, or fire, or sea or land.
 But lest my ignorance should doe thee wrong,
 To celebrate thy merits in my Song,
 Ile leave thy praise, to those shall doe thee right,
 Good will, not skill, did cause me bring my mite.

His Epitaph.

Here lyes the pearle of France, Parnassus glory,
 The world rejoyc'd at's birth, at's death was sorry;
 Art and Nature joyn'd, by heavens high decree,
 Now shew'd what once they ought, Humanity,
 And Natures Law; had it been revocable,
 To rescue him from death, Art had been able:
 But Nature vanquish'd Art, so Bartas dy'd,
 But Fame, out-living both, he is reviv'd.

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 In honour of that High and Mighty  
 Princess, Queen Elizabeth, of  
 most happy memory.

*The Proem.*

Although great Queen, thou now in silence lye,  
 Yet thy loud Herauld Fame, doth to the sky  
 Thy wondrous worth proclaime, in every clime,  
 And so has vow'd, whilst there is world, or time;  
 So great's thy glory, and thine excellence,  
 The sound thereof raps every humane sence;  
 That men account it no impiety,  
 To say, thou wert a fleshly Deity:  
 Thousands bring off'rings, (though out of date)  
 Thy world of honours to accumulate,  
 Mongst hundred Hecatombs of roaring Verse,  
 'Mine bleating stands before thy royall Herse:  
 Thou never didst, nor canst thou now disdaine,  
 T'accept the tribute of a loyall Braine;  
 Thy clemency did yerst esteeme as much  
 The acclamations of the poore, as rich;  
 Which makes me deeme, my rudenesse is no wrong,  
 Though I resound thy greatnesse 'mongst the throng.

*The Poem.*

No Phœnix Pen, nor Spencers Poetry,  
 No Speeds, nor Chamdens learned History;  
 Eliza's works, wars, praise, can e're compact,  
 The World's the Theater where she did act;  
 No memories, nor volumes can containe,  
 The nine Olimp'ades of her happy reigne;  
 Who was so good, so just, so learn'd, so wise,  
 From all the Kings on earth she won the prize;  
 Nor say I more then duly is her due,  
 Millions will testifie that this is true;  
 She hath wip'd off th' aspersion of her Sex,  
 That women wisdom lack to play the Rex;  
 Spaines Monarch sa's not so; not yet his Hoast,  
 She taught them better manners to their cost.  
 The Salique Law had not in force now been,  
 If France had ever hop'd for such a Queen;  
 But can you Doctors now this point dispute,  
 She's argument enough to make you mute;  
 Since first the Sun did run, his ne'r runn'd race.  
 And earth had twice a yeare, a new old face:  
 Since time was time, and man unmanly man,  
 Come shew me such a Phœnix if you can;  
 Was ever people better rul'd then hers?  
 Was ever Land more happy, freed from stirs?  
 Did ever wealth in England so abound?  
 Her Victories in forraigne Coasts resound?  
 Ships more invincible then Spaines, her foe  
 She ract, she sackt, she sunk his Armadoe;  
 Her stately Troops advanc'd to Lisbons wall,  
 Don Anthony in's right for to install;  
 She frankly help'd Franks (brave) distressed King,  
 The States united now her fame doe sing;  
 She their Protectrix was, they well doe know.  
 Unto our dread Virago, what they owe:  
 Her Nobles sacrific'd their noble blood,  
 Nor men, nor coyne she spar'd, to doe them good;  
 The rude untamed Irish she did quell,  
 And Tiron bound, before her picture fell.  
 Had ever Prince such Counsellors as she?  
 Her selfe Minerva, caus'd them so to be;  
 Such Souldiers, and such Captaines never seen,  
 As were the subjects of our (Pallas) Queen:  
 Her Sea-men through all straights the world did round,  
 Terra incognitæ might know her sound;

Her Drake came laded home with Spanish gold,  
 Her Essex took Cades, their Herculean hold:  
 But time would faile me, so my wit would to,  
 To tell of halfe she did, or she could doe;  
 Semiramis to her is but obscure,  
 More infamie then fame she did procure;  
 She plac'd her glory but on Babels walls,  
 Worlds wonder for a time, but yet it falls;  
 Feirce Tomris (Cirus Heads-man, Sythians Queen)  
 Had put her Harnesse off, had she but seen  
 Our Amazon i' th' Camp at Tilberry:  
 (Judging all valour, and all Majesty)  
 Within that Princesse to have residence,  
 And prostrate yeelded to her Excellence:  
 Dido first Foundresse of proud Carthage walls,  
 (Who living consummates her Funerals)  
 A great Eliza, but compar'd with ours,  
 How vanisheth her glory, wealth, and powers;  
 Proud profuse Cleopatra, whose wrong name,  
 Instead of glory prov'd her Countries shame:  
 Of her what worth in Story's to be seen,  
 But that she was a rich Ægyptian Queen:  
 Zenobia, potent Empresse of the East,  
 And of all these without compare the best;  
 (Whom none but great Aurelius could quell)  
 Yet for our Queen, is no fit parallel:  
 She was a Phœnix Queen, so shall she be,  
 Her ashes not reviv'd more Phœnix she;  
 Her personall perfections, who would tell,  
 Must dip his Pen i' th' Heliconian Well;  
 Which I may not, my pride doth but aspire,  
 To read what others write, and then admire.  
 Now say, have women worth, or have they none?  
 Or had they some, but with our Queen ist gone?  
 Nay Masculines, you have thus tax'd us long,  
 But she though dead, will vindicate our wrong.  
 Let such, as say our sex is void of reason,  
 Know 'tis a slander now, but once was treason.  
 But happy England, which had such a Queen,  
 O happy, happy, had those dayes still been,  
 But happinesse, lies in a higher sphere,  
 Then wonder not, Eliza moves not here.  
 Full fraught with honour, riches, and with dayes:  
 She set, she set, like Titan in his rayes,  
 No more shall rise or set such glorious Sun,  
 Untill the heavens great revolution:

If then new things, their old form must retain,  
Eliza shall rule Albion once again.

*Her Epitaph.*

Here sleeps the Queen, this is the royall bed  
O' th' Damask rose, sprung from the white and red,  
Whose sweet perfume fills the all-filling aire,  
This Rose is withered, once so lovely faire,  
On neither tree did grow such Rose before,  
The greater was our gain, our losse the more.

*Another.*

Here lies the pride of Queens, pattern of Kings,  
So blaze it fame, here's feathers for thy wings,  
Here lies the envy'd, yet unparralell'd Prince,  
Whose living vertues speak (though dead long since)  
If many worlds, as that fantastick framed,  
In every one, be her great glory famed. 1643.

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Davids Lamentation for Saul,
and Jonathan, 2 Sam. 1. 19.

Alas, slaine is the head of Israel,
Illustrious Saul, whose beauty did excell
Upon thy places, mountan'ous and high,
How did the mighty fall, and falling dye?
In Gath, let not this thing be spoken on,
Nor published in streets of Askelon,
Lest Daughters of the Philistins rejoyce,
Lest the uncircumcis'd lift up their voyce:
O! Gilbo Mounts, let never pearled dew,
Nor fruitfull showres your barren tops bestrew,
Nor fields of offerings e're on you grow,
Nor any pleasant thing e're may you show;
For the mighty ones did soone decay,
The Shield of Saul was vilely cast away;
There had his dignity so sore a foyle,
As if his head ne're felt the sacred Oyle:
Sometimes from crimson blood of gastly staine,
The bow of Jonathan ne're turn'd in vaine,
Nor from the fat, and spoyles, of mighty men,
Did Saul with bloodlesse Sword turne back agen.
Pleasant and lovely were they both in life,
And in their deaths was found no parting strife;

Swifter then swiftest Eagles, so were they,
 Stronger then Lions, ramping for their prey.
 O Israels Dames, o're-flow your beauteous eyes,
 For valiant Saul, who on Mount Gilbo lyes;
 Who cloathed you in cloath of richest dye,
 And choyse delights, full of variety.
 On your array put ornaments of gold,
 Which made you yet more beauteous to behold.
 O! how in battell did the mighty fall,
 In mid'st of strength not succoured at all:
 O! lovely Jonathan, how wert thou slaine,
 In places high, full low thou dost remaine;
 Distrest I am, for thee, deare Jonathan,
 Thy love was wonderfull, passing a man;
 Exceeding all the Love that's Feminine,
 So pleasant hast thou been, deare brother mine:
 How are the mighty falne into decay,
 And war-like weapons perished away.

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 Of the vanity of all worldly creatures.

As he said vanity, so vain say I,  
 O vanity, O vain all under skie,  
 Where is the man can say, lo, I have found  
 On brittle earth, a consolation sound?  
 What is't in honour, to be set on high?  
 No, they like beasts, and sonnes of men shall die,  
 And whilst they live, how oft doth turn their State?  
 He's now a slave, that was a Prince of late.  
 What is't in wealth, great treasures for to gain?  
 No, that's but labour anxious, care and pain.  
 He heaps up riches, and he heaps up sorrow.  
 Its his to day, but who's his heire to morrow?  
 What then? content in pleasures canst thou find?  
 More vain then all, that's but to grasp the wind.  
 The sensuall senses for a time they please,  
 Mean while the conscience rage, who shall appease?  
 What is 't in beauty? no, that's but a snare,  
 They'r foul enough to day, that once was fair,  
 What, Is't in flowring youth, or manly age?  
 The first is prone to vice, the last to rage.  
 Where is it then? in wisdom, learning, arts?  
 Sure if on earth, it must be in those parts;  
 Yet these, the wisest man of men did find,  
 But vanity, vexation of the mind,  
 And he that knows the most doth still bemoan,

He knows not all, that here is to be known,  
 What is it then? to do as Stoicks tell,  
 Nor laugh, nor weep, let things go ill or well:  
 Such stoicks are but stocks, such teaching vain:  
 While man is man, he shall have ease or pain.  
 If not in honour, beauty, age, nor treasure,  
 Nor yet in learning, wisdom, youth nor pleasure?  
 Where shall I climbe, sound, seek, search or find,  
 That summum Bonum which may stay my mind?  
 There is a path, no vultures eye hath seen.  
 Where lions fierce, nor lions whelps hath been,  
 Which leads unto that living Christall fount,  
 Who drinks thereof, the world doth naught account.  
 The depth, and sea, hath said its not in me,  
 With pearl and gold it shall not valued be:  
 For Saphyre, Onix, Topas, who will change,  
 Its hid from eyes of men, they count it strange,  
 Death and destruction, the fame hath heard,  
 But where, and what it is, from heaven's declar'd,  
 It brings to honour, which shall not decay,  
 It steeres with wealth, which time cann't wear away.  
 It yeeldeth pleasures, farre beyond conceit,  
 And truly beautifies without deceit.  
 Nor strength nor wisdom, nor fresh youth shall fade,  
 Nor death shall see, but are immortall made,  
 This pearl of price, this tree of life, this spring,  
 Who is possessed of, shall reign a King.  
 Nor change of state, nor cares shall ever see,  
 But wear his Crown unto eternitie,  
 This satiates the soul, this stayes the mind,  
 The rest's but vanity, and vain we find.

*FINIS*