

A
PARENESIS
 TO PRINCE HENRY.

TO
 PRINCE CHARLES.

THAT which I first for Henrie's life did sound,
 Shall, spite of death, which did high hopes betray,
 A speaking pledge, a living token stay,
 Which with his name shall make my love renown'd;
 His successor, thou may'st make use of this,
 Which freely shows what princes doe deserve;
 It both him dead, and thee alive may serve,
 Thy fame's presage, a monument of his.
 That Charles of France, admir'd so much for worth,
 Religious, valiant, was call'd justly great;
 Thou hast his name, strive for his worth and state,
 Great in Great Britaine, to adorne the north:
 That all the world with wondring eyes may see,
 What was from Henry hop'd, perform'd by thee.

Loe here (brave youth) as zeale and duty move,
 I labour (though in vaine) to finde some gift,
 Both worthy of thy place, and of my loue,
 But whilst my selfe above my selfe I lift,
 And would the best of my inventions prove,
 I stand to study what should be my drift;
 Yet this the greatest approbation brings,
 Still to a prince to speake of princely things.

When those of the first age that earst did live
 In shadowie woods, or in a humid cave,
 And taking that which th' earth not forc'd did give,
 Would onely pay what nature's need did crave;
 Then beasts of breath such numbers did deprive,
 That (following Amphion) they did deserts leave:
 Who with sweet sounds did leade them by the eares,
 Where mutuall force might banish common feares.

Then building walles, they barbarous rites disdain'd,
 The sweetness of society to finde;
 And to attayne what unity maintain'd,
 As peace, religion, and a vertuous minde;
 That so they might have restless humours rayn'd,
 They straight with lawes their liberty confin'd:
 And of the better sort the best preferr'd,
 To chastise them against the lawes that err'd.

I wot not if proud mindes who first aspir'd
 Ore many realmes to make themselves a right;
 Or if the world's disorders so requir'd,
 That then had put Astraea to the flight;
 Or else if some whose vertues were admir'd,
 And eminent in all the people's sight,
 Did move peace-lovers first to reare a throne,
 And give the keyes of life and death to one.

That dignity, when first it did begin,
 Did grace each province and each little towne;
 Forth, when she first doth from Beelowmoond rinne,
 Is poore of waters, naked of renowne,
 But Carron, Alton, Teath, and Doven in,
 Doth grow the greater still, the further downe:
 Till that, abounding both in power and fame,
 She long doth strive to give the sea her name.

Even so those sovereignties which once were small,
 Still swallowing up the nearest neighbouring state,
 With a deluge of men did realmes appall,
 And thus th' Egyptian Pharoes first grew great;
 Thus did th' Assyrians make so many thrall,
 Thus rear'd the Romans their imperial seat:
 And thus all those great states to worke have gone,
 Whose limits and the worlds were all but one.

But I'le not plunge in such a stormy deepe,
 Which hath no bottome, nor can have no shore,
 But in the dust will let those ashes sleepe,
 Which (cloath'd with purple) once th' Earth did
 adore;

Of them scarce now a monument wee keepe,
 Who (thund'ring terroure) curb'd the world before;
 Their states which by a number's ruine stood,
 Were founded, and confounded, both with bloud.

If I would call antiquity to minde,
 I, for an endlesse taske might then prepare,
 But what? ambition that was ever blinde,
 Did get with toyle that which was kept with care,
 And those great states 'gainst which the world re-
 Had falls, as famous, as their risings rare: [pin'd,
 And in all ages it was ever seene,
 What vertue rais'd, by vice hath ruin'd been.

Yet registers of memorable things [sound,
 Would helpe (great prince) to make thy judgement
 Which to the eye a perfect mirroure brings,
 Where all should glasse themselves who would be
 crown'd,

Reade these rare parts that acted were by kings,
 The straines heroicke, and the end renown'd:
 Which (whilst thou in thy cabinet do'st sit)
 Are worthy to bewitch thy growing wit.

And doe not, doe not (thou) the meanes omit,
 Times match'd with times, what they beget to spy,
 Since history may leade thee unto it,
 A pillar whereupon good sprites rely,
 Of time the table, and the nurse of wit,
 The square of reason, and the minde's cleare eye:
 Which leads the curious reader through huge harms,
 Who stands secure whilst looking on alarms.

Nor is it good ore brave men's lives to wander,
 As one who at each corner stands amaz'd,
 No, study like some one thy selfe to render,
 Who to the height of glory hath been rais'd;
 So Scipio, Cyrus, Cæsar, Alexander, [prais'd,
 And that great prince chos'd him whom Homer
 Or make (as which is recent, and best knowne)
 Thy father's life a pattered for thine owne.

Yet marking great men's lives, this much impaires
 The profit which that benefit imparts,
 While as transported with preposterous cares,
 To imitate but superficiall parts,
 Some for themselves frame of their fancies snares,
 And show what folly doth ore-sway their hearts:
 "For counterfeited things doe staines embrace,
 "And all that is affected, hath no grace."

Of outward things who (shallow wits) take hold,
Doe show by that they can no higher winne,
So, to resemble Hercules of old,
Mark Antony would beare the lyon's skinne ;
A brave Athenian's sonne (as some have told)
Would such a course (though to his scorn) begin :
And bent to seem look like his father dead,
Would make himselfe to lisse, and bow his head.

They who would rightly follow such as those,
Must of the better parts apply the pow'rs,
As the industrious bee adviſ'dly goes,
To seize upon the best, shunne baser flowres ;
So, where thou do'st the greatest worth disclose,
To compass that, be prodigall of houres :
Seeke not to seeme, but be ; who be, seeme too,
Doe carelesly, and yet have care to doe.

Thou to resemble thy renowned syre,
Must not (though some there were) mark triviall
things,

But matchlesse vertues which all mindes admire,
Whose treasure to his realmes great comfort brings ;
That to attaine (thou race of kings) aspire,
Which for thy fame may furnish ayery wings :
And like to eaglets thus thou prov'st thy kinde,
When both like him, in body, and in minde.

Ah, be not those most miserable soules,
Their judgements to refine who never strive !
Nor will not looke upon the learned scroules,
Which without practiae doe experiance give ;
But (whilst base sloth each better care controules)
Are dead in ignorance, entomb'd alive.
Twixt beasts and such the difference is but small,
They use not reason, beasts have none at all.

O ! heavenly treasure which the best sort loves,
Life of the soule, reformer of the will,
Cleare light, which from the mind each cloud re-
moves,

Pure spring of vertue, physicke for each ill,
Which in prosperity a bridle proves,
And in adversity a pillar still ;
Of thee the more men get, the more they crave,
And thinke, the more they get, the lesse they have.

But if that knowledge be requir'd of all,
What should they doe this treasure to obtaine,
Whom in a throue, time travels to enstall,
Where they by it of all things must ordaine ?
If it make them who by their birth were thrall,
As little kings, whilst ore themselves they raigne,
Then it must make, when it hath throughly grac'd
them, [them.
Kings more then kings, and like to him who plac'd

This is a griefe which all the world beomes,
When those lack judgement who are borne to judge,
And like to painted tombes, or gilded stones,
To troubled soules cannot afford refuge ; [once,
Kings are their kingdomes' hearts, which, tainted
The bodies straight corrupt in which they lodge :
And those, by whose example many fall,
Are guilty of the murder of them all.

The meanes which best make majestic to stand,
Are laws observ'd, whilst practiae doth direct
The crowne, the head, the scepter decks the hand,
But onely knowledge doth the thoughts erect ;
Kings should excell all them whom they command,
In all the parts which do procure respect :

And this, a way to what they would, prepares,
Not onely as thought good, but as known theirs.

Seek not due reverence onely to procure,
With shows of sovereignty, and guards oft lewd,
So Nero did, yet could not so assure
The hated diademe with bloud imbrud ;
Nor as the Persian kings, who liv'd obscure,
And of their subjects rarely would be view'd ;
So one of them was secretly ore-thrown,
And in his place the murthrer raign'd unknown.

No onely goodnesse doth beget regard,
And equity doth greatest glory winne,
To plague for vice, and vertue to reward,
What they intend, that, bravely to begin ;
This is to soveraigntie a powerfull guard,
And makes a prince's praise ore all come in :
Whose life (his subjects' law) clear'd by his deeds,
More then Iustinian's toys, good order breeds.

All those who ore unbaptiz'd nations raign'd,
By barbarous customes sought to foster feare,
And with a thousand tyrannies constrain'd
All them whom they subdu'd their yoke to beare,
But those whom great Iehovah hath ordain'd,
Above the Christians, lawfull thrones to reare :
Must seek by worth, to be obey'd for love,
So having raign'd below, to raigne above.

O happy Henrie, who art highly borne,
Yet beautif'at thy birth with signes of worth,
And (though a childe) all childish toys do'st scorne,
To show the world thy vertues budding forth,
Which may by time this glorious isle adorne,
And bring eternall trophies to the north,
While as thou do'st thy father's forces leade,
And art the hand, whileas he is the head.

Thou, like that gallant thunder-bolt of warre,
Third Edward's sonne, who was so much renown'd,
Shalt shine in valour as the morning starre,
And plnish with thy praise the peopled round ;
But like to his, let nought thy fortune marre,
Who, in his father's time, did dye uncrown'd :
Long live thy syre, so all the world desires,
But longer thou, so Nature's course requires.

And, though time once thee, by thy birth-right, owes
Those sacred honours which men most esteeme,
Yet flatter not thy selfe with those faire shewes,
Which often-times are not such as they seeme,
Whose burd'nous weight, the bearer but ore-throws,
That could before of no such danger deeme :
Then if not, arm'd in time, thou make thee strong,
Thou dost thy selfe, and many a thousand wrong.

Since thou must manage such a mighty state,
Which hath no borders but the seas and skies,
Then even as he who justly was call'd great,
Did (prodigall of paines where fame might rise)
With both the parts of worth in worth grow great,
As learn'd, as valiant, and as stout as wise :
So now let Aristotle lay the ground,
Whereon thou after may thy greatnesse found.

For if transported with a base repose,
Thou did'st (as thou dost not) mispend thy prime,
O what a faire occasion would'st thou lose,
Which after would thee grieve, though out of time !
To vertuous courses now thy thoughts dispose,
While fancies are not glu'd with pleasure's lyme,

Those who their youth to such like paines engage,
Do gaine great ease unto their perfect age.

Magnanimous, now, with heroicke parts,
Show to the world what thou dost ayme to be,
The more to print in all the people's hearts,
That which thou would'st they should expect of thee,

That so (preoccupied with such desarts)
They after may applaud the Heaven's decree
When that day comes; which if it come too
 soone,
Then thou and all this isle would be undone.

And otherwise what trouble should'st thou finde,
If first not seiz'd of all thy subjects' love;
To ply all humours till thy worth have shin'd,
That even most mal-contents must it approve?
For else a number would suspend their minde,
As doubting what thou afterwards might'st prove,
And when a state's affections thus are cold,
Of that advantage forreiners take hold.

I grant in this thy fortune to be good,
That art t' inherit such a glorious crowne,
As one descended from that sacred bloud,
Which oft hath fill'd the world with true renowns:
The which still on the top of glory stood,
And not so much as once seem'd to look downe:
For who thy branches to remembrance brings,
Count what he list, he cannot count but kings.

And pardon me, for I must pause a while,
And at a thing of right to be admir'd,
Since those, from whom thou cam'st, reign'd in this
 isle.

Loe, now of yeares even thousands are expir'd;
Yet none could there them thrall, nor thence exile,
Nor ever fail'd the lynce so much desir'd:
The hundred and seventh parent living free,
A never conquer'd crowne may leave to thee.

Nor hath this onely happened as by chance,
Of alterations then there had beene some,
But that brave race which still did worth enhance,
Would so presage the thing that was to come;
That this united isle should once advance,
And, by the lyon led, all realmes ore-come:
For if it kep't a little, free before,
Now having much (no doubt) it must do more.

And though our nations, long I must confesse,
Did roughly woo before that they could wed;
That but endears the union we possesse,
Whom Neptune both combines within one bed:
All ancient injuries this doth redresse,
And buries that which many a battell bred:
" Brave discords reconcil'd (if wrath expire)
Do breed the greatest love, and most intire."

Of England's Mary, had it beene the chance
To make king Philip father of a sonne,
The Spaniard's high designs so to advance,
All Albion's beauties had beene quite ore-runne:
Or yet if Scotland's Mary had heir'd France,
Our bondage then had by degrees begun:
Of which, if that a stranger bold a part,
To take the other that would meanes impart.

Thus from two dangers we were twice preserv'd,
When as we seem'd without recovery lost,
As from their freedome those who freely swerv'd,
And suffered strangers of our bounds to boast;
Yet were we for this happy time reserv'd,
And, but to hold it deare, a little crost:
That of the Stewarts the illustrious race
Might, like their mindes, a monarchie embrace.

Of that blest progeny, the well known worth
Hath, of the people, a conceit procur'd,
That from the race it never can go forth,
But long hereditary, is well assur'd,
Thus (sonne of that great monarch of the north)
They to obey, are happily inur'd:
Ore whom thou art expected once to raigne,
To have good ancestours one much doth gaine.

He who by tyranny his throne doth reare,
And dispossesse another of his right,
Whose panting heart dare never trust his care,
Since still made odious in the people's sight,
Whil'st he both hath, and gives, great cause of feare,
Is (spoyling all) at last spoil'd of the light:
And those who are descended of his blood,
Ere that they be beleev'd, must long be good.

Yet though we see it is an easie thing,
For such a one his state still to maintaine,
Who by his birth-right borne to be a king,
Doth with the countrey's love, the crowne obtaine,
The same doth many to confusion bring,
Whil'st, for that cause, they care not how they raigne.
" O never throne establish'd was so sure,
Whose fall a vitious prince might not procure!"

Thus do a number to destruction runne,
And so did Tarquin once abuse his place,
Who for the filthy life he had begun,
Was barr'd from Rome, and ruin'd all his race;
So he whose father of no king was sonne,
Was father to no king; but, in disgrace
From Sicile banish'd, by the people's hate,
Did dye at Corinth in an abject state.

And as that monarch merits endlesse praise,
Who by his vertue doth a state acquire,
So all the world with scornfull eyes may gaze
On their degener'd stemmes which might aspire,
As having greater pow'r, their power to raise,
Yet of their race the ruine do conspire:
And for their wrong-spent life with shame do end,
" Kings chastis'd once, are not allow'd t' amend."

Those who, reposing on their princely name,
Can never give themselves to care for ought,
But for their pleasures every thing would frame,
As all were made for them, and they for nought,
Once th' earth their bodies, men will spoyle their
 fame, [wrought:
Though whil'st they live, all for their ease be
And those conceits on which they do depend,
Do but betray their fortunes in the end.

This self-conceit doth so the iudgment choake,
That when with some ought well succeeds through it,
They on the same with great affection look,
And scorne th' advice of others to admit;
Thus did brave Charles the last Burgubdian duke
Deare buy a battell purchas'd by his wit:

By which in him such confidence was bred,
That blinde presumption to confusion led.

O! sacred counsell, quijt-essence of souls, [fates,
Strength of the common-wealth, which chaines the
And every danger (ere it come) controuls,
The anker of great realmes, staffe of all states;
O! safe foundation which no tempest fouls,
On which are builded the most glorious seats!
If ought with those succeed who soome thy care,
It comes by chance, and draws them in a snare.

Thrice happy is that king, who hath the grace
To chuse a counsell whereon to relye,
Which loves his person, and respects his place,
And (like to Aristides) can cast by
All private grudge, and publike cares imbrace,
Whom no ambition nor base thoughts do tye:
And that they be not, to betray their seats,
The partiall pensioners of forreine states.

None should but those of that grave number boast,
Whose lives have long with many vertues shin'd;
As Rome respected the patricians most,
Use nobles first, if to true worth inclin'd:
Yet so, that unto others seeme not lost
All hope to rise, for else (high hopes resign'd)
Industrious Vertue in her course would tyre,
If not expecting honour for her hyre.

But such as those a prince should most eschue,
Who dignities do curiously affect;
A publike charge, those who too much pursue,
Seeme to have some particular respect,
All should be godly, prudent, secret, true,
Of whom a king his counsell should elect:
And he, whil'st they advise of zeale and love,
Should not the number, but the best approve.

A great discretion is requir'd to know
What way to weigh opinions in his minde;
But ah! this doth the judgement oft ore-throw,
Then whil't he comes within himselfe confin'd,
And of the senate would but make a show,
So to confirme that which he hath design'd,
As one who onely hath whereon to rest,
For counsellours, his thoughts, their seat his brest.

But what avails a senate in this sort,
Whose pow'r within the Capitoll is pent?
A blast of breath which doth for nought import,
But mocks the world with a not act'd intent;
Those are the counsels which great states support,
Which never are made knowne but by th' event:
Not those where wise-men matters do propose,
And foolcs thereafter as they please dispose.

Nor is this all which ought to be desir'd,
In this assembly (since the kingdome's soule)
That with a knowlege more then rare inspir'd,
A common-wealth, like Plato's, in a scroule
They can paint forth, but meanes are too acquir'd,
Disorder's torrent freely to controule;
And arming with authority their lines,
To act with justice that which wit designs.

Great empresse of this universall frame,
The Atlas on whose shoulders states are stay'd,
Who sway'st the raynes which all the world do tame,
And mak'st men good by force, with red array'd;
Disorder's enemy, virgin without blame,
Within whose ballance, good and bad are weigh'd.

O! sovereigne of all vertues, without thee
Nor peace, nor warre, can entertained be.

Thou from confusion all things hast redeem'd:
The meeting of Amphictyons had beene vaine,
And all those senates which were most esteem'd,
Wer't not by thee, their counsels crown'd remaine,
And all those laws had but dead letters seem'd,
Which Solon, or Lycurgus, did ordaine:
Wer't not thy sword made all alike to dye,
And not the weake, while as the strong scap'd by.

O! not without great cause all th' ancients did
Paint magistrates plac'd to explaine the laws,
Not having hands, so bribery to forbid,
Which them from doing right too oft with-draws;
And with a veile the iudge's eyes were hid,
Who should not see the partie, but the cause:
God's deputies, which his tribunall reare,
Should have a patient, not a partiall care.

The lack of justice hath hugs evils begun,
Which by no meanes could be repair'd againe;
The famous syre of that more famous some,
From whom (while as he sleeping did remaine)
One did appeale, till that his sleep was done,
And whom a widow did discharge to raigne
Because he had not time plaints to attend,
Did lose his life for such a fault in th' end.

This justice is the vertue most divine,
Which like the King of kings shows kings inclin'd,
Whose sure foundations nought can under-mine,
If once within a constant breast confin'd:
For otherwise she cannot clearly shine,
While as the magistrate, oft changing minde,
Is oft too swift, and sometimes slow to strike,
As led by private ends, not still alike.

Use mercie freely, justice, as constrain'd,
This must be done, although that be more deare,
And oft the forme may make the deed disdain'd,
Whil't justice tastes of tyranny too neare;
One may be justly, yet in rage arraign'd,
Whil't reason rul'd by passions doth appeare:
Once Socrates because ore-com'd with ire,
Did from correcting one (till calm'd) retryre.

Those who want meanes their anger to aswage,
Do oft themselves, or others, rob of breath;
Fierce Valentinian, surfetting in rage,
By bursting of a veyne, did bleed to death;
And Theodosius, still but then, thought sage,
Caus'd murder thousands, whil't quite drunk with
Who to prevent the like opprobrious crime, [wrath,
Made still suspend his edicts for a time.

Of vertuous kings all th' actions do proceed
Forth from the spring of a paternall love;
To cherish, or correct (as realmes have need)
For which he more than for himselfe doth move,
Who many a million's ease that way to breed,
Makes sometime some his indignation prove,
And like to Codrus, would even death imbrace,
If for the cuntry's good, and people's peace.

This lady, that so long unarm'd hath stray'd,
Now holds the ballance, and doth draw the sword,
And never was more gloriously array'd,
Nor in short time did greater good afford;
The state which to confusion seem'd betray'd,
And could of nought but blood, and wrongs, record,

Loe, freed from trouble, and intestine rage,
Doth boast yet to restore the golden age.

Thus doth thy father (generous prince) prepare
A way for thee to gaine immortal fame,
And layes the grounds of greatness with such care,
That thou may'st build great works upon the same;
Then since thou art to have a field so faire,
Whereas thou once may'st eternize thy name,
Begin (while as a greater light thine smother)
And learne to rule thy selfe, ere thou rul'st others.

For still true magnanimity, we finde,
Doth harbour early in a generous breast;
To match Miltiades, whose glory shin'd;
Themistocles (a child) was rob'd of rest;
Yet strive to be a monarch of thy minde,
For as to dare great things, all else detest,
A generous emulation spurres the sprite,
Ambition doth abuse the courage quite.

Whil'st of illustrious lives thou look'st the story,
Abhorre those tyrants which still swimm'd in bloud,
And follow those who (to their endless glory)
High in their subjects' love by vertue stood;
O! be like him who on a time was sorie,
Because that whil'st he chanc'd to do no good,
There but one day had happened to expire:
He was the world's delight, the Heaven's desire.

But as by mildnesse some great states do gaine,
By lenity some lose that which they have,
England's sixth Henry could not live and raigue,
But (being simple) did huge foils receive:
Brave Scipio's army mutini'd in Spayne,
And (by his meeknesse bold) their charge did leave:
O! to the state it brings great profit off,
To be sometimes severe, and never soft.

To guide his courses waresly through the skie,
Earst Phoebus did his Phaeton require,
Since from the middle way if swarving by, [fire,
The Heavens would burne, or th' Earth would be on
So doth 'twixt two extreames each vertue lye,
To which the purest spirits ought to aspire,
He lives most sure who no extreame doth touch,
Nought would too little be, nor yet too much.

Some kings, whom all men did in hatred hold,
With avaritious thoughts whose breasts were torne,
Too basely given to feast their eyes with gold,
Us'd ill, and abject meanes, which brave minds
scorne,

Such whil'st they onely seek (no vice controul'd)
How they may best their treasures adorne,
Are (though like Cressus rich) whil'st wealth them
Yet still as poore as Irua in their mindes. [blinds,

And some againe as foolish fancies move,
Who praise prepost'rous fondly do pursue,
Not liberall, no, but prodigall do prove;
Then whil'st their treasures they exhausted view,
With subsidies do lose their subjects' love;
And spoyle whole realmes, though but 'enrich a few:
Whil'st with authority their pride they cloake,
Who ought to dye by smoke for selling smoke.

But O! the prince most loath'd in every land,
Is one (all given to lust) who hardly can
Free from some great mishap a long time stand;
For all the world his deeds with hatred scan;
Should he who hath the honour to command
The noblest creatures (great God's image) man,

Be, to the vilest vice, the basest slave,
The bodie's plague, sou's death, and honour's grave!

That beastly monster who retr'd a part,
Amongst his concubines began to spinne,
Took with the habite too a woman's heart,
And ended that which Nimus did begin;
Faint-hearted Xerxes who did gifts impart,
To them who could devise new ways to sinne:
Though back'd with worlds of men, straight took the
And had not courage but to see them fight. [flight,

Thus doth soft pleasure but abuse the minde,
And making one to servile thoughts descend,
Doth make the body weake, the judgement blinde,
An hateful life, an ignominious end:
Where those who did this raging tyrant binde,
With vertue's chains, their triumphs to attend,
Have by that meanes a greater glory gain'd,
Then all the victories which they attain'd.

The valorous Persian who not once but gaz'd
On faire Panthea's face to ease his toys,
His glory, by that continency, rais'd
More than by Babylon's and Lydia's spoils;
The Macedonian monarch was more prais'd,
Than for triumphing ore so many soile,
That of his greatest foe (though beauteous scene)
He chastly entertain'd the captiv'd queene.

Thus have still-gaz'd-at monarchs much adoe,
Who (all the world's disorders to redresse)
Should shine like to the Sunne, the which still, loe,
The more it mounts aloft, doth seeme the lesse,
They should with confidence go freely to,
And (trusting to their worth) their will expresse:
Not like French Lewis th' Eleventh who did maintaine,
That who could not dissemble, could not raigne.

But still to guard their state the strongest barre,
And surest refuge in each dangerous storme,
Is to be found a gallant man of warre,
With heart that dare attempt, hands to performe,
Not that they venter should their state too farre,
And to each souldier's-course their course conforme.
The skillfull pylots at the rudder sit:
Let others use their strength, and them their wit.

In Mars his mysteries to gaine renowne,
It gives kings glory, and assures their place,
It breeds them a respect amongst their owne,
And makes their neighbours feare to lose their grace;
Still all these should, who love to keep their crowne,
In peace prepare for warre, in warre for peace:
For as all feare a prince who dare attempt,
The want of courage brings one in contempt.

And, royall off-spring, who may'st high aspire,
As one to whom thy birth high hopes assign'd,
This well becomes the courage of thy syre,
Who traines thee up according to thy kinde;
He, though the world his prosp'rous raigue admire,
In which his subjects such a comfort finde,
Hath (if the bloody art mov'd to imbrace)
That wit them to make warre, which now keeps peace.

And O! how this (dare prince) the people charmes,
Who look about thee oft in ravish'd bands,
To see thee yong, yet manage so thine armes,
Have a unaccouriall mince, and martiall hands,
This exercise thy tender courage warms;
And still true greatness but by vertue stands:

Agesilaus said, no king could be,
More great, unless more vertuous, than he.

And though that all of thee great things expect,
Thou, as too little, mak'st their hopes asham'd;
As he who on Olympus did detect,
The famous Theban's foot, his body fram'd,
By thy beginnings so we may collect,
How great thy worth by time may be proclaim'd:
For who thy actions doth remarke, may see,
That there be many Cæsars within thee.

Though every state by long experience findes,
That greatest blessings prosp'ring peace imparts,
As which all subjects to good order bindes,
Yet breeds this isle, still populous in all parts,
Such vigorous bodies, and such restless mindes,
That they disdain to use mechanick arts:
And, being haughty, cannot live in rest,
Yea such, when idle, are a dangerous pest.

A prudent Roman told, in some few houres,
To Rome's estate what danger did redound,
Then, when they raz'd the Carthaginian towres,
By which while as they stood, still meanes were
found,

With others' harmes to exercise their pow'rs,
The want whereof, their greatnesse did confound;
For, when no more with forraine foes imbroid'd,
Straight, by intestine warres, the state was spoyl'd.

No, since this soile which with great sprits abounds,
Can hardly nurse her nurcelings all in peace,
Then let us keep her bosome free from wounds,
And spend our fury in some forraine place:
There is no wall can limit now our bounds,
But all the world will need walls in short space;
To keep our troupes from seizing on new thrones;
The marble chayre must passe the ocean once.

What fury ore my judgement doth prevaile?
Me thinkes I see all th' earth glance with our armes,
And groning Neptune charg'd with many a sayle;
I heare the thundring trumpet sound th' alarmes,
Whilst all the neighbouring nations doe looke pale,
Such sudden feare each panting heart disarmes,
To see those martiall mindes together gone,
The lyon and the leopard in one:

I (Henry) hope with this mine eyes to feed,
Whilst ere thou wear'st a crown, thou wear'st a
shield;

And when thou (making thousands once to bleed,
That dare behold thy count'nance, and not yeeld)
Stirr'st through the bloody dust a foaming steed,
An interested witness in the field
I may amongst those bands thy grace attend,
And be thy Homer when the warres do end.

But stay, where fly'st thou (Muse) so farre astray?
And whilst affection doth thy course command,
Dar'st thus above thy reach attempt a way
To court the heire of Albion's war-like land,
Who gotten hath his generous thoughts to sway,
A royall gift out of a royall hand;
And hath before his eyes that type of worth,
That starre of state, that pole which guides the
north.

Yet ore thy father, loe, (such is thy fate)
Thou hast this vantage which may profit thee,
An orphan'd infant, settled in his seat,
He greater then himselfe could never see,
Where thou may'st learne by him the art of state,
And by another what thy selfe should'st be,
Whilst that which he had onely but heard told,
In all his course thou practis'd may'st behold.

And this advantage long may'st thou retain,
By which, to make thee blest, the Heavens conspire;
And labour of his worth to make thy gaine,
To whose perfections thou may'st once aspire,
When as thou show'st thy selfe, whilst thou do'st
A sonne held worthy of so great a syre; [raigne,
And with his scepters, and the people's hearts,
Do'st still inherit his heroicke parts.

JONATHAN;

AN

HEROICKE POEME INTENDED.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

With Ammon's king, griev'd Iabesh did agree,
If not reliev'd, their right eyes lost, to live;
From this disgrace Saul fights to make them free,
And God to him the victory doth give: [see;
Those, who their king (with successe crown'd) did
Them who him first had scorn'd, to kill did strive:
The people's errour, Samuel makes them know,
Then what he was, what all should be, doth show.

MUSE, sound true valour, all perfection's parts,
The force of friendship, and th' effects of faith,
To kindle courage in those generous hearts,
Which strive by vertus to triumph ore death,
Whilst honour's height the wage of worth imparts,
What hence is hop'd, or whilst we here draw breath:
Loe, found, not fain'd, how men accomplish'd prove:
Both prais'd below, and glorifi'd above.

O thou, from whom all what we praise doth streame,
Lift up my soule, my sprite with power inspire;
That straying wits, who fayn'd ideas dreame,
May magnanimity in men admire,
Who sought thy glory, not affecting fame,
And yet what courage courts did all acquire;
The truth not wrong'd, to please Lord pardon me,
In method, time, and circumstances free.

Sterne Ammon's armes when Iabesh was enclos'd,
In her defenders did such feare infuse,
That breached wallies (all naked) were expos'd,
As weake, else worse, the owners to accuse;
Who on defence no further then repos'd,
But last, for hope, a wretched helpe did use,
To fawne on foes, and seeke (they thus appeas'd)
What safety those who sought their ruine, pleas'd