

**Lychnocausia, sive moralia facum emblemata. Lights, morall emblems /  
authore Roberto Farlaeo.**

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Farlie, Robert.

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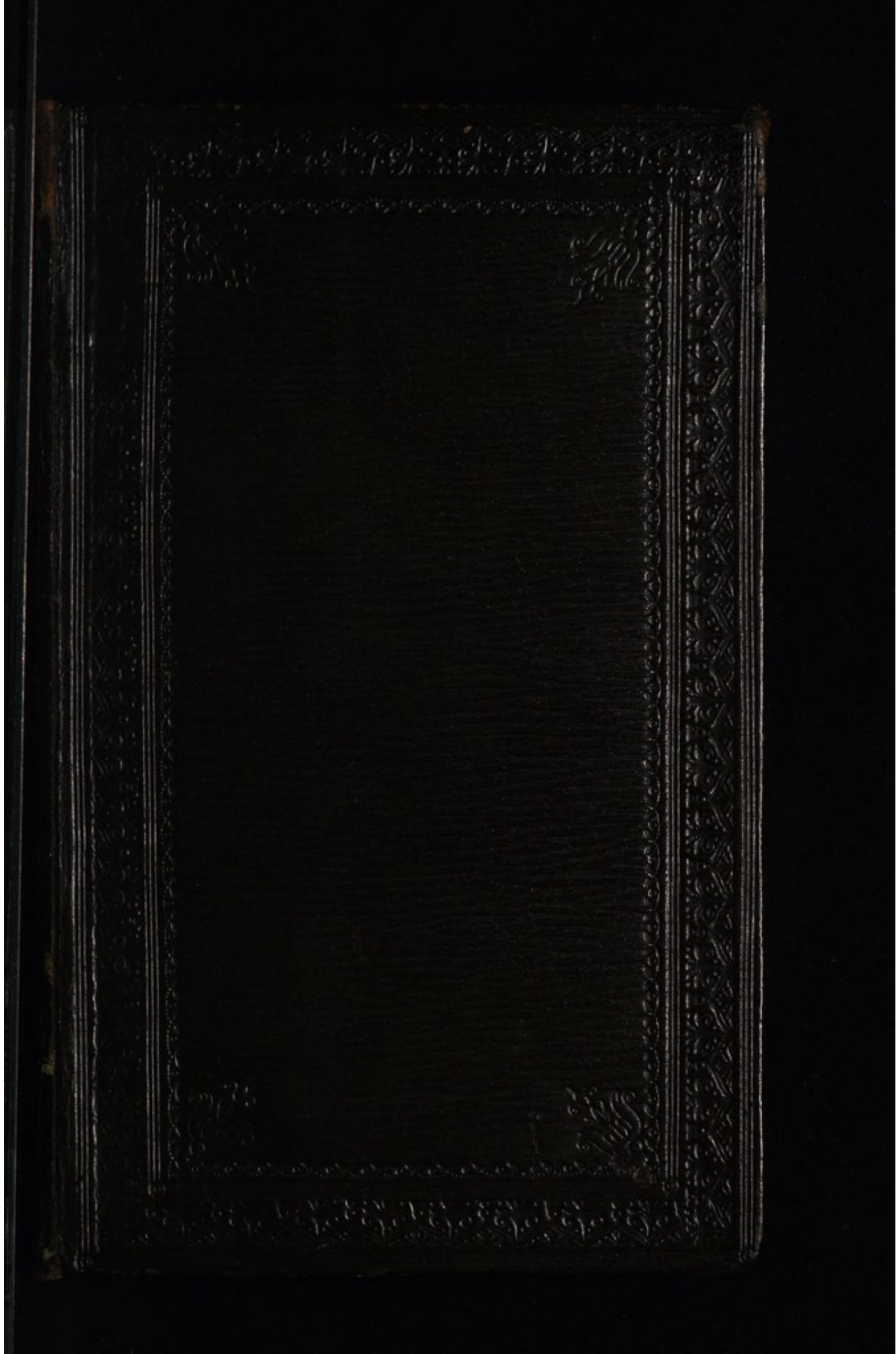
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EARLIE'S  
POEMS

1658





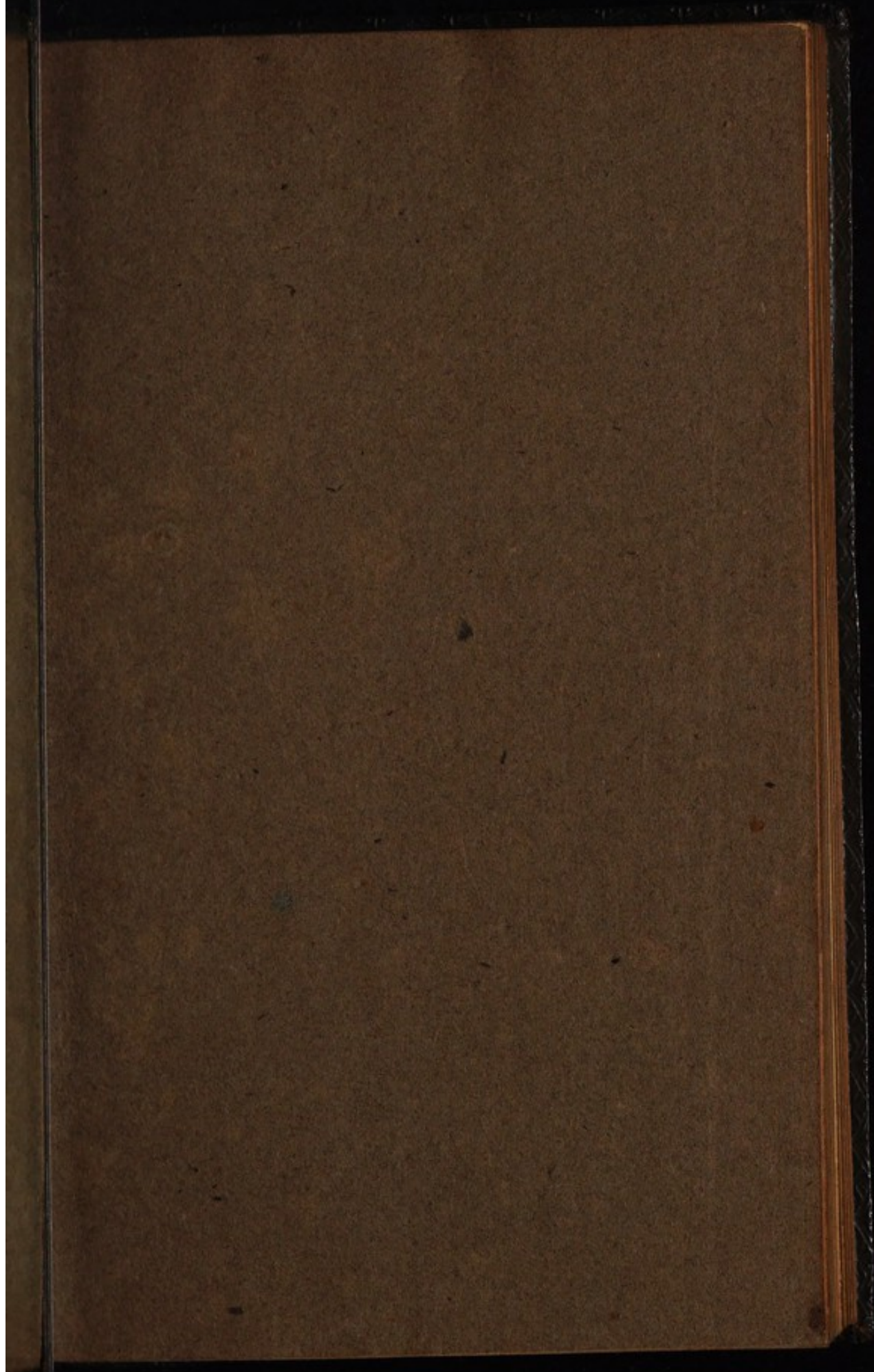


FARLEY (Robert). KALENDARIUM HUMANAЕ VITAE. The Kalender of  
Mans Life. Authore Roberto Farlaeo Scoto Britanio. London: Printed for  
William Hope, 1638. 8vo, mor. \$135.00

*First Edition. Engraved title-page and woodcuts. Bound in is Moralia  
Facum Emblemata. Michael Sparke, 1638. STC.10693-4*



*Henry James Duval.*

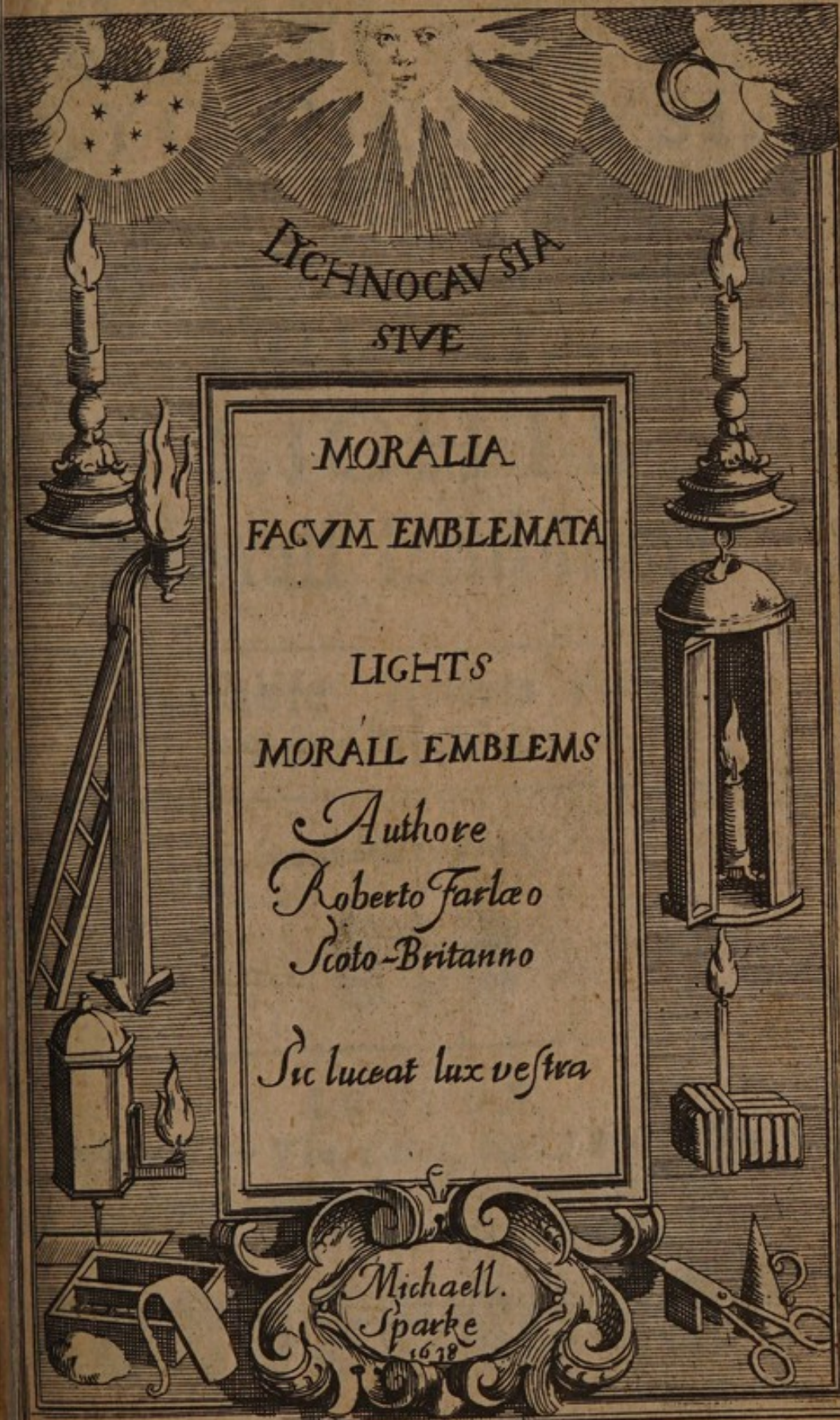




FARLEY (Robert). KALENDARIUM HUMANAE VITAE. The Kalender of

In me lux

a me lumen



LYCHNOCAV SIA  
SIVE

MORALIA  
FACVM EMBLEMATA

LIGHTS  
MORALL EMBLEMS

Authore  
Roberto Farlae o  
Scoto-Britanno

*Sic luceat lux vestra*

Michaell.  
Sparke  
1678

FARLEY (Robert)

WATSON ARTHUR

TI

V 1 1

C

MORALIA  
FACIAM TEMPLUM

MORALIA

Robert  
Farley  
London

In lucis fac...



M

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—

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LYCHNOCAVSIA

*five*

MORALIA FACVM  
EMBLEMATA.

LIGHTS  
Morall Emblems.

---

Authore Roberto Farleo  
Scoto-Britanno.

---

*Sic luceat lux vestra & cet.*



*Parke*

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LONDON,  
Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Michael Sparke  
Junior, and are to be sold at the blue  
Bible in Greene Arbor, 1638.





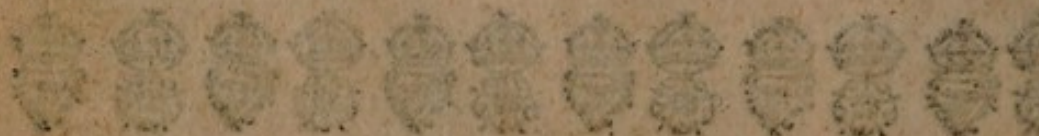
*Lychnocausiam, sive Moralia hæc facum  
emblemata perlegi, & digna judico, quæ  
luce à typis acceptâ publicentur.*

Feb. 10.  
1638.

Tho. Wykes, R. P.  
Episc. Lond. Capell. domest.



LONDON,  
Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Richard Sparke  
Printer, and are to be sold at the signe  
Bible in Gyms Alley, 1638.



**NOBILISSIMO ET**  
*Illustrissimo Domino omnifaræ*  
**Virtutis & Pietatis studiis**

*Ornatissimo,*

**Dom. Roberto Karo Comiti ab**  
**Ancram, &c.**

*Nobilissime Heros,*



Ro temerario & inconsulto cense-  
ar, qui Tibi pietatis Hyperioni, No-  
bilitatis jubari, & omnigenæ virtu-  
tis Lampadi, faculas hæc, quæ lu-  
mine & splendore tuo obfuscabun-  
tur, offero: Verum Clementia Tua  
& gratia, ut spero, veniam dabit; Aquilæ enim more  
ingenii mei fœtum exploro; qui si Solis radios su-  
stinere possit, ut meum agnoscam & tollam, sin-  
minus, ut spurium & nothum rejiciam.

Stellæ quæ Heliacè occidunt, Heliacè etiam ori-  
untur, eademq; Sole longius remoto, nullum nisi  
a Sole mutuum Lumen ostendunt: tædulæ hæ no-  
stræ, quæ ad vultum tuum propius accedentes tene-  
brarum instar caligant, simulac longius expatiatæ  
fuerint, scintillas, quas a te mutuas habent, morta-  
libus conspicuas præferent.

Ea est Solaris sideris benignitas, ut animalia,  
plantas & sublunaria quæque calore suo foveat:

ranta tua (Nobilissime Mæcenas) erga mē (alios  
prætereo innumeros benignitatem tuam expertos)  
communi clade deprehensum, comitas & gratuitus  
favor extitit, ut non solum ingenium, sed Genium  
& quicquid meum est tibi in perpetuum mancipa-  
tum profitear.

*Dii Tibi si qua pios respiciant Numina, grates  
Persolvent dignas*

Ergo ne ingratitude impiæ condemner, hoc li-  
cet tenue, sincerum tamen, grati & devoti animi  
symbolum Nobilitati tuæ consecro; Speroq; me, si  
non thure & hecatombis, farre tamen pio & fitillâ,  
ut Deo, sic tibi veræ Dei soboli litare posse.

*Kare Caledonios inter dignissime Divos,  
Nobilitatis apex, & Pietatis Honos;  
Chara Dei soboles, & Regi fidus Achates,  
Unica musarum cura, meumque decus.  
Nam simul a vultu discessit musa sereno  
Nostita Tuo, faciles tepperit usque deos.  
Oppida quum passim decimaret fontica febris,  
Funderet & totas Parca severa domos.  
Pieridum quum turba gemenis, tristisque sileret,  
Eiicerentque sacras clausa Lycæa Deas.  
Ad Te confugit tristis mea musa patronum,  
In Terris sensit Te mea musa deum.  
Ergo Tibi ingentem dicit rediviva salutem,  
Vitam, quam dederas, hanc vovet esse Tuam.  
Mactus vive Heros annis & mactus honore,  
Deliciæque soli, deliciæque poli.  
Donec Cœlicolûm turmalibus additus, ipsum,  
Quem colis hîc; cernas, ignis in arce, Deum.*

Nobilitati Tuz devotissimus.

Robertus Farleus.

To the most Noble and Illustri-  
ous Lady, both for Nobility  
and Piety, as of Vertue a rare  
and peerlesse example, Lady  
*Anne Kere*, Countesse of  
*Angram.*



He Lizards eyes the face of man amazeth,  
Looking on which the more and more it gazeth :  
When I your heaven- infused graces view,  
Madam, my sense amazed stares on You.

Heaven tempers so its gifts in You alone,  
As that all graces seeme combin'd in one;  
When I do homage to Nobility,  
Straight on it doth reflect Your piety;  
So earthly glory and that of heav'n begun  
Makes You a glorious object like the Sunne,  
Which darterh forth so many rayes of light,  
As that they dazle this my scantling sight.  
In You great *Iunos* stately majestic  
Is fraught with Christian love and charity;  
You have, what vertues learn'd *Minerva* hath,  
And for her *egis*, you are arm'd with faith :  
What's *Venus* beautie to Your sacred face,  
Which is the Physiognomie of grace ?  
If for the golden apple there should be  
A strife amongst the goddesses, To thee  
Let *Paris* give it, so he surely shall  
Please all the three, Your selfe being more than all.

Your Honours humble, and most devoted  
to serve you,

*Robert Farlie.*



To his friend the Author.

I Need not praise thy Booke : No more to tell,  
Then that it Pictures hath, will make it sell :  
Bookes gaudy, like themselves most do now buy,  
Fine, trim, adorned Bookes, where they may spy  
More of the Carvers than th' Authors skill,  
And more admire the Pencill, than the Quill :  
Pamphlets, whose Outsides promise, they may finde  
What may their Eyes feede, rather than their minde;  
Nay now adayes who almost doth behold,  
One booke without a gaudy Liv'ry sold :  
E'ne Poetry it selfe is at a stay,  
For all it's Feet, if Carvers mak't not gay.

But as for this thy Worke (my Friend) Divine,  
Which no pen worthily can praise, but thine.  
It wants no Sculptill Art, to set it forth,  
Twill fast enough away, with its owne worth.  
Tis hard to say, whether the Muses traine,  
Or else the Graces, most in thee doe raigne.  
Thy Pen was well employ'd : bring it to light,  
Thy Phanfie's Waighty, though thy subject's Light.  
Who, that thee knowes not, ever would surmise,  
That out of *Scotia* such Light should arise ?  
Goe forward, and the Muses so thee love  
That thou a second *Buchanan* maist prove.

How subtile is thy stile ! in holy Writ  
How vers'd thou art ! How fluent is thy wit !  
About the Virgins Lamps, while thou dost toyle,  
I'le say, thou hast not lost labour and oyle.  
Fame shall here light her Torch, and thy name blaze  
To after ages, which no time shall raze :  
Thy Candle shall outshine the Sunnes; it's rayes  
Shall not obscure their Light, nor yet thy praise.  
The purblind judgement of the Criticke rout  
Shall never this extinguish without doubt;  
To snuffe it with their censures them allow,  
Twill brighter shine, they shall not it out blow:

John Hooper.



*To the Author.*

**H**eroes bright lampe, which she on *Sestos* strand,  
Set up to be a marke, by which might land  
Her lov'd *Leander*, when he crost the Sea  
Of *Hellepont*; long since was out, and we  
Onely enjoy its fame, the light is gone,  
And tow'r is buried in oblivion.  
Th' *Egyptian Pharos*, which was fam'd to be  
The wo'lds seav'nth wonder, in obscurity  
Lyes ruin'd and that multiplic light,  
Once to the Marriners a Sunne by night,  
Is now extinct; for tis decreed by fate,  
What Art doth reare, that Time shall ruinate:  
Nay holy Writ assures, at the last day  
The starre shall fall from heaven, the sunne decay,  
The Moone be turnd to blood, those which God made  
First most resplendent lights, at last shall fade.  
¶ But thy Lights most transcendent, can no hand  
Of Time or Fate (which all things else hath scand,)  
Put to these Lights an end, for these shall be  
Bright shining Tapers to Eternity.

*Christopher Drayton.*

---

*To the Author.*

**T**hat I may tell the world how I admire  
Thy well-pend Flames; one sparke of that fire,  
Which warmes thy learned brest, bestow on mee,  
I, then a Poet, would dare speake of thee.  
If I should write thy praise when I have done  
I hold a Candle to the flaming Sunne  
I thinke thy rowring Muse a Starre hath reach'd;  
Or else a Beame from bright *Apollo* fetch'd  
To light each Taper by; for their pure flame  
Doth well assure us, it from Heaven came.

*William Povey.*





## *Britannia Luminaria Magna.*

**E**ternas jactet quantumvis Persia flammam,  
Vestalem ostenta Roma superba focum.  
Lux recidit dudum in cineres flammæque focique,  
Hæc secum Imperii vasta ruina trahit.  
Transtulit in Nostram Numen duo Luminæ Terram,  
Solem Persarum, Romuleamque Deam.

## *Britaines Great Lights.*

**P**ersia thy Eternall fire is come to nought,  
The Vestals flame is spent, more than Rome thought.  
Both fires are gone with Empires: Heav'n above  
Gives light and power to them, who Heav'n doe love.  
Into our Land two Lights are now transfer'd;  
The Persians Sunne, Romes Vesta are interr'd.



This Light shall endure.

*Durabit Splendor.*



*This Light shall endure.*

EARLFY (Robert)

*Oxoniam.*

*Vesta tua est semper (Veneranda Oxonia) Βίβλος,  
Quæ vesta a stando ritè vocanda fuit.  
Ivino hinc triplicem meruisti jure Coronam;  
Lucis, non auri est illa Corona triplex.*

*Great Oxford, Thine the Bible e're hath beene;  
For firmly standing Vesta it is seene,  
Hence threefold Crowne, Thou hast deserv'd by right;  
That's not of Gold, but of Emphyrean Light.*

*Cantabrigia.*

*Extra tenet Solem, lustrat qui lumine mundum,  
Lævaq; cœlestis pocula fundit aquæ.  
Hæc palmas rigat astantes, quas pondera nulla  
Frangunt, quæ victrix demerere decus.*

*My right hand holds the Sunne, my left doth show  
The Cup, from which true light and Nectar flow;  
These cherish so the Palmes of Victory,  
That they are trophees of Eternity.*

Propino vobis.



FARLEY (Robert)

Drinke of this Cup.



## To the Reader.

**S**Ince Courteous Reader, this our course is one,  
Well overtaken, you shall not passe alone:  
You saile this sea of life, and so doe I;  
Unto the Haven of Heaven we both doe hye;  
But harke you, leaſt in darkeneſſe we doe ſtray,  
Here be ſome Lights for to direct our way:  
Torches and Candles, and if the wind doe blow,  
Here with a Lanterne ſafely we may goe;  
Make uſe of theſe, untill you come to ſhore,  
Where we ſhall have Heavens Light for evermore.

ROBERT FARLIE.




Sursum.



Vpward.

FARLEY (Robert)



# Morall Emblems.

---

I.



V X mea Cœlestis sursum petit, hausimus inde,  
Fons ubi perpetuas luminis auget aquas.  
Qualia in immensum decurrunt flumina pontum;  
Hauerunt fontes unde fluenta suos.  
Ponderat ad centrum terræ ceu labile saxum;  
Emicat ad superas sic mea flamma domos.  
Gaudia, deliciaq;, gulæ studiosa voluptas,  
Auri non animam pondera multa tenent.  
Nulla quies animæ est, sursum quæ semper anhelat,  
Donec ad Authorem venerit illa suum.

---



M Y light from whence it came, mounts stil on high  
Vnto the source of light that's never dry.  
Like as the Rivers to the Ocean runne,  
From whence their secret fountaines first begun;  
Like as the stone doth to the center sway;  
So to the Spheres my light still makes his way.  
No joyes, delights, and greatest weights of gold,  
Nor pampering pleasure fast our soule can hold.  
The panting soule rests not, untill it see  
His maker God, a Tri-une Deitie.

Quo animula.



Whither my Soule.

*Morall Emblems.*

2.

**O** Anima, an nostri te tædet ? quas petis oras?  
Mene fugis ? quæ sit dic mihi causa viæ?  
Tu mihi jam pridem consors bene juncta fuisti,  
Et comes, et nostri corporis hospes eras.  
Quamdiu res steterat nobis, tu fida manebas ;  
Tempora nunc quia sunt nubila, sola fugis-  
nima. Hic captiva tuæ veluti custodiæ adhæsi,  
Et quâ ducebas, ire coacta fui.  
Exul eram patriâ; tandem custode remoto,  
Libera viso meos, te pereunte, Lares.  
¶ Corporis atque animæ vinclum divellitur ægrè;  
Sed tamen ad cineres hoc redit, illa Polum.

**A**Nd loth'st thou me, my Soule, loving to goe  
Elsewhere, I pray thee whither, let me know,  
Was thou not all this while my deereft mate,  
My guest, my convoy, consort in estate ;  
While I did flourish, thou didst constant prove,  
My times are darkned now, so is thy love?  
Soule. Here as a captive to a keeper, so  
I tyed was with thee, at list: to goe,  
Banisht from home : loe now my bonds are loose,  
Thou dy'st, I glad runne to my fathers house.  
¶ Soules bond with body hardly maketh breach  
Yet this doth dye, and that Heav'ns dwelling reach.

*Hinc mihi sordes.*



*Hence commeth my filthinesse.*

FARLEY (P. 100)

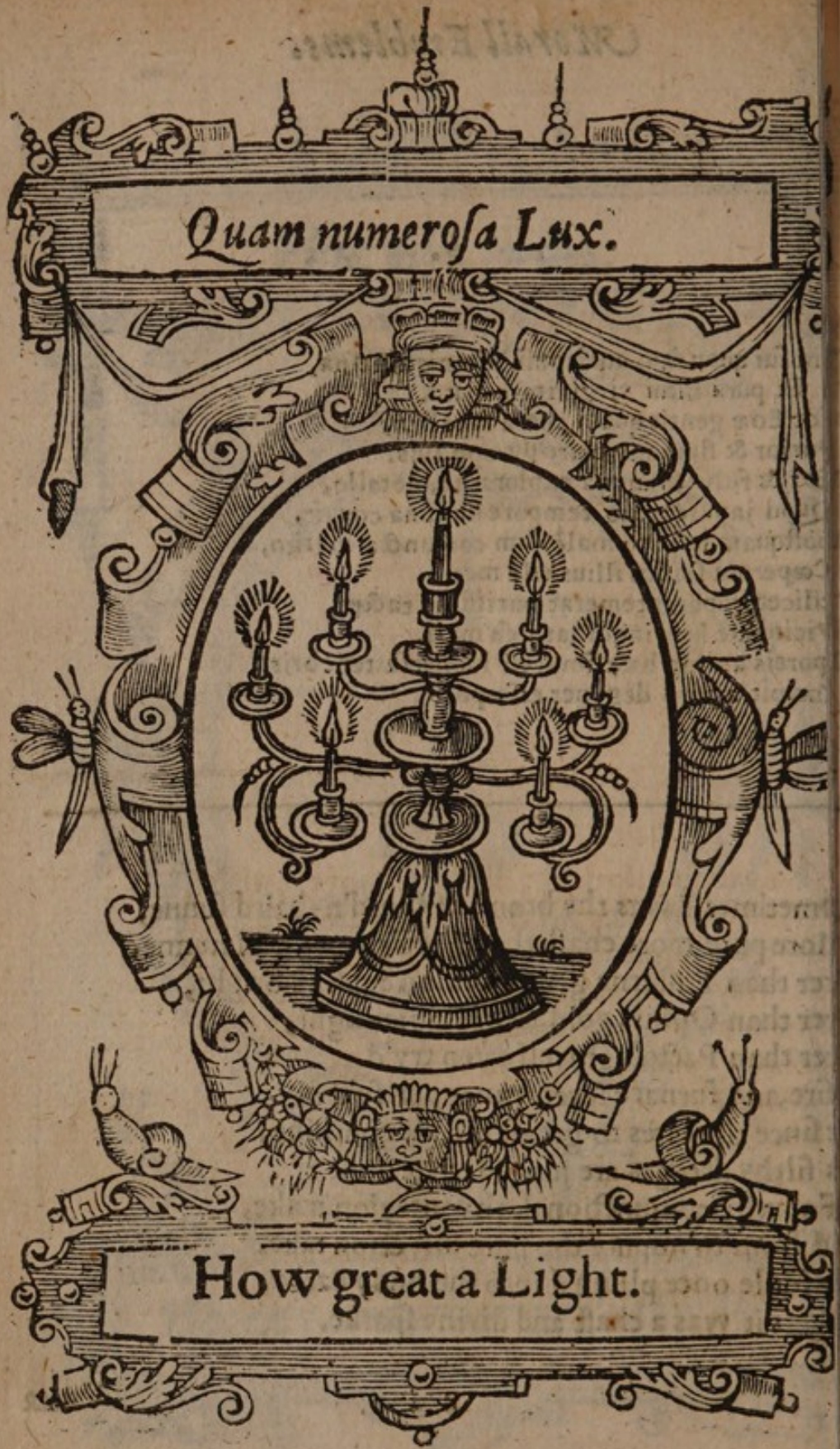
*Morall Emblems.*

3.

Vra fui quondam auricomi Titanis alumna,  
Et purâ nitui virginitate putâ.  
Purior Eoæ gentis quam chara supellex,  
Purior & flammis, clare pyrope, tuis.  
Purior & fulve, flammâ explorante, metallo,  
Quod jam septeno tempore flamma coquit,  
Et postquam impuro malè sum conjuncta marito,  
Cæperunt sordes illius esse meæ.  
Scilicet impurus temerat purissima tactus,  
Viciniq; lues inquinat ipsa mali.  
Corporeis anima hæc simul est immersa tenebris,  
Incipit a puro degener esse polo.

Sometimes I was the brood of Gold'n-haird sunne,  
More pure, more chaste, than *Vesta's* watchfull nunne,  
Purer than Easterne gemmes, than Saphirs bright,  
Purer than Ophirs gold, than Rubies light,  
Purer than Pactols gravell often try'd  
In fire, and furnace seven times purify'd :  
But since the fates to grease did me combine,  
His filthy dregges are judged to be mine :  
¶ For why conjunction doth contagion make,  
And from th'impure the pure infection take.  
The soule once plung'd into the body darke,  
Forgets it was a chaste and divine sparke.

Quam numerosa Lux.



How great a Light.

FARIV (P. 100)

Vita f  
Au  
ca fic  
Lustra  
moder  
Sparg  
Filiu  
Dices  
pora  
Aure  
a die  
leni

Morall Emblems.

4.

¶ Nica fax poterit tenebras dispellere noctis,  
At referet clarum fax numerosa diem.  
¶ nica sic Solis Lampas nunc lumine mundum  
Lustrat, quæ medium terminat axe polum.  
Myriades Solum multæ si lumine terras  
Spargere jam possint, quæ foret illa dies  
¶ Filius at Cœli, quando jus nube serenâ  
Dicet, depositum reddere busta jubens.  
Corpora Sanctorum toties tot mille relurgent,  
Aurea quot purâ sidera nocte micant.  
Illa dies tantâ dispellet luce tenebras,  
Sentiât ut tenebras postea nulla dies.

---

ONE candle dispels the darknesse of the night,  
And many doe resemble *Phœbus* light:  
One Sunne illightns the round globe ev'ry where,  
What way th' horizon bounds the hemisphere:  
If you ten thousand thousand Sunnes should see  
At once, O what a day light would that be!  
¶ When Christ amidst the clouds our doome shall plead,  
When Earth and Sea shall render up their dead  
Saints more then starres at once shall mount on hye.  
As glorious Sunnes, to meete Christ in the skye.  
That day shall drive away the darknesse so,  
That after that, no day shall darknesse know.

Ille





Morall Emblems.

5.

ILLe fuit cui pera penus, cui dolia sedes,  
Nare sagax, mores rusticus, ore latrax.  
Diogenes medio accensâ sub sole lucernâ,  
Rimatus sanctum dicitur esse virum.  
Explorant aquilæ pullos ad lamina solis,  
Explorat mores fax taciturna hominum.  
Namque diu personati, rectumque fidemque  
Mentitâ præ se simplicitate ferunt.  
Sed tacitæ nocti tranquilla silentia noctis,  
Ostendunt mores tunc, sine fraude, suos.  
Is felix, quem Sol, & quem fax vidit eundem,  
Coram teste probus, qui sine teste pius.

W hose purchase was his pouch, his house a run,  
Criticke of actions whatsoever done,  
That learned dogge, at noone-tyde tinn'd his light,  
Searching for one, whose actions were upright,  
The Eagles young ones by the Sunne are try'd,  
Mens actions by the lamp are best espy'd;  
For men in day time maskt with vizards goe  
Of truth and faich making an outward show,  
But when they can nights secret silence find,  
Before the lamp they doe unmaske their mind.  
Happy is he whom Sunne and Lamp sees one,  
Who's honest still, though witnesse there be none.

Tollitur

*Non sub Modio.*



Not under a Bushell.

FARI FV (D. b. 10. 11)

Quis  
Qua p  
e conc  
Lux ef  
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Clarit  
Vos qu  
Tollit  
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6.

**T**ollitur Ætherias Lampas Titania in arces,  
Quo magè subjectos lumine lustret agros.  
Gloria conspicui sic est illustrior astri,  
Quà patet in cunctas Ætheris aula plagas.  
Nec condenda mihi modij sub pondere cæci  
Lux est, nec latebris injicienda domus.  
Suspendenda altè ut noctem funalia vincant,  
Clarius & jaciant recta per alta jubar.  
¶ Vos quibus Æterni lux est concredita verbi,  
Tollite jam vestras gentium ad ora faces.  
¶ At qui Cimmeriis gaudent habitare tenebris,  
Agnoscant alium gratiæ adesse diem.

---

**T**itans day-burning lamp is set on high,  
The more to light'n the Earth from saphir sky  
His beames more glorious and conspicuous shine  
From East to West, from South to midnight line :  
My light you must not under bushell put,  
Nor in a chinky corners prison shut ;  
That lights may cleare the chambers all throughout,  
They must aloft be hanged round about.  
¶ You holy Priests, to whom the word of light  
Is trust, advance your torches in the sight  
Of mortals. shew them who in darknesse dwell,  
The narrow way that leads to Heaven, from Hell.]

*Parvis componere magna.*



To compare small with great things.

FARI FV (D. 1. 1. 1.)

mea l  
Obfec  
ti si Ph  
fac no b  
nta erit  
quam ce  
li cibus  
In conch  
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que so  
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V X mea si exhilarat taciturna silentia noctis,  
 Obscuri lustrans gaudia cuncta laris,  
 Aurea si Phœbi, si lux argentea Lunæ  
 Hæc noctem jubare illuminat, ille diem.  
 Quanta erit Empyræ lux non effabilis arcis,  
 Quam cernent ipsum lumina nostra Deum.  
 Tu citius poteris dextrâ comprehendere mundum,  
 Et conchâ excipias vitrea stagna maris;  
 Licere quam poteris, quæ lucis gloria Cælo est,  
 Quæ solem obscurat, sydera, & omne jubar.  
 Hoc tantum dicas; non lux est aurea Phœbi,  
 Non Phœbes lux est, stelliferæq; domus.  
 Sed quam lingua nequit, quam mens describere lucem  
 Cernest. Eternus lux erit illa Deus.

If thus my light nights sable silence glads,  
 Making a cheerefull roome in midnight shads,  
 If Gold'n-like *Phæbus* and his silver sister,  
 He in the day, shee in the night doth glister;  
 What thought-surpassing light then shall that be,  
 When we in Heaven Empyrean God shall see?  
 Sooner thou canst the world hold in thy hand,  
 Or in a shell containe the glassie strand;  
 Than tell how glorious is the light of Heaven,  
 That dark'ns the Sunne, Moone, Stars, and Planets seven:  
 This onely tell: it is not *Phæbus* light,  
 Nor *Phæbes*, nor the spangles of the night.  
 That light which tongue cannot, nor mind descry,  
 Once shalt thou see, a supream Diety.

*Sola Lux mihi laus.*



*Onely Light is my praise.*

FABI FV (P. 100)

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Morall Emblems.

8.

**L**ux anima est faculæ Cœlesti e semine ducta,  
Pingueq; pro fragili corpore sumen habet.  
Dædala quod gnari pictoris dextera fucat,  
Cœruleum flammis addit & arte, decus.  
Nil pigmenta juvant, solus sed luminis usus,  
Laudat; ad hunc finem lux fabricata fuit.  
¶ Mens est mortali vitam quæ sola beatam  
Efficit, & sobolem nos probat esse poli.  
Quid bona Fortunæ, quid avitæ gloria gentis;  
Corporis & robur, forma decusq; juvant?  
Mens nisi sit ratione potens, atq; Æthere nata,  
Corpus & hoc nostrum Spiritus intus alac.

---

**L**ight is the Torch's life of heavenly kind,  
Thus to a fraile and greasie masse combin'd,  
To which the Painter beauty doth impart,  
Giving it glosse and colour from his Art.  
The painting's nought, light doth the Torch commend  
Which first was framed onely for this end.  
¶ It is our mind that doth our life approve,  
Shewing our race derived from above,  
Blind Fortunes goods, kins generosity  
Youths strength, and beauties curiosity  
Make not, unlesse the spirit doe us season  
With that Heav'n-bred sparkle of divine reason.

C

Gratia



Parce, aliàs fruere.



Spare me now, enjoy me hereafter.

Morall Emblems.

9.

GRata tibi mea lux, quando nox ingruit atra,  
Et replent tacitas nubila cæca domos.  
Sive iuvat doctæ vigilæ fuligo lucernæ,  
Seu duxtrix pensæ sedula poscit anus.  
Pervigil occiduo sum succedanea Phæbo,  
Donec pernoctem de statione vocat.  
¶ Parcito jam nostræ lucis dare fœnora Soli,  
Sæpius & lucro tu potiere meo.  
Si tenuis fuerit tibi res, huic parce subinde,  
Instar & Attalicæ conditionis erit.

MY Light is pleasant, when the night doth gloome,  
And pitchy darkenesse lines the mourning roome;  
Whither thou listst *Cleanthes* smoake to blow,  
Or if the Matron like to twist her tow.  
When *Phæbus* setteth, I watch centenall  
Vntill he from my station doth me call.  
¶ Spare me, lend not my light to *Titans* rays  
So shalt thou enjoy me when there is no day.  
If thy estate be meane, husband it well,  
And it *Attalick* wealth shalt parallell.

Vita Mihi Mors.



FABRY (P. 100)

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*Morall Emblems.*

10.

Quatuor in nostró regnant primordia rerum  
Corpore, discordi consociata iugo.  
Omnia ut ad nostram veniunt concordia lucem,  
Non minus ad nostram sunt & amica necem.  
Terra struit pyram, flammæ me præparat aer,  
Naturæ flammam vis fovet uda mea m.  
Non nisi consumor, do lucem; luce liqueſco;  
Lux eadem vitæ causa necisq; mea.  
Pætonidæ culpa hæc, qui lumen Olympi  
Mortali poterat consociare luto.  
¶ Corporis & nostri natus deficit humor,  
Innato succus quando calore perit.  
Vivendo morimur, moriendo vivimus : ipsa  
Quæ lucem donat, dat quoque vita necem.

FOure Elements in this my body are  
All yockt in one, yet ever still at warre;  
As all agree to nourish this my light  
So to my ruine they combine their might :  
Aire maketh way for flame, Earth builds a pyre,  
My moisture feeds the still consuming fire.  
Still as I shine by light, by light I dy,  
As cause of life, so of mortality,  
It was *Prometheus* fault who stole away  
Heav'ns fire, and joyn'd it to his mortall clay.  
¶ Moisture doth heat, and heat doth moisture quale,  
That dries our body, this makes it dampe and fraile,  
That which doth give, doth likewise spend our breath;  
The first of being, is first houre of death.

*Mibi noceo, alijs profum.*



I do good to others, I hurt my self

FARI FV (P. 100)

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*Morall Emblems.*

I I.

**F**Oeneror hanc aliis lucem, consumor & ipsa,  
Augeo quæ damnis lucra aliena meis,  
Pernocti vigiles quot ducō lumine noctes?  
Sæpius in primâ Lux mea luce perit.  
Aeriis quoties fio ludibria stibris,  
Prævia per cæcas ire coacta vias.  
Siquid sit turbæ, furvæ & grassatio noctis,  
Ad me itur; vitæ sum malè parca meæ.  
Discere quod nequeunt hominum pars maxima, discas;  
Auxiliari aliis, ipsa nocere mihi.  
Lex est, naturæ sed lex contraria nostræ,  
Omnes quæ memores admonet esse sui.  
¶ Impiger hostiles trūdens se Codrus in enses,  
Profuerat patriæ, prodigus ipse animæ  
Pascit & implumes animâ Pelicanus alumnos,  
Incolumes servat pastor & æger oves.  
Mortalisq; suam gaudens profundere vitam  
Ipse Deus passus, ne pateretur homo, est.

**W**hilst I give light to others, I decay;  
I lose my selfe, whilst I to others play:  
I watch all night with an unsleepy eye,  
And oft, before the day doth dawne, I dye:  
How oft am I by blustering *Boreas* mockt,  
And lightning others, I my selfe am cho kt;  
If tumult, or a night assailing be,  
I am employ'd, no rest, no peace for me:  
What most of men neglect, that I observe,  
To succour others, though my selfe should starve:  
A Law but not of nature, which directs  
All of themselves to have the prime respects.  
¶ *Codrus* the King, his Country to defend,  
Much like a Prodigall his life did spend;  
The Pelican to feede her plumelesse brood,  
Doth lance her breast, and straine her purest blood,  
The watchfull shepheard seldome seeing sleepe,  
Directs, and keepes from wolves his straying sheepe:  
Even Christ himselfe, the Sonne of the most Hie,  
Did suffer death, least mortall man should die.

*Aut splendore aut situ consumor.*



FARLEY (P. 100)

*Morall Emblems.*

12.

**H**Ine me Scylla rapit, premit hinc me dira Charybdis,

Ambiguiq; urget vis nocitura mali.

Ocia blanda sequens, carie & rubigine cœcâ

Consumor multo debilitata situ.

Sin radiis nitidas lustro rutilantibus ædes,

Extinguor flammis mox liquefacta meis.

Durum; sed levius reddit patientia : lucem

Expeto, quâ splendens utilis esse queam.

¶ Plena laboriferis sunt vitæ tempora curis,

Enervant animos ocia dira leves.

Hæc intemperiem generant, & robora frangunt,

Ast curæ mentes anxietate necant.

Sed tamen est melius mediâ quam vivere forde,

Virtutis claro lumine posse mori.

---

**N**Ature propounds a dilemme, chuse I must,

Either to dye by light, or rot by rust :

If I seeke ease and rest, then lasinesse

Doth me consume with mouldy hoatinesse;

But if I love to shine with glorious ray,

Then by my flames in teares I melt away.

Patience doth light'n this evill : I wish to live

In glorious light, and light to others give,

¶ This life is worne out with laborious toile,

And slothfull rest doth minde and body spoile :

But yet it's better for to dye a sparke,

Than like a laizie moule to live in darke.

Sedula



*Sic perire miserum est.*



*Soto dye is miserable.*

FAPTEV (P. 100)

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Morall Emblems.

13.

Sedula de pingui me dextra liquamine finxit  
Artificis, luci ut tæda parata forem.  
Jamq; mihi restat rutilas assunere flammæ,  
Quando opportuni temporis hora vocat.  
Ecce ruunt mures cæci e penetralibus antri,  
Turbatq; me multo stridula dentè petit.  
Ante diem morior, nondum cui vivere cessit;  
Fœdaq; dentati foricis esca cado.  
Do lacrymas moriens, nunc indeflecta recumbo;  
Nulla, vel hæc fati fors peracerba mei.  
¶ Sic cadit in cæcis uteri penetralibus infans,  
Qui nullum vidit Solis, in orbe, jubar.  
Sic immaturis juvenum spes occidit annis,  
Quæ poterat longas emeruisse dies.

The Craftsman did me of pure tallow frame,  
And made me fit to nourish heav'n's flame;  
One thing remain'd, that I should take with fire,  
When season due, and fit houre doth require:  
Loe how the rats catching me all alone,  
With envious teeth my body cease upon;  
I dye before my day, they life prevent;  
Before I live, my livelesse body's spent:  
I dying could with teares my death bemoane,  
But this untimely death doth yeeld me none.  
¶ The infant so oft doth it selfe entombe,  
Before it see the day, in mothers wombe.  
So by untimely death youths hope decays,  
Which might have well deserved many daies.

Quum

*Fessa tibi nunc Lampada trado.*



**I weary, give my Light to thee.**

FARI FV (D. L. ...)

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Morall Emblems.

14.

Qum mihi pingue foret viscoso in corpore fumen,  
Alma renidentis lucis alumna fui.  
Hora sed in tenues tandem me dissipat auras,  
Ad fungi cineres Lux mea tota redit.  
Ecce meam defessa tibi nunc Lampada trado,  
Inq; vicem vires experiere tuas.  
Sic cedit persona alii, vacuamq; relinquit  
Scenam, quum partes egerit ille suas.  
Rex sceptri vitæq; simul defunctus honore,  
Dep onit soboli scepra ruenda suæ.  
Emeritus, fato & fractus post vulnera miles  
Cedit, & exercet strenuus arma tyro.  
¶ Felix transactæ vitæ quem vespera laudat,  
Et lauri æterno gloria honore beat.

When that my clammy substance was entire,  
I was an earthly nurse of heav'n-bred fire;  
Now envious time doth me in ashes turne  
And to a tedious snuffe my light doth burne:  
Loe I have done, take thou this light of mine;  
I yeeld, doe what thou canst, the turne is thine.  
So the Comedian having plaid his share,  
Gives place to others, who then actors are:  
A King his weighty office having done,  
Dying transfers his Scepter to his sonne:  
When that the crasse Souldiers strength doth faile,  
The younger must the enemy assaile.  
¶ Happy is he the evening of whose daies  
Doth crowne his death with ever-living bayes.

Pauper

*Nec minor est mea lux.*



FAPTEV (P. 100)

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Morall Emblems.

15.

Non minor est gurgis vitreis circumfluis undis,  
Exonerans sese in stagna fluenta, lacus.  
Nec minor Ætherii lux ardentissima Solis;  
Innumeros quamvis lumine lustrat agros.  
Magnetis ferro visq; impertita sodali  
Huic, illi; tamen est non minor ipsa sibi.  
Sic mea multiparo varias lux lumine tædas  
Accendens, lucem mutuatur, haud minuit.  
Hæc Sophiæ natura, sui quæ prodiga semet  
Communem, salvâ ast integritate, facit.  
Sic melius dixere bonum communius, omnes  
Gratia participes sic volet esse sui.

The glassie gulfe joyn'd with Earths globe in one  
Gives waters to the rivers, looseth none:  
The Sunne that makes so many glorious dayes,  
Doth loose no light, and still he wast's his rayes:  
The Loadstone to the iron gives vertue rare,  
And yet no wayes his owne he doth impaire:  
So this my torch can give to others light,  
And still, as is his wont, shine perfect bright.  
Thus Divine Wisdome doth communicate  
Her selfe, that others may participate.  
The good more common better is, and grace  
Wisheth, all were partakers of her case.

Quum

Perdita Invenio.



I finde things lost.

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Morall Emblems.

16.

**P**AUPER anus tenuem noctis caligine drachmam  
Perdit, quæ parvæ spes erat una rei.  
Sedula mox properat splendentem accendere lychni,  
Et lento nitidam verrere fasce domum.  
Eruit hanc latebris; inventaq; gratior illi est :  
Quam fuerat Phrygio gaza superba feni.  
¶ Ex quo Cimmeriis Divinæ particula auræ  
Corporis in cæco carcere mersa latet;  
Vera jacet tenebris amissa scientia rerum,  
Quæ superat largas Pygmalionis opes.  
Ergo Cleanthææ Lux accendenda lucernæ est ;  
Sic animi amissas inveniemus opes.

**T**He carefull Matrone in her cell below,  
Let fall a groat, yet where she did not know :  
Forthwith she tinnes a Light, then with her broome  
She neatly sweepes the corners of the roome :  
Thus from the dust and darkenesse when she finds it,  
More than the Phrygian Midas wealth she mindes it.  
¶ Our soule a divine sparke since that it fell  
Into Cimmerian darkenesse of this cell,  
The soules true knowledge doth appeare no more  
Which goeth beyond *pygmalions* richest store.  
Then must we light *Cleanthes* Lamp and find  
By study, the lost treasure of our mind.



Phosphore redde diem.



FARLEY (Robert)

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Morall Emblems.

17.

**H**esperias postquam Phœbus descendit in undas,  
Occidua & merso littora sole rubent.  
Accendor clari nocturna vicaria Phœbi,  
Et successivas sedula præsto vices.  
Lux mea jam queritur consumptos corporis artus,  
Et minuit sumen stiria multa meum.  
Cedere sic cogor; reduces jam vertito currus  
Phœbe, orbi clarum Phosphore redde diem.  
¶ Christus sol mundi, postquam remeavit ad oras  
Empyreas, scandens vitrea regna poli.  
Tunc sanctos iussit lucem præferre ministros,  
Gratiæ ut in cæco pareat orbe dies.  
At postquam hi senio fracti, vigiliq; labore  
Incipiunt fessis artibus esse graves.  
Lampada tunc animæ tradunt, optantq; vicissim,  
Vt possit clarâ surgere nube Deus.

---

**W**hen Phœbus sets in the Hesperian streames  
And Westerne shores blush with his drowned beames;  
Then I as Phœbus second must give Light,  
And act my part in darkenesse of the night:  
But now my Light complains that I decay,  
And into greasie teares doe melt away;  
So I am forst to yeeld. O turne thy teame  
Phœbus, and Phosphor shew thy morning beame.  
¶ When Christ the Sonne of righteousnesse did goe  
Vnto his Heavenly mansions from below  
Then he his holy servants did command,  
Conspicuous to the world, like lights, to stand;  
But when they faile with watching, toyle, and age,  
And now are ready to goe off the stage,  
Then up they yeeld the light of life and cry;  
O come thou Sonne of righteousnesse, we die.



Video & Taceo.

I see all and say nothing.

FARLEY (Robert)

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Morall Emblems.

18.

SÆpe mihi noctis credunt arcana silentis,  
Quæq; solent clarum furta latere diem  
Martis adulterium Sol toti ostendit Olympo,  
Prodidit & versis crimina Phœbus equis ;  
Est mihi non temerata fides; quæ conscia cerno,  
Hæc taceo Conso tutior una Deo.  
¶ A me mortales taciturna silentia discant,  
Ne lædant sanctam garrulitate Fidem.

---

IN secret silence of the night what's done  
Is trust to me, concealed from the Sunne  
Phœbus did Mars and Venus love betray,  
And turning backe did greater crimes bewray :  
What I doe see when witness is asleepe,  
That like Harpocrates I closely keepe.  
¶ Let mortals learne to rule their tongue by me,  
What lawfull secret they doe heare or see.

*Lucentem metuistis.*



You feared me whilst I shined.

EARLY (P. 100)

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Morall Emblems.

19.

**D**V M mea candenti radiaret lumine flammâ,  
Et jubari lampas æquiparanda forem.  
Illustrem fecit me splendor, flamma verendum,  
Invidiosa aliis, & metuenda fui.  
Sed postquam mea lux torpenti emortua fungo est,  
Et tenebræ radios occulere meos.  
Torpeo truncus iners, tutam munimine nullo  
Me rodunt glires, quam metuere, facem.  
¶ Invidiamq; metumq; simul mortalibus adfert  
Gloria, majestas numine tuta suo est.  
At postquam dominum fallax fortuna reliquit,  
Præda nec armati pumilionis erit.

**W**Hen as my Light much like an ev'ning starre,  
Did cast his glittering beames both neare and farre;  
Then light me glorious, flame me dreadfull made,  
And none injuriously durst me upbraide;  
But when my Light into a snuffe did turne,  
And cloth'd with darkenesse, I did cease to burne,  
Loe how without defence I naked stand,  
Thus torne and rent by this devouring band.  
¶ Glory, as envy, so it terrour lends  
To Mortals: Majesty it selfe defends;  
But after treacherous Fortune flies away,  
To an unarmed dwarfe its made a prey.

*Frustra me extinguis*



*In vaine thou puttest me out.*

FARTV (Pobert)

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*Morall Emblems.*

20.

Licitum molire nefas ; me teste vereris  
Aggredi, & indicium suspicis usq; meum  
tincta jam me speras te posse latere,  
Et sine teste tibi euncta licere putas.  
Falleris; in caecis Lux est divina tenebris,  
Quæ lustrat Stygia testa verenda Iovis.  
d tu talpa Dei non spectas lumen, & atrâ  
Non potis es medium cernere nocte diem.  
Ita modo sed cernes, quum Lux suprema favillam  
Accendet, quæ nunc corpore mersa later.  
Igo quicquid agis, tu præsens suspice numen,  
In tenebris crede & cernere cuncta Deum.

Thou goest about mischief and still dost feare,  
Least this my light 'gainst thee should witness beare ;  
Having put me out thou think'st to worke  
By will, and yet in secret still to lurke.  
Thou art deceiv'd, the darknesse of this cell  
Containes a light, that sees the lowest hell.  
That thou a Want, canst not perceive this light.  
Neither discernest Sun-shine from cloudy night.  
When shalt thou see it, when the Diety  
Shall kindle that sparke which in thy breast doth ly.  
What e're thou dost, looke to that Light which made  
All Lights, and shines as day in midnight shade.

Hinc



*Cito consumar necesse est.*



So I must needs be quickly consumed.

FARLEY (D. L. 1700)

*Morall Emblems.*

21.

ne & hinc me flamma vorax consumit, utriusq;  
Flagrat ad exitium Lux geminata meum.  
Indit ardentem, velut Isthmus, dextera flammam,  
Consulat utq; mihi, vix cavet ipsa sibi.  
no nam tacta malo, consortiq; periculi est,  
Cum coiens cogit cedere flamma manum.  
Dilapidet si forte gulâ bona cuncta maritus,  
Vxor & in mundum destruat illa suum;  
Ecce & hinc discerpta redit fors omnis ad aësem,  
Pœnitet & serò dilacerasse penum.  
Vt si fortunas dextrâ fulcire ruentes  
Sic cupiat fluxas sistere amicus opes.  
Insanas perdens operam vix tutus abibit,  
Namq; in eum virus vertit uterq; suum.  
Vnde malas dirimens lites malè plectitur insons,  
Vertit & iratas in sua damna manus.

Am consumed with devouring fire,  
Whilst Vulcane gainst me doubles thus his ire:  
The hand, much like an Isthme, doth separate  
The flames, and doth it selfe præcipitate  
Into open danger, shewing so its love,  
The scorching flames compels it to remove.  
A thriftlesse husband if he spend his state,  
And so the wife loving to goe too neat;  
Their stocke and meanes quickly goes to decay,  
And late repentance comes, when all's away.  
But if a friend their ruine would prevent,  
And stay their fall; be sure he shall be bent:  
The losing labour scarce shall harmlesse goe,  
They both against him turne their malice so.  
In those times who parteth quarrels and debate,  
Against himselfe doth turne the parties hate.

Lux

*Lux mea tibi tenebrae.*



*My light is darknes to thee.*

FALTY (P. L. ...)

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*Morall Emblems.*

22.

X mea per totas rutilans quæ spargitur ædes,  
Exhilarans homines, ignicolâsq; Lares.  
nisi Cimmerias præfert tibi, cæce, tenebras;  
Culpa tua est; cassus lumine nulla vides.  
Nere talpa nequit Solem, dum luce coruscat;  
Et nullum cassus lumine, lumen habet.  
Christus vera Dei Lux, Sol purissimus orbi est,  
Deregit & radiis nubila cuncta suis.  
Nimium haud tamen hoc lumen, nisi numine pandat  
Sic oculos, quos jam nox renebrosa premit.  
Ad nos Christi Lux derivata, reflectit  
In proprium, radio multiplicante, jubar.

Y splendor with his bright and Sun-like ray,  
Doth cheere the house, and darkenesse chase away;  
Thee wh'art blind, I'm darke as sable night,  
Thy default, not mine; thou lack'st thy sight.  
The Moule cannot *Hyperions* glory see;  
Nor want their eyes, no comfort have by me.  
Christ is the glory of that light from hie,  
Which can the darkest Chaos full descry;  
And yet we see him not untill our eyes  
Are open, which thickest darkenesse doth surprize;  
Which doth his light unto himselfe reflect  
In us as mitrours, with a new aspect.

Gloria

...umel... 183

*Tenebræ mihi famam.*



*Darknesse addeth glory to me.*

FAPLEV (D.L.)

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*Morall Emblems.*

23.

Loria nulla foret faculæ, nisi furva tenebris  
Involvat mundum nox taciturna suis.  
Nulla polo quum nulla micat, quum cornua Phæbe  
Condit, & obscuro fidere cuncta latent.  
Rigora condensant tenuem vicina calorem,  
Splendidiusq; nitet, nocte silente, jubar.  
Quò magis est noctis caligo obsessa tenebris,  
Hòc lumen tædæ clarius esse solet.  
Obvia si adversis ponas contraria rebus,  
Obsessis pugnant viribus illa magis.  
Virtuti confer vitium; splendebit utrumq;  
Clarius hinc paret dedecus, inde decus.

NO glory could I shew, wer't not the night  
In sable clouds did mantle up heavens light.  
When starres are vail'd, and Phæb' her hornes doth hide,  
Laying her cresset and attire aside.  
The more nights fogge doth maske the spangled spheare,  
The more in darkenesse doth my Light appeare;  
Nights foggy cold doth make my flame more strong,  
And light's more glorious pitchy clouds among.  
¶ If you together contraries paralell,  
By contrary opposition they excell.  
Vertue compare with vice, and you shall see,  
This shew his glory, that his infamie.

Nunc

*Magis consumor minus luceo.*



*I am consumed more and shinelesse.*

FABI TV (P.L.)

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Morall Emblems.

24.

Vnc importunis Boreas me flatibus urget ;  
Flat, ceu fornacis flamma cienda foret.  
Allitur, in tenues lucem mihi dissipat auras;  
Sic consumpta magis, luceo clara minus.  
Ipse operam perdit Boreas, oleumq; ego perdo,  
Impar congressus viribus estq; meis.  
Non si tardigradus stimulo fodiendus a fellus,  
Nobilibus stimulos subdere oportet equis.  
Leonidum proles non est laceranda flagello ;  
Plumbea gens isto est erudienda modo.  
Sunt certæ vires rerum & tranquilla facultas,  
Quas urgens nimiâ sedulitate necas.

Now Boreas puffing in his boistrous ire  
Blows as he were to kindle *Vulcans* fire :  
He doth undoe me by his churlishnesse,  
I am consumed more, and shine the lesse :  
He spends his labour, so I lose mine oyle,  
As no wayes fit to undergoe such toyle.  
You beat the Assè lingring under his load,  
The generous Horse deserveth not a goad :  
The Muses sonnes cannot away with lashes,  
Which are more fitting for *Arcadian* asses.  
Each strength within his limits, Nature bounds,  
Which who so passeth, Nature he confounds.

E

Aureus



Nocitura peto.



EADIV (D.I.)

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Morall Emblems.

25.

Vreus hanc lucis splendor trahit æmulus astris,  
Nescit at infestas esse calore faces.  
In fraudes incauta ruit; splendoris amore  
Dum capitur, flammæ carpitur igne gravi.  
Splendida purpureo turget quæ gloria amictu,  
Pulget in excelsis conspicienda loco.  
Invidiosa simul, cunctisque optabilis ardet;  
Ast miserâ stultos improbitate necat.  
Collit, ut a summo decurbet culmine; fatas  
Cum miseris mutat gloria vana vices.  
Icaris vitreo natarunt æquore pennæ,  
Phœbo vicinas sollicitando vias.  
Dum Phaeton capitur curus splendore paterni,  
Eridani in medias decidit ustus aquas.  
Tuta satis non sunt Phœbæis proxima flammis,  
Audent auricomum si temerare jubâr.

Lights starre-like splendor doth allure this flye,  
Not knowing that she may be burnt thereby:  
Thus whilst she kindled with a great desire  
Of Light, loe how shee dies in flaming fire.  
¶ Glory in purple robes is set on hie,  
Envious to many, lovely to the eye:  
But many times glory doth fooles undoe,  
Whilst, without wit and reason, they it wooe:  
It raiseth them that with the greater fall,  
It may them overthrow and crush withall.  
Whilst *Icarus* soares to *Hyperions* beames,  
He headlong fals intoth' *Icarian* streames;  
And *Phaeton* daring for to rule the day,  
Was thunder-beate, and burnt with *Phœbus* ray.  
We nearer to the Sunne more glorious are,  
If of the scorching rayes we be aware.

*Consumar si non cito.*



*Quickly or I am consumed.*

EPI EV (D. I. ...)

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*Morall Emblems.*

26.

Ax ego dum optatæ multùm peto lumina flammæ,  
A flammâ lucem fervidiore peto.  
Incita nî accendor, jam jam consumar, & omnis  
Suminis in lacrymas vis liquefacta cadet.  
Res quibus est angusta domi, & fortuna novercans,  
Coguntur Dominos sollicitare suos.  
Anna quibus cerant, & adorant supplice voto,  
Munificam duris mittere rebus opem.  
Inc miseros mora longa necat, nam spes cadit omnis,  
Recula & exilis, quæ fuit ante, perit.  
Impetiva beant donantis munera dextræ,  
Donaq; temporibus non nisi grata suis.

When I this wisht-for light to tinne desire,  
I prostrate crave it from this flaming fire;  
From whence if light come not in fitting time,  
I am consum'd before the light be mine.  
Whose meanes are small, whom Fortune favours not,  
They take their patrons mercy for their lot;  
To them their supplications they direct,  
Attending still with homage and respect;  
Delay undo'th them, makes them spend their oyle,  
Their hopes grow lesse, and greater is their toyle;  
Unless their Patrons timely shew their love:  
For gifts, by timely giving, double prove.

*Non suffulta pereo.*



*Helpe or else I dye.*

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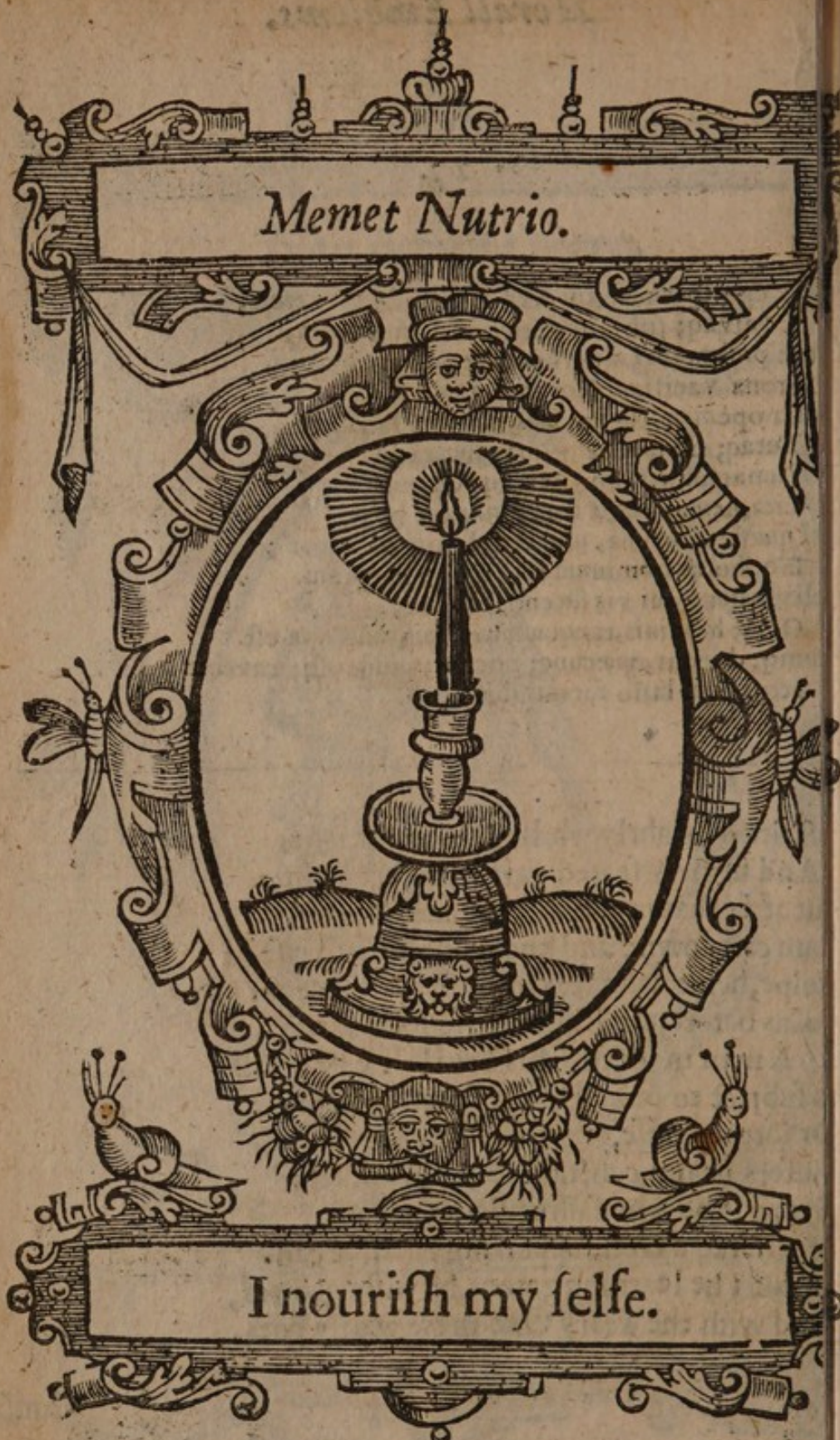
Morall Emblems.

27.

**F**ax ego splendebam fixâ dum sede manerem,  
Salvaq; sublato vertice flamma foret,  
Nunc postquam casus lucem temeravit iniquus,  
Prona vacillanti corpore læda jacet.  
Adfer opem quicumq; vides, succurre labanti,  
Tutaq; sic nostræ gloria lucis erit.  
¶ Humanum est labi, variæq; obnoxia forti  
Vita, nequit certo firma manere loco.  
Vel quassat fortuna, moxet vel lubricus error;  
Inq; horas hominum labitur omne genus.  
Felix labenti cui vis succurrit amica,  
Quiq; hominis, tanquam numinis, usus ope est.  
Namq; docent, quæcunq; nocent; prudensq; cavebit  
Ictus, cum lasso fortius ibit equo.

**I** Shined brightly whilst I stood upright,  
And firmly seated gave a perfect light;  
But after that mischance did me surprize,  
I am cast downe and know not how to rise.  
Helpe, helpe, who sees my case, now succour me,  
So, as before, my Light shall glorious be.  
¶ A man may fall, this brittle li'e of ours  
Is subject to more chances than to houres:  
Or fortune false, or errors slippery fall  
Suffers us not, constant to proove at all:  
Happy is he who falling findes a man,  
Much like a God, supporting what he can.  
By hurt he learning gaines, he wiser growes,  
And with the weary Oxe more warily goes.

Memet Nutrio.



I nourish my selfe.

FAD I LV (D. I)

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Morall Emblems.

28.

**C**Vnctâ suam nutriunt animam viventia damno  
Alterius, vitam nutrio sola meam.  
Planta rapit terræ vires, & pascitur illis;  
Brutaq; florenti germine planta fovet.  
Innocuas nec non animas animalia perdant,  
Humanæ ut fiant altilis esca gulæ.  
¶ Alterius damnis hominum pars maxima vivit,  
Augeat utq; suas res, aliena rapit.  
Sic homini lupus est homo, raptò vivitur, & qui  
Fraude potest alios fallere, læra feret.  
Felix qui propriâ ducit se forte beatum,  
Quodq; suum est, ducit satq; superq; sibi.

---

**A**LL living things with others losse maintaine  
Their life, not so my harmelesse light I gaine.  
The plant doth feede upon the fertile soile;  
And bruitish beasts the pleasant plants doe spoile;  
So harmelesse beast, and bird, and fish must dy,  
To pamper mans too licorish gluttony.  
But of condition though I mortall be;  
Yet this my Light is onely nurst by me.  
¶ The most of men doe live by others losse,  
Whilst others goods they to themselves engrosse:  
So man proves wolfe to man, and robbery gives  
Most gaine to him, who most unjustly lives.  
Thrice happy's he, who's of his state content,  
As if it were *Crassus* or *Cræsus* rent.

Sir



Non memet Extinguo.



I doe not put out my selfe.

FADIV (P. 1)

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Morall Emblems.

29

SIT mihi fors quæcunq;, tamen gratissima semper  
Vita mihi est, morior non nisi iussa mori.  
Quando manus Domini extinguit, vel fortior aura  
Enecat, aut pessum casus iniquus agit.  
Sin minus irrupta hanc animam cum corpore jungit  
Copula, supremo non nisi rupta die.  
¶ Ipsa hominem iussit vitam natura tueri,  
Quâ nil mortali charius esse solet.  
Ille sed invitis refecat sua stamina Parcis,  
Exosusq; animam, res sibi habere jubet.  
Scilicet incertæ metuens discrimina mortis,  
Ante tubas mortem, ne moriatur, obit.  
Ah! miser Ætheriæ non dignus munere lucis,  
Vivere qui non vult, neicit & ipse mori.

WHAT e're my star's, my love proves constant still  
To this my Soule, we part against our will;  
Or when fierce *Boreas* with his blustering gale,  
Or some mischance my lovely light doth quale:  
Else I and Light my life, would never part,  
before to ashes fates did me convert.  
¶ Nature commands us to maintaine our breath  
And being, shunning life-destroying death.  
Yet man from *Atropus* oft takes the knife,  
And cuts his fatall thred, devouring life:  
For why, he fearing death before his day,  
Before th'allarum, makes himselfe away.  
Ah wretch! unworthy to behold the skye,  
Who will not live, and knowes not how to dye.

Omnia

*Mors mihi Lacrum.*



EADIV (P)

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Morall Emblems.

30.

**L** X extincta perit, non spes tamen excidit om̄nis,  
Denuòq; accendet lux rediviva facem.  
Dutius ut vivam, morior; sic mors mihi lucrum est,  
Aeterna sq; dabit flamma iterata vices.  
Nos morimur, fatoq; omnes concedimus atro,  
Et mors est tanquam mersa sopore quies.  
Namq; anima Ætherias simulac volitavit ad arces,  
Corpus in hæc mundi prima elementa redit.  
Donec ad illa redux anima, hos assumpserit artus,  
Quos posuit, vitâ dans meliore frui.

**M**Y Light is gone, yet hope doth still remaine,  
That Light revived shall me quick'n againe.  
I gaine by death, for so I longer last,  
Life shall returne, after some houres are past.  
All of us dye, when this our threed is spunne,  
And cut, deaths drousie sleepe is then begunne.  
After the ghuëst is gone, the Innes decay,  
Our body's turn'd to rubbish and to clay,  
Vntill the soule returning doe possesse  
Our bodies in Eternall happinesse.

Ætherias

*Sursum Peto, deorsum trabor.*



FADT EV (P. 1)

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Morall Emblems.

31.

**Æ** Therias mea flamma polaris anhelat ad arces,  
Lux in natalem subvolat usq; locum.  
Corporeo sed pressa jugo descendere flamma  
Cogitur, ut quærat tædæ alimenta sua.  
Decrescens sequitur sic fumen, donec ad ipsum  
Venerit, ultrâ quod non datur ire, rogam.  
¶ Mens mea nescio quâ Cæli dulcedine capta  
Cogitat alatam tendere ad astra viam.  
¶ Sed grave mergit onus, dum compes dura caduci  
Corporis, hanc mentem serpere cogit humi.  
Pulveris in medio quærens victumq; & amictum,  
Lotum edit, & patriæ vix memor ipsa suæ est.

**M**Y Light up to Heav'ns Mansions still doth move,  
Seeking his native place of rest above;  
But being ty'd in bondage to this frame,  
It stoopes to seeke his food, and feed his flame:  
So still it sinkes downward, untill it turne  
Into a snuffe, and ashes cease to burne.  
¶ My mind, I know not how, longeth to flye,  
Vnto the Heavenly Courts and Saphire sky,  
But still its plung'd, so to the body bound,  
That its compel'd to grovell on the ground:  
Thus cralling for its food my soule can fret,  
And tasting Lote, his Country doth forget.

Tantus

*Extinguar quin ascendam.*



*I will dye but I shall ascend.*

EADL XV (P. 1)

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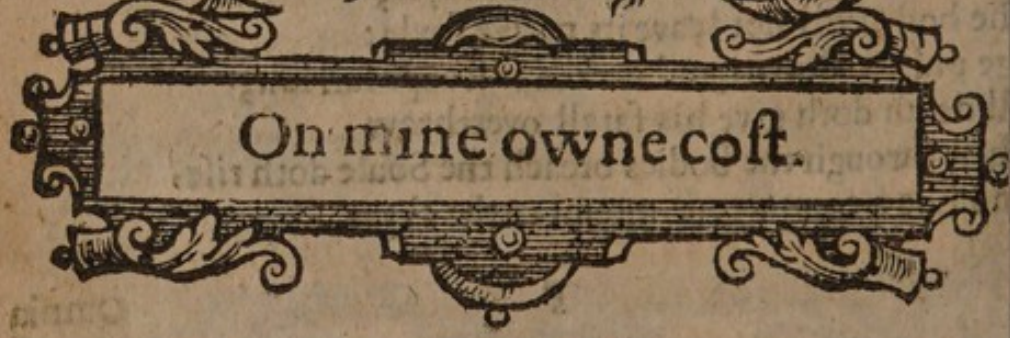
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**T**antus amor patrii Cœli est, sic tendit in altum  
Lumen, ut adversas nesciat ire vias.  
Lux depressa tamen scandit, penetratq; ruinas  
Illa meas, morte & sternit ad astra viam.  
¶ Emicat ad Cœlos anima hæc, corpusq; supinat  
Hoc grave, dum secum tollere membra cupit.  
Nititur, at frustra; corpus radicibus hærens  
Terræ, cognatam relinquere nescit humum.  
Deprimit ad silicés tumulumq; victa senectus,  
Cum parat in terram figere Parca caput.  
Tunc anima inversi per corporis ire ruinas  
Gestit, & ad superas ferre trophæa domos.

---

**S**uch is lights love to Heaven, that still above  
It mounts, and cannot to the center move;  
Hold you it under, it will upward reach,  
And through its ruinous body make a breach.  
¶ Our soule doth bend our bodies straight and even,  
As with it selfe, it would them raise to Heaven;  
But all in vaine it undergoes such toyle,  
The body will not leave its native soyle:  
Age puls it downe, and makes it stoope full low,  
Till death doth give his fatall overthrow  
Then through the bodies breach the Soule doth rise,  
And like a conquerour, mount to the skyes.





FADT EV (P. 1)

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Morall Emblems,

33.

**O**Mnia quæ mea sunt, mecum bene provida porto,  
Et vivit sumptu sobria flamma suo.  
Si tenuis mihi sit res, mecum convenit illi,  
Et quæcunq; venit fors, mihi grata venit.  
Nusquam mendico, nec quid sit tristis egestas  
Viva scio; quid sit mortua, curo minus.  
¶ Sunt quibus unum opus est alienâ vivere quadrâ,  
Et lautam alterius dilacerare penum.  
Vulturii humani generis, fuciq; eulinæ,  
Menfarum harpyiæ, foriculi penoris.  
At Sapiens animum fortunæ accommodat æquum,  
Metitus modulo seq; penumq; suo.  
Gratior exigui est huic esca parabilis horti,  
Malvaq; quam magnæ sportula larga domus.

**I** Carry about with me, my frugall store,  
With which I am content, and seeke no more;  
If it be meane, I can with it agree,  
What state soever, welcome comes to me :  
I never begges alive, what is distresse,  
I know not; but once dead, I care for't lesse.  
¶ Some live on others trenchers, and doe eat  
The bread of sloth, for which they never sweat :  
They're greedy ravens of mankind, kitching drones,  
Rich tables harpyes, rats, Chamelions.  
The wiseman howsoever he doth finde  
Fortune, to it he fits and frames his mind,  
He doth preferre his course and country faire,  
Vnto his Patrons dole and dishes rare.

*Lucenti non invideo.*



FADIV (P. 1)

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*Morall Emblems.*

34.

**C**V M tua per noctis radiaret flamma tenebras ;  
Splendebat tua lux invidiosa mihi.

At postquam Titan lustravit lumine terras,  
Flamma tua est; tenebris amula, facta meis.

Non equidem invidio lucenti, gloria lucis  
Nulla tuæ est; tenebris, gloria nulla meis.

¶ Umbra velut corpus sequitur, comitatur honorem  
Invidia, & livor culmina summa petit.

Gloriolam obscurat si quando gloria major,  
Gloriolæ invidiam gloria major habet.

---

**W**hen thou in darkenesse of the night didst blaze,  
I could not without envy on thee gaze ;

But when the Cyclop *Titan* comes in sight,  
There is no ods twixt darkenesse and thy light :

I doe not envy thee, although thou shine ;

No glor' I have, nor is the glory thine.

¶ As lightsome bodies doe a shadow give ;

So glory without envy cannot live :

When greater glory doth the meane suppress,

It likewise takes the envy from the lesse.

*Flamma fumo proxima est.*



Firefolloweth smoake.

FADIV (R)

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Morall Emblems.

35.

QVI timer insanæ damnata incendia flammæ;  
Et cupit extinctam nocte latere facem,  
Extinguit flammam, nec cessat spiritus ante  
Quam fumi fungo cum moriente ca dat.  
Proxima nam fumo flamma est, spiracula fungi  
Lumina fumanti dant, rediviva faci.  
¶ Furtivas Veneris metuisqui in pectore flammæ,  
Et quas accendit dira libido lues.  
Has preme, suppressoq; imi jam pectoris æstu,  
Tu cave ne impuro fumus ab ore meæt.  
Si spirat fumus, cîneri supposita doloso  
Flamma jacet; fumum supprime, flammâ perit.  
Contra; si verbis occurret blandior aura  
Pellicis; in flammæ dira libido micat.

Who fearest outrageous *Vulcans* damned ire,  
And wouldst be safe from night-surprising fire;  
Put out the flame, the smoaking snuffe suppress,  
Least from the smoake the fire it selfe redresse;  
For fire is next to smoake, and oft its seene,  
That reaking snuffe a blazing fire hath beene.  
¶ Who feares the damned fire of inward lust,  
And *Cupids* flames, observe this rule he must.  
Hearts concupiscence, fore it's vehement,  
Looke that in words he suffer't not to vent;  
For words are smoake of burning hearts desire;  
Smoother his words, he needs not feare the fire:  
But otherwayes a whorish complement,  
Doth blow his fire, and makes him give consent.

*Dum Spiro spero.*



EADIV (P. 1)

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*Morall Emblems.*

36.

**M**ulca meam accelerant vitæ discrimina mortem,  
Et tandem Boreæ vis truculenta necat.

Flamma cadit, calor exœdit, lux aurea cœca est,  
Spiritus, & vitæ specula parva manet.

¶ Hanc hominum vitam vexant incommoda mille,  
Et minuit nostros fors inopina dies.

Cura, dolor perimunt, enervant corpora morbis  
Et trahit ad capulum dira senectæ senes

Vespere vel Fortuna, dedit quæ mane, revellit ;  
Aut spoliat miseros hostica turba viros.

Forma perit subito, vires franguntur, honores  
Aufugiunt, fractas linquit amicus opes.

Spes at amica manet, dubiis fidissima rebus,  
Hæc comes extremâ non nisi morte fugit.

---

**A** Thousand evils this my life doth spend,  
At length fierce *Boreas* thereto puts an end :

My light, my heat, my flame and all is past ;  
Onely, whilst breath remaines, my hope doth last.

¶ This life of ours is tost to and againe,  
Time and unconstant Fortune workes our bane :

Care kills us, griefe, diseases doth outweare  
This life, Death dragges us to the dolefull biere.

Fortune takes what she in the morning gave ;  
Or enemies robbe and spoile what e're we have ;

Strength, beauty perish, honours flye away,  
False friends, when meanes are gone, they will not stay :

Hope's onely constant in adversity,  
Before she's kild by death, she will not fly.

Lucentem



*Altero extinguor, altero accendor.*



The one puts me out, the other kindls me

EADIVZ (P. 1)

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Morall Emblems.

37.

Vcentem me aduersa notijam perdidit aura;  
Denuò sed flammæ aura secunda dabit.  
Sticticus ut quondam, ventus contraria spirat,  
Vno namq; calor, frigus & ore meat.  
Puppe procellosi quem excussit gurgitis unda,  
In puppem rediens gurgitis unda refert.  
Tera Fortunæ manus obruit, altera tollit;  
Sanat, quod fixit, Pelias hasta latus.  
multos periisse iuvat; quem patria mulctat  
Exilio, sæpe hunc hostica terra fovet.  
desponde animum, nec rebus concide fractis;  
Difficiles, faciles experiere Deos.

Wilst I did shine fierce *Boreas* put me out,  
Agaïne he kindles me at the second bout:  
somerimes did the clowne, now *Boreas* doth,  
oth heat and cold he breatheth from his mouth,  
The billow whom it cast into the maine,  
eturning threw him in the Shippe againe;  
ortune throwes downe, then raiseth from the ground;  
chilles speare doth cure whom it did wound.  
offes prove good to some; whom Greece condemnd,  
he Persian for his vallour could commend.  
e not cast downe, dispaire not at mischance,  
od who hath crossed thee, will thee advance.

Hellespontiæ

Herus Lucerna.

Herus Lucerna.



Herus light.

EADLV (P)

Morall Emblems.

38.

Hellespontiacis Hero vicina procellis  
Suspendit claram turris ab arce facem.  
Accernens mediis nabat Leander in undis  
Ad Dominæ properans gaudia blanda suæ.  
Acc postquam extinguit Boreæ violentior aura,  
Æquoris in tumidis mergitur ille vadis.  
Juveni fuerat quondam quæ tæda jugalis,  
Ad funus juveni tæda parata fuit.  
Cælicolam Pater, ac æterni conditor orbis,  
Lumen ab Ætheriâ protulit arce suum:  
Et sequimur vitæ jactati mille procellis,  
Dum petimus cæli gaudia vera poli.  
Illa sed hoc Boreæ aut ventorum insania lædet:  
Ad portum incolumes sic licet ire piis.  
O simul ac fessi pervenimus, illa jugalis  
Fax erit, & nunquam funebris esse potest.

Hero who dwelt by Hellesponticke strand,  
Hang'd forth a Light, *Leanders* marke for land,  
Wither his helmelesse course he steerd and mov'd,  
Wilst he made haste to see his welbelov'd,  
Which when fierce *Boreas* with his blustering blast  
Cast out, he in the floods away was cast:  
That his wedding light became a torch,  
Convoy him to *Proserpines* blacke porch.  
Almighty God who made all by his power,  
Holds forth his Light from the Celestiall Tower:  
That when the stormes our tossed soules annoy,  
May direct us to our heav'nly joy.  
No storme against this Light can so prevaile  
That Saints unto their wisht-for Haven may faile.  
Here for their Wedding torch this Light they have,  
Which never shall convoy them to their grave.

Cum

Exitus Probat.



EADIEV (P)

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Morall Emblems.

39.

¶ *V*lla fuere faci & ceræ discrimina odoris,  
Quum clarum ornaret lucis utrumq; jubar,  
Lux simul extincta est, spatile fax tetrius halat;  
Hyblæos redolet melea cera favos.  
¶ *S*ic prætextato dum fulget honoris in ostro  
Improbus, assimilis creditur esse probò.  
¶ *U*t quum nil miserans personam detrahit Orcus,  
Excudit aut nudos fors malefida sinus.  
¶ *S*icut cachinnantis Vulgi tunc sordet in ore,  
Famaq; sentinæ ut fœda mephitis olet.  
¶ *U*lget in adversis contra probus, inq; secundis,  
Nullaq; Fortunæ tela nocere queunt.  
¶ *U*bi ubi mors animam tenues efflavit in auras,  
Vivit thuricremis æmula fama rogis.

¶ *W*hen as the waxen light and candle did shine,  
As was the taper, so the candle was fine:  
¶ *W*hen light is gone, this gives an odious snuffe,  
That smels of Hyblas sweete nectarian stuffe.  
¶ *S*o when the wicked sits in honours chaire,  
Unto the good man all doe him compare;  
¶ *U*t when death sparing none, his maske pulsoff,  
And changing Fortune sets him for a scoffe:  
¶ *W*hen to the frittles people he doth stinke,  
His name smels like a common-shore or sinke:  
¶ *U*nlike the good againe, even in adversity,  
Cares not for Fortunes false inconstancy;  
¶ *U*nd when against him death hath done her best,  
His name smells like the Phenix spicy nest.

Cum

*Dux Laterna Vie.*



The Lanternae leads the way.

EADI EVZ / D I

*Morall Emblems.*

40.

**C**um mare fermentat Boreas, quum fluctibus æquor  
Intumet, & ventis aspera gliscit hyems.  
Sol oculis quando eripitur; caliginæ cœlum,  
Et tumidum involvit nox tenebrosa salum.  
Dux veluti, lux nostra monet vitare Charybdin,  
Et Scyllæarum jurgia dira canum.  
¶ Erramus vitæ jactati mille procellis,  
Præpedit & nostram nubilus error iter,  
Sed Christus classis nostræ prætoris navis  
Lucentem præfert per vada cæca facem.  
Hanc sequere, optatas Cœli qui tendis ad oras;  
Christus enim verax est via, luxq; viz.

**W**hen stormie *Boreas* puts the seas in rage,  
And swelling waves intestine warre do wage;  
When sun is darkn'd, when night doth heav'n confound,  
And foaming billowes give a discord sound.  
My light then leads the way through reeling strands,  
Guiding by *Scyllas* rocks, *Charybdis* sands.  
¶ Here we are tossed in a maine of feares;  
But Christ our admirall the lanterne beares;  
Least we should suffer shipwracke in the night,  
He leads us through all dangers by his light.  
Who then would' it come to Heav'ns long wisht-for bay,  
Follow thy Saviour who's Truth, Light, and Way.

G

Cum



*Data Lux suspiria tollit.*



*Light me I shal sigh nomore*

EADL FV (P)

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Morall Emblems.

41.

**C**um mea per tenebras radiaret lumine Lampas,  
Emula quum stellis flamma corusca foret,  
In precio fuerat mea lux, dignabar honore,  
Inq; oculis eundis fax mea lata fuit.  
Nunc moribunda gemo, sordens suspiria ducor,  
Sumq; invisa aliis, ipsa odiosa mihi.  
Quod si flamma redux fuerit, decus omne redibit,  
Quiq; prius fixit, fit recidivus amor.  
¶ Res quum salva manet, quum pleno copia cornu est  
Intaetas populus suspicit omnis opes.  
At simul inconstans restat Fortuna, facessunt  
Omnes, & miseris nullus amicus adest.  
Quin ubi fors vultum mutat, quum denuo ridet,  
Assentatorum restua turba redit.  
Oceanus velut unda fluit, fluit unda clientum,  
Versiq; dat pelles fors male fida vices.

**W**hen as my Light with beames did brightly shine,  
And starre-light was but equall unto mine;  
I was in great request and set above,  
Was deare to all, who saw me, did me love:  
Now breathing sighes, and languishing I grone:  
I'm hatefull to my selfe, belov'd of none.  
If once againe my light beginne to burne,  
With it my light and honour shall returne.  
¶ When Fortune standing on her slippery ball,  
Doth favour, then are we admir'd of all;  
But if she frowne, then flatterers flye away,  
No friends abide, if once your meanes decay:  
O but if Fortune change, and smile againe,  
Then fawne these flatterers, and beare up your traine.  
Much like the Sea these Clients flote and flow;  
And Fortune turnes her coat, at every show.

*Frustra me legis.*



*In vaine thou coverest me.*

EADL EYZ (P. 1

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Morall Emblems.

42.

Frustra me ardentem celat praetenta lacerna,  
Lumine flagrabit tacta lacerna meo.  
Nostra meam nocti produunt incendia lucem,  
Injecta vestis datque ruina viam.  
¶ Infandum quicumque; tovet penetralibus imi  
Pectoris, & sperat posse latere nefas.  
Ille faces celat Furiarum mente reducta,  
Sed frustra in vultus impia flamma micat.  
Sic quicumque; nefas diri concepit Orestis,  
Non minus & Farias impij Orestis habet.  
Dissimula tu quantumvis, vis infra menti  
Quae penitus sentis, cogit aperta loqui.

IN vaine thou mantles up this light of mine,  
Thinking that no man shall perceive it shine.  
But all in vaine, flame will it selfe bewray  
And through thy coat, by burning, make his way.  
¶ Who in his lower heart doth hurt conceale,  
Hoping that nothing shall the same reveale.  
He hides the torches of the hellish rout,  
Which will at length with violence burst out:  
Who doth conceive Orest's impious thought,  
It will ere long to furious fact be brought.  
Dissimble what thou can'st, that inward sparke  
Will burst forth into Light, though now its darke.

*Sic Vos non Vobis.*



So are you not borne for your selvs.

## Morall Emblems.

43.

**A**RTE faber chalybem fingens sic temperat igni,  
Ut silicis dura verbera ferre queat.

Hæc quando saxi cæcis incendia ab antris  
Excutit, in cremium multa favilla cadit.

Scintillas fovet hoc rutilas, a sulphure donec  
Accenso flammam tæda paratâ rapit.

Tæda faci tandem tradit, fax ardet ad usus  
Humanos, aliis commoda, nulla sibi.

¶ Sic jussit Natura Deo parere potenti  
Omnia, & in proprias esse ministra vices.

Esse quibus Natura dedit sine munere vitæ  
Herbarum vitas prima elementa fovent.

Brutum animal viridis terræ sic planta saginat,  
Humanæ ut fiant esca parata gulæ.

Omnia sic nostros didunt se commoda in usus:  
Debemus nostro morigeri esse Deo.

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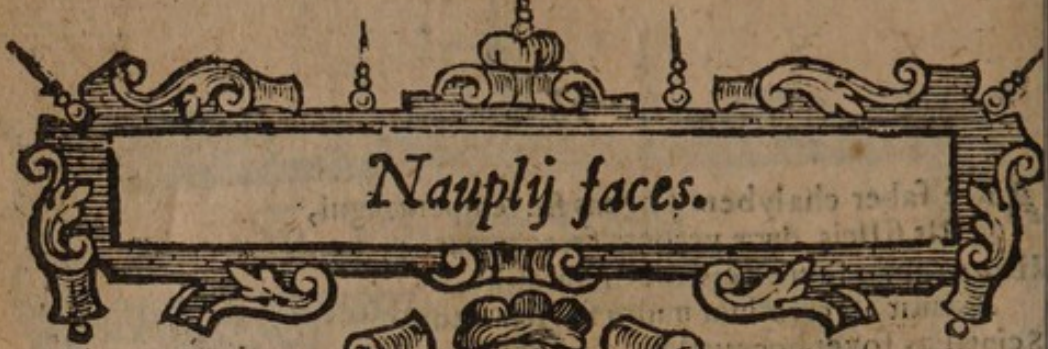
**T**HE Smith the Steele, so tempers in the fire,  
As that it may indure flints stroke and ire;  
The flint and steels, gainst others while they strive,  
Give sparkles, which the tinder keeps alive;  
Vntill the sulphure to the match giues flame,  
Which keeps, and to the candle doth give the same;  
The candle thus lighted proper use hath none:  
Thus all ordained is for man alone.

¶ Dame Nature so commandeth ev'ry thing  
In his owne kind to serve his lord and King;  
Things of meere being, and which doe not live,  
As Elements, food to the living give;  
The living herbs doe beasts with sense mainetaine,  
And these, to feede us, ev'ry houre are slaine:  
So every thing is for the use of man,  
To God should he not doe then, what he can?

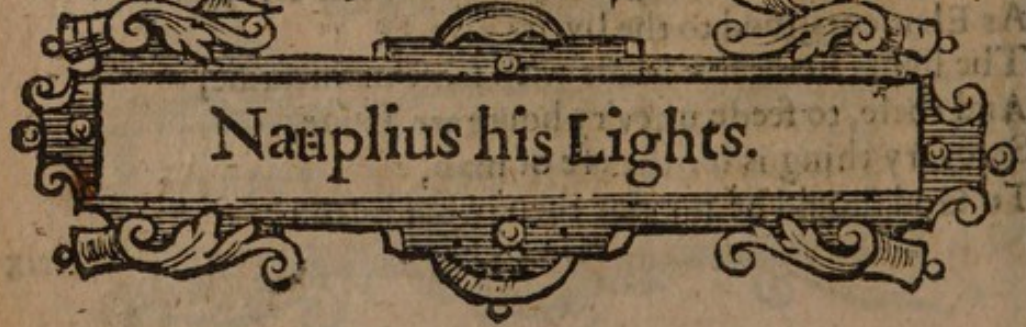
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Victrix

Nauplii facies



Nauplij faces.



Naaplius his Lights.

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Morall Emblems.

44.

¶ Ictrix Idæis quum jam remearet ab oris  
Classis, & armata glisceret ira Deæ.  
Nauplius Argolicas ulturus fraude carinas,  
Suspendit rutilas ad vada cæca faces,  
Ictrix in saxa ruunt, inimico lumine falsæ,  
Euboicisq; natat naufraga classis aquis.  
Dum petimus patriam, vitæ jactamur in undis,  
Et gemit assiduo quassa carina noto.  
Spendunt faculas Honor & damnosa Voluptas,  
Instar Sirenis fugit uterq; dolos.  
Audia promittunt portus, placidamq; quietem,  
Interea miseros in mala damna trahunt.  
Sapias vani vitato Caphærea honoris  
Falsa, voluptatis naufraga saxa fuge.

¶ When as the conqu'ring fleete return'd from Troy,  
And Pallas stormy wrath did them annoy;  
When Nauplius sought revenge upon the Greekes,  
And hang'd out Lanterns on the rocky creekes;  
The Greekes deceived did the rockes mistake,  
And dashing gainst them did nights shipwracke make.  
Whilst we unto our wisht-for Country goe,  
His lifes feirce billowes tossè us to and fro;  
Honour and glory hang out lights so faire,  
And Siren-like doe seeke us to entnare:  
Joyfull, quiet haven they doe pretend;  
But oft they draw us to a dolefull end:  
Thou be wise shunne honours lights so hy,  
And from shipwracking Siren pleasure fly.

Lux



*Præstat morari.*



'Tis better to tarry.

TADT EY (P)

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*Morall Emblems.*

45.

Vix mea torpenti languet jam proxima fungo ;  
Vicina est nigris fax moribunda rogis.  
Te meæ præsto lux inhiat altera forti ;  
Carnificemq̄, meis ut potiatur, agit.  
In impune meam accelerat tamen illa ruinam,  
Namq̄; ulciscetur nostra favilla necem.  
Ante diem patrios minuit sic filius annos,  
Et si non gladio, sæpe dolore neeat,  
Cupet ut bona quæ genitor sudore paravit ;  
Non tamen hoc Nemesis deflet, inulta nefas,  
Lapidat nam cuncta nepos, rogas ante parentis  
Quàm friget, nati res malè-parta perit.

MY Light into a snuffe is almost turn'd,  
And now the candle to smoaking ashes burn'd,  
Behold another Light stands ready by,  
Which to enjoy my place will make me dye.  
Let not unpunish'd it puts out my breath,  
By very ashes doe revenge my death.  
So doth the sonne his Father make away,  
Not with sword, with griefe, before his day,  
That he his Fathers goods and meanes may joy,  
Which *Nemesis* revenging doth convoy.  
For oft the spendthrifts goods so evill gotten  
Are spent before his Fathers bones are rotten.

Atratum,

Signum est Luxisse.



It is a token that I shined.

TADL EY (D)

Morall Emblems.

46.

ANIMUS OUGIXI

ratum quicūq; videt fuligine fungum,  
Sentiet ille meum consenuisse jubar.  
a coruscanti flagrabat lumine quondam;  
uminiis, extincto lumine, stigma manet.  
tenuus armatos domuit qui Marte duelles,  
ulnera virtutis signa referre solet.  
Teneris meruit qui castris, vix trahit artus,  
sembrāq; tabificā debilitata lue.  
ipuli vultus macri, infanīq; gulois  
linguis aqual iculus symbolica esse solent.  
virtus fuerit, vitium seu ignobile, tanquam  
orex, indicio paret utrumq; suo.

Who so beholds this smoaky snuffe of mine,  
He must needs thinke that sometime I did shine;  
now my Light is gone, my glory's darke,  
ly of light I have the brand and marke.  
Who for his Country hath with valour stood,  
wounds doe shew, that he hath spent his blood;  
Tenus training who hath beene practised,  
he token he beares of what he exercised.  
Schollars badge, are fallow lookes and blanch,  
gluttons is the fatnesse of his panch.  
True and vice doth leave some token behind,  
each of themselves doe put us still in mind.



PADLEY (P. 1)

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Morall Emblems.

Qui male facit odie lucem.

47.

Is olei nimia extinguit, moderataq; nutrit;  
Quod fovet, hoc nimium quando erit, exanimat.  
Niluvius fecundus ager sterilefcit aquarum,  
At modico laras educat imbre comas  
eliciz enervant animum, corpusq; salivã  
Torquent; est modica gratia multa dapis:  
vivitur in Micã meliusquam in Apolline, possis  
Ut sanã, in sano corpore, mente frã.

MY Light is best maintain'd with little Oyle,  
Too much of that which feeds me, doth me spoile;  
Deluge o'f waters drownes the fertile ground,  
Soft dropping raines makes it with grasse abound;  
Riot in cheere the body kills and minde,  
The meaneft fare, the best for both we finde:  
Rather in Mica than Apollo dine,  
If thou wouldst wit and health still to be thine.

Turba

At or the Emblem.

Qui malè facit odit lucem.



An evill-doer hateth Light.

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*Morall Emblems.*

48.

**T**urba latrociniiis grassans dum perforat ædes,  
Noxiq; in tenebris furta Latere putat.  
Lux mea per vitreas simul est conspecta fenestras,  
Terret, & hos trepidam cogit inire fugam.  
Lux inuisa malis, quia cæcas proderet fraudes,  
Pædare & latebras insidia sique potest.  
¶ Tempus erat, cæcis tenebris quo mersa jacebant  
Omnia, terrigenis nec fuit ulla dies.  
Tunc grassabatur caco-dæmon tecta frequentans,  
Pectoris atque domus incola sæpe fuit.  
At postquam Eois lux Christi affulsit ab oris.  
Pan magnus tandem fugit ab orbe Deus.

---

**W**hilst theeves doe digge at middle of the night,  
Working the workes of darknesse, not of Light;  
No sooner through the window they me spy  
But they affrighted turne their backes and fly.  
This Light ill-doers no wayes can abide,  
Simply revealing, what they falsely hide.  
¶ There was a rime when all in darknesse lay,  
When mortals had a naturall night, no day;  
Then Satan that arch theefe did range abroad,  
Seeking in hearts and houses his aboad;  
But since that Christs bright Starre hath shewne his Light,  
Great Pan is dead, the Devill is put to flight.

H

Debebat



Luceo & Lateo,



I lurke and shine.

Morall Emblems.

49.

**D**Ebebat rapidis mea lux ludibria ventis,  
Obvia foricibus prædaq; fumen erat.  
Tunica sed postquam terfi pellucida cornu  
Munivit, lateo & luceo tecta magis.  
Lux, adamas veluti, interno splendore coruscat,  
Externo injuriam robore ferre potest.  
¶ Splendida nobilitas fortunæ obnoxia telo est,  
Eximiumq; petit livida turba decus.  
Splendorem pietas ut murus aheneus ambit,  
Gloria virtutumque ægide tecta nitet.  
Sic vitæ quascunque ciet fors dira procellas,  
Illa tamen lucens sub probitate latet.

**B**Efore my Light was to the winds a scorne,  
My body likewise subje&t to be torne;  
Now for a safeguard I this lanterne have,  
So whilst I shine from wrong it doth me save;  
Even as the Diamond his light forth sends,  
And with his hardnesse still himselfe defends.  
¶ Honour is subje&t to unconstant chance,  
Nor can it without envy' t selfe advance:  
Vertue to honour is a brasen wall,  
Guarded with which, it is not hurt at all;  
And how so ever Fortun's stormes doe blow,  
Yet Glory lurking thus, his light can show.

*Si tu foris, Ego domi.*



If thou abroad, I at home.

*Morall Emblems.*

50.

**C**erea fax tenet Borealis flamina venti,  
A ta procellosi nubila ferre poli.  
Demonstratque vias tempesta noctis in umbris,  
Et nitidum gelido sub Iove lumen habet.  
Desidet at candela domi, lustratque penates,  
A debacchantis verbere tuta noti.  
Gaudia deliciæque laris penetralia servat :  
Ambulat illa foris, hæc latet usq; domi.  
Splendida sic vegetus linquit sua tecta maritus  
Sub gelido gaudens munia obire dio.  
erque maris currit scopulos, cœlique procellas  
Augeat ut tenuem sedulitate penum.  
xor casta domi manet, & testudinis instar  
Est domi porta, sui & splendida cura laris.  
t subit errorum discrimina fortis Vlysses;  
Penelope curam gestit habere domus.

His waxen torch is able to endure  
The winds, when Æolus puts them in ure,  
leads the way in darknesse of the night,  
and, though the serene fall, it shewes his Light :  
The candle still lurks at home, and there doth show  
his light, not caring how the winds doe blow,  
his as the houses joy at home doth stay,  
The other still abroad doth make his way.  
The hardy husband from his house goes forth  
seeking to compasse businesse of worth ;  
he failes by rockes and sands, carely and late  
he toiles, and seekes to purchase an estate ;  
The wife at home much like a snarle she sits  
in hous-wifry employing all her wits :  
Vlysses in his travels hard did shift,  
Penelope at home did use her thrift.

*Sic pio perij officio.*



So I am undon by doing good

*Morall Emblems.*

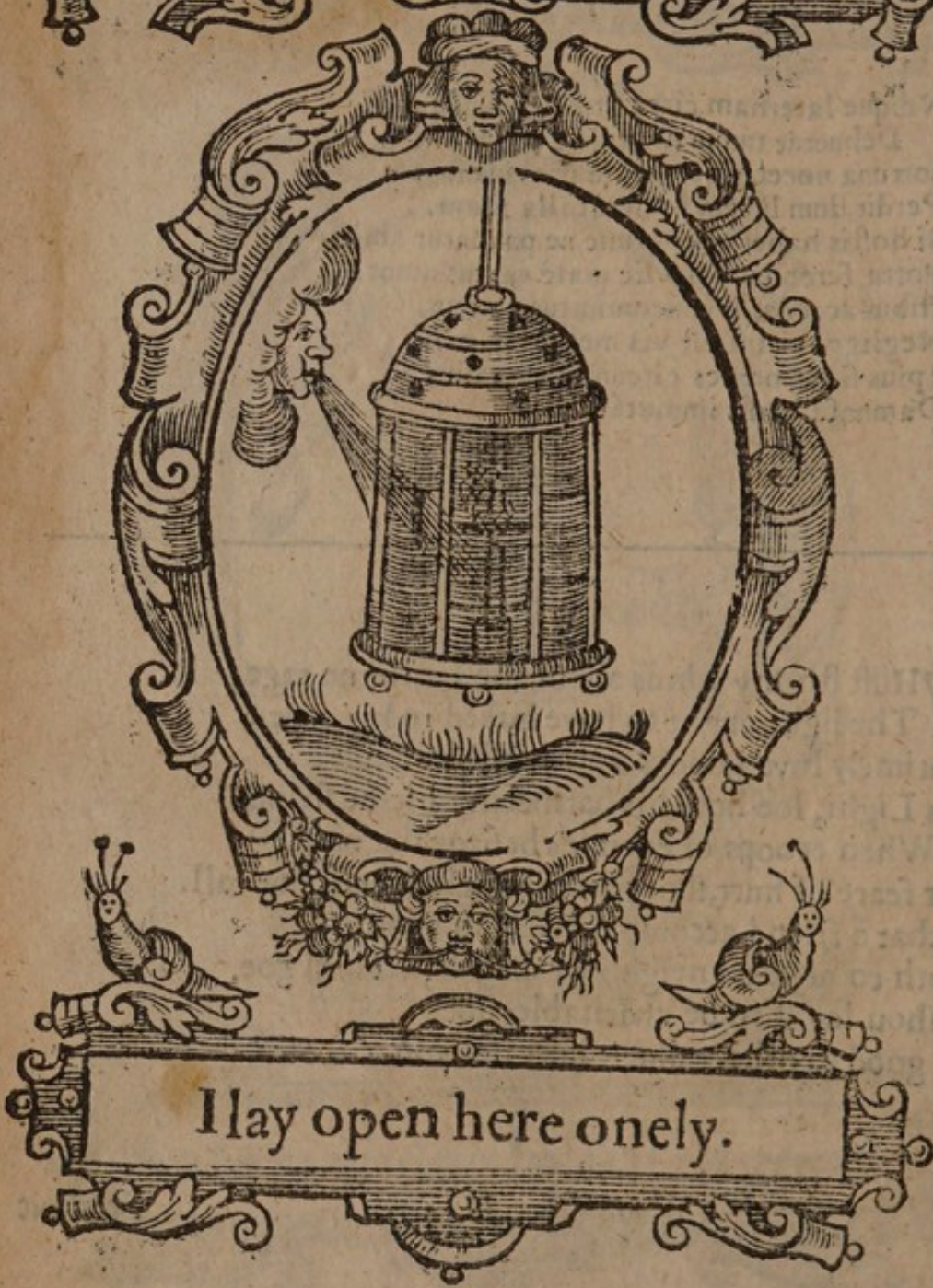
51.

**V**Ndique laternam circa grassantibus Euris,  
Debuerat tutum delituisse juhar.  
Importuna nocet pietas, male provida lucem  
Perdit, dum lucem fœnerat illa suam.  
¶ Si hostis habet muros, tunc ne pandatur amico  
Porta, feret damnum sic malè cautus amor.  
Hostibus accedat si concomitatus amicus,  
Neglige, vicini est vis metuenda mali.  
Esse pius si vis, omnes circumspice casus,  
Damnosa ne sis impietate pius.

---

**W**Hilst stormy winds about the Lanterne rage,  
The light ought to have lurked in his cage ;  
Untimely love undoes him while he lends  
His Light, loe how his harmeleffe life he sp'nds.  
¶ When troops of enemies besiege the wall,  
For feare of hurt, shut gates, though friends doe call.  
If that a friend accompanied with a foe  
Doth come, feare neighbour danger, let him goe.  
If thou lov'st to be charitable, doe  
So good to others, that it hurt not you.

Hac tantum patui.



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Morall Emblems.

Emblem 101

PRæbuit una via m̄ morti jam rima dehiscens  
Dum malè per parvum stabra foramen eunt,  
Irruit insanus Boreas, perimitq; latentem,  
Ad diram rima est area lata necem.  
¶ Vna saburratam mergit fissura carinam,  
Tædaq; magnificas destruit una domos.  
Vnius & morbi contagia dira salutem  
Perdunt, atq; uno vulnere vita cadit.  
Vnica peccati labes sic perdere corpus  
Atq; animam aternâ mergere nocte potest.  
Ergo quod est vnum & parvum, ne temne periculum;  
Sæpius est magni causa pusilla mali,

THIS little rift and chæp workes all my woe,  
Whilst thorow it fierce *Bor as* doth blow:  
A crevise is a City gate to death,  
Who still in ambush seekes to stop our breath:  
¶ A little chinke doth drowne the loaded barge,  
A stately house is burned with a sparke;  
And one disease doth this our health annoy,  
One wound our life is able to destroy:  
One Sinne can Soule and Body overthrow  
Into the hell, and darkenesse thats below.  
Doe not a danger which is meane despise;  
From meanest causes greatest evils arise.

Vnica



Fata viam inveniunt.



Death finds the way.

*Morall Emblems.*

53.

VNica rima fuit ; Borealis flamina venti  
Quo poterant solo mi nocere modo.  
¶ Pectore vulneribus patuit quã scutiger Heros,  
Hectoreus lethi hoc repperit ensis iter.  
Planta pedis fuit Æacidæ penetrabilis, inq; hanc  
Fœmineam Paridis rexit Apollo manum.  
Hostis ab insidiis veluti, mors obsidet omnes,  
Agmina, quã murus parte laborat, habet.  
Stiria sive gelu fuerit, seu musca, vel undæ  
Guttula, Londini littera sive necet.  
Mille artes callet mors insidiosa necandi,  
Vel facit, aut factam repperit illa viam.

---

ONE chinke there was and not another way  
For *Boreas*, his fury to essay;  
So *Hectors* fatall gift *Aiax* confounded,  
And stob'd him where he onely could be wounded ;  
*Apollo* so directed *Paris* dart  
To wound *Achilles* foote, and kill his heart.  
¶ Death lies in ambush like an enemy,  
And brasheth where our sconces weakeft be.  
Whether an icecle or drop of water,  
Or gnat, or *Londons* Scholler-killing letter.  
A thousand trickes we see of cunning death ;  
He makes or finds a way to stop our breath.

Ecce

Herostrati fax.



Herostratus his Light.

*Morall Emblems.*

54.

Quid miser humano non dignus nomine tentas?  
Ne sacram famæ destrue amore domum;  
Ethnica nam quamvis pietas hanc condidit Ædem;  
Hæc tamen insanâ non temeranda manu est;  
Nulla placet Cælo impietas; persæpe profani  
Gentiles pœnas demerere graves;  
Delphica sit testis vindicta, aurumque Tolosæ,  
Testis arenosi sævior ira Dei:  
Est tua non flammæ impietas, quæ nata fovere,  
Et lucere, sacris nata adolerè Deis.  
Tam sanctum, innocuumque nihil Natura creavit,  
Causanti quod non impietate nocet.

AH wretch unworthy of thy infamous name,  
Burne not this sacred Church, to raise thy fame:  
For though twas built by Heath'ns impiety,  
Yet ought it not be thus destroy'd by thee:  
Trust me impiety every where is nought,  
And Heath'ns their heathen profanenesse dearely bought:  
Let Tolose gold, and Delphus robbery,  
And Hammons sandy ire this testifie:  
It's thine, not my default, for I was made  
For sacrifice, and to make Creatures glad.  
Nothing so harmelesse and so good can be,  
Which may not hurt, by mans impiety.

Ecce



Virginum Lampas.

The Virgins Lampe.

*Morall Emblems.*

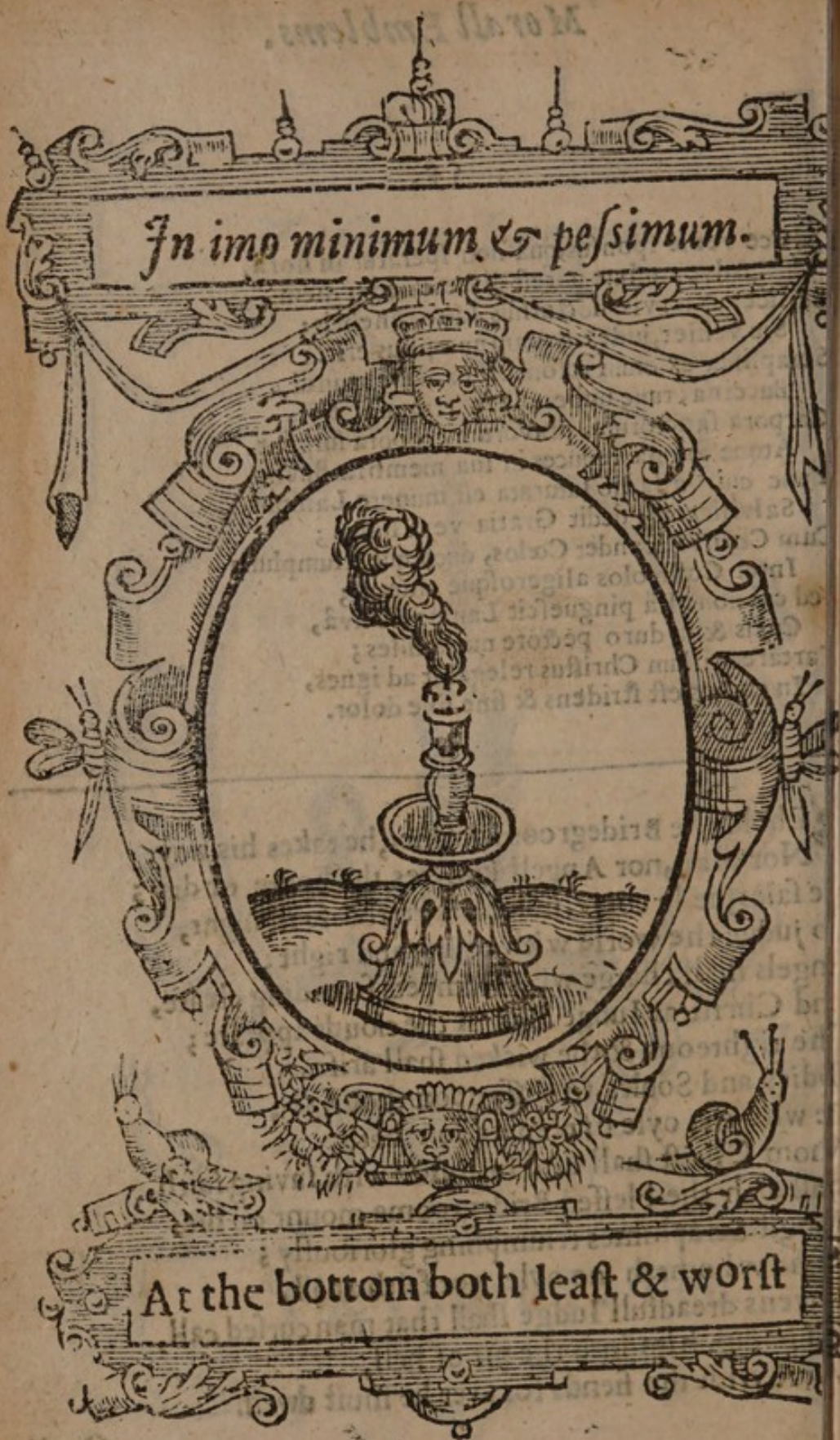
55.

**E**Cce venit sponsus, quã non speratur in horã,  
Adventusque potest discere nemo diem;  
Scilicet ut servis nocturnus latro tenebris;  
Sic veniet, iudex & paranymphus erit.  
Seraphica ex omni resonabit cardine mundi  
Buccina, tunc nubes clara tribunal erit.  
Corpora sanctorum, pravorum corpora surgent,  
Atque animæ reduces in sua membra fluent.  
Tunc cui Palladio saturata est munere Lampas,  
Salvificamq; dedit Gratia vera fidem;  
Cum Christo scandet Cœlos, ducetque triumphum  
Inter Cœlicos aligerosque choros;  
Sed cui non ullã pinguescit Lampas Olivã,  
Cujus & in duro pectore nulla fides;  
Tartareos illum Christus relegabit ad ignes,  
In quibus est stridens & sine fine dolor.

**B**Ehold the Bridegroom comes, he takes his way.  
Nor Man, nor Angell knowes the houre or day;  
He saies, he'le come, much like a tbeefe in night,  
To judge the world with equity and right;  
Angels shall charge with trumpets sounding cleare,  
And Christ as Iudge shall in the clouds appeare;  
The righteous & the wicked shall arise,  
Bodies and Soules, to passe upon that size;  
He who the oyle of preparation hath,  
Whom Christ shall find furnish'd with saving faith,  
Shall with the blessed Bridegroom mount on hie,  
Mongst Seraphimes triumphing gloriously;  
But he who hath no oyle, nor faith at all,  
Heavens dreadfull Iudge shall that man cursed call,  
And banish him into the pit of hell,  
Where with the fiends for ever he must dwell.

Qualia

In imo minimum & pessimum.



At the bottom both least & worst

*Morall Emblems.*

56.

**Q**Valia flammigenæ quum fervida munera Bacchi  
Dolii in angusto carcere clausa Latent ;  
**Q**uamdiu summa cado promuntur vina, palato  
Et melius sapiunt, uberiusq; fluunt ;  
**A**st ubi perventum est tetrae ad confinia facis,  
Et minima in fundo, & pessima vina latent :  
**T**alia & accensæ splendent incendia tædæ ;  
Æquali haud semper lumine flamma nitet :  
**T**eda recens accensa, magisq; & clarius ardet,  
Et facula est pleno lumine pulchra magis ;  
**A**st ubi decrevit moribundi ad tædia fungi,  
Hic olet, est cæcæ luxq; maligna facis.  
**V**inum, & fax vita est. primisquæ floret in annis,  
Et viget, & genio nobiliore calet ;  
**S**ed simul effatæ sentiscir damna senectæ,  
Dant nobis pauci tædia multa dies.

**M**Vch like as wine the nurse of Poets veine,  
When prison-like the caske doth it containe ;  
**F**arre from the bottome while you draw the wine,  
You will it find more plenteous and more fine ;  
**B**ut when you come to dreg, no wine abounds,  
Both least and worst remaineth in the grounds :  
**S**uch like the shining of a candle we see,  
Which kindled once burnes not still equally ;  
**A**t first it giv's greater and clearer light,  
And is more pleasant both to smell and sight ;  
**B**ut when it comes to snuffe and even spent,  
It shineth lesse, and gives a filthy sent.  
**T**he candle & wine's our life, which, in its prime,  
Doth flourish more, and hath more hope of time ;  
**B**ut when with mustie age our life decays,  
Then many sorrowes have we, and few dayes.

I

When



*Te lux mea fallit.*



*My light escapes thee.*

PART IV

Morall Emblems.

57.

**W**hen first my light did shine, you lik'd me well;  
Now that is gone; you hate my loathsome smell;  
You with prolongers made me live, and art  
Preserv'd my light; but now *Time* acts his part,  
*Triumphant Time*, shewes now my glasse is runne,  
(What way God knowes) I finde my threed is spunne;  
Envy hath playd its part, and I doe goe  
To Coffin: as I doe, all must doe so.  
*Time* breaths a shrewd and life-bercaving blast,  
Yet upward flyes my light, where it shall last.  
I'me glad to part from body, which I lov'd  
So deere, that many wayes and arts I prev'd  
The mudwall to maintaine, and body save,  
But yet in spight of me t'will go to grave.  
This is my comfort, *Body*, that thy tombe  
Which is thy grave, shall be thy mothers wombe  
To bring thee once againe unto the light,  
And life, which death shall never know, or night:  
Then be content, though you and I depart:  
Yet *Soule* and *Body* still shall have one heart.



Vale.

Farewell.

PART IV

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*Morall Emblems.*

58.

**A** Thereã de sede fuit, petit æthera rursum,  
Et quicquid Terræ est, flamma valere jubet.  
In cineres fungus, fumus vanescit in auras,  
Candelæq; decus, quod fuit ante, perit.  
Mors simul Humanæ dirupit stamina vitæ,  
Cælum anima, & tumulam patria membra percutit;  
Divitiisq; valere jubet, fastidit honores,  
Astra super, patrios expetit illa lares.  
Discite mortales miseræ contemnere sortis  
Munera, quæ tandem reiicienda animæ;  
Discite Cælestes animarum poscere dotes;  
Quærite quæ sursum vos comitentur opes.

**F**lame goes to heav'n, from whence it once did come,  
Bids earth adue, and what it hath there from.  
The snuffe to ashes, smoake turnes into ayre;  
Lights beauty's gone, which sometime was so faire;  
When death hath giv'n his last and fatall blow,  
Our soule to Heaven, our Earth to earth doth goe;  
Riches and honours, which it once did love,  
The Scule now lothes; and seekes to dwell above.  
Learne Mortals, all false pleasures to contemne,  
And treasures, which the soule must once condemne:  
Secke rather for the graces of the minde,  
Which you your convoy to the Heaven will finde.

*Sursum corda.*

**FINIS.**

Study me in thy Prime

The Glasse doth Runne, and Time doth Go,



Death hath his End, I have not so.

Bury Death and weary Time.

Death hath his End, I have not so.

PART IV (P)

2/29/



TADT FVZ / P . . .

