

THE SCOTTISH SOVLDIER.

BY

LAVVDER

SVNT ARTIBVS ARMA DECORI.



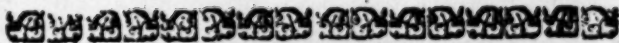
EDINBURGH
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neath the salt Trone. 1639.

Regd of 16905

TO SCOTLAND.

BEhold the shadow of thy Warslike Sonne
Gye at Adair, from whose Fertile Wombs
So manie thousands haue tane birth, and wounne
An endlesse Fame abroad, and Name at home;
Shewing the glorie of each Conquest great,
And Victorie obtained in brave defeat.

LAWDER.



THE SCOTTISH SOVLDIR.

A Rme, arme, to Armes, the Trumpets found each where,
And Drummes doe beate in ev'rie Martiall eare:
Rouze vp, my brave and valiant Countrie-men,
The golden Age doth now returne againe,
In which our swords shall sheare enough vnsowne,
And make the fruits of everie field our owne:
The harvest of true Honour draweth neere,
When everie head that would a Laurell weare
Must clad in shyning Steele march to the field,
And gather Crownes which farrowes then will yeeld.
While Kings enthron'd in dust doe gasping lie,
And clouds of smoake eclipse the Sunne and skie:
Which Cannons thundring throats doe vomite forth,
Where death and danger shoves to trye true Worth:
O what a brave occasion have you now!
To make the Earth and all her Monarchs bow
To your victorious Armes; which heretofore
No forraine yoke of bondage ever bore,
When all the sur-face of this spacious Round,
Where either Land or Iland could bee found,
That might inlarge *Romes* Empire was made thrall
Her ravenous Eagles soaring over all,
You kept your bounds unconquer'd to this day,
And did *Romes* Empire bound, her conquests stay,
And made her power: full hoasts your harme so feare,
That they hogg R. imparts of defence did reare

A 3

From

THE SCOTISH

From axe-armed *Scots* invasion, you who ne're
By any stranger yet subdued were,
If Heavens great favour you implore a while:
Which never did but on your Armies smile,
You may presume (and with good hope) to bring,
The Worlds adore the *Leon* for her King:
For why were you reserved ever free,
If not the Emperours of this *Earth* to be?
Our Nation ever hath most Noble bene,
And all the Neighbouring World hath wondring sent,
More Worthies, sent from hence in forraine Warre,
Whose Courage greatest dangers could not marre,
Then ever any Kingdome all about.
Could for her owne defence at home bring out,
For Warre hath bene the practice of this Land.
Since *Fergus* footed first our *Scots* Island,
And ere our fathers in the World did come,
They heard th' Alarums in their mothers wombe,
Which made them all borne Souldiers, for the teild
Their birth-place was, their cradle was a shield,
Why should not we then, sprung of warrlike race,
Our worthie grandsires wayes and footings trace?
To show this wretched world that courage bold,
Doeth live in vs which shinde in them of old,
And that our World-divided He can send,
To drowne all lands forth a deluge of Men.
Brave fellows! doe but backe reflect your sight,
On Ages past, with wonder and delight,
You will transported find an uncouth fire
Burne in your breasts with flames of brave desire.
To make you one day like these *Heros* great,
Whose memorie liues fresh and valour yet,
And of whose loynes while they this land defended,
You were in armes begot and are descended.
Behold in *France* eight hundred yeares and more,
To *Charlemagne* foure thousand *Scots* sent o're,

Se-

SOLDIER

Securd his Kingdome from the *Saxon* harmes,
And well deservde with their defensive armes,
For which the Lillyes of our golden feild,
Enclose the Lion in our Royall sheild.

Behold two thousand in *Ierusalem*,
Braue Champions of the faith, true *Scotish* men:
Led by great *Hugo Phillip's* brother bold,
Who then the scepter of faire *France* did hold.

Behold the holy King *saint Lewys* then,
Proud to lead on three thousand *Scots* againe.
To *Palestine*, whilst that braue Earle of *March*,
Their Captaine by his side did stourelie march,
Of whose assistance finding so much good,
Our third King *Alexanders* helpe he su'd,
And had two thousand more sent to his needes,
Whom *Asbells* Earle and *Carrists* Counte did lead.

Behold our second *David* arme for ayde,
To *lohn* of *France* three thousand Souldiers, led
By *William* Earle of *Douglas*, which did all
In *Poissou* with the *French* in bawle fall.

Behold our *Robert* send to *Charles* againe,
Seuen thousand, stout and Warrelike fighting Men,
Of which *Iohn* Earle of *Buchan* Gen'rall went,
And there the Earle of *Wigtonn*, though not sent,
Who in these warres deservd so well of *France*,
That *Charles* brave *Buchans* merite to advance
Made him great *Constable* of *France*, and sent
Backe all his noble bandes againe, content
Till time requirde their ayde, and calide them ore,
To *France* supplied with three thousand more.

All these, and many thousands more of late,
Have in their freinds defence gainde honors great.
The *Douglasses* long *Dikes* of *Toursaine* were,
The *Hamiltons* of *Chastelraunt* yet are,
The *Stuarts* Lords of *Aubigny* till now,
Whose gran *Asyres* to that height of greatnesse grew,

A 3

That

S OVLADIER.

That one of them had absolute command
Ore all the gaged Souldiers of the Land.
Another governd *Milans* state and reyne
And one in *Naples* Vice-Roy did reigne,
Who after liv'd great Generall to bee
Of all the force of *France* in *Italies*
And of that Armie which hee hither led
In *England* sent vnto seventh *Henries* aide.
What noble minds not ravish'd is to read,
In th' Annalls of those noble *Heroes* dead,
Whose worth surviving time, shall never die
But live enrolled in Eternitie?
O brave and happie Ghosts! for ever rest
In heavens triumphant glorie crownde and blest,
That you may from the rolling Sphaeres above
Behold the bodies where your Soules doe move,
Assisted with your happie influence,
Live ever famous in all ages hence
To doe great things as you have done before,
Whose memory and Names time doth adore.
And you my Country-men cast vp your eyes
On those bright starres now fixt in honours skyes;
Glasse in their glorious deedes your actions all,
Now while this brave occasion doth you call,
Shunne sluggish rest, and that lethargicke sleepe,
Which doth your soules so long intranced keepe
In the base shadowes of obscuritie.
Up, up, awake that all the World may see,
The *Scottish* Souldier glistring in bright Steele,
To make the Earth to stagger, shake and reele,
Drunke with her dwellers blood, who dare withstand
Refusing *Charles* his yoke, when you command
To draw his waine, and proud triumphant Carre,
Betwixt the *Artick* and *Antartick* starre.
Let *Tyber*s streames no more runne crysall hued,
But black with goare, and *Danube* swell embr.ed

With

THE SCOTISH

With crimson colourd brookes, whose currants fall.
Downe from the mountaines, and the valleyes all,
Wherewith your swordes the sources opened bee,
To make the Ocean all but one Red Sea.

Then, as this happy soyle hath lent you birth,
Which earst did bring so many great ones forth,
Shows you are valourous, and *Scotts* men true,
Whose arms can worlds of Enemies subdue;
Shake off all ease, and for soft beds of downe
To rest vpon the stony earth lie downe.

Make Water Nectar, which you muddie drinke
Into a Morrian, and never thinke
On *VVine*, nor on that fine and daintie fare
For which no soule but pampred slaves do care:
Away those vaine attires of strange disguise
And gaudie clothes which glance in Ladies eyes.
The Corset will become you better farre
And mould you brauelie like to men of *VVarre*,
Let painted puppies, womanish conceates,
Court monkies, which on fauour's smile awaits,
Fard, frize, and paince, for me, I never seeke
To haue a better collour on my cheekes,
Then when the dust and sweate doe hide my face,
Me thinkes such grim-nesse is a Souldiers grace:
And for that softnesse mignard yourthes affect,
My humor scornes it in disdaind neglect,

Let me still heare the Cannons thundring voice,
In terror threatch ruine, that sweet noyse
Rings in my eares more pleasing than the sound
Of any Musickes consort can bee found.
Show mee two Armies which embattled stand,
VVith Squadrons spred abroad on euerie hand:
And readie to encounter: such a sight
Doth more bereaue my senses with delight
Than all the pompous shewes the Court affords,
And Mignons masks of Ladye. and of Lords.

SOLDIER.

To see them give a charge, make a retraite,
 Heere a Battallion broke, there one defaite,
 A troupe of horse charge footmen on the flanks;
 Who closelic keepe their order, and their ranks,
 The Pikes stand like a Forrest broad and faire,
 And streight presenting make a front all-where,
 To heare the Trumpets sound, drummes thundring round,
 Make Heaven and earth, the Sea and land resound,
 As if this All should suddainelic bee brought
 To that confusion whence it first was wrought.
 Then to see legs and armes torne ragged lie,
 And bodies gasping all dismembred lie;
 One head beste off another, while the hand
 Sheaths in his neighbour's breast his bloodie brand,
 A Cannon bullet take a Rank away,
 A Volley of small shot eclipse the day
 With smoke of sulphure, which no sooner clears,
 But death and horrour everie where appears,
 The Vantguards joyne, of which the one overthrowes
 The other, and ere all their bellies goes:
 And then the Barles meete, at which doth stry
 The victorie and fortune of the dry.
 There wounds with wounds are pryed, and death with death
 There, furie offreth to a conquering wrath.
 The dying groanes of such as durst affront
 A noble Courage, which did theirs surmount.
 Where glorie binds her palmes about the head,
 Who for true honour doth no danger dread,
 But as a Lyon, roaring to asswage
 Among the heards of sheepe his hungers rage,
 Doth teare and rend, byte, kill on everie side,
 Vnill his appetite bee satisfied,
 So hee makes all about him find his blowes,
 Whose weight who ever findeth downward goes:
 Then fall the conquerde Ensignes to the ground,
 With those that bare them vp in blood now drown'd.

The

THE SCOTISH SOLDIER.

The Conquerours cry aloud, the conquerd die,
 And sigh their last to see that *Victorie*:
 VVhilt a retraite is sounding over all
 The Victors troups in order backe to call
 VVho rich in honopr, and in bootie come
 Charge with their Enemies spoyles triumphant home.

These are the glorious shoves which in mine eyes
 Surpasse all glisring pompe and vanities.

The Campe is my Court, wherein a Corslet clad,
 I find more ease of mind, and walk more glad
 Than hee who lac'd in gold and velvet goes
 Proud of the silken gloze of fading clothes.

The trenches are my walkes where oft for sport,
 And recreation sweet I doe resort,

There midst the flames of lightning, and the rayne,
 Of Musquet bullets pour'd on hundreds slayne.

I walke securelie, and with more content,
 Than if my howres were in soft pleasure spent.

If any new designe or Enterprise
 Be hatch'd, in which apparent danger lies,

And none but such as faine wold honour winne,
 Dare venter or attempt, O! there I runne

As others to a scall, and when I scale
 A Towne or for, and see our plott prevails,

Though death did marre my way, my wishe goes even,
 I'de thinke it were the way to honors heaven.

This way our grandsires went, this way our fires,
 This way must hee to honour who aspires,

By this our brephren in these latter dayes,
 Have in the Schooles of VVarre beene crown'd with bayes

Shall wee who follow them degenerate
 And not bee like our valiant Country-men?

VVho when calme peace at home their minds did marre,
 Did seeke employment into foraine VVarre,

As *Holland* well can witness, who did find
 Their friendly help, and first did prove them kind

Of any neighbour Nation, when oppress'd

B

VVith

THE SCOTISH

With Tyrannic she first her neck did wrest
 From Spaines hard yoke, and did her power disdain
 A slated freedome since to entertain
 By force of Armes, though not her owne God knowes,
 For all her Conquests to our Court she owes,
 A noble share which shee forgetting now
 Her vile ingratitude doth baselie show.
 For had they not at *Neyport* fought it out,
 When but an handfull left, enclosed about,
 The fortune of that day had not bene good;
 But they would scale it with their dearest blood:
 And by the Victorie at such a rate,
 As might deserve more thanks, if friendly met.

The *German* Warres a number did invite,
 For our *Elizabeth*'s Crowne with her to fight,
 Who all alike were in her losses lost,
 So Heavns have in those parts our parties cross't.
 But yet wee hope to see the day againe,
 On which than ere more glorious shee shall reigne;
 When *Heidelberg*, which now her want doth mourne,
 Her siges of sorrow in sweet Songs shall turne,
 And her Triumphant bands shall march along
 The banks of *Rhene* remembering former wrong,
 And make the flood Nymphes blush for joy to see
 Their *Queen* returns in pompe of Majestic.

Denmark our gallants daylie doth employ
 In hard exploits to worke their foes annoy,
 And finds them prove true *Scotsmen* like themselves
 Where blood empurpleth oft the steames of *Elve*.

Sweden explores the ayde of *Scottish* bands,
 Which in her best defence most bravelie stands
 Against the fierce *Polonian* *Cassaques* force,
 And sees them shrike the Squadrons of their horse.

The World all finds our help, or feares our harme,
 If once our *CHARLES* should in his anger arme,
 O what an Armie then should spread her winges?
 Over all *Europe*'s face to daunt her Kinges!

When

SOLDIER.

When *England* is our owne with vs to goe,
What may wee not whom can wee not orethrow?
If God bee not against our great designs,
Where *Sunne* doth rise, and where his *Carre* declines,
From frozen *Zembla* to the torride *Zone*,
Thence to the Southerne *Cape* wee'll make our owne,
And all shall be great *Brittaines* Empire wide,
Having no neighbours but the *Seas* beside.

Goe to then braue, and hopefull *Scottish* brood,
And with your *Swords* let out the boyling blood,
Of the sicke *World* in time, before shee bee
Full brainesicke taken with a frenesie
Left in her madnesse hauing double strength,
Shee proue vndannsd head-strong at the length,
And cannot be in that subiection tide
In which is fit shee should to you abide:
First in the right arme *France*, set ope a veyne
To weaken her, then in the left arme *Spain*,
Rippe vp another, whereby shee may bleed,
Out all that may or can infect the head,
But never bind them vp vntill the goare,
Haue made a *Sea*, & *Sea* without a shoare.

Time serues you now, come *Cavaliers* or never,
(Whom *Heavens* haue ioyn'd no *Earthlie* powre can sever)
Braue *Scottes* and *English* ioyne your hearts and hands,
As loue hath done your long diuided lands,
Put both your *Crosses* white and red in one,
To fill *Great Charles* his standard with a sunne:
Which shall oreshine with glorious spreading beames,
The *Vniuersall* *World* in fire gleames:
And make his *Enemies* for feare looke blacke
Or at the sight dash, flie and turne their backe
For honours sake and for your *Countries* fame,
As now this *Iland* all hath but one Name,
One *King*, one *Faith*, one *Language*, and one *Laws*,
So let one *Loue* your *Hearts* together drawe,
That all *Scottes*, *English*, *English-Scottes*, may be,

THE SCOTISH OR.

Poffest with that same minde which ruleth mee.
Then wee shall see that long expected day,
VVhen all our Lordings armde, shall cast away
The frizled perwigges, powders, and perfumes,
VVhich for minine conceits no *Man* becomes,
And put on plumed casques with loslie crests
Vpon their heads, and Coiffes on their breasts,
And for soft carpets in the Court, betake
Themselves vpon the ground their beds to make,
A stone for pillowe shall support their heads,
VVithin these curtaines which starrde Heaven spreads.
The raine and snow shall then best incense prove,
To purge the rowme, and loathsome smells remove,
Their dyet such as bounteous heaven hath sent
Vpon Occasion, yeelding true Content,
And for a table eat it on the grasse,
Their hands to drinke the water for a glasse,
Or golden Bowle, in which they shall not neede
To feare mixt poyson, or to drinke with dread,
For save the dust and mud horse feete haue made,
Of worse their neatnesse need not bee affrayde.

This is the life the *Souldier* lives and loves,
VVhich though it painefull bee, great pleasure proves.
And I doe thinke my selfe as happy then
VVhen I see nothing el. but armed *Mrs*,
As hee whose eyes doe stare his wretched gold,
VVhich doth his soole a chained captive hold
VVithin a chest, and never doth delight
But when his posses set into his fight.

The VVorld is made to serue the vse of *Men*,
I have enough what need I further than;
Tis *Honour* which I aime at, and to gaine
That sweetnes all the fowrnesse of my paine:
That is the scope to which my minde aspires,
That is the Sovereigne of my Soules desires.

Arme, arme, to armes the Trumpets sound all. where,
And Drummes doe beate in ev'rie Martiall care.

FINIS.

4




A MONVMENT,

to the Memorie of the most noble,
and generous, Sr. W. Cuninghame,
Captaine of an Horse trowpe,
killed in the Ile of RETZ.

Sr.
W·Y·C

HEERE lyes
Beneath this heape
Of bones, in quiet sleepe
A Knight who never dyer,
SCOTLAND did lend him birth,
And vaunterh of His WORTH,
Bohemia's and the GERMANE VVarres
Bred from a Boye this hopefull MARS,
Vntill the service of his LORD and KING
Did challenge his first flowres in Valours spring,
Those RETZ did gather whilst they did but bud,
And watring drownde the tree in FRANCE'S blood,
The Soldiers, Honour, Love, have reard this loftie frame,
To shrowde the sacred ashes of Couragious CUNINGHAME.

LAWDER.



NOMINIS ET ELOGII AVTHORIS,

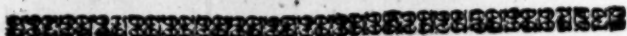
ANALEMMA.

A u t h o r i s	}	Nomen	}	Magister Georgius Laderus.
				Augr.
		Elogium.		Armiger, laude gestis surgo.
				Sunt Artibus Arma decori.

CARMEN.

Armiger & gestis surgo cum laude, Laderus.
Sic decori mea sunt, artibus arma meis.

G. Ballendinus.



Ad authorem, Encomiasticum.

Laus in laudato, non in laudante locanda est,
Et sequitur meritum, corpus ut umbra, suum:
Fiet adulator, lator, laudator, eisdem,
Quando quis indignos laudat honore viros.
Tu neq; laudis eges, nec nostro augeberis ore
Sufficit in lauder, ipse Ludere tui.
Nom velut artificis rutilo lapis amulus igni
Spernit opem, proprio plus satis orbe micans;
Sic tua nullius vires plus indiga laudis,
Ipsa suo gaudet, te sibi vate sacis.
Sorta tibi data prima togæ, deus altera vili,
Sic juveni gemina est laurea parva tibi:
Ista viram est virtus, non vni insistere, calli,
Ast verâq; viâ, carpere laudis iter.
Pergito cedere Neptæ, et quam potes, asserere laudem,
Assere in æternos post tua facta dies.
Assere, prolixo est, et si non fuerit ipsa
Invidia, in laudes fac crepet vsq; tuas.

G. Ballendinus.

WIGHT.

To the Kings most excellent
Majesty.

BY

LAVVDER

SVNT ARTIBVS ARMA QVORV

EDINBURGH

Printed by *John Wreilton*, and are
to be sold at his Shop, sitle be-
neath the saic Trone. 1639.

To his sacred Maiestie

D I disdain not mightie Monarch to give care
To this poore Nymph, who humbly doth entreats
Thine ayde, and pardon for her Song, which feare
In such a lowlye strain to THEE so great,
Presumes vpon thy goodnesse to present,
And by a Souldiers hand is to THEE sent.

By your Maiestie most humble subject,
servant and Souldier,

LAWDER.

WIGHT.

A Bout what time the faire *Letoes* Sonne
To light this lower Round, the round did runne
In which the Heavens sterne *Archer* standing, poures
His falling shafts on earth in frequent showres:
One day, as day the mornings blush did cleere,
And Starres eclips'd dy'd in our *Hemispheres*,
The winds were whist, heaven loud on Sea and land,
And a sad silence did the World command:
When midst the smoothed marble of the Maine
Neere *Albions* South shore, appeared plaine
A sweet and statelie *Nymph*, to heave her head
Above the waters faire, her locks did spread
Their golden curls her shoulders all about,
And flood-like flowde to where they late sprung out.
A flowrie *Anademe* her temples crownd,
Which was of Oake and Ivie branches bound,
Her right hand held a dart *Dians*-like,
With which shee wount the flying *Staggeto* strike,
The waves about her softlie swelling, raise
A chrystall Throne, on which shee sat and gaz'd
The Seas and shoares about a prettie while,
With an amazed looke and wondrous smite.
Then, on the neighbouring Coast here eyes shee cast,
And thus her silence did breake off at last.

What sad mischaunce hath caus'd this vncouth change?
Why looks the hills and mountaines all so strange?
What murmuring noise and whispers doe I heare?
And sounds of sorrow eechoing in mine eare,
How looks my sister *Albion* now so sad?
Why loone-cast brow who sung but late so glad?
Tell mee you muttering brookes hills daughters faire
Why weeps you so, and teare your silver haire?

C

And

Wight.

And meeting heere in *Rapinnes* watric court
Why leave you off your wounded joyes and sport?
Ay mee! what may this bee? some heavic losse
It feares mee much, or something that doth crosse
The publick well at home, or some sad newes
Of Warres abroad, which Fame doth now infuse
In everie eare; what ever losse it bee,
The Heavens defend my *Charles*, and he'll keepe Mea.

But ah! I see the cause why all things mourne,
The fleet from *Rex* doth homeward now returne,
But with great losse alace! of valiant Knights,
And worthy Captaines killd in bloody fights:
Of which my Sonne braue *Bastowes* was the first,
A *Souldier* from the cradle bred and nursd,
And many of those gallants, who but late:
Did live with mee, attending this sad fate.
For when they parted hence, faire *Wight*, said they
Forewell, now fortune calleth vs away,
Wee must begone, yet Heaven shall witness bee,
In absent fights how wee have loved Thee.
Poore Soules! they now sleepe in eternall rest,
May their poore bones no trouble more molest:
Ah cursed *Rex*! for ever cursed bee,
Thou art the ground of all this greife we see,
Thy love hath causd our losse, thy wine our woe,
Thy salt our sorrow which doth vexe vs so.
How many thousands but for thee have di'd?
By sea and land, and fire and sword have tri'd?
Thy Sister *Belgia*, earst to keepe thee free,
Venerd her children, state, and libertie:
Yet lost thee and her children, and almost
(Had not Heaven fought for her) her halfe the lost.
When brainfick *Belgia* sent her shippes from farre,
To fight with God (in that vngodlie Warre,
In which shee to her shame the cloake did teare
Of true Religion, which her selfe did weare,

To

WIGHT.

To cover her rebellion not long since,
 When shee revoked from her lawfull Prince.)
 And even my *Charles* (deceau'd I must avow)
 Did lend his helpe his freinds to overthrow.
 O thou unhappie Nymph canst not bee good!
 Whose beaury must be bought so deare with blood,
 And none can e're enjoy but jealousie,
 In hazard of some rivallemie.

But what doe I exclaime? 'twas Heavens decree
 The land should suffer and no fault in thee.
 This Nations finnes haue made these Armies smart,
 And Pride is punishd now with just desert,
 All see it and confess't, then let vs now,
 With truelie humbled hearts our bodies bow
 Before the throne of Heavens abundant grace,
 And with vnfeined teares first beg Gods peace,
 Then make just Warre abroad, that he may blesse
 Our Armes, and good designes with glad successe,
 Else never looke to act what wee intend,
 Nor bring but shame vnto our selues in end.
 The world now laughs to see vs brought so low,
 Who boasted so great things a while agoe,
France, who before shee saw what wee could doe
 Even trembled at our Name, doth taunt vs now,
 And threatens an invasion, shee who late
 Halfe graunted all we crav'd at easie rate,
 And had begunne to talke and speake vs faire,
 But for to bee well vsd, shee was so neare:
 Now shee with *Spaine* secur'd, doth scoffing stand,
 And both doe boast to over-runne this land.
 Sweet sister doe not you despise their threattes;
 Nor be deceavd too farre with selfe conceaites,
 In trusting to your fleeting Castles strength,
 As *Queene* of th' Ocean, but expect at length,
 Atter so long you now that right maintaine,
 Since blest *Luz's* dayes and happie raigne,

WIGHT.

To see your fleet cōfronted with a fleet,
Which may bee made (who knowes) with yours to meete.
Still judge the worst; and so in time provide,
That wee may after any storme abide
Both you and I, who heere (God knowes) doe lye,
Naked, and open to each Enemie.

And shall I still be so without defence?
A prey exposd to forraine violence?
Doe I deterne no better? is faire *Wight*
Of so small worth into her *Charles* his sight?
Shee whom great *Nephtine* loues and doth embrace,
And Heavens haue blessed with so sweet a face,
Whose in whose losse all *Albion* should be lost.
If forraine force were Conqueror of her coast:
Why I am worthie of a *Prinse*'s loue
And even my lookes may his good liking moue:
Lesse worthie haue benee *Queenes*, nor am I proud,
To thinke I may be of proud *Her* woo'd,
Or of the mignard *French* who would be glad,
As he expectes to haue me to his bed,
Say he should court me in rough compliment,
And driue my weakenesse to a forc'd consent:
Vpon what termes could I withstand his sute.
Or with what strong refusall hold him out?
I am a *Woman*, and as women bee
Feeble, (when forc'd alone,) relies nor in me,
Thus helpelesse, hopelesse, subiect to all harmes,
To oppose a fortier when hee fies in armes,
Had I assistance of assur'd defence,
And were secur'd from forreine insolence,
With fortresses, in which I durst repose,
Then I could laugh, and never feare to lose,
Nor honour, nor that Iewell of my life,
My *Chastitie* to be a strangers Wife.

Great *Charles* but once be pleas'd to cast an eye,
Vpon poore *Wight*, who for thine aide doth cry.

Dan.

WIGHT.

Danger doth threaten, and it seemes, is neare,
 Preuent it, and forgieue a Womans feare,
 Take some good course that I may still be thine,
 In spite of all thine Enemies and mine.
 My Child ren from the wombe are bred for VVarre,
 And armd in my defence dare goe as farre
 As any Nation that the sunne doth see,
 But haue no strength to sheeld themselues nor me,
 If once a stranger land, my castles all,
 Should quicklie in their ruines see vs fall,
 And even that *Fort which built vpon my brest, *Ceres-brooke
 Is in the worlds vaine hope accounted best, castle.
 If once my dwellers should be driuen there,
 Is but of small defence, t'would proue a snare:
 Within short space, and ere thine ayde could come,
 I should be spoyld, burnd, wasted, and vndone,
 Let me but haue one place which can receaue,
 If neede should be (a siege) myne owne to saue,
 You see how *Rex* who was as weake as I
 A while but since did all our force defie,
 Tho'gh thou were Lord of both the Sea and Land,
 Her victualls and all succours to withstand,
 I am not soya weaker hold to me
 Were of more hope, and haue the Ocean free,
 VVhich neither *France* nor *Spayne* for all their boastes,
 Can ever barre from thee to braue thy Coastes.
 Then while Time serues the hazard to preuent,
 Prouide, ere Time be sloathfullie mis-spent,
 All with me well, but onelie thou canst make me
 Most happie if in thy defence thou take me,
 My sisters Children from the furthest North,
 Of *Albany* and from the bankes of *Forth*,
 Bound for thy seruice in these Warres of *France*,
 Are false into my handes by happie chance,
 And now doe liue with me in such delight,
 That they are all enamoured of thy Wight.

Tca

WIGHT.

Yea they doe sigh to see mee in this case,
Expoid to evry strangers rude embrace;
And ere they saw me forced would venter all,
Their liues, and blood in my defence to fall.

Once more excuse this importunite
Great *Charles*, and though my sexes modestie
Forbid to wooe thee so, yet think how deare
Mine honour, and my Childrens liues appeare
To mine owne eyes, and evry loving Mother,
And then I hope thy gracious thoughtes will smother
The fashion of my sute, and let me haue
Thy Royall ayde, and what my need doth craue.

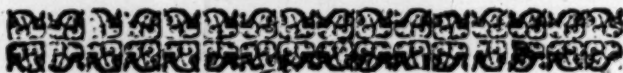
So may as many *Laurels* bind thy browes,
In glorious conquests, and great overthrowes,
Of Enemies, by thee in *Triumph* led,
As there be lampes in Heaven when light is fled;
And may Heavens blessing shield thy Crowne and State,
To make thee once *Great Britaines Charles the Great*.

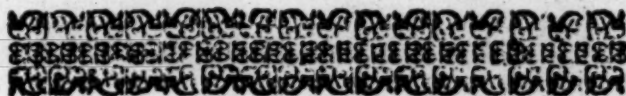
This when the Nymph had sayd, shee turnd about,
And div'd beneath the deep where shee came out,
The trembling marble where shee hid her head,
A hundred rounds about the place did spread.

Heaven streight-way smil'd, and *Phabus* shining bright,
His golden beames beate on the Ile of *Wight*.

FINIS.

*Sunt Aribus Arma
Decoris.
LAWDER*





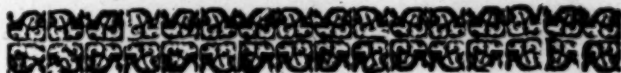
TO THE MEMORY OF THE GENERALLIE
BEVALLED, Sr. IHON BURROWES,
COLONELL GENERALL AT THE
ISLE OF RITZ, WHERE
HEE WAS SLAYNE.

STAY Passenger, and read vpon this Stone
A Tragick Story, in the losse of one
By Fates vntimelic stroake entomb'd heere,
Who *Mars* his mignon was, the *Muses* deare,
A *Souldier* and a *Schollar*, one by birth
As truelic Noble, as for Vertuous *Worth*,
The *Buckler* and the *Booke* were his delightes,
To lead the armed *Arms* to fields and fights
No lady but *Minerva* he did loue,
Anothers lookes could not his likeing moue,
His Valor *Holland* witness'd, *Spaine* adores,
France feard, admird, and *England* now deploares.
To tell thee who it is let this suffice,
Heere Noble, *Valiant*, *Learn'd*, *Brave* BURROWES, lies.

SUNT ARTIBVS ARMA DECOR.

LAWDIA.

FINIS.



Collated 1704
7/5/33 R.S.