LYTON STRACHEY

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3 vols.
LIT.
Hudibras

by

Samuel Butler
SAMUEL BUTLER

Born 1612?
Died 1680
SAMUEL BUTLER

HUDIBRAS

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF THE LATE WARS

THE TEXT EDITED BY

A. R. WALLER

CAMBRIDGE:
at the University Press
1905
NOTE.

The first edition of the First Part of Samuel Butler's Hudibras was 'Printed by J. G. for Richard Marriot, under Saint Dunstan's Church in Fleet street. 1663.' It was published anonymously and carries the 'Imprimatur' of 'Jo: Berkenhead. Novemb. II. 1662.' The title runs thus:—HUDIBRAS. | THE FIRST PART. | Written in the time of the late Wars. |, followed by the design of a wreath. The book measures 4½ × 7 ins., contains 268 pages, and a few errata are given at the foot of the last page. Though dated 1663, it was on sale soon after the date of the License, for Mr Pepys, who does not seem to have been greatly attracted to the poem at his first reading, records, under date December 26, 1662: 'To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use called Hudebras, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s. 6d. But when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warres, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d.' He appears, however, to have repented of this rash act, for six weeks later (February 6, 1662–3) he writes: 'And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought Hudibras again, it being certainly some ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be an example of wit;
for which I am resolved once again to read him, and see whether I can find it or no.' (Ed. Wheatley, 1893.)

The Second Part, 'By the Authour of the First,' was 'Printed by T. R. for John Martyn, and James Allestry at the Bell in St Pauls Church Yard, 1664.' A block on the title page contains the design of a bell and the publishers' initials 'M A' interlaced. The 'Imprimatur' is signed 'Roger L'Estrange. Novemb. 5th. 1663.' The book measures 4½ x 7 ins., contains 216 pages and has a few errata noted at the foot of the last page.

These first editions of Parts I. and II. do not contain either the 'Annotations' or 'An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to Sidrophel,' which were added later. Both parts were 'corrected and amended, with several additions and annotations' in 1674. An issue of the year 1678 forms the basis of the present edition, and in the Appendix will be found the variations between the issues of 1678 and the first editions of 1663–4.

'The Third and last Part. Written by the Author of the First and Second Parts,' 'Printed for Simon Miller, at the sign of the Star at the West End of St Pauls,' (4 x 7 ins.) was published in 1678 and reprinted in 1679, from a copy of which later issue the present text has been printed. A few trifling variations between 1678 and 1679 will be found noted in the Appendix to the present edition, where also will be found a list of errors in the three parts deemed to be misprints and therefore altered in the present text.

Of the numerous editions which appeared after the death of Butler, mention need only be made of the elaborately annotated two volume edition of Zachary Grey, L.L.D., 'Adorn'd with a new Set of Cuts' (by Hogarth), published at Cambridge in 1744 and 'Printed vi
NOTE


The purchaser of early editions of Butler's *Hudibras* may be warned against the spurious or pirated issues that accompanied the first edition of Part I.; the particulars given above should suffice to identify the first genuine impression. The matter is further complicated by the existence of genuine texts in a smaller state, concerning which Lowndes (ed. H. G. Bohn, 1862) states 'When the legitimate “author's edition,” in small 8vo. came out in 1663, another smaller edition, the size of the spurious one, appears to have been published at the same time, and by the same publishers, probably to compete in cheapness with its rival.'

I have taken the alternative readings of Parts I. and II. from the copy of the first genuine 8vo. state in the Cambridge University Library (Syn. 7, 66, 55). Of the various states of the first edition of Part III. particulars are given in an interesting correspondence in *Notes and Queries*, 6th ser., vi. pp. 108, 150, 276, 311, 370 and 454. The copies collated in the preparation of the present text are those in the British Museum (G. 11450 and 11623. c. 23. (2.)). A useful bibliography of illustrated editions of *Hudibras*, translations, spurious editions, imitations, etc., will be found in Mr R. B. Johnson's edition of the poetical works of Samuel Butler, Vol. i., 1893, and some interesting states of the early issues of
NOTE

Parts I. and II. are described in Messrs Pickering and Chatto’s Book Lover’s Leaflet, No. 137.

The method adopted in the editing of the present text is the same as that adopted for the other volumes of the Cambrudge English Classics. Evident misprints in punctuation have been corrected but all such cases are set forth in the Appendix at the end. In all other respects, what are now regarded as eccentricities of punctuation have been left as originally printed, just as inconsistencies of spelling have been left ‘unedited.’ Even to students who have only acquired a slight familiarity with the literature of two or three hundred years ago, the ‘pointing’ of those days is no more a stumbling-block than the spelling; it is no greater hindrance to appreciation and understanding; and it gives to the general reader an added sense of nearness to the actual form in which the author made his appearance.

A. R. WALLER.

Cambridge,
16 December, 1904.
HUDIBRAS.

The First and Second Parts.

Written in the Time of the Late Wars.

CORRECTED & AMENDED,
With
Several Additions and Annotations.

LONDON:

Printed by T. N. for John Martyn and Henry Herringman, at the Bell in St. Pauls Church-yard, and at the Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1678.
The Argument of the First Canto.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth:
His Arms and Equipage are shown;
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

CANTO I.

When civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why,
When hard Words, Jealousies, and Fears,
Set Folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for Punk,
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When Gospel-Trumpeter surrounded,
With long-ear'd rout to Battel sounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling.
A Wight he was, whose very sight wou’d
Entitle him *Mirror of Knighthood*;
That never bent his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on Shoulder-blade:
Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel or for Warrant:
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o’er, as swaddle.
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl’d of *War* as well as *Peace*.
(So some Rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the Land or Water)
But here our Authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise, or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howsoe’er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his Brain
Outweigh’d his Rage but half a Grain:
Which made some take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call’d a Fool.
And offer to lay wagers that
As *Mountaigne* playing with his Cat,
Complains she thought him but an Ass,
Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*.
(For that’s the Name our valiant Knight
To all his Challenges did write.)
But they’re mistaken very much,
’Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H’ was very shie of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about.
Unless on Holy-days, or so,
As Men their best Apparel do.
Beside, ’tis known he could speak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs squeek:
That *Latine* was no more difficile,
Than to a Black-bird ’tis to whistle.
FIRST PART, CANTO I

Being rich in both, he never scanted
His Bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford,
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew Roots, although th' are found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd:
And truely so perhaps, he was
'Tis many a Pious Christians case.

He was in Logick a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.
He could distinguish, and divide
A Hair 'twixt South and South-West side:
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.
He'd prove a Buzard is no Fowl,
And that a Lord may be an Owl,
A Calf an Alderman, a Goose a Justice,
And Rooks Committee-men, and Trustees;
He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
And pay with Ratiocination.
All this by Syllogism, true
In mood and Figure, he would do.

For Rhetorick he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
And when he hapned to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk,
For all a Rhetoricians Rules,
Teach nothing but to name his Tools,
His ordinary Rate of Speech
In loftiness of sound was rich,
HUDIBRAS

A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect.
It was a parti-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and pyball'd Languages:
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin.
It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one.
Which made some think when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three Labou'rs of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A Leash of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent.
And truly to support that charge
He had supplies as vast and large.
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit:
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on.
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The Ignorant for currant took 'em.
That had the Orator who once,
Did fill his Mouth with Pibble Stones
When he harangu'd, but known his Phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In Mathematicks he was greater
Than Tycho Brabe, or Erra Pater:
For he, by Geometrick scale,
Could take the size of Pots of Ale;
Resolve by Signs and Tangents streight,
If Bread or Butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The Clock doth strike, by Algebra.

Beside he was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read every Text and gloss over:
What e'er the crabbed'st Author hath
He understood b' implicit Faith,
What ever Sceptick could inquire for;
For every why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by Rote,
And as occasion serv’d, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong:
They might be either said or sung.
His Notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook th’ one
For th’ other, as great Clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abstracts,
Where Entity and Quiddity
The Ghosts of defunct Bodies fly;
Where Truth in Person does appear,
Like words congeal’d in Northern Air.
He knew what’s what, and that’s as high
As Metaphysick Wit can fly,
In School Divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;
Profound in all the Nominal
And real ways beyond them all;
And with as delicate a Hand,
Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand.
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull
That’s empty when the Moon is full;
Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That’s to be lett unfurnished.
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
And after solve’em in a trice:
As if Divinity had catch’d
The Itch, of purpose to be scratch’d;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab her self with doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The sores of faith are cur’d again;
Although by woeful proof we find,
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew the Seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies:
And as he was dispos'd, could prove it,
B[elow] the Moon, or else above it.
What Adam dreamt of when his Bride
Came from her Closet in his side:
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a High Dutch Interpreter:
If either of them had a Navel;
Who first made Musick malleable:
Whether the Serpent at the fall
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.
All this without a Gloss or Comment,
He would unriddle in a moment:
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his Religion it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blew,
For he was of that stubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant:
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of Pike and Gun;
Decide all Controversies by
Infallible Artillery;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apostolick Blows and Knocks;
Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,
A godly-thorough-Reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done:
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies
In odd perverse Antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss:
More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
Than Dog distraé, or Monky sick.
That with more care keep Holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way:
Compound for Sins, they are inclin’d to;
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp’d God for spight,
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All Piety consists therein
In them, in other Men all Sin.
Rather than fail, they will defie
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with mine’d Pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, Plum-porridge;
Fat Pig and Goose it self oppose,
And blaspheme Custard through the Nose.
Th’ Apostles of this fierce Religion,
Like Mahomet’s, were Ass and Widgeon,
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,
As if Hipocrisie and Non-sence
Had got th’ Advouson of his Conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter’d,
We mean on th’ inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen Sirs, it followeth thus:

His tawny Beard was th’ equal grace
Both of his Wisdom and his Face;
In Cut and Dy so like a Tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was Whey,
The nether Orange mixt with Grey.
This hairy Meteor did denounce
The fall of Scepters and of Crowns;
With grizly type did represent
HUDIBRAS

Declining Age of Government;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own grave and the State’s were made.
Like Sampson’s Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the publick downfall.
It was Canonick, and did grow
In Holy Orders by strict vow;
Of Rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
’Twas bound to suffer Persecution
And Martyrdom with resolution;
’T’ oppose it self against the hate
And vengeance of th’ incensed State:
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull’d and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur’d,
Revil’d, and spit upon, and martyr’d.
Maugre all which, ’twas to stand fast,
As long as Monarchy should last.
But when the State should hap to reel,
’Twas to submit to fatal Steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate
A Sacrifice to fall of State;
Whose thred of life the fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its Whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty Sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

So learned Taliacotius from
The brawny part of Porter’s Bum,
Cut supplemental Noses, which
Would last as long as Parent breech:
But when the Date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.
FIRST PART, CANTO I

His Back, or rather Burthen show'd  
As if it stoop'd with its own load.  
For as Æneas bore his Sire,  
Upon his S[h]oulders through the Fire:  
Our Knight did bear no less a Pack  
Of his own Buttocks on his Back:  
Which now had almost got the Upper-  
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.  
To poize this equally, he bore  
A Paunch of the same bulk before:  
Which still he had a special care  
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;  
As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,  
Such as a Countrey house affords;  
W[i]th other Viçtual, which anon,  
We further shall dilate upon,  
When of his Hose we come to treat,  
The Cub-bord where he kept his meat.

His Doublet was of sturdy Buff,  
And though not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof;  
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use.  
That fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His Breeches were of rugged Woollen,  
And had been at the Siege of Bullen,  
To old King Harry so well known,  
Some Writers held they were his own.  
Through they were lin'd with many a piece,  
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheese,  
And fat Black-puddings, proper food  
For Warriers that delight in Blood;  
For, as we said, he alway chose  
To carry Vittle in his Hose.  
That often tempted Rats, and Mice,  
The Ammunition to surprize:  
And when he put a Hand but in  
The one or th' other Magazine,  
They stoutly in defence on't stood  
And from the wounded Foe drew bloud,
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'r left the fortifi'd Redoubt;
And though Knights Errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough Desarts vast
And Regions Desolate they past,
Where Belly-timber above ground
Or under was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their Provision on Record:
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight,
'Tis false: for Arthur wore in Hall
Round Table like a Farthingal,
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before his good Knights din'd.
Though 'twas no Table, some suppose,
But a huge pair of round Trunk-hose;
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all his Knights could eat;
When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
They took their Breakfasts, or their Nuncheons;
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digrest;
As learned Authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come,
His Puissant Sword unto his side
Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd,
With Basket-hilt, that wou'd hold broth,
And serve for Fight, and Dinner both.
In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets;
To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And eat into it self, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack.
The peaceful Scabbard where it dwelt,
The Rancor of its Edge had felt:
FIRST PART, CANTO I

For of the lower end two handful,
It had devoured 'twas so manful;
And so much scorn’d to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate Attempts
Of Wars, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear’d with Courage bolder
Than Sergeant Bum, invading shoulder.
Oft had it ta’en possession,
And Pris’ners too, or made them run.

This Sword a Dagger had his Page.
But was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him so,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging;
When it had stab’d or broke a head,
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,
Toast Cheese or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean shooes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth.
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.
But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

In th’ Holsters, at his Saddle-bow,
Two aged Pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his Hose he could not get.
They were upon hard Duty still,
And every night stood Sentinel,
To guard the Magazine i’th’ Hose
From two legg’d and from four legg’d Foes.

Thus clad and fortifi’d, Sir Knight
From peaceful home set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his Horse.  
For having but one stirrup ty'd  
T' his Saddle, on the further side,  
It was so short, h' had much ado  
To reach it with his desperate Toe.  
But after many strains and heaves  
He got up to the Saddle eaves.  
From whence he vaulted into th' Seat  
With so much vigor, strength, and heat,  
That he had almost tumbled over  
With his own weight, but did recover,  
By laying hold of Tail and Mane,  
Which oft he us'd instead of Rein.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,  
Before we fur[ther] do proceed,  
It doth behove us to say something,  
Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin.  
The Beast was sturdy large and tall,  
With Mouth of Meal and Eyes of Wall:  
I would say Eye, for h' had but one,  
As most agree, though some say none.  
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate  
Preserv'd a grave majestick state.  
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,  
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt:  
And yet so fiery, he would bound,  
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:  
That Caesar's Horse, who, as Fame goes,  
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,  
Was not by half so tender-hooft,  
Nor trode upon the ground so soft.  
And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,  
(Some write) to take his Rider up:  
So Hudibras his (tis well known,)  
Would often do, to set him down.  
We shall not need to say what lack  
Of Leather was upon his back:  
For that was hidden under pad,  
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His strutting Ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd:
For underneath the skirt of Pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a Channel.
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flirt
Still as his tender side he prickt,
With arm'd heel or with unarm'd kickt:
For Hudibras wore but one Spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of's Horse,
The other would not hang an Arse:

_A Squire_ he had whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though Writers (for more statelier tone)
Do call him Ralrho, 'tis all one:
And when we can with Meeter safe,
We'll call him so, if not plain Ralph,
For Rhime the Rudder is of Verses,
With which like Ships they steer their courses.
An equal stock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by birth a Taylor.
The mighty Tyrian Queen that gain'd
With subtle shreds a Tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Castle fair
To his great Ancestor, her Heir:
From him descended cross-leg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights
Against the bloody Caniball,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had as well
As the bold Trojan Knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited Pass
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knights, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't,
Some call it Gift, and some New light;
A liberal Art, that costs no pains
HUDIBRAS

Of Study, Industry, or Brains.
His Wits were sent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crackt and broken
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt,
He ne'r consider'd it, as loath
To look a Gift-horse in the Mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too,
For Saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlightened Snuff,
He could deep Mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a Nee[d]le;
For of Vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'r beside their way:
What e'r men speak by this New Light,
Still they are sure to be i'th' right.
'Tis a Dark-Lanthorn of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it.
A Light that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to couzen by:
An Ignis Fatuus that bewitches,
And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom [in] dirty Pond;
To dive like Wild-foul for Salvation,
And fish to catch Regeneration.
This Light inspires, and plays upon
The nose of Saint like Bag-pipe drone,
And speaks through hollow empty Soul,
As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal Ear
But spiritual Eve-droppers can hear.
So Phæbus or some friendly Muse
Into small Poets song infuse;
Which they at second-hand rehearse
FIRST PART, CANTO I

Through Reed or Bag-pipe, Verse for Verse.

Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four-leg'd Oracle,
The ancient Cup, or modern Chair,
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware:

For mystick Learning, wondrous able
In Magick Talisman, and Cabal,
Whose Primitive Tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green Breeches:
Deep-sighted in Intelligences,
Idea's, Atomes, Influences;
And much of Terra Incognita,
Th' intelligible World could say;
A deep occult Philosopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid Lying much renown'd:
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood;
Knew many an Amulet and Charm,
That would do neither good nor harm:
In Rosy-Crucian Lore as Learned,
As he that Verè adeptus earned.
He understood the speech of Birds
As well as they themselves do words:
Could tell what subtlest Parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What Member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry Rope, and Walk Knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a Glass, like water,
Of Sov'raign pow'r to make men wise;
For dropt in blere, thick-sighted Eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like Owls, though pur-blind in the light.
By help of these (as he profest)
He had First Matter seen undrest:
He took her naked all alone,
HUDIBRAS

Before one Rag of Form was on.
The Chaos too he had descry'd,
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd:
Not that of Past-board which men shew
For Groats at Fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great Gransire, first o'th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came:
Both Cousin-Germans, and right able
T'inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But Reformation was, some say,
O'th' younger house to Puppet-Play.
He could foretell whats'ever was
By consequence to come to pass.
As Death of Great Men, Alterations,
Diseases, Battels, Inundations.
All this without th' Eclipse of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done
By inward Light, a way as good,
And easie to be understood.
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the Stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsly charge
Upon themselves what others forge:
As if they were consenting to
All mischief in the World men do:
Or like the Dev'l, did tempt and sway 'em
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a Planet's house, to know,
Who broke and robb'd a house below:
Examine Venus, and the Moon
Who stole a Thimble and a Spoon:
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods.
They'll question Mars, and by his look
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke:
Make Mercury confess and peach
Those Thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find i' th' Phisiognomies
FIRST PART, CANTO I

O' th' Planets all mens destinies.
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' Pill.
Cast the Nativity o' th' Question,
And from Positions to be guest on,
As sure as if they knew the Moment
Of Natives birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the Pulses of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what Crysis does divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine:
In Men what gives or cures the Itch,
What make[s] them Cuckolds, poor or rich:
What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves;
But not what wise, for only of those
The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,
No more than can the Astrologians.
There they say right, and lik true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
With Gifts and Knowledge, per'rous shrew'd.
Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire jump more right.
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
As well as Virtues, Parts, and Wit.
Their Valors too were of a Rate,
And out they sally'd at the Gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which we now prepare to Treat:
But e'er we venture to unfold
Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should as learned Poets use,
Invoke the assistance of some Muse;
However Criticks count it sillier
Than Juglers talking t' a Familiar.
HUDIBRAS

We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost.

Thou that with Ale or viler Liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Prin, and Vickars,
And force them, though it were in spight
Of Nature, and their Stars, to write;
Who, as we finde in sullen Writs,
And cross-graind Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The wonder of the Ignorant,
The Praises of the Author, penn'd
By himself, or wit-ensuring friend,
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhime upon't
All that is left o'th' forked Hill
To make men scribble without skill,
Canst make a Poet, spight of fate,
And teach all People to translate;
Though out of Languages in which
They understand no Part of Speech:
Assist me but this once, I'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In Western Clime there is a Town
To those that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be sed here
We unto them refer our Reader:
For brevity is very good,
When w'are, or are not understood.
To this Town People did repair
On days of Market or of Fair,
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor
In merriment did drudge and labor:
But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together Village rabble.
'Twas an old way of Recreating,
FIRST PART, CANTO I

Which learned Butchers call *Bear-hailing*:
A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient *Heroe's* in high prize;
For Authors do affirm it came
From *Ist[h]mian* or *Nemean* game;
Others derive it from the *Bear*
That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,
And round about the Pole does make
A circle like a Bear at stake,
That at the Chain's end wheels about,
And over-turns the Rabble-rout.
For after solemn Proclamation
In the Bear's name (as is the fashion,
According to the Law of Arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of Bear;
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T'express themselves to vain Jeopardy;
If they come wounded off and lame
No honour's got by such a maim.
Although the Bear gain'd much b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground.
When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But let them know at their own cost
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and [other] harms,
Which always wait on feats of Arms,
(For in the hurry of a Fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the Knight his course did stear,
To keep the peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear*;
As he believ'd h' was bound to doe,
In Conscience and Commission too.
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire;

We that are wisely mounted higher
Then Constables, in Curule wit,
When on Tribunal bench we sit,
Like Speculators, should foresee
From *Pharos* of Authority,
Portended Mischiefs farther then
Low Proletarian Tithing-men.
And therefore being inform’d by bruit,
That *Dog* and *Bear* are to dispute;
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same;
(For where the first does hap to be
The last does *coincidere*)
Quantum in *nobilis*, have thought good,
To save th’ expence of Christian blood,
And try if we by Mediation
Of Treaty and accommodation
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloudy Duel without blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives
Enough at once to lie at stake,
For Cov’nant and the Causes sake;
But in that quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*
As well as we must venture theirs?
This Feud by Jesuits invented,
By evil Counsel is fomented,
There is a Machiavilian Plot,
(Though ev’ry *Nare olfaē* it not)
A deep design in’t to divide
The well-affect’d that confide,
By setting Brother against Brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *Cane* & *angue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our selves without a cause?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloudy *Cynarētomacy*
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the Nose.
I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it:
FIRST PART, CANTO I

Unless by providential wit
Or force we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest
Can Beast have to encounter Beast?
They fight for no espoused Cause;
Frail Privilege, Fundamental Laws,
Nor for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant, nor Protestantation;
Nor Liberty of Consciences,
Nor Lords and Commons Ordinances;
Nor for the Church, nor for Church Lands,
To get them in their own no Hands;
Nor evil Counsellors to bring
To Justice that seduce the King;
Nor for the worship of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worshipp'd Dogs, and for
Their faith made fierce and zealous Warr.
Others ador'd a Rat, and some
For that Church suffer'd Martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' Elephant, and Monkey's Tooth:
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out mordicus to death.
But no Beast ever was so slight,
For Man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so.
But we, we onely do infuse
The Rage in them like Boute-feus.
'Tis our example that instills
In them th' infection of our ills.
For as some late Philosophers
Have well observed, Beasts that converse
With Man, take after him, as Hogs
Get Pigs all th' year, and Bitches Dogs.
Just so by our example Cattle
Learn to give one another Battel.
We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,
When they destroy'd the Christian Brethren,
They sow’d them in the skins of Bears,
And then set Dogs about their Ears:
From whence, no doubt, th’ invention came
Of this lewd Antichristian Game.

To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily,
The Point seems very plain to be.
It is an Antichristia[n] Game,
Unlawful both in thing and name;
First for the Name, The word Bear-baiting,
Is Carnal, and of man’s creating:
For certainly there’s no such word
In all the Scripture on Record.
Therefore unlawful and a sin,
And so is (secondly) the thing.
A vile Assembly ’tis, that can
No more be prov’d by Scripture than
Provincial, Classick, National;
Mere humane Creature-Cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is Idolatrous:
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their Inventions whatsoe’r
The thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is Idolatrous and Pagan
No less than worshipping of Dagon.

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a Rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.
For though the Thesis which thou lay’st
Be true ad amussim as thou say’st:
(For that Bear-baiting should appear
Jure Divino lawfuller
Than Synods are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis so do I)
Yet there’s a fallacy in this:
For if by sly Homœosis,
Thou would’st Sophistically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth Ralpho) do not doubt
FIRST PART, CANTO I

But *Bear-baiting* may be made out
In Gospel-times, as lawful as is
_Provincial or Parochial Classis_:
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all as well as sin,
That put them in a bag and shake ’em,
Your self o’ th’ sudden would mistake ’em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness:
For ’tis not hard t’ imagine whether
O’ th’ two is worst, though I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, thou offer’st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
*Mira de lente*, as ’tis i’ th’ Adage,
*Id est*, to make a Leak a Cabbage.
Thou canst at best but overstrain
A Paradox, and th’ own hot brain:
For what can *Synods* have at all
With Bears that’s Analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-baiting*?
A just comparison still is,
Of things *ejusdem generis*.
And then what *Genus* rightly doth,
Include and comprehend them both?
If *Animal*, both of us may
As justly pass for Bears as they.
For we are Animals no less,
Although of different *Specieses*.
But, Ralpho this is no fit place,
Nor time to argue out the Case:
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit
Another manner of Dispute.
A Controversie that affords
ACTIONS for Arguments, not Words:
Which we must manage at a rate
Of Prowess and Conduct adequeate;
HUDIBRAS

To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
W' are flurr'd and outed by success:
Success, the Mark no mortal Wit,
Or surest hand can always hit:
For whatsoever we perpetrated,
We do but row, we'are steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherit,
For spurious Causes, noblest merits.
Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Resolutions:
Nor doth the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead,
Fortune and Cowardise succeed,
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have born us out.
Which though th' are known to be so ample,
We need no copy from example,
We'are not the onely person durst
Attempt this Province, nor the first.
In Northern Clime a valorous Knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fidler: we have both
Of these the objects of our Wroth,
And equal Fame and Glory from
Th' Attempt or Victory to come.
'Tis sung, There is a valiant Marmaluke
In foreign Land, yclep'd———
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For Person, Parts, Address and Beard:
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same Cause both have fought.
He oft in such Attempts as these
Came off with glory and success.
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal Resolution.
Honour is, like a Widow, won
With brisk Attempt and putting on;
FIRST PART, CANTO I

With ent’ring manfully, and urging;
Not slow approaches, like a Virgin.

This said, as once the Phrygian Knight,
So ours, with rusty steell, did smite
His Trojan Horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty stomach groan’d
Just as that hollow Beast did sound,
And angry answer’d from behind,
With brandish’d Tail and blast of Wind.
So have I seen with armed heel,
A Wight bestride a Commonweal;
Whil’st still the more he kick’d and spurr’d,
The less the sullen Jade has stirr’d.
The Argument of the Second Canto.

The Catalogue and Character
Of the Enemies best Men of War;
Whom in a bald Harangue, the Knight
Defy's, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fidler Prisoner;
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

CANTO II.

There was an ancient sage Philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of Fighting and of Love:
Just so Romances are, for what else
Is in them all, but Love and Battels?
O' th' first of these w'have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter:
In which to do the injur'd Right
We mean in what concerns just fight.
Certes our Authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A Pattern fit for modern Knights,
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a Palace in the place.)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of Mothers,
Or Wives, or Children, so they can
Make up some fierce dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient Valors
Just like the Manhood of nine Tailors.
So a wilde Tartar when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
As if just so much he enjoy'd
As in another is destroy'd.
For when a Giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his Brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large Bones;
As Men kill Beavers for their Stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked Truth of what befell;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert:
And never coyn a formal lye on't,
To make the Knight o'recome the Giant.
This b'ing profest, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to say, whether Tolutation,
As they do term't, or Succussion)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how.
Yet some from subtle hints [h]ave got
Mysterious light, it was a Trot.
But let that pass: they now begun
To spurr their living Engines on.
For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,
The learned hold, are Animals,
So Horses they affirm to be
Mere Engines made by Geometry,
And were invented first from Engins,
As Indian Britains were from Penguins.
So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,
Which the Enemy did then encamp on,
The dire Pharsalian Plain, where Battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattel,
And fierce Auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their Brethren:
Who now began to take the Field
As from his Steed the Knight beheld:
For as our modern Wits behold,
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,
Much further off, much further he
Rais'd on his aged Beast could see:
But not sufficient to descry
All postures of the Enemy.
And therefore orders the bold Squire
T' advance, and view their Body nigher,
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he stopp'd his willing Steed:
To fit himself for Martial deed:
Both kinds of mettle he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward,
Courage within, and Steel without
To give, or to receive a Rout.
His Death-charg'd Pistols he did fit well
Drawn out from life-preserving Vittle.
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's Sword from retentive Scabbard:
And after many a painful pluck,
He clear'd at length the rugged Tuck.
Then shook himself, to see that Prowess
In Scabbard of his Arms set loose;
And rais'd upon his desperate foot
On stirrup side he gaz'd about,
Portending Bloud, like Blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.
The Squire advanc'd with greater speed;
Then could b' expected from his Steed;
But far more in returning made,
For now the Foe he had survey'd
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With Van, main Battel, Wings and Rear.

In th' head of all this Warlike Rabble
Crowdero march'd, expert and able:
Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer
By Thunder turn'd to Vineger:
For if a Trumpet sound, or Drum beat,
Who has not a months mind to combat?
A squeaking Engine he apply'd,
Unto his Neck on North-east side,
Just where the Hangman does dispose,
To special Friends the fatal Noose:
For 'tis great Grace when Statesmen straight
Dispatch a Friend, let others wait.
His warped Ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but Souce to Chitterlings:
For Guts, some write, e're they are sodden,
Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of Minstrelsy, by string or wind.
His grizly Beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his Fiddle-stick:
For he to Horse-tail scorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four legg'd Bard, had both
A Beard and Tail of his own growth;
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use onely of his Beard.
In Staffordshire, where Virtuous worth
Does raise the Minstrelsie, not Birth;
Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King
And Ruler, o'er the men of string;
(As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a Horse that neigh'd)
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
By chance of War was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his Leg then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oke:
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt;
Esteem'd more honorable than the other,
And takes place, though the younger Brother.

Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
Wise Conduct, and success in War:
A skilful Leader, stout, severe,
Now Marshal to the Champion Bear.
With Truncheon tip'd with Iron head,
The Warrior to the Lists [he] led;
With solemn march and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face:
Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,
Or Spanish Potentate Don Diego.
This Leader was of knowledge great,
Either for Charge or for Retreat.
Knew when t' engage his Bear Pel-mel
And when to bring him off as well.
So Lawyers, least the Bear Defendent,
And Plaintiff Dog should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with Writs of Error,
Reverse of Judgement, and Demurrer,
To let them breathe awhile and then
Cry whoop, and set them on agen.
As Romulus a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up where Discipline most rare is,
In Military Garden-Paris.
For Soldiers heretofore did grow
FIRST PART, CANTO II

In Gardens, Just as Weeds do now;
Until some splay-foot Politicians
T' Apollo offer'd up Petitions,
For licensing a new invention
Th' 'ad found out of an antique Engine
To root out all the Weeds that grow
In publick Garden at a blow,
And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done? quoth Statesmen; yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easie.
Why, then let's know it, quoth Apollo.
We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.
A Drum (quoth Phæbus) troth that's true,
A pretty invention quaint and new.
But though of Voice and Instrument
We are ('tis true) chief President;
We such loud Musick do n't profess,
The Devil's Master of that Office,
Where it must pass, if't be a Drum,
He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.
To him apply your selves, and he
Will soon dispatch you, for his Fee.
They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
Th' had better have let them grow there stil.
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is stout Orsin:
That which [so] oft by sundry writers,
Has been apply'd to almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascrib'd to this,
Than any other Warrior (viz.)
None [ever] acted both parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier.
He was of great descent and high,
For splendor and antiquity;
And from Cælestial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right Line.
Not as the ancient Heroes did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a Windore
Made Jupiter himself and others
O’ th’ Gods Gallants to their own Mothers.
To get on them a Race of Champions,
Of which old Homer first made Lampoons.
Arêophylax, in Northern Sphere,
Was his undoubted Ancestor:
From [him] his Great Forefathers came,
And in all Ages bore his name.
Learn’d he was in Med’c’nal Lore,
For by his side a Pouch he wore
Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds six Miles point-blank would solder,
By skilful Chymist with great cost
Extracted from a rotten Post;
But of a heav’nlier influence,
Than that which Mountebanks dispense;
Though by Promethean Fire made,
As they do quack that drive that Trade,
For as when Slovens do amiss
At others doors by Stool or Piss,
The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit,
B’ing prudently apply’d to it,
Will convey mischief from the Dung,
Unto the part that did the wrong:
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.

Thus virtuous Orsin was endu’d,
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable: and as the Prince
Of Poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful Leech is better far
Than half a hundred Men of War;
So he appear’d, and by his skill,
No less than Dint of Sword could kill.

The Gallant Bruin marcht next’ him,
With Visage formidably grim.
And rugged as a Saracin,
FIRST PART, CANTO II

Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin;
Clad in a Mantle de la Guer
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Nose, like Indian King,
He wore for Ornament a Ring;
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled leathern Tar[get];
Armed, as Heralds cant, and langu[e]d,
Or, as the Vulgar say, sharp fanged.
For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray.
So Swords in Men of War, are Teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with.
He was, by birth, some Authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodies Ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Cousin-german
With whom he serv'd and fed on Vermin:
And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.
And though his Country-men, the Huns,
Did use to stew between their Bums,
And their warm Horses backs, their meat,
And every man his Saddle eat:
He was not half so nice as they,
But eat it raw when 't came in 'is way.
He had trac'd Countreys far and near,
More than Le Blanc the Traveller;
Who writes, He Spous'd in India,
Of noble house, a Lady gay,
And got on her a Race of Worthies
As stout as any upon Earth is.
Full many a Fight for him between
Talgol and Orsin oft had been;
Each striving to deserve the Crown
Of a sav'd Citizen: the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought

C 2
HUDIBRAS

To aid his Dog; both made more stout
By sev'ral spurs of neighborhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood:
But Talgol, mortal foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repay'd with Usury.

Yet Talgol was of Courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftner than he fought:
Inur'd to labor, sweat, and toyl,
And like a Champion, shone with Oyl.
Right many a Widow his keen blade,
And many a Fatherless, had made.
He many a Bore and huge Dun Cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow.
But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the Bore or Dun Cow far'd.
With greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixot:
And many a Serpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and stings behind,
Subdu'd; as Poets say, long agone
Bold Sir George, Saint George did the Dragon.
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Though stor'd with Deleterious Med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is Dead since)
E'er sent so vast a Colony
To both the under-worlds as he.
For he was of that noble Trade
That Demi-gods and Heroes made,
Slaughter and knocking on the head;
The Trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
The former rides in Triumph for it;
The latter in a two wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to prophane a thing
So Sacred, with vile bungling.
Next these the brave Magnano came,  
Magnano great in Martial Fame.  
Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,  
'Tis sung he got but little by't.  
Yet he was fierce as Forest-Bore,  
Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,  
As thick as Ajax seven-fold Shield,  
Which o'er his brazen Arms he held.  
But Brass was feeble to resist  
The fury of his armed fist;  
Nor could the hardest Ir'n hold out  
Against his blows, but they would through't.

In Magick he was deeply read,  
As he that made the Brazen-head;  
Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art,  
As English Merlin for his heart;  
But far more skilful in the Spheres  
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.  
He could transform himself in Color,  
As like the Devil as a Collier;  
As like as Hypocrites in show  
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of Warlike Engines he was Author,  
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:  
The Cannon, Blunderbuss, and Saker,  
He was th' Inventor of and Maker:  
The Trumpet and the Kettle-Drum  
Did both from his Invention come.  
He was the first that e'r did teach  
To make, and how to stop a breach.  
A Lance he bore with Iron pike,  
The one half would thrust, the other strike:  
And when their forces he had join'd,  
He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright  
Than burnish'd Armor of her Knight:  
A bold Virago, stout and tall
HUDIBRAS

As Joan of France, or English Mall,
Through perils both of Wind and Limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him, or it forsook.
At breach of Wall, or Hedge surprize,
She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize:
At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
Behav'd her self with matchless courage;
And laid about in fight more bus'ly,
Than the Amazonian Dame, Penthesile.

And though some Criticks here cry shame,
And say our Authors are [to] blame,
That spight of all Philosophers,
Who hold no Females stout but Bears,
And heretofore did so abhor
Their Women should pretend to War,
They would not suffer the stout'st Dame,
To swear by Hercules his Name,
Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,
To fight like Termagants and Turks;
To lay their native Arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride a-stride;
To run a-Tilt at Men, and wield
Their naked Tools in open field;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the Mistriss
Of Gundibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a Country Lass:
They say 'tis false, without all sense
But of pernicious consequence
To Government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in Prose:
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print:
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc't
Of all his Race the Valiant'st;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortifi'd
The weak against the strongest side.
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him in Muses deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Though tougher than the Knight of Greece his;
With whom his black thumb'd Ancestor
Was Comrade in the ten years War:
For when the restless Greeks sate down
So many years before Troy Town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-sol'd Boots, no less than Fights;
They ow'd that Glory onely to
His Ancestor, that made them so.
Fast Friend he was to Reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion.
Next Rectifier of Wry Law,
And would make three, to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, Collect, Translate and Quote.
But Preaching was his chiefest Talent,
Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like Ram or Bull, at Conventicle:
For Disputants like Rams and Bulls,
Do fight with Arms that spring from Skulls.

Last Colon came, bold Man of War,
Destin'd to blows by fatal Star;
Right expert in Command of Horse,
But cruel, and without remorse.
That which of *Centaure* long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other Knights, was true of this,
*He* and his *Horse*, were of a piece.
One Spirit did inform them both,
The self-same Vigor, Fury, Wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had the harder heart;
Although his Horse had been of those,
That fed on Man’s flesh, As Fame goes.
Strange food for Horse! and yet, alas,
It may be true, for *Flesh is Grass*,
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than *Hercules* to cleanse a Stable;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too in Hog or Neat.
He ripp’d the Womb up of his Mother,
Dame *Tellus*, ’cause she wanted fother
And Provender wherewith to feed
Himself and his less cruel Steed.
It was a question whether He
Or’s Horse were of a Family
More Worshipful: till Antiquaries,
(After th’ ’ad almost por’d out their Eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The bus’ness on the Horse’s side,
And prov’d not onely Horse, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder house:
For Beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th’ earth possess.

These Worthies were the chief that led
The Combatants, each in the head
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of several Companies round about;
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of East and Western Hemispheres:
From forain Parishes and Regions,
FIRST PART, CANTO II

Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,
Came Men and Mastives; some to fight
For Fame and Honor, some for sight.
And now the field of Death, the Lists
Were ent'red by Antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broached;
When Hudibras in haste approached,
With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em:
But first thus from his Horse bespake 'em.

What Rage, O Citizens, what fury
Doth you to those dire actions hurry?
What Oestrum, what phrenetick mood
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud Vies your Trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks—ghost?
What Towns, what Garisons might you
With hazard of this blood subdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?

Shall Saints in Civil bloudshed wallow
Of Saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?
The Cause for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then because Quarrels still are seen
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,
The Solemn League and Covenant
Will seem a meer God-dam-me Rant;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
For as we make War for the King
Against himself, the self-same thing
Some will not stick to swear we do
For God and for Religion too.
For if Bear-baiting we allow,
What good can Reformation do?
The Bloud and Treasure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,
HUDIBRAS

The Prototype of Reformation,
Which all the Saints, and some, since Martyrs,
Wore in their Hats, like Wedding-Garters,
When 'twas resolved by their House
Six Members quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the Rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable;
And make all Cries about the Town
Joyn throats to cry the Bishops down?
Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a month they do the Gallows)
As Members gave the sign about
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When Tinkers bawl'd aloud, to settle
Church Discipline, for patching Kettle.
No Sow-gelder did blow his Horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd Reform.
The Oyster-woman lock'd their Fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop.
The Mouse-trap men laid Save-alls by,
And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry.
Botchers left old Cloaths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church.
Some cry'd the Covenant instead
Of Pudding-pies and Ginger-bread:
And some for Broom, old Boots, and Shoes,
Baul'd out to purge the Commons House:
Instead of Kitchin-stuff, some cry
A Gospel-preaching-Ministry;
And some for Old Suits, Coats, or Cloak,
No Surplices, nor Service-Book.
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation.
And is this all? is this the end
To which these carr'ings on did tend?
Hath Publick Faith like a young heir
For this ta'en up all sorts of Ware,
And run int' ev'ry Tradesman's Book,
Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?
Did Saints for this bring in their Plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coyn Piss-pots, Bowls, and Flaggons,
Int' Officers of Horse and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musqueteers
Stamp Beakers, Cups, and Porringer's?
A Thimble, Bodkin, and a Spoon
Did start up living men as soon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Just like the Dragons teeth being sown.
Then was the Cause all Gold and Plate,
The Brethrens off'rings, consecrate
Like th' Hebrew-calf, and down before it
The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it.
So say the Wicked—and will you
Make that Sarcasmous Scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beasts more unclean than Calves and Steers?
Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out and their Lungs;
Us'd all means both direct and sinister
I' th' power of Gospel-Preaching Minister?
Have they invented Tones, to win
The Women, and make them draw in
The Men, as Indians with a Female
Tame Elephant inveigle the Male?
Have they told Providence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd th' Enemy's design,
And which way best to countermine;
Prescrib'd what ways he hath to work,
Or it will ne'r advance the Kirk,
Told it the News o' th' last express,
And after good or bad success
Made Prayers, not so like Petitions,
As Overtures and Propositions,
(Such as the Army did present
To their Creator th' Parliament)
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the Work be carry'd on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church and Common-weal,
All on a flame bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all-a-gog.
And all this for a Bear and Dog.

The Parliament drew up Petitions
To 't self, and sent them, like Commissions,
To Well-affected Persons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With pow'r to levy Horse and Men,
Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With Papers in their Hats, that show'd
As if they to th' Pillory rode,
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been try'd by people of all sorts,
Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
And all t' advance the Cause's service:
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray:
Shall we that in the Cov'nant swore,
Each man of us to run before
Another still in Reformation,
Give Dogs and Bears a Dispensation?
How will dissenting Brethren relish it?
What will Malignants say? Videlicet,
That each man swore to do his best,
To damn and perjure all the rest:
And bid the Devil take the bin'most,
Which at this Race is like to win most.
They'll say our bus'ness to reform
The Church and State is but a worm;
For to subscribe unsight, unseen,
T' an unknown Churches Discipline:
What is it else, but before-hand,
T' ingage, and after understand?
FIRST PART, CANTO II

For when we swore to carry on
The present Reformation,
According to the Purest mode
Of Churches, best Reform’d abroad,
What did we else but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches these should be.
And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore Et cæteras;
Or the French League, in which men vow’d
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The Cause and Work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T’ exorbitancies fit for Bedlam,
Rather then Gospel-walking times,
When slighted Sins are greatest Crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the Peace between
Your Brethren and your Countrey-men;
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender,
The Fidler, as the prime offender,
Th’ Incendiary vile, that is the chief
Author and Enginier of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For prophan and malignant ends.
He and that Engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall (dictum factum) both be brought
To condigne Punishment as th’y ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say:
For then [I]’ll take another course,
And son Reduce you all by force.
HUDIBRAS

This said, he clapt his hand on Sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long suppress
Enflamed wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in Furnace,
Thus answer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
As e'er in Meazel'd Pork was hatched;
Thou Tail of Worship, that dost grow
On Rump of Justice as of Cow;
How dar'st thou with that sullen Luggage
[O'] thy self, old I'rn and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durst th', I say, adventure thus
T' oppose thy Lumber against us?
Could thine Impertinence find out
No work t'employ it self about,
Where thou secure from Wooden blow
Thy busy vanity might'st show?
Was no dispute afoot between
'The Catterwauling Brethren?
No subtle Question rais'd among
Those out-o'-their wits and those i' th' wrong?
No prize between those Combatants
O' th' times, the Land and Water-Saints;
Where thou might'st stickle without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazard,
And not for want of bus'ness come
To us to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort
Of Disputants, and spoil our sport?
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-purse, nor Burglary abroad?
No Stolen Pig, nor Plunder'd Goose,
To tye thee up from breaking loose?
No Ale unlicenc'd, broken hedge,
For which thou Statute might'st alledge,
To keep thee busie from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee;
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration;
To cheat with Holiness and Zeal
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H'had kept thee where th'art us'd to be;
Or sent th'on bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th'hast Brain enough in Sk[u]ll
To keep within it's lodging whole.
And not provoke the rage of Stones
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
At this the Knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times [he] smote on stomach stout,
From whence at length these words broke out.
Was I for this entitled Sir,
And girt with trusty Sword and Spur,
For Fame and Honor to wage Battel,
Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattel?
Not all that Pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy tricks and slight to cheat,
And sell thy Carrion for good Meat;
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make Natural Death appear thy work,
And stop the Gangreen in stale Pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by Bullock ne'er withstood;
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
And Axes made to hew down lives;
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of Justice, or this blade
Which I her Sword-bearer do carry,
HUDIBRAS

For civil Deed and Military.
Nor shall these words of Venom base,
Which thou hast from their Native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreven'd, though I am free,
Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight
With Gantlet blew and Bases white,
And round blunt Dudgeon by his side,
So great a man at Arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than Wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal
But Men with hands as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His Gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Against th' outside of Talgo's Skull,
Vowing that he would ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.
But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust
Her Gorgon-shield which made the Cock
Stand stiff as if 'twere turn'd t' a stock.
Mean while fierce Talgo gath'ring might,
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the Knight.
And he his rusty Pistol held
To take the blow on, like a Shield;
The Gun recoyl'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great Master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras with furious haste
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,
But Talgo first with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown Sword was out,
Courageously he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe the Truncheon.
The trusty Cudgel did oppose
It self against dead-doing blows,
To guard its Leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd it self again.
And though the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of Wood;
'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st.
For Wood with Honor be'ng engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd,
Though Iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises Honor more.
And now both Knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of Death;
While all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd, and fretting
Conquest should be so long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One Body, and that into one Blow.
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning slight; for had it hit,
The Upper part of him the Blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable Colon,
To aid his Friend began to fall on,
Him Ralph encountred, and straight grew
A fierce Dispute betwixt them two:
Th'one arm'd with Metall, t'other with Wood;
This fit for bruise, and that for Blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
While none that saw them could divine
To which side Conquest would encline:
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vye,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain,
For he by foul hap having found
Where Thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out
And having crop'd them from the Root
He clapp'd them under th' Horses Tail
With prickles sharper than a Nail:
The angry Beast did strait resent
The wrong done to his Fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h'had been beside his sense,
Striving to disingage from Smart,
And raging Pain, th'affleeted Part,
Instead of which he threw the pack
Of Squire and Baggage from his back;
And blundring still with smarting rump,
He gave the Champions Steed a thump,
That stagger'd him. The Knight did stoop
And sate on further side aslope,
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By flight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching him by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him twice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out.
But Mars that still protects the stout,
In Pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whose soft Fur-Gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly Rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight from bruise or wound,
Like Feather-Bed betwixt a Wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a Blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty Spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worsted by the Knight.
FIRST PART, CANTO II

He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath enflam'd boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of Death he threw the fome,
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more, than ever Herald drew him,
He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd
And vext the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the Law of Arms:
For Men he always took to be
His friends, and Dogs the Enemy:
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition:
For which he flung down his Commission,
And laid about him, till his Nose
From thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th'amazed crew,
Some he o'er ran, and some o'er threw
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove t'avoid the conqu'ring Knight.
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread as he the Rabble chac'd.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a several way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down and wounded sore
I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its betters, th'wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lye strow'd
HUDIBRAS

Upon the ground, like log of Wood,
With fright of fall, supposed Wound,
And loss of Urine, in a swound,
In haste he snatch’d the Wooden limb
That hurt in th’ ancle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t’attack the Knight.
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng’d for breach
Of Crowd and Shin upon the Wretch,
Sole Author of all Detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho (who had now begun
T’ adventure Resurrection
From heavy Squelch, and had got up
Upon his Legs with sprained Crup)
Looking about beheld the Bard
To charge the Knight intranc’d prepar’d,
He snatch’t his Whiniard up, that fled
When he was falling off his Steed,
(As Rats do from a falling house)
To hide it self from rage of blows;
And wing’d with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blew.
Which e’re he could atchieve, his Sconce
The Leg encounter’d twice and once:
And now ’twas rais’d, to smite agen,
When Ralpho thrust himself between.
He took the blow upon his Arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm;
And joining wrath with force, bestow’d
O’ th’ wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it prop’d before.
To him the Squire did right nimbly run,
And setting his bold foot upon
His Trunk, thus spoke: What des’rate Frenzie
Made thee, (thou whelp of sin) to fancy
Thy self and all that Coward Rabble
T’ encounter us in battle able?
How durst th’, I say, oppose thy Curship
’Gainst Arms, Authority, and Worship?
And Hudibras, or me provoke,
Though all thy Limbs were heart of Oke,
And th’ other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of Wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail
With all its Rhet’rick, nor the Jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from Iron Gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras doth fare.
This said, he gently rais’d the Knight,
And set him on his Bum upright:
To rouze him from Lethargick dump;
He tweak’d his Nose with gentle thump;
Knock’d on his breast, as if’t had been
To raise the Spirits lodg’d within.
They waken’d with the noise, did fly
From inward Room to Window eye,
And gently op’ning lid, the Casement,
Lookt out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladed Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight: Quoth he
Tweaking his Nose, You are, great Sir,
A Self-denying Conqueror;
As high, victorious and great,
As e’er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give your self but leave
To make out what y’ already have;
That’s Victory. The foe, for dread
Of your Nine-worthiness, is fled,
All save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th’ espous’d Cause undertake:
And he lies pris’ner at your feet,
To be dispos’d as you think meet:
Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
The Gallows, or perpetual Jail.
For one wink of your pow’rful Eye
HUDIBRAS

Must Sentence him to live or dye,
His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the Churches;
And by your doom must be allow’d
To be, or be no more, a Crowd.
For though success did not confer
Just Title on the Conquerer;
Though dispensations were not strong
Conclusions whether right or wrong;
Although Out-goings did not confirm,
And Owning were but a mere term:
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th’ Creature, though usurp’d by might,
The property is in the Saint,
From whom th’ injuriously detain’t;
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores and Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Parasites:
All which the Saints have Title to,
And ought t’enjoy, if th’ had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before.
For we are their true Landlords still,
And they our Tenants but at will.

At this the Knight begun to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He star’d about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatch’d his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But Ralpbo now in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is rais’d too high, this Slave does merit
To be the Hangman’s bus’ness sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction. I that am
So much below in Deed and Name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcass,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case.
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot
In cold bloud, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your Conque'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your Word?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
For great Commanders always own
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.
To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will;
And that your Will and Pow'r have less
Than both might have of Selfishness.
This Pow'r which now alive with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the Slave in awe,
Than if you were a Knight of Straw:
For death would then b' his Conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accreu,
Or honour from his death to you;
'Twere Policy, and Honor too,
To do as you resolv'd to do;
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valor much,
To say it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater glory gain
By Foes in Triumph led, than slain:
The Lawrels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes the greatest fame
Of Cripple slain can be but lame.
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain.
Th' honor can but on one side light,
As Worship did, when y'were dubb'd Knight.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Prisoner of War;
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At Court of Justice to be try'd:
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty;
There may be danger in his safety;
If any Member there dislike
His Face, or to his Beard have pike;
Or if his death will save, or yield,
Revenge, or fright, it is reveal'd,
Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless
Y'have pow'r to hang him when you please.
This hath been often done by some
Of our great Conqu'rors, you know whom:
And has by most of us been held
Wise Justice, and to some reveal'd.
For Words and Promises that yoke,
The Conqu'ror, are quickly broke,
Like Samson's Cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the Cause
By rules of military Laws,
And only do what they call just,
The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
This we among our selves may speak,
But to the Wicked or the Weak
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done:
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind;
And to its former place and use
The Wooden member to reduce:
But force it take an Oath before,
Ne'er to bear Arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste
And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of Cord
To lead the Captive of his Sword
In triumph while the Steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The Squire in state rode on before
And on his nut-brown Whiniard bore
The Trophee Fiddle and the Case,
Plac’d on his shoulder like a Mace.
The Knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side,
And tow’d him, if he lagg’d behind,
Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite through the Town th’ had gone,
At further end of which there stands
An ancient Castle, that commands
Th’ adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You shall not see one stone nor a brick:
But all of Wood, by pow’rful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable,
There’s neither Iron-bar, nor Gate,
Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate:
And yet men durance there abide,
In Dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With Roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie, or sit,
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in Prison,
In Circle Magical confin’d,
With Walls of subtle Air and Wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until th’ are freed by head of Borough.
Thither arriv’d the advent’rous Knight
And bold Squire from their Steeds alight,
At th’ outward Wall, near which [there] stands
A Bastile built t’imprison hands;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater.
For though the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Grate are fast enough.
And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Post by 'witch
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a Spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire,
The Fiddle, and its Spoils, the Case,
In manner of a Trophee place.
That done, they ope the Trap-dore-gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like Hermit poor in pensive place,
To Dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet:
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they release,
Though a Delinquent false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged;
While his Comrade that did no hurt,
Is clapt up fast in prison for't,
So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.
The Argument of the Third CANTO.

The scatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight does sally,
And is made Pris'ner: then they seize
Th' Inchanted Fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place.
I should have first said, Hudibras.

CANTO III.

A y me! what perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps!
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile
And leer upon him for a while;
She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick,
This any man may sing or say
I' th' Ditty call'd, What if a Day:
For Hudibras, who thought h' had won
The Field as certain as a Gun,
And having routed the whole Troop,
With Vi ctory was Cock-a-hoop;
'Thinks h' had done enough to purchase Thanksgiving Day among the Churches, Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth Might be explain'd by Holder-forth, And Register'd by Fame eternal, In Deathless Pages of Diurnal; Found in few minutes, to his Cost, He did but Count without his Host; And that a Turn-stile is more certain, Than in events of War Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted Rout O'erthrown and scatter'd round about, Chac'd by the horror of their fear From bloody fray of Knight and Bear, (All but the Dogs, who in pursuit Of the Knight's Victory stood to't, And most ignobly sought to get The honor of his blood and sweat) Seeing the Coast was free and clear O' th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer, Took heart again, and fac'd about, As if they meant to stand it out: For now the half-defeated Bear Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' rear, Finding their number grew too great For him to make a safe retreat, Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about; But wisely doubting to hold out, Gave way to fortune, and with haste Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd, Retiring still, until he found H' had got th' advantage of the ground; And then as valiantly made head, To check the foe, and forthwith fled; Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick Of Warrior stout and Politick, Until in spight of hot pursuit, He gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil:
But still their numbers so increast
He found himself at length opprest,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his Hide and Carcass at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This Resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The Enemy i'th' greatest throng.
But what could single Valor do
Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much [he] did, indeed too much
To be believ'd. where th' odds was such:
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good.
For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was suddenly enclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the Mastives charging home
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself to shew how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
I' th' Enemy, that one should beard
So many Warriors and so stout,
As he had done, and stand it out,
Disdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honorable terms.
Enraged thus some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
HUDIBRAS

And being down still laid about;
As Widdrington in doleful dumps
Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon in the nick
To rescue him had not been quick.
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot
(But not so light as to be born
Upon the Ears of standing Corn,
Or [trip] it o'er the water quicker
Than Witches when their staves they liquor,
As some report) was got among
The foremost of the Martial throng;
Where pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon who stood near
Viewing the bloody fight, to whom
Shall we (quoth she) stand still hum drum,
And see stout Bruin all alone
By numbers basely overthrown?
Such feats already h' has achiev'd,
In story not to be believ'd:
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
To second thee, and rescue him:
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late.
Quarter he scorns; he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground;
And joining forces laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the Devil drove, to run.
Mean while th' aproach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruine:
The conquering foe they soon assail'd;  
First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,  
Until their Mastives loos'd their hold:  
And yet alas! do what they could, 
The worsted Bear came off with store 
Of bloudy wounds, but all before.  
For as Achilles dipt in Pond, 
Was Anabaptized free from wound,  
Made proof against dead-doing steel  
All over but the Pagan heel,  
So did our Champion's Arms defend  
All of him but the other end,  
His Head and Ears, which in the Martial  
Encounter lost a Leathern parcel,  
For as an Austrian Archduke once  
Had one ear (which in Ducatoons  
Is half the Coyn) in Battel par'd  
Close to his head; so Bruin far'd:  
But tugg'd and pull'd on th'other side,  
Like Scrivener newly crucify'd;  
Or like the late-corre6ted Leathern  
Ears of the circumcised Brethren.  
But gentle Trulla into th' Ring  
He wore in's Nose, conveyed a string,  
With which she march'd before, and led  
The Warrior to a grassie Bed,  
As Authors write, in a cool shade,  
Which Eglentine and Roses made,  
Close by a softly-murm'ring stream  
Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream,  
There leaving him to his repose,  
Secured from pursuit of foes.  
And w[a]nting nothing but a Song,  
And a well-tun'd Theorbo hung  
Upon a Bough, to ease the pain  
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain.  
They both drew up, to march in quest  
Of his great Leader, and the rest.
For Orsin (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground
In standing fights than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursu'd the Chace,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Grieve'd to behold his Bear pursu'd
So basely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers of his Coward foes.
He rag'd and kept as heavy a coyl as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas,
Forcing the Valleys to repeat
The Accents of his sad regret.
He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,
For loss of his dear Crony Bear:
That Eccho from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully by many times,
Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhimes,
That make her, in their ruthless stories,
To answer to Inter'gatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows:
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whether, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my—Eccho, ruin?
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear. (Quoth Eccho) Marry guep.
Am I not here to take thy [part?]?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these Bones ratled, and this Head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake, (Quoth she) Mum budget.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish,
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Eccho, Pish.
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Eccho, Mum.
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine Enemy?
Or if thou hast no thought of me
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honor might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to spend his bloud in
His honors cause? Quoth she, a Puddin.
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
Thirst of Revenge and Wrath, in place
Of Sorrow now began to blaze.
He vow'd the Authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with their Bones and Flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed
To action streight, and giving o'er
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out, where e'er he was:
And if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that Crew
Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
Honor, Revenge, Contempt, and Shame,
Did equally their breasts enflame.
'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol foe to Hudibras;
Cerdon and Colon, Warriors stout
And resolute as ever fought:
Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke,
Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
The vile affront that paultry Ass
And feeble Scoundrel Hudibras,
With that more paulytry Ragamuffin Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us like tame Cattel,
As if th' had routed us in battel?
For my part, it shall ne'er be sed,
I for the washing gave my Head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
Of them, but loosing of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel.
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out
That cau'sd it, (as I shall no doubt,
Where e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work;
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the Devil by the Beard.

Quoth Cerdon, noble Orsin th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has every body here
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear.
Others may do as they see good;
But if this Twig be made of Wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the Fur
Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur,
And th' other mungrel Vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill.
My self and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough,
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.
This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design:
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march.
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the Victorious Knight befel:
For such, Crowdero being fast
In Dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring Castle by,
To rest his Body, and apply
Fit Med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight Reds, Blacks, and Blews;
To mollifie the uneasie pang
Of ev'ry honorable bang.
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife drest,
He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
O' th' inside of a deadlier sort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a Widows Jointure-Land,
(For he, in all his amorous battels
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)
Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an Arrow at the Knight.
The shaft against a Rib did glance,
And gall him in the Purtenance.
But time had somewhat swag'd his pain,
After he found his suit in vain,
For that proud Dame for whom his soul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly that so oft did ake
And suffer griping for her sake
Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs
Had almost brought him off his Legs)
Us'd him so like a base Rascalion,
That old Pyg- (what d'y' call him) malion,
That cut his Mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard-a-hearted-one.
She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a Mule that flings and kicks:
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad:
She could love none but onely such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her, ha day!
So Cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Onely to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart must say her
The back-way, like a Witches Prayer.
Mean while the Knight had no small task,
To compass what he durst not ask.
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion.
Like Caitiff vile, that for misdeed,
Rides with his face to rump of Steed,
Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way:
Until he seize upon the Cony:
Just so does he by Matrimony,
But all in vain: her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honor born.
Yet much he bore, till the distress
He suffer'd from his spightful Mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the Pain
He had endur'd from her disdain
Turn'd to regret, so resolute,
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight,
This resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done;
But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The Victory h' atchiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinu'd hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win
His Dame too now his hand was in;
And that his valor and the honor
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her:
These reasons made his mouth to water
With amorous longings to be at her.

Thought he unto himself, Who knows
But this brave Conquest o'er my foes,
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?
If nothing can oppugne love,
And virtue envious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'st valor too and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valor's a Mouse-trap, Wit a Gin,
Which Women oft are taken in.
Then, Hudibras, why should'st thou fear
To be, that art, a Conquerer?
Fortune th' audacious doth juvare,
But lets the timidous miscarry.
Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span-new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou had'st best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.

Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,
More than his bangs or fleas, from sleep.
And as an Owl that in a Barn
Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blew eyes
HUDIBRAS

As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch:
So from his Couch the Knight did start,
To seize upon the Widow’s heart;
Crying with hasty tone and hoarse,
Ralph, dispatch, to horse, to horse,
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout
We left engag’d to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc’d
Up to the Fort where he ensconc’d,
And had all th’ avenues possesst
About the place, from East to West.
That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the Ground, and where t’ assault:
Then call’d a Councel, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy: and 'twas agreed,
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This b’ing resolv’d, in comely sort,
They now drew up t’ attack the Fort.
When Hudibras about to enter
Upon another gate’s adventure;
To Ralph call’d aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of Angel bad, or Tutelare,
Did arm or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger:
That foresight might, or might not blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his shame it might be sed,
They took him napping in his bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.
His Courser scarce he had bestrid,
And Ralph that on which he rid,
When setting ope the Postern Gate,
To take the Field and, sally at,
The Foe appear’d, drawn up and drill’d,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startl'd the bold Knight,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected sight
The bruises of his Bones and Flesh,
He thought began to smart afresh:
Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage.
And thus he spoke: The Coward Foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had out-run their fears.
The Glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat,
And to their wills we must succumb,
\textit{Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.}
This is the same numerick Crew
Which we so lately did subdue,
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as Mice do from a Cat,
When we courageously did wield
Our Martial weapons in the field,
To tug for Victory: and when
We shall our shining blades agen
Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an Ague, that forsakes
And haunts by fits those whom it takes.
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows, they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his Courage to enflame,
He call'd upon his \textit{Mistress} name,
His Pistol next he cockt anew,
And out his nut-brown Whiniard drew.
And placing \textit{Ralpho} in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt;
As expert Warriors use: then ply'd
With Iron heel his Courser's side,
Conveying Sympathetick speed
From heel of Knight to heel of Steed.

Mean while the foe with equal rage
And speed advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handiblows.
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the Bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl’d,
T’ have sent him to another world;
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which Saints twice dipt are destin’d to.
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire.
But Hudibras advanc’d to’s aid,
And rouz’d his Spirits half dismay’d.
He, wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th’ Enemy now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, prest close,
To come, pell-mell, to handiblows:
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc’d still in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got higher:
As expert Warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge the foe.
This order the advent’rous Knight
Most Soldier-like observ’d in fight:
When Fortune (as she’s wont) turn’d fickle
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her Goody-ship,
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon chusing out a stone,
Levell’d so right, it thumpt upon
His manly panch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his Horse.
He loos’d his weapon, and the Rein;
FIRST PART, CANTO III

But laying fast hold on the Mane
Preserv'd his seat: And as a Goose
In death contraets his Talons loose;
So did the Knight, and with one Claw
The tricker of his Pistol draw.
The Gun went off: and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of Arms, when least
He dreamt of it to prosper best;
So now he far'd, the shot let fly
At randome 'mong the Enemy,
Pierc'd Talgo's Gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his Shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in Magnano's brass Habergeon,
Who straight a Surgeon cry'd, a Surgeon.
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did Murther, murther, murther yell.
This startled their whole Body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His Arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won (the second time the fight.)
As if the Squire had but fal'n on,
He had inevitably done:
But he diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his wound forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
He had with Cerdon been engag'd
In close encounter, which both wag'd
So despr'ately, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busie work of death
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the fight;
When th' heard the disaster of the Knight
And th' other party did divert
And force their sullen Rage to part
Ralpho prest up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was;
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralph, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let Revenge and Honour stir
Your spirits up, once more fall on,
The shatter'd Foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you knew
To use your Victory as subdue,
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from so formidable a Soldier
Had fled like Crows when they smell Powder.
Thrice have they seen your Sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft:
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet y' have had to get the day.

Thus spoke the stout Squire; but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;
To which he answer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy Counsel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal Crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for aotion now unfit,
Either of Fortitude or Wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial basting, to despond:
Yet I'd be loath my days to curtal.
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course: but [if] they find
We fly, and leave our Arms behind,
FIRST PART, CANTO III

For them to seize on, the dishonor  
And danger too is such, I'll sooner  
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,  
To let them see I am no starter.  
In all the trade of War, no feat  
Is nobler than a brave retreat.  
For those that run away, and fly,  
Take Place at least of th' enemy.

This said. the Squire with active speed,  
Dismounted from his bony Steed,  
To seize the Arms which by mischance  
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.  
These being found out, and restor'd  
To Hudibras, their nat'ral Lord,  
The active Squire with might and main  
Prepar'd in haste to mount again.  
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft,  
But by his weighty Bum as oft  
He was pull'd back: till having found  
Th' advantage of the rising ground,  
Thither he led his warlike Steed,  
And having plac'd him right, with speed  
Prepar'd again to scale the Beast.  
When Orsin, who had newly drest  
The bloody scar upon the shoulder  
Of Talgol with Promethean Powder,  
And now was searching for the shot  
That laid Magnano on the spot,  
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid  
Preparing to climb up his Horse side.  
He left his Cure, and laying hold  
Upon his Arms with Courage bold  
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,  
The Enemy begins to rally:  
Let us that are unhurt and whole  
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a Thunderbolt  
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving the Enemy to attack
Before he reacht his Horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his Beast with active vau'ting.
Wrigling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right Leg over;
When Orsin rushing in, bestow'd
On Horse and Man so heavy a load,
The Beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run;
Bearing the tough Squire like a Sack,
Or stout King Richard on his back:
Till stubbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd and cast into a swoun.
Mean while the Knight began to rowse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess;
He thrust his Hand into his Hose,
And found both by his Eyes and Nose,
'Twas only Choler, and not Bloud,
That from his wounded Body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with despightful Ire;
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other Pistol out,
And now had half-way bent the Cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon thwart his Arm
That down it fell, and did no harm;
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.
The Knight his Sword had onely left,
With which he Cerdon's Head had cleft,
Or at the least cropt off a Limb,
But Orsin came and rescu'd him.
He with his Lance attac'd the Knight
Upon his quarters opposite.
But as a Bark that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten too and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:
So far’d the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t’ oppose.
Till Orsin charging with his Lance
At Hudibras, by spightful chance
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn’d
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to chear up,
And raising up himself on stirrup,
Cry’d out Victoria; lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another,
To bear thee company in death:
But first I’ll halt awhile and breath.
As well he might: for Orsin griev’d
At th’ wound that Cerdon had receiv’d
Ran to relieve him with his lore
And cure the hurt he made before.
Mean while the Knight had wheel’d about,
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th’ advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This being resolv’d, he spurr’d his Steed;
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busie in the care
Of Cerdon’s wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply’d remedy;
And seeing th’ enemy prepar’d,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial Art,
The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
And judg’d it best to stay th’ assault,
Until he had reliev’d the Squire,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occasion should invite,
With Forces join’d renew the fight.
Ralpho by this time disentranc’d,
Upon his Bum himself advanc’d,
Though sorely bruis’d; his Limbs all o’re
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore.
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone;
When Hudibras to aid him came.

Quoth he, (and call’d him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more as Conquerors,
Have both the Field and Honor won,
The Foe is profligate and run;
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home;
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Caesar himself could never say
He got two Victories in a day;
As I have done, that can say, Twice I
In one day, Veni, vidi, vici,
The foe’s so numerous, that we
Cannot so often vincere
As they perire, and yet enough
Be left to strike an after-blow.
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus’ness o’er,
Get up, and mount thy Steed, dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn’d my back, or hang’d
An Arse, for fear of being bang’d:
It was for you I got these harms,
Advent’ring to fetch off your Arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv’d,
Have bruis’d my body, and bereav’d
My Limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who now are run away.

That shalt thou not (quoth Hudibras)
We read, the Ancients held it was
More honorable far Servare
Civenm, than slay an adversary.
The one we oft to day have done;
The other shall dispatch anon.
And though th' art of a different Church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This said, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently toward the Squire.
Then bowing down his Body, stretcht
His Hand out, and at Ralpho reacht;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like Lightening behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out:
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startl'd him was got.
But having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last
The pillage of the Prisoners,
Which all in feat of Arms was hers:
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew
To succor him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.

Yield Scoundrel base, (quoth she) or dye;
Thy Life is mine and Liberty.
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And. dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I'll wave my Title to thy flesh,
Thy Arms and Baggage, now my right:
And if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend [thee] back thy self awhile,
And once more for that carcass vile
Fight upon tick——Quoth Hudibras,
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant Lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise, and take my sword;
That sword which has so oft this day
Through Squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds dispatcht,
Now with a feeble Spinster matcht,
Will blush with bloud ignoble stain’d,
By which no honor’s to be gain’d.
But if thou’lt take m’ advice in this,
Consider while thou may’st, what ’tis
To interrupt a Victor’s course,
B’ opposing such a trivial force.
For if with Conquest I come off;
(And that I shall do sure enough)
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
By Law of Arms in such a case;
Both which I now do offer freely.

I scorn (quoth she) thou Coxcomb silly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
'To shew how much [s]he priz’d his speech)
Quarter or Counsel from a foe:
If thou canst force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be sed,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping unprepar’d,
Arm and betake thee to thy Guard.

This said, she to her Tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and prest so home,
That he retir’d and follow’d’s Bum.
Stand to’t (quoth she) or yield to mercy
It is not fighting Arsie-versie
Shall serve thy turn—This stirr’d his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although the’ already made him reel,
Honor, despight, revenge, and shame,
At once unto his stomach came;
Which fir’d it so, he rais’d his Arm

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Above his Head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took 'em;
And by oblique diversion broke 'em;
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of, for now
The Knight with one dead-doing blow
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning slight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground.
No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew, and seconding
With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And mounting on his Trunk a-stride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring base Scum.
Say, will the Law of Arms allow
I may have Grace, and Quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine Honor, than thy Sword.
A Man of War to damn his Soul,
In basely breaking his Parole.
And when before the Fight, th' hadst vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood:
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
To make m' against my will take quarter?
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
Quoth Hudibras, the days thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
My Laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow:
My loss of Honor's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff:
Sarcasmes may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
*He that is down can fall no lower.*
The ancient Hero's were illustrious
For b'ing benigne, and not blustrous,
Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, although thou hast deserv'd,
Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd
As thou did'st vow to deal with me,
If thou had'st got the Victory;
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my Fame, than thy desert.
Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beside
All that's o' th' out-side of thy Hide,
Are mine by Military Law,
Of which I will not bate one straw:
The rest, thy Life and Limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, it is too late
For me to treat, or stipulate;
What thou Command'st I must obey:
Yet those whom I expugn'd to day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both Dogs and Bears, upon their parol,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth Trulla, Wh[e]ther thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound;
Where still he lies, and with regret
His generous Bowels rage and fret.
FIRST PART, CANTO III

But now thy Carcass shall redeem,
And serve to be exchange for him.

This said, the Knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith devesting
The Mantle that she wore, said jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French we conquer'd once
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of Breeches, and the gathers
Port-cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;
Just so the proud insulting Lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

Mean while the other Champions, [y]erst
In hurry of the fight disperst,
Arriv'd when Trulla 'd won the day,
To share in th' Honor and the Prey,
And out of Hudibras his Hide
With vengeance to be satisfi'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden showr.
But Trulla thrust her self between,
And striding o'er his back agen,
She brandisht o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs, should make their quarter good.
For she was bound by Law of Arms
To see him safe from further harms.
In Dungeon deep Crowdero cast
By Hudibras as yet lay fast,
Where to the hard and ruthless stones
His great Heart made perpetual mones.
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransome, and supply his place.
This stopt the fury and the basting
Which toward Hudibras was hasting.
They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had achiev'd in fight,
She should dispose of how she pleas'd:
Crowdero ought to be releas'd;
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitcht upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid;
Then mounted both upon their Horses,
But with their Faces to the Arses.
Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralpho prest,
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon waited as a guard on,
All ush'ring Trulla, in the rear
With th' Arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' inchanted Castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed, than shows
And triumphs over conquer'd foes
Do use t' allow, or then the Bears
Or Pageants born before Lord Mayors
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd
In order Soldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for Battel as for Muster.
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst their Fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the Magical Redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter.
For he was skilful in Black Art
First Part, Canto III

No less than he that left the Fort;
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.

Him they release from durance base,
Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his Case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With lushious vengeance to asswage.

For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on her charge,
And in the self-same Limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was shut.

Where leaving them i' th' wretched hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted Mansion, to know sorrow;

In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd, they marcht away.

But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Chear'd up himself with ends of Verse,
And sayings of Philosophers.

Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his Mind
Is Sui juris unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
What e'er the other moiety feels.

'Tis not Restraint or Liberty
That makes Men prisoners or free;
But perturbations that possess
The Mind or Æquanimities.

The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander when he cry'd,
Because h' had but one to subdue,
As was a paultry narrow tub to
Diogenes, who is not said

(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob
Because h' had ne'er another Tub.
HUDIBRAS

The ancient[s] make two several kinds
Of Prowess in heroick minds,
The Active and the Passive valiant;
Both which are pari libra gallant:
For both to give blows and to carry,
In fights are equenecessary;
But in defeats, the Passive stout
Are always found to stand it out
Most desparately, and to out-doe
The Active, 'gainst a conquering foe.
Though we with blacks and blews are suggil'd,
Or, as the vulgar say are cudgel'd:
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honor by't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal Tenant: 'tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in Battel.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the Bed of Honor lain:
He that is beaten may be sed
To lie in Honor's Truckle-bed.
For as we see th' eclipsed Sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when adorn'd with all his light
He shines in Serene Sky most bright:
So Valor in a low estate
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that see how here we sit
Will judge us overgrown with Wit.
As gifted Brethren preaching by
A Carnal Hour-glass, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not to draw off.
For who without a Cap and Bauble,
FIRST PART, CANTO III

Having subdu'd a Bear and Rabble,
And might with Honor have come off,
Would put it to a second proof:
A politick exploit, right fit
For Presbyterian Zeal and Wit.

Quoth Hudibras, That Cuckolds tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
When tho[u] at any thing would'st rail,
Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is prophane,
Whats'er will not with thy (what d' ye call)
Thy light Jump right thou call'st Synodical.
As if Presbytery were a standard
To size what's'er's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember how this day
Thou to my Beard wast bold to say,
That thou could'st prove Bear-baiting equal
With Synods, Orthodox and legal?
Do if thou can'st, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy light:

Quoth Ralpho, Truely that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any Guts in's Brains,
And could believe it worth his pains,
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical Bear-gardens,
Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the Babylonish sport.
For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bearward,
Do differ onely in a mere word.
Both are but several Synagogues
Of carnal Men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both Antichristian Assemblies,
To mischief bent as far's in them lies
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
The one with Men, the other Beasts.
The diff'rence is, The one fights with
The Tongue, the other with the Teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th' other Souls and Consciences;
Where Saints themselves are brought to stake
For Gospel light, and Conscience sake;
Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
Instead of Mastive Dogs and Curs;
Then whom th' have less humanity,
For these at Souls of Men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a Vision saw a Bear,
Presfiguring the beastly rage
Of Church-rule in this latter Age:
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the Popes Bull.
Bears naturally are Beasts of prey,
That live by Rapine, so do they;
What are their Orders, Constitutions,
Church Censures, Curses, Absolutions,
But sev'ral mystick chains they make,
To tye poor Christians to the stake?
And then set Heathen Officers,
Instead of Dogs, about their Ears.
For to prohibit and dispence,
To find out, or to make offence:
Of Hell and Heaven to dispose;
To play with Souls at fast and lose;
To set what Characters they please,
And mulcts of sin or Godliness;
Reduce the Church to Gospel-Order,
By Rapine, Sacriledge, and Murder;
To make Presbytery supreme,
And Kings themselves submit to them;
And force all people, though against
Their Consciences, to turn Saints,
Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,
When Saints Monopolists are made.
When pious frauds and holy shifts

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FIRST PART, CANTO III

Are dispensations and gifts,
There Godliness becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry Synod but a Fair.

Synods are whelps of th' Inquisition,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up became the Sires
Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers;
Whose bus’ness is, by cunning slight
To cast a figure for mens Light;
To find in lines of Beard and Face,
The Phisiognomy of Grace;
And by the sound and twang of Nose,
If all be sound within disclose,
Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
As Men try Pipkins by the ringing.
By Black Caps underlaid with White,
Give certain guess at inward Light;
Which Serjeants at the Gospel wear,
To make the Spiritual Calling clear.
The Hand[k]erchief about the neck
(Canonical Crabat of Smeck,
From whom the Institution came
When Church and State they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of Spiritual Warfaring Men)
Judge rightly if Regeneration
Be of the newest Cut in fashion.
Sure 'tis an Orthodox opinion
That Grace is founded in Dominion.
Great Piety consists in Pride;
To rule is to be sanctifi’d:
To domineer and to controul
Both o’er the Body and the Soul,
Is the most perfect discipline
Of Church-rule, and by right divine.
Bell and the Dragons Chaplains were
More moderate than these by far:
For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives and Children Meat:
But these will not be fobb'd off so,
They must have Wealth and Power too,
Or else with blood and desolation,
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' Nation,
Sure these themselves from Primitive
And Heathen Priesthood do derive,
When Butchers were the only Clerks,
Elders and Presbyters of Kirks,
Whose Directory was to Kill;
And some believe it is so still.
The onely diff'rence is, that then
They slaughter'd only Beasts, now Men.
For then to sacrifice a Bullock,
Or now and then a Child to Moloch,
They count a vile Abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole Nation.
Presbytery does but translate
The Papacy to a Free State,
A Commonwealth of Popery,
Where ev'ry Village is a See
As well as Rome, and must maintain
A Tithe Pig Metropolitan:
Where ev'ry Presbyter and Deacon
Commands the Keys for Cheese and Bacon;
And ev'ry Hamlet's governed
By's Holiness, the Church's Head,
More haughty and severe in's place
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such Church must (surely) be a Monster
With many heads: for if we conster
What in th' Apocalypse we find,
According to th' Apostles mind,
'Tis that the Whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon;
Which Heads denote the sinful Tribe
Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-Elder, Scribe.

Lay-Elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
Archbishop-secular. This Zelot
Is of a mungrel, divers kind,
Clerick before, and Lay behind;
A Lawless Linsy-woolsy Brother,
Half of one Order, half another;
A Creature of amphibious nature,
On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water,
That always preys on Grace, or Sin;
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
This fierce Inquisitor has chief
Dominion over Mens Belief
And Manners: Can pronounce a Saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts,
Through coursest Boulter, others gifts.
For all Men live and judge amiss
Whose Talents jump not just with his.
He'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle light and grace,
The manufacture of the Kirk,
Whose Pastors are but th' Handiwork
Of his Mechanick Paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling.
From whence they start up chosen Vessels,
Made by Contact, as Men get Meazles.
So Cardinals, they say, do grope
At th' other end the new made Pope.

Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, Soft fire,
They say, does make sweet Malt. Good Squire.
Festina lente, not too fast;
For haste (the Proverb says) makes waste.
The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake.
And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of Falacies, t' Elenchi back;
And put your Arguments in mood
And figure to be understood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination
To leave your Vitiligation,
And make you keep to th’ question close,
And argue *Dialecticôs*.

The Question then, to state it first,
Is which is *better*, or which *worst*,
Synods or Bears. Bears I avow
To be the worst, and Synods thou.
But to make good th’ Assertion,
Thou say’st th’ are really *all one*.
If so, not *worst*; for if th’ are *idem*,
Why then, *Tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the *same*, by course
Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.
But I deny they are the *same*,
More than a *Maggot* and I am.
That both are *Animalia*,
I grant, but not *Rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find.
And can no more make *Bears* of these,
Than prove *my Horse is Socrates*.

That *Synods* are *Bear-gardens* too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say no:
And thus I prove it, in a word,
Whats’ever *Assembly*’s not impowr’d
To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ordain*,
Can be no *Synod*: but *Bear-garden*
Has no such pow’r, *Ergo* ’tis none.
And so thy Sophistry’s o’erthrown.

But yet we are beside the Question
Which thou did’st raise the first contest on;
For that was, Whether *Bears* are *better*
Than *Synod-men*, I say *Negatur*.
That *Bears* are *Beasts*, and *Synods Men*,
Is held by all: *They*r better then.
For *Bears* and *Dogs* on four *Legs* go,
As *Beasts*, but *Synod-men* on *Two*. 
'Tis true, they all have Teeth and Nails; 
But prove that Synod-men have tails; 
Or that a rugged, shaggy Fur 
Grows o'er the Hide of Presbyter; 
Or that his snout and spacious Ears 
Do hold proportion with a Bear's. 
A Bear's a savage Beast, of all 
Most ugly and unnatural, 
Whelpt without form, until the Dam 
Have lickt him into shape and frame; 
But all thy light can ne'er eject 
That ever Synod-man was lickt; 
Or brought to any other fashion 
Than his own Will and Inclination. 

But thou dost further yet in this 
Oppugne thy self and sense, that is, 
Thou would'st have Presbyters to go 
For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too. 
A strange Chimæra of Beasts and Men, 
Made up of pieces Heterogene, 
Such as in Nature never met 
In eodem Subiecto yet. 

Thy other Arguments are all 
Supposures, Hypothetical, 
That do but beg, and we may chuse 
Either to grant them, or refuse. 
Much thou hast said, which I know when, 
And where, thou stol'st from other Men 
(Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts 
Are all but plagiary shifts;) 
And is the same that Ranter sed, 
That arguing with me, broke my head, 
And tore a handful of my Beard: 
The self-same Cavils then I heard, 
When b'ing in hot dispute about 
This Controversie, we fell out; 
And what thou know'st I answer'd then, 
Will serve to answer thee agen.
Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
Of Humane Learning you produce;
Learning that Cobweb of the Brain,
Profane, erronious, and vain;
A trade of knowledge as repleat
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An Art t’ incumber Gifts and Wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes light unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little David in Saul’s Doublet;
A cheat that Scholars put upon
Other mens reason and their own;
A Fort of Error, to ensconce
Absurdity and Ignorance;
That renders all the avenues
To Truth impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By Art, perplexed and intricate:
For nothing goes for Sense or Light
That will not with old rules jump right.
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv’d from Truth, but Truth from Rules.

This Pagan, Heathenish invention
Is good for nothing but Contention.
For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,
All blows do on the Target light:
So when Men argue, the great’st part
O’ th’ Contest falls on terms of Art,
Until the Fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th’ Argument.

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
Out-run the Constable at last;
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as sensless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white;
Mere Disparata, that concerning
Presbytery, this Humane Learning;
FIRST PART, CANTO III

Two things s' averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
To evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w' are in: therefore let's stop here,
And rest our wearied bones a while,
Already t'ir'd with other toil.
Annotations

TO THE

FIRST PART.

That could as well bind o're as swaddle.

Bind over to the Sessions, as being a Justice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot, in the Parliaments Army, and a Committee-man.

As Mountaigne playing with his Cat.

Mountaigne in his Essays supposes his Cat thought him a Fool, for loosing his time, in playing with her.

Profoundly skill'd in Analytique.

Analytique is a part of Logick that teaches to Decline and Construe Reason, as Grammar does Words.

A Babilonish Dialect.

A confusion of Languages, such, as some of our Modern Virtuosi use to express themselves in.

That had the Orator, who once,

Demosthenes, who is said to have a defect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by using to speak with little stones in his mouth.

He could reduce all things to Acts.

The old Philosophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural things, as Chymists do Spirits and Essences: and when they had refin'd them into the nicest subtleties, gave them as insignificant Names, as those Operators do their Extractions: But (as Seneca says) the subtler things are render'd, they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their definitions of things by Acts, the nearer to Nonsense.
Where Truth in person does appear.

Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a Real thing, when it is nothing but a right Method of putting those Notions, or Images of things (in the understanding of Man) into the same state and order, that their Originals hold in Nature, and therefore Aristotle says, 

\[ \text{unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem.} \]

Met. l. 2.

Like Words congeal’d in Northern Air.

Some report, that in Nova Zemble, and Greenland, Mens words are wont to be Frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

He knew the Seat of Paradise.

There is nothing more ridiculous than the various opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise; Sir Walter Rawleigh has taken a great deal of pains to collect them; in the beginning of his History of the World; where those who are unsatisfied, may be fully inform’d.

By a High Dutch Interpreter.

Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove that High-Dutch was the Language that Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise.

If either of them had a Navel.

Adam and Eve being Made, and not Conceiv’d, and Form’d in the Womb, had no Navel, as some Learned Men have suppos’d, because they had no need of them.

Who first made Musick Malleable.

Musick is said to be invented by Pythagoras, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

Like Mahomet’s were Ass and Widgeon.

Mahomet had a tame Dove that used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and Inspire him. His Ass was so intimate with him, that the Mahometans believe it carry’d him to Heaven, and stays there with him to bring him back again.

It was Canonique, and did grow
In Holy Orders by strict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his Beard, until the Parliament had subdued the King, of which Order of Phanatique Votaries, there were many in those times.
HUDIBRAS

So Learned Taliacotius, &c.

*Taliacotius* was an *Italian* Chirurgeon, that found out a way to repair lost and decay'd Noses.

But left the Trade, as many more,
Have lately done, &c.

*Oliver Cromwell* and Colonel *Pride* had been both Brewers.

That *Caesar’s* Horse, who as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.

*Julius Caesar* had a Horse with Feet like a Man’s. *Utebatur equo insigni, pedibus prope Humanis, & in modum Digitorum ungulis fissis.*

*Sueton in Jul. Cap. 61.*

The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain’d
With subtle shreds, a *Tract* of Land.

*Dido* Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land as she could compass with an *Oxes* Hide, which she cut into small *Thongs* and cheated the owner of so much ground, as serv’d her to build *Carthage* upon.

As the bold *Trojan* Knight seen Hell.

*Æneas* whom *Virgil* reports to use a Golden Bough, for a *Pass* to Hell, and Tailors call that place Hell, where they put all they steal.

In Magick, *Talisman*, and *Cabal*.

*Talisman* is a Device to destroy any sort of Vermin by casting their Images in Metal, in a precise minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin’d to do them all the mischief they can. This has been experimented by some modern *Virtuosi*, upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable success.

*Raymund Lully* interprets *Cabal*, out of the *Arabick*, to signify *Scientia superabundans*, which his Comentator *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over magnifying, has render’d a very superfluous Foppery.

As far as *Adam’s* first *Green Breeches*.

The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the antient *Magi*, to be deriv’d from that knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in *Paradise*, before the Fall.
And much of *Terra Incognita*

The Intelligible world could say.

The Intelligible world, is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Psittacorum Regio*, discover'd only by the Philosophers, of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

As Learn'd as the wild Irish are.

No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philosophy, than the Wild Irish, as appears by the whole practice of their Lives, of which see *Camden* in his description of Ireland.

In *Rosy-Crucian Love* as Learned

As he that *vere Adeptus* earned.

The Fraternity of the *Rosy-Crucians* is very like the Sect of the antient *Gnostici* who call'd themselves so, from the excellent Learning they pretended to, although they were really the most ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

*Vere Adeptus*, is one that has Commenc'd in their Fanatique extravagance.

Thou that with Ale or viler Licquors

Did'st inspire *Withers, Pryn, and Vickars*.

This *Vickars* was a Man of as great Interest and [Authority] in the late Reformation, as *Pryn*, or *Withers*, and as able a Poet; He Translated *Virgils Aeneids* into as horrible Travesty in earnest, as the French *Scaroon* did in Burlesque, and was only out-done in his way by the Politick Author of *Oceana*.

We that are wisely mounted higher.

This Speech is set down as it was deliver'd by the Knight in his own words: but since it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry, to admit of Humor, but all men are oblig'd to speak wisely alike. And too much of so extravagant a Folly would become tedious, and impertinent, the rest of his Harangues have only his Sense exprest in other words, unless in some few places where his own words could not be so well avoided.

In Bloudy Cynaratromarchy.

*Cynaratromarchy* signifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, though both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in such words very great Knowledge is contained: and our Knight as one, or both of those, was of the same opinion.
HUDIBRAS

Or Force, we averruncate it.

Another of the same kind, which though it appear ever so Learned, and Profound, means nothing else but the weeding of Corn.

The Indians fought for the Truth
Of th' Elephant, and Monkeys Tooth.

The History of the White Elephant, and the Monkeys Tooth, which the Indians ador'd, is written by Monsieur Le Blanc. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the Portuguese from those that worship'd it, and though they offer'd a vast Ransom for it, yet the Christians were persuad'd by their Priests, rather to burn it. But as soon as the fire was kindled, all the People present were not able to indure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the same Ingredients, with which Seamen use to compose that kind of Granado's, which they call Stinkards.

This rage in them like Bout-feus.

Bout-feus is a French word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English Person (especially of Quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an Exposition.

As Indian Brittains are from Penguins.

The American Indians call a great Bird they have, with a white head a Penguin; which signifies the same thing in the Brittish Tongue: from whence (with other words of the same kind) some Authors have endeavour'd to prove, That the Americans are originally deriv'd from the Brittains.

And though his Country-men the Huns.

This custom of the Huns is describ'd by Ammianus Marcellinus. Huni Semicruda cajusvis Pecoris carne vescentur, quam inter femora sua & equorum terga subsertam, fotu calefaciunt brevi. Pag. 686.

—He spous'd in India
Of Noble House a Lady gay.

This story in Le Blanc, of a Bear that married a Kings Daughter, is no more strange than many others in most Travellers, that pass with allowance, for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their labor, and observed nothing, but what they might have done as well at home.

100
They would not suffer the stout'st Dame
To swear by Hercules's Name.

The old Romans had particular Oaths for Men and Women to swear by,
and therefore Macrobius says, *Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitus,*
*nec Mulieres per Herculem, Ædopol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus quam viris commune,* &c.

As stout Armida, bold Thalestris.

Two formidable Women at Arms, in Romances, that were cudgell'd into Love by their Gallants.

Wore in their Hats like Wedding garters.

Some few days after the King had accus'd the Five Members of Treason in the House of Commons; great crowds of the Rabble came down to Westminster-Hall, with Printed Copies of the Protestation, ty'd in their Hats like Favors.

Make that Sarcasmous scandal true!

Abusive, or insulting had been better, but our Knight believ'd the Learned Languages, more convenient to understand in, then his own Mother-tongue.

And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore t' *Et cæteras.*

The Convocation in one of the short Parliaments that usher'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knights Errant) made an Oath to be taken, by the Clergy, for observing of Canonical obedience; in which they injoy'n'd their Brethren, out of the abundance of their Consciences, to swear to Articles with *&c.*

Or the French League in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of Blood.

The Holy League in France, design'd and made for the Extirpation of the Protestant Religion, was the Original, out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here, was (with difference only of Circumstances) most faithfully Transcrib'd. Nor did the success of both differ more than the Intent and Purpose; for after the destruction of vast numbers of People of all sorts, both ended with the Murthers of two Kings, whom they had both sworn to defend: and as our Covenanters swore every Man, to run one before another in the way of Reformation, So did the French in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of Blood.
First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd.

Staving and Tailing are terms of Art us'd in the *Bear-Garden*, and signify there only the parting of *Dogs* and *Bears*, though they are us'd metaphorically, in several other Professions, for moderating, as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, &c.

Or like the late corrected Leathern Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.

*Pryn, Bastwyck, and Burton*, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for three Professions of the Godly Party, who not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took possession of it in their Names.

By him that Baited the Popes Bull.

A Learned Divine in King *James's* time wrote a Polemick Work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky Nick-Name, of *The Popes Bull Baited*.

**Canonical Crabat of *Smeec.***

*Smeçymnibus* was a Club of Parliamentary Holders-forth, The Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves exprest, in that senseless insignificant word; They wore Handkerchers about their Necks for a Note of Distinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into Carnal Crabats.

And leave your Vitilitigation.

Vitilitigation is a word the Knight was passionately in love with, and never fail'd to use it upon all possible occasions: and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a Neglect of his Learning, and Parts, though it means no more than a perverse humour of wrangling.
HUDIBRAS.

The Second Part.

By the Author of the First.

CORRECTED & AMENDED,
With
Several Additions and Annotations.

LONDON:

Printed by T. N. for John Martyn and Henry Herringman, at the Bell in St. Paul's Churchyard, and at the Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1678.
The Second PART of HUDIBRAS.

The Argument of the first Canto.

The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,
The last unhappy Expedition,
Love brings his Action on the Case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Ladies visit,
And cunningly sollicites his sute,
Which she deferrs: yet on Parol,
Redeems him from th' Inchanted Hole.

CANTO I.

But now t'observe Romantique method
Let rusty Steel a while be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of Bastinado's, Cuts, and Wounds
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle stile,
To let our Reader breathe a while:
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of Preface.
Is't not enough to make one strange,
That some mens fancies should ne'er change?
But make all people do, and say,
The same things still the self-same way:
Some Writers make all Ladies purloin'd,
And *Knights* pursuing like a Whirlwind:
Others make all their *Knights*, in fits
Of Jealousie, to lose their wits;
Till drawing blood o’th’ Dames, like Witches,
Th’ are forthwith cur’d of their Capriches.
Some always thrive in their *Amours*,
By pulling Plaisters off their Sores;
As Cripples do to get an Alms,
Just so do they, and win their Dames.
Some force whole Regions, in despirit
O’ *Geography*, to change their site:
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after,
But those that write in *Rhime*, still make
The one *Verse* for the others sake:
For, one for *Sense*, and one for *Rhime*,
I think’s sufficient at one time.

But we forget in what sad plight
We lately left the Captiv’d *Knight*,
And pensive *Squire* both bruised in body,
And conjur’d into safe Custody:
Tir’d with Dispute, and speaking *Latine*,
As well as basting, and *Bear-baiting*;
And desperate of any course,
To free himself by wit or force.
His onely Solace was, That now
His dog-bolt Fortune was so low:
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend:
In which he found th’ event, no less,
Than other times beside his guess;
There is a tall long-sided Dame,
(But wondrous light) ycleped *Fame*,
That like a thin *Camelion* Bourds
He[r] self on Air, and eats her words:
Upon her shoulders wings she wears,
Like Hanging-sleeves, lin’d through with Ears,
And Eies, and Tongues, as Poets list,
Made good by deep *Mythologist*.
With these, she through the Welkin flies,
And sometimes carries Truth, oft Lies;
With Letters hung like Eastern Pidgeons;
And Mercuries of farthest Regions;
Diurnals writ for Regulation
Of Lying, to inform the Nation:
And by their publick use to bring down
The rate of Whetstones in the Kingdom.
About her neck a Pacquet-Male,
Fraught with Advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
And Cows of Monsters brought to bed:
Of Hailstones big as Pullets Eggs,
And Puppies whelp'd with twice two legs:
A Blazing-Star seen in the West,
By six or seven Men at least.
Two Trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones.
But whether both with the same Wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not; only this can tell,
Th' one sounds vilely, th' other well.
And therefore vulgar Authors name
Th' one good, th' other Evil Fame.
This tatling Gossip knew too well,
What mischief Hudibras befel;
And straight the spightful tidings bears,
Of all, to th' unkind Widows Ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud
To see Bauds carted through the crowd,
Or Funerals with stately Pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump;
As she laugh'd out, until her back
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the Sight,
And visit the distressed Knight,
To do the Office of a Neighbor,
And be a Gossip at his Labor:
And from his wooden Jail the Stocks,
To set at large his Fetter-locks,
And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransome,
To free him from th' Inchantèd Mansion.
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And Usher, Implements abroad,
Which Ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting Damsel to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went,
To find the Knight in Limbo pent:
And 'twas not long before she found
Him, and his stout Squire in the Pound;
Both coupled in Inchantèd Tether,
By further Leg behind together:
For as he sate upon his Rump,
His Head like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his Ears on either side.
And by him, in another hole,
Afflietèd Ralpho, Cheek by Joul;
She came upon him in his wooden
Magicians Circle, on the sudden,
As Spirits do t' a Conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a Fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang the head, and scowl,
And wink and goggle like an Owl,
He felt his Brains begin to swim,
When thus the Dame accostèd him;
This place (quoth she) they say's Inchantèd,
And with Delinquent Spirits haunted;
That here are ty'd in Chains, and scourg'd,
Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd;
Look, there are two of them appear
Like Persons I have seen somewhere:
Some have mistaken Blocks and Posts,
For Spectres, Apparations, Ghosts
With Sawcer-eyes, and Horns; and some
Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:
But if our Eyes are not false Glasses,
That give a wrong account of Faces;
That _Beard_ and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and inchanted.
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if't had lately been in Combat;
It did belong t' a worthy _Knight_,
Howe'er this _Goblin_ is come by't.

When _Hudibras_ the _Lady_ heard
To take kind notice of his _Beard_,
And speak with such respect and honor,
Both of the _Beard_, and the _Beard_'s Owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke; _Lady_, your bright
And radiant Eyes are in the right:
The _Beard_'s th' Identique _Beard_ you knew,
The same numerically true:
Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himself.

Oh Heavens! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you:
Not by your Individual Whiskers,
But by your Dialect and Discourse;
That never spoke to Man or Beast,
In notions vulgarly exprest.
But what malignant Star, alass,
Has brought you both to this sad pass?

Quoth he, the fortune of the War,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with _Beard_ and _Face_,
By you, in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd,
For being honorably maim'd;
If he that is in battel conquer'd,
Have any Title to his own _Beard_.
Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn,
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd
And cut square by the _Russian_ Standard.
A torn _Beard_'s like a tatter'd Ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That Petticoat about your Shoulders,
Does not so well become a Soldiers,
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i'th' reer, your Beard the Van led.
And those uneasie bruises make
My heart for company to ake,
To see so worshipful a friend
I'th' Pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain,
Is (as the Learn'd Stoicks maintain)
Not bad simpliciter, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may faign,
As well in counterfeiting pain,
As other gross Phænomena's,
In which it oft mistakes the Case.
But since th' immortal Intellecť
(That's free from Error and Defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows:
It follows, we can ne'er be sure,
Whether we pain or not endure:
And just so far are sore and griev'd,
As by the Fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion streight.
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt nor contusion nor discretion.
A Saxon Duke did grow so fat,
That Mice, (as Histories relate)
Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in
His Postique parts, without his feeling;
Then how is't possible a kick,
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain,
For one that's basted, to feel pain;
Because the Pangs his bones endure,
SECOND PART, CANTO I

Contribute nothing to the Cure:
Yet Honor hurt, is wont to rage
With Pain no Med’cine can assuage.
Quoth he, That Honor’s very squeemish
That takes a basting for a blemish:
For what’s more honorable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in Wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What Wood a Cudgel’s of by th’ blow;
Some kick’d, until they can feel whether
A Shooe be Spanish or Neats-Leather:
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning,
The furthest way about, t’ o’ercome,
I’ th’ end does prove th’ nearest home;
By Laws of Learned Duellists,
They that are bruis’d with Wood, or Fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are Cowards, and Pultroons:
But if they dare engage t’ a second,
They’re stout and gallant fellows reckon’d.
Th’ old Romans, freedom did bestow;
Our Princes worship, with a blow:
King Pyrrhus cur’d his splenetick
And testy Courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when some mighty Lord,
Or Potentate’s to be restor’d
And Pardon’d for some great offence
With which he’s willing to dispence:
First has him laid upon his Belly,
Then beaten back, and side, t’ a Jelly,
That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the gracious blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting,
Of his magnificent Rib-roasting.
The beaten Soldier, proves most manful,
That like his Sword, endures the Anvile:
And justly’s held more formidable,
The more his Valor’s malleable.
But he that fears a Bastinado,
Will run away from his own shadow.
And though I'm now in durance fast,
By our own Party basely cast,
Ransome, Exchange, Parole, refus'd,
And worse than by th' Enemy us'd;
In close Catasta shut, past hope
Of Wit, or Valor, to elope.
As Beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' Earth, still grow more reverend:
And Cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their Breeches:
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth she, Y've almost made m' in Love
With that which did my pity move:
Great Wits, and Valors, like great States,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
The extrems of Glory, and of Shame,
Like East and West, become the same:
No Indian Prince has to his Palace
More follow'rs than a Thief to th' Gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave,
What Glories must a whipping have?
Such great Achievements cannot fail,
To cast Salt on a Woman's Tail,
For if I thought your nat'ral Talent
Of Passive Courage, were so Gallant;
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his Beard:
Thought he, this is the Lucky hour,
Wines work, when Vines are in the flower;
This Crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the Question.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out,
How I've been Drubbd, and with what Spirit,
And Magnanimity, I bear it;
And if you doubt it to be true,
SECOND PART, CANTO I

I’ll stake my self down against you:
And if I fail in Love or Truth,
Be you the Winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I’ve heard old cunning Stagers
Say, Fools for Arguments use wagers.
And though I prais’d your Valor, yet
I did not mean to baulk your Wit,
Which if you have, you must needs know
What, I have told you before now,
And you b’ experiment have prov’d,
I cannot Love where I’m belov’d.

Quoth Hudibras, ’tis a Caprich
Beyond th’ infliction of a Witch;
So Cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the Game.

Love in your heart as idly burns,
As Fire in antique Roman-Urns,
To warm the Dead, and vainly light
Those only, that see nothing by’t.

Have you not power to entertain,
And render Love for Love again?
As no man can draw in his breath,
At once, and force out Air beneath?

Or do you love your self so much,
To bear all Rivals else a Grutch?

What Fate can lay a greater Curse,
Than you upon your self would force;

For Wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a Lock without a Key.

It is a kind of Rape to Marry
One, that neglects, or cares not for ye:

For, what does make it Ravishment,
But b’ing against the Mind’s Consent?

A Rape, that is the more inhumane,
For being acted by a Woman,

Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us?

But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own Fanatique way,

Why should you not, at least, allow,
Those that love you, to do so too:
For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you:
And am by your own Doctrine taught,
To practise what you call a fault.
Quoth she, If what you say be true,
You must fly me, as I do you,
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In Love and Preaching, that must sway.
Quoth he, to bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my Pulse to move,
My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup:
Command me to piss out the Moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Loves power's too great to be withstood
By feeble humane breath and blood.
'Twas he, that brought upon his knees
The Heav'n Kill-Cow Hercules;
Reduc'd his Leager-lions skins
'T a Petticoat, and made him spin:
Seiz'd on his Club, and made it dwindle
'T a feeble Distaff, and a Spindle.
'Twas he made Emperors Gallants
To their own Sisters, and their Aunts;
Set Popes, and Cardinals agog
To play with Pages at Leap-frog;
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And fluxt the House of many a Burgess;
Made those that represent the Nation
Submit, and suffer amputation:
And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal,
Adjourn to Tubs, at spring and fall.
He mounted Synod-men and rode 'em
To Durry-lane, and little Sodom;
Made 'em Corvett, like Spanish Jenets,
And take the Ring at Madam——
'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the Devil could tempt him [to];
In cold and frosty weather grow
SECOND PART, CANTO I

Enamor'd of a Wife of Snow;
And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her:
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a Garland on his Engine.

Quoth she, if Love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our Sex?
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For Diabolical and wicked?
And song, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find, I've greater reason for it,
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your Heathenish negligences
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon your selves with equal scorns;
And those who worthy Love[rs] slight,
Plague's with prepost'rous appetite;
This made the beautious Queen of Crete
To take a Town-Bull for her Sweet;
And from her greatness stoop so low,
To be the Rival of a Cow.
Others to prostitute their great Hearts,
To be Baboons, and Monkeys Sweet-hearts.
Some with the Dev'l himself in League grow
By's Representative a Negro,
'Twas this made Vestal-Maids love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd Quick.
Some by their Fathers and their Brothers,
To be made Mistrisses, and Mothers:
'Tis this that Proudest Dames enamors
On Lacquies, and Varlets des-Chambres
Their haughty Stomachs overcomes,
And makes 'em stoop to Durty Grooms,
To slight the World, and to disparage
Claps, Issue, Infamy, and Marriage.

Quoth she, these Judgements are severe,
Yet such, as I should rather bear,
Than trust men with their Oaths, or prove
Their faith, and secresie in love.

Says he, There is as weighty reason,
For Secresie in Love as Treason.

Love is a Burglarer, a Felon,
That at the Windore-eie does steal in
To rob the Heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a closer way,
Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.

Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles,
In Men, as nat’rally as in Char-coals,
Which sooty Chymists stop in holes,
When out of Wood, they extract Coles;
So Lovers, should their Passions choak,
That though they burn, they may not smoak.
’Tis like that sturdy Thief that stole,
And drag’d Beasts backwards, into’s hole:
So Love does Lovers; and us Men
Draws by the Tails into his Den;
That no impression may discover,
And trace t’ his Cave, the wary Lover.

But if you doubt I should reveal
What you entrust me under Seal,
I’ll prove my self as close and virtuous,
As, your own Secretary, Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose:
Love-Passions are like Parables,
By which men still mean something else:
Though Love be all the worlds pretence,
Mony’s the Mythologic fence,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all Address and Courtship’s made to.

Thought he, I understand your Play,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his Dame, must do,
As Love do’s, when he bends his Bow:
With the one hand thrust the Lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, Wealth is a great
Provocative, to am'rous heat;
It is all Philters, and high Diet
That makes Love Rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis Beauty always in the Flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:
'Tis that by which the Sun and Moon,
At their own weapons are out-done;
That makes Knights Errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in Romances.
'Tis Virtue, Wit, and Worth, and all
That Men Divine and Sacred call.
For what is Worth in any thing,
But so much Money as 'twill bring?
Or what but Riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own;
In which, no Creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh?
I do confess, with Goods and Land,
I'd have a Wife, at second hand;
And such you are: Nor is't your person,
My stomach's set so sharp, and fierce on,
But 'tis (your better part) your Riches,
That my enamor'd heart bewitches;
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please:
Or make it o'er in trust to th' Devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil.
Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false Mock-Passion, Speech, or Letter,
Or any feat of qualm or sowning,
But hanging of your self, or drowning;
Your onely way with me, to break
Your mind, is breaking of your Neck:
For as when Merchants break, o'erthrown
Like Nine-Pins, they strike others down;
So, that would break my heart, which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
These are but trifles, ev'ry Lover
Will damn himself, over and over,
And greater matters undertake,
HUDIBRAS

For a less worthy Mistress sake:
Yet th' are the onely ways to prove
The unfeign'd realities of Love;
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The Devils in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, this way's too rough,
For mere experiment, and proof;
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing in th' Air, or plunge in Water,
And like a Water-witch, try love.
That's to destroy, and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected:
Your better way is to make over,
In Trust, your fortune to your Lover;
Trust is a Tryal, if it break,
'Tis not so des'rate as a Neck:
Beside, th' experiment's more certain,
Men venture Necks to gain a Fortune;
The Soldier do's it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay:
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To share with Knaves in Cheating Fools:
And Merchants vent'ring through the Main,
Slight Pirats, Rocks, and Horns for gain.
This is the way I advise you to,
Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loath to run
My self all th' hazard, and you none.
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of yours, aforesaid do precede;
Give but your self one gentle swing,
For tryal, and I'll cut the string:
Or give that Reverend Head, a maul,
Or two, or three, against a Wall;
To shew you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage my self, to settle.

Quoth he, my Head's not made of brass,
As Frier Bacon's noddle was:
Nor (like the Indian's scull) so tough,
SECOND PART, CANTO I

That Authors say, 'twas Musket-proof:
As it had need to be to enter,
As yet, on any new Adventure;
You see what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd:
But if that's all you stand upon;
Here, strike me luck, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose, Two words t' a Bargain,
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given down-right proof:
And yet 'tis no Fantastick pike,
I have to love, nor coy dislike;
'Tis no implicite, nice Aversion
T' your Conversation, Meen, or Person:
But a just fear, lest you should prove,
False, and perfidious in Love;
For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith as Adamantine
As Chains of Destiny, I'll maintain;
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or Oracle from heart of Oak.
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other Pigsny,
The Sun and Day shall sooner part,
Than Love, or you, shake off my heart.
The Sun that shall no more dispence
His own, but your bright influence;
I'll carve your name on Barks of Trees,
With True-loves knots, and Flourishes;
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourishing:
Drink every Letter on't, in Stum;
And make it brisk Champaign become;
Where e'er you tread, your foot shall set
The Primrose and the Violet;
All Spices, Perfumes, and sweet Powders,
HUDIBRAS

Shall borrow from your breath their Odors;
Nature her Charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The World depend upon your Eye,
And when you frown upon it, die.
Only our loves shall still survive,
New Worlds and Natures to out-live;
And, like to Heralds Moons, remain
All Crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss;
For you will find it a hard Chapter,
To catch me with Poetique Rapture,
In which your Mastery of Art
Doth shew it self and not your Heart;
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
By dint of high Heroick fusion:
She that with Poetry is won,
Is but a Desk to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean,
No more than that on which they lean.
Some with Arabian Spices strive
To embalm her cruelly alive;
Or season her, as French Cooks use
Their Haut-gusts, Buollies, or Ragusts;
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her Lips upon a Mill,
Until the Facet Doublet doth
Fit their Rhimes rather than her mouth;
Her mouth compar’d t’ an Oyster’s, with
A row of Pearl in’t, stead of Teeth;
Others, make Posies of her Cheeks,
Where red, and whitest colors mix;
In which the Lily, and the Rose
For Indian Lake, and Ceruse goes.
The Sun, and Moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclips’d, and darkn’d in the Skies;
Are but Black-patches that she wears,
Cut into Suns, and Moons, and Stars,
By which Astrologers, as well
SECOND PART, CANTO I

As those in Heav’n above, can tell
What strange Events they do foreshow
Unto her Under-world below.
Her Voice the Musick of the Spheres,
So loud it deafens mortal ears;
As wise Philosophers have thought,
And that’s the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
Th’ ador’d in Rhime, would kick in Prose;
And in those Ribbins would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung.
That have the hard fate, to write best
Of those still that deserve it least;
It matters not, how false, or forc’d,
So the best things be said o’ th’ worst;
It goes for nothing when ’tis sed,
Onely the Arrow’s drawn to th’ head,
Whether it be Swan or Goose
They level at: So Shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten Sheep.
For Wits that carry low or wide,
Must be aim’d higher, or beside,
The mark, which else they ne’er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should chuse
This way t’ attaque me with your Muse,
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With Fulhams of Poetic fiction:
I rather hop’d, I should no more
Hear from you, o’ th’ Gallanting score:
For hard dry-bastings use to prove
The readiest Remedies of Love,
Next a dry-diet; But if those fail,
Yet this uneasie Loop-hold fail
In which y’ are hamper’d by the fit-lock,
Cannot but put y’ in mind of Wedlock:
Wedlock, that’s worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a Cooler;
T’ allay your Mettle, all agog
Upon a *Wife*, the heavi’r clog.
Nor rather thank your gentle *Fate*,
That, for a bruis’d or broken *Pate*,
Has freed you from those *knobs*, that grow
Much harder, on the Mary’d *Brow*:
But if no dread can cool your Courage,
From vent’ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage;
Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance
To nobler aims, your Puissance:
Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,
The fairest *mark* is easiest hit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I’m before-hand
In that already, with your command:
For where does *Beauty*, and high *Wit*,
But in your *Constellation*, meet?

Quoth she, What does a Match imply,
But *likeness* and *equality*?
I know you cannot think me fit,
To be th’ *Yoke*-fellow of your *Wit*:
Nor take one of so mean *Deserts*,
To be the *Partner* of your *Parts*;
A *Grace*, which if I could believe,
I’ve not the conscience to receive.

That *Conscience*, Quoth *Hudibras*,
Is mis-inform’d; I’ll state the *Case*.
A man may be a *Legal Donor*
Of any thing whereof he’s *Owner*;
And may confer it where he lists,
I’ th’ Judgment of all *Casuists*:
Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valor* may
Be ali’nated, and made away,
By those that are *Prop[er]*-*tutors*;
As I may give or sell my *Horse*.

Quoth she, I grant the *Case* is true,
And proper ’twixt your *Horse* and you;
But whether I may *take*, as well
As you may *give* away, or sell?
Buyers you know are bid beware;
And worse than Thieves *Receivers* are.
How shall I answer *Hue* and *Cry*,

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SECOND PART, CANTO I

For a Roan-Gelding, twelve hands high:
All spurr'd and switch'd, a Lock on's hoof,
A sorrel-mane? can I bring proof,
Where, when, by whom, and what y' are sold for,
And in the open Market toll'd for?
Or should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found:
And in the mean time I must pay
For all your Provender and Hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon
T' enervate this Objection,
And prove my self, by Topic clear,
No Gelding, as you would infer.
Loss of Virilit[y's] aver'd
To be the cause of loss of Beard,
That does (like Embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the Chin become.
This first a Woman did invent,
In envy of Mans ornament.

Semiramis of Babylon,
Who first of all cut men o' th' Stone:
To mar their Beards, and laid foundation
Of Sow-geldering operation.
Look on this Beard, and tell me whether,
Eunuchs [wear] such, or Geldings either.
Next it appears, I am no Horse,
That I can argue, and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
For some Philosophers of late here,
Write, Men have four legs by Nature,
And that 'tis Custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a Boy, that lost himself in a Wood;
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With Wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tayls,
We cannot say, they 'are true or false,
Till you explain your self, and show,
B' experiment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue ont't,
I'll give you satisfactory account;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my Spouse.

That never will be done (quoth she)
To one that wants a Tayl, by me:
For Tayls by Natures sure were meant,
As well as Beards, for ornament:
And though the Vulgar count them homely,
In man or beast, they are so comely,
So Gentle, Allamode, and handsom,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain
You have one equal to your Mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a Horse,
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food,
Is Aspe, Basilisque, and Toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a Queen to death;
Yet I shall rather lie in's Arms,
Than yours, on any other tearms.

Quoth he, What Nature can afford,
I shall produce upon my word;
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by postulate Illation,
When you shall offer just occasion;
But since y' have yet deny'd to give
My Heart, your Prisoner, a Reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel,
And for the sufferings of your Martyr,
Give its poor Entertainer quarter;
And by Discharge, or Main-prise grant
Delivery from this base Restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your Leg
SECOND PART, CANTO I

Stuck in a hole here like a Peg,
And if I knew which way to do't,
(Your Honor safe) I'd let you out.
That Dames by jail-delivery
Of Errant Knights have been set free,
When by Enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which Knights are bound to do
By Order, Oath, and Honor too:
For what are they renown'd and famous else
But aiding of distress'd Damosels?
But for a Lady no ways Errant,
To free a Knight, we have no w[a]rrant
In any Authentical Romance,
Or Classic Author yet of France:
And I'd be loath to have you break
An ancient Custom for a freak,
Or Innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use;
To free your heels by any course,
That might b' unwholesome to your Spurs:
Which if I should consent unto,
It is not in my power to do;
For 'tis a service must be done ye,
With solemn previous Ceremony.
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The Charms of those who here do lie;
For as the Ancients heretofore
To Honor's Temple had no dore,
But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
So, from this Dungeon, there's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by passing
That other Virtuous School of Lashing,
Where Knights are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden Lockets 'bout their wrists,
In which they for a while are Tenants,
And for their Ladies suffer Penance:
Whipping, that's Virtues Governess,
Tutress of Arts and Sciences;
That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for Renown,
And all the honors of the Gown:
Thus suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with honor'ble discharge:
Then in their Robes the Penitentials,
Are straight presented with Credentials,
And in their way attended on
By Magistrates of every Town;
And all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient Seats convey'd.
Now if you'll venture for my sake,
To try the toughness of your back,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a Whipping on,
(And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigor do't)
I here engage to be your Bail,
And free you from th' Unknightly Jail.
But since our Sex's modesty
Will not allow I should be by,
Bring me on Oath, a fair account,
And honor too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the place,
You claim as due in my good grace.
If Matrimony and Hanging go
By Dest'ny, why not Whipping too?
What med'cine else can cure the fits
Of Lovers when they lose their Wits?
Love is a Boy, by Poets styl'd,
Then Spare the Rod, and spill the Child.
A Persian Emp'ror whipp'd his Grannum
The Sea, his Mother Venus came on;
And hence some Rev'rend men approve
Of Rosemary in making Love,
As skilful Coopers hoop their Tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian Dubs;
Why may not Whipping have as good
A Grace, perform'd in Time and Mood;
With comely movement, and by Art,
SECOND PART, CANTO I

Raise Passion in a Lady's heart?
It is an easier way, to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather suffer Whipping,
Than swallow Toasts of bits of Ribbin?
Make wicked Verses, Treats, and Faces,
And spell Names over, with Beer-glasses?
Be under Vows to hang and die
 Loves Sacrifice, and all a lie?
With China-Oranges and Tarts,
And whining Plays, lay baits for Hearts?
Bribe Chamber-maids with love and money,
To break no Roguish jeasts upon ye;
For Lilies limn'd on Cheeks, and Roses,
With painted perfumes, hazard Noses?
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do Penance in a Paper Lanthorn?
All this you may compound for, now
By suff'r ing what I offer you:
Which is no more than has been done,
By Knights for Ladies long agone:
Did not the Great La Mancha do so,
For the Infanta Del Taboso?
Did not th' Illustrious Bassa make
Himself a Slave for Misse's sake?
And with Bulls Pizle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a Glove?
Was not young Florio sent (to cool
His flame from Biancafiore) to School,
Where Pedant made his Pathick Bum
For her sake suffer Martyrdom?
Did not a certain Lady whip,
Of late, her Husband's own Lordship?
And though a Grandee of the House,
Clawd him with Fundamental blows,
Ty'd him stark-naked to a Bed-post,
And firk'd his hide as if sh' had rid post;
And after in the Sessions-Court,
Where Whipping's judg'd, had honor for't?
This swear you will perform, and then
HUDIBRAS

I'll set you from th' Inchanted Den,
And the Magician Circle clear.

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
And will perform what you enjoyn,
Or may I never see you mine.

Amen (quoth she) Then turn'd about,
And bid her Squire let him out.
But ere an Artist could be found
T' undo the Charms another bound,
The Sun grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down (some write) by Ladies eyes.
The Moon pull'd off her veil of Light,
That hides her face by day from sight,
(Mysterious Veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre, and her shade)
And in the Night as freely shon,
As if her Rays had been her own:
For Darkness is the proper Sphere,
Where all false Glories use t' appear.
The twinkling Stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd luster,
While Sleep the weary'd World reliev'd,
By counterfeiting Death reviv'd.
Our Vot'ry thought it best t' adjorn
His Whipping-penance till the morn,
And not to carry on a Work
Of such importance, in the Dark,
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't i' th' open face of Day;
And in the mean time, go in quest
Of next Retreat to take his Rest.
SECOND PART, CANTO II

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute,
Within an Ace of falling out;
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange Alarm, and stranger Sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They 're sent away in nasty pickle.

'Tis strange how some men's Tempers suit
(Like Bowd and Brandee) with Dispute,
That for their own Opinions stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvast.
That kept their Consciences in Cases,
As Fidlers do their Crowds and Bases,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for Argument.
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discust.
Dispute and set a Paradox,
Like a strait Boot upon the Stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully,
Than Helmont, Mountaign, White, or Tully.
So th' antient Stoicks in their Porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their Church,
Beat out their Brains in fight and study,
To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*,
That *Bonum* is an *Animal*;
Made good with stout *Polemique* Braul;
In which, some hundreds on the place
Were slain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of *Nose*, and *Eyes*, and *Beard*,
To maintain what their *Seet* aver'd.
All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in wrath
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the *sequel* shall be shown.
The Sun had long since in the Lap
Of *Thetis*, taken out his *Nap*,
And like a *Lobster* boy'd, the *Morn*
From *black* to *red* began to turn.

When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,
Began to rouse his drousie eyes,
And from his Couch prepar'd to rise;
Resolving to dispatch the Deed
He vow'd to do, with trusty speed.
But first, with knocking loud and bauling,
He rous'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling,
And, after many *Circumstances*,
Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*,
Do use to spend their *time* and *wits* on,
To make *impertinent* Description;
They got (with much ado) to *Horse*,
And to the *Castle* bent their Course,
In which he to the *Dame* before
To suffer *whipping* Duty swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the work in earnest,
He stopp'd and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new *Scruple* in his head,
Which first he scratch'd and after sed;
Whether it be *direct* *infringing*
An *Oath*, if I should wave this *swinging*,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
SECOND PART, CANTO II

And so b' *Equivocation* swear;
Or whether 't be a lesser *Sin*,
To be forsworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and subtle *points*, which must,
T' inform my Conscience, be discust,
In which to *err* a little, may
To *errors* infinite make way:
And therefore I desire to know
Thy *Judgment*, ere we farther go.

Quoth *Ralph*, since you do *injoin't*
I shall enlarge upon the *Point*.
And for my own part do not doubt
Th' *Affirmative* may be made out.
But first to state the *Case* aright,
For best advantage of our light:
And thus 'tis: Whether 't be [a] *Sin*,
To *claw* and *curry* your own *skin*
Greater, or less, than to forbear,
And that you are forsworn, forswear.
But first, o' th' first: The *Inward Man*,
And *Outward*, like a *Clan* and *Clan*,
Have always been at Daggers-drawing,
And one another Clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a *Spiritual* *Mistique* sense,
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
In literal fray, 's abominable;
'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use,
With *Pagans*, and *Apostate Jews*,
To offer *Sacrifice* of *Bridewels*:
Like modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,
And mungrel *Christians* of our times,
That expiate less with greater *Crimes*,
And call the foul *Abomination*,
*Contraction*, and *Mortification*.
Is't not enough w're bruis'd and kicked,
With sinful members of the wicked;
Our *Vessels*, that are *sanctifi'd*,
*Profan'd* and *curri'd*, back and side;
But we must claw our selves, with shameful,
And Heathen stripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious because they did it.
This therefore may be justly reckon'd
A heinous sin. Now to the second,
That Saints may claim a Dispensation
To swear and forswear on occasion;
I doubt not, but it will appear,
With pregnant light. The point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind,
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with deeds proportion, so
As shadows to a substance do.
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker Vessel should submit:
Although your Church be opposite
To ours, as Black Friers are to White,
In Rule and Order: Yet I grant
You are a Reformado Saint;
And what the Saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a Title to:
But Saints, whom Oaths or Vows oblige,
Know little of their Privilege;
Farther (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own,
For if the Devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell Truth; why the Saints should scorn
When it serves theirs, to swear, and lie,
I think, there's little reason why:
Else 't has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
W' are not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to swear.
But to swear idly; and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain.
For, breaking of an Oath, and Lying,
Is but a kind of Self-denying,
A Saint-like virtue, and from hence,
Some have broke Oaths by Providence:
Some, to the Glory of the Lord,
SECOND PART, CANTO II

Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:
And this, the constant Rule and Practise
Of all our late Apostles Acts is,
Was not the Cause at first begun
With Perjury, and carry'd on?
Was there an Oath the Godly took,
But, in due time and place, they broke?
Did we not bring our Oaths in first,
Before our Plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models, for
The present use of Church and War?
Did not our Worthies of the House,
Before they broke the Peace, break Vows?
For having freed us, first, from both
Th' Allegiance and Supremacy Oath;
Did they not, next, compel the Nation,
To take, and break the Protestation?
To swear, and after to recant
The Solemn League and Covenant?
To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those, who first did frame it?
Did they not swear at first, to fight
For the KING's Safety, and His Right?
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with Horse and Foot?
And yet still had the confidence,
To swear it was in his defence?
Did they not swear to live and die
With Essex, and streight laid him by?
If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain Law,
In which that swearing made a Flaw?
For Protestant Religion Vow,
That did that Vowing disallow?
For Privilege of Parliament,
In which that swearing made a Rent?
And, since, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not swear, in express words;
To prop and back the *House of Lords*?
And after turn'd out the whole *House-ful* Of *Peers*, as dang'rous, and unuseful?
So *Cromwel* with deep *Oaths* and *Vows*,
Swore all the *Commons* out o' th' *House*,
Vow'd that the *Red-coats* would disband,
I marry would they at their Command.
And troul'd'em on, and swore, and swore,
Till th' *Army* turn'd 'em out of *Door*;
This tells us plainly, what they thought,
That *Oaths* and *swearing* goes for nought.
And that by them th' were onely meant,
To serve for an *Expedit*.
What was the *Publick Faith* found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The *Publick Faith*, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should *Private Faith* have such a tye?

*Oaths* were not purpos'd more than *Law,
To keep the *Good* and *Just* in aw,
But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful,
Like Moral Cattle in a *Pinfold*.
A *Saint's* of th' heavenly Realm a *Peer*:
And as no *Peer* is bound to *swear,
But on the *Gospel* of his *Honor*,
Of which he may dispose, as *Owner*;
It follows, though the thing be *forgery,
And false, th' *affirm*, it is no *perjury,
But a mere *Ceremony*, and a breach
Of nothing, but a form of speech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere *saluting* of the *Book*.
Suppose the *Scriptures* are of force,
They 're but *Commissions* of Course,
And *Saints* have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em as they please;
Or misinterpret them, by *private* *Instructions*, to all *Aims* they drive at,
Then why should we our selves *abridge*
And Curtail our own Priviledge?
Quakers (that like to Lanthorns, bear
Their light within 'em) will not swear.
Their Gospel is an Accident,
By which they construe Conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Prisian's head;
(The Head and Founder of their Order,
That stirring Hats held worse than murder)
These thinking th' are obliged to Troth
In swearing, will not take an Oath;
Like Mules, who if th' have not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock still;
But they are weak, and little know
What Free-born Consciences may do,
'Tis the temptation of the Devil,
That makes all humane actions evil:
For Saints may do the same things by
The Spirit, in Syncerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the Devils instance do;
And yet the Actions be contrary,
Just as the Saints and Wicked vary.
For as on land there is no Beast,
But in some Fish at Sea's exprest;
So in the Wicked there's no Vice,
Of which the Saints have not a spice;
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a Sin.
Is't not Ridiculous, and Nonsense,
A Saint should be a slave to Conscience?
That ought to be above such Fancies,
As far, as above Ordinances,
She's of the Wicked, as I guess,
B' her looks, her language, and her dress,
And though, like Constables, we search
For false Wares, one anothers Church:
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No Faith is to the wicked due;
For Truth is Precious and Divine,
Too rich a *Pearl* for *Carnal Swine*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Those *Mysteries* and *Revelations*;
And therefore *Topical Evasions*
Of subtle *Turns*, and *Shifts* of sense,
Serve best with th' *Wicked* for pretence,
Such as the learned *Jesuits* use,
And *Presbyterians*, for excuse,
Against the *Protestants*, when th' happen
To find their *Churches* taken napping.
As thus: A breach of *Oath* is *Duple*.
And either way admits a *scruple*,
And may be *ex parte* of the *Maker*,
More criminal, than the injur'd *Taker*.
For he that strains too far a *Vow*,
Will break it like an o'er-bent *Bow*:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it:
A broken *Oath* is, *quatenus Oath*,
As sound t' all purposes of *Truth*,
As broken *Laws* are ne'er the worse,
Nay till th' are broken, have no force,
What's *Justice* to a man, or *Laws*,
That never comes within their *Claws*?
They have no pow'r, but to admonish,
Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,
Until they 're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make them such.
Beside, no *Engagement* is allow'd,
By men in *Prison* made, for Good;
For when they 're set at *liberty*,
They 're from th' *Engagement* too, set free:
The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*
Did make to *God*, or *Man*, a *Vow*,
Which afterward he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;
Any three other *Jews* o' th' *Nation*,
Might free him from the *Obligation*:
And have not two *Saints* pow'r to use,
SECOND PART, CANTO II

A greater Privilege than three Jews?
The Court of Cons[c]ience, which in Man
Should be supream and Soveraign:
Is't fit, should be subordinate,
To ev'ry petty Court i' th' State,
And have less Power than the lesser,
To deal with Perjury at pleasure?
Have it's proceedings disallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of Py-powder?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For swearing ex Officio?
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And Pigs unring'd at Vis. Franc. Pledge.
Discover Thievees, and Bawds, Recusants,
Priests, Witches, Eves-droppers, and Nusance;
Tell who did play at Games unlawful,
And who fill'd Pots of Ale but half full.
And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,
To help it self at a dead lift?
Why should not Conscience have Vacation
As well as other Courts o' th' Nation?
Have equal power to adjourn
Appoint Appearance and Return?
And make as nice distinctions serve
To split a Case; as those that carve
Invoking Cuckolds names, hit joints,
Why should not tricks as slight, do points?
Is not the High-Court of Justice sworn
To judge that Law that serves their turn?
Make their own Jealousies High-Treason,
And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
Cannot the Learned Councel there,
Make Laws in any shape appear?
Mould 'em as Witches do their Clay,
When they make Piictures to destroy?
And vex 'em into any form,
That fits their purpose to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confess,
Impeach of Treason, whom they please.
And most perfidiously condemn,
Those that engag'd their Lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own sense,
But what they ought by Oath and Conscience!
Can they not juggle, and, with slight
Conveyance, play with wrong and right;
And sell their blasts of wind as dear,
As Lapland Witches botl'd Air?
Will not Fear, Favor, Bribe, and Grutch,
The same Case sev'ral ways adjudge;
As Seamen with the self-same Gale
Will sev'ral different courses sail;
As when the Sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds;
Those Banks and Dams, that like a Screen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in:
So when Tyrannical Usurpation
Invades the freedom of a Nation,
The Laws o' th' Land that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Do's not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear,
What makes best for him in his Answer?
Is not the winding up Witnesses,
And nicking more than half the bus'ness?
For Witnesses, like Watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow.
And where in Conscience, th' are strait lac'd;
'Tis ten to one, that side is cast.
Do not your Juries give their Verdict
As if they felt the Cause not heard it?
And as they please make Matter of Fact
Run all on one side, as th' are packt?
Nature has made Mans breast no Windores,
To publish what he does within doors;
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blob it.
If Oaths can do a man no good,
In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd
In other matters do him hurt,
I think there's little reason for't.
He that imposes an Oath, makes it,
SECOND PART, CANTO II

Not he, that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an Oath he never made?
These Reasons may perhaps look odly
To th' Wicked, though they evince the Godly;
But if they will not serve to clear
My Honor, I am ne'er the near.
Honor is like that glassy Bubble
That finds Philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,
And Wits are crack'd, to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, Honor's but a Word,
To swear by only, in a Lord:
In other men 'tis but a Huff,
To vapour with, instead of proof,
That like a Wen, looks big, and swels,
Is sensless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the World's opinion still.
But as Men are not Wise that run
The slightest hazard, they may shun:
There may a Medium be found out
To clear to all the World the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do't
By Proxy whipt, or Substitute.

Though nice, and dark the Point appear,
(Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear.
That Sinners may supply the place
Of suff'ring Saints is a plain Case.
Justice gives Sentence, many times,
On one man for another's Crimes,
Our Brethren of New-England use
Choice Malefactors to excuse,
And hang the Guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the Churches have less need.
As lately 't happen'd: in a Town,
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one,
That out of Doctrine could cut Use,
And mend mens Lives as well as Shooes,
This precious Brother having slain,
HUDIBRAS

In times of Peace, an Indian,
(Not out of Malice but mere Zeal
Because he was an Infidel)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our Elders an Envoy,
Complaining sorely of the Breach,
Of League, held forth by Brother Patch,
Against the Articles in force
Between both Churches, his and ours:
For which he crav'd the Saints to render
Into his hands, or hang th' Offender:
But they maturely having weigh'd,
They had no more but him o' th' Trade,
(A man, that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to Teach, and Cobble)
Resolv'd to spare him, yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old Weaver that was Bed-rid.
Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,
And in your room another whip'd:
For all Philosophers, but the Sceptick,
Hold Whipping may be Sympathetic.

It is enough, Quoth Hudibras,
Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the Case,
And canst in Conscience, not refuse,
From thy own Doctrine, to raise Use:
I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
Be tender-Conscienc'd of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy Carnal Jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a ferking.
For when thy Vessel, is new hoop'd,
All Leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter,
For in all Scruples of this Nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The Point upon his own Concerns.
As no man of his own self catches
The Itch, or amorous French aches:
So no man does himself convince
SECOND PART, CANTO II

By his own *Doctrine* of his *Sins*.  
And though all cry down *Self*, none means  
His own self in a *literal* *Sense*.  
Beside, it is not only *Foppish*,  
But *Vile*, *Idolatrous*, and *Popish*,  
For one man, out of his own Skin,  
To *frisk* and whip another’s *Sin*:  
As *Pedants* out of *School-boys* breeches,  
Do claw and curry their own *Itches*.  
But in this Case it is profane,  
And sinful too, because in vain:  
For we must take our *Oaths* upon it,  
You did the *deed*, when I have done it.  
*Quoth Hudibras*, That’s answer’d soon;  
Give us the *Whip*, we’ll lay it on.  
*Quoth Ralpho*, That we may swear true,  
’Twere properer that I whip’d you:  
For when with your consent ’tis done,  
The *Act* is really your own.  
*Quoth Hudibras*, It is in vain  
(I see) to argue ’gainst the grain;  
Or, like the Stars, incline men to,  
What they’re averse themselves to do,  
For when *Disputes* are weari’d out,  
’Tis *Interest* still resolves the doubt.  
But since no reason can confute ye,  
I’ll try to force you to your *Duty*;  
For so it is, how e’er you mince it,  
As ere we part I shall evince it;  
And *curry* (if you stand out) whether  
You will or no, your *stubborn* *Leather*.  
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part,  
I’ [th’] publick *Work*, base as thou art?  
To higgle thus, for a few blows,  
To gain thy *Knight* an opulent *Spouse*?  
Whose *wealth* his bowels yern to purchase,  
Merely for th’ *Interest* of the *Churches*;  
And when he has it in his claws,  
Will not be hide-bound to the *Cause*;  
Nor shalt thou find him a *Curmudgin*,  

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If thou dispatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve before we go,
That you and I must pull a Crow.

Y' had best (quoth Ralpho) as the Antients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap;
For, as you sow, you are like to reap.
And were y' as good as George a Green,
I shall make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the Issue
In a just Quarrel; and mine is so.
Is't fitting for a man of Honor,
To whip the Saints like Bishop Bonner,
A Knight t' usurp the Beadles Office,
For which y' are like to raise brave Trophies:
But I advise you (not for fear,
But for your own sake) to forbear,
And for the Churches, which may chance
From hence, to spring a variance;
And raise among themselves new Scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in Arms and Politicks,
We still have worsted all your holy Tricks,
Trappan'd your party with Intregue,
And took your Grandees down a peg,
New-model'd th' Army, and Cashier'd
All that to Legion SM EC adher'd,
Made a mere Utensil o' your Church
And after left it in the lurch,
A Scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with't, pull'd it down.
O'er-reach'd your Rabbins of the Synod
And snap'd their Cannons with a Why-not.
(Grave Synod-men that were rever'd
For solid Face and depth of Beard)
Their Classique-model prov'd a Maggot,
Their Directory an Indian Pagod.
And drown'd their Discipline like a Kitten,
On which th' had been so long a sitting;
Decry'd it as a Holy Cheat,
SECOND PART, CANTO II

Grown out of Date, and Obsolete,
And all the Saints o' the first Grass,
As Casting Foles of Balams Ass.
       At this the Knight grew high in Chafe,
And staring furiously on Ralph,
He trembl'd and lookt pale with Ire,
Like Ashes first, then Red as Fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,
And for so many Moons lay'n by't;
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for Tubs of Ale:
Not but they thought me worth a Ransom,
Much more considerable and handsom,
But for their own sakes, and for fear,
They were not safe, when I was there?
Now to be baffl'd by a Scoundrel,
An upstart Sect'ry and a Mungrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humors
Of our own Church, like Wens, and Tumors
And like a Maggot in a Sore,
Would that which gave it life, devour.
It never shall be done, nor said:
With that he seiz'd upon his Blade.
And Ralpho too, as quick, and bold,
Upon his Basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readiness prepar'd
To draw, and stand upon his Guard.
When both were parted on the sudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As [i]f all sorts of Noise had been
Contracted into one loud Din;
Or that some Member to be chosen,
Had got the odds above a Thousand;
And by the greatness of his noise,
Prov'd fittest for his Countreys choice.
This strange surprisal put the Knight,
And wrathful Squire into a fright;
And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal,
Impetuous rancour, to join Battel;
Both though[t] it was their wisest course,
To wave the Fight, and mount to Horse; And to secure, by swift retreating, Themselves from danger of worse beating. Yet neither of them would disparage, By uttering of his mind, his Courage, Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground With horror and disdain, wind-bound. And now the cause of all their fear, By slow degrees approach'd so near, They might distinguish different noise Of Horns, and Pans, and Dogs, and Boys, And Kettle Drums, whose sullen Dub Sounds like the hooping of a Tub: But when the Sight appear'd in view, They found it was an antique Show, A Triumph, that for Pomp, and State, Did proudest Romans emulate; For as the Aldermen of Rome For foes at Training overcome, And not enlarging Territory, (As some mistaken write in Story) Being mounted in their best Aray, Upon a Carre, and who but they? And follow'd with a world of Tall Lads, That merry Ditties trol'd, and Ballads; Did ride, with many a good morrow, Crying, hey for our Town through the Burrough: So when this Triumph drew so nigh, They might particulars descry, They never saw two things so Pat, In all respects, as this, and that. First he that led the Cavalcate, Wore a Sowgelder's Flagellate, On which he blew so strong a Levet, As well fee'd Lawyer on his Breviate. When over one another's heads They charge (three Ranks at once) like Suedes. Next Pans, and Kettles of all keys, From Trebles down to double-Base, And after them upon a Nag,
SECOND PART, CANTO II

That might pass for a forehand Stag,
A Cornet rode, and on his Staff,
A Smock display'd, did proudly wave. 
Then Bagpipes of the loudest Drones,
With snuffing broken-winded tones;
Whose blasts of Air in Pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the Gut,
And make a viler noise than Swine
In windy-weather, when they whine.
Next, one upon a pair of Panniers,
Full fraught with that, which for good manners
Shall here be nameless, mixt with Grains
Which he dispenc'd among the Swains,
And busily upon the Crowd,
At random round about bestow'd.
Then mounted on a horned Horse,
One bore a Gauntlet and Gilt-spurs,
Ty'd to the Pummel of a long Sword,
He held revers'd the point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed,
The Conqueror's Standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the Champion
A Petticoat displaid, and Rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her Beast, and on the Rump on't
Sate Face to Tayl, and Bum to Bum,
The Warrior whilome overcome;
Arm'd with a Spindle and a Distaff,
Which as he rode, she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder,
Chastiz'd the Reformado Souldier.
Before the Dame, and round about,
March'd Whiflers, and Staffiers on foot,
With Lacquies, Grooms, Valets, and Pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom, some Torches bore, some Links,
Before the proud Virago-Minx,
That was both Madam, and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Jone;
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
HUDIBRAS

Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.
The Knight transported, and the Squire
Put up their Weapons, and their Ire;
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On such Sights, with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His Animadversions, for his Heart.

Quoth he, In all my life till now,
I ne'er saw so prophane a Show.
It is a Paganish invention,
Which Heathen Writers often mention:
And he, who made it, had read Goodwin
(I warrant him) and understood him:
With all the Grecians Speeds and Stows:
That best describe those Antient Shows,
And has observ'd all fit Decorums,
We find describ'd by old Historians.
For as a Roman Conqueror,
That put an end to forrain War,
Ent'ring the Town in Triumph for it,
Bore a Slave with him, in his Chariot:
So this insulting Female Brave,
Carries behind her here, a Slave,
And as the Ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their Mantles della Guer;
So her proud Standard-bearer here,
Waves, on his Spear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian-Pet'ticoat for a Banner:
Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
Still born before the Emperor:
And as in Antique Triumphs, Eggs
Were born for mystical intregues;
There's one in Truncheon, like a Ladle,
That carries Eggs too, fresh or adle;
And still at random, as he goes,
Among the Rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;
For, all th' Antiquity you smatter,
Is but a Riding, us'd of course,
SECOND PART, CANTO II

When the Grey Mares the better Horse.
When o'er the Breeches greedy Women,
Fight, to extend their vast Dominion,
And in the cause impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her Husband with Bulls Pizle,
And brought him under Covert-Baron,
To turn her Vassail with a Murrain;
When Wives their Sexes shift, like Hares,
And ride their Husbands, like Night-Mares,
And they in mortal Battle vanquish'd,
Are of their Charter dis-enfranchis'd,
And by the right of War, like Gils,
Condemn'd to Distaff, Horns, and Wheels;
For when men by their Wives are Cow'd,
Their Horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense.
'Tis not the least disparagement,
To be defeated by th' event:
No[r] to be beaten by main force,
That does not make a man the worse,
Although his shoulders, with Batoon,
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune;
A Taylers Prentice has no hard
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard:
But to turn Tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the Day;
Or to surrender ere the Assault,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault:
And renders men of Honor less
Than all th' Adversity of Success,
And only unto such this Shew
Of Horns, and Petticoats, is due.
There is a lesser Profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation,
For as Ovation was allow'd
For Conquest, purchas'd without blood,
So men decree those lesser Shows,
For Vitt'ry gotten without blows.
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
HUDIBRAS

Give Battle with, and overcome;
These mounted in a Chair Curule,
Which Moderns call a Cucking-stool,
March proudly to the River's side,
And o'er the Waves in Triumph ride.
Like Dukes of Venice, who are sed
The Adriatique Sea to wed,
And have a gentler Wife, than those,
For whom the State decrees those Shows.
But both are Heathenish and come
From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,
And by the Saints should be withstood,
As Antichristian and Lewd,
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost struglings to prohibite.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rod,
A Dog-trot through the bawling Crowd,
'T'attack the Leader, and still prest,
Till they approach'd him breast to breast.
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for Silence, which obtain'd:
What means (quoth he) this dev'l's Procession
With men of Orthodox profession?
'Tis Ethnique and Idolatrous,
From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Babylon ride
Upon her Horned Beast astride,
Like this proud Dame, who either is
A Type of her, or she of this?
Are things of Superstitious function,
Fit to be us'd in Gospel Sunshine?
It is an Antichristian Opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery;
A running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane Intentions;
To scandalize that Sex, for scolding,
To whom the Saints are so beholding,
Women, who were our first Apostles,
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd,
In which the *Cause* might be concern'd:
Brought in their Children's *Spoons* and *Whistles*,
To purchase *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Pistols*;
Their *Husbands*, *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,
To take the *Saints* and *Churches* parts;
Drew several gifted *Brethren* in,
That for the *Bishops* would have been,
And fix'd them constant to the *Party*,
With motives pow'rfull and hearty:
Their Husbands rob'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their *Guifts*;
All they could rap, and run and pilfer,
To scraps, and ends of Gold and Silver;
Rub'd down the *Teachers*, tir'd and spent,
With holding forth for *Parliament*;
Pamper'd and edifi'd their *Zeal*
With *Marrow-puddings* many a Meal;
Enabled them, with store of meat,
On controverted *Points* to eat;
And cram'd them till their *guts* did ake,
With *Cawdle*, *Custard*, and *Plum-cake*.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the *Cause* at *London*?
March'd rank and file, with *Drum* and *Ensign*,
T' entrench the *City*, for defence, in;
Rais'd *Rampiers* with their own soft hands,
To put the *Enemy* to stands;
From Ladies down to *Oyster-wenches*,
Labour'd like *Pioneers* in *Trenches*,
Fell to their *Pick-axes* and *Tools*,
And help'd the men to dig like *Moles*?
Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*,
Chosen o' their *Members* a *Committee*?
For raising of a *Common-Purse*,
Out of their *Wages*, to raise *Horse*?
And do they not as *Triers* sit,
To judge what *Officers* are fit?
Have they———? At [that] an *Egg*, let fly,
Hit him direilly o'er the eye,
And running down his *Cheek*, besmear'd,
HUDIBRAS

With Orange-tawny-slime, his Beard:
But Beard, and slime being of one Hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view.
Then he that on the Panniers rode,
Let fly o' th' other side a load;
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In Ralpho's face, another Volley.
The Knight was startl'd with the smell,
And for his sword began to feel:
And Ralpho smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his: when one that bore a Link,
O' th' sudden, clap'd his flaming Cudgel,
Like Linstock, to the Horse's touch-hole;
And streight another with his Flambeaux,
Gave Ralpho's, o'er the eyes, a damn'd blow.
The Beasts began to kick, and fling,
And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring.
Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray;
And though disorder'd in Retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his seat:
For quitting both their Swords and Rains,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes;
And to avoid the foes pursuit,
With spurring put their Cattle to't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'r lookt behind.
After th' had paus'd a while, supplying
Their spirits spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force,
Of Lungs, for action or discourse:
Quoth he, that man is sure to lose,
That fouls his hands with durty foes:
For where no honor's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd,
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With so dishonorable a Foe:
For though the Law of Arms does bar
The use of venom'd shot in War,
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,
SECOND PART, CANTO II

Their *Case-shot* savours strong of *poison*;  
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth  
Of some that had a *stinking breath*:
Else when we put it to the push,
They had not giv'n us such a brush.  
But as those *Pultroons* that fling durt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the *Honor* they have won,
Or we have lost, is much at one.
'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave Retreat, without pursuit;
For if we had not, we had sped
Much worse, to be in Triumph led;
Than which, the *Ancients* held no state,
Of Man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold *Adventure* e'er
Do chance to reach the *Widow's* ear,
It may, b'ing destin'd to assert
Her *Sex's Honor*, reach her heart,
And as such homely Treats (they say)
Portend good *fortune*, so this may.
*Vespasian* being dawb'd with durt,
Was destin'd to the Empire for't:
And from a Scavenger did come
To be a mighty Prince in *Rome*:
And why may not this foul Address
Presage in *Love* the same success?
Then let us streight to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest *Ponds*;
And after (as we first *designed*)
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.
Hudibras

Canto III.

The Argument.

The Knight with various doubts possesst
To win the Lady, goes in Quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosy-crucian,
To know the Dest'nies resolution;
With whom being met, they both chop Logick
About the Science Astrologick.
Till falling from Dispute, to Fight,
The Conjurer's worsted by the Knight.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat.
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a Jugglers slight;
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his slight of hand.

Some with a noise, and greasie light,
Are snapt, as men catch Larks by night;
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the Soul,
As Noozes by the legs catch Foul.

Some with a Medicine, and Receipt,
Are drawn to nibble at the Bait;
And though it be a two-foot Trout,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no Voice t' an Organ;
So sweet as Lawyer in his Bar-gown.
SECOND PART, CANTO III

Until, with subtle Cobweb-cheats,
Th’ are catch’d in knotted Law, like Nets:
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more th’are tangled;
And while their Purses can dispute,
There’s no end of th’ immortal Suit.

Others still gape t’ anticipate
The Cabinet designs of Fate,
Apply to Wisards to fore-see
What shall, and what shall never be:
And as those Vulturs do forebode,
Believe Events prove bad, or good.
A flam more sensless than the Roguery
Of old Aruspicy and Augury.
That out of Garbages of Cattle,
Presag’d th’ events of Truce, or Battle;
From flight of Birds, or Chickins pecking,
Success of great’st attempts would reckon;
Though Cheats, yet more intelligible,
Than those that with the Stars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we’ll shew.
For He, with Beard and Face made clean,
Being mounted on his Steed agen,
(And Ralpho got a Cock-horse too
Upon his Beast, with much ado)
Advanc’d on for the Widows house,
T’ acquit himself and pay his Vows;
When various thoughts began to bustle,
And with his inward man to justle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue:
Or, if his Squire, or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their Tale;
It might at once the ruine prove
Both of his Honor, Faith, and Love.
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude h’ had broke his Vow;
And that he durst not now for shame
Appear in Court to try his Claim.
This was the Pen'worth of his thought,  
To pass time, and uneasie trot.  
Quoth he, in all my past Adventures,  
I ne'er was set so on the Tenter,  
Or taken tardy with Dilemma,  
That, every way I turn, does hem me;  
And with inextricable doubt,  
Besets my puzzled Wits about:  
For though the Dame has been my Bail,  
To free me from enchanted Jail:  
Yet as a Dog committed close  
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,  
And quits his Clog; but all in vain,  
He still draws after him his Chain.  
So though my Ankle she has quitted,  
My Heart continues still committed.  
And like a Bay'd and Main-priz'd Lover,  
Although at large, I am bound over.  
And when I shall appear in Court,  
To plead my Cause, and answer for't  
Unless the Judge do partial prove,  
What will become of Me and Love?  
For, if in our account we vary,  
Or but in Circumstance miscarry,  
Or if she put me to strict proof,  
And make me pull my Doublet off,  
To shew by evident Record,  
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word:  
How can I e'er expect to have her,  
Having demurr'd unto her favour?  
But Faith, and Love, and Honor lost,  
Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post:  
Beside, that Stripping may prevent  
What I'm to prove by Argument;  
And justify I have a Tail,  
And that way too, my proof may fail.  
Or that I could enucleate,  
And solve the Problems of my Fate;  
Or find by Necromantick Art,  
How far the Dest'nies take my part;  

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SECOND PART, CANTO III

For if I were not more than certain,  
To win, and wear her, and her Fortune,  
I'd go no farther in this Courtship,  
To hazard Soul, Estate, and Worship.  
For though an Oath obliges not,  
Where any thing is to be got,  
(As thou hast prov'd,) yet 'tis profane  
And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell  
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,  
That deals in Destinies dark Counsels,  
And sage Opinions of the Moon sells;  
To whom all People far and near,  
On deep importances repair.  
When Brass and Pewter hap to stray,  
And Linnen slinks out of the way;  
When Geese and Pullen are seduc'd,  
And Sows of sucking Pigs are chews'd;  
When Cattle feel Indisposition,  
And need th' opinion of Physitian;  
When Murrain reigns in Hogs, or Sheep,  
And Chickens languish of the Pip;  
When Yeast, and outward means do fail,  
And have no pow'r to work on Ale;  
When Butter does refuse to come,  
And Love proves cross and humorsome:  
To him with Questions, and with Urine,  
They for discov'ry flock, or Curing.

Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel  
I've heard of, and should like it well,  
If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom,  
To go to Sorc'iners when they need 'em.  
Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that:

Those Principles I quoted late,  
Prove that the Godly may allledge  
For any thing their Privileged;  
And to the Dev'l himself may go,  
If they have motives thereunto.  
For as there is a War between  
The Dev'l and them, it is no Sin,
If they, by subtle Stratagem,  
Make use of him, as he does them.  
Has not this present Parliament  
A Legar to the Devil sent,  
Fully empower'd to Treat about  
Finding revolted Witches out:  
And has not he, within a year,  
Hang'd threescore of them in one Shire?  
Some only for not being drown'd,  
And some for sitting above ground,  
Whole days and nights upon their breeches,  
And some for putting Knavish tricks  
Upon Green-Geese, and Turkey Chicks,  
Or Pigs, that suddenly deceast,  
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;  
Who after prov'd himself a Witch,  
And made a Rod for his own breech.  
Did not the Dev'l appear to Martin Luther, in Germany, for certain;  
And would have gull'd him with a Trick,  
But Mart. was too too Politick?  
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,  
At Antwerp, their Cathedral Church?  
Sing catches to the Saints at Mason,  
And tell them all they came to ask him?  
Appear in divers shapes to Kelly?  
And speak i' th' Nun at Londons Belly?  
Meet with the Parliament's Committee  
At Woodstock, on a Pars'nal Treaty?  
At Sarum take a Cavalier  
I' th' Cause's service, Prisoner?  
As Withers in immortal Rime  
Has register'd to after-time?  
Do not our great Reformers use  
This Sidrophel to foreboad News?  
To write of Victories next year,  
And Castles taken yet i' th' Air;  
Of Battels fought at Sea, and Ships  
Sunk, two years hence, the last Eclips?
SECOND PART, CANTO III

A Total O'erthrow giv'n the King
In Cornwall, Horse, and Foot, next Spring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'er the close Committee would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
The Moon for fundamental Laws?
The Ram, and Bull, and Goat declare
Against the Book of Common Pray'r?
The Scorpion take the Protestation,
And Bear engage for Reformation?
Made all the Royal Stars recant,
Compound, and take the Covenant.

Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear,
The Saints ma' imply a Conjurer;
As thou hast prov'd it by their practice
No Argument like matter of fact is:
And we are best of all led to
Mens Principles by what they do.
Then let us strait advance in quest
Of this profound Gymnosophist:
And as the Fates, and He advise,
Pursue, or wave this Enterprise.
This said, he turn'd about his Steed,
And eftsoons on th' adventure rid,
Where, leave we Him and Ralph a while,
And to the Conj'rer turn our stile:
To let our Reader understand
What's useful of him, before hand.

He had been long t'wards Mathematicks,
Opticks, Philosophy, and Staticks,
Magick, Horoscopy, Astrology,
And was old Dog at Physiology;
But, as a Dog that turns the spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet,
To climb the Wheel; but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again:
And still he's in the self-same place,
Where at his setting out he was.
So in the Circle of the Arts,
Did he advance his nat'ral Parts;
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to Juggle, Cant, and Cheat;
For as those Fowls that live in Water
Are never wet, he did but smatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear.
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodg Bacon, and Bod Grosted,
Th' Intelligible world he knew,
And all, men dream on't, to be true:
That in this World, there's not a Wart,
That has not there a Counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of Ground,
An Individual Beard be found,
That has not, in that foreign Nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion;
So cut, so color'd, and so curl'd,
As those are, in th' Inferior World.
H' had read Dee's Prefaces before
The Dev' I, and Euclide o'er and o'er.
And all th' Intrigues, 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lescus, and th' Emperor, [would] tell ye.
But with the Moon was more familiar
Than e'er was Almanack well willer.
Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there.
Knew when she was in fittest mood,
For cutting Corns, or letting blood:
When for anointing Scabs and Itches,
Or to the Bum applying Leeches;
When Sows and Bitches may be spade,
And in what Sign best Sider's made,
Whether the Wane be, or Increase,
Best to set Garlick, or sow Pease.
Who first found out the Man i' th' Moon,
That to the Ancients was unknown;
How many Dukes, and Earls, and Peers,
Are in the Planetary Spheres,
Their Airy Empire: and command
Their sev'ral strengths by Sea and Land;
SECOND PART, CANTO III

What factions th’ have, and what they drive at
In publick Vogue, and what in private;
With what Designs and Interests,
Each Party manages Contests,
He made an Instrument to know
If the Moon shine at full or no,
That would as soon as e’er she shon, strait
Whether ’twere Day or Night demonstrate;
Tell what her D’ameter t’ an Inch is,
And prove she is not made of Green Cheese:
It would demonstrate, that the Man in
The Moon’s a Sea Mediterranean.
And that it is no Dog, nor Bitch,
That stands behind him at his breech;
But a huge Caspian Sea, or Lake
With Arms which Men for Legs mistake,
How large a Gulph his Tail composes,
And what a goodly Bay his Nose is;
How many German Leagues by th’ scale,
Cape-Snout’s from Promontary-Tayl:
He made a Planetary Gin,
Which Rats would run their own heads in,
And come o’ purpose to be taken,
Without th’ expence of Cheese or Bacon;
With Lute-strings he would counterfeit
Maggots, that crawl on dish of meat,
Quote Moles and Spots, on any place
O’ th’ body, by the Index-face:
Detect lost Maidenheads, by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of Dames, or pissing.
Cure Warts and Corns, with application
Of Medicines, to th’ Imagination.
Fright Agues into Dogs, and scare
With Rimes the Tooth-ach and Catarrh.
Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of Cickle, Horseshoe, Hollow-flint.
Spit fire out of a Walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman Slaves rebell.
And fire a Mine in China, here,
With Sympathetick Gunpowder.
He knew what’s ever’s to be known,
But much more than he knew, would own.
What *Medicine* ’twas that *Paracelsus*
Could make a man with, as he tells us.
What figur’d *Slats* are best to make,
On wat’ry surface, *Duck* or *Drake*.
What *Bowling-stones*, in running race
Upon a *Board*, have swiftest pace.
Whether a *Pulse* beat in the black
List of a *Dapl’d Louse’s* back.
If *Systole* or *Diastole* move
Quickest, when he’s in wrath, or love:
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace*,
How many scores a *Flea* will jump,
Of his own length, from Head to Rump;
Which *Socrates*, and *Cherephon*
In vain, essay’d so long agon;
Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Nose* is,
And not an Elephant’s *Proboscis*,
How many different *Species*es
Of *Maggots* breed in rotten *Cheese*,
And which are next of kin to those
Engendred in a *Chandler’s* nose.
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in *Vinegar* and *Wood*;
A poultry Wretch, he had, half-starv’d,
That him in place of *Zany* serv’d;
Hight *Whachum*, bred to dash and draw,
Not *Wine*, but more unwholesome *Law*:
To make ’twixt words and lines, huge gaps,
Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.
To squander Paper, and spare Ink,
Or cheat men of their words, some think;
From this, by merited degrees,
He to more high Advancement rise:
To be an *Under-Conjurer*,
Or Journy-man *Astrologer*:
His bus’ness was to pump and wheedle,
And Men with their own keys unriddle.
SECOND PART, CANTO III

To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the Necromancers.
To fetch and carry Intelligence,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all Discoveries disperse,
Among th' whole pack of Conjurers;
What Cutpurses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem;
And, what they dare not vend, find out,
To gain themselves, and th' Art, repute.
Draw Figures, Schemes, and Horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, Brokers Shops.
Of Thieves ascendent in the Cart,
And find out all by rules of Art.
Which way a Serving-man that's run
With Cloaths or Mony away, is gone:
Who pick'd a Fob, at Holding-forth,
And where a Watch, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or Stolen Plate
Restor'd, at Conscionable rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his Master
In quality of Poetaster:
And Rimes appropriate could make,
To ev'ry month i' th' Almanack.
When Terms begin, and end, could tell,
With their Returns, in Doggerel.
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And Sowgelder, with safety cuts.
When Men may Eat and Drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will.
When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.
And as in Prisons, mean Rogues beat
Hemp, for the service of the Great;
So Whachum beat his dutry brains,
T' advance his Masters Fame and Gains;
And like the Devil's Oracles,
Put into Dogrel-Rimes his Spells,
Which over ev'ry months blank-page
I' th' Almanack, strange Bilks presage.
He would an Elegy compose
On Maggots squeeze'd out of his Nose;
In Lyrick numbers write an Ode on
His Mistriss, eating a Black-pudden:
And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,
It puf't him with Poetick Rapture:
His Sonnets charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
By wide-mouth'd Mortal troul'd aloud;
That, circl'd with his long-ear'd Guests,
Like Orpheus look'd, among the Beasts,
A Carman's Horse could not pass by,
But stood ty'd up to Poetry,
No Porter's Burthen past along,
But serv'd for Burthen to his Song.
Each Windore, like a Pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears:
All Trades run in as to the sight
Of Monsters, or their dear delight;
The Gallow-tree, when cutting Purse,
Breeds bus'ness for Heroick Verse,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T' have been the Theme of such a Song.
Those two together long had liv'd,
In Mansion prudently contriv'd;
Where neither Tree, nor House could bar
The free detection of a Star;
And nigh an Antient Obelisk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
On which was written, not in words,
But Hieroglyphick Mute of Birds,
Many rare pithy Saws concerning
The worth of Astrologick Learning:
From top of this there hung a Rope,
To which he fastned Telescope;
The Spectacles, with which the Stars
He reads in smallest Characters.
It hapned as a Boy, one night,
Did fly his Tarsel of a Kite,
The strangest long-wing'd Hak that flies,
That like a Bird of Paradise,
SECOND PART, CANTO III

Or Heralds Martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lay[es] Eggs;
His Train was six yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a Light,
Enclos'd in Lanthorn made of Paper,
That far off like a Star did appear.
This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
And with Amazement staring wide,
Bless us, quoth he, What dreadful wonder
Is that, appears in Heaven yonder?
A Comet, and without a Beard?
Or Star, that ne'er before appear'd;
I'm certain, 'tis not in the Scrowl,
Of all those Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
With which, like Indian Plantations,
The Learned stock the Constellations:
Nor those that drawn for Signs have bin,
To th' Houses where the Planets Inn.
It must be supernatural,
Unless it be that Cannon-Ball,
That, shot in th' Air, point-blank, upright,
Was born to that prodigious height,
That learn'd Philosophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards, down agen;
But in the Aery Region yet,
Hangs like the Body o' Mahomet.
For if it be above the Shade,
That by the Earths round bulk is made,
'Tis probable, it may, from far,
Appear no Bullet but a Star.
This said, He to his Engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it, till it levell'd right,
Against the Glow-worm Tail of Kite.
Then peeping through, (Bless us quoth he)
It is a Planet now I see;
And if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like Tobacco-stopper,
It should be Saturn: yes 'tis clear:
'Tis Saturn, But what makes him there?

L 2
He's got between the Dragon's Tail,
And farther leg behind, o' th' Whale;
Pray Heaven, divert the fatal Omen,
For 'tis a Prodigy not common,
And can no less than the Worlds end,
With that he fell again to pry
Through Perspective more wistfully,
When by mischance, the fatal string
That kept the Tow'ring Fowl on wing,
Breaking, down fell the Star: Well shot,
Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
H' had levell'd at a Star, and hit it:
But Sidrophel more subtle-witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful,
Portent is this, to see a Star fall;
It threatens Nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come.
When Stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
The Day of Judgment's not far off:
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
And some of us find out by Magick.
Then, since the time we have to live,
In this world's shortned, Let us strive,
To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit.
This feat fell out, not long before
The Knight upon the forenam'd score,
In quest of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in prospect of the Mansion:
Whom he discovering, turn'd his Glass,
And found far off, 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum (quoth he) look yonder; some
To try, or use our Art, are come:
The one's the Learned Knight; seek out,
And pump 'em, what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd with all submissness,
T' accost 'em, but much more, their bus'ness.
He held the Stirrup, while the Knight,
From Leathern Bare-Bones did alight,
And taking from his hand, the Bridle,  
Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle,  
He gave him first the time o' th' day,  
And welcom'd him, as he might say:  
He ask'd them whence they came, and whither  
Their business lay? Quoth Ralpho, hither;  
Did you not lose——? Quoth Ralpho, Nay;  
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way,  
Your Knight——Quoth Ralpho, is a Lover,  
And pains intollerable doth suffer,  
For Lovers hearts are not their own hearts,  
Nor Lights nor Lungs, and so forth downwards,  
What time——Quoth Ralpho, Sir too long,  
Three years it off and on, has hung——  
Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis.  
Quoth Ralpho, between seven and eight 'tis.  
Why then (quoth Whachum) my small Art  
Tells me, the Dame has a hard Heart,  
Or great Estate——Quoth Ralph, a joynter,  
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.  
Mean while the Knight was making water,  
Before he fell upon the matter;  
Which having done, the Wizard steps in,  
To give him [suitable] Reception;  
But kept his bus'ness at a Bay,  
Till Whachum put him in the way.  
Who having now by Ralpho's light,  
Expounded th' Errand of the Knight,  
And what he came to know, drew near,  
To whisper in the Conj'ers ear.  
Which he prevented thus: What was't  
Quoth he, that I was saying last,  
Before these Gentlemen arriv'd?  
Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriv'd,  
In opposition with Mars,  
And no benign friendly Stars  
T' allay th' effect. Quoth Wizard, So!  
In Virgo? Ha! quoth Whachum, No.  
Has Saturn nothing to do in't?  
One tenth of's Circle to a minute.
'Tis well, quoth he——Sir you'll excuse
This rudeness, I am forc'd to use,
It is a Scheme, and face of Heaven
As the Aspects are dispos'd, this Even,
I was contemplating upon,
When you arriv'd: but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
Unseasonable in coming here
At such a time, to interrupt
Your Speculations, which I hop'd
Assistance from, and come to use,
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, Quoth Sidrophel,
The Stars your coming did foretel:
I did expect you here, and know,
Before you speak, your bus'ness too.

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe'er unlikely, or absurd.

You are in Love, Sir, with a Widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you;
And [for] three years has rid your Wit
And Passion without drawing Bit:
And now your bus'ness is, to know
If you shall carry her, or no.

Quoth Hudibras, you're in the right,
But how the Devil you come by't,
I can't imagine; for the Stars
I'm sure, can tell no more than a Horse,
Nor can their Aspects (though you pore
You[r] Eyes on 'em) tell you more
Than the Oracle of Sive and Sheers,
That turns as certain as the Spheres;
But if the Devils of your Counsel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel,
And 'tis on this accompt I come,
To know from you my fatal Doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take the Alarm,
Your bus’ness is but to inform,
But if it be; ’tis ne’er the near,
You have a wrong Sow by the Ear,
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by Rules of Art,
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of Astrology:
But for the Devil, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defie him.
Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye
I understand your Metonymie;
Your words of second hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The Mystick sense of all your Terms,
That are indeed but Magick Charms,
To raise the Devil, and mean one thing,
And that is, down-right Conjuring:
And in its self more warrantable,
Than Cheat, or Canting to a Rabble,
Or putting Tricks upon the Moon,
Which by confederacy are done.
Your Ancient Conjurers were wont
To make her from her Sphere dismount,
And to their Incantations stoop,
They scorn’d to pore through Telescope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy, or fair weather,
Which ev’ry Almanack can tell,
Perhaps, as learnedly, and well,
As you your self——Then friend I doubt
You go the farthest way about.
Your Modern Indian Magician
Makes but a hole i’ th’ Earth to piss in,
And streit resolves all Questions by’t,
And seldom fails to be i’th’ right,
The Rosy-crucian way’s more sure,
To bring the Devil to the Lure,
Each of ’em has a sev’ral Gin,
To catch Intelligences in.
Some by the Nose with fumes trappan 'um,  
As Dunstan did the Devil's Grannum.  
Others with Characters and Words,  
Catch 'em as Men in Nets do Birds.  
And some with Symbols, Signs, and Tricks,  
Engrav'd in Planetary Nicks.  
With their own influences, will fetch 'em,  
Down from their Orbs, arrest and catch 'em;  
Make 'em depose, and answer to  
All Questions, e'er they let them go.  
Bumbastus, kept a Devil's Bird  
Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,  
That taught him all the cunning Pranks,  
Of past and future Mountebanks.  
Kelly did all his Feats upon  
The Devil's Looking-Glass, a Stone,  
Where playing with him at Bo-peep,  
He solv'd all Problems ne'er so deep.  
  
Agrippa kept a Stygian-Pug,  
I' th' garb and habit of a Dog,  
That was his Tutor; and the Curr  
Read to th' occult Philosopher,  
And taught him subtly to maintain  
All other Sciences are vain.  
To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,  
Agrippa was no Conjurer,  
Nor Paracelsus, no nor Behman;  
Nor was the Dog a Cacodæmon,  
But a true Dog, that would shew tricks  
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks;  
Would fetch and carry, was more civil,  
Than other Dogs, but yet no Devil;  
And whatsoever he's said to do,  
He went the self-same way we go.  
As for the Rosie-cross Philosophers,  
Whom you will have to be but Sorcerers;  
What they pretend to, is no more,  
Than Trismegistus did before,  
Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,  
And Appollonius their Master;
SECOND PART, CANTO III

To whom they do confess they ow,
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas what is't to us,
Whether 'twere said by Trismegistus:
If it be nonsence, false, or mystick,
Or not intelligible, or sophistick.
'Tis not Antiquity, nor Author,
That makes truth truth, although time's daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the Pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it.
And as he eats his Sons, just so
He feeds upon his Daughters too.
Nor do's it follow, cause a Herald
Can make a Gentleman scarce a year old,
To be descended of a Race,
Of ancient Kings in a small space;
That we should all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part
Of prudence, to cry down an Art;
And what it may perform, deny
Because you understand not why.

(As Averrhois play'd but [a] mean trick,
To damn our whole Art for Excentrick)
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the Tops of Mountains,
But on their sides, or rising's seat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height,
Do not the Hist'ries of all Ages
Relate miraculous presages,
Of strange turns in the World's affairs,
Foreseen b' Astrologers, Soothsayers,
Chaldeans, Learn'd Genethliacks,
And some that have writ Almanacks?
The Median Emp'rour dreamt, his Daughter,
Had pist all Asia under water,
And that a Vine, sprung from her hanches,
O'erspread his Empire, with its branches;
And did not Soothsayers expound it,
As after by th' event he found it?
When Caesar in the Senate fell,
Did not the Sun eclips’d foretel,
And in resentment of his slaughter,
Look’d pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having, b’ oversight,
Put on his left Shooe, ’fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day,
By Soldiers mutining for pay.
Are there no myriads of this sort,
Which Stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all Countreys,
When Crows and Ravens croak upon Trees?
The Roman Senate, when within
The City-walls an Owl was seen,
Did cause their Clergy with Lustrations,
(Our Synod calls Humiliations,)
The round-fac’d Prodigy t’ avert
From doing Town or Country hurt.
And if an Owl have so much pow’r,
Why should not Planets have much more?
That in a Region, far above
Inferior fowls o’ th’ Air, move,
And should see farther, and fore-know,
More than their Augury below:
Though that once serv’d the Polity
Of mighty States to govern by;
And this is that we take in hand,
By pow’rful Art to understand.
Which, how we have perform’d, all Ages
Can speak th’ Events of our presages,
Have we not lately in the Moon
Found a New World to th’ Old unknown?
Discover’d Sea and Land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compass?
Made Mountains, with our Tubes, appear
And Cattle grazing on ’em there?
Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,
That I, without a Telescope,
Can find your Tricks out, and desery
Where you tell truth, and where you lie.
SECOND PART, CANTO III

For Anaxagoras long agon,
Saw Hills, as well as you i' th' Moon;
And held the Sun was but a piece
Of Red-hot-Ir'n as big as Greece;
Believ'd the Heavens were made of Stone,
Because the Sun had voided one;
And rather than he would recant
Th' Opinion, suffer'd Banishment.

But what, alas, what is't to us,
Whether i' th' Moon, men thus, or thus,
Do eat their Porridge, cut their Corns,
Or whether they have Tails or Horns?
What Trade from thence can you advance
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our Travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What Politicks, or strange Opinions,
That are not in our own Dominions?
What Science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here Commence?
What Revelations, or Religions,
That are not in our Native Regions?
Are sweating Lanthorns, or Screen-Fans
Made better there, than th' are in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' Gittarr there a newer [way]?
Can they make Plays there, that shall fit
The Publick Humor with less Wit?
Write wittier Dances, quainter Shows,
Or fight with more ingenious Blows?
Or does the Man i'th' Moon look big,
And wear a huger Periwig,
Shew in his Gate, or Face, more tricks
Than our own Native Lunaticks?
But if w' out-do him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As wind i' th' Hypochondrias pent
Is but a blast if downward sent;
But if it upwards chance to fly,
Becomes new Light and Prophecy:
HUDIBRAS

So when our Speculations tend,
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great,
Discoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle Dreams and Fancies,
And savor strongly of the Ganzas,
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,
Why on a Sign, no Painter draws
The Full-Moon ever, but the Half,
Resolve that with your 'Jacobs-staff';
Or why wolves raise a Hubbub at her,
And Dogs howl when she shines in water;
And I shall freely give my Vote,
You may know something more remote.

At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
And staring round with Owl-like Eies,
He put his face into a posture
Of Sapience, and began to bluster;
For having three times shook his head
To stir his wit up, thus he said.

Art has no mortal enemies
Next Ignorance, but Owls and Geese;
Those Consecrated Geese in Orders,
That to the Capitol were Warders:
And being then upon Petrol
With noise alone beat off the Gaul.
Or those Athenian Sceptick Owls,
That will not credit their own Souls;
Or any Science understand,
Beyond the reach of Eye, or Hand:
But meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold, Nothing's to be known.
Those whole-sale Criticks, that in Coffee-Houses, cry down all Philosophy.
And will not know, upon what ground
In Nature, we our doctrine found;
Although with pregnant evidence,
We can demonstrate it to sence.
As I just now have done to you,
Fortelling what you came to know.
Were the *Stars* only made to light
Robbers and Burglarers by night?
To wait on *Drunkards, Thieves, Gold-finders,*
And *Lovers* solacing behind Dores?
Or giving one another *Pledges*
Of *Matrimony* under Hedges?
Or Witches *Simpling,* and on *Gibbets*
Cutting from *Malefactor*snippets?
Or from the *Pillory* tips of *Ears*
Of Rebel-Saints, and *Perjurers*?
Only to stand by and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a *Constellation* there,
That was not born and bred up here?
And that therefore cannot be to learn,
In any inferior Concern.
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of 'em Pirats, Whores, and Thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their old *Praëtises* some skill?
Is there a *Planet* that by *Birth*
Does not derive its *House* from *Earth*?
And therefore probably must know
What is, and hath been done below?
Who made the *Ballance,* or whence came
The *Bull,* the *Lion,* and the *Ram*?
Did not we here, the *Argo* rigg
Make *Berenice's Periwig*?
Whose Liv'ry does the *Coachman* wear?
Or who made *Cassiopea's Chair*?
And therefore as they came from hence,
With us may hold *Intelligence.*
*Plato* deny'd, *The World* can be
Govern'd without *Geometry,*
(For Mony b'ing the common Scale
Of things by measure, weight, and tale;)
In all th' affairs of *Church* and *State,*
'Tis both the *Ballance* and the *Weight:*)
Then much less can it be without
Divine *Astrology* made out,
HUDIBRAS

That puts the other down in worth,
As far as Heaven's above Earth.

These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
Are something more significant
Than any that the Learned use,
Upon this subject to produce;
And yet, th' are far from satisfactory
T' establish and keep up your Factory.
The Egyptians say, The Sun has twice
Shifted his setting and his rise;
Twice has he risen in the West,
As many times set in the East;
But whether that be true, or no,
The Devil any of you know.
Some hold, the Heavens, like a Top,
Are kept by Circulation up;
And 'twere not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground:
As sage Empedocles of old,
And from him Modern Authors [hold].
Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon,
Below all other Planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus seat
Above the Sun himself in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
That in Twelve hundred years, and odd,
The Sun had left his antient Road,
And nearer to the Earth, is come
'Bove Fifty thousand miles from home:
Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,
And he that had so little Shame
To vent such Fopperies abroad,
Deserv'd to have his Rump well claw'd;
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the Rod much more,
That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
Cardan believ'd, Great States depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bears Tails end;
That as she whisk'd it t'wars the Sun,
Strow'd Mighty *Empires* up and down;
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true *Bears* have no Tails.
Some say, the *Zodiack-Constellations*
Have long since chang'd their antique Stations
Above a *Sign*; and prove the same,
In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram*;
Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,
The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd;
Then how can their *effets* still hold
To be the same they were of old.
This, though the *Art* were true, would make
Our Modern *Soothsayers* mistake;
And is one cause they tell more lies,
In *Figures* and *Nativities*,
Than th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,
In so many hundred thousand years;
Beside their *Nonsense* in translating,
For want of *Accidence* and *Latine*.
Like *Idus* and *Calendae* *Enlish*.
The *Quarter-days*, by skilful Linguist,
And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat;
Make Fools believe in their fore-seeing
Of things before they are in *Being*;
To swallow *Gudgeons* ere th' are catch'd,
And count their *Chickens* ere th' are hatch'd,
Make them the *Constellations* prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt:
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for't, or best believes.
Some *Towns* and *Cities*, some, for brevity,
Have cast the Versal World's *Nativity*;
And made the Infant-Stars confess,
Like Fools or Children, what they please:
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-Dogs*, and *Cats*;
Some *Running-Nags*, and *Fighting-Cocks*;
Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law-Suits*, and the *Pox*;
Some take a measure of the lives
Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives,
Make Opposition, Trine, and Quartile;
Tell who is barren, and who fertile,
As if the Planet's first aspect
The tender Infant did infect
In Soul and Body, and instill
All future good, and future ill:
Which, in their dark fatalities lurking,
At destin'd Periods fall a working;
And break out like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases into deeds,
In Friendships, Enmities, and strife,
And all th' emergencies of Life:
No sooner does he peep into,
The World, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all Diseases, took all Physick,
That cures, or kills a man that is sick;
Marry'd his punctual dose of Wives,
Is Cuckolded, and Breaks, or Thrives.
There's but [the] twinkling of a Star
Between a Man of Peace and War,
A Thief and Justice, Fool and Knave,
A huffing Officier and a Slave,
A crafty Lawyer and Pick-pocket,
A great Philosopher and a Blockhead,
A formal Preacher and a Player,
A learn'd Physitian and Man-slayer.
As if Men from the Stars did suck
Old-age, Diseases, and ill-luck,
Wit, Folly, Honor, Virtue, Vice,
Trade, Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice;
And draw with the first Air they breath,
Battel, and Murther, sudden Death.
Are not these fine Commodities,
To be imported from the Skies?
And vended here among the Rable,
For staple Goods, and warrantable?
Like Mony by the Druids borrow'd,
I' th' other World to be restor'd.
Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the Art and Artists too:
Since Arguments are lost on those
That do our Principles oppose;
I will (although I’ve don’t before)
Demonstrate to your sense once more,
And draw a Figure that shall tell you
What you perhaps forget, befel you;
By way of Horary inspection,
Which some accompt our worst erection.
With that, He Circles draws, and Squares
With Cyphers, Astral Characters;
Then looks ’em o’er, to understand ’em,
Although set down Hab-nah, at random.
Quoth he, This Scheme o’ th’ Heavens set
Discover how in fight you met
At Kingston with a Maypole Idol,
And that y’ were bang’d both back and side well:
And though you overcame the Bear,
The Dogs beat you at Brentford Fair;
Where sturdy Butchers broke your Noddle,
And handl’d you like a Fop-doodle.
Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no Conj’rer, b’ your leave,
That Poultry story is untrue,
And forg’d to cheat such Gulls as you.
Not true? quoth he, How e’er you vapor,
I can, what I affirm, make appear;
Whachum shall justifie ’t [t'] your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play’d the Saltinbane’s part,
Transform’d t’ a Frenchman by my Art,
He stole your Cloak, and pick’d your Pocket,
Chews’d, and Caldes’d ye like a Block-head:
And what you lost I can produce
If you deny it, here i’ th’ house.
Quoth Hudibras, I do believe,
That Argument’s Demonstrative;
Ralph, bear witness, and go fetch us
A Constable to seize the Wretches:
For though th’ are both false Knives and Cheats,

*Impostors, Fuglers, Counterfets,*

I’ll make them serve for perpendiculares,

As true, as e’er were us’d by *Brick-layers;*

They ’re guilty by their own Confessions,

Of *Felony;* and at the *Sessions*

Upon the Bench I will so handle ’em,

That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*

Shall make all *Taylors* Yards, of one

Unanimous opinion:

A thing he long has vapour’d of,

But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth *Sidrophel,* I do not doubt,

To find friends, that will bear me out:

Nor have I hazarded my *Art,*

And Neck, so long on the *States* part,

To be expos’d i’ th’ end to suffer,

By [such] a *Braghadochio* Huffer.

*Huffer,* quoth *Hudibras,* This *Sword*

Shall down thy false throat, Cram that word,

*Ralpho,* make haste, and call an *Officer,*

To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophister;

Mean while I’ll hold ’em at a *Bay,*

Lest he and *Whachum* run away.

But *Sidrophel,* who from th’ *Aspèl*

Of *Hudibras,* did now erect,

A *Figure* worse portending far,

Than that of most malignant Star:

Believ’d it now the fittest moment,

To shun the danger that might come on’t,

While *Hudibras* was all alone,

And he and *Whachum,* two to one;

This being resolv’d, He spy’d by chance,

Behind the Dore, an *Iron Lance,*

That many a sturdy Limb had gor’d,

And *Legs,* and *Loyns,* and *Shoulders* bord.

He snatch’d it up, and made a *Pass,*

To make his way through *Hudibras.*

*Whachum* had a *Fire-Fork,*

With which he vow’d to do his *Work.*
SECOND PART, CANTO III

But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his Guard.
He put by *Sidrophello's* thrust,
And in, right manfully, he rusht,
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
*Whachum* his Seacole-Prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly.
But *Hudibras* gave him a twitch
As quick as Lightning in the Breech.
Just in the place, where *Honor*’s lodg’d,
As wise *Philosophers* have judg’d;
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts *Honor*, than deep wounds before.

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Stars determine
You are my Prisoners, base Vermine.
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know, foretel?
By this, what Cheats you are, we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind:
Your Lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem’d by fine or blows:
But who his Honor would defile,
To take, or sell two lives so vile;
I’ll give you Quarter, but your *Pillage,*
The Conqu’ring Warrier’s *Crop* and *Tillage,*
Which with his Sword he reaps, and plows;
That mine, the *Law of Arms* allows.

This said [in haste], in haste he fell
To romaging of *Sidrophel.*
First, He expounded both his Pockets,
And found a *Watch,* with *Rings* and *Locket,*
Which had been left with him, t’ erect
A *Figure* for, and so detect.
A *Copper-Plate,* with *Almanacks*
Engrav’d upon’t, with other knacks,
Of *Booke’s, Lillie’s, Sarah Jimmers,*
And *Blank-Schemes* to discover *Nimmers*;
A *Moon-Dial,* with *Napier’s* bones,
And several *Constellation-stones,*

M 2
Engrav'd in Planetary hours,
That over Mortals had strange powers
To make 'em thrive in Law, or Trade;
And stab, or poyson, to evade;
In Wit, or Wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in Love.
Whachum had neither Cross nor Pile,
His Thunder was not worth the while;
All which the Conqu'ror did discompt,
To pay for curing of his Rump.

But Sidrophel, as full of tricks,
As Rota-men of Politicks,
Straight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary Conqu'ror with a fetch,
And make him glad, (at least) to quit
His Victory, and fly the Pit,
Before the Secular Prince of Darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his Carkass.
And, as a Fox, with hot pursuit,
Chac'd through a Warren, cast about
To save his credit, and among
Dead Vermin on a Gallows hung;
And while the Dogs ran underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting Death)
Not out of Cunning, but a Train
Of Atoms justling in his Brain,
As learn'd Philosophers give out:
So Sidrophello cast about,
And fell to's w[o]nted Trade again,
To feign himself in earnest slain,
First, stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his Breast to smother,
A broken Sigh; Quoth he, Where am I,
Alive, or Dead? Or which way came I
Through so immense a space so soon?
But now, I thought my self i' th' Moon;
And that a Monster with huge Whiskers,
More formidable than a Switzers,
My body through and through had dril'd,
And Whachum by my side, had kill'd,
SECOND PART, CANTO III

Had cross-examin'd both our Hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose;
Look there he is, I see him now,
And feel the place I am run through.
And there lies Whachum by my side,
Stone-dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
Oh! Oh! with that he fetch'd a Grone,
And fell again into a swoun.
Shut both his Eies, and stopt his Breath,
And, to the Life, out-acted Death.
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as Herring.
He held it now no longer safe,
To tarry the return of Ralph;
But rather leave him in the Lurch;
Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
Refus'd to give himself one firk,
To carry on the Publick work.
Despis'd our Synod-men like Durt.
And made their Discipline his sport;
Divulg'd the secrets of their Classes,
And their Conventions prov'd High Places;
Disparag'd their Tith-Pigs, as Pagan,
And set at nought their Cheese and Bacon;
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jear'd
Their rev'rend Parsons to my Beard,
For all which Scandals to be quit,
At once, this Junciture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth, to beware,
And tempt my fury, if he dare:
He must (at least) hold up his hand,
By twelve Free-holders to be scan'd,
Who by their skill in Palmistry,
Will quickly read his Destiny;
And make him glad to read his Lesson,
Or take a turn for't at the Session:
Unless his Light and Gifts prove truer,
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
For if he scape with Whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do,
And that will disingage my *Conscience*,
Of th' *Obligation,* in his own sense.
I'll make him now by force abide,
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my *Honor* satisfaction,
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action.*
This being resolv'd with equal speed,
And *Conduct,* he approach'd his *Steed*;
And with *Activity* unwont,
Essay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount;
Which once achieve'd, he spurr'd his *Palfry,*
To get from th' *Enemy,* and *Ralph,* free;
Left Danger, *Fears,* and *Foes* behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the *Wind.*
W ell Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your Crazy Brain,
Without Trepansuming of your Scull,
As often as the Moon's at Full:
'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate Med'cine more:
For where your Case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
Is't possible, that you, whose Ears
Are of the Tribe of Issachars,
And might (with equal Reason) either
For Merit, or extent of Leather,
With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd, and Crucifi'd compare,
HUDIBRAS

Should yet be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the Publick Voice?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry crowd,
As loud as one that sings his part
T' a Wheel-barrow or Turnip Cart,—
Or your new Nicknam'd old Invention,
To cry Green Hastings with an Engine.
(As if the vehemence had stun'd,
And torn your Drum-heads with the sound)
And 'cause your Folly's now no news,
But over-grown and out of use.
Persuade your self there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature,
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears.
For who but you could be posses't
With so much Ignorance, and Beast,
That neither all mens Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being Laugh'd and Pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a Morter,
Can teach you wholesome Sense, and Nurture?
But (like a Reprobate) what course
S'ever's us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no Transfusion of the Blood,
That makes Fools Cattle, do you good?
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to Nurse,
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,
Put you into a way, at least,
To make your self a better Beast?
Can all your critical Intrigues
Of trying sound from rotten Eggs;
Your several Newfound Remedies,
Of curing Wounds, and Scabs in Trees;
Your Arts of Fluxing them from Claps,
And Purging their infected Saps,
Recov'ring Shankers, Chrystallines,
And Nodes and Botches in their Rindes,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pate,
AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

But still it must be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due Punishment——?
And like your whimsey'd Chariots draw
The Boys to course you without Law?
As if the Art you have so long
Profest, of making old Dogs young,
In you had Virtue to renew
Not only Youth, but Childhood too.
Can you, that understand all Books
By Judging only with your Looks,
Resolve all Problems with your Face,
As others do with B's, and A's,
Unriddle all that Mankind knows
With solid bending of your Brows,
All Arts and Sciences advance,
With screwing of your Countenance,
And with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abstrusest Learning pry,
Know more of any Trade b' a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in't,
And yet have no Art true, or false
To help your own bad Naturals?
But still the more you strive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder.
For Fools are known by looking wise,
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eies.
Hence 'tis, that 'cause y' have gain'd o'th' Collledge,
A Quarter-share (at most) of Knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent Repute,
Y' assume a Pow'r as absolute
To Judge and Censure, and Controll,
As if you were the sole Sir Poll
And saucily pretend to know
More than your Dividend comes to,
You'll find the thing will not be done,
With Ignorance, and Face alone:
No though y' have purchas'd to your Name,
In History so great a Fame,
That now your Talent's so well known,
For having all Belief outgrown;
HUDIBRAS

That ev'ry strange Prodigious Tale
Is measur'd by your German Scale,—
By which the Virtuosi try
The Magnitude of ev'ry Ly,
Cast up to what it does amount:
And place the big' st to your account.
That all those stories that are lai'd
Too truely to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser Authors nam'd no more.
Alas that Faculty destroys
Those soonest, it designs to raise.
And all your vain Renown will spoil,
As Guns o're-charg'd the more recoyl.
Though he that has but Impudence
To all things has a fair Pretence
And put among his wants, but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater ease than Publique Scorn;
That all affronts do still give Place
To your Impenetrable Face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs.
Yet as 'tis Counterfeit and Brass
You must not think 'twill always pass
For all Impostors, when they'r known,
Are past their Labor, and undone.
And all the best that can befall
An Artificial Natural,
Is that which Madmen find, as soon
As once th' are broke loose from the Moon
And proof against her Influence,
Relapse to ere so little Sense
To turn stark Fools, and Subjects fit
For sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.

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Annotations

TO THE

SECOND PART

But now t' observe, &c.

The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know, that it was written of purpose, in imitation of Virgil, who begins the IV Book of his Æneides in the very same manner, At Regina gravi, &c. And this is enough to satisfie the curiosity of those who believe that Invention and Fancy ought to be measur'd (like Cases in Law) by Precedents, or else they are in the power of the Critick.

A Saxon Duke did grow so fat.

This History of the Duke of Saxony, is not altogether so strange as that of a Bishop his Country-man, who was quite eaten up with Rats, and Mice.

King Pyrrbus cur'd his Splenetick,
And testy Courtiers with a kick.

Pyrrbus King of Epirus, who as Pliny says, had this occult Quality in his Toe, Pollicis in dextro Pede tačtu Liēnosis medebatur. L. 7. C. 11.

In close Catasta shut, &c.

Catasta is but a pair of Stocks in English, But Heroical Poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of paultry signification) and therefore some of our Modern Authors are fain to import forraim words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

'Twas he that made St. Francis do, &c.

The antient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the same sort of People, who first writ of Knight-Errantry, and as in the one, they rendred the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and sottish way of describing them: So they have abus'd the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such stories upon them, as this upon St. Francis.
HUDIBRAS

This made the beautious Queen of Crete.
The History of Pasiphaë is common enough, only this may be observ'd, That though she brought the Bull a Son and Heir; yet the Husband was fain to father it, as appears by the Name, perhaps because the Countrey being an Island, he was within the four Seas, when the Infant was begotten.

As your own Secretary Albertus.

Albertus Magnus was a Sweedish Bishop, who wrote a very Learned Work, De Secretis Mulierum.

Unless it be to squint and laugh.

Pliny in his Natural History affirms that Uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Petorum. Lib. 2.

As Fryer Bacon's Noddle was.
The Tradition of Frier Bacon and the Brazen-Head, is very commonly known, and considering the times he liv'd in, is not much more strange then what another great Philosopher of his Name, has since deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a string, and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it self, and tell exadly against the sides of the Divining Cup, the same thing with, Time is, Time was, &c.

Or like some Indians Sculls so tough,
That Authors say th'are Musket proof.

Amer[ic]an Indians, among whom (the same Authors affirm) that there are others, whose Sculls are so soft, to use their own words, Ut Digito perforari possunt.

Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.

Jupiters Oracle in Epirus, near the City of Dodona. Ubi Nemus erat Jovi sacrum, Querneum totum in quo Jovis Dodonaei Templumuisse narratur.

Semiramis of Babylon.

Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented Eunuchs. Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium Prima, Am. Marcel. L. 14. p. 22. Which is something strange in a Lady of her Constitution, who is said to have receiv'd Horses into her embraces (as another Queen did a Bull) But that perhaps may be the reason, why she after thought Men not worth the while.

For some Philosophers of late here.

S. K. D. in his Book of Bodies; who has this story of the German-Boy, which he endeavours to make good by several Natural Reasons; By which those who have the Dexterity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.
ANNOTATIONS TO THE SECOND PART

A Persian Emp’ror whip’d his Granum.

Xerxes who us’d to whip the Seas and Winds. *In Corum, atque Euryum solitus severe Flagellis.* Juven. Sat. 10.

So the antient Stoicks in their Porch.

*In Porticu (Stoicorum Scholâ Athenis) Discipulorum seditionibus, mille Quadr'ingenti trig'inta Civis interfeci sunt.* Diog. Laert. *in vita Zenonis.* p. 383. Those old *Virtuoso’s* were better Proficients in those Exercises, than the Modern, who seldom improve higher than Cuffing, and Kicking.

That *Bonum* is an Animal.

*Bonum* is such a kind of Animal, as our Modern *Virtuosi*, from Don Quixot, will have Windmils under sail to be. The same Authors are of opinion, That all Ships are Fishes while they are afloat, but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

———In a Town
There liv’d a Cobler, and but one.

This History of the Cobler has been attested by Persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

Have been exchang’d for Tubs of Ale.

The Knight was kept prisoner in Exeter, and after several exchanges propos’d, but none accepted of, was at last releas’d for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us’d, upon all occasions, to declare.

Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot.

———*Et sibi Consul.
Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.* Juven. Sat. 10.

Hung out their Mantles *Della Guer.*

*Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra Pretorium poni quasi admonitio & indicium futuræ Pugne.* Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

Next Links and Torches, &c.

That the *Roman* Emperors were wont to have Torches born before them (by day) in publick, appears by *Herodian in Portinace.* Lip. in Tacit. p. 16.

*Vespatian* being daub’d with Durt.

C. Caesar succensens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto jussit oppleri, congesto per milites in pretex te sinum. Sueton in Vespas. Ca. 5.
Has not this present Parliament,
A Ledger to the Devil sent?

The Witchfinder in Suffolk, who in the Presbyterian times had a Commission to discover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caus’d 60 to be hang’d within the compass of one year, and among the rest an old Minister, who had been a painful Preacher for many years.

Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At Antwerp their Cathedral Church?

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of Flanders, the common people of Antwerp, in a tumult, broke open the Cathedral Church, to demolish Images and Shrines: and did so much mischief in a small time, that Strada writes, There were several Devils seen very busie among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

Sing Catches to the Saints at Mascon.

This Devil of Mascon deliver’d all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verse, which he sung to Tunes: He made several Lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things, which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his Memoires, written in French.

Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
And speak i’th’ Nun at Loudon’s Belly.

The History of Dr. Dee and the Devil, published by Mer. Causabon, Isae. Fil. Prebend of Canterbury, has a large accout of all those Passages; in which the stile of the true and false Angels appears to be penn’d by one and the same person. The Nun of Loudon in France, and all her tricks have been seen by many Persons of Quality of this Nation, yet living, who have made very good observations upon the French Book written upon that occasion.

Meet with the Parliaments Committee
At Woodstock on a Pers’nal Treaty:

A Committee of the long Parliament sitting in the Kings House in Woodstock-Park, were terrify’d with several Apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

At Sarum took a Cavalier.

Witters has a long story in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the Kings Army, who being a Prisoner at Salisbury, and drinking a health to the Devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of Glass.
Since old Hodg-Bacon,

Roger Bacon, commonly called Frier Bacon, liv'd in the Reign of our Edward the I, and for some little skill he had in the Mathematicks, was, by the Rabble, accounted a Conjurer, and had the scottish story of the Brazen Head father'd upon him, by the ignorant Monks of those days. Robert Grosthead was Bishop of Lincoln in the Reign of Hen. III. He was a Learned Man for those times, and for that reason suspected by the Clergy to be a Conjurer, for which crime being degraded by Pope Innocent the IV. and summon'd to app[e]ar at Rome, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of Christ; which our Lawyers say is illegal, if not a Praemunire, for offering to sue in a Forraign Court.

Which Socrates, and Cherephon
In vain assay'd so long agone.

Aristophanes in his Comedy of the Clouds brings in Socrates and Cherephon, measuring the Leap of a Flea, from the ones Beard to the others.

Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk.
This Fisk was a late famous Astrologer, who flourish'd about the time of Subtle and Face, and was equally celebrated by Ben. Johnson.

Unless it be that Cannon-ball.
This experiment was try'd by some Forraign Virtuoso's, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blanc against the Zenith, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again, which made them all conclude, that it sticks in the mark; but Des Cartes was of opinion, That it does but hang in the Air.

As lately was reveal'd to Sedgwyck.
This Sedgwyck had many Persons (and some of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the day of Judgment with him, but were disappointed; for which the false Prophet was afterwards call'd by the name of Doomesday Sed[g]wyck.

Your Modern Indian Magician
Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piss in.
This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by Monsieur Le Blanc (in his Travels) to be us'd in the East-Indies.

Bumbastus kept a Devils Bird, &c.
Paracelsus is said to have kept a small Devil pris'ner in the Pummel of his Sword, which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his Drink; Howsoever it was to better purpose than Annibal carry'd poysion in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surpriz'd in any great extremity, for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honor of so great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.
HUDIBRAS

Agrippa kept a Stygian Pug.

Cornelius Agrippa had a Dog, that was suspected to be a Spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adanica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog, from that aspersion, in which he has shown a very great respect and kindness for them both.

As Averrhois play’d but a mean trick.


The Median Emp’ror dreamt his Daughter.

Astyages King of Media had this Dream of his Daughter Mandane, and the Interpretation from the Magi, wherefore he married her to a Persian of mean quality, by whom she had Cyrus, who conquer’d all Asia, and translated the Empire from the Medes to the Persians. Herodot. L. 2.

When Caesar in the Senate fell.

Fiunt aliquando Prodigiosi, & longiores Solis Descreb, quales occiso Caesare Dictatore & Autoctano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo, Plin.

*Augustus* having b’ oversight, &c.

Divus Augustus Lævum sibi prodidit calcem præpostere indatum, quo die seditione Militum propè afflictus est, Idem. Lib. 2.

The Roman Senate when within,

The City Walls an Owl was seen.


For Anaxagoras long agone,

Saw Hills, as well as you, i’th’ Moon.


The Egyptians say, the Sun has twice

Shifted his Setting and his Rise.

*Ægyptii* Decem millia Annorum, & amplius, recensent; & observatum est in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata esse Loca Ortum & Occasum solis; ita ut Sol bis ortus sit ubi nunc occidit, & bis descenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanč. Lib. 1. p, 60.
Some hold the Heavens like a Top,  
Are kept by Circulation up.

*Plato* believ'd the Sun and Moon  
Below all other Planets run.

*Plato* Solem & Lunam ceteris Planetis inferiores esse putavit. G. Cunning.  
in Cosmogr. L. 1. p. 11.

The Learned Scaliger complain'd.

Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinholdus, post etiam Stadius,  
Mathematici nobles perspicuis Demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis Apsida  
Terrar esse propter quem Ptolomei etate duodecim partibus, i.e. uno  

Cardan believ'd great States depend, &c.

Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda Helices seu Majoris urse omne magnum  
Imperium pendere. Id. p. 325.

Than th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers  
In so many hundred thousand years.

*Chaldei* jaflant se quadranginta septuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis,  
experiundisque Puerorum Animis posuisse. Cicero.

Like Money by the *Druids* borrow'd, &c.

*Druidae* pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in Posteriore vita redituri. Patricius  
Tom. 2. p. 97.

That paultry story is untruly  
And forg'd to cheat such Gulls as you.

There was a notorious Ideot (that is here describ'd by the Name and  
Character of *Wbacum*) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as  
untowardly as Captain Po, who could not write himself, and yet made  
a shift to stand on the Pillory, for Forging other Mens Hands, as his  
Fellow *Wbacum*, no doubt deserv'd; in whose abominable Doggerel  
This story of *Hudibras* and a French Mountebank at Brentford-Fair, is  
as properly describ'd.
That the vibration of this Pendulum,  
Shall make all Taylors Yards, of one  
Unanimous opinion.

The device of the Vibration of a Pendulum, was intended to settle a  
certain Measure of Ells and Yards, &c. (that should have its foundation  
in Nature) all the world over: For by swinging a weight at the end of  
a string, and calculating (by the motion of the Sun, or any Star) how  
long the Vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the String,  
and weight of the Pendulum; they thought to reduce it back again, and  
from any part of time, compute the exact length of any string, that  
must necessarily vibrate in so much space of time: So that if a man  
should ask in China for a Quarter of an Hour of Satin or Taffeta, they  
would know perfectly what it meant. And all Mankind learn a new  
way to measure things no more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the  
Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

Before the Secular Prince of Darkness.

As the Devil is the spiritual Prince of Darkness, so is the Constable the  
Secular, who governs in the night with as great Authority as his  
Colleague, but far more imperiously.

FINIS.
HUDIBRAS.

THE
Third and last
PART.

Written by the Author of the
First and Second Parts.

LONDON,
Printed for Robert Horne, at the South Entrance of the Royal-Exchange. 1679.
Licensed and Entred according to the Act of Parliament for Printing.
HUDIBRAS.
The Third and Last Part.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST CANTO of the Third Part.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce.
They both approach the Ladie's Bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a Masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made:
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him, from himself, by Night.

CANTO I.

'TIS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
T' enforce a desperate Amour,
As he that has two Strings to's Bow,
And burns for Love and Money too:
For then he's Brave and Resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit,
H'as all his Flames and Raptures double,
And hangs or drowns with half the trouble.
While those who sillily pursue
The simple downright way and true,
Make as unlucky Applications,
And steer against the Stream their passions.
Some forge their Mistress of Stars:
And when the Ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won,
Then by Caligula the Moon,
Cry out upon the Stars for doing
Ill Offices, to cross their wooing;
When onely by themselves they're hindred,
For trusting those they made her kindred:
And still the harsher and hide-bounder
The Damsels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft and gentle Bride?
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In purling Streams or Hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elizium,
Through th' Windows of a dazzling Room?
But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,
The am'rous Fly burnt in his flame.
This to the Knight could be no News,
With all Mankind so much in use;
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his Amours,
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due Time and Place.

No sooner was the bloody Fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight
With all th' Appurtenances over,
But he relaps'd again t' a Lover:
As he was always wont to doe
When h' had discomfited a Foe,
And us'd the onely Antick Philters
Deriv'd from old Heroick Tilters.
But now Triumphant and Victorious,
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
For such a Conquerour, to meddle
THIRD PART, CANTO I

With Petty Constable, or Beadle;
Or fly for Refuge to the Hostess
Of th' Inns of Court and Chanc'ry, Justice:
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause
To th' Ordeal Tryal of the Laws;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot Irons have past Bare-handed;
And if they cannot reade one Verse
I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
He therefore, judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the Devil might owe him,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for Bail
And Mainprize for him, to the Gaol,
To answer, with his Vessel, all
That might disastrously befall.
He thought it now the fittest juncture,
To give the Lady a Rencounter;
T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conquest o're the fierce Magician;
Describe the manner of the Fray,
And shew the spoils he brought away;
His bloody Scourging aggravate,
The Number of the Blows and Weight:
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief h'had done the deed.
Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his Soul, to swear;
But, rather then produce his Back,
To set his Conscience on the Rack:
And, in pursuance of his urging
Of Articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else upon his part,
Demand delivery of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Person, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient Errant Knights
Wone all their Ladies Hearts in Fights,
And cut whole Giants into fitters,
To put them into amorous twitters;
Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield
Until their Gallants were half kill'd:
But when their Bones were drubb'd so sore
They durst not woee one Combat more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.
So Spanish Heroes with their Lances
At once wound Bulls and Ladies fancies:
And he acquires the noblest Spouse
That Widow's greatest Herds of Cows.
Then what may I expect to doe,
Wh' have quell'd so vast a Buffalo?

Mean while the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late Orders to obey;
Who sent him for a strong Detachment
Of Beadles, Constables and Watchmen,
T' attack the Cunning-man for Plunder
Committed falsely on his Lumber,
When he, who had so lately sack'd
The Enemy, had done the Fact,
Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
Of Gimcracks, Whims and Jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own Inventions father'd:
And when they should, at Gaol-delivery,
Unriddle one another's Thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof.
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be Accessary:
But rather wisely slip his Fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his Betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the Riding Dispensation.
And therefore much about the hour,
The Knight (for reasons told before)
THIRD PART, CANTO I

Resolv'd to leave him to the Fury
Of Justice and an unpack'd Jury.
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same Trim;
T' acquaint the Lady what h'had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What Project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophiel and he fell out;
His firm and stedfast Resolution,
To swear her to an Execution;
To pawn his inward Ears, to marry her,
And Bribe the Devil himself to carry her.
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their Party Saints to represent,
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
In any Prosperous Arms-Bearing,
To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other Cosin-German Saint.
But e'r the Knight could doe his Part,
The Squire had got so much the Start,
H'had to the Lady done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks afore-hand.
Just as he finish'd his Report,
The Knight alighted in the Court;
And having ty'd his Beast t' a Pale,
And taken time for both to stale,
He put his Band and Beard in order,
The Sprucer to accost and board her;
And now began t' approach the Door:
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' Informer out of sight,
And went to entertain the Knight.
With whom encontring after Longees
Of humble and submissive Congees,
And all due Ceremonies paid,
He stroak'd his Beard, and thus he said:
Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye:
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A Present you'll be glad to hear;
At least I hope so. The thing’s done,
Or may I never see the Sun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle Hand:
And that you’d please to doe your part,
As I have done mine to my smart.
With that he shrugg’d his sturdy Back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.
But she, who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The Mystery of what he mean’d:
And therefore wish’d him to expound
His dark expressions less profound.
Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I’ve suffer’d for your Love,
Which (like your Votary) to win,
I have not spar’d my tatter’d skin:
And, for those meritorious Lashes,
To claim your favour and good Graces.
Quoth she, I do remember once
I freed you from th’ inchanted Sconce;
And that you promis’d, for that favour,
To bind your Back to th’ good Behaviour,
And for my Sake and Service vow’d
To lay upon’t a heavy Load,
And what ’twould bear t’ a scruple prove,
As other Knights do oft make love.
Which whether you have done or no,
Concerns your self, not me, to know.
But if you have, I shall confess,
Y’ are honester then I could guess.
Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by Oath;
And, if you make a question on’t,
I’ll pawn my Soul, that I have don’t.
And he that makes his Soul his Surety,
I think, does give the best security.
Quoth she, Some say, the Soul’s secure
Against Distress and Forfeiture;
Is free from Action, and exempt
From Execution and Contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other world, 's illegal here:
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what incumbrances they run't.
For most Men carry things so even
Between this World, and Hell and Heaven,
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together;
And equally abhor to quit
This World for both, or both for it.
And when they pawn and damn their Souls,
They are but Pris'ners on Parols.
For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
They may be accomptable in all.
For when there is that intercourse
Between Divine and Humane Pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands Obedience every where;
When Penalties may be commuted
For Fines, or Ears, and Executed;
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As Souls in Pawn and Mortgage past.
For Oaths are th' onely Tests and Scales
Of Right and Wrong, and True and False:
And there's no other way to try
The Doubts of Law and Justice by.
Quoth she, What is it you would Swear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For till th' are understood, all Tales
(Like Nonsense) are not True, nor False.
Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other day,
And to perform my Exercise,
(As Schools are wont) for your fair eyes;
T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,
I went to doe't upon the Place.
But as the Castle is incbanted
By Sidrophel the Witch, and haunted
With evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a Formidable Noise
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
That Roar'd far off, Dispatch and Strip,
I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,
That shall devest thy Ribs of Skin,
To expiate thy lingering Sin.
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth;
But spar'd thy Renegado Back,
Where th' hadst so great a Prize at Stake:
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance and Revenge to Flay,
Unless thou presently make haste.
Time is, Time was: and there it ceas'd.
With which though startled, I confess,
Yet th' Horrour of the thing was less
Then th' other Dismal apprehension
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore snatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my Back a load;
Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Bloud,
To make my Word and Honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the Blows still ply'd as fast,
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd
In Raptures of Platonick Lashing,
And chast Contemplative Bardashing.
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my Guard and Scout,
I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
And th' Under-witch, his Caliban,
With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward Quarters storm'd.
In hast I snatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their Hellish Rage a stop;
Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
Courageously on Sidrophel:
Who now transform'd himself to a Bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiously prest on,
My weapon down his Throat to run,
Laid hold on him; but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a Goose,
Div'd under Water, in a Pond,
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him, but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,
His Under-Sorcerer to engage.
But bravely Scorning to defile
My Sword with feeble blood and vile;
I judg'd it better from a Quick-
Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
With which I furiously laid on;
Till in a harsh and doleful tone
It roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir,
I am too great a Sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a Witch,
But conjur'd int' a worse Caprich:
Who sends me out on many a Jaunt,
Old Houses in the Night to haunt,
For opportunities t' improve
Designs of Thievery or Love;
With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,
All Feats of Witches counterfeit;
Kill Pigs and Geese with poudred Glass,
And make it for Incantments pass;
With Cow-itch meazle like a Leper,
And choke with Fumes of Guiny-Pepper;
Make Leachers and their Punks with Dewtry
Commit phantastical Advowtry;
Bewitch Hermetick-men to run
Stark staring mad with Manicon;
Believe Mechanick Virtuosi
Can raise 'em Mountains in Potosi;
And sillier then the Antick Fools,
Take Treasure for a Heap of Coals:
Seek out for Plants with Signatures,
To Quack of Universal Cures;
With Figures ground on Panes of Glass,
Make People on their Heads to pass;
And mighty heaps of Coyn increase,
Reflected from a single piece:
To draw in Fools, whose Nat’ral Itches
Incline perpetually to Witches;
And keep me in continual Fears,
And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
When less Delinquent have been scourg’d,
And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg’d,
Which others for Cravats have worn
About their Necks, and took a Turn.
I pity’d the sad Punishment
The wretched Caitiffè underwent,
And held my Drubbing of his Bones
Too great an honour for Pultrones;
For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
From paltry and unequal Foes,
Who when they slash and cut to pieces,
Doe all with civillest addresses:
Their Horses never give a blow,
But when they make a Leg and Bow.
I therefore spar’d his Flesh, and prest him
About the Witch with many a Question.
Quoth he, For many years he drove
A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
Employ’d in all th’ Intrigues and Trust
Of feeble Speculative Lust;
Procuer to th’ Extravagancy
And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy.
By those the Devil had forsook,
As things below him, to provoke.
But b’ing a Virtuoso, able
To Smatter, Quack, and Cant, and Dabble,
He held his Talent most Adroit
For any Mystical Exploit;
As others of his Tribe had done,
And rais'd their Prizes Three to One.
For one Predicting Pimp has th' Odds
Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bauds.
But as an Elf (the Devil's Valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get,
For those that doe his business best,
In Hell are us'd the ruggedest;
Before so meriting a Person
Could get a Grant, but in Reversion,
He serv'd two Prentiships and longer
I' th' Myst'ry of a Lady-Monger.
For (as some write) A Witche's Ghost,
As soon as from the Body loos'd,
Becomes a Puiny-Imp it self,
And is another Witche's Elf.
He after sea[r]ching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after Hanging, entertain'd.
Since which h' has plaid a thousand Feats,
And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats:
Transform'd himself to th' ugly Shapes
Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes;
Which he has vary'd more then Witches,
Or Pharaoh's Wizards could their Switches;
And all with whom h' has bad to doe,
Turn'd to as Monstrous Figures too.
Witness my self, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this Beastly shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on Beans and Pease,
He crams in nasty Crevises,
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
To make me relish for Disserts,
And one by one with Shame and Fear
Lick up the candid Provender.
Beside—— But as h' was running on,
To tell what other Feats h' had done,
The Lady stopt his full Career,
And told him, now 'twas time to hear:
If half those things (said she) be true,

(Th' are all (quoth he) I swear by you:)

Why then (said she) that Sidrophel

Has damn'd himself to th' Pit of Hell;

Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag

And Hackney of a Lapland Hag,

In Quest of you came hither Post,

Within an Hour (I'm sure) at most;

Who told me all you swear and say,

Quite contrary another way;

Vow'd, that you came to him to know

If you should carry me or no;

And would have hir'd him and his Imps,

To be your Match-makers and Pimps,

T' ingage the Devil on your side,

And steal (like Proserpine) your Bride.

But he disdaining to embrace

So filthy a Design and base,

You fell to vapouring and buffing,

And drew upon him, like a Ruffin;

Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,

Before b' had time to mount his Guard;

And left him dead upon the Ground,

With many a Bruise and desperate wound:

Swore you had broke and robb'd his House,

And stole his Talismanique Louse,

And all his New-found Old Inventions,

With flat Felonious Intentions;

Which he could bring out, where he had,

And what he bought 'em for and paid;

His Flea, his Morpion, and Punese,

H' had gotten for his proper ease,

And all in perfect Minutes made,

By th' ablest Artists of the Trade;

Which (he could prove it) since he lost,

He has been eaten up almost;

And all together might amount

To many hundreds on account:

For which b' had got sufficient warrant

To seize the Malefactor's Errant,
Without capacity of Bail,
But of a Cart's or Horse's Tail;
And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
To serve for Pendulums to Watches;
Which modern Virtuoso's say,
Incline to Hanging every way.
Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That e're he went in Quest of you,
He set a Figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Your selves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vow'd h' had bad Intelligence
Of all that past before and since:
And found, that e're you came to him,
Y' had been ingaging Life and Lim
About a case of tender Conscience,
Where both abounded in your own Sense;
Till Ralhpo, by his Light and Grace,
Had clear'd all Scruples in the Case;
And prov'd that you might swear, and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done.
For which, most basely to requite
The Service of his Gifts and Light,
You strove t' oblige him by main force,
To scourge his Ribs in stead of yours,
But that he stood upon his Guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd:
For which, between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' Outside of his eyes to white.
(As men of Inward Light are wont
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to doe:
Held up his Affidavit hand,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd:

THIRD PART, CANTO I
Cast tow'rs the Door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke.
Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the Wizard has told you,
Or but one single Circumstance
In all th' Apocryphal Romance,
May dreadfull Earthquakes swallow down
This Vessel, that is all your own;
Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
These Reliques of your constant Lover.
You have provided well, quoth She,
(I thank you) for your self and me;
And shewn your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits.
A most compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
And Heav'n and Hell, your Selves and Those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why then (quoth he) may Hell surprize.
That trick (said she) will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
But there's a better way of Clearing
What you would prove then downright Swearing;
For if you have perform'd the Feat,
The Blows are visible as yet
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the Action.
And if you can produce those Knobs,
Although th' are but the Witche's Drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your natural Self had don't.
Provided that they pass th' Opinion
Of able Juries of old Women,
Who, us'd to judge all matt' r of Facts
For Bellies, may doe so for Backs.

Madam, (quoth he) your Love's a Million,
To doe is less then to be willing,
As I am, were it in my pow'r,
THIRD PART, CANTO I

'T obey what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my Wounds from taking Air:
For Wounds in those that are all Heart
Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (quoth she) my Goods and Chattels
Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted Faith (quoth he) and Word
You past in Heaven on Record,
Where all Contraets, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly inrol'd.
And if 'tis counted Treason, here
To race Records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth she, There are no Bargains driv'n
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven:
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease.
Their bus'ness there is onely Love,
Which Marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too generous, t' abide
To be against its Nature ty'd:
For where 'tis of it self inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd;
And like the Soul, its barbourer,
Debar'd the freedom of the Air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply,
'T endure the Matrimonial tye,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where th' one is but the other's Bail;
Like Roman Gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.
Of which the True and Faithfull'st Lover
Gives best security, to suffer.

Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd,
It should so suddenly be tir'd:
A bargain at a venture made
Between two Part'ners in a Trade,
([F]or what's inferr'd by T' have, and t' hold,
But something past away, and sold ?)
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low:
And at the best is but a Mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the Marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of Death, the Bet it laid.
And all the rest of Bett'r or worse
Both are but losers out of Purse.
For when upon their ungot Heirs
Th' intail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder Bargain e're was driven,
Or Wager laid at six and seven?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their Children's Tenants e're th' are born?
Beg one another Idiot
To Guardians, e're they are begot;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' Implicit Generation,
And General Club of all the Nation:
For which she's fortify'd no less
Then all the Island, with four Seas;
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r
In ready Insolence and Pow'r;
And makes him pass away, to Have
And Hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched then an Ancient Villain,
THIRD PART, CANTO I

Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling;
While all he does upon the By,
She is not bound to justify,
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the Feats he does at large.
Such hideous Sots were those obedient
Old Vassals to their Ladies Regent;
To give the Cheats the Eldest hand
In Foul Play, by the Laws o' th' Land;
For which so many a legal Cuckold
Has been run down in Courts, and truckled.
A Law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,
Without distinction of Degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality;
Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,
Nor valuable Consideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse
Of Judgement past For better or worse;
Will not allow the Priviledges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
Who, when th' are griev'd, can make dead Horses
Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces;
While nothing else but Rem in Re,
Can set the proudest Wretches free:
A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply:
So men are by themselves betray'd,
To quit the freedom they injoy'd,
And run their Necks into a Nooze,
They'd break 'em after, to break loose.
As some, whom Death would not depart,
Have done the Feat themselves by Art.
Like Indian-Widows, gone to Bed
In Flaming Curtains to the Dead:
And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.
Nor do the Ladies want excuse
For all the Strategems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the Set,
And lurch the Amorous Rook and Cheat.
For as a Pythagorean Soul
Runs through all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
And has a smack of ev'ry one:
So Love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, though 'tis ne'r so fond,
Takes strangely to the Vagabond.
'Tis but an Ague that's revers'd,
Whose hot fit takes the Patient first,
That after burns with cold as much
As Ir'n in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the Furnace of desire,
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And when his heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when he's with Love-powder laden,
And Prim'd, and Cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery;
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
Th' are in the very Ai't, recoil.
Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance
Without a separate maintenance:
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Trust none again, till th' have made over.
Or if they doe, before they marry,
The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry:
And e're they venture e're a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.
Whence witty'st Ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest Goose.
For now the World is grown so wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry,
But rather trust on tick 't Amours,
The Cloak and Pile for Bett'r or Worse:
A Mode that is held honourable,
As well as French and fashionable.
THIRD PART, CANTO I

For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite;
Still Amorous, and fond, and Billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a Shilling,
Th' have more Pincifilio's and Capriches
Between the Petticoat and Breeches,
More petulant Extravagancies,
Then Poets make 'em in Romances.
Though, when their Heroes 'spouse the Dames,
We hear no more of Charms and Flames:
For then their late attrac'ts decline,
And turn as eager as Prick'd Wine;
And all their Catterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous Piques:
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd,
By th' yellow Manto's of the Bride.
For Jealousie is but a kind
Of Clap and Grincam of the Mind,
The natural effect of Love,
As other Flames and Aches prove:
But all the mischief is, the doubt
On whose account they first broke out.
For though Chineses go to Bed,
And lie in in their Ladies stead,
And for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to doe more:
Our Green-men doe it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a Clap;
Both lay the Child to one another:
But who's the Father, who the Mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
Or who imported the French Goods.
But Health and Sickness b'ing all one,
Which both ingag'd before to own,
And are not with their Bodies bound
To Worship onely when th' are sound;
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false Wares:
HUDIBRAS

A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At Women by Appearances,
That Paint and Patch their Imperfections
Of Intellectual Complexions,
And daub their Tempers o're with Washes
As artificial as their Faces;
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents
And Mother Wits before their Gallants;
Until th' are hamper'd in the Nooze,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
When all the Flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride,
That with her Wedding-cloaths undresses
Her Complaisance and Gentilities;
Tries all her Arts, to take upon her
The Government from th' easie owner,
Until the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawfull Right, and turn her Slave;
Finds all his Having, and his Holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal Noise and Scolding,
The Conjugal Petard, that tears
Down all Portcullices of Ears,
And makes the Volly of one Tongue
For all their Leathern Shields too strong,
When onely arm'd with Noise and Nails,
The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,
Transform 'em into Rams and Goats,
Like Sirens with their charming Notes,
Sweet as a Screech-Owl's Serenade,
Or those enchanting murmurs made
By th' Husband Mandrake and the Wife,
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, these Reasons are but strains
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink
Do rather wheedle with, then think.
Man was not Man in Paradise,
Untill he was Created twice,
And had his better half, his Bride,
Carv'd from th' Original, his side,
T' amend his Natural defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex,
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen
The Pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up Paps appears.
His Body, that stupendious Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact
In Shape and Symmetry exact.
Of which the Left and Female side
Is to the Manly Right a Bride,
Both joynd together with such Art,
That nothing else but Death can part.
Those Heav'nly AttrafAse of yours, your Eyes,
And Face, that all the World surprize,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other Ladies Tawny;
Those ravishing and charming Graces,
Are all made up of two Half Faces,
That in a Mathematick Line,
Like those in other Heavens, join.
Of which if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon:
And so would that sweet Bud, your Lip,
Without the other's fellowship.
Our Noblest Senses act by Pairs,
Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears;
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
To wait upon the Soul design'd.
But those that serve the Body alone,
Are single and confin'd to one.
The World is but two Parts, that meet,
And close at th' Aquinoctial, fit;
And so are all the Works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on Matter:
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or smallest Blade of Grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How entirely Marriage is her care,
The onely method that she uses,
In all the wonders she produces.
And those that take their rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what secures the Civil Life
But pawns of Children and a Wife;
That lie, like Hostages, at stake,
To pay for all Men undertake?
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breath, to marry;
So Universal, all Mankind
In nothing else is of one mind.
For in what stupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Fashion?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or Vestal Friers, and Cloister'd Nuns,
Or Stoicks, who, to bar the Freaks
And loose Excesses of the Sex,
Preposterously would have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.
Though Men would find such mortal Fewds
In sharing of their publick Goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of Lives,
Then th' are supply'd with now by Wives;
Until they Graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beasts doe, of their Native Growths:
For simple wearing of their Horns,
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend to inherit,
Unless the Marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents settlements.
Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,
Debar'd it all, but for our Birth.
What Honours, or Estates of Peers
Could be preserv'd but by their Heirs?
And what security maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes?
What Crowns could be Hereditary,
If greatest Monarchs did not marry,
And with their Consorts consummate
Their weightiest Interests of State?
For all th' Amours of Princes are
But Guaranties of Peace or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The Rage of Empires to disarm,
Make Blood and Desolation cease,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce contests for Forrage
Conclude in Articles of Marriage?
Nor does the Genial Bed provide
Less for the Interests of the Bride;
Who else had not the least Pretence
T' as much as Due Benevolence;
Could no more Title take upon her
To Vertue, Quality, and Honour,
Then Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
And Feme-Coverts to all Mankind.
All Women would be of one piece,
The virtuous Matron, and the Miss;
The Nymphs of chast Diana's Train,
The same with those in Lewkner's-lane;
But for the difference Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.
Besides, the joys of Place and Birth,
The Sexes Paradise on Earth;
A privilege so sacred held,
That none will to their Mothers yield;
But rather then not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And if th' indulgent Law allows
A greater freedom to the Spouse;
The reason is, because the Wife
Runs greater hazards of her Life;
Is trusted with the Form and Matter
Of all Mankind by carefull Nature.
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,
She frames the wondrous Fabrick off:
Who therefore, in a streight, may freely
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
And make it save her, the same way,
It seldom misses to betray.
Unless both parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.
And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the Best,
That is no more then every Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather (sometime) serves to improve.
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both doe their uttermost
To get before, and win the Post;
Yet when th' are at their race's ends,
Th' are still as kind and constant friends,
And to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease:
So all those false Alarms of strife
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of Love.
When those th' are always kind or coy,
In time must either Tire, or Cloy.
Nor are their loudest Clamours more,
Then as th' are relish'd, Sweet, or Sour:
Like Musick, that proves bad, or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all Amours a Lover burns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns:
And Hearts have been as oft with sullen,
As charming looks, surpriz'd and stolen,
Then why should more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Discords make the sweetest Airs,
And Curses are a kind of Prayers:
Too slight Alloys for all those grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing else has pow'r to settle
Th' interests of Love perpetual.
An Act and Deed that makes one Heart
Become another's Counter-part,
And passes Fines on Faith and Love,
Inroll'd and Registered above,
To seal the slippery knot of Vows,
Which nothing else but Death can loose.
And what Security's too strong,
To guard that gentle Heart from wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to pass
It self away, and all it has;
And, like an Anchorite, gives over
This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover?

I grant (quoth she) there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true:
But Millions, whom the same does sentence
To Heaven b' another way, Repentance.
Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to Lovers.
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Then Gamesters, when they play a Set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight-unseen.
For what doe Lovers, when th' are fast
In one another's Arms embrac't,
But strive to plunder and convey
Each other, like a Prize, away?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking Children are by Elves?
And if they use their Persons so,
What will they to their Fortunes doe?
Their Fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their Ecstasies and Flames.
For when the Money's on the Book,
And, All my Worldly Goods—but spoke;
(The Formal Livery and Seisin
That puts a Lover in possession)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a Flam that's superseded.
To that their Faith is still made good,
And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.
For when we once resign our Pow'rs,
W' have nothing left we can call ours.
Our Money's now become the Miss,
Of all your Lives and Services;
And we forsaken, and Post-poun'd,
But Bawds to what before we own'd.
Which as it made y' at first Gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors,
(As we had been) for new Amours.
For what did ever Heiress yet
By being born to Lordships get?
When the more Ladie sh' is of Mannors,
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,
Pays for their Projets and Designs,
And for her own destruction Fines,
And does but tempt them with her Riches,
To use her as the Dev'l does Witches;
Who takes it for a special Grace,
To be their Gully for a space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever may become his Vassals.
So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
Betrays her self, and all sh' inherits
Is bought and sold, like stollen goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds:
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away.
These are the everlasting Fruits
Of all your passionate Love-suits,
Th' effects of all your amorous Fancies
To Portions and Inheritances,
Your Love-sick Raptures for Fruition
Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition;
THIRD PART, CANTO I

To which you make Address and Courtship,
And with your Bodies strive to Worship,
That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake
Of Love too, for the Mother's sake.
For these, you play at Purposes,
And love your Loves with A's and B's:
For these, at Beast and L'hombre woe,
And play for Love and Money too;
Strive who shall be the ablest Man
At right Gallanting of a Fan,
And who the most Gentilely bred
At sucking of a Wizard Bead,
How best t' accost us in all Quarters
T' our question-and-command New Garters,
And solidly discourse upon
All sorts of Dresses Pro and Con.
For there's no Mystery nor Trade,
But in the Art of Love is made.
And when you have more Debts to pay
Then Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way possible to do 't,
But Love and Oaths and restless Suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
Of all your cully'd past Amours;
A£t o're your Flames and Darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain,
Which others influences long since
Have charm'd your Noses with, and Shins;
For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an Amorous thing is Want!
How Debts and Mortgages enchant!
What Graces must that Lady have,
That can from Executions save!
What Charms, that can reverse Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent!
What Magical Attractis and Graces,
That can redeem from Scire facias;
From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,
And from Contempts of Courts inlarge!
These are the highest Excellencies
Of all our true or false Pretences.
And you would damn your selves, and swear
As much t' an Hostess Dowager,
Grown fat and pursy by Retail
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your Flames would soon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Dissolve her Graces int' your Pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,
Laid on in haste with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder.
Which Hudibras, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his Skin,
Expounding by his Inward Light,
Or rather more Prophetick fright,
To be the Wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour.
His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage through his Side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious Quaking,
Undaunted, cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know I'm resolv'd to break no Rite
Of Hospitality t' a Stranger,
But to secure you out of danger,
Will here my self stand Sentinel,
THIRD PART, CANTO I

To guard this Pass 'gainst Sidrophel.

Women, you know, do seldom fail,
To make the stoutest Men turn tail:
And bravely scorn to turn their Backs
Upon the desperat' st Attacks.

At this the Knight grew resolute
As Iron-side or Hardy-knute;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out hecri'd aloud, to sally.
But she besought him, to convey
His Courage rather out o'th' way,
And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,
Or fortifi'd behind a Door,
That if the Enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd against the Door,
As fierce as at the Gate before;
Which made the Renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady, for a fresh Reserve.
His Duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute:
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away;
And all h' encountred fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs
Then ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Pass,
To stand upon his Guard, and face.
This he courageously invaded,
And having enter'd, Barricado'd:
Insconc'd himself as formidable
As could be underneath a Table;
Where he lay down in Ambush close,
"T’ expect the arrival of his Foes.  
Few minutes had he lain perdue,  
To guard his desp’rate Avenue,  
Before he heard a dreadfull shout,  
As loud as putting to the Rout;  
With which impatiently alarm’d,  
He fans’d th’ Enemy had storm’d,  
And after entring Sidrophel  
Was fall’n upon the Guards pell-mell.  
He therefore sent out all his Senses,  
To bring him in Intelligences.  
Which Vulgars out of ignorance  
Mistake, for falling in a Trance:  
But those that trade in Geomancy,  
Affirm to be the strength of Fancy:  
In which the Lapland-Magi deal,  
And things incredible reveal.  
Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,  
And storm’d the Out-works of his Fortress.  
And as another of the same  
Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,  
That in the same Cause had ingag’d,  
And War with equal conduct wag’d,  
By vent’ring onely but to thrust  
His Head a Span beyond his Post,  
B’ a Gen’ral of the Cavaliers  
Was dragg’d through a Window by th’ Ears:  
So he was serv’d in his Redoubt,  
And by the other end pull’d out.  

Soon as they had him at their mercy,  
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,  
As if they scorn’d to trade and barter,  
By giving or by taking Quarter:  
They stoutly on his Quarters laid,  
Until his Scouts came in t’ his aid.  
For when a Man is past his Sense,  
There’s no way to reduce him thence,  
But twindging him by th’ Ears or Nose,  
Or laying on of heavy Blows.
THIRD PART, CANTO I

And if that will not doe the Deed,
To burning with *Hot Irons* proceed.

No sooner was he come t’ himself,
But on his Neck a sturdy Elf
Clapp’d in a trice his cloven Hoof,
And thus attack’d him with Reproof.

*Mortal, thou art betray’d to us
B’ our Friend, thy evil Genius,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy Breach of Faith, and turning Lies,
The Brethrens Privilege, (against
The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcass sent
For just Revenge and punishment;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free Confession.
For if we catch thee failing once,
’Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Ladie’s Heart away?
To Spirit her to Matrimony—?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th’ enchantment of her Riches,
That made m’ apply t’ your Croney Witches:
That in return would pay th’ expence,
The Wear-and-tear of Conscience;
Which I could have patch’d up, and turn’d,
For th’ hundredth part of what I earn’d.
Didst thou not love her then? speak true.
No more (quoth he) then I love you.
How wouldst th’ have us’d her, and her Money?
First, turn’d her up to Alimony;
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T’ have put, of purpose, in the Deed;
And bar her Widow’s-making-over
T’ a Friend in Trust, or private Lover.
What made thee pick and chuse her out,
T' imploy their Sorceries about?
That which makes Gamesters play with those
Who have least Wit, and most to lose.
But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thy self to us?
I see you take me for an Ass:
'Tis true, I thought the Trick would pass
Upon a Woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by Proof;
Whose Humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For Love approves of all they doe
That stand for Candidates, and wooe.
Why didst thou forge those shamefull Lies,
Of Bears and Witches in Disguise?
That is no more then Authours give
The Rabble credit to Believe;
A Trick of Following their Leaders,
To entertain their Gentle Readers.
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we doe or say;
Which when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few.
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of Sense.
Why didst thou chuse that cursed Sin,
Hypocrisie, to set up in?
Because it is the thriving'st Calling,
The onely Saints-Bell that rings all in,
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd.
For no degrees, unless th' imploy 't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't.
A Gift that is not onely able
To domineer among the Rabble,
But by the Law's impowrd to rout
And aw the greatest that stand out.
Which few bold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near.
For no Sin else among the Saints
Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy Plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a House,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before

Endure the Plague of being poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more Tricks
Then all our doting Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Fashion,
Compar’d with your new Reformation:
That we must come to School to you,
To learn your more refin’d, and New.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You’d find your self an arrant Chouse,
If y’ were but at a Meeting-House.

’Tis true, quoth he, we ne’r come there,
Because w’ have let them out by th’ year.

Truly, quoth he, you can’t imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in:
That as your Fellow-Fiends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell;
So you are like to be agen
Compar’d with th’ Angels of us Men.

Quoth he, I am resolv’d to be
Thy Scholar in this Mystery;
And therefore first desire to know
Some Principles on which you go.
What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us? —— A Livelihood.

What renders Beating out of Brains
And Murther Godliness? —— Great Gains.
What’s tender Conscience? —— ’Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch,
But breaking out, dispatches more

Then th’ Epidemical’st Plague-sore.

What makes y’ encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? —— To be paid.

What’s Orthodox and true Believing
Against a Conscience? —— A good Living.

What makes Rebelling against Kings
A Good Old Cause? Administrings.
What makes all Doctirines plain and clear?
About Two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov’d true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.
What makes the Breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty? Food and Cloaths.
What Laws and Freedom, Persecution?
B’ing out of Pow’r, and Contribution.
What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?
A Dean and Chapter, and White Sleeves.
And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it Orthodox? Our own.
What makes Morality a Crime,
The most notorious of the Time?
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out against?
’Cause Grace and Vertue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:
And therefore no true Saint allows
They should be suffer’d to espouse.
For Saints can need no Conscience
That with Morality dispense;
As Vertue’s impious, when ’tis rooted
In Nature onel, and not imputed.
But why the Wicked should doe so,
We neither know, nor care to do.
What’s Liberty of Conscience,
I’ th’ Natural and Genuine Sense?
’Tis to restore with more security
Rebellion to its ancient Purity;
And Christian Liberty reduce
To th’ elder Practice of the Jews.
For a Large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with None.

It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev’d thy forfeit Bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne’r a Trick,
(Though he gave ’s Name to our Old Nick)
THIRD PART, CANTO I

But was below the least of these,
That pass 't th' World for Holiness.

This said, the Furies and the Light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight;
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of Brimstone, and his own.

The Queen of Night, whose large Command
Rules all the Sea and half the Land,
And over moist and crazy Brains
In high Spring-tides at Midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the West,
To go to Bed and take her rest.
When Hudibras, whose stubborn Blows
Deni'd his Bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor:
And though he shut his Eyes as fast
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards.
And pricking up his Ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark,
Was first invaded with a Groan,
And after, in a feeble Tone,
These trembling words. Unhappy Wretch!
What hast thou gotten by this Fetch?
Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,
The Holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade?
By Santrin' still on some Adventure,
And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,
To stuff thy Skin with swelling Knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded Drubs?
For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,
As well in Conquest as defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To rest the Body and the Mind:
Which now thou art deni'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
HUDIBRAS

The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this Reprimand,
Because the Character did hit
Point-blank upon his Case so fit;
Believ'd it was some drolling Sprite
That staid upon the Guards that Night,
And one of those h' had seen, and felt
The Drubs he had so freely dealt.
When, after a short Pause and Grone,
The dolefull Spirit thus went on.
This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears
Pelmell together by the Ears;
And after painfull Bangs and Knocks,
To lie in Limbo in the Stocks;
And from the Pinacle of Glory,
Fall headlong into Purgatory:
(Thought he, This Devil's full of Malice,
That on my late Disasters Rallies.)
Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more Heroick-minded;
And at a Riding handled worse,
With Treats more slovenly and course;
Ingag'd with Fiends in stubborn Wars,
And hot Disputes with Conjurers;
And when th' hadst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away.
(I see, thought he, this shameless Elf
Would fain steal me too from my self,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done:)
And now but ventring to betray,
Hast met with Vengeance the same way.
Thought he, How does the Devil know
What 'twas that I design'd to doe?
His Office of Intelligence,
His Oracles are ceas'd long since:
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what some treacherous Spy acquaints.
This is some Pettifogging Fiend,
Some Under-Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,
THIRD PART, CANTO I

That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the Second hand;
And now would pass for Spirit Po,
And all mens dark Concerns fore-know.
I think I need not fear him for't:
These Rallying Devils doe no hurt.
With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
And hastily cri'd out, What art?
A Wretch (quoth he) whom want of Grace
Has brought to this unhappy Place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight,
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the Right;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better then thou hast guest of me.
Thou art some paltry Black-guard Sprite,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night,
That hast no work to doe in th' House,
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shoes:
Without the raising of which Sum,
You dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to doe.
This is your business, good Pug Robin,
And your Diversion dull Dry Bobbing;
T' intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
And wash 'em clean in Ditches for 't.
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry Jest you laugh aloud.
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your Rallery.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) y' are no such Sophy
As you would have the World judge of ye,
If you design to weigh our Talents
T' th' Standard of your own false Balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us Ghosts as well as we do you:
We, who have been the everlasting
Companions of your Drubs and Basting,
And never left you in Contest
HUDIBRAS

With Male or Female, Man or Beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye and intire
In all adventures as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th' idlest Pug of all your Crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Then those Allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a Token
To your Low-Country Hogen Mogen,
To whose Infernal Shores I hope
He'll swing like Skippers in a Rope.
And if y' have been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) then be,
I am afraid it is as true,
What th' Ill-affected say of you,
Y' have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your Cloven Paws.
Sir, quoth the Voice, 'tis true, I grant,
We made and took the Covenant.
But that no more concerns the Cause,
Then other Perj'ries doe the Laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open Court,
Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.
And that's the Reason Cov'nauters
Held up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars.
I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence
These Scandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural Effects
Of Satan's Malice, and his Sects,
Those Spider-Saints, that hang by Theirs
Spun out of th' Entrals of their Heads.
Sir, quoth the Voice, that may as true
And properly be said of you;
Whose Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the Independents doe
Is onely what you forc'd them to.
You, who are not content alone
With Tricks to put the Devil down,
THIRD PART, CANTO I

But must have Armies rais'd, to back
The Gospel-work you undertake:
As if Artillery, and Edge-tools
Were th' onely Engines to save Souls.
While He, poor Devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'r a Classis, cannot sentence
To Stools or Poundage of Repentance;
Is ti'd up onely to Design,
T' Intice, and Tempt, and Undermine:
In which you all his Arts out-doe,
And prove your selves his Betters too.
Hence 'tis Possessions doe less evil
Then mere Temptations of the Devil,
Which all the horrid'st Actions done,
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
Because unless you help the Elf,
He can doe little of himself:
And therefore where he's best Possesst,
Acts most against his Interest;
Surprises none but those wh' have Priests
To turn him out, and Exorcists,
Supply'd with Spiritual Provision,
And Magazines of Ammunition,
With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,
Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixes,
The Tools of working out Salvation
By meer Mechanick Operation,
With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
To overflow all Avenues.
But those wh' are utterly unarm'd
T' oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,
He never offers to surprize,
Although his falsest Enemies;
But is content to be their Drudge,
And on their Errands glad to trudge.
For where are all your Forfeitures
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
Who are but Jailours of the Holes
And Dungeons where you clap up Souls;
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
T' your Mittimus Anathemaes;
And never boggle to restore
The Members you deliver o’re
Upon Demand, with fairer Justice
Then all your Covenanting Trustees:
Unless to punish them the worse,
You put them in the Secular Pow’rs,
And pass their Souls as some demise
The same Estate in Mortgage twice,
When to a Legal Uxlegation
You turn your Excommunication,
And for a Groat unpaid that’s due,
Distrain on Soul and Body too.

Thought he, ’Tis no mean part of civil
State-Prudence, to cajoul the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h’ has us in his cloven Hoof.
’Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse
Has past between your Friends and ours;
That as you trust us in our way,
To raise your Members, and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounc’d to Hang themselves or Drown,
Or, frightened with our Oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us’d all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further
Your great designs of Rage and Murther.
For if the Saints are nam’d from Blood,
We onel’ have made that Title good:
And if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to doe more,
And not be half a Soul behind
Of all Dissenters of Mankind.
Right, quoth the Voice, and as I scorn
To be ungratefull in return
Of all those kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Distress,
And set you down in safety, where,
It is no time to tell you here.
The Cock crows and the Morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone:
And if I leave you here till Day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' Inchanted Hero out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up;
But found his Forlorn Hope, his Croop,
Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows
Receiv'd from hardned-hearted Foes.
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like Gresham Carts, with Legs for Wheels.
But Fear, that soonest cures those Sores,
In danger of Relapse to worse,
Came in t' assist him with its Aid,
And up his sinking Vessel weigh'd.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge.
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the Vehicle, his Back,
And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With some few Rubs against the Wall.
Where finding out the Postern lock'd,
And th' Avenues as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass,
And in a moment gain'd the Pass,
Through which he dragg'd the worsted Souldiers
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders;
And cautiously began to scout,
To find their Fellow-Cattel out.
Nor was it half a Minute's Quest,
E're he retriev'd the Champion's Beast,
Ty'd to a Pale in stead of Rack,
But ne'r a Saddle on his Back,
Nor Pistols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the Night too steal away,
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the Bare Ridge bolt upright.
And groping out for Ralpbo's Jade,
He found the Saddle too was straid,
And in the place a Lump of Sope,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He Kick'd and Cudgell'd on amain.
While Hudibras, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spurr'd as Jockies use, to break,
Or Padders, to secure a Neck.
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their Churches turn our Rhyme;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an Even Rate.
THIRD PART, CANTO II

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND CANTO

Of the Third Part.

The Saints engage in fierce Contests
About their Carnal Interests;
To share their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to Reform,
When Cromwel left them in a Storm:
Till, in th' Effigie of RUMPS, the Rabble
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.

CANTO II.

The Learned write, An Insect Breeze
Is but a Mungrel Prince of Bees,
That falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And stings the Founders of his House;
From whose corrupted Flesh that Breed
Of Vermine did at first proceed.
So, e'r the Storm of War broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various Rout,
Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
The Maggots of Corrupted Texts,
That first run all Religion down,
And after every Swarm its own.
For as the Persian Magi once
Upon their Mothers got their Sons,
HUDIBRAS

Who were incapable t' injoy
That Empire any other way:
So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cause, his Mother,
That bore them like the Devil's Dam,
Whose Son and Husband are the same.
And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
Nor Intr' est for their common good,
Could, when their Profits interfear'd,
Get Quarter for each other's Beard.
For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,
But onely by the ears engag'd:
Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,
And play together when th' have none.
As by their truest Characters,
Their constant Actions, plainly appears.

Rebellion now began for lack
Of Zeal and Plunder to grow slack;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to b' out of Season:
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's Revenue and the Churche's,
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the Stubborn'st for the Cause
To cross the Cudgels to the Laws;
That what by breaking them t' had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd:
Like Thieves, that in a Hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry.
For Presbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant,
Laid out their Apostolick Functions
On Carnal Orders and Injunctions,
And all their Precious Gifts and Graces
On Out-lawries and Scire facias;
At Michael's Term had many a Trial,
Worse then the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of Fees,
入深无底的深渊。
当他们，如兄弟和朋友，
来分享他们的股息，
并让每一位伙伴拥有
他们的教堂和国家联合购买，
在那些最圣最善的人中
被命名为信任的全部，
为了支付他们的钱，而且
代替每个兄弟，传递契约；
他直接将他所有的礼物
转变为慈善欺诈和神圣的转变，
并把所有其他股份
置于他的外表男子和继承人；
他们声称作为被剥夺的地产；
交付给他，连同他的良心，
通过预占的上帝
被指控为堕落者，
因为他们没有财产的权利，
但通过他们的精神侵害
被降级从圣人的权利。
这一事实被揭露后，他们现在
开始用法律和良心
像原来一样激烈
像乌特律师事务所的律师一样；
卷入金钱袋，和那些
带来了律师更多的费用，
比所有的非神圣的托管人。
他谁也没有更多的展示
在的情况下，接受了彻底的失败；
或者两侧都没有取得最好的。
他们分手了正如他们开始。
可怜的牧师现在被降级，
被禁止，和被查出，和被唾弃，
被赶出和被开除……
从所有的事情的教会和国家，
改革到一个改革者圣人，
并很高兴地成为游牧，

贫乏牧师现在被降级，
被禁止，和被查出，和被唾弃，
被赶出和被开除……
从所有的事情的教会和国家，
改革到一个改革者圣人，
并很高兴地成为游牧，

Q.
HUDIBRAS

To strowl and teach from Town to Town,
And those he had taught up Teach down,
And make those Uses serve agen
Against the New-inlightned men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier;
Damn Anabaptist and Fanatick,
As pat as Popish and Prelatick;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any Sect i' th' Nation.
The Good Old Cause, which some believe
To be the Dev'l that tempted Eve
With Knowledge, and does still invite
The World to Mischief with New Light,
Had store of Money in her Purse,
When he took her for bett'r or worse;
But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The Independents (whose first station
Was in the Rere of Reformation,
A Mungrel kind of Church-Dragoons,
That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,
And in the Saddle of one Steed
The Saracen and Christian rid,
Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
To Preach, and Fight, and Pray, and Murther)
No sooner got the Start to lurch
Both Disciplines, of War and Church,
And Providence enough to run
The chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the War against
The Common Enemy o' th' Saints;
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more,
T' Attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, themselves at home,
Wh' had compast all they Praid, and Swore,
And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all things but their Laws and Hate.
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoils of all th' had ransackt,
To Botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,
They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the War had spar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t' Abolish,
Subvert, Extirpate, and Demolish.
For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of Kin,
As Dutch-Boors are t' a Sooterkin,
Both Parties join'd to doe their best,
To Damn the Publick Interest;
And Hearded onely in Consults
To put by one anothers Bolts,
T' out-cant the Babylonian Labourers,
At all their Dialects of Jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim:
So those who play a Game of State,
And onely Cavil in Debate,
Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The Publick Business is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to Ruine.
This when the Royalists perceiv'd,
(Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the Right they had paid down
So dearly for, The Church and Crown,)\nTh' united constanter, and Sided
The more, the more their Foes divided.
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the Fate of War run down;
Their Duty never was defeated, 
Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated.
For Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the Game;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not shin’d upon.
But when these Brethren in evil,
Their Adversaries and the Devil,
Began once more to shew them Play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day,
They Rallied in Parades of Woods,
And unfrequented Solitudes,
Conven’d at Midnight in Out-houses,
T’ appoint New-rising Rendezvous,
And with a Pertinacy unmatch’d
For new Recruits of Danger watch’d:
No sooner was one Blow diverted,
But up another Party started.
And, as if Nature too in haste,
To furnish out Supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn’d Destruction
T’a new and numerous Production;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their Room,
That, like the Christian Faith, increast
The more, the more they were Supprest:
Whom neither Chains, nor Transportation,
Proscription, Sale, nor Confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former try’d Experiments,
Nor Wounds could terrifie, nor Mangling,
To leave off Loyalty and Dangling,
Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
From vent’ring to maintain the Right,
From staking Life and Fortune down
’Gainst all together, for the Crown;
But kept the Title of their Cause
From Forfeiture, like Claims in Laws;
And prov’d no Prosp’rous Usurpation
Can ever settle on the Nation,
THIRD PART, CANTO II

Until, in spight of Force and Treason,
They put their Loy’lty in Possession;
And by their Constancy and Faith,
Destroy’d the Mighty men of Gath.

Toss’d in a furious Hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his Reign;
And was believ’d, as well by Saints,
As Moral men and Miscreants,
To Founder in the Stygian Ferry,
Until he was retriev’d by Sterry:
Who, in a false erroneous Dream,
Mistook the New Jerusalem,
Prophanely, for th’ Apocryphal,
False Heaven at the End o’ th’ Hall;
Whither it was decreed by Fate,
His Precious Reliques to Translate.
So Romulus was seen before
B’ as Orthodox a Senator;
From whose Divine Illumination
He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and Heir Apparent
Succeeded, though a Lame Vicegerent:
Who first laid by the Parliament,
The onely Crutch on which he leant;
And then Sunk underneath the State,
That rode him above Horseman’s Weight.

And now the Saints began their Reign,
For which th’ had yearn’d so long in vain,
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an Empire all of Kings,
Deliver’d from th’ Egyptian Awe
Of Justice, Government, and Law,
And free t’ erect what Spiritual Cantons
Should be reveal’d, or Gospel Hans-Towns,
To Edifie upon the Ruines
Of John of Leyden’s old Out-goings,
Who for a Weather-cock hung up
Upon their Mother-Church's Top,
Was made a Type by Providence
Of all their Revelations since;
And now fulfill'd by his Successors,
Who equally mistook their Measures:
For when they came to shape the Model,
Not one could fit another's Nodle;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From Fading then th' Unsanctifi'd;
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove hand to fist against another,
And still the Maddest and most Crackt
Were found the busiest to Transact.
For though most Hands dispatch apace,
And make light work, (the Proverb says)
Yet many different Intellects
Are found t' have contrary Effects;
And many Heads t' obstruct Intrigues,
As slowest Insects have most Legs.

Some were for setting up a King,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless King Jesus: Others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert;
Some for the Rump, and some, more crafty,
For Agitatours and the Safety;
Some for the Gospel, and Massacres
Of Spiritual Affidavit-makers,
That swore to any Humane Regence
Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance,
Yea though the Ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' High places
Of Synods and Provincial Classes,
That us'd to make such hostile Inroads
Upon the Saints, like Bloudy Nimrods:
Some for Fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' Extirpation of Excise;
And some against th' Egyptian Bondage
Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage:
THIRD PART, CANTO II

Some for the cutting down of Groves,
And rectifying Bakers Loaves;
And some for finding out Expedients
Against the Slav’ry of Obedience.
Some were for Gospel-Ministers,
And some for Red-Coat Seculars,
As men most fit t’ hold forth the Word,
And wield the one and th’ other Sword.
Some were for carrying on the Work
Against the Pope, and some the Turk:
Some for engaging to suppress
The Camisado of Surplices,
That Gifts and Dispensations hinder’d,
And turn’d to th’ Outward Man the Inward;
More proper for the cloudy Night
Of Popery, then Gospel-Light.
Others were for Abolishing
That Tool of Matrimony, a Ring,
With which th’ unsanctifi’d Bridgegroom
Is marri’d onely to a Thumb;
(As wise as Ringing of a Pig,
That uses to break up ground and Dig;)
The Bride to nothing but her Will,
That nulls the After-marriage still.
Some were for th’ utter Extirpation
Of Linsey-Woolsey in the Nation;
And some against all Idolizing
The Cross in Shop-Books, or Baptizing.
Others, to make all things recant
The Christian or Surname of Saint;
And force all Churches, Streets, and Towns,
The Holy Title to renounce.
Some ’gainst a Third Estate of Souls,
And bringing down the Price of Coals.
Some for Abolishing Black-Pudding,
And eating nothing with the Bloud in;
To abrogate them Roots and Branches:
While others were for eating Haunches
Of Warriors, and now and then
The Flesh of Kings and Mighty men;
And some for Breaking of their Bones
With Rods of Ir'n by Secret ones;
For Thrashing Mountains, and with Spells
For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.
Things that the Legend never heard of,
But made the Wicked sore afraid of.
The Quacks of Government (who sate
At th' unregarded Helm of State,
And understood, this wild Confusion
Of fatal Madness and Delusion
Must, sooner then a Prodigie,
Portend Destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely, how t' withdraw
And save their Wind-pipes from the Law:
For one Rencounter at the Bar
Was worse then all th' had scap'd in War:
And therefore met in Consultation,
To Cant and Quack upon the Nation;
Not for the sickly Patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the Pulses of their Fees,
More wise then fumbling Arteries;
Prolong the Snuff of Life in pain,
And from the Grave recover—Gain.
'Mong these there was a Politician,
With more Heads then a Beast in Vision,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
Then all the Whores of Babylon;
So politick, as if one eye
Upon the other were a Spy;
That to trapan the one to think
The other Blind, both strove to blink:
And in his dark Pragmatick way
As busie as a Child at Play.
H' had seen three Governments Run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one,
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But Barb'rous when they came to fall:
For by Trapanning th' old to Ruine,
He made his Int'rest with the New one;
THIRD PART, CANTO II

Plaid true and faithfull, though against
His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.
For by the Witch-craft of Rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble State-Camelion,
By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his Tide,
But got the Start of ev'ry State,
And at a Change ne'r came too late:
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
As many ways as in a Lath;
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
Int' highest Trust, and out for New.
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
In stead of Hemp, to be preferr'd,
And past upon a Government,
He play'd his trick and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The Publick Ruine and his own.
So little did he understand
The desp'rate Feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himself a Name
For Fraud and Tricks; he spoil'd his Game,
Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,
To shew his play at Fast and Loose;
And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.
So right his Judgment was cut fit,
And made a Tally to his Wit,
And both together most Profound
At Deeds of Darkness under ground:
As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd
By Vermine Impotent and Blind.

By all these Arts, and many more
H' had præcis'd long and much before,
Our State-Artificer foresaw
Which way the World began to draw.
For as Old Sinners have all Points
O' th' Compass in their Bones and Joints,
Can by their Pangs and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the Wind,
And better then by Napier's Bones,
Feel in their own the Age of Moons:
So guilty Sinners in a State
Can by their Crimes prognosticate,
And in their Consciences feel Pain
Some days before a Showr of Rain.
He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he could, t' insure his Throat;
And hither came t' observe and smoke
What Courses other Riskers took;
And to the utmost doe his best
To save himself, and Hang the rest.

To match this Saint, there was another,
As busie and perverse a Brother,
An Haberdasher of Small wares
In Politicks and State-Affairs;
More Jew then Rabbi Achitophel,
And better gifted to Rebel:
For when h' had taught his Tribe to Spouse
The Cause, aloft, upon one House,
He scorn'd to set his own in Order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So sullenly addifed still
To's onely Principle, his Will,
That whatso' r it chanc'd to prove,
No force of Argument could move,
Nor Law, nor Cavalcade of Ho'born,
Could render half a grain less stubborn.
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' harangue,
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Then miss his dear delight, to wrangle:
In which his Parts were so accomplisht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'r was non-plust;
But still his Tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater case,
And with its Everlasting Clack
Set all mens Ears upon the Rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to Pickere,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he ingag’d in Controversie:
Not by the force of Carnal Reason,
But indefatigable Teazing;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanswerable.
For though his Topicks, frail and weak,
Could [ne’er] amount above a Freak:
He still maintain’d ’em, like his Faults,
Against the desperat’st Assaults;
And back’d their feeble want of Sense
With greater Heat and Confidence:
As Bones of Hector when they differ,
The more th’ are Cudge’d, grow the Stiffer.
Yet when his Profit moderated,
The fury of his Heat abated:
For nothing but his Interest
Could lay his Devil of Contest.
It was his Choice, or Chance, or Curse,
T’ espouse the Cause for Bett’r or worse;
And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
And Soul, and Body, worshipp’d it:
But when he found the sullen Trapes
Possest with th’ Devil, Worms, and Claps,
The Trojan Mare in Fole with Greeks
Not half so full of Jadish Tricks,
Though Squeamish in her outward Woman,
As loose and rampant as Dol common;
He still resolv’d to mend the matter,
T’ adhere and cleave the obstinater;
And still the skittisher and looser
Her Freaks appear’d, to sit the closer.
For Fools are stubborn in their way;
As Coins are hardned by th’ Allay;
And Obstinacy ’s ne’r so stiff,
As when ’tis in a wrong Belief.
These two, with others, being met,
And close in Consultation set;
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The Oratour we mention'd late,
Less troubled with the pangs of State,
Then with his own impatience,
To give himself first Audience,
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the Ice.

Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
Our last Out-goings brought about,
More then to see the Characters
Of real Jealousies and Fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's Forehead:
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of Weather,
Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
And Revolutions in their Corns;
And, since our Workings-out are crost,
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lamest Cripples of the Brothers
Took Oaths, to run before all others;
But, in their own sense, onely swore
To strive to run away before?
And now would prove, the Words and Oath
Ingage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true, the Cause is in the lurch,
Between a right and Mungrel Church,
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on't:
And 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient,— (I mean, Margret's Fast)
When Providence had been suborn'd,
What answer was to be return'd.
Else why should Tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through,
And understand as well to tame,
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd
With Drums and Rattles like a Child;
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us.
For all our Scouring of Religion
Began with Tumults and Sedition;
When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
Became strong Motives to Devotion;
(As Carnal Seamen in a Storm
Turn pious Converts, and reform;)
When rusty Weapons with chalk'd Edges
Maintain'd our feeble Priviledges,
And brown Bills levied in the City
Made Bills to pass the Grand Committee;
When Zeal with aged Clubs and Gleaves
Gave chase to Rockets and White Sleeves,
And made the Church and State and Laws
Submit t' old Iron and the Cause.
And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
So might we better now ajen,
If we know how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need.
Tumults by which the Mutinous
Betray themselves in stead of us;
The Hollow-hearted Disaffected,
And Close Malignant are detected;
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to secure our own,
And freely sacrifice their Ears,
T' appease our Jealousies and Fears.
And yet for all these Providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses,
We idly sit, like stupid Block-heads,
Our hands committed to our Pockets,
And nothing but our Tongues at large,
HUDIBRAS

To get the Wretches a discharge.
Like men condemn'd to Thunderbolts,
Who, e'r the blow, become meer Dolts;
Or Fools besotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
And neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away.
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand, or fall (at least) together:
No mean nor trivial solaces
To Partners in extream distress,
Who use to lessen their Despairs,
By parting them into equal shares;
As if the more there were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.

But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had Courage left or Wit;
Who, when our Fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course;
Have time to Rally, and prepare
Our last and best defence, Despair;
Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats
Have been achiev'd in greatest streights,
And horrid'st dangers safely wave'd,
By b'ing courageously out-brav'd.
As Wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And Poisons by themselves expell'd.
And so they might be now agen,
If we were, what we should be, Men;
And not so dully desperate,
To side against our selves with Fate:
As Criminals condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.

This comes of Breaking Covenants,
And setting up Exauns of Saints,
That Fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,
THIRD PART, CANTO II

To be excus’d the Efficace.
For Spiritual men are too Transcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent,
To hang like Mahomet in th’ Air,
Or St. Ignatius at his Prayer,
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church or State;
Disdain the Pedantry o’ th’ Letter,
And since Obedience is better
(The Scripture says) then Sacrifice,
Presume the less on’t will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat’st stints
Prescrib’d their peremptory Hints,
Or any Opinion, true or false,
Declar’d as such, in Doctrinals,
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b’ing call’d t’ account or question.

Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain’d the Bells;
And bid themselves turn back agen
Lord May’rs of New Jerusalem.
But look so big and over-grown,
They scorn their Edifiers t’ own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling Lessons,
Their Tones and sanctifi’d expressions;
Bestow’d their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity on those that want,
And learn’d th’ Apocryphal Bigots,
T’ inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes:
For which they scorn and hate them worse,
Then Dogs and Cats do Sowgelders.
For who first bred them up to Pray,
And Teach, the House of Commons way?
Where had they all their Gifted Phrases,
But from our Calamies and Cases?
Without whose Sprinkling and Sowing,
Who e’r had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Bifield.
And had they not begun the War,
Th' had no' r been Sainted as they are.
For Saints in Peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to Reprobate:
Their Zeal corrupts like standing Water,
In th' Intervals of War and slaughter;
Abates the sharpness of its Edge,
Without the Pow'r of Sacrilege.
And though th' have Tricks to cast their Sins,
As easie as Serpents do their Skins,
That in a while grow out agen,
In Peace they turn meer Carnal men,
And from the most Refin'd of Saints,
As naturally grow Miscreants,
As Barnacles turn Soland-Geese
In th' Islands of the Orcades.
Their Dispensation's but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked;
With whom their greatest difference
Lies more in words and show, then sense.
For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns in state;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud Cerberus, wears three Heads as well:
And, if the World has any troth,
Some have been Canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated Sots
In Fevers still, like other Goats.
For though the Whore bends Hereticks
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks;
Our Schismatics so vastly differ,
Th' hotter they are, they grow the stiffer;
Still setting off their spiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious feud's.
For Zeal's a dreadfull Termagant,
That teaches Saints to Tear and Rant,
And Independents, to profess
The Doctrine of Dependences;
THIRD PART, CANTO II

Turns meek and sneaking Secret ones,
To Raw-beads fierce and Bloody Bones:
And not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked and their Morals,
The Gibellins, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For now the War is not between
The Brethren and the Men of sin;
But Saint and Saint, to spill the Blood
Of one another's Brotherhood;
Where neither side can lay pretence
To Liberty of Conscience,
Or zealous suff'rering for the Cause,
To gain one Groats-worth of Applause:
For though endur'd with Resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution.
Shall Precious Saints and Secret ones
Break one another's outward Bones?
And eat the Flesh of Brethren,
In stead of Kings and Mighty men?
When Fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater Elves?
When Bel's at Union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor Friends with Dagon,
When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common Danger threatens both?
Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull'd,
Engag'd with Bulls, let go their hold?
And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the Danger take?
But though no Pow'r of Heaven or Hell
Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal;
Who would not guess there might be hopes,
The fear of Gallowses and Ropes
Before their Eyes might reconcile
Their Animosities a while?
At least until th'had a clear Stage,
And equal Freedom to engage,
HUDIBRAS

Without the danger of Surprise
By both our common Enemies?

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their Workings-out,
And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience,
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Non-sense,
As Spiritual Out-laws whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne'r restore.
We whom at first they set up under,
In Revelation only of Plunder,
Who since have had so many Trials
Of their encroaching Self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To Out-reform and Undermine;
Took all our Interests and Commands
Perfidiously out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Bloud,
Without the Motive-gains allow'd,
And made us serve as Ministerial,
Like younger Sons of Father Belial.

And yet for all th' inhumane wrong
Th' had done us and the Cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work still, as we had begun:
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither Preach'd them hurt, nor Pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the Charge of Gaols,
To find us Pillories and Carts-tails,
Or Hangman's Wages, which the State
Was forc'd (before them) to be at,
That cut like Tallies to the Stumps
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,
And burnt our Vessels, like a New-Seal'd Peck or Bushel, for b'ing true.
But hand in hand, like faithfull Brothers,
Held forth the Cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
One Syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward Men:
Our inward Men and constant Frame
Of Spirit still were near the same.
And till they first began to Cant,
And Sprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'r had Call in any place,
Nor dream'd of Teaching down Free-Grace;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Against the Common Enemy:
Although 'twas our and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a Rimmon.
And yet for all this Gospel-Union,
And outward shew of Church-Communion,
They'll ne'r admit us to our shares,
Of Ruling Church or State Affairs;
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own Conditions of Repentance:
But shar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown
We had so painfully Preach'd down;
And forc'd us, though against the Grain,
T' have Calls to teach it up again.
For 'twas but Justice to Restore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,
And put our Vessels in a way,
Once more to come again in Play.
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about,
And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King:
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a share
At least in carrying on th' Affair.
But whether that be so or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought;
And that’s as good as if w' had don’t,
And easier past upon account.
For if it be but half deny’d,
'Tis half as good as justify’d.
The World is naturally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows Non-sense and a Lie
With greediness and gluttony;
And though it have the Pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong:
As Women long, when th’ are with Child,
For things extravagant and wild,
For Meats ridiculous, and fulsom,
But seldom any thing that’s wholesome;
And, like the World, Men’s Jobbernoles
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles;
And what th’ are confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll’d.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means,
Once more, to hedge in Providence.
For, as Relapses make Diseases
More desp’rate than their first Accesses;
If we but get again in Pow’r,
Our Work is easier than before;
And we more ready and expert
I’th’Mystery, to do our Part.
We, who did rather undertake
The first War to create, than make:
And when of Nothing ’twas begun,
Rais’d Funds as strange, to carry’t on;
Trepann’d the State, and fac’d it down,
With Plots and Projects of our own:
And if we did such Feats at first,
What can we now w’are better vers’d?
Who have a freer Latitude
Than Sinners give themselves allow’d?
And therefore likeliest to bring in
On fairest Terms, our Discipline.
To which it was reveald long since,
We were ordain'd by Providence:
When Three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,
The Cause's Primitive Confessors,
B'ing Crucified, the Nation stood
In just so many Years of Blood:
That multipli'd by Six, express'd
The perfect Number of the Beast.
And prov'd that we must be the Men,
To bring this Work about agen:
And those who laid the first Foundation,
Compleat the thorow Reformation:
For who have Gifts to carry on
So great a Work, but we alone?
What Churches have such able Pastors?
And Precious, Powerful, Preaching-Masters?
Possess'd with Absolute Dominions,
O'r Brethren's Purses and Opinions?
And trusted with the Double Keys
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houses:
Who, when the Cause is in Distress,
Can furnish out what Sums they please,
That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,
To be dispos'd at their Commands:
And daily increase and multiply,
With Doctrine, Use and Usury.
Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
All other Heads of Cattel are;)
From th'Enemy of all Religions,
As well as High and Low Conditions;
And share them from Blew Ribbands down.
To all Blew Aprons in the Town.
From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
With Cornets at their Footmen's Breeches,
To Bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
Our Party's great, and better it'd
With Oaths, and Trade, than any side:
Has one considerabl' Improvement,
To double fortifie the Cov'nant:
I mean our Covenants to purchase
Delinquents Titles and the Churches:
That pass in Sale, from Hand, to Hand,
Among our selves, for Current Land.
And Rise or Fall, like Indian Actions,
According to the Rate of Factions:
Our best Reserve for Reformation,
When New-Outgoings give occasion:
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their Creed) t'assert:
And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' Expedient,
Who can already muster Friends,
To serve for Members, to our Ends:
That represent no part o'th' Nation,
But Fisher's-Folly Congregation:
Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
And sit like Geese to hatch our Eggs:
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
T'out-fast, out-leiter, and out-sit:
Can order matters under hand,
To put all Bus'ness to a stand:
Lay Publick Bills aside, for Private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the Great and Necessary,
With Trifles to contest and vary;
And make the Nation represent,
And serve for us in Parliament;
Cut out more Work than can be done
On Plato's Year; but finish none,
Unless it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
That always past for Fundamental.
Can set up Grandee against Grandee,
To squander time away, and Bandy.
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
To one another's Privileges;
And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
Engage, to th'inevitable peril
Of both their Ruins; th'only Scope
And Consolation of our Hope:
Who, though we do not play the Game,
Assist as much by giving Aim.
Can introduce our ancient Arts,
For Heads of Factions, t'act their Parts.
Know what a Leading-Voice is worth;
A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth:
How much a Casting Vote comes to,
That turns up Trump, of I, or No;
And by adjusting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that so much Study cost,
And now's in danger to be lost;
Unless our ancient Virtuoso's,
That found it out, get into th' Houses.
These are the Courses that we took
To carry things, by Hook, or Crook:
And practic'd down from Forty four,
Until they turn'd us out of Door;
Besides the Herds of Boutefeus,
We set on work, without the House.
When ev'ry Knight and Citizen
Kept Legislative Journey-men,
To bring them in Intelligence
From all Points of the Rabbles Sense;
And fill the Lobbies of both Houses
With Politick Important Buzzes:
Set up Committees of Cabals,
To pack Designs without the Walls.
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our present Use.
Agree upon the Plot o'th' Farce,
And every one his Part rehearse.
Make Q's of Answers, to way-lay
What th' other Parties like to say:
What Repartees, and smart Reflections
Shall be return'd to all Objections:
And who shall break the Master-Jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest:
Help Pamphlets out, with safe Editions,
Of Proper Slanders and Seditions:
And Treason for a Token send,
By Letter, to a Country Friend.
Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit,
That Men, like Burglary, commit:
Wit, falser than a Padder’s Face,
That all its Owner does, betrays:
Who therefore dare not trust it, when
He’s in his Calling, to be seen.
Disperse the Dung on Barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of Discord forth.
Be sure to keep up Congregations,
In spight of Laws and Proclamations;
For Chiarlatans can do no good,
Until th’ are mounted in a Crowd:
And when th’ are punish’d, all the Hurt
Is but to fare the better for’t;
As long as Confessors are sure
Of double Pay for all th’ endure:
And what they earn in Persecution,
Are paid t’a Groat in Contribution.
Whence some Tub-holders-forth have made
In Powdring-Tubs, their richest Trade:
And while they kept their Shops in Prison,
Have found their Prices strangely risen.
Disdain to own the least Regret
For all the Christian Blood w’have let;
’Twill save our Credit, and maintain
Our Title, to do so again:
That needs not cost one Dram of Sense,
But Pertinacious Impudence:
Our Constancy t’our Principles,
In time, will wear out all things else;
Like Marble Statues, rub’d to pieces,
With Gallantry of Pilgrim’s Kisses:
While those who turn and wind their Oaths
Have swell’d, and sunk like other Froths.
Prevail’d a while, but ’twas not long,
Before from World to World they swung:
As they had turn’d from side, to side;
And as the Changelings liv'd they died.

This said; the impatient States-Monger
Could now contain himself no longer;
Who had not spar'd to shew his Picques,
Against th' Haranguers Politicks?
With smart Remarks of Leering Faces,
And Annotations of Grimaces,
After h'had ministred a Dose
Of Snuff-Mundungus, to his Nose;
And powder'd th'inside of his Skull,
Instead of th'outward Jobbernol:
He shook it, with a scornful Look
On th' Adversary, and thus he spoke.
In Dressing a Calve's Head, although
The Tongue and Brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange, if ever they come near:
For, who did ever play his Gambols,
With such unsufferable Rambles?
To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none can do, but those who swore
T'as Point-blank Non-sense heretofore:
That to Defend was to Invade,
And to Assassinate, to Aid:
Unless because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)
No Pow'r is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your Score.
A Spiritual Doctrine, that conduces
Most properly, to all your Uses.
'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oyl is said
To cure the Wounds the Vermine made;
And Weapons drest with Salves, restore
And heal the Hurts they gave before:
But whether Presbyterians have
So much Good Nature as the Salve,
Or Virtue in them as the Vermine,
Those who have tri'd 'em can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
Th'Arrears of all your Services,
And for th' Eternal Obligation
Ye have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation:
B'us'd so unconscionable hard,
As not to find a Just Reward.
For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,
To rage just so far, but no further:
And setting all the Land on fire,
To burn it a Scantling, but no higher:
For vent'ring to assassinate,
And cut the Throats of Church and State:
And not be allow'd the fittest Men
To take the Charge of both agen.
Especially, that have the Grace
Of Self-denying, Gifted Face;
Who, when your Projects have miscarri'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,
On those you painfully trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at Second Hand.
As we have been, to share the Guilt
Of Christian Blood, devoutly spilt;
For so our Ignorance was flam'd,
To damn our selves, t'avoid being damn'd:
Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,
Was like to lurch you at Back-Gammon;
And win your Necks upon the Set,
As well as ours, who did but Bet:
(For he had drawn your Ears before,
And nick'd 'em on the self-same Score:)
We threw the Box and Dice away,
Before y'had lost us at foul Play:
And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,
And Fancy only, on the By.
Re redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
From searching upon lofty Poles:
And rescued all your Outward Traitors
From hanging up like Allegators:
For which ingeniously y'have shew'd
Your Presbyterian Gratitude:
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one Rope behind.
Those were your Motives to divide,
And scruple, on the other side,
To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,
To Fits of Conscience and Remorse.
To be convinced they were in vain,
And face about for New again:
For Truth no more unvail'd your Eyes,
Than Maggots are convinced to Flies:
And therefore, all your Lights and Calls
Are but Apocryphal, and False,
To charge us with the Consequences
Of all your Native Insolences.
That to your own Imperious Wills,
Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels:
Corrupted the Old Testament,
To serve the New for Precedent:
T'amend its Errors and Defects,
With Murther and Rebellion-Texts:
Of which there is not any one
In all the Book, to sow upon:
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
Held Christian Doctrine forth and Use:
As Mahomet (your Chief) began
To mix them in the Alchoran:
Denounce'd, and pray'd, with Fierce Devotion,
And bended Elbows on the Cushion:
Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
And Gifted-Mortifying Groans:
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are said to see the Wind:
Fill'd Bedlam with Predestination,
And Knights-Bridge with Illumination:
Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,
As bad as Bloody Bones or Lunsford.
While Women, Great with Child, miscarri'd,
For being to Malignants marri'd:
Transform'd all Wives to Dalilahs,
Whose Husbands were not for the Cause:
And turn'd the Men to Ten-Horn'd Cattel,
Because they came not out to Battel:
Made Taylors Prentices turn Heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz;
And rather forfeit their Indentures,
Than not espouse the Saints Adventures.

Could Transubstantiate, Metamorphose,
And charm whole Herds of Beasts, like Orpheus;
Inchant the King's and Churches Lands,
T'obey and follow your Commands:
And settle on a New Free-hold,
As Marcy-Hill bad done of Old.
Could turn the Covenant, and translate
The Gospel into Spoons and Plate:
Expound upon all Merchants Cashes,
And open th'intricat test Places:
Could Catechise a Money-Box,
And prove all Powches Orthodox;
Until the Cause became a Damon,
And Pythias, the wicked Mammon.

And yet, in spight of all your Charms,
To conjure Legion up, in Arms;
And raise more Devils in the Rout,
Than e'er y'were able to cast out:
Y'have been reduce'd, and by those Fools,
Bred up (you say) in your own Schools;
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain, they have more Wit.
By whom you have been so oft trepan'd,
And held forth out of all Command:
Out-gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,
And Out-reveal'd at Carryings on.
Of all your Dispensations Worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd.
Ejected out of Church, and State,
And all things, but the People's Hate:
And spirited out of th'Enjoyments
Of precious, edifying Employments;
THIRD PART, CANTO II

By those who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,
Like better Bowlers, in your Places.
All which you bore, with Resolution,
Charg'd on th' Account of Persecution;
And though, most Righteously opprest,
Against your Wills, still acquiesi:
And never Hum'd and Hab'd Sedition,
Nor snuffled Treason, nor Misprision.
That is, because you never durst;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas, you were no longer able
To raise your Posse of the Rabble:
One single Red-Coat Sentinel
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell;
And with his Squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verse:
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your Powers:
Or trust our Safeties, or Undoings,
To your Disposing of Out-goings;
Or to your Ordering Providence,
One Farthings-worth of Consequence.

For, had you Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Design,
Or Correspondence, to trepan,
Inveagle, or betray one Man;
There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to use the means.
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to restore,
That could not keep your selves in pow'r
T’advance the Interests of the Crown,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.

'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your Parts, in Both;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
HUDIBRAS

For 'twas your zealous want of Sense,
And sanctified Impertinence:
Your carrying business in a Huddle,
That forc'd our Rulers to New-Model;
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;
To Reformado, One and All,
'T your Great Croysado, General:
Your greedy slav'ring to devour
Before, 'twas in your Clutches, Pow'r.
That sprung the Game you were to set,
Before y'had time to draw the Net:
Your spight to see the Churches Lands
Divided into other Hands.
And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,
Laid out on Tickets and Debentures;
Your Envy to be sprinkled down,
By Under Churches in the Town.
And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,
Nor th' Independants spreading Growths.
All which consider'd, 'tis most true,
None bring him in so much as you.
Who have prevail'd, beyond their Plots,
Their Midnight Junto's, and seal'd Knots;
That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,
Than all their own rash Politicks.
And this way you may claim a Share,
In carrying (as you brag) th'Affair;
Else Frogs, and Toads, that croak'd the Jews,
From Pharo, and his Brick-kills-loose:
And Flies, and Mange, that set them free,
From Task-Masters, and Slavery:
Were likelier to do theFeat,
In any indifferent Man's Conceit;
For who e'er heard of Restoration,
Until your thorough Reformation;
That is, the King's and Churches Lands
Were sequestred int'other Hands?
For, only then, and not before.
Your Eyes were opened to restore.
And when the Work was carrying on,  
Who crost it, but your selves alone?  
As, by a World of Hints, appears,  
All plain, and extant, as your Ears.  
But first o’th’ first; The Isle of Wight  
Will rise up, if you should deny’t;  
Where Hinderson, and th’other Masses,  
Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases,  
To pass for Deep and Learned Scholars;  
Although but Paltry, Ob-and-Sollers:  
As if th’unseasonable Fools  
Had been a Coursing in the Schools;  
Until th’had prov’d the Devil Author  
O’tb’ Covenant; and the Cause, his Daughter:  
For, when they charg’d him with the Guilt  
Of all the Blood that had been spilt;  
They did not mean, He wrought th’Effusion  
In Person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson;  
But only those, who first begun  
The Quarrel, were by him set on.  
And who could those be but the Saints,  
Those Reformation-Termezants?  
But e’er this past, the wise Debate  
Spent so much time, it grew too late;  
For Oliver had gotten Ground,  
T’enclose them, with his Warriers, round:  
Had brought his Providence about,  
And turn’d the untimely Sophists out.  
Nor had the Uxbridge bus’ness less  
Of Non-sence in’t, and sottishness,  
When from a Scoundrel Holder forth,  
The Scum, as well as Son o’tb’ Earth,  
Your Mighty Senators took Law  
At his Command, were forc’d t’withdraw;  
And sacrifice the Peace o’tb’ Nation  
To Doctrine, Use and Application.  
So when the Scots, your constant Cronies,  
Th’ Espousers of your Cause, and Monies:  
Who had so often, in your Aid,  
So many ways been soundly paid;
Came in at last, for better Ends,
To prove themselves your trusty Friends,
You basely left them, and the Church,
Th'had train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
And suffer'd your own Tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shews what Utensils y'have been,
To bring the King's Concernments in:
Which is so far from being true,
That none but He can bring in you.
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exac'tly just:
Such as will punctually repay
With double Interest, and betray.

Not that I think those Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times:
Are less ingenious in their Art,
Than those who dully act one Part;
Or those who turn from Side, to Side;
More guilty than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a Wise Man's Home,
And so are Governments to some,
Who change them for the same Intrigues
That States-Men use in breaking Leagues:
While others in Old Faiths and Troths,
Look odd, as in Out-of-fashion'd Cloaths:
And nastier, in an old Opinion,
Than those who never shift their Linnen.

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the Game goes:
And whether Parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
While Pow'r usurp'd like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.
And when the Times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the Halter.

And so may we, if w'have but Sense
THIRD PART, CANTO II

To use the necessary Means,
And not your usual Stratagems
On one another, Lights and Dreams.
To stand on Terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the Covenant on Crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their Clutches;
And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w'are sure to prop our own:
Your constant Method of Proceeding,
Without the Carnal Means of Heeding:
Who, 'twixt your Inward Sense, and Outward,
Are worse, than if y'bad none, accoutred.

I grant, all Courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, How?
'Tis true! w'have Money, th'only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before:
Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the last Reason of all things.
And therefore, need not doubt our Play
Has all Advantages that way;
As long as Men have Faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well.
Whose half-starv'd Pride and Avarice,
One Church and State will not suffice,
T'export to Sale; beside the Wages
Of storing Plagues to after Ages.
Nor is our Money less our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down:
For 'twill return, and turn t'Account,
If we are brought in Play upon't;
Or, but by Casting Knaves, get in,
What Pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the Arts we us'd before,
In Peace and War, and something more:
And by the unfortunate Events,
Can mend our next Experiments.
For, when w'are taken into Trust,
How easie are the Wisest chouset?
Who see but th'out-sides of our Feats,
And not their secret Springs and Weights;
And while th'are busie at their ease,
Can carry what Designs we please:
How easie is't to serve for Agents,
To prosecute our old Engagements?
To keep the Good Old Cause on Foot,
And present Power from taking Root?
Inflame them both with false Alarms,
Of Plots, and Parties, taking Arms;
To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
For healing up of Side to Side.
Profess the passionat'st Concerns,
For both their Interests, by Turns.
The only way t'improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As Bowls run true, by being made
Of purpose false, and to be sway'd)
For, if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together:
And therefore have no other Means,
To stand upon our own Defence;
But keeping up our Ancient Party
In Vigor, Confident, and Hearty:
To reconcile our late Dissenters,
Our Brethren, though by other Venters,
Unite them, and their different Maggots,
As long and short Sticks are in Faggots.
And make them joyn again as close,
As when they first began t'Espouse;
Ereect them into Separate,
New Jewish Tribes, in Church and State;
To joyn in Marriage and Commerce,
And only among themselves Converse.
And all that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to all Mankind:
Take all Religions in and stickle,
From Conclave, down to Conventicle;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.
Sometimes, for Liberty of Conscience,
And Spiritual Mis-rule, in one Sense:
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary:
And stand for, as the Times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit:
Protect their Emissaries, impowr'd
To preach Sedition and the Word:
And when th'are hamper'd by the Laws,
Release the Lab'rors for the Cause;
And turn the Persecution back,
On those that made the first Attack.

To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking, or maintaining Law;
And when they have their Fits too soon,
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon:
Put off their Zeal t'a fitter Season,
For sowing Faction in, and Treason;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.
That when the Blessed Time shall come,
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to restore
Their own Fift-Monarchy, once more;
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
Against Revolts of Providence;
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen:
For, if Success could make us Saints,
Our Ruin turn'd us Miscreants:
A Scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a Few, and unprepar'd.

These are the Courses we must run,
Spight of our Hearts, or be undone:
And not to stand on Terms and Freaks,
Before we have secur'd our Necks.
HUDIBRAS

But do our Work, as out of sight,
As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night:
All Licence of the People own,
In opposition to the Crown.
And for the Crown as fiercely side,
The Head and Body to divide;
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind:
Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,
On all Emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority, as Men in want:
As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand with the other Trade;
Gain'd vastly, by their Joint-Endeavour;
The Right a Thief, the Left Receiver:
And what the one, by tricks, fore-stall'd,
The other, by as sly, Retail'd.
For Gain has wonderful Effects,
T' improve the Factory of Sects;
The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
And great Diana of the Ephesians:
Whence turning of Religion's made
The means to turn and wind a Trade.
And though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a Course;
And draw in store of Customers,
To thrive the better in Commerce:
For, all Religions flock together,
Like Tame, and Wild-Fowl of a Feather;
To nab the Itches of their Sects:
As Jades do one another's Necks.
Hence 'tis, Hypocrisie, as well,
Will serve t' improve a Church, as Zeal:
As Persecution, or Promotion,
Do equally advance Devotion.

Let Business, like ill Watches, go,
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow:
For, things in order are put out
THIRD PART, CANTO II

So easie, Ease it self will do't.
But when the Feat's design'd and meant,
What Miracle can bar th'event?
For 'tis more easie to betray,
Than ruin any other way.

All possible occasions start,
The Weighty'st Matters to divert:
Obstruct, Perplex, Distract, Intangle,
And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle:
But in Affairs of less Import,
That neither do us Good nor Hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and Out-comply:
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our Hooks for greater Trust.

But still be careful to cry down
All publick Actions, though our own:
The least Miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State:
Express the horrid'st Detestation,
And pity the distracted Nation.
Tell Stories, scandalous and false,
I' th'proper Language of Cabals:
Where all a subtil States-man says
Is half in Words, and half in Face:
(As Spaniards talk in Dialogues,
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
Entrust it under solemn Vows
Of Mum and Silence, and the Rose
To be Retail'd again in Whispers,
For th'easie credulous to disperse.

Thus far the States-man. When a Shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out.
And strait another, all agast,
Rush'd in with equal Fear and Haste:
Who star'd about, as pale as Death,
And for a while, as out of Breath;
Hudibras

Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by fits.

That beastly Rabble,—that came down
From all the Garrets—in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards,—in vast Swarms,
With new-chalk'd Bills,—and rusty Arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of Door;
Are now drawn up,—in greater Shoals,
To Roast—and Boil us on the Coals:
And all the Grandees—of our Members
Are Carbonading on—the Embers;
Knights, Citizens and Burgesses—
Held forth by Rumps—of Pigs and Geese.
That serve for Characters—and Badges,
To represent their Personages.
Each Bone-fire is a Funeral-Pile,
In which they Roast, and Scorch, and Broil;
And ev'ry Representative
Have vow'd to Roast—and Broil alive;
And 'tis a Miracle, we are not
Already, sacrifi'd Incarnate.
For, while we wrangle here, and jar,
W'are Grylly'd all at Temple Bar:
Some, on the Sign-post of an Ale-house,
Hang in Effigy, on the Gallows,
Made up of Rags, to personate
Respective Officers of State;
That henceforth they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in Law, and Executed,
And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready Listed under Dun;
That worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-box of all his Fellows.
The activ'st Member of the Five,
As well as the most Primitive:
Who, for his faithful Service then,
Is chosen for a Fifth agen;
(For, since the State has made a Quint
Of Generals, he's listed in't.)
This Worthy, as the World will say,
Is paid in Specie, his own way;
For, moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th'have pick'd'd from Dung-bills hereabouts:
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A crop'd Malignant Baker gave 'em:
And, to the largest Bonefire riding,
Th'have roasted Cook already, and Pride-m.
On whom, in Equipage, and State,
His Scare-crow Fellow-Members wait;
And March in Order, two and two,
As at Thanksgivings th'us'd to do:
Each in a tatter'd Talismane,
Like Vermine in Effige slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those Rumps are but the Tail o'th'Beast;
Set up by Popish Engineers,
As by the Crackers plainly appears:
For, none but Jesuits have a Mission,
To preach the Faith with Ammunition;
And propagate the Church with Powder,
Their Founder was a blown up Soldier.
These Spiritual Pioneers o'th'Whores,
That have the Charge of all her Stores;
Since first they fail'd in their Designs,
To take in Heav'n by springing Mines;
And with unanswerable Barrels
Of Gun-powder, dispute their Quarrels:
Now take a Course more practicable,
By laying Trains to fire the Rabble,
And blow us up in th'open Streets;
Disguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenites;
More like to Ruin, and Confound,
Than all their Doctrines under-ground.

Nor have they chosen Rumps amiss,
For Symbols of State-Mysteries;
Though some suppose, 'twas but to shew
HUDIBRAS

How much they scorn'd the Saints, The Few;
Who, 'cause th'are wasted to the Stumps,
Are represented best by Rumps.
But Jesuites have deeper Reaches
In all their Politick Far-fetches:
And from their Captick Priest, Kirkerus,
Found out this Mystick way to jear us.

For, as the Egyptians us'd, by Bees,
'T'express their Antick Ptolomies;
And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
Held forth Authority and Pow'r:
Because these subtil Animals
Bear all their Int'rests in their Tails;
And when th'are once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their Well-order'd State:
They thought, all Governments were best,
By Hieroglyphick Rumps, exprest.

For, as in Bodies Natural,
The Rump's the Fundament of all;
So, in a Commonwealth, or Realm,
The Government is call'd the Helm:
With which, like Vessels under Sail,
Th'are turn'd and winded by the Tail.
The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer
Their Courses with, through Sea and Air;
To whom the Rudder of the Rump is
The same thing With the Stern and Compass.
This shews, how perfectly the Rump
And Commonwealth in Nature jump.
For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
Rests with his Tail above his Head;
So in this Mungril State of ours,
The Rabble are the Supreme Powers.
That Hors'd us on their Backs to show us
A Jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The Learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a Bone, which they call Luez,
I’th’ Rump of Man, of such a Vertue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the last Great Day,
All th’other Members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
All sorts of Vegetals proceed:
From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,
Os Sacrum, justly stile that part.

Then what can better represent,
Than this Rump-bone, the Parliament?
That after several rude Ejections,
And as prodigious Resurrections;
With new Reversions of nine Lives,
Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives?

But now, alas, th’are all expir’d,
And th’House, as well as Members, fir’d;
Consum’d in Kennels, by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out:
Condemn’d ungoverning Distress,
And Poultry, Private Wretchedness:
Worse than the Devil to Privation,
Beyond all hopes of Restauration;
And parted like the Body and Soul,
From all Dominion and Contoul.

We, who could lately, with a Look,
Enact, Establish, or Revoke;
Whose Arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns kept multitudes in Awe:
Before the Bluster of whose Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off.
Ador’d and bow’d to, by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man, and Valet.
Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats;
Shall now be scorn’d as wretchedly,
For Ruin’s just as low as high;
Which might be suffer’d, were it all
The Horrour, that attends our Fall:
For, some of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can discharge.
And others who, by restless scraping,
With Publick Frauds, and Private Rapine;
Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last:
And to be but undone, Entail
Their Vessels on perpetual Jail;
And bless the Devil to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls, on no worse Terms.

This said, A near and louder Shout
Put all th'Assembly to the Rout:
Who now begun t'out-run their fear,
As Horses do, from those that bear:
But crouded on, with so much haste,
Until th'had block'd the Passage fast;
And Barricadoed it with Haunches
Of Outward Men, and Bulks, and Paunches:
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a Cripled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken Members,
Than have them Grillied on the Embers:
Still pressing on with heavy Packs,
Of one another, on their Backs:
The Van-Guard could no longer bear
The Charges of the Forlorn Rere;
But born down head-long by the Rout,
Were trampled sorely under Foot.
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As the horrid Cookery of the Rabble:
And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,
As lesser Pains are, by the Gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply
Of rallied Force, enough to fly;
And beat a Tuscan Running Horse,
Whose Jockey-Rider is all Spurs.
The ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's Prodigious Flight,
To quit th'Inchanted Bow'r by Night:
He plods to turn his Amorous Suit
T'a Plea in Law, and prosecute:
Repairs to Counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the Enterprize:
But first resolves to try by Letter,
And once more, fair Address, to get her.

Who would believe what strange Bugbears
Mankind creates it self, of Fears?
That spring like Fern, that Insect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed;
And have no possible Foundation,
But merely in th'Imagination:
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than Hags, with all their Imps and Teats:
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their Nurseries of Elves.
For fear does things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard t'unriddle which is which.
Sets up Communities of Senses,
To chop and change Intelligences:
As Rosi-crusian Virtuoso's,
Can see with Ears, and hear with Noses:
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both suppli'd by Fear;
That makes 'em in the dark see Visions,
And hag themselves with Apparitions:
And when their Eyes discover least,
Discern the sub't'lest Objects best.
Do things not contrary alone
To th'Course of Nature, but its own:
The Courage of the Bravest daunt,
And turn Pultroons as valiant;
For Men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little Fear.
And when th'are out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying:
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like Lions Rout.
This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left Perdue:
And haunted with Detachments, sent
From Marshal-Legion's Regiment;
Was by a Fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and Rescu'd with a Cheat:
When nothing but himself and fear
Was both the Imps and Conjurer:
As by the Rules o' th' Virtuosi,
It follows in due Form of Posie.

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his flight:
At Blind-Man's-Buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear, of Night and Day:
Who took his dark and desp'rate Course,
He knew no better than his Horse;
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whether) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor less Capacity of Speed:
Disabled both in Man and Beast,
To fly, and run away, his best;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rere.
And though with Kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further, and the nearer side:
(As Sea-men ride with all their force,
And Tug as if they Rowed the Horse;
And when the Hackney Sails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run a-drift)
So though he posted e'er so fast,
His Fear was greater than his Haste:
For Fear though fleeter than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began to appear,
And shift t'another Scene his Fear;
He found his new Officious Shade,
That came so timely to his Aid:
And forc'd him from the Foe t'escape,
Had turn'd it self to Ralpho's shape.
So like in Person, Garb and Pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told
The Lady all he had t'unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain the approaching Knight.
And while he gave himself Diversion,
T' accommodate his Beast and Person;
And put his Beard into a posture,
At best advantage to accost her:
She order'd th' Antimasquerade,
(For his Reception) aforesaid:
But when the Ceremony was done,
The Lights put out, and Furies gone;
And Hudibras, amongst the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guest:
The wretched Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his Story to himself;
The Knight mistook him for an Elf.
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralph's Outward Man:
And thought, because they oft agreed,
T'appear in one another's stead;
And a& the Saint's and Devil's Part,
With undistinguishable Art.
They might have done so now perhaps,
And put on one another’s Shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star’d upon him, a[n]d cry’d out.

*What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite,*
*That took his Place and Shape to Night?*

*Some busie Independent Pug,*
*Retainer to his Synagogue?*

*Alas, quoth he, I’m none of those*
*Your Bosom-Friends, as you suppose;*
*But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,*
*W’has drag’d your Dunship out o’th’ Mire;*
*And from the Incantments of a Widdow,*
*W’bad turn’d you int’ a Beast, have freed you.*

*And, though a Prisoner of War,*
*Have brought you safe, where now you are.*

*Which you would gratefully repay,*
*Your constant Presbyterian way.*

*That’s stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger:*
*Who gave thee notice of my danger?*

*Quoth he, Th’Infernal Conjurer*
*Pursu’d and took me Prisoner;*
*And knowing you were here about,*
*Brought me along, to find you out.*

*Where I in Hugger-mugger bid,*
*Have noted all they said and did:*
*And though they lay to him the Pageant,*
*I did not see him, nor his Agent;*
*W’ho pla’d their Sorceries out of sight,*
*T’avoid a fiercer, second Fight.*

*But, didst thou see no Devils then?*
*Not one, quoth he, but Carnal Men.*
*A little worse than Fiends in Hell,*
*And that She-Devil, Jezabel;*
*That laugh’d and tee-he’d with derision,*
*To see them take your Deposition.*

*What then (quoth Hudibras) was he,*
*That pla’d the Dev’l, to examine me?*
THIRD PART, CANTO III

A Rallying Weaver in the Town,
That did it in a Parson's Gown:
Whom all the Parish takes for gifted;
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it.
In which you told them all your Feats,
Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats;
Deny'd your Whipping, and confess'd
The naked Truth of all the rest:
More plainly than the Reverend Writer,
That to our Churches vei'd his Mitre.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgel'd me to under-write.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone;
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my Hellish Fear?
Quoth he, I knew your constant Rate,
And Frame of Sp'rite, too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon
With any Motives of my own:
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The Dev'1 a while, to Nick your Wit.
The Devil, that is your constant Crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty Drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
Th'had left the Enemy behind;
And saw no farther harm remain,
But feeble Weariness and Pain;
Perciev'd, by losing of their Way,
Th'had gain'd th'advantage of the Day;
And by declining of the Road,
They had by chance their Rere made good.
He ventur'd to dismiss his Fear,
That parting's wont to Rant and Tear.
And gives the desperat'st Attack
To danger, still behind its Back.
For, having paws'd to recollect,
And on his past Success reflect,
T'examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;
And when no Devil had appear'd,
What else, it could be said, he fear'd?
It put him in so fierce a Rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;
Tost like a Foot-ball back again,
With Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain.

Quoth he, It was thy Cowardise
That made me from this Leaguer rise;
And when I had half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base.
Was better cover'd by thy New
Arriv'd Detachment than I knew:
To slight my new Acquests, and run
Victoriously, from Battels won.
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost.
To make me put my self to flight;
And Conqu'ring, run away by Night.
To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe,
Durst never have presum'd to do.
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse.
Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
Without my Arms and Equipage;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might the unequal Fight renew.
And, to preserve thy Outward Man,
Assum'd my Place, and led the Van.

All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve my self, but you.
You, who were damn'd to baser Drubs,
Than Wretches feel in Pow'd'ring Tubs:
To mount two wheel'd Carroches, worse
Than mannaging a Wooden Horse:
Drag'd out through straiter Holes, by th'Ears,
THIRD PART, CANTO III

Eras’d, or Coup’d for Perjurers.
Who, though the Attempt had prov’d in vain,
Had had no reason to complain:
But since it prosper’d, ’tis unhandsome
To blame the Hand that paid your Ransome;
And rescued your obnoxious Bones
From unavoidable Batoons.
The Enemy was reinforce’d,
And we disabled and unhors’d:
Disarm’d, unqualified for Fight;
And no way left, but hasty Flight.
Which, though as desparate in the Attempt,
Has giv’n you freedom to condemn’t.

But were our Bones in fit Condition
To re-inforce the Expedition,
’Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No Martial Project to surprize,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As Gamesters tear their losing Cards.
Beside, our bangs of Man and Beast
Are fit for nothing now but Rest.
And for awhile will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable.
And therefore I with reason chose
This Stratagem, I’ameuse our Foes.
To make an Honourable Retreat,
And wave a total sure Defeat:
For, those that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that’s slain.
Hence timely Running’s no mean part
Of Conduct, in the Martial Art.
By which some Glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens, by breaking, thrive.
And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoyl.
Is held the gallantest Course, and bravest,
To great Exploits, as well as safest:
That spares the Expence of Time and Pains,
And dangerous beating out of Brains.
And in the end prevails, as certain,
As those that never trust to Fortune;
But make their Fear do Execution,
Beyond the stoutest Resolution;
As Earth-quakes kill, without a Blow,
And only trembling, overthrow.
If th'Ancients Crown'd their bravest Men
That only sav'd a Citizen,
What Victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would save but one?
Or Fight endanger'd to be lost,
Where all resolve to save the most?
By this means, when a Battel's won,
The War's as far from being done:
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, in th'Victory:
And sometime, when their loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all:
Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazets;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a Gun:
Have don't with Bone-fires, and at home,
Make Squibs and Crackers overcome.

To set the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governors from Blame:
Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells:
And though reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum;
Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a Lie,
And for their Beating, giving Thanks,
Th'have rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks;
For those who run from the Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly.
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
THIRD PART, CANTO III

Those win the Day, that win the Race;
And that which would not pass in Fights,
Has done the Feat with easie Slights.
Recover'd many a desp'rate Campain,
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy and Champain.
Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty
With Brandy-Wine and Aqua-Vitea.
And made them stoutly overcome,
With Bacrach, Hocamore and Mum:
Whom, the uncontroul'd Decrees of Fate
To Victory necessitate.
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or else their Sultan-Populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land;
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th'had won the day:
Although the Rabble sou'd them for'i,
O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
'Tis true, our Modern way of War
Is grown more politick by far;
But not so resolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.
For, now they laugh at giving Battel,
Unless it be to Herds of Cattel:
Or fighting Convoys of Provision,
The whole design of the Expedition.
And not with down-right blows to rout
The Enemy, but eat them out:
As Fighting in all Beasts of Prey,
And Eating are perform'd one way,
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn Guts to death,
And those atchieve the high'st Renown,
That bring the other Stomachs down.
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to Famine.
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Design,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine.
But have no need, nor use of Courage,
Unless it be for Glory, or Forrage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one side vent'ring to Advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully 'th' Rere:
And forc'd with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance,
To pick out Ground to incamp upon
Where store of largest Rivers run,
That serve instead of peaceful Barriers
To part th' Engagements of their Warriors.
Where both from side to side may skip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep.
For Men are found the stouter hearted,
The certainer th'are to be parted.
And therefore post themselves in Bogs,
As the ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;
And made their mortal Enemy,
The Water-Rat, their great Ally.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold;
But who bears Hunger best, and Cold:
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving:
But he that routs most Pigs and Cows,
The formidablest Man of Prowess.
So, the Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British Sea;
Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,
And Lobsters, 'stead of Curassiers;
Engag'd his Legions in fierce Bustles,
With Periwinkles, Prawns and Muscles:
And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scalops.
Not like their ancient way of War,
To wait on his Triumphal Carr:
But when he went to Dine or Sup,
More bravely eat his Captives up;
And left all Wars by his Example,
Reduc'd to vi'g'ling of a Camp well.

Quoth Ralph, by all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course:
To hope by stratagem to woo her,
Or waging Battle to subdue her.
Though some have done it in Romances,
And bang'd them into amorous Fancies,
As those, who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones:
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his Bride
By Courting of her Back and Side.
But since those times and feats are over,
They are not for a Modern Lover:
When Mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
By such Addresses, to be gain'd:
And if they were, would have it out,
With many other kind of Bout.
Therefore I hold no Course s'infeasible
As this of force to win the Jezabel.
To storm her heart, by th'Antick Charms
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms;
But rather strive by Law to win her,
And try the Title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her Word,
And me to witness the Accord.
Besides two more of her Retinue,
To testifie what pass'd between you.
More probable, and like to hold,
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold:
For which so many that renounc'd
Their plighted Contrac'ts, have been trounc'd.
And Bills upon Record been found,
That forc'd the Ladies to compound:
And that unless I miss the matter,
Is all the business you look after:
Besides, Encounters at the Bar,
Are braver now, than those in War. 
In which the Law does Execution,
With less Disorder and Confusion:
Has more of Honour in't some hold,
Not like the New way, but the Old.
When those the Pen had drawn together,
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,
And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than Bullets now of Lead.
So all their Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen.
That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
In words at length, as well as Figures.
Is Judge of all the World performs,
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatso'ere's achievev'd in Fight,
Determines which is wrong or right;
For whether you Prevail or Lose,
All must be try'd there in the close.
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,
What you must trust to, ere y'have done.

The Law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the most perfidious Lover,
A Lady, that's as false, recover:
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your Bride:
And put her Person, Goods, or Lands,
Or which you like best into your hands;

For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages
And manag'd by the ablest Sages,
Who though their Bus'ness at the Bar
Be but a kind of Civil War,
In which th'ingage with fiercer Dudgeons
Than e're the Grecians did and Trojans.
They never manage the Contest,
T' impair their publick Interest;
Or by their Controversies, lessen
The dignity of their Profession:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cause and Side,
And though w' are all as near of Kindred
As th' outward Man is to the Inward;
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle fangle,
While Lawyers have more sober sense,
Than to argue at their own expense.
But make their best Advantages,
Of other quarrels, like the Swiss,
And out of Foreign Controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their Purses.
But have no interest in the Cause,
For which th' engage, and wage the Laws:
Nor further Prospect than their Pay,
Whether they lose or win the Day.
And though th' abounded in all Ages,
With sundry learned Clerks, and Sages.
Though all their business be Dispute,
With which they canvas every Suit;
Th' have no disputes about their Art,
Nor in Polemicks controvert.
While all Professions else are found,
With nothing but Disputes t'abound:
Divines of all sorts, and Physicians,
 Philosophers, Mathematicians;
The Gallenist, and Paracelsian,
Condemn the way each other deals in.
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out Work to wrangle.
Astrologers dispute their Dreams;
That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes.
And Heralds stickle, who got who,
So many hundred Years ago.

But Lawyers are too wise a Nation,
T' expose their Trade to Disputation:
Or make the busie Rabble Judges,
Of all their secret Pi[q]ues, and Grudges:
HUDIBRAS

In which whoever wins the day,
The whole Profession's sure to pay.

Beside, no Mountebanks, nor Cheats
Dare undertake to do their Feats;
When in all other Sciences,
They swarm, like Insects, and Increase:
For what Bigot durst ever draw,
By Inward Light, a Deed in Dawn?
Or could hold forth, by Revelation,
An Answer to a Declaration?
For those that meddle with their Tools
Will cut their Fingers, if they're Fools.
And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Answers, and Replies:
They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery
Shall bring her upon Oath to Answer ye.
And soon Reduce you to b'your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.

The Knight who us'd with Tricks and Shifts,
To Edifie by Ralpho's Gifts:
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All Plagiary's Constant Course
Of sinking, when they take a Purse)
Resolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him in disguise:
And after stubborn Contradiction,
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,
And by Transition, fall upon
The Resolution, as his own.

Quoth he; This Gambol thou advisest,
Is of all others, the unwiseest;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing sillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' Expence.
To Act against my self, and Traverse
THIRD PART, CANTO III

My Suit and Title to her favours.
And if she should, which Heaven forbid,
O'rethrow me, as the Fidler did,

What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst losing all I have at Stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be Reliev'd;
Is sillier than a sottish Chews,
Who when a Thief has Rob'd his house;
Applyes himself to Cunning-men
To help him to his Goods again.
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain, by fair means, worse:
But worst of all, to give her over,
Till she's as des' rate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too soon,
Until th'are never to be won.
But since I have no other Course,
But is as bad t'attempt, or worse:
He that complies against his Will,
Is of his own Opinion still;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For Reasons to himself best known:
But 'tis not to be avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue:
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably, first with him.
For I've receiv'd Advertisement,
By times, enough of his intent;
And knowing, he that first complains,
Th'advantage of the business gains.
For Courts of Justice understand
The Plaintiff to be eldest hand;
Who what he pleases may aver
The other nothing till he swear:
HUDIBRAS

Is freely admitted to all Grace,
And Lawful Favour by his place:
And for his bringing Custom in,
Has all Advantages to win.
I who resolve to oversee
No lucky Opportunity,
Will go to Counsel, to advise
Which way t'encounter or surprize.
And after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th'occasion;
Most apt, for what I have to do,
As Counsellor, and Justice, too.
And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for such a Case.

An Old Dull Sot; wh'had told the Clock,
For many years at Bridewel-Dock.
At Westminster, and Hickses-Hall,
And Hiccius-Doc[i]us play'd in all;
Where in all Governments, and Times,
H'had been both friend, and fo to Crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hindring Justice, or maintaining:
To many a Whore gave Privileged,
And whip'd, for want of Quarteridge,
Cart-loads of Bawds, to Prison sent
For b'ing behind a Fortnights Rent.
And many a trusty Pimp and Croney,
To Puddle-dock, for want of money.
Ingag'd the Constable to seize
All those, that would not break the Peace.
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes Commoners, or Lords:
And kept 'em Prisoners, of Course,
For being sober at ill hours.
That in the Morning he might Free,
Or bind 'em over, for his Fee.
Made Monsters fine, and Puppet-plays,
For leave to practice, in their ways:
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a share,
THIRD PART, CANTO III

With th' Headborough, and Scavenger,
And made the Dirt ith' Streets Compound,
For taking up the Publick Ground:
The Kennel, and the King's High-way,
For being unmolested, Pay.
Let out the Stocks, and Whipping-Post,
And Cage, to those that gave him most;
Impos'd a Tax on Bakers Ears,
And for False Weights on Chandellers.
Made Victuallers, and Vintners Fine
For Arbitrary Ale, and Wine.
But was a kind and constant Friend
To all that Regularly offend:
As Residentiary Bawds,
And Brokers that receive stoll'n Goods;
That cheat in Lawful Mysteries,
And pay Church-duties, and his Fees;
But was implacable and auker'd
To all that Interlop'd, and Hawker'd.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
For Counsel, in his Law-Affairs;
And found him mounted, in his Pew,
With Books, and Money plac'd, for shew,
Like Nest-eggs, to make Clients lay
And for his false Opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
Put off his Hat, to put his Case:
Which he as proudly entertain'd,
As the other courteously strain'd.
And to assure him, 'twas not that,
He look'd for; Bid him put on's Hat.

Quoth he, there is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgel'd——Very well.
And now he brags, 't'have beaten me.
Better, and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a Wall
Where e're he meets me——best of all.
'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath,
That I rob'd him——Well done in troth.
When b' has confest, he stole my Cloak,
And pick'd my Fob, and what he took,
Which was the cause, that made me bang him,
And take my Goods again——marry bang him:
Now whether I should, before hand
Swear he rob'd me? I understand,
Or bring my Action of Conversion
And Trover for my Goods? Ab Whorson.
Or if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his Trial?——Right,
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?——True.
Or whether he that is Defendant
In this Case, has the better end on't;
Who putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse th' Action——better still.
Then there's a Lady too.——I marry,
That's easily prov'd accessory.
A Widow, who by solemn Vows,
Contracted to me, for my Spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all——Good Lord,
Suborn'd the aforesaid Sidrophel,
To tamper with the Dev'l of Hell.
Who put m'into horrid fear,
Fear of my Life,——Make that appear.
Made an assault, with Fiends and Men
Upon my body.——Good agen.
And kept me in a deadly fright
And false Imprisonment all Night,
Mean while, they rob'd me, and my Horse,
And stole my Saddle,——worse and worse;
And made me mount upon the bare-ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage:

Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as Good, and Fair a Battery,
As heart can wish, and need not shame,
The proudest Man alive to claim.
THIRD PART, CANTO III

For if th' have us'd you, as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy,
I would it were my Case, I'd give,
More than I'll say, or you'll believe.
I would so trounce her, and her Purse,
I'd make her kneel for bet'r or worse;
For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure, may Pick and Choose,
As Cross I win, and Pile you lose.
And if I durst, I would advance
As much, in Ready Maintenance;
As upon any Case I've known,
But we that practice dare not own,
The Law severely contrabands,
Our taking business off Mens hands;
'Tis Common barratry, that bears
Point blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,
And crops them, till there is not Leather,
To stick a Pin in, left of either;
For which, some do the Summer-sault
And ore the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
But you may swear at any rate
Things not in Nature, for the State:
For in all Courts of Justice here
A Witness is not said to swear,
But make Oath, that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms:
(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat——)
[For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side enclin'd
Like charity, else right, and wrong,
Could never hold it out so long,
And like blind Fortune, with a slight,
Conveys Mens Interest, and Right,
From Stile's Pocket, into Nokeses:
As easily as Hocus Pocus.
Plays fast and loose, makes Men Obnoxious,
And clear again, like Hiccius-Doetius.
Then whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your Wife:
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters Pass,
The Business to the Law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon.
And you can want no Witnesses,
To swear to anything you please.
That hardly get their meer Expences
By th' Labor of their Consciences,
Or letting out to hire, their Ears,
To Affidavit-Customers:
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for Jury-men, or Tales,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,
Of Trustees, and Administrators:
For that, quoth he, let me alone,
W' have store of such, and all our own;
Bred up and tutor'd, by our Teachers,
The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.
That's well! Quoth he, But I should Guess,
By weighing of Advantages.
Your surest way is first to Pitch
On Bongey, for a Water-witch:
And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
I' have time enough, to deal with her.
In th' Intrim; Spare for no Trepans,
To draw her Neck, into the Banes:
Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
And Bait 'em well, for Quirks, and Quillets
With Trains t' inveige and surprise,
Her Heedless Answers, and Reply's:
And if she miss the Moustrap-Lines,
They'll serve for other By-Designs:
And make an Artist understand,
To Copy out her Seal, or Hand:
Or find void Places in the Paper,
To steal in something to Intrap her.
'Till with her worldly Goods, and Body,
Spight of heart, she has indow'd ye.
THIRD PART, CANTO III

Retain all sorts of Witnesses,
That ply it' th' Temples, under trees.
Or walk the Round, with Knights [o' th'] Posts:
About the Cross-leg'd Knights, their hosts,
Or wait for Customers, between
The Piller-Rows in Lincolns-Inn.
Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bayl,
And Affidavit-men, ne'r fail
T' expose to Sale, all sorts of Oaths,
According to their Ears, and Cloaths.
Their only Necessary Tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.
And when y' are furnish'd with all Purveys
I shall be ready, at your service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A straw to understand a Case,
Without the admirabler skill
To Wind, and Manage it at Will:
To Vere, and Tack, and stear a Cause,
Against the Weather-gage of Laws;
And Ring the Changes upon Cases,
As plain, as Noses upon Faces.
As you have well instructed me
For which you have earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee,
I long to practice your advice,
And try the subtle Artifice:
To bait a Letter, as you bid,
As not long after, thus he did,
For having pump'd up all his Wit,
A[n]d hum'd upon it, thus he Writ.
An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to his Lady.

I

Who was once as great as Caesar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezar.
And from as fam'd a Conqueror,
As ever took degree in War,
Or did his Exercise in Battel,
By you turn'd out to Grass with Cattel.
For since I am deny'd access
To all my Earthly Happiness.
Am fallen from the Paradise
Of your good Graces, and fair Eyes.
Lost to the World, and you, I'me sent
To Everlasting Banishment
Where all the Hopes I had, t' have won
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom, before you hear,
You'll find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence,
That once I made a Vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd 'tis true;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis Violated, though delay'd:
Or if it were, it is no fault
So hainous, as you'ld have it thought,
To undergo the loss of Ears,
Like vulgar Hackney Perjurers,
For there's a difference in the case
Between the Noble, and the Base:
Who always are observ'd t' have don't,
Upon as different an account:
The one for great, and weighty Cause,
To salve in Honour ugly Flaws.
For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those, who are nicest of their Honour.
The other, for base Gain, and Pay,
Forswear, and Perjure, by the Day;
AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

And make th’ exposing, and retailing
Their Souls, and Consciences, a Calling.

It is no Scandal, nor Aspersion,
Upon a Great and noble Person,
To say, he Nat’rally abhorr’d
Th’ old fashion’d trick, to keep his Word
Though ’tis perfidiousness, and shame,
In meaner Men, to do the same.
For to be able to Forget,
Is found more useful, to the Great:
Then Gout, or Deafness, or bad Eyes,
To make ’em pass for wondrous wise.
But though the Law, on Perjurers,
Inflicts the Forfeiture of Ears;
It is not just, that does exempt
The Guilty, and punish the innocent,
To make the Ears repair the wrong,
Committed by th’ ungovern’d Tongue;
And when one Member is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of Law recover mine.
You’re like, if you consider right,
To Gain but little Honour by’t.
For he that for his Ladies sake
Lays down his Life, or Limbs at Stake,
Does not so much deserve her Favour,
As he, that pawns his Soul to have her.
This y’have acknowledg’d I have done,
Although you now disdain to own:
But sentence, what you rather ought
T’ esteem good Service, then a Fault,
Besides, Oaths are not bound to bear
That Literal Sense, the words infer,
But by the practice of the Age,
Are to be judg’d how far th’ engage.
And where the sense by Custom’s checkt,
Are found void, and of none effect.
For no Man takes, or keeps a vow,
HUDIBRAS

But just as he sees others do,
Nor are th’ obliged to be so brittle,
As not to yield, and bow a little,
For as best temper’d Blades are found
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So truest Oaths are still most tough,
And though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not b’allow’d
In love a greater Latitude?
For as the Law of Arms approves
All ways to Conquests, so should Loves;
And not be ty’d to true or false,
But make that justest, that prevails,

For how can that which is above
All Empire, High and Mighty Love,
Submit it’s great Prerogative,
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place
Become the subject of a Case?
The Fundamental Law of Nature,
Be over-rul’d! by those made after?
Commit the censure of its Cause
To any, but it’s own Great Laws?
Love, that’s the Worlds preservative,
That keeps all Souls of things alive?
Controuls the Mighty pow’r of Fate,
And gives Mankind a longer date.
The Life of Nature, that restores,
As fast [as] Time, and Death devours,
To whose free gift, the World does ow
Not only Earth but Heav’n too:
For Love’s the only Trade that’s driven
The Interest of State in Heaven,
Which nothing but the Soul of Man,
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but Love
To represent the Joys above?
Or who, but Lovers, can converse,
Like Angels, by the Eye Discourse?
AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

Address, and complement by vision,
Make Love, and Court by intuition?
And burn in Amorous Flames as fierce,
As those Celestial Ministers?
Then how can any thing offend
In order, to so great an end?
Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent,
That for its own supply was ment?
That merits in a kind mistake,
A Pardon for the offences sake.
Or if it did not, but the Cause
Were left to' th injuy of Laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be Equity in Love?
For Laws, that are Inanimate
And feel no sense of Love, or Hate:
That have no Passion of their own
No[r] pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on Criminals, as strict:
But to have Power to forgive,
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in Crowns, a nobler Jeem,
To grant a Pardon, then condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great, t'indulge a well meant fault.
For why should he, who made address
All humble ways, without success:
And met with nothing in return,
But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,
Not strive by Wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his Design?
He who was us'd so unlike a Soldier,
Blown up with Philters of Love-Powder?
And after letting Blood and Purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary Scourging?
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
And claw'd, by Goblins, in the Night?
Insulted on, Revil'd and Jear'd,
With rude Invasion of his Beard?
And when your Sex was fouly scandal'd,
As fouly by the Rabble handled?
Attack'd by despicable Foes,
And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And after all, to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his Guard?
When Horses being spur'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick, for being kick'd?

Or why should you, whose Mother Wits
Are furnish'd with all Perquisits?
That with your Breeding Teeth begin,
And Nursing Babies, that Lie in?
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our Cully-Sex, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail Vows,
Against your Stratagems t'oppose?
Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which, we are no less put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill, with a Retreating Eye;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into Ambushes.
As Pyrates all false Colours wear,
T'intrap th'unwary Mariner:
So Women, to surprize us, spread
Their borrowed Flags, of White and Red.
Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grandmothers, the Piês:
And raise more Devils with their Looks,
Than Conjurers less subtil Books.
Lay Trains of Amorous Intrigues,
In Tows, and Curls, and Perriwigs.
With greater Art, and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Ny's Thanks-giving-beard,
Prepost'rously t'intice, and Gain,
Those to adore 'em they disdain:
And only draw 'em in, to clog
With idle Names, a Catalogue.
AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

A Lover is, the more he's brave,
T'his Mistress, but the more a Slave,
And whatsoever she commands
Becomes a Favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd to obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust, or just.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T'Adventures, he would else forbear,
Who, with his Honour, can withstand,
Since Force is greater than Command?
And when Necessity's obey'd
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore, when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, your great Allie, and yours;
Joyn'd Forces, not to be withstood
By frail enamoured Flesh and Blood;
All I have done unjust or ill
Was in obedience to your Will:
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty and you.

Nor are those Scandals I confest,
Against my Will, and Interest,
More than is daily done of course
By all men, when th'are under force.
Whence some, upon the Rack, confess
What th'Hang-man and their Promters please.
But are no sooner out of pain
Then they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confessor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no pleasure
To hear, or pardon, like the Founder
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The first that on th'Adventure, went:
All Mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse.
For what Romance can shew a Lover,
That had a Lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer Course,
To fall aboard in his Amours?
And what at first was held a Crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in time.

To what a height did Infant Rome,
By Ravishing of Women come?
When Men upon their Spouses siez'd,
And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd:
They ne'er Forswore themselves nor Ly'd,
Nor in the Minds they were in, Dy'd:
Nor took the pains t'address and sue,
Nor plaid the Masquerade to wooe.
Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents,
Nor juggled about Settlements:
Did need no License, nor no Priest,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred to assist;
Nor Lawyers, to joyn Land, and Money,
In th'Holy State of Matrimony:
Before they settled Hands and Hearts,
Till Alimony, or Death departs:
Nor would endure to stay, until
Th'had got the very Bride's Good Will.
But took a wise and shorter Course,
To win the Lady's, Down-right Force.
And justly made 'em Prisoners then,
As they have often since, us Men;
With Acting Plays, and Dancing Jiggs,
The luckiest of all Love's Intrigues:
And when they had them at their pleasure,
Then talk'd of Love, and Flames, at leisure.
For, after Matrimony's over,
He that holds out but Half a Lover,
Deserves for ev'ry Minute, more
Than half a Year of Love before:
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that best way of Application,
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,
By Suit, or Treaty, to be won:
AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

And such as all Posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For Women first were made for Men,
Not Men for them.—It follows then,
That Men have Right to every one,
And they no Freedom of their own:
And therefore Men have pow’r to chuse,
But they no Charter to refuse.
Hence ’tis apparent, that what Course
So e’er we take to your Amours,
Though by the indirec’test way,
’Tis no Injustice, nor Foul Play.
And that you ought to take that Course,
As we take you, for Bett’r or Worse;
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose:
For why should every Savage Beast
Exceed his Great Lord’s Interest?
Have freer Pow’r, than he, in Grace,
And Nature, o’er the Creature has?
Because the Laws he since has made
Have cut off all the Pow’r he had;
Retrench’d the absolute Dominion,
That Nature gave him, over Women.
When all his Pow’r will not extend,
One Law of Nature to suspend:
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest Clause, is to rebel.
This, if Men rightly understood
Their Privilege, they would make good;
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives
T’encroach on their Prerogatives.
For which Sin, they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in Slavery.
And this, some precious Gifted Teachers
Unrev’rently reputed Leachers;
And disobey’d in making Love,
Have vow’d to all the World, to prove
And make ye suffer, as ye ought,  
For that uncharitable Fault.

But, I forget my self, and rove  
Beyond th’Instructions of my Love.  
Forgive me (Fair) and only blame  
Th’extravagancy of my Flame,  
Since ’tis too much, at once to shew  
Excess of Love, and Temper too.

All I have said that’s bad, and true,  
Was never meant to aim at you;  
Who have so Sov’rain a Controul  
O’er that poor Slave of yours, my Soul:  
That, rather than to forfeit you,  
Has ventur’d loss of Heaven too.  
Both with an equal Pow’r possest,  
To render all that serve you blest:  
But none like him, who’s destin’d, either  
To have, or lose you, both together.  
And if you’ll but this fault release,  
(For so it must be, since you please,)  
I’ll pay down all that Vow, and more,  
Which you commanded, and I swore.  
And expiate upon my Skin,  
The Arrears in full of all my Sin.  
For, ’tis but just, that I should pay  
Th’acquiring Penance for Delay.  
Which shall be done, until it move  
Your equal pity, and your Love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,  
Believ’d h’had brought her to his Whistle;  
And read it, like a jocund Lover,  
With great Applause t’himself, twice over;  
Subscrib’d his Name, but at a Fit,  
And humble distance, to his wit:  
And dated it with wondrous Art,  
Giv’n from the bottom of his heart:  
Then seal’d it with his Coat of Love  
A smoaking Faggot——and above
AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

Upon a Scroll—*I burn, and weep,*
And near it—*For her Ladyship;*
Of all her Sex, most excellent,
These to her gentle Hands present.
Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,
With Lessons how t'observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the Letter:
But, guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least, her Sport.
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile, and learing Flout:
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.
HUDIBRAS

THE

LADY'S ANSWER

TO THE

KNIGHT.

That you'r a Beast, and turn'd to Grass,
Is no strange News, nor ever was;
At least, to me, who once, you know,
Did from the Pound, Replevin you.
When both your Sword, and Spurs, were won
In Combat, by an Amazon;
That Sword, that did (like Fate) determine
Th'Inevitable Death of Vermine:
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the Threds of Pigs and Cows;
By Trulla was, in single Fight,
Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight.
Your Heels Degraded of your Spurs,
And in the Stocks, close Prisoners.
Where still th'had Layn in base Restraint,
If I, in pity of your Complaint,
Had not on Honourable Conditions,
Releast 'em from the worst of Prisons;
And what Return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When being free, you strove t'evade
The Oaths you had in Prison made:
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it;
But after own'd, and justify'd it:
And when y'had falsely broke one Vow,
Absolv'd your self by breaking two.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet:
Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,
To hope for Quarter, for your Ears.
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due.
Declare that Treachery and Force
To deal with us is th'only Course.
Who have no Title nor Pretence,
To Body, Soul or Conscience:
But ought to fall to that Man's share,
That claims us for his proper Ware.
These are the Motives, which t'induce,
Or fright us into Love, you use,
A pretty new way of Gallanting,
Between Soliciting and Ranting;
Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat
For Charity at once, and threat.
But since you undertake to prove
Your own Propriety in Love,
As if we were but Lawful Prize
In War, between two Enemies;
Or Forfeitures, which ev'ry Lover
That would but sue for, might recover,
It is not hard to understand
The Myst'ry of this Bold Demand:
That cannot at our Persons aim,
But something capable of Claim.
'Tis not those paulyry counterfeit
French Stones, which in our Eyes you set:
But our Right Diamonds, that inspire,
And set your Amorous Hearts on fire.
Nor can those false St. Martins Beads,
Which on our Lips you lay for Reds;
And make us wear, like Indian Dames,
Add Fewel to your Scorching Flames.
But those true Rubies of the Rock,
Which, in our Cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those Orient Pearls, our Teeth,
That you are so transported with:
But those we wear about our Necks,
Produce those Amorous Effect's.
Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our Hair,
The Perewigs you make us wear:
But those bright Guinneys in our Chests,
That light the Wild Fire in your Breasts.
These Love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly Intrigues I know.
And can unriddle, by their Tones,
Their Mystick Cabals, and Jargones.
Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,
Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds:
What Raptures fond, and Amorous
O'th' Charms and Graces of my House.
What Exstacy, and Scorching Flame
Burns for my Mony, in my Name.
What from th'unnatural desire
To Beasts and Cattel, take[s] its fire.
What tender Sigh, and trickling Tear,
Longs for a thousand Pound a Year.
And Languishing Transports are fond
Of Statute, Mortgage, Bill and Bond.
These are th'Attracts which most Men fall
Inamour'd, at first sight, withal.
To these th'address with Serenades,
And Court with Balls and Masquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning Pain
Y'have suffer'd for their Loves, in vain:
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
To have and t'hold, and to enjoy;
That all your Oaths, and Labour lost,
They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your Judgment in your Choice of Love;
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of Mankind study't as an Art.
For Love should, like a Deodand,
Still fall to th'owner of the Land:
And where there's Substance, for its Ground
Cannot but be more firm, and sound,
Than that which has the slighter Basis
Of Airy Vertue, Wit and Graces:
Which is of such thin Subtily,
It steals and creeps in at the Eye.
And, as it can’t endure to stay,
Steals out again as nice a way.

But Love, that its Extraction owns
From solid Gold, and precious Stones;
Must, like its shining Parents prove
As Solid, and as Glorious Love.

Hence ’tis, you have no way t’express
Our Charms and Graces, but by these:
For, what are Lips, and Eyes, and Teeth,
Which Beauty invades, and conquers with?
But Rubies, Pearls and Diamonds;
With which a Philter Love commands?

This is the way all Parents prove,
In imagining their Children’s Love;
That force ’em t’inter-marry and wed,
As if th’were Bur’ing of the Dead.
Cast Earth to Earth, as in the Grave,
To joyn in Wedlock all they have.
And when the Settlement’s in force,
Take all the rest, For Better, or Worse;
For Money has a Power above
The Stars and Fate, to manage Love:
Whose Arrows, Learned Poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp’d with Gold.
And though some say, the Parents claims
To make Love in their Children’s Names.
Who, many times, at once, provide
The Nurse, the Husband, and the Bride.
Feel Darts and Charms, Attraicts and Flames;
And woo, and contrail, in their Names.
And as they Christen, use to marry ’em,
And, like their Gossips, answer for ’em:
Is not to give in Matrimony;
B[uy]l sell and prostitute for Mony.
’Tis better than their own Betrothing;
Who often do’t for worse than nothing.

And when th’are at their own Dispose,
With greater disadvantage chuse.
HUDIBRAS

All this is right! But for the Course
You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force:
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done.

No more than Setters can betray,
That tell what Tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a Vow;
Which all Men either break, or bow:
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure, when they do but woo?
Such as, beforehand, swear and lye,
For Earnest to their Treachery:
And, rather than a Crime confess,
With greater, strive to make it less.
Like Thieves, who, after Sentence past,
Maintain their Innocence to the last.
And when their Crimes were made appear
As plain as Witnesses can swear.
Yet, when the Wretches come to dye,
Will take upon their Deaths a Lye.
Nor are the Vertues, you confess
T'your Ghostly Father, as you guest,
So slight, as to be justifi'd,
By being, as shamefully, deny'd.
As if you thought your Word would pass
Point-blank, on both sides, of a Case,
Or Credit were not to be lost,
B'a Brave Knight Errant of the Post.
That eats, perfidiously, his Word,
And swears his Ears through a two Inch Board:
Can own the same thing, and disown;
And perjure Booty, Pro and Con.
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
And help him out to be forsworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,
To be betray'd, and sold, like Christ.

These are the Vertues, in whose Name,
A Right to all the World you claim:
And boldly challenge a Dominion,
In Grace and Nature, o'er all Women.
Of whom, no less will satisfie,
Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.
Although you'll find it a hard Province,
With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,
To govern such a numerous Crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were Solomons,
And Wise and Great as he was once,
You'll find Th'are able to subdue,
(As they did him) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done:
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the slight.
For, when we find y'are still more taken
With false Attractis of our own making;
Swear that's a Rose, and that a Stone,
Like Sots to us that laid it on:
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in Rhime:
You force us in our own Defences,
To copy Beams and Influences;
To lay Perfections on the Graces,
And draw Attractis upon our Faces:
And, in compliance to your Wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit.
For, by the practice of those Arts,
We gain a greater share of Hearts:
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost;
For, great Perfections are like Heav'n,
Too rich a Present to be given.
Nor are those Master-strokes of Beauty
To be perform'd without hard Duty.
Which, when th'are nobly done, and well,
The simple Natural excel.

How fair and sweet the Planted Rose,
Beyond the Wild in Hedges grows?
For, without Art, the Noblest Seeds
Of Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds:
How dull and rugged e’er ’tis Ground,
And Polish’d, looks a Diamond?
Though Paradise was e’er so fair,
It was not kept so without Care.
The whole World, without Art and Dress,
Would be but one great Wilderness.
And Mankind but a Savage Heard,
For all that Nature has conferr’d.
This does but Rough-hew, and Design,
Leave Art to Polish, and Refine.

Though Women first were made for Men,
Yet Men were made for them aген:
For when (out-witted by his Wife),
Man first turn’d Tenant, but, for Life,
If Women had not interven’d,
How soon had Mankind had an end?
And that it is in Being yet,
To us alone, you are in Debt.
Then where’s your liberty of Choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the Privilege you boast,
And falsly usurp’d, or vainly lost,
Is now our Right; to whose Creation,
You owe your Happy Restoration.
And if we had not weighty Cause
To not appear in making Laws,
We could, in spight of all your Tricks,
And Shallow, Formal Politicks;
Force you, our Managements t’obey,
As we to yours (in shew) give way.
Hence ’tis, that while you vainly strive
’T’advance your high Prerogative,
You basely, after all your Braves,
Submit, and own your selves our Slaves.
And ’cause we do not make it known,
Nor publickly our Int’rests own;
Like Sots, suppose we have no shares
In ord’ring you, and your Affairs:
When all your Empire and Command
You have from us at Second Hand.
THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT

As if a Pilot, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers:
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common Mariner:
Knew nothing of the Card, nor Star;
And did not guide the Man of War.
Nor we, because we don't appear
In Councils, do not govern there.
While like the Mighty Prester John,
Whose Person none dares look upon;
But is preserv'd in Close Disguise
From being made cheap to vulgar Eyes.
W'enjoy as large a Pow'r unseen,
To govern him, as he does Men:
And, in the Right of our Pope Joan,
Make Emp'rors at our feet fall down.
Or Joan the Pucel's braver Name,
Our Right to Arms and Conduit claim.
Who, though a Spinster, yet was able,
To serve France for a Grand Constable.
We make and execute all Laws;
Can judge the Judges, and the Cause.
Prescribe all Rules of Right or Wrong,
To th'Long Robe, and the Longer Tongue:
'Gainst which the World has no Defence,
But our more pow'rful Eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all the World's Affairs of State.
Are Ministers of War and Peace,
That sway all Nations how they please.
We rule all Churches, and their Flocks,
Heretical, and Orthodox.
And are the Heavenly Vehicles
O'th' Spirit, in all Conventicles.
By us is all Commerce and Trade
Improv'd, and Manag'd, and Decay'd.
For, nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that Price, as what we sell.
We rule in ev'ry Publlick Meeting,
And make Men do what we judge fitting.
Are Magistrates in all great Towns;
Where Men do nothing, but wear Gowns.
We make the Man of War strike Sail,
And to our braver Conduct vail.
And, when h’has chac’d his Enemies,
Submit to us upon his Knees.
Is there an Officer of State,
Untimely rais’d; or Magistrate,
That’s Haughty, and Imperious?
He’s but a Journey-man to us.
That, as he gives us cause to do’t,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
We are your Guardians, that increase,
Or Waste your Fortunes, how we please.
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your Matters, ill or well.
’Tis we that can dispose alone,
Whether your Heirs shall be your own.
To whose Integrity you must,
In spight of all your Caution, trust.
And ’less you fly beyond the Seas,
Can fit you with what Heirs we please:
And force you t’own ’em, though begotten
By French Valets, or Irish Foot-men.
Nor can the rigorousest Course
Prevail, unless to make us worse.
Who, still the harsher we are us’d,
Are further off from being reduc’d:
And scorn t’abate, for any Ills,
The least Punctilio of our Wills.
Force does but whet our Wits to apply
Arts, born with us, for Remedy:
Which all your Politicks, as yet,
Have ne’er been able to defeat.
For, when y’have try’d all sorts of ways,
What Fools d’we make of you in Plays?
While all the Favours we afford
Are but to girt you with the Sword,
To fight our Battels in our steads,
And have your Brains beat out o’your Heads:
Encounter in despight of Nature;
And fight at once with Fire and Water,
With Pyrates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
Our Pride and Vanity t'appease.
Kill one another, and cut Throats,
For our good Graces, and best Thoughts;
To do your Exercise for Honour,
And have your Brains beat out the sooner;
Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known:
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your Projects are preposterous.
To square the Circle of the Arts;
And run stark mad to shew your Parts.
Expound the Oracle of Laws,
And turn them which way we see Cause.
Be our Solicitors, and Agents,
And stand for us in all Engagements.
And these are all the Mighty Powers,
You vainly boast, to cry down ours.
And what in real Value's wanting,
Supply with Vapouring and Ranting:
Because your selves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's Pride:
Believe we have as little Wit
To be Out-bector'd, and Submit:
By your Example, lose that Right
In Treaties, which we gain'd in Fight:
And terrify'd into an Awe,
Pass on our selves a Salick Law,
Or, as some Nations use, give place,
And truckle to your Mighty Race.
Let Men usurp th'unjust Dominion,
As if they were the better Women.

FINIS.
READINGS OF THE FIRST AUTHORISED EDITION.

p. 3, l. 11. civil Dudgeon first.  l. 24. rode Colonelling.

p. 4, l. 3. never bow'd his.
    l. 23. For't has been held by many, that
          As Mountaigne, etc.
    ll. 27-8. Not in 1st Edn.

p. 5, ll. 9-10. And truly so he was perhaps,
    Not as a Proselyte, but for Claps.
    ll. 35-6. Not in 1st Edn.
    l. 37. But when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
          In loftiness, etc.


    l. 15. He'd tell where Entity and Quiddity,
    ll. 23-6. A second Thomas, or, at once
          To name them all, another Dunce.
          For he a Rope of sand could twist,
          As tough as learned Sorbonist;

p. 8, ll. 3-4. Not in 1st Edn.

p. 9, ll. 4-5. Not in 1st Edn.

p. 10, l. 8. was monastick, and.


p. 13, l. 6. Of Warrants, Exigents.
    ll. 30-1. The 1st Edn. adds between these lines:
          These would inveigle Rats with th' sent,
          To forrage when the Cocks were bent,
          And sometimes catch 'em with a snap
          As cleverly as th' ablest trap.

READINGS OF THE

p. 15, l. 15. more stately tone. l. 38. it Gifts, and.
p. 18, l. 31. thimble or a.
p. 19, l. 33. which anon we mean to. l. 39. talking to Familiar.
p. 20, l. 4. thus we do accost.
p. 22, l. 34. our own selves, without cause.
p. 23, l. 9. Nor for free Liberty of Conscience.
  l. 18. made internecine war.
p. 24, l. 6. to me.
  after l. 34 add (Tussis pro crepitu, an Art
  Under a Cough to slur a Fart)
p. 25, ll. 16–7. Thou wilt at best but suck a Bull,
  Or shear Swine, All Cry, and no Wooll.
  l. 25. Compr'hend them inclusive both.
  l. 27. As likely pass.
p. 26, l. 4. W'are slurr'd and. l. 20. need not copy.
p. 27, l. 3. as yerst the.
p. 28, ll. 2–5 of the Argument.
  Of th' Enemy's best men of War;
  To whom the Knight does make a speech,
  And they deifie him: after which
  He fights with Talgol, routs the Bear,
  l. 19. From off his. l. 20. Yet not.
  ll. 22–3. Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
  T' observe their numbers, and their order.
  ll. 30–1. Courage and Steel, both of great force,
  Prepar'd for better or for worse.
  l. 35. To free Sword.
  l. 37. From rusty Durance he bay'ld Tuck.
  l. 39. Arms sate loose.
p. 31, ll. 4–7. Ralph rode on with no less speed,
  Then Hugo in the Forrest did;
  But with a great deal more return'd,
  For now the Foe he had discern'd.
  l. 21. the Knot of Noose.
  ll. 24–5. He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
  To fall back and retreat as well.
p. 33, l. 17. are th' undoubted President.
p. 34, l. 13. Wounds nine miles. l. 25. the Breech that.
p. 35, ll. 25-7. Did stew their meat between their Bums
   And th' Horses backs o're which they straddle,
   And every man eat up his Saddle.

p. 36, l. 13. many Fatherless.


p. 40, l. 8. had a harder.  l. 36. several Countries round.

p. 42, l. 4. by either House.  l. 27. Cry'd out.

p. 43, l. 19. Calves or Steers.

p. 44, ll. 36-9. For to transcribe a Church invisible,
   As we have sworn to doe, it is a bull.

p. 45, ll. 1-4. For when we swore to do it after
   The best-reformed Churches that are.


   l. 32. Turn Death of Nature to thy work.

p. 48, l. 26. he should ne're.
   l. 25. Stand stiff as 'twere transform'd to stock.
   l. 27. Truncheon smote at Knight.
ll. 28-9. But he with Petronel up-heav'd,
   Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.
   l. 38. his rugged Sword.
   l. 39. With stomack huge he laid about.

p. 49, ll. 26-7. But now fierce Colon 'gan draw on,
   To aid the distrest Champion.
   l. 29. A dismal Combat 'twixt them two.
   l. 30. Metal, th' other Wood.

p. 50, ll. 3-4. Not in 1st Edn.  l. 5. underneath the Tail.
   l. 6. Of Steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
   l. 8. And feel regret on Fundament.  l. 11. from Thistle.
   l. 12. That gall'd him sorely under his tail.
   l. 16. the Knight's Steed such a.
    l. 17. As made him reel.  l. 22. catching foe by.
   l. 24. him thrice his.

p. 51, l. 28. He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight.

p. 52, l. 3. Urine, cast in sownd.  l. 6. And listing it.
   l. 7. up, to fall on Knight.  l. 11. and skin upon.
   l. 18. beheld pernicion.
   l. 19. Approaching Knight from fell Musician.
   l. 27. The Skin encounter'd.
   l. 30. blow on side and arm.
   l. 31. Knight entraunc'd frō harm.
READINGS OF THE

p. 52, l. 36. Squire right. l. 37. setting conquering foot.
p. 55, l. 2. A Nothingness in.
p. 57, l. 8. Leaning on shoulder.
   l. 22. Chain, or Bolt, or Grate.
p. 59, l. 21. as suer as.
p. 60, l. 1. Thinking h' had. l. 21. heart of grace, and.
   l. 23. For by this time, the routed Bear.
p. 61, l. 35. and slay'd it.
p. 63, l. 4. Until the Mastives.
p. 65, l. 17. with his bones.
p. 66, l. 9. O' th' Rascals, but loss of my Bear.
   l. 29. of the old.
p. 67, ll. 27-8. As now he did, and aiming right,
   An Arrow he let fly at Knight.
p. 68, l. 34. bore, until the.
p. 69, l. 14. Quoth he.
p. 70, l. 39. Which they thought best to sally at.
p. 71, l. 27 by turns those.
p. 72, l. 40. his whiniard, and.
p. 73, ll. 22-4. As Ralpho might; but he with care.
   l. 25. his hurt forbare.
   l. 28. For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd.
   l. 29. encounter, they both.
   l. 30. The fight so well, 'twas hard to say.
   l. 35. When the disaster.
   l. 37. Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
p. 74, l. 19. Of Hudibras.
p. 75, ll. 7-8. Not in 1st Edn. l. 10. his bonny Steed.
   ll. 15-6. As a man may say, with might and main
   He hasted to get up again.
   l. 24. Whom Orsin.
p. 79, l. 20. Which in all feats.
p. 80, l. 23. more wore thy.
p. 81, ll. 22-31.
   Shall I have quarter now? you Ruffin;
Or wilt thou be worse then thy huffing?
Thou saidst th' woul'dst kill me, marry would'st thou:
Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-Nods thou?
p. 83, l. 30. make that quarter.
p. 84, l. 34. 'gainst the Fort.

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p. 85, l. 1. that built the. l. 14. them in Hockly i th' hole.

p. 86, l. 15. for time to.

l. 19. that is in Battel slain. l. 38. not draw.

p. 87, l. 6. That Cuckow's tone.

p. 88, l. 15. this later Age. l. 31. mulcts on Sin.

p. 89, l. 19. make their spiritual.

p. 91, l. 1. And Bishop-secular.

p. 105, ll. 1–2 of the Argument.

The Knight, by Damnable Magician,
Being cast illegally in Prison;

l. 5 of the Argument. he revi's the.

ll. 2–5 of Canto I. Let bloody Steel a while be sheathed
And unto Love turn we our style,

ll. 6–7. The 1st Edn. adds between these two lines:
By this time tyr'd with th' horrid sounds
Of blows, and cutts, and bloud. and wounds;

l. 10. That a mans fancy should

p. 106, l. 19. We whilom left.

l. 35. The Errata in the 1st Edn. states that your should be read
here, but the correction was not made later.

p. 107, l. 24. This twatling Gossip.

ll. 38–9. That is, to see him deliver'd safe
Of's wooden burthen, and Squire Raph;

p. 108, l. 21. their dreadfulst shapes.

p. 109, l. 9. Discouraging thus upon his Beard.

l. 31. such elenktique case. .

p. 111, ll. 28–9. To his good Grace, for some offence,
Forfeit before, and pardond since:

l. 33. the Princeely blows.

p. 114, l. 20. Transform'd his.

p. 117, l. 8. Knight Errant.

p. 118, l. 9. or douce in. The Errata in the 1st Edn. states that
dive should be read here. It was altered later to
plunge.

ll. 20–5. Not in 1st Edn.

p. 120, l. 21. No more, then on the thing they lean.

l. 40. Not in 1st Edn.


p. 122, l. 2. your gentler Fate.

p. 123, l. 4. y' were sold. l. 11. all the Provender.

p. 124, l. 8. never shall be.
The Errata in the 1st Edn. states that Nature should be read here, but the correction was not made later.

I here engage my self to loose yee,
And free your beels from Caperderwsie.

with Legislative blows.

The Errata in the 1st Edn. states that Squirer should be read here, but it was not altered later.

And in the Lanthorn of the Night
With shining Horns, hung out her light:

to rub his. He scratch'd it first, and.
a tittle, may.

But meer.

The Errata in the 1st Edn. states that just should be read here, but it was not altered later.

folly blab it.

The Errata in the 1st Edn. states that firk should be read here, but it was not altered later.

Capoch'd your.

Not in 1st Edn.

They might discern respective noyse.

blew as strong. Not in 1st Edn.

Next, Pan, and.

With snuffling.

he that made.

Or Ross, or Calius Rodogine,

Women, that were

or left what undone. Falne to.

Retreat, to avoyd Pursuit.

Not in 1st Edn.

of the Argument. To Sidrophel.

as Lawyers in.

Run after Wsards.

And Chicken languish.

A Ledger to.

and Bob Grosted.

Of those.

not vent, find.

be the Cannon-Ball. makes he there.

knew. you spake, your.

there not myriads.
p. 171, l. 9. alas, is it to.
p. 174, ll. 27-33. About the Sun and Earths approach;
And swore, that he, that dar'd to broach
Such poultry Fopperies abroad,
l. 38. He knew no more then th' Pope of Rome.
p. 175, ll. 5-7. Some say, The Stars ith' Zodiack,
Are more then a whole Signe gone back,
Since Ptolomy; and prove the same,
l. 8. now, then in.
p. 197, l. 16. Strings t' his Bow.
p. 198, l. 35. us'd as only Antick.
p. 203, l. 25. and Seals.
p. 207, l. 2. their Prices Three.
p. 214, l. 9. 'tis ere so. l. 30. the Goose they.
p. 240, l. 1. That were. l. 30. the Huon-cry.
p. 246, l. 37. of th' Excise.
p. 247, l. 22. That is to.
p. 252, l. 24. Who, taking. l. 35. As 'twas.
p. 255, l. 7. Dependence upon.
p. 259, l. 13. 'twas ours and.
p. 262, l. 21. out-loiter.
p. 265, l. 10. of his Soul.
p. 272, l. 17. less ingenuous in. l. 26. as Out of fashion'd.
p. 278, l. 10. and Broil us.
p. 296, l. 8. in Law. l. 17. Reduce her to.
p. 300, l. 26. into a horrid.
p. 301, l. 16. business of Mens. l. 20. a Pen in.
p. 302, l. 20. of all Conscience.
l. 22. weighing all Advantages.
l. 40. of her heart.
p. 313, l. 5. his Faithless Squire.
p. 319, l. 6. now governs you. l. 15. still most taken.
l. 23. on and Graces.
p. 320, l. 9. That does.
p. 321, l. 29. Ministers in War.
l. 30. how we please.
p. 323, l. 17. To be our.
The following misprints in the texts printed from have been noted:

p. 3, l. 17. swear for swear. *The correction is noted in some copies of the 1678 Edn.* l. 18. knew for know. *Also corrected in some 1678 copies.*

p. 6, l. 13. vent for vent.

p. 8, l. 4. Below for Below it. for it

p. 11, l. 4. Shoulders for Shoulders. l. 15. With for Whith l. 18. meat, for meat,

p. 14, l. 15. further for fruther

p. 16, l. 13. cost for costs l. 17. Needle for Neele l. 29. in (as in 1st Edn.) for and l. 40. rehearse for rehearse Corrected in some 1678 copies.

p. 18, l. 2. descry'd for descr'yd

p. 19, l. 13. makes for make

p. 21, l. 5. Isthmian for Isthmian l. 28. other for others

p. 22, l. 2. Authority, for Authority.

p. 24, l. 7. Antichristian for Antichristiam l. 17. Provincial, for Provincial

p. 25, l. 28. less, for less.

p. 32, l. 18. Lists he led (as in 1st Edn.) for Lists led

p. 33, l. 28. which so oft (as in 1st Edn.) for which has so oft l. 32. ever (as in 1st Edn.) for never

p. 34, l. 5. Lampoons. for Lampoons) l. 8. From him his (as in 1st Edn.) for From his l. 13. solder, for solder l. 21. Piss, for Piss.

p. 35, l. 7. Target for Target l. 8. langued for languid l. 13. with, for with, l. 15. Muscovite for Mascovite l. 35. is, for is

p. 36, l. 3. blood: for blood l. 6. he for he, l. 13. made. for made
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p. 37. l. 8. Arms for Ams
p. 38. l. 13. to for too
p. 40. l. 32. head for head.
p. 41. l. 36. out, for out.
p. 42. l. 14. settle for settle, l. 18. women for woman
p. 45. l. 29. chief for chief, l. 39. I'll for i'll
p. 46. l. 2. word, for word; l. 12. O'thy for O'th thy
p. 47. l. 12. Skull for Sknl l. 20. times he smote (as in 1st Edn.) for times smote
p. 49. l. 10. engag'd, for engag'd.
p. 52. l. 2. fall, for fall l. 12. Detriment for Detriment.
p. 53. l. 20. fly for fly. l. 32. Victory. The for Victory, the
p. 57. l. 35. there for their
p. 58. l. 19. Delinquent for Deliquent
p. 59. l. 4. the for she
p. 61. l. 18. he for be
p. 62. l. 12. trip for tript l. 25. attempt for attempt
p. 63. l. 35. wanting for wonting
p. 64. l. 12. foes. for foes l. 30. ruin? for ruin, l. 32. guep. for guep, l. 33. part? for parts l. 38. budget. for budget,
p. 65. l. 5. me for me.
p. 68. l. 37. disdain for disdain.
p. 69. l. 27. Conquerer? for Conquerer
p. 73. l. 36. And for And'
p. 74. l. 38. but if they (as in 1st Edn.) for but they
p. 77. l. 1. foes, for foes.
p. 79. l. 6. lurch. for lurch? l. 35. thee for the
p. 80. l. 19. she for he
p. 82. l. 30. Whether for Whither
p. 83. l. 17. yerst for perst
p. 85. l. 38. finger for finger,
p. 86. l. 1. ancients for ancient
p. 87. l. 8. thou for thon l. 12. call) for call. l. 32. Bearward, for Bearward.
p. 89. l. 20. Handkerchief for Handerchief
p. 92. l. 28. o'erthrown. for o'erthrown,
p. 93. l. 38. agen. for agen,
p. 97. l. 5. Aristotle for Aristotle,
p. 99. l. 18. Vickars. for Vickars l. 19. Authority for Authoauthority

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p. 101, l. 1. Dame for Dame. l. 12. Commons for Commous
p. 106, l. 35. Her for He
p. 107, l. 27. Of for Af
p. 108, l. 31. Delinquent for Delipient
p. 110, l. 21. maim, for maim.
p. 111, l. 17. Fists, for Fists. l. 29. dispence: for dispence,
p. 113, l. 22. breath, for breath.
p. 114, l. 5. fault, for fault, l. 17. flesh for fiesh l. 39. to for too
p. 115, l. 18. Lovers for Lover’s
p. 117, l. 37. own. for own,
p. 122, l. 32. Proprietors for Propetors
p. 123, l. 16. Virility’s for Virilities l. 27. wear for were
p. 124, l. 6. lose, for lose.
p. 125, l. 10. else for else. l. 13. warrant for wrrrant
p. 128, l. 12. Light, for Light. l. 18. Sphere, for Sphere.
p. 131, l. 16. be a Sin for be a be Sin
p. 135, l. 23. vary. for vary
p. 136, l. 2. Hudibras for Hudibrbs
p. 137, l. 2. Conscience for Conscience
p. 141, l. 33. l’ th’ publick for l’ th’ the publick
p. 143, l. 30. if for of l. 40. thought for though
p. 144, l. 29. descry, for descry. l. 36. heads for heads.
 l. 37. Suedes. for Suedes
p. 145, l. 17. spurs, for spurs.
p. 146, l. 29. Petticoat for Peteicoat
p. 147, l. 20. Nor for not
p. 149, l. 38. At that an for At that at an
p. 150, l. 36. ’Twas for Twas
p. 155, l. 18. chews’d; for chews’d l. 31. Saints for Saints,
p. 157, l. 28. hand. for hand,
p. 158, l. 22. would (as in 1st Edn.) for would not
p. 159, l. 36. Cickle, for Cickle
p. 162, l. 40. Paradise, for Paradise.
p. 163, l. 2. lays for lay l. 33. right, for right.
p. 164, l. 6. Or for Of l. 32. Hudibras. for Hudibras,
p. 165, l. 24. him suitable (as in 1st Edn.) for him a suitable
p. 166, l. 22. Quoth for Quoth, l. 23. And for three (as in
1st Edn.) for And three l. 32. Your Eyes out for You Eyes ont
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p. 169, l. 23. but a mean (as in 1st Edn.) for but mean
p. 170, l. 7. day, for day.
p. 171, l. 26. way for away
p. 172, l. 40. know, for know;
p. 173, l. 15. therefore for threfore
p. 174, l. 20. hold for old (corrected in some 1678 copies)
p. 175, l. 24. 'Twill for Twill
p. 176, l. 2. Husbands, for Husbands l. 21. but the twinkling
(as in 1st Edn.) for but twinkling l. 24. Officer for Officer

p. 177, l. 29. 't t' your for 't t' to your l. 33. Pocket, for Pocket
p. 178, l. 18. such for which (altered in some 1678 copies)
p. 179, l. 9. Hudibras for Hudibaas l. 29. said in haste, in haste
he (as in 1st Edn.) for said, in haste he

p. 180, l. 29. wonted for wanted
p. 183, l. 10. Scull, for Scull.
p. 184, l. 4. croud, for croud.
p. 185, l. 25. wise, for wise.
p. 188, l. 23. American for Amercian
p. 190, l. 4. of for (of
p. 191, l. 9. appear for appaar l. 29. Sedgwyck for Sedwyck
l. 30. Magician for Magician.
p. 192, l. 23. Mario for Maria l. 26. Peloponneso for
Peloponnesso
p. 193, l. 11. Demonstationibus docuerunt for Demonstationibus
docueruut l. 12. propriorem for propriorem
l. 15. magnum for magnmm

p. 207, l. 17. searching for seaching
p. 212, l. 11. For for Por
p. 251, l. 12. ne'er for near
p. 286, l. 5. and for aad
p. 292, l. 8. 'th' for 'th,

p. 294, l. 23. woo; for woo.
p. 295, l. 39. Piques for Pipues
p. 298, l. 18. Doctius for Dockius
p. 300, l. 28. Men for Men.
p. 301, l. 16. business for business, l. 31. For for Eor
p. 302, l. 30. Bait for Bait,
p. 303, l. 3. o’th' for ot’h  l. 30. And for Aud
p. 305, l. 17. Ears for Ears,
p. 306, l. 14. above for above,  l. 29. as Time for and Time
p. 307, l. 18. Nor for Not
p. 316, l. 16. takes for take
p. 317, l. 12. and for aud  l. 36. But for Bnt
p. 319, l. 8. once, for once.