The one illustrated on the preceding page is the unnumbered plate between pp. 436-437, which is found one of the very rare books in Britain. A very similar example was one of the rarest books of the century.

The Tale of the Chequers Yeomen by Geoffrey Chaucer.

The Tale of the Chequers Yeomen by Geoffrey Chaucer (c.1415-1490) and Sir Thomas More was first printed in 1470, a true storehouse of mediaeval prose. Two other contributions of first-rate importance are The Compound of Alchemists by George Ripley (c.1415-1490) and The First and Last Testament (1479) of Thomas North of Bristol. The First and Last Testament of the Alchemical manuscript of the most remarkable collection of old manuscript orations and commentaries on the alchemists, provided in the manuscript Wimbledon Museum at Oxford, and founded by Sir Isaac Newton. Aschomose, perhaps the most remarkable alchemists are the century.


enlarged by Robert Vauheen. Old calf, neatly repaired, gilt title-page and several smaller engravings with folding plate by John Coddern. Full calf, with gilt edges and black with a very fine title-page. The second volume with annotations, which includes the rarest and most interesting manuscripts, contains several important collections or our famous chemists. Cambridge: R. Schofield, 1674.
THEATRUM CHEMICUM BRITANNICUM

CONTAINING

Severall Poeticall Pieces of our Famous English Philosophers, who have written the Hermetique Mysteries in their owne Ancient Language.

Faithfully Collected into one Volume, with Annotations thereon,

By Elias Ashmole, Esq.

Qui est Mercuriophilus Anglicus.

THE FIRST PART.

L O N D O N,
Printed by J. Grismond for Nath: Brooke, at the Angel in Cornhill. M D C L I I.
TO

All Ingeniously Elaborate Students,
In the most Divine Mysteries of
Hermetique Learning.

He Subject of this ensuing Worke, is a Philosophical account of that Eminent Secret treasure'd up in the bosome of Nature; which hath been sought for of Many, but found by a Few, notwithstanding Experience'd Antiquity hath afforded faithfulfull (though not frequent) Discoveries thereof. Past Ages have like Rivers conveyed downe to us, (upon the floate,) the more light, and Sophisticall pieces of Learning; but what were Profound and Misterious, the weight and solidity thereof, sunke to the Bottom; Whence every one who attempts to dive, cannot easily fetch them up: So, that what our Saviour said to his Disciples, may (I hope without offence) be spoken to the Elected Sons of Art; Unto you it is given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdome of God; but to others in Parables, that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand,

Our English Philosophers Generally, (like Prophets) have received little honour (unlesse what hath beene privately paid them) in their owne Countrey; nor have they done any mighty Workes amongst us, except in covertly administring their Medicine to a few Sick, and healing them. (For greater Experiments then What it performes in Physick, they never publiquely made show of.) Thus did I.O. (one of the first foure Fellowes of the Fratres R.C.) in curing the young Earle of Norfolke, of the Leprosie; and Doctor B. in carrying off the virulence of the Small-pox, twice, from Queen Elizabeth; insomuch that they never appeared. But in Parts abroad they have found more noble Reception, and the world greedy of obteyning their Workes; nay,(rather then want the sight thereof) contented to view them
them through a Translation, though never so imperfect. Witness what Maietus, Hermannus, Combachius, Faber, and many others have done; the first of which came out of Germanie, to live in England, purposely that he might so understand our English Tongue, as to Translate Norton's Ordinal into Latin verse, which most judiciously and learnedly he did. Yet (to our shame be it spoken) his Entertainment was too too coarse for so deserving a Scholler.

How great a blemish is it then to us, that refuse to read so Famous Authors in our Naturall Language, whilst Strangers are necessitated, to Reade them in Ours, to understand them in their Owns, Yet think the dignity of the Subje�, much more deserving, then their Paines.

If this we do but ingeniously Consider, we shall judge it more of Reason that we looke back upon, then neglecft such pieces of Learning as are Natives of our owne Countrey, and by this Inquisition, finde no Nation hath Written more, or better, although at present (as well through our owne Supinenesse, as the Decrees of Fate,) few of their Workes can be found. John Leland tooke very much paines, even at the yeilding up of the Ghost, of our English Learning, to preserve its latest (but weakest, cause almost spent) Breath; and from him John Bale, with John Pitts (who indeed is but Bale's Plagiary) hath left us a Catalogue of the Writers of this Nation, and that's neere all. Yet Posterity for this is deeply obliged, What punishment then did their pestilent Malice desere, who robb'd us of their whole Workes?

A Juditious Author speaking of the Dissolution of our Monasteries, saith thus: Many Manuscripts, guilty of no other superstition then Red letters in the Front, were condemned to the Fire; and here a principall Key of Antiquity was lost to the great prejudice of Posterity. Indeed (such was Learnings misfortune, at that great Devastation of our English Libraries, that) where a Red letter or a Mathematicall Diagram appeared, they were sufficient to intitle the Booke to be Popifh or Diabolical.

Our English Nation hath ever beene happy for Learning and Learned men, and to illustreate this, I hope it will not prove disasteful.

As first, the Druydes (the famous and mysterious Druydes) that were Priests, Diviners, and Wife men: and took their Originall and Name from Druys Sarornyus the fourth King of the Celts, (styled Sapientum & Augurum Doctor,) who dyed Anno Mundi 2069.
Next the Bardi, who celebrated the Illustrious Deeds of Famous Men, which they ingeniously disposed in Heroique Verse, and sung them to the sweete Melody of the Harpe: Amongst other Testimonies hereof receive Chaucer's;

The old gentle Britons in her Days
Of divers adventures made the Layes,
By rude Bell in her Mother Tongue,
Which Layes, with her Instruments they sang.

These Philosophers had their Name from Bardus Druidus (the 5 King of the Celts,) who was the first Inventor of Verses, as Berophilus tells us; and dyed An. Mundi 2138. Neither of these Seals of Philosophers used any writing (indeed it was not lawful: for,) such was the Policy and Curiosity of Elder Ages (to defend their Learning and Mysteries from the Injury of Ignorant Interpretations) that they delivered them to Posterity, by Tradition only.

Cæsar testifies, (and is a noble Testimony) That the Learning of the Druids, was first invented in Britaine, and thence transferred into France; and that, in all his time, those of France came over hither to be instructed. Agricola (in Tacitus) prefers the Britains before the Students of France (notwithstanding that they were of a docible Wit, and apt to Learn) in that they were curious in attaining the Elocution of the Latin Tongue.

As for Magick, Pliny tells us, It flourished in Britaine, and that the People there were so devoted to it (yea, with all Complements of Ceremony) a man would think that even the Persian learned his Magick thence.

A German Poet, says, that when the World was troubled with Pannonick Invasions, England flourished in the knowledge of all good Arts; and was able to send of her Learned Men into other Countries, to propagate Learning; and instances Winifrid (alias Boniface the Devonshire Man) and Willebroad (the Northerne Man) that were sent into Germany.

Nay more, England was twice Schoole-Mistris to France (for so saith Peter Ramus) viz. First by the Druidæ (who taught them their Discipline) and afterwards by Alcunius, in Charles the Great's time, through whose persuasions the Emperour founded the University of Paris.

For the Saxons, it is not to be denied but that many of them, after their
their conversion to Christianity, were exceeding learned; and before that, much addicted to Southfaying, Aurgy Divination by the Neighing of Horses, &c. And its worth the Esquyry (there being more in it then we ordinarily apprehend) why they in General worshipped Herthus [i.e. Dame Earth] for a Goddeffe, and honoured Mercury above all the Gods of the Germanes, whom they called Wooden, (hence Woodesday now our Wednesday.) For, they believed that this Dame Herthus Intermediated in Humane Affairs and Relieved the Poore; whose Image was made Armed, standing among Flowers, having in its right hand a Staffe, and in it a Banner, wherein was painted a Rose; In the other Hand a Ballance, and upon the Head thereof a Cock; on the Breast a carved Beare, and before the Middle, a fixed Scutchion; in Chiefe whereof was also a Ballance; in Face, a Lyon; and in Point, a Rose. And for their God wooden they esteemed him as their God of Battale, representing him by an Armed Man. Insomuch that we to this very day retaine the Word Wood among us, to Signifie Fierce, Furious, Raging. [as when one is in a great Rage, we usually say he is Wood:] So the Mercury of the Philosophers is shadowed under the fierce and terrible Names of Lyon, Dragon, Poyson, &c. But this is not All, although it be Something.

And now to come yet neerer to our Selves; we must needs say that of Later Times (since the Conquest) our Nation hath produced such Famous and eminently learned Men, as have equal'd (if not surpass'd) the greatest Schollers of other Nations, and happy were we if now we could but partake of those Legacies they left, and which Envy and Ignorance has defrauded us of: (Howsoever the small remainder which is left, we have good reason to prize.

For out of olde Fields as Men saythe,
Cometh alle this newe Come fro yeare to yeare;
And out of olde Bokes in good saythe
Cometh alle this Science,that Men leare.

That England hath beene successively enrich'd with such Men, our Country-men John Leland (and I never heard he was Partial!) abundantly Testifies: who avers, That Generally wee have had a great number of excellent Wits and Writers, learned with the best as Times served, who besides their knowledge in the foure Tongues, in which
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which part of them excelled, there was no Liberall Science or any Feate concerning Learning, in which they have not showed certaine Arguments of great Felicity and Wit. And thus much for the Generality of Learning.

Now for a Particular account of the Hermetique Science; vouchsafe (Ingenious Reader) to accept the ensuing Collections, yet not so, as if therein were contained all the Workes of our English Hermetique Philosophers, (for more are design'd in a Second Part to follow and compleat this a full Theatrum; the which GOD allowing me further Time and Tranquility to run through it, as I have already this, I intend shortly to make ready for the Preffe.) Whereby yet more to manifest what Men we have had, no lesse famous for this kinde of Philosophy, then for all other Commendable Arts and Sciences.

To adde any thing to the praise thereof, were but to hold a Candle before the Sunne; or should I here deliver a full Account of the Marvellous Operations and Effects thereof, it would be as far beyond the limits of a Preface, as remote from the Belief of the generality of the World. Nor doe I expect that all my Readers should come with an Engagement, to believe what I here write, or that there was ever any such thing in rerum natura as what we call A Philosophers Stone; nor will I perswade them to it, (though I must tell them I have not the vanity to publish these Sacred and Serious Mysteries and Arcana, as Romances) tis enough that I know Incredulity is given to the world as a punishment. Yet Ile tell them what one of our Ancient Poeticall Philosophers sayes,

If you will listen to my Lay,
Something thereby you may finde,
That may content your minde:
I will not sweare to make you give credence,
For a Philosopher will finde, here in Evidence
Of the Truth; and to Men that be Lay,
I will not greatly what they say.

I must profess I know enough to hold my Tongue, but not enough to Speake; and the no lesse Reall then Miraculous Fruits I have found in my diligent enquiry into these Arcana, lead me on to such degrees of Admiration, they command Silence, and force me to lose

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my Tongue. Yet, as one greatly affecting my Native Countrey, and the satisfaction of all Ingenious Artifts, I have published (for their use) these ensuing Collected Antiquities; and shall here say something more than they speak of.

He who shall have the happiness to meet with S. Dunstan's Works De Occulta Philosophia, (a Booke which E.G.A.I. made much use of, and which shall chiefly concern what here I am about to say) may therein read such Stories as will make him amaz'd to think what stupendious and Immoveable things are to be performed by virtue of the Philosophers Mercury, of which a Taste only and no more.

And first, of the Mineral Stone, the which is wrought up to the degree only that hath the power of Transmuting any Imperfect Earthy Matter into its utmost degree of Perfection; that is, to convert the basest of Metals into perfect Gold and Silver; Flints into all manner of Precious Stones; [as Rubies, Saphirs, Emeralds, and Diamonds, &c.] and many more Experiments of the like nature.

But this is but a part, so it is the least Share of that Blessing which may be acquired by the Philosophers Materia, if the full vertue thereof were known. Gold I confess is a delicious Object, a goodly Light, which we admire and gaze upon as Pueri in Junonis avem; but, as to make Gold (faith an incomparable Author) is the chiefest intent of the Alchimists, so was it scarce any intent of the ancient Philosophers, and the lowest use the Adde made of this Materia.

For they being lovers of Wisdom more than Worldly Wealth, drove at higher and more Excellent Operations: And certainly He to whom the whole Course of Nature lyes open, rejoiceth not so much that he can make Gold and Silver, or the Divilis to become Subject to him, as that he sees the Heavens open, the Angells of God Ascending and Descending, and that his own Name is fairly written in the Book of life.

Next, to come to the Vegetable, Magickal, and Angelical Stones; the which have in them no part of the Mineral Stone (Quatenus a Stone Fermented with Metalline and Earthy Nature) for they are marvelously Subtle, and each of them differing in Operation and Nature, because Fitted and Fermented for several Effects and Purposes. Doubtlesse Adam (with the Fathers before the Flood, and
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Abraham, Moses, and Solomon, wrought many Wonders by them, yet the utmost of their Vertues they never fully understood; nor indeed any but GOD the Maker of All things in Heaven and Earth, blessed for evermore.

For, by the Vegitable may be perfectly known the Nature of Man, Beasts, Fowles, Fishes, together with all kinds of Trees, Plants, Flowers, &c, and how to produce and make them Grow, Flourish, and beare Fruit; how to encrease them in Colour and Smell, and when and where we please, and all this not onely at an instant, Experimenti gratia, but Daily, Monethly, Yearly, at any Time, at any Season; yea, in the depth of Winter. And therefore not unlike, but the Wallynut-Tree which anciently grew in Glastonbury Church-yard, and never put forth Leaves before S. Barnabies Day, yet then was fully loaded with them, as also the Hawthorne there, so greatly fam'd for shooting forth Leaves and Flowers at Christmas, together with the Oake in New-Forrest in Hampshire that bore greene Leaves at the same Season; may be some Experiments made of the Vegitable Stone.

Besides the Masculine part of it which is wrought up to a Solar Quality, and through its exceeding Heat will burne up and destroy any Creature, Plant, &c. That which is Lunar & Feminine (if immediately applied) will mitigate it with its extreme Cold: and in like manner the Lunar Quality benums and congeals any Animall, &c, unless it be presently helped and resolved by that of the Sun; For though they both are made out of one Natural Substance, yet in working they have contrary Qualities: neverthelesse there is such a natural Assistance between them, that what the one cannot doe, the other both can, and will perform.

Nor are their inward Vertues more then their outward Beauties; for the Solar part is of so resplendent, transparent Lustre, that the Eye of Man is scarce able to endure it; and if the Lunar part be exposed abroad in a dark Night, Birds will repaire to (and circulate about) it, as a Fly round a Candle, and submit themselves to the Captivity of the Hand: And this invites mee to believe, that the Stone which the ancient Hermet (being then 140 Years old) tooke out of the Wall in his Cell, and shewed Cornelius Gallus, Ann. 1602. was of the Nature of this Vegitable Stone: For, (upon the opening his Golden Box wherein it was inclosed) it dilated its Beames all over
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over the Roome; and that with so great Splendor, that it overcame the Light that was kindled therein; Besides the Hermet refused to project it upon Metall (as being unworthy of it) but made his Experiment upon Veronica and Rue.

By the Magicall or Prospective Stone it is possible to discover any Person in what part of the World soever, although never so secretly concealed or hid; in Chambers, Closets, or Cavernes of the Earth: For there it makes a strict Inquisition. In a Word, it fairly presents to your view even the whole World, wherein to behold, heare, or see your Desire. Nay more, It enables Man to understand the Language of the Creatures, as the Chirping of Birds, Lowing of Beasts, &c. To Convey a Spirit into an Image, which by observing the Influence of Heavenly Bodies, shall become a true Oracle; And yet this as E. A. assures you, is not any ways Necromanticall, or Devilish; but easy, wonderous easy, Naturall and Honest.

Lastly, as touching the Angelical Stone, it is so subtil, faith the aforesaid Author, that it can neither be seen, felt, or weighed; but Tasted only. The voice of Man (which bears some proportion to these subtill properties,) comes short in comparison; Nay the Air it selfe is not so penetrable, and yet (Oh mysteries wonders!) A Stone, that will lodge in the Fire to Eternity without being prejudiced. It hath a Divine Power, Celestiall, and Invisible, above the rest; and endows the possessor with Divine Gifts. It affords the Apparition of Angells, and gives a power of conversing with them, by Dreams and Revelations; nor dare any Evil Spirit approach the Place where it lodgeth. Because it is a Quintessence wherein there is no corruptible Thing: and where the Elements are not corrupt, no Devil can stay or abide.

S. Dunston calls it the Food of Angels, and by others it is termed The Heavenly Viaticum; The Tree of Life; and is undoubtedly (next under GOD) the true Alchochodon, or Giver of Years; for by it Mans Body is preserved from Corruption, being thereby enabled to live a long time without Foosee: Nay 'tis made a question whether any Man can Dye that uses it. Which I do not so much admire, as to think why the Possessors of it should desire to live, that have those Manifestations of Glory and Eternity, presented unto their Fleeshly Eyes; but rather desire to be Dissolved, and to enjoy the full fruition, then live where they must be content with the bare Speculation.

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After Hermes had once obtained the Knowledge of this Stone, he gave over the use of all other Stones, and therein only delighted: Moses, and Solomon, (together with Hermes were the only three, that) excelled in the Knowledge thereof, and who therewith wrought Wonders.

That there is a Gift of Prophecy hid in the Red-stone, Racis will tell you; for thereby (faith he) Philosophers have foretold things to come: And Petrus Bonus aures, that they did Prophecy, not only Generally but Specially; having a Fore-knowledge of the Resurrection, Incarnation of Christ, day of Judgement, and that the World should be consumed with Fire: and this not otherwise, than from the Insight of their Operations.

In Brieve, by the true and various use of the Philosophers Prima materia (for there are diversities of Gifts, but the same spirit) the perfection of Liberall Sciences are made known, the Whole Wieldome of Nature may be grasped: And (Notwithstanding what has been said, I must further add) There are yet hid greater things then these, for we have seen but few of his Workes.

Howbeit, there are but a few Stocks that are fitted to Inoculate the Grafts of this Science on: They are Mysteries Incommunicable to any but the Adepti, and those that have beene Devoted even from their Cradles to serve and waite at this Altar: And how rarely such have been heard of, may appear by Norton:

For few (faith he) solearfly One
In Fidernene Kingdomes had our Red Stone.

And they perhaps were (with S.Paul) Caught up into Paradice, and as he, heard unspeakeable Words, so they, wrought unoperable Workes; such as it is not lawfull for to utter.

Of such as these therefore will I glory, yet of my selfe I will not glory, but of mine Infirmities. And truly whether such were in the Body or out of the Body I cannot tell, GOD knoweth, doubtlesse they were not far from the Kingdome of GOD.

But I fear I have waded too farre; and therefore now to give some Particular Account, as well touching the Publication of this Work, as also the Disposition thereof, and the Nature of the Obsolete Language wherein tis Written: I shall in the First place acquaint the Reader, that the kinde Acceptance my former Endeavours received at the Hands of Candid Artists, in publishing some Chemicall Collections; very earnestly invited me to finde out a Second Piece
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Whereupon I intended to rally up some of my own Conceptions in this Science, and expose them also to the Test: But (to this end, reviewing the Philosophers) I found that many (assuming that Name) wrote what their Fancies, not their Hands had wrought, and further then in Apprehension had not scene Projection; (amongst whom our Ripley was sometime One, as appears by his Ingenious Retraction, hereafter mentioned:) and being truly sensible of the great Injury such Workes have done young Students (at the first not able to distinguish, who have written upon their undeceiveable Experience, who not; and consequently, not which to follow, or which to avoyde) I withdrew my Thoughts (having never as yet set my selfe Effectually upon the Manuall Practise) lest I should add to the many Injuries the World has already suffered, by delivering the bare Medley of my Dubious Apprehensions, without the confident Attestation of Practise: and be justly esteemed as indiscreete as those whom Ripley mentions; that proate

Of Robin Hode and of his Bow,
Which never shot therein I know.

Yet still casting about what to make choyce of; at length (by the incouragement of some that are Induferious after publique benefite) Centred my Thoughts, and fix'd them on this designe of Collecting All (or as many as I could meete with) of our own English Hermeticke Philosophers, and to make them publique.

Nor did I change this Resolution with my Clothes notwithstanding the Difficulties I saw, ready to encounter, and obstruct the Undertaking: For, besides the Paines and Care that was thereunto requisite, the Feare of not meeting with, or obtaining the Original Manuscripts, or Authentique Copies of this Nature, (which I knew to be in some Mens hands, yet wanting them my selfe,) sorely beset, though nothing discourag'd me: yet was I therewith freely and plentifully supplied by some worthy and intimate Friends, whom I would gladly here mention, but that I well know they delight not to see their Names in Print. These had, My Care was next to dispose them in such a Series as might be answerable to the Respective Times, wherein each Author Flourished; and withall to the best Advantage of the laborious Student: the which I have manag'd with so just an Adequation, as (I hope) Will neither detract from the due Honour of the One, nor yet disturb or darken the direct path of the Other.
"But whilst I was doing this, I made a question (in regard some Philosophers had writ in Verse, others in Prose) which of these should take Precedency; and after some Consideration adjudged it to the Poeticque part: And that, not only because its Originall may probably Anticipate the time of Orpheus, (although he be noted by Maierus, Primus Antiltes, Sacerdos, Theologus, VATES, & Doctor totius Graecorum nationis) because that Linus is said to be the most Perite of any Lyricque Poet, and so Ancient that some suppose him Master to Orpheus, who writ that admirable Allegory of the Golden Fleece, and was the first of all the Grecians that brought the Chemick Learning (with other Sciences) out of Aegypt, as the other the first that brought the Phoenician Learning to the Grecians: I say not only for that it is the Ancienteft, and Profe but of Latter use with other Nations: but because Poetry hath bin most Anciently used with us, and (as if from a Grant of Nature) held unquestionable.

Again, the Excellent Melody thereof is so Naturall and Universal, as that it seems to be borne with all the Nations of the World, as an Hereditary Eloquence proper to all Mankinde: Nor was this all, for I considered that it Claimes a Generall succession, and Reception, in All Nations, all Ages, who were never Without a Homer, a Virgil, or an Ovid: No not this small Segment of the World [England] Without a Rafis Celsrensis and an Hortulanus; For the First of these, His Liber Luminum, and his Lumen de Luminum, are the Ancienteft now extant in Latine Verfe: In the latter of which, I cannot omit this Title of his; [Responfio Rafis Celsrensis Filio suo Merlino;] Whereby it appears he was Merlin's Contemporary (at least) if not his Master, in this Abstrufe Mystery. These Workes of his are both Published by Hermannus, but very Imperfectly, as I found by Comparing them with a Manuscript, as ancient as King John's Time. And for the Second He was the first Christian Philosopher after Motienus, who (travelling abroad, and returning hither in the Raigne of William the Conquerour) because he was the first that Transplanted the Chemicall Muses from remotest Parts into his own Country, is called Garland, ab Coronam Hermeticam & Poeticam.

But, to returne to our Matter.

If neither its Antiquity, nor the Naturall Ratification, Generall Succession, and Reception thereof, were enough to allow it the Right-hand of Fellowship, yet I suppose the Effects thereof, (which so affect and delight the Eare, rejoice the Heart, satisifie the Judgment,
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ment, and indulge the Hearers) justly may: In regard Poesy has a
Life, a Pulse, and such a secret Energy, as leaves in the Minde, a far
deeper Impression, than what runs in the slow and even lesser Numbers
of Prose: whereby it won so much upon the World, that in Rude
Times, and even amongst Barbarous Nations, when other sorts of
Learning stood excluded, there was nothing more in Esteimation. And
for that we call Rythme; the Customs of divers of our Saxon and
Norman Poets, shews the Opinion they had thereof; whilst the
Latine (notwithstanding its Excellency) could not sufficiently delight
their Eares, unless their Verses (in that Language,) were form'd
with an Harmonicall Cadence, and brought into Rythme: Nor
did the Ancients wrap up their Chiefeft Mysteries, any where else,
then in the Parabolical & Allusive part of Poetry, as the most Sacred,
and Venerable in their Esteeme, and the securest from Prophane and
Vulgar Wits. For such was the goodness of our Fathers, that they
would not willingly hazard (much less throw) their Childrens Bread
among Dogs; And therefore their Wisdome and Policy was, First,
to finde out a way to Teach, and then an Art (which was this) to
Conceale. In a word, to prefer Prose before Poetry, is no other,
or better, then to let a Rough-hewn-Clowne, take the Wall of a
Rich clad-Lady of Honour: or to Hang a Presence Chamber with
Tarpalin, instead of Tapestry.

And for these Reasons, and out of these Respects, the Poetically
conceived) deserved the Precedency.

Howbeit probably some of these Pieces (now brought to publique
Light) had weaghing perish'd in a silent Ruine; and Destruction got
a compleat Victory over them, but that my Diligence and Labori-
ous Inquisition rescued them from the Jawes thereof: being almost
quite shrouded in the Dust of Antiquity, and involved in the obscurity
of forgotten things, with their Leaves halfe Worme-eaten. And a
wonder it is, that (like the Creatures in Noa's Arke) they were
hitherto so safely preserved from that Universal Deluge, which (at
the Dissolution of Abbies) overflowed our greatest Libraries.

And in doing thus, I presume it no Arrogance to challenge the
Reputation of performing a Worke, next that of a Mans own: and
something more, in that (as if having the Elixir it selfe) I have
made Old Age become Young and Lively, by restoring each of the
Ancient Writers, not only to the Spring of their several Beauties, but
to the Summer of their Strength and Perfection.
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As for the whole Worke it selfe, it is heaved up from a few gleanings in part of our English Fields; where though I have bestowed my Industrie to pick up here and there, what I could finde in my way, yet I believe there are many other Pieces of this Nature in private Hands, which if any are pleas’d (out of the same Ingenious score that I have published these,) to Communicate to me: I shall set thereon a value sutable to the worth of their Favours, and let the World know its Obligation to them besides.

The Style and Language thereof, may, I confesse (to some) seeme irksome and Uncouth, and so it is indeed to those that are strangers thereunto; but withall very Significant: Old words have strong Emphasis; others may look upon them as Rubbish or Trifles, but they are grossly Mistaken: for what some light Braines may esteem as Foolish Toys; deeper Judgements can and will value as sound and serious Matter.

We English have often varied our Fashions (such is the levity of our Fancies) and therefore if you meet with Spellings different from those in use; or uncouth Words as strangely ridiculous, as a Maunch, Hood, Cod-piece, or Trunke-hole, know; as they were the fashionable Attires, so these the usual Dialects of those Times: And Posterity will pay us in our own Coyne, should we deride the behaviour and dressle of our Ancestors. For we must consider that Languages which are daily used in our Discourse, are in as continuall Mutation: what Custome brings into habit, is best lik’d for the Present, whether it be to revive what is lost, or introduce something new; or to piece up the present, with the retained shreds of what preceded; But learned Tongues (which are contain’d in Books) enjoy a more immutable Fate, because not subject to be waste away with the daily tyde and current of Times. They are like the fashion and Drapery wrought on Marble Statues, which must ever be retained without alteration.

And therefore that the Truth and Worth of their Workes might receive no Diminution by my Transcription, I purposely retain’d the old Words and manner of their Spelling, as I found them in the Originals (except only some palpable Mistakes and Blemishes of former Transcribers, which I took upon me to correct and purge as little more then Litterall Imperfections;) yet not to leave the Reader unsatisfied, have added a Compendious Table, for the Interpretation of Old, unusual, and obsolete Words, and thereby smooth’d (as I suppose) the Passage for such as have not hitherto bin Conversant in these Ancient Rough-hew’d Expressions.
Wherefore you that love to converse with the Dead, or consult with their Monuments, draw near: perhaps you may find more benefit in them than the Living; There you may meet with the Genii of our Hermetique Philosophers, leave the Language in which they woo'd and courted Dame Nature, and enjoy them more freely, and at Greater Command, (to satisfy your Doubts) then when they were in the Flesh; For they have Written more then they would Speake; and left their Lines so Rich, as if they had dissolved Gold in their Ink, and clad their Words with the Sovereign Moysture.

My Annotations are limited within the Bounds of what is Historickall, or what occasionally must needs intrench on the Confinnes of other Arts, and all Glosses upon the Philosophicall Worke purposely omitted, for the same Reasons that I chose to send forth other Mens Children into the World, rather then my own. And what presumptuous Mistakes, or Errors, the Candid Reader shall meet with, will (I hope) be Censured with no lesse favour and Charity, then that where-by they are wont to Judge the Faults of those they esteem their Friends and Well-wishers.

And now to Conclude: May the GOD of NATURE be gratiously pleased (out of the Immense Treasury of his Goodness) to vouchsafe all such (whose good Angells direct them to, or have already Religiously Engaged them in this Mysterious knowledge) the Full and Entire Accomplishments of a True and Pious Philosopher, [To wit, Learning, Humility, Judgement, Courage, Hope, Patience, Discretion, Charity & Secrecie:] That so they may enjoy the Fruits of their Labours, which otherwise will be but vain, and unpleasant: and causely render the Divine Science and Secret itself Contemptible.

Farewell (Industrious Students) and let your Goodness still invite me to accomplish the End I have proposed: In doing which, (I presume) you may one Day esteem me, better deserving your Patronage; At least-wise, your charitable Censure: which is all the Re-compence Expected or Merited, by him, who is

Yours Really Devoted,

26 Jan. 1652.

E. Ashmole.
THE
ORDINALL
OF
ALCHIMY.

Written by
THOMAS NORTON
OF
BRISTOLL.
Liber iste Clericis monstrat scientiam,
Liber sed Laicis auget inscitiam:
Liber, honores juvans per copiam:
Et Liber pauperum fugans inopiam:
Liber fiduciae est & veritatis:
Regibus consilium, doctrina Praelatis:
Et Liber utilis viris beatis
Vivere qui cupiunt absqu. peccatis.
Liber secretum, Liber doni Dei,
Electis semita, vires bona spei,
Valens constantibus firme fidei:
Ve non credentibus verbis oris mei.
Quarunt Alchimiam, falsi quoque recti:
Falsi sine numero, sed hi sunt reeci,
Et cupiditatibus (heu) tot sunt infecti,
Quod inter millemillia vix sunt tres electi,
Istam ad scientiam multi sunt vocati
Nobiles, & pauperes, inscii, literati,
Qui noelunt labores, neque tempus pati;
Ideo non persicient quia sunt ingrati.
Liber Artis filios docet iste satis,
Quibus haec percipere Deus dedit gratis,
Versiculis propheticis quatuor bis credatis,
Omnia dat gratis divinae, fons pietatis.
Hae nobilis scientia est tantum illis data,
Qui diligent justitiam, mente cum beata;
Dolos, & raptoribus sed est denegata,
Propert peccata tardantur munera grata.

Sape
This Booke the greatest Clearkes may teach,
But shorteneth the Vulgar-Reach:
A Booke that gets by Wealth) Renowne,
And Boggles at a thred-bare-Gowne:
A trusty-Booke of faithfull-Things;
Instructing Priests, Advising Kings:
A Booke that's fitted for the fence
Of Man, who lives without offence:
A Booke of secrets given by God;
To men Elect, a Beaten- Trod:
Availing such as constant be
In Faith, and Hope, and trusting Me.
Good Men and Bad, even Numberlesse,
(The latter, but without successe)
Desire the Art: But still (Alas !)
They are so given to Avarice,
That of a Million, hardly three
Were ere Ordaind for Alchimy.
Yet many called every Hour,
Learn'd and Unlearned, Rich, and Poore;
Who'll neither Tend, nor take the Paines;
And therefore Trudge without the Gaines.
On whom God doth this Art bestow,
Her Sons may herein fully know:
By these * foure-lines you may believe
Heaven doth all things gratis give.
This Art in such you only finde
As Justice love, with spotles-Minde:
But tis deny'd to guilefull Men;
For sin protracts the gifts of Heaven.

* These foure Prophetick lines extracted from Sir John Abbot of Bridlington's Prophecies, Ubi de Tauro, &c.
Sape Reges Angliae decorasset hae res,
Firma si in domino fuisse et eorum fpes;
Ille sed qui capiet per hanc rem honores,
Antiquos mores mutabit in meliores.
Iste cumque venerit, regnum reformabit,
Virtutibus & moribus, & exemplum dabit
Sempiternum Regibus; plebs tunc jubilabit,
Et mutuo se diligens laudes Deo dabit:
O Rex, hae facturus! Deum Regem ora,
Et ejus auxilium pro re hac implora:
Tunc regi justo fulgenti mente decora
Grata supervenient quâ non sperabitur hora.
These had adorn'd the **English** Throne,
If they had trusted **God** alone:
For he that hereby **Honor** winns,
**Shall change the old for better things**.
And when he comes to **rule** the Land,
Reforme it with a **vertuous hand**:
Leaving examples of **good deedes**
To every **King** that him **succeedes**:
Then **shall** the People **Jubilize**
In **mutuall love**; and **sacrifice**
**Praises to God**. **O King** that **shall**
**These Workes**! implore the **God of all**
For **timely helpe**,**in this good thing**:
So to a **Just**, and **Glorious King**,
**Most goodly Graces shall descend**,
**When least look'd for**: **To Crowne his End**.
The Proheme.

Of the honor of God, One in Persons three,
This Book is made, that Lay-men shulde it
And Clerks also, after my decease, see,
Whereby all Lay-men which putteth
them in prease,

To sech by Alkimy great riches to winn
May finde good Counsell or they such warke begin,
And greate deceipts they may hereby elcheue,
And by this doctrine know fall men from trewe.
Nathles Clerks greate seacreats heere may leare,
But all Lay-men shall finde heere cause to feare,
And to beware of fall illusions,
Which Multipliers worke with their Conclusions:
But for that I desyre not worldly fame,
But your good prayers, unknowne shalbe my name.

That no man shulde thereafter search, ne looke,
But wisely Consider the flowers of this booke:
Of every estate that is within Mankind
If yee make seach much people ye may finde,
Which to Alkimy their Corage doe address
Only for appetite of Lucre and Riches.
As Popes with Cardinalls of Dignity,
Archbyshopes with Bishops of high degree;
With Abbots and Priors of Religion,
With Friars, Heremites, and Preests manie one,
And Kings with Princes and Lords great of blood,
For every estate desireth after good;
And Merchants also which dwell in the fiere
Of brenning Covetife, have thereto desire;
And Common workemen will not be out-lafte,
For as well as Lords they love this noble Crafte;
As Gouldsmithes whom we shulde left repree
For sights in their Craft merveth them to beleeeve:
But wonder it is that Wevers deale with such warks,
Free Masons and Tanners with poore Parish Clerks;
Tailors and Glafiers woll not thereof cease,
And eke selly Tinkers will put them in the preafe
With greate presumption; but yet some colthure there was,
For all such Men as give Tin&urc to Glasse:
But many Artificers have byn over-swifte
With hasty Credence to fume away their thriste:
And albeit that losses made them to smarte,
Yet ever in hope continued their hearte,
Trusting some tyme to speede right well,
Of many such truly I can tell,
Which in such hope continued all their lyfe,
Whereby they were pore and made to unthrift:
It had bye good for them to have left off
In season, for noughte they founde but a scoffe,
For trewly he that is not a greate Clerke
Is nice and lewde to medle with this warke;
Ye may trust me well it is no small inginn
To know all secreats pertaining to the Myne;
For it is most profound Philosophie,
The subtil science of holy Alkemy,
Of which Science here I intend to write,
Howbeit I may not curiously indite.
For he that shulde all a common people teache,
He must for them use plaine and common speache;
Though that I write in plaine, and homely wise
No good Man then shulde such writenge ditpue.
All Masters that write of this Soleme werke
They made their Bokes to many Men full derke,
In Poyles, Parables, and in Metaphors alfoe,
Which to Shollers causeth peine and woe:
For in their practife when they would it assay,
They leefe their Costs, as men see aldaye.

Hermes, Rasis, Geber, and Avicen,
Merlin, Horsolan, Democrit, and Morien,
Bacon, and Raimond, with others many moe
Wrote under covert, and Aristotle alfoe.
For what hereof they wrote with their penn,
Their Cloudy Clauses dulled many Men:
Fro Lay-men, Fro Clearks, and so fro every Man
They hid this Art that no Man finde it cann.
By their bokes do they (hew Reasons faire,
Whereby much people are brought into dispaire.
Yet Anaxagoras wrote plainest of them all
In his boke of Conversions naturall;
Of the old Fathers that ever I founde
He most disclosed of this Science the grounde;
Whereof Aristotle had greate envy,
And him rebuked unrightfully
In many places, as I can well report,
Intending that men to him shulde not refort:
For he was large of his cunning and love,
God have his foule in blisse with him above:
And suche as sowed envious seede,
God forgive them their misdeede.

As the Mounke which a Boke did write
Of a thousand receipts in mallice for despight;
Which be coppied in many a place
Whereby hath beene made pale many a Face;
And many Grounds have byne made bare of hewe,
And men made fals which before tyme were trewe.

Wherefore
Wherefore my Pitty doth me constreyne
To shew the trewth in fewe words and plaine,
Soo that you may fro false doctrine flee,
If ye give Credence to this boke and mee;
Avoide your Bokes written of Receipts,
For all such Receipts are full of Deceipts;
Trust not such Receipts, and lerne well this Clause,
Nothing is wrought but by his proper Cause:
Wherefore that Practione salleth farr behinde
Wher Knowledge of the cause is not in minde:
Therefore remember ever more wisely,
That you worke nothing but you knowe howe and
Alsoe he that would in this Arte procede,
To eschewe falsehood he hath great need:
For trewth is good which this Arte must guide,
Wherefore to falsehood ye may never slide;
But stedfastly your minde must be set,
Fals Colloured Metall never to Countersett;
As thei that secke Blanchers or Citrinacions,
Which woll not abide all Examinacions,
Wherewith fals Plate they make as they cann
Or Money to beguile some good trew Mann:
But God hath made that of this blessed Arte,
All that be fals shall have thereof noe parte;
He must have Grace that would for this Arte sue,
Therefore of right him needeth to be trew:
Also he may not be trobled in his Minde
With outward charges, which this Arte would finde:
And he that would have his intent,
He must have Riches sufficient.
In many wayes he maie not looke
But only pursue the order of this Boke;
Named of Alkimy the Ordinall,
The Crede mihi, the Standard perpetuall:

D
For like as the Ordinall to Preefts seteth out
The service of the dayes as they goe aboute:
Soe of all the Bokes unordered in Alkimy
The effect is here set out Orderly:
Therefore this Boke to an Alchimister wise,
Is a Boke of incomparable price;
Whose trewth shall never be desiled,
Though it appeare in homely wise compiled:
And as I had this Arte by Grace from Heaven,
I give you the same here in Chapters seaven:
As largely as by my fealty I may,
By licence of the dreadful Judge at domes daye.

The first Chapter shall all Men teache
What manner People may this Science reache,
And whie the trew Science of Alkimy,
Is of old Fathers called Blessed and Holy.

In the second Chapter maie be sayne,
The nice Joyes thereof, with the greate paine.

The third Chapter for the love of One,
Shall trewly disclose the Matters of our Stone;
Which the Arabies doon Elixir call,
Whereof it is, there understande you shall.

The fowerth Chapter teacheth the grosse Werke,
A foule labour not kindly for a Clerke.
In which is found full greate travaile,
With many perills, and many a faile.

The fift Chapter is of the subtill Werk,
Which God ordeyned only for a Clerke;
Full few Clerks can it comprehend,
Therefore to few Men is the Science send.

The sixt Chapter is of Concord and love,
Between low natures, and heavenly sphareas above:
Whereof trew knowledge advanceyth greatly Clerks,
And causeth furtherance in our wonderfull werks.
The seventh Chapter truly teach you shall,
The doubtfull Regiments of your Fires all.

Now Soveraigne Lord God me guide and speede,
For to my Matters as now I will proceede,
Praying all men which this Boke shall finde,
With devout Prayers to have my soule in minde;
And that noe Man for better ne for worse,
Chaunge my writing for drede of Gods curse:
For where quick sentence shall seame not to be
Ther may wise men finde felcouthe previtye;
And chaunging of some one fillable
May make this Boke unprofitable.
Therefore trust not to one Reading or twaine,
But twenty tymes it would be over sayne;
For it conteyneth full ponderous sentence,
Albeit that it faute forme of Eloquence;
But the best thing that ye doe shall,
Is to reade many Bokes, and than this withall.
AIS\text{stryfull merveylous and Archimastrye:}
Is the tincture of holi Alkemy:
A wonderfull Science, secrete Philosophie,
A singular grace & gift of th'almightie:
Which never was founde by labour of
But it by Teaching, or Revelacion began.
(Mann,
It was never for Mony fold ne bought,
By any Man which for it hath sought:
But given to an able Man by grace,
Wrought with greate Coft, with long layre and
It helpeth a Man when he hath neede,
It voydeth vaine Glory, Hope, and also dreade:
It voydeth Ambitionnesse, Extorcion, and Excesse,
It fenceth Adversity that shee do not oppresse.
He that thereof hath his full intent,
Forsaketh Extremities, with Measure is content.
Some people would not have it cauled Holy,
And in this wise thei doe replye,
Thei say how Painims maie th's Arte have,
Such as our Lord God woll never save:
For their wilfull fals infidelitie,
The cause of goodnes, possessours cannot be.
Alsoe it maketh none other thing.
But Gold or Silver, for Mony, Cupp, or Ring.
Whiche of wise men is proved and well founde:
Least verteous thing that is upon the Ground.
Wherefore concluding all men of that sect,
Say, how this Science n'is holy in effeet.
To this we say and witnesse as we cann
How that this Science was never taught to Man;
But
But he were proved perfectly with space, Whether he were able to receive this grace: For his truth, virtue, and for his stable witt, Which if he fault he shall never have it; Also no man could yet this science reach, But if God send a master him to teach: For it is so wonderfull and soselcouth, That it must needs be taught from mouth to mouth: Also he must (be he never so loath) Receive it with a most sacred dreadful Oath, That as we refuse great dignity and fame, Soe he must needly refuse the same. And also that he shall not be so wilde To teach this seacer to his owne childe; For nighnes of blood ne consanguinity May not accepted be to this dignity: Soe blood as blood, may have hereof noe part, But only vertue winneth this holy arte: Therefore straightly you shall search and see, All manners and vertues with th'abilitie Of the person which shall this science leere, And in likewise make him straightly swere: Soe that noe man shall leave this arte behinde, But he an able and approved man can finde; When age shall greeve him to ride or goe, One he may teach, but then never no moe: For this science must ever secret be, The cause whereof is this as ye may see; If one evill man had hereof all his will All Christian peace he might hastilie spill, And with his pride he might pull downe Rightfull kings and princes of renowne: Wherefore the sentence of perill and jeopardy, Upon the teacher resteth dreadfully.

Soe
So than for doubt of such pride and wrack,
He must be ware that will this Science teach:
No Man therefore may reach this great present,
But he that hath virtues excellent,
Soo though Men weene Possessions not to aide,
To hallow this Science as before is said;
Neither seeme not blessed effectually;
Yet in her Order this Science is holy.
And forasmuch as noe Man maie her finde
But only by grace, she is holy of her kinde.
Also it is a worke and Cure divine,
Foule Copper to make Gold or Silver fine:
No man maie finde such change by his thought,
Of divers kinds which Gods hands have wrought.
For Gods Conjundtions Man maie not undoe,
But if his Grace fully consent thereto,
By helpe of this Science, which our Lord above
Hath given to such Men as he doth love;
Wherefore old Fathers conveniently
Called this Science Holy Alkimy.
Therefore noe Man shulde be too swyfte,
To cast away our Lords blessed gift:
Considering how that Almighty God
From great Doctours hath this Science forbod,
And graunted it to few Men of his mercy,
Such as be faithfull trew and lowly.
And as there be but Planets seaven
Amonge the multitude of starrs in Heaven:
Soo among millions of millions of Mankinde,
Scarflie seaven men maie this Science finde.
Wherefore Lay men ye may lere and see
How many Doctors of great authority,
With many searchers hath this Science sought,
Yet all their labours have turned into nought,
If thei did cost, yet found thei none availe,
For of their purpose every tyme thei faile;
And in despaire thei reason and departe,
And then thei said how there is noe such arte;
But fained Fables thei name it where thei goe,
A fals fond thing thei say it is alioe:
Such Men presume too much upon their minde,
They weene their witts sufficient this Arte to finde.
But of their flaundcr and words of outrague,
We take thereof trewlie little Charge:
For such be not invited to our feast,
Which weeneth themselves wise and can doe leasfe.
Albeit such Men list not lenger to persue,
Yet is this Science of Alkimy full trew,;
And albeit some proude Clerks say nay
Yet every wise Clarke well consider may,
How he whiche hereof might no trewth see
Maie not hereof lawfull witnes be,
For it were a wonderous thing and queinte,
A man that never had fight to peinte.
How shoulde a borne blinde Man be sure
To write or make good Portrature.
To build Poules steeple might be greate doubt,
For such proude Clerks to bring aboute;
Such might well happ to breake their crowne,
Ere they coude wisely take it downe.
Wherefore all such are full farr behinde,
To fetch out the secreatest pointe of kinde;
Therefore all Men take theire fortune and chaunce,
Remit such Clerks to their Ignorance.

Now ye that will this Science pursue,
Learne ye to know fals Men from trew.
All trew searchers of this Science of Alkimy,
Must be full learned in their first Philosophie:
Elfe all their laboure shall them let and grieve,
As he that fetcheth Water in a Sive;
The true men search and seeke all alone
In hope to finde our delectable stone,
And for that they would that no Man shulde have losse,
They prove and seeke all at their owne Coste;
Soo their owne Purses they will not spare,
They make their Coffers thereby full bare,
With greate Patience thei doe proccede,
Trusting only in God to be their speede.

The fals man walketh from Towne to Towne,
For the most parte in a thread-bare Gowne;
Ever searching with diligent awaite
To winn his praye with some fals deceit
Of swearing and leasing; such will not cease,
To say how they can Silver plate increase.
And ever they rayle with perjury;
Saying how they can Multiplie
Gold and Silver, and in such wise
With promise thei please the Covetise,
And Causeth his minde to be on him bett,
Then Falsehood and Covetise be well mett.
But afterwards within a little while
The Multiplier doth him beguile
With his faire promise, and with his fals othes,
The Covetise is brought to thread-bare clothes:
But if he can haftily be well aware,
Of the Multiplier and of his Chaffare,
Of whose deceipts much I can reporte,
But I dare not leaft I give comforte
To such as be disposed to Treachery;
For so much hurte mought come thereby;
Wherefore advise you and be wise,
Of them which proffer such servise.
If they had Cunning have ye no doubt,  
They woll be loath to shew it out:  
When such men promise to Multiplie,  
They compasse to doe some Villony, 
Some trew mans goods to beare awaye;  
Of such fellowes what shulde I saye?  
All such false men where ever thei goe,  
They shulde be punished, thei be not so.  
Upon Nature thei falsely lye  
For Mettalls doe not Multiplie;  
Of this Sentence all men be sure,  
Evermore Arte muft serve Nature.  
Nothing multiplieth as Authors sayes,  
But by one of theis two wayes,  
One by rotting, called Putrefaction,  
That other as Beasts, by Propagation;  
Propagation in Mettalls maie not be,  
But in our Stone much like thing ye may see.  
Putrefaction muft destroy and deface,  
But it be don in its proper place.  

Mettalls of kinde grow howe under ground,  
For above erth rust in them is found;  
Soe above erth appeareth corruption,  
Of mettalls, and in long tyme destruction,  
Whereof noe Cause is found in this Case,  
But that above Erth thei be not in their place.  
Contrariet places to nature causeth strife,  
As Fishes out of water losen their Lyfe:  
And Man, with Beasts, and Birds live in ayer,  
But Stone and Mineralls under Erth repaier.  
Physicians and Appoticharies fault appetite and will,  
To seech water flowers on a dry hill:  
For God hath ordeyned of his wifdome and grace,  
All things to grow in their naturall place.

Against
Against this doctrine some Men replie,
And say that Metalls doe Multiplie:
For of Silver, Lead, Tinn, and also Brass,
Some veyne is more, and some is lasse,
Or which diversitie Nature shulde cease,
If Metalls did not multiplie and increase;
Wherefore they say that reason sheweth nowe,
How that under Erth they multiplie and growe;
Why not then above Erth in vessells close and faire,
Such as shulde preserve them from Fire, Water and Aier?
Hereto we say this reason is but rude,
For this is noe perfect similitude;
For cause efficient of Mettalls finde ye shall
Only to be the vertue Mineral,
Which in everie Erth is not found,
But in certaine places of eligible ground;
Into which places the Heavenly Spheare,
Sendeth his beames directly everie yeare.
And as the matters there disposed be
Such Mettalls thereof formed shalld you see.
Few grounds be apt to such generation:
How shoulde then above ground be Multiplication?
Also all men perceyven that be wise,
How Water contealed with Cold is yse;
And before tyme it harded was
Some lay in more places and some in lasse,
As water in fosses of the Carte-wheel,
Were veynesmale whan they began to keele,
But water in ditches made veynes more,
For plenty of water that was therein froare.
Hereupon to say it were noe good advice,
That therefor of yse should multiply more yse.
Soo though there be of Mettalls veynes more and lasse,
It proveth not that they increase more then it was,
Alfo ye may truft without any doubt,
If Multiplying should be brought about:
All the ingredients must draw to simplicity,
And breake Composition as yearly ye may see:
For Multiplying of Herbes how Nature hath provided,
That all things joyned in the seede be divided:
Else stalks and leaves which virtually therein be,
May not come forth actually that eye mought them see.
But Metall holdeth his holle Composition,
When corrosive waters have made dissolucion:
Therefore synth yse is nerrer to simplicity,
Then is Metall, and maie not increased be,
Trewly ye maie truft as I said before,
How of one ounce of Silver, maie Silver be noe more.
Alfo nothing multiplyed shall ye finde,
But it be of Vegetative or of Sensitve kinde:
Where Mettalls be only Elementative,
Having noe seede, nether feeling of life;
Wherefore concluding all Multipliers must cease,
For Mettalls once Mettalls shall noe more increase;
Nathlesse one Mettall transmuted we finde,
Unto a Mettall of another kinde,
For propinquity of matter that in them was,
As it is knowne betwixt Iron and Brass.
But to make trew Silver or Gold is noe ingin,
Except only the Philosophers medicine.
Wherefore such leasings as Multipliers use,
Clerks reprove and utterly refuse;
Such art of Multiplying is to be reproved,
But holy Alchemy of right is to be loved,
Which treateth of a precious Medicine,
Such as trewly maketh Gold and Silver fine:
Whereof example for Testimonic,
Is in a City of Catilony.
Which
Which Raymond Lully, Knight, men suppose,
Made in seaven Images the trewth to disclose;
Three were good Silver, in shape like Ladies bright,
Everie each of Foure were Gold and did a Knight:
In borders of their Clothing Letters like appeare,
Signifying in Sentence as it sheweth here.

1. Of old Horshoes (said one) I was yre,
Now I am good Silver as good as ye desire.
2. I was (said another) Iron set from the Mine,
But now I am Gould pure perfect and fine.
3. Whilome was I Copper of an old red pann,
Now am I good Silver, said the third woman.
4. The fourth saide, I was Copper growne in the filthy
Now am I perfect Gould made by Gods grace.
5. The fift said, I was Silver perfect through fine,
Now am I perfect Gould, excellent, better then the prime.
6. I was a Pipe of Leade well nigh two hundred yeare,
And now to all men good Silver I appeare.
7. The seventh said, I Leade am Gould made for a Maiestrie,
But trewlie my fellowes are nerer thereto then I.

This Science beareth her name of a King,
Called Alchimus, without leasing:
A glorious Prince of most noble minde;
His noble vertues holpe him this arte to finde;
He searched Nature, he was nobil Clerke,
He left Extorcion, than sought and found this werke.
King Hermes alsoe he did the same,
Being a Clerke of Excellent fame;
In his Quadripartite made of Astrologie,
Of Physique and of this Arte of Alkimy,
And also of Magique natural,
As of four Sciences in nature passing all.
And there he said that blessed is hee
That knoweth things truly as thei bee.

And
And blessed is he that maketh due proofe,
For that is roote of cunning and roome;
For by opinion is many a Man
Deceived, which hereof litle kann.
An old Proverbe, In a Bushell of weeninge,
Is not found one handful of Cunninge:
With due proofe and with discreet assaye,
Wise men may leare new things every day.
By Cunninge, Men know themselves and every thinge;
Man is but a Beast and worse without Cunninge:
But little favour hath every Man,
To Science whereof he little can;
And little Cunning maketh men proud and wilde,
Sufficient Cunning maketh men full milde.
Nobil men now in manner have despighte
Of them that have to Cunning appetite:
But noble Kings in auncient dayes,
Ordained (as olde Authors saies,)
That the seven Sciences to learne and can,
Shulde none but only a Noble man;
And at the leaft he shulde be so free,
That he mought Studie with libertie;
Wherefore old Sages did them call
The seaven Sciences liberall:
For he that would leare them perfectly and well,
In cleere liberty he must dwell.
From worldly workes he must withdrawe,
That would lerne but Mans Lawe:
Much more the Worlde he must forsake,
Which many Sciences woulde overtake.
And for that cause Men may well see,
Why Cunninge men despised be.
Yet nobil Memory shall never cease,
Of him which Cunninge doth increase.
Hee which loveth Cunning, Justice, and Grace  
is set aside in many a place;  
But whoe to Courte bringeth in with guile,  
Profit, or present, he is the Man that while.  
Wherefore this Science and many Graces moe,  
Be lost and be departed all ye fro.  
And furthermore remember what I say,  
Sinn calleth fast for his ending day:  
Covetise and Cunninge have discorde by kinde;  
Who lucre coveteth this Science shall not finde;  
But he that loveth Science for her owne kinde,  
He may purchase both for his blessed minde.  
Of this chapter more I need not teach,  
For here appeareth what men may it reach:  
That is to remember only the trewe,  
And he that is constant in minde to pursue,  
And is not Ambitious, to borrow hath no neede,  
And can be Patient, not hasty for to speede;  
And that in God he set fully his trust,  
And that in Cunning be fixed all his lust;  
And with all this he leade a rightfull lyfe,  
Falshood subduinge, support no sinfull strife;  
Such Men be apt this Science to attaine.  
The Chapter following, is of Joy and paine.

CHAP. II.

Ormandy nurished a Monke of late,  
Which deceived Men of every state.  
But before that done he in his fantazie,  
Weened he had caught this Art fully.  
Such rejoicing thereof he had,  
That he began to dote and to be madde.
Of whose foyes (albeit they were smalle)
For an enfample I write this Tale.
This Monke had walked about in Fraunce,
Raunging Apostata in his plofaunce.
And after he came into this lond,
Willing Men should understand;
How that of Alkimi he had the grounde,
By a Boke of Receipts which he had founde.
In surety thereof he set all his minde,
Some nobil Acte to leave behinde;
Whereby his name should be immortall,
And his greate Fame in laude perpetuall.
And ofte he mused where to beginne,
To spend the riches that he shulde winn.
And ever he thought loe this I cann,
Where mought I finde some trusty Man,
Which would accorde now with my will,
And help my purpose to fulfill.
Then would I make upon the plaine
Of Salisbury glorious to be saine,
Fifteen Abbies in a little while,
One Abbie in the end of every mile.
Hereupon this Monke to me resorted,
Of trust (he faid) which men of me reported,
His foresaid mind he did to me tell,
And prayd me to keep his great Counsell.
I faid before an Image of Saint Fame,
That I would never disclose his name;
Yet I may write without all vice,
Of his desires that were fo nice.
When he had discovered his great Cunning,
He faid that he faughted nothing,
But a good meane for his folace,
To labour to the Kings good grace,
To get lycence of his estate,
And of his Lords mediate,
To purchase lond for the Abbies aforesaid,
For which all coste should be well paiied;
But yet he had great doubt and feare,
How to purchase, of whom, and where.
When I had heard of this great werke,
I searched (to wit) what manner of Clerke
He was, and what he knew of Schoole,
And therein he was but a Foole.
Yet I suffered, and held me still,
More to lerne of his lewd Will.
Then said I, it were a lewd thinge,
Such matter to shew unto the Kinge;
But if the prooue were reaſonable,
He would thinke it a foolifh Fable.
The Monke faide how that he had in fire,
A thing which shulde fulfill his desire,
Whereof the trewth within forty dayes,
I shulde well know by trew aflaies.
Then I faid, I would no more that tyde,
But forty dayes I faid I would abide.
When forty dayes were gone and paft,
The Monkes Crafte was cleane overcaft.
Then all his Abbies and all his thought,
Was turned to a thing of nought;
And as he came, he went full lewde,
Departing in a minde full shrewd:
For soone after within a little while,
Many trewe men he did beguile;
And afterwards went into Fraunce.
Loo! this was a pittifull chance,
That fiftenee Abbies of Religion,
Shulde in this wise fall to confusion.
Great wonder was what thing he meant,
And why he set all his intent
Abbies to build, then was it wonder,
Why nould he live Obedient under,
But be Apostata, and range about,
This blessed Science to finde out:
But as I wrote above in this Boke,
Let no Deceiver after this Science looke.

Another Example is good to tell,
Of one that trusted to doe as well
As Raymond Lally, or Bacon the Frier,
Wherefore he named himselfe saunc peere;
He was Parson of a little Town,
Not far from the City of London,
Which was taken for halfe a Leach,
But little cunning had he to Preach;
He weened him sure this Arte to finde;
His Name he would have ever in minde
By means of a Bridge, imagined in dotage,
To be made over Thames for light passage:
Whereof shulde grow a Common ease,
All the Countrey thereabout to please.
Yet though he might that warke fulfill,
It might in no wise suffice his will;
Wherefore he would set up in hight,
That Bridge for a wonderfull sight,
With Pinacles guilt shining as goulde;
A glorious thing for men to beholde.
Then he remembred of the newe,
How greater fame shulde him pursue,
If he mought make that Bridge so bright,
That it mought shine also by Nighte.
And so continue and not breake,
Than all the Londe of him would speake.
But in his minde ran many a doubt,
How he might bring that warcke about;
He trowed that Lampes with lights of fire,
Shulde well performe his nice desire;
Wherefore Lampes for that intent,
He would ordaine sufficient:
But then he fell in full great dreade,
How after the time that he were deade;
That light to find Men would refuse,
And chaunge the Rent to some other use.
Then thoughte he well is him that wiste,
In whom he mought set all his trust;
At the laste he thought to make the light,
For that Bridge to shine by nighte,
With Carbuncle Stones, to Make men wonder,
With duble reflexion above and under:
Then new thoughts troubled his Minde,
Carbuncle Stones how he mought find;
And where to find wise men and trewe,
Which would for his intent pursue,
In seeking all the Worlde about,
Plenty of Carbuncles to find out;
For this he tooke sowe micle thought,
That his fattflesh wasted nigh to nought:
And where he trusted without despaire,
Of this Science to have been heire,
When the yeare was fully come and goe,
His Crafte was lost, and thrift also;
For when that he tooke up his Glasse,
There was no matter for Goldne Brass:
Then he was angry and well neere wood,
For he had wasted away his good:
In this wise ended all his disporte,
What should I more of him report.

But
But that Lay-men and Clerks in Schooles,
Maie know the dotage of theis two foolcs,
Remember this example where ye goe,
For in such Mindes be trewlie many moe:
Theie lewdly beleev every Conclusion,
Be it never so false an elusion:
If it in boke written they may finde,
Theie weene it trewe, thei be so lewde of minde.
Such lewde and hasty confidence,
Causeth poverty and lewde expence.
Of truft of this Arte riseth Joyes nice,
For lewde hope is foolcs Paradice.
The trewe tought Children made this confession,
Lord without thee all is digression;
For as thou arte of our Science begininge,
Soe without thee may be noe good endinge.

As of the Joyes of this Arte ye have seene,
Soe shall ye now heare some deale of the Paine:
Albeit contrary to the appetite
Of them that hath to this Science delight.

The
The first Paine is to remember in minde,
How many seeken, and how few doe finde,
And yet noe Man may this Science wynn,
But it be taught him before that he beginn;
He is well lerned, and of full cleere witt,
Which by teaching can surely learne it:
Of many diversities he must be sure,
Which secreats woulde know of working Nature:
Yet teaching maie not surely availe,
But that sometime shall happ a man to faile;
As all that be now dead and gone
Failed before theie found our Stone:
One tyme or other, first tyme or lafte,
All Men failed till trew Practise were passe;
No Man sooner faileth in heate and colde,
Then doth the Master which hafty is and boulde:
For noe Man sooner maie our Worke spill,
Then he that is presuminge his purpose to fulfill:
But he that shall trewlie doe the deede
He must use providence and ever worke with dreade;
For of all paines the most grevious paine,
Is for one faile to beginn all againe.

Every man shall greate Paine have
When he shall first this Arte covet and crave,
He shall oft tymes Chaunge his desire,
With new tydings which he shall heare;
His Councell shall oftentimes him beguile,
For that season he dreadeth noe subtile wile:
And oftentymes his minde to and fro,
With new Oppinions he shall chaunge in woe:
And soe long tyme continue in Phantasie,
A greate adventure for him to come thereby:
Soe of this Arte be ye never so faine,
Yet he must taste of manie a bitter paine:
Of Paines yet I must shewe more,
Against your appetite though it be full sore:
It is greate Paine, as all wise-men gesse,
To witt where a trewe Master is;
And if ye finde him, it will be Paine,
Of his trewe love to be certeyne.
Forasmuch as noe Man maie teach but one,
Of the making of our delicious stone;
And albeit yee finde him that will ye teach,
Yet much trouble and paines may ye reach;
For if your minde be verteously set,
Then the Devil will labour you to lett.
In three wises to let he woll awaite,
With Haste, with Despair, and with Deceipte:
For dreade of Vertue which ye maie doe,
When ye shulde atteyne this grace unto.
The first perill aforesaide is of Haste,
Which causeth most destruction and waste;
All Authours writing of this Arte,
Saye haste is of the Devils parte:
The little Boke writ of the Philosophers feast,
Saith, omnis festinatio ex parts diaboli est:
Wherefore that Man shal soonest speede,
Which with greate Leasure wisely woll proceede;
Upon assay ye shall trewly knowe
That who most hasteth he trewly shalbe flowe:
For he with haste shall bringe his warke arrear,
Sometymes a Moneth, and sometymes a whole Yeare
And in this Arte it shall ever be soe,
That a hafty Man shal never faile of woe:
Alsoe of haste ye may trewly be sure
That she leaveth nothing cleane and pure;
The Devil hath none so subtrill wil
As with hastinesse you to beguile;

Therefore
Therefore oft tymes he will assault,
Your minde with hast to make default;
He shall finde grace in Towne and Land,
Which can hastines all tymes withstand:
I say all tymes, for in one pointe of tyme,
Haste may destroy all your engine;
Therefore all haste eschewe and feare,
As if that she a Devil were.
My witt trewly cannot suflice,
Haste sufficiently for to despise;
Many Men have byne cast in greate care,
Because thei would not of haste beware:
But ever call upon to see an end,
Which is temptation of the Fende:
Noe more of haste at this present,
But blessed be ever the Patient.

When with Haste the Feind hath noe availle,
Then with Despaire your mind he will assaile;
And oft present this Sentence to your minde,
How many seeken, and how few maie finde,
Of wiser Men then ever were yee:
What suretie than to you maie be?
He woll move ye to doubt also
Whether your Teacher had it or noe;
And also how it mought so fall,
That part he tought you but not all;
Such uncertainty he woll cast out,
To set your minde with grevous doubt;
And see your Paines he woll repaire
With wann hope and with much Despaire;
Against this assault is no defence,
But only the vertue of Confidence:
To whome reason shulde you leade,
That you shall have noe cause to dreade.
If you wisely call to your minde
The vertuous manners, such as you finde
In your Master and your Teacher,
Soe shall you have noe neede to feare;
If you consider all Circumstances about,
Whether he taught you for Love or for Doubt;
Or whether Motion of him began,
For it is hard to trust such a Man:
For he that profereth hath more neede
Of you, then you of him to speede.
This wise certainly ye maie well win,
Before that you your warkes do begin;
When such certaintey ye truly have,
Fro Dispaire ye maie be sure and save.

But who can finde such a Master out,
As was my Master, him needeth not to doubt:
Which right nobil was and fully worthy laude,
He loved Justice, and he abhorred fraude;
He was full secrete when other men were lowde,
Loath to be knowne that hereof ought he Could;
When men disputed of Colours of the Rose,
He would not speake but kepe himselfe full close;
To whome I laboured long and many a day,
But he was solleyn to prove with straight assaye,
To search and know of my Disposition,
With manifold proofes to know my Condition:
And when he found unseigned fidelity,
In my greate hope which yet nothing did see,
At laft I conquered by grace divine
His love, which did to me incline.
Wherefore he thought soone after on a tyde,
That longer delays I ne shulde abide;
My manifold letters, my heavie heart and cheere,
Moved his Compassion, thei perced him full neere:
Wherefore
Wherefore his Penn he would noe more restraine,  
But as heere followeth soe wrote he againe.

My very trusty, my deere beloved Brother,  
I must you answer, it may be none other;  
The tyme is come you shall receive this Grace,  
To your greate comfort and to your solace:  
Your honest desire with your greate Confidence,  
Your Vertue proved with your Sapience;  
Your Love, your Trewth, your long Perseverance,  
Your stedfast Minde shall your Desire advance:  
Wherefore it is neede that within short space,  
Wee speake together, and see face to face:  
If I shulde write, I shulde my fealty breake,  
Therefore Mouth to Mouth I must needes speake;  
And when you come, mine Heier unto this Arte  
I will you make, and fro this londe departe.  
Ye shall be both my Brother and myne Heier,  
Of this greate secreete whereof Clerkes despaire:  
Therefore thanke God which giveth this renowne,  
For it is better then to were a Crowne:  
Next after his Saints, our Lord doth him call  
Which hath this Arte to honour him withall:  
Noe more to you at this present tyde,  
But haftily to see me, dispose you to ride.  

This Letter receiving, I hafted full sore,  
To ride to my Master an hundred miles and more;  
And there Forty dayes continually;  
I learned all the secreats of Alkimy:  
Albeit Philosophy by me was understonde,  
As much as of many other in this Londe;  
Nethles fools which for their Science sought,  
Ween that in forty dayes it wilbe wrought.  
Betweene Forty dayes warke now ye may see,  
And Forty dayes lerninge is greate diversitie;
Then darke doubts to me appeared pure,
There found I disclosed the Bonds of Nature:
The cause of Wonders were to me sore faire,
And so reasonable, that I could not dispaine.
If your Master and ye resemble all aboute
My good Master and me, than have ye no doubte.

The third impediment deceit we call,
Amongst other to me the worst all;
And that is of Servaunts that should awaite
Upon your warke, for some can much deceit.
Some be negligent, some sleeping by the fire,
Some be ill-willd, such shall let your desire;
Some be foolish, and some be over bold;
Some keepe no Counsell of Doctrine to them tould;
Some be filthie of hands and of sleeves,
Some meddle strange Matter, that greatly greeves;
Some be drunken, and some use much to jape.
Beware of thes if you will hurt escape,
The Trew be foolish, the Witty be false;
That one hurts me Sore, that other als:
For when I had my warke well wrought,
Such stale it away and left me nought.
Then I remembring the cost, the tyme, and the paine,
Which I shulde have to begin againe,
With heavie hearte farewell adieu said I;
I will noe more of Alkimy.
But howe that chaunce befell that Season,
Few men would it beleve by reason:
Yet Ten persons be witnes trew all
How that mishapp did me befalle,
Which might not be only by Man,
Without the Devil as they tell can.
I made also the Elixer of life,
Which me bereft a Merchanta's wife:
The *Quintessens* I made also,
With other secrets manie moe,
Which sinfull people tooke me fro,
To my greate paine and much more woe:
Soe in this worke there is no more to laine,
But that every _joy_ is medled with his _paine._

**OF Paine there is a little yet behinde,**
Which is convenient to be had in minde;
That fell upon a blessed Man;
Whereof the trewth report I cann.
Thomas Daulton this good man height,
He servd God both day and night,
Of the Red Medicine he had greate Store,
I trowe never English man had more.
A _Squier_ for the body of King Edward,
Whose name was Thomas Harbert,
Tooke this Daulton against his desier,
Out of an _Abbie_ in Gloucefter-shier,
And brought him in presence of the King,
Whereof Deluis had some tiding,
For Daulton was whilome Deluis's Clerke;
Deluis disclosed of Daulton's werke.
Deluis was Squier in confidence
With King Edward oft in his presence.
Deluis reported that in a little stounde,
How Daulton had made to him a thousand pound
Of as good Goulde as the Royall was,
Within halfe a daye and some dele lasse;
For which Deluis sware on a Booke.
Then Daulton on Deluis cast his looke,
And said to Deluis, Sir you be forswore,
Wherefore your hert hath cause to be sore.
Of nothing said he, that I now have told,
Witnes our Lord whom _Judas_ should.
But once said Deluis I sware to thee, 
That thou shouldst not be uttered by me; 
Which I may breake well I understand, 
For the Kings weale and for all his Lande. 
Then said Daulton full soberlie, 
This answer voydeth no perjury. 
How should the King in you have Confidence, 
Your untrewth confessed in his presence. 
But Sir said Daulton to the Kings Grace, 
I have bin troubled oft in many a place 
For this Medicine greviouly and fore, 
And now I thought it should hurt me no more: 
Wherefore in the Abbie where I was take, 
I cast it in a foule and Common lake 
Going to the River which doth ebb and flowe, 
There is destroyed as much riches nowe, 
As would have served to the Holy land, 
For twenty thousand men upon a band. 
I kept it longe for our Lords blessed sake, 
To helpe a Kinge which that journey would make. 
Alas Daulton then saide the Kinge, 
It was fowly don to spill such a thinge. 
He would have Daulton to make it againe, 
Daulton said it might not be certeine: 
Why (said the Kinge) how came ye thereby? 
He said by a Channon of Lichfield trewly, 
Whose workes Daulton kept dilligently, 
Many yeares till that Channon must dye. 
And for his service he said in that space, 
The Cannon gave him all that thereof was; 
The Kinge gave to Daulton Marks foure, 
With liberty to goe where he would that houre. 
Then was the Kinge in his herte fore, 
That he had not knowne Daulton before.
And ever it happneth without leasinge,
That Tyrants be full nigh to a Kinge.
For Herberte lay for Daulton in waight,
And brought him to Stepney with deceipte.
The servaunts of Herbert the mony tooke away
Which the King gave to Daulton that day.
And after Herbert carried Daulton farr,
From thence to the Castle of Gloucester,
There was Daulton prifner full longe,
Herbert to Daulton did mickle wronge:
Fro thence he had him to prifon fast
To Troy, till foure yeares were nigh past,
And after he brought him out to dye,
Daulton to death obeyed lowly,
And said Lord Jesue blessed thou be,
Me thinks I have byne too longe from thee.
A Science thou gavest me with full greate charge,
Which I have kept without outrage.
I founde noe man yet apt thereto,
To be myne Heyer when I am goe:
Wherefore (sweete Lord) now I am faine
To resigne this thy guift to thee againe.
Then Daulton made devout prayers, and still
With smiling cheere he said now doe your wil.
When Herbert sawe him so glad to dye,
Then ran water from Herberts Eye:
For Prifon ne Death could him not availe
To winn this Arte, his Crafte did him faile.
Now let him goe said Herbert than,
For he shall never hurt ne profett man.
But when Daulton from the block should rise,
He looked forth in full heavie wise,
And so departed with full heavie cheere,
It was not his will to live one yeare.
This was his paine as I you tell,
By men that had no dread of hell.
Herbert dyed soone after in his bed,
And Deluis at Teuxbury lost his head;
This wise greate paine, as you may see,
Followeth this arte in every degree.
Here lost the king all his intent,
For Herbert was proude and violent,
Soe nobil a man to oppresse with pride,
And like a felon he leade and guide;
Where that by goodness patience and grace,
There might have growen full great solace,
As well to the king, ye may understand,
As for th'ease of commons of this londe;
But wonder not that grace doe not fall,
For sinne reygneth in this londe over all.
Lye here was grace full ready at honde,
To have ceased taxes and tallages of this londe;
Whereby much love and grace would have be,
Betweene knight-hood priest-hoode and comminaltie.
Here ye maie see how vicious violence
Maie not purchase the vertue of sapience:
For vice and vertue be things contrary,
Therefore the vicious maie not come thereby;
If Vicious men mought lerne this science,
They would therewith doe wondrous violence:
And with Ambitiousnesse grow evermore
Worse of Conditions then they were before.
Now is this chapter of joy and paine gone,
The chapter following sheweth matters of our stone.
ON file was a labourer in the fire:
Three score years and more to win his desire:
Brian was another, with Holton in the Weste,
These were ever busie, & could practice with
But yet this science they never founde, (the best:
For they knew not the Matters, ne the Grounde,
But rummled forth, and evermore they sought,
They spent their lyfe and their goods to nought;
Much losse, much cost, much anguish they bought,
Amonge their Receipts which they had wrought:
Then made Tonfile to me his great complainte;
With weeping Teares he said his heart was fainte;
For he had spended all his lusty dayes
In fals Receipts, and in such lewdle assayes;
Of Herbes, Gommes, of Rootes and of Graffe,
Many kindes by him assayed was,
As Crowesfoote, Celondine and Mizerion;
Vervaine, Lunara, and Martagon:
In Antimony, Arslenick, Honey, Wax and Wine;
In Haire, in Eggs, in Merds, and Urine;
In Calx vive, Sandifer, and Vitriall,
In Markasits, Tutits, and every Minerall;
In Malgams, in Blanchers, and Citrinacions,
All fell to nought in his operacions:
For he considered not how he did rage,
When to God's proportions he layde surcharge:
After all this, he thought nothing so good,
To worke upon as shulde be mans Blode;
Till that I said how blode would waste and fume;
In mighty fire, and utterly consume.
For Christ his love then saide he teach me,
Whereof the substance of our Stone should be:

Tonsile (said I) what shulde it you avayle
Such thing to know : your lims doth you faile
For very Age, therefore ceafe your lay,
And love your Beades, it is high time to Praye;
For if you knew the Materialls of our Stone,
Ere you could make it your dayes would begone.
Thereof no charge good Master said he,
It were sufficient Comfort now to me
To know the trewe Materialls without wronge
Of that Stone which I have sought soe longe :

Tonsile (said I ) It is noe litle thinge,
Whereof you would have trewe tydinge;
For many Auctors write of this doubt,
But none of them sheweth it Cleerly oute:
For Auctors which of this Arte doe write,
Besought God (as witnesseth Democrite,)
That he unpained would fro this Worlde take
Their Soules whom he tought Bokes thereof to make;
For greatly doubted evermore all suche,
That of this Science they may write too much;
Every each of them tought but one pointe or twayne,
Whereby his fellowes were made certayne;
How that he was to them a Brother,
For every of them understoode each other;
Alsoe they wrote not every man to Teache,
But to shew themselves by a secret Speache :
Trust not therefore to reading of one Boke,
But in many Auctors works ye may looke;
Liber librum apparit faith Arnold the greate Clerke,
Anaxagoras said the same for his werke:
Who that slothfull is in many bokes to see,
Such one in Practice prompt shall never be;
ORDINALL.

But Tonsile for almes I will make no store
Plainly to disclose it that never was done before,
By way of answer for your recreation,
If ye can wisely make Interrogation.
Good Master (saide he) then teach me trewly,
Whether the matters be Sol or Mercury?
Or whether of Sol or Lune it maie be,
Or whether I shall take them all three,
Or Sol by it selfe, or Mercury alone,
Or Sulpher with them, for matters of our Stone?
Or whether I shall sal Almoniack take,
Or Mineral meanes, our Stone thereof to make?

Here be many questions Tonsile, said I,
Wisely remembred and full crafily;
You name it not yet but onely in generall,
For you must take some deale of theis things all;
Of these and of other you must take a parte,
One time or other to minifter this Arte:
Many things helpeth to apt our Stone,
But two be Materialls, yet our Stone is one;
Betweene which two is such diversitie,
As betweene the Mother and the Childe may be:
An other diversitie betweene them find ye shall,
Such as is found betweene Male and Female:
Theis two kindes shall doe all your service,
As for the White worke (if you can be wise;) One of thes kindes a Stone ye shall finde,
For it abideth fire as stones doe by kinde:
But it is no Stone in touching ne in sight,
But a subtill Earth, browne, roddy, and not bright:
And when it is separate and brought to his appearage,
Then we name it our grounde Litharge.
First it is browne, roddy, and after some deale white,
And then it is called our chosen Markasite:
One ounce thereof is better than fifty pound;
It is not to be found in all Christian ground;
But he that would have it he shall be faine
To doe it make, or take himselfe the paine:
But one greate grace in that labour is faine,
Make it once well and never more againe.
Olde fathers called it thinges of vile price,
For it is nought worth by way of Marchandise:
Noe man that findeth it wold beare it away,
Noe more then thei would an Ounce of Claye;
Men will not beleev that it is ot high price,
No man knoweth it therefore but he be wise.
Here have I disclofes a greate secret wonder,
Which never was writ by them which been-erth under.

A nother Stone Tonsile you must have withall,
Or else you sawte your cheefe Materiall;
Which is a Stone gloriousse saier and bright,
In handling a Stone, and a Stone in sight;
A Stone glittering with perspecuitie,
Being of wonderfull Diaphanitie;
The price of an Ounce Conveniently,
Is twenty shillings or well neere thereby:
Her name is Magnetia, few people her knowe,
She is founde in high places as well as in lowe;
Plato knew her property and called her by her name,
And Chaucer rehearsed how Titanos is the same,
In the Channons Yeomans Tale, saying what is thus,
But quid ignotum per magis ignotius:
That is to say, what may this be,
But unknowne by more unknowne named is she;
Nethles Tonsile now I will trewlie teach
What is Magnetia to say in our speache:
Magos is Greeke, Mirabile in Latine it ys,
Aes is Money, yco Science, A is God ywisse.
That is to say it is such a thing,
Wherein of Money is wonderous divine Cunninge,
Now here you may know what is Magnetia,
Res aris in qualiter scientia divinaque mira.
Thes two Stones Tonsile ye must take
For your materialls, Elixir if ye make.
Albeit the first tyme materialls be no more,
Yet many things helperth as I saide before.
This secreete was never before this daye
So trewly discovered, take it for your praye;
I pray God that this turne not me to Charge,
For I dread fore my penn goeth too large:
For though much people perceive not this Sentence,
Yet subtill Clerks have too much Evidence;
For many Clerks be so cleere of witt,
If thei had this ground, thei were sure of it;
Where our Lord hath ordaine that no man it finde,
But only he that is of verteous minde:
Wherefore olde Fathers Covered for great reason,
The Matters of our Stone disclosd at this season.
Other Materials ye shall none take,
But only thes two oure white stone to make;
Except Sal Armoniack with Sulphur of kinde,
Such as out of Mettals ye can finde;
Theis two woll abide to fulfill your desire,
The remnant will void when thei come to fire;
Sulpher woll brenn and chaunge Colours faft,
But our Litharge abiderth first and laft:
Ye may not with mettals or Quicksilver beginn,
To make Elixir if you intend to winn:
Yet if you destroy the whole Composition,
Some of their Compounds will help in Conclusion;
And that is nothing Els of that one or that other,
But only Magnetia and Litharge her Brother.
the gross Warke now I wil not spare,
Though it be secrete, largely to declare:
To teach you the trewth is myne intente,
As far forth as I dare for Gods Com-

I will informe and guide you in the way,
In such wise as you may finde your praye:
If you consider how the partes of Werkes,
Be out of Order set by the old Clerks.
As I saide before, the Masters of this Arte,
Every each of them disclosed but a parte:
Wherefore though ye perceived them as ye woulde,
Yet ye cannot order and joyne them as ye shulde.
Arnold sheweth in his writinge,
How our finall secret is to know the thinge
Whereupon our worke shulde take her grounde,
And how pure Natures & simple may be found:
In this Boke begining multipharie,
He faith in our grounded Matter two kindes be,
But how to find them he kept that in store,
Ye have their Names the last Chapter before.
Freer Bacon disclose more of that pointe,
When he said, Departe ye every joynte
In Elementa propinguac: take good heede thereto;
But unwise Doctours never worken soe,
But headly they proceed as men well nigh madd,
To the Matters divisible moe Matters they adde:
Soe when thei weene to bringe forth a Flower,
They doe nothinge but multiply Errour.
There cese Bacon, and soe doe other such,
For very dread leaft they shulde shew too much.

Avicen
Avice in Porta wrote, if ye remember,
How ye shulde proceede perfection to ingender,
Trewly teaching as the pure trewth was,
Comedas ut bibas, et bibas ut Comedas,
Eate as it drinketh, and drinke as it doth eate,
And in the meane season take it a perfect sweate.
Rasis set the Dietary and spake some deale farr,
Non tamen comedat res feestinanter,
Let not your Matters eate over haftilie,
But wisely consume their foode leasurelie.
Hereof the Prophet made wondrous mention,
Yf ye applie it to this intention.
Visitasti terram, & inebriasti eam,
Multiplicasti locupletare eam
Terram fructiferam in salsuginem,
Et terram sine aqua in exitus aquarum.
If it I have plenty of Meate and of Drinke,
Men must wake when they defier to winke:
For it is laboure of watch and paines greate.
Also the Foode is full costly meate;
Therefore all Poore men beware said Arnold,
For this Arte longeth to greate men of the worlde.
Trust to his words ye Poore men all,
For I am witnes that Ioe ye finde shall.
Esto longanimis & suavis said he,
For hafty men th'end shall never see.
The lengthe of clensing of Matters infected,
Deceyveth much People, for that is unsuspected.
Wherefore Poore men put ye not in preale,
Such wonders to seech, but in season cease.
Excesse for one halfe quarter of an howre,
May destroy all: therefore cheefe tuccoure
Is Primum pro quo, & ultimum pro quo non,
To know of the limperinge of our Stone.
ORDINALL.

Till it may noe more simper does not cease,
And yet longe Continuance may not cause increase.
Remember that Water will bubble and Boyle,
But Butter must simper and also Oyle.
And soe with longe leasure it will waste,
And not with bubling made in haste:
For doubt of perrills many more then one,
And for supergression of our stone.
Amongst grosse Workes the fowleft of all
Is to clarifie our means Minerall.
Extremities may not be well wrought,
Without many Means wisely sought.
And everie Meane must be made pure,
If this worke shulde be made sure.
For foule and cleane by naturall lawe
Hath greate discord, and soe hath ripe and rawe.
Stedfast to stedfast will it selfe combinde,
And fleeting to fleeting will drawe by kinde:
And ever where as the Concordance is more,
Natures will drawe that were elswhere before:  
This grosse Worke is fowle in her kinde,
And full of perrills as ye shall it finde.
No mans witt can him soe much availe,
But that sometyme he shall make a fayle.
As well as the Lay-man soe shall the Clerke,
And all that labour the grosse werke:
Whereof Anaxagoras said trewlie thus,
Nemo prima fronte reperitur discretus.
And once I heard a wise man say,
How in Catilonia at this day,
Magnetia with Minerall meanes all,
Be made to sale if ye for them call,
Whereby the honds of a cleanly Clerke,
Shall not be filled about so soule a yerke.
And longe tyme sooner your Worke I understonde, 
Shulde be farr onward before honde. 
For if you shulde make all things as I cann, 
Ye might be weary before your worke begann. 
The Philosophers warke doe not begin, 
Till all things be pure without and within. 
We that must seeke Tincture moft specious, 
MUST needely avoyd all things vild and vicious. 
Of manifold meanes each hath his propertie, 
To doe his Office after his degree: 
With them hid things be out fett, 
Some that will helpe and some that would lett. 
Our Appoticaries to dresse them can no skill, 
And we to teach them have no manner of will: 
Whereof the cause trewly is none other, 
But that they will counterfaid to beguile their Brother, 
Rather then they will take the paine 
Thereto belonging, ere they should it attaine: 
It is there use whereof my hert is sore, 
Much to desire and little to doe therefore. 
Who would have trewe warke he may no laboure spare, 
Neither yet his Purfe, though he make it bare: 
And in the Grosse Warke he is furthest behinde, 
That daily desireth the end thereof to finde. 
If the grosse warke with all his Circumstance, 
Were don in three yeares, it were a blessed chance: 
For he that shall end it once for certeyne, 
Shall never have neede to begin againe, 
If he his Medicine wisely can Augment; 
For that is the Mastrie of all our intent. 
It needeth not to name the meanes Minerall, 
For Albert writeth openly of them all. 
Much I might write of nature of Mynes, 
Which in this Grosse Warke be but engines;
For in this Warke finde ye nothing shall,
But handie-craffe called Arte Mechanicall:
In an hundred wayes and moe,
Ye maie committ a faulte as ye therein goe.
Therefore beleev what olde Auctors tell,
Without Experience ye maie not doe well.
Consider all Circumstances, and set your delight
To keepe Uniformity of all things requisite.
Use one manner of Vessel in Matter and in Shape,
Beware of Commixtion that nothing miscape.
And hundredth faultes in speciall,
Ye maie make under this warning generall.
Nethles this Doctrine woll suffice,
To him that can in Practise be wise.
If your Ministres be witty and treu,
Such shall not neede your warkes to renew.
Therefore if ye woll avoyde all dreade,
In the Groffe Warke doe by my read:
Take never thereto no Houfhold-man,
Thei be soone weary as I tell cann;
Therefore take noe man thereto,
But he be Waged, however you doe;
Not by the Moneth, as nigh as ye maie,
Ne by the Weeke, but by the Daye:
And that your Wages be to their minde,
Better then thei elsewhere can finde;
And that thei neede not for Wages sue,
But that their Payment be quick and trewe;
For that shall cause them to love and dreade,
And to their Warks to take good heede,
For doubt least thei be put awaye,
For Negligence of them in one daye:
Houfhold-men woll not doe soe,
From this Warke therefore let them goe.
If I had knowne this, and had done soe,
I had avoyded mickle woe.
Alsoe in this Warke must be Liberty,
Without impediment, in eyerie degree,
With divers Comforts paynes to release
Of labours continuall which maie not Cease;
Els anguish of Labour and Melancholly,
Mought be Cause your Warkes to destroy.
Of the grosse Warke it needes to shew noe more,
For old men have tought the remnant before;
And what is necessary that thei laft out,
This Boke sheweth it without doubt.
Wherefore this little Boke the Ordinall,
Is in Alkimy the Complement of all;
The Chapter following convenient for a Clerke,
Sheweth the Counsell of the subtill Werke.
RISE by Surname when the change of Coyne was had,
Made some Men sorry, and some Men glad:
And as to much people that change, Seemed a newe thinge and a strange;
Soe that season befell a wonderous thinge,
Tuching this Science without leasinge.
That three Masters of this Science all
Lay in one Bed nigh to Leaden-Hall,
Which had Elixirs pure of White and Red,
A wonder such Three to rest in one Bed,
And that within the space of dayes Ten,
While hard it is to finde One in Millions of Men.
Of the Dukedome of Loraine one I understand
Was borne, that other nigh the Midle of England,
Under a Cross, in the end of Shires three,
The third was borne; the youngest of them is he.
Which by his Nativity is by Clerks found,
That he shulde honour all English ground;
A Man mought walke all the World aboute,
And faile such Three Masters to finde oute;
Twayne be fleeting, the Youngest shall abide,
And doe much good in this Londe at a Tyde.
But sinne of Princes shall let or delaye
The Grace that he shulde doe on a daye.
The eldest Master chaunted of him a Songe,
And said that he shulde suffer much wronge.
Of them which were to him greatly behould,
And manie things moe this Master tould,
Which fith that tyme hath trewly befall,
And some of them hereafter shall,
Whereof one is trewlie (said he)
After Troubles great Joy shalbe
In every quarter of this Londe,
Which all good Men shal understonde:
The Younger asked when that shulde be,
The old Man said when Men shal see
The holy Crosse honored both day and night,
In the Lond of God in the Lond of Light;
Which maie be done in right good seafon,
But long delayed it is without reason:
When that beginneth note well this thinge,
This Science shal drawe towards the Kinge;
And many moe Graces ye maie be boulde,
Moe then of us shal now be told;
Grace on that King shal descend,
When he ould Manners shal amende:
He shal make full secreate search,
For this Science with doulced speeche;
And amonge the Solitary,
He shal have tidings certainly.
So sought King Kalid of manie Men,
Till he met with Morien,
Which helped Kalid at his neede,
His Vertues caused him to speede.

Nowe of such Matters let us cease,
And of the suttill Warke rehearse;
Greate need hath he to be a Clerke,
That would perceiue this suttill Werke.
He must know his first Philosophie,
If he tryst to come by Alkimye:
And first ye shal well understonde,
All that take this Werke in honde;
When your materialls by preparation,
Be made well apt for Generation,
Then they must be departed a twin,
Into four Elements if you would to winn:
Which thing to do if you can,
Goe and lerne it of Hortolan.
Which made his Boke of that Doctrine,
How you shulde part the Elements of Wine.
Moreover you must for your succour,
Know the effects of the qualities power;
Called Heate, Colde, Moisture, and Drines,
Of which power all things compounded is;
And this in this Arte your chief desire
Is to have Colour which shulde abide fier,
Ye must know before you can that see,
How everie Colour ingendred shall be,
For every Colour whiche maie be thought,
Shall here appeare before that White be wrought.
Yet more ye would have to this summe,
Swifely to melt as Wex or Gumme:
Else mought it not enter and perce
The Center of Mettalls as Authors reheare;
Soe ye would have it both fix and flowe,
With Colour plenty if ye wist howe;
Such three Contraries joyntly to meeke
In one accord is a greate Secret.
Nethles he that is cleere of Minde,
In this Chapter maie it well finde;
And first to give you a short Doctrine,
Of the aforesaid qualities prime:
Heate, and Cold, be qualities Active
Moisture, and Drines, be qualities Passive;
For they suffren the Actives evermore,
As Stones to be Lyme, and Water to be Froare.
Hereupon to Judge, ye maie be bold,
Nothing is full wrought but by Heate and Cold;
Nethles the Passives have some Activity,
As in Handicrafts men ye maie daily see;
In Bakinge, and Brewinge, and other Crafts all,
Moisture is operative and soe Drines be shall.
Aristotle in his Phisicks and other manie moe,
Said ab actionibus procedit speculatio;
They said that Practice is roote and beginning,
Of Speculation and of all Cunning;
For the properties of every thinge,
Be perceaved by their working;
As by Colours of Urins we may be bold
To give sentence of Heate and Colde;
By thes aforesaid foure qualities prime,
We sceche Colours with length of tyme;
Of White Colour we be not full sure,
To sceche it but in a substance pure:
Greate Doctrine thereof lerne now ye maie,
When ye know how Colours growe all day.

Colour is the utmost thinge of a Body cleere,
Cleere substance well termed is his matter here;
If Heate hath maiftery in matter that is drye,
White Colour is ever thereof certainly;
As it appeareth in sight of brest Bones,
And in making of all Lyme Stones.
Where Cold worketh in matter moist & cleere,
Yet of such working Whitnes woll appeare:
As it sheweth in Ice and Frofts hore,
The cause is set out in Philosophie before:
I write not here of common Philosophie,
But by example to teach Alkimey;
That one maie be perceived by that other,
As is the Child perceived by the Mother.
If Heate in moyft matter and grosse withall,
Warke, thereof Black Colour ingender shall;
Example hereof if ye of me desire,
Behold when you fee green Wood set on a fire;
When Cold worketh in matter thick and drye,
Black Colour shall be, this is the cause whie;
Such matter is compac ted and more thick,
With Cold constreyning, enimy to all quick,
Thicknes made Darknes with privation of Light,
Soe Colllour is private, then Black it is to Sight,
Therefore evermore remember this,
How cleere matter is matter of Whitenes;
The cause efficient maie be manyfold,
For somewhat it is Heate, and sometime Cold:
But Whire and Black, as all men maie see,
Be Colours contrary in most extremitie:
Wherefore your warke with Black must beginn,
If the end shulde be with Whitenes to winn.

The midle Colour as Philosophers write,
Is Red Colour betweene Black and White:
Nethlesse trust me certainly,
Red is laft in work of Alkimy.
Alfoe they say in their Doctrine,
How theis two Colours Rufe and Citrine,
Be meane Colours betweene White and Red,
And how that Greene, and Colour wan as Lead,
Betweene Red and Black be Colours meane,
And freshest Colour is of matter moft Cleane.

Physitians in Urines have Colours Nynteene,
Betweene White and Black as thei weene;
Whereof Colour underwhite Subalbidus is one,
Like in Colour to Onychyne Stone:
Of such like Colour Magnetia found is,
But Magnetia glittereth with Cleerenes:
In our suitill warke of *Alkimy*
Shall be all Colours that hath beeene seen with Eye:
An hundreth Colours more in certeyne,
Then ever hath beene seene in *Wyne*.
Wherein so manye Colours mought not be,
But if our *Stone* conteyned every degree,
Of all Compositions found in warke of kinde,
And of all Compositions imaginable by minde.
Of as manie Colours as shall therein be saine,
So manie graduations your wisdome must attaine:
And if you knowe not such graduations all,
Lerne them of *Raymond* in his *Atre Generall*.

*Gilbert Kymer* wrote after his devise,
Of 17. Proportions, but thei maie not suffice
In this *Science*, which he coude never finde;
And yet in *Phisick* he had a nobil minde.
When the royalty of the nature of Man,
Advanceth ofte Medicines of the Phisitian:
And so honoreth oft times his Crafte,
When that the Medicines peradventure mought be lafte;
But it is not so in Phisick of *Mines*,
For that *Arte* exceedeth all other engines:
And resteth only in the wisdome of Man,
As by experience wise men witnes can.

And soe of *Alkimy* the trew foundation,
Is in *Composition* by wise graduation
Of Heate and Cold, of Moift and of Drye,
Knowing other Qualities ingendered thereby;
As hard and soft, heavy and light,
Rough and smoothe, by ponders right,
With Number and Measure wisely sough,
In which three resteth all that *God* wrought:
For *God* made all things, and set it sure,
In Number Ponder and in Measure,
Which numbers if you doe change and break,
Upon Nature you must doe weave.
Wherefore Anaxagoras said Take good heed,
That to Conjunction ye not proceed,
Till ye know the Ponders full compleate
Of all Components which shulde therein meete.
Bacon said that old Men did nothing hide,
But only Proportion wherein was noe guide:
For none old Author, King, Prince, ne Lord,
Writing of this Science with others did agree:
In the Proportions, which if ye would reach,
Raymond, with Bacon, and Albert, done it teach,
With old Anaxagoras, of them four ye shall
Have perfect knowledge, but not of one have all:
And if you would joyn four Qualities to intend,
Then must ye Conjoyne every Element:
As Water and Erthe after your desire,
Well compounded with Ayer, and Fier:
Knowing the worthiest in his activity,
The second, the third, every each in his degree,
The fourth, and the vilest maie not be refused,
For it is profitable and best to be used;
And best maie extend his Multiplication,
In whom is the virtue of our Generation;
And that is the Erthly Lytharge of our Stone,
Without him Generation shall be none;
Nether of our Tincture fixation,
For nothing is fast but Erthe alone;
All other Elements moveable be,
Fier, Ayer, and Water, as ye daily see:
But Fier is cause of extendibility,
And causeth matters permiscible to be;
And cleere brightnes in Colours faire.
Is caused of kinde evermore of Ayer,
And Ayer also with his Coaction,
Maketh things to be of light liquefaction:
As Wax is and Butter, and Gummes all,
A little heate maketh them to melt and fall:
Water cleanseth with ablation blive,
And things mortified causeth to revive.
Of multiplying of Fier is no greater wonder,
Than is of multiplying of Erth set under:
For Erth beareth Herbes daily new and newe,
Without number, therefore it is trewe
That Erth is wonderfull as well as Fier,
Though one sparke maie soone fill a Sheere:
If all a Sheere were filled with Flaxe,
One sparke than would wonderfully waxe:
Fier and Erth be multipliers alone,
And thei be causers of multiplying our Stone.
Of this Erth showeth Albert our great Brother,
In his Mineralls, which Lytharge is better than other.
For the white Elixir he doth it there rehearse,
And the booke of Meeter showeth it in a verse.

Now to Conjunction let us resorte,
And some wise Counsell thereof reporte:
Conjoyne your Elements Grammatically,
With all their Conords conveniently:
Whiche Conords to healpe a Clerke,
Be cheefe Instruments of all this werke:
For nothinge maie be more contrary nowe,
Than to be fixt and unperfectly flowe:
All the Grammarians of England and of Fraunce,
Cannot teach you this Concordance:
This Ordinall telleth where ye maie it see,
In Phisick in the Boke de Arbore.

Joyne
Joyne them also in Rhetorical guise,
With Natures Ornate in purified wise.
Sithens our Tincture must be most pure and faire.
Be sure of pure Erth, Water, Fier and Ayre.
In Logical wise be it early or late;
Joyne true kindes not sophisticate;
Ignorance hereof hath made many Clerks,
Lewdly to lose their labour and their werkes.
Joyne them together also Arithmetically,
By suitfull Numbers proportionally.
Whereof a little mention made there was,
When Boetius said in numeris elementa ligas.
Joyne your Elements Musically,
For two causes, one is for Melody:
Which there accords will make to your mind,
The true effect when that ye shall finde.
And also for like as Diapason,
With Diapente and with Diatesseron,
With ypate ypaton, and Lecanes muse,
With other accords which in Musick be;
With their proportions causen Harmony,
Much like proportions be in Alkimy,
As for the great Numbers A&uall:
But for the secrete Numbers Intelle&uall;
Ye must seeche them as I said before,
Out of Raymond and out of Bacons lore.
Bacon sheweth it darkly in his three letters all,
And Raymonde better in his Arte Generall.
Many men weene which doth them reade,
That theie doe understande them when theie doe not.
With Astrologie joynge Elements also, {indeed}.
To fortune their Workings as theie goe:
Such simple kindes unformed and unwrought,
MUST craftily be guided till the end be sought.
All which reason there have more obedience,
Above formed Natures to Stem's influence.
And Science Perspective giveth great evidence,
To all the Ministers of this Science.
And so done other Sciences manie moe
And specially the Science de Pleno & Vacuo,
But the chiefe Mistres among Sciences all,
For helpe of this Arte, is Magick Naturall.

When the foure Elements wisely joyned be,
And every-each of them set in his degree,
Then of divers degrees and of divers digestion,
Colours will arise towards perfection.
For then worketh inward heate naturall,
Which in our substance is but Intellectual:
To fight unknowne, hand maie it not seele,
His working is knowne to few Men and seild;
And when this heate naturall moved be shall
By our outward heate artificiall,
Then Nature excited to labour will not cease,
Many diversities of degrees to increase.
Which is one cause by reason you maie see,
Wile in our warke so manie Colours be:
Therefore it causeth in this Arte great doubt,
Ignorance of heate within and without,
To know how theis two heates shulde accord,
And which of them in working shulde be Lord.

Digestion in this warke hath great likenes.
To digestion in things of Quickeens:
And before other (as I witnesse can)
It is most like to digestion of Man.
Therefore said Marien, our Stone in generation
Is most like thing to Mans Creation,
In whom faith Raymond the foure degrees all
Of the foure Complexions together finde ye shall,
And that actually, which ye cannot finde
Amongst Creatures in none other kinde.
Wherefore amonge Creatures theis two alone
Be called Microcosmus, Man and our Stone.
Now of Digestion the aliment and foode
Perfectly to know is needfull and full good.
It is humor solid constant with siccitie,
Mightily medled after some degree,
In opposite passives mixed duly,
Ingendered by inward and outward heat trewly.
Soe nothing else is our Digestion,
But of humour substantiall a create perfection.
I pray ye Laymen have me excused,
Though such Tearmes with you be not used,
I must use them, for all Authors affirmes,
How every Science hath his proper Tearmes.
Digestion sometimes advanced maie be
By outward cold, as yearly ye maie see
How in Winter men eaten more meate
Than in Summer, when expanded is their heate;
For colde maketh heate inward then to flye,
And ligge nigh together, then stronger is he;
Which by his strength his power is more
To make Digestion than he mought before.
But our cheefe Digesture for our intent,
Is virtuall heate of the matter digerent;
Nethles heate of the digestible thinge,
Helpeth digestion and her working;
Feaverly heate maketh no digestion,
Baines maie helpe and cause also destruction.
Wine digested hath more heate naturall,
Than hath new Muste, whose heate is accidentall.
Ordinall.

Coagulation is noe forme substantiall,
But onlie passion of things materiall.

More ye must know, when Colours appeare,
Who is principall Agent in that matter Cleere.
For sometimes it is Heate, and sometimes Cold it is,
And sometime Moysture, and sometime Drines.
The principall Agent to know at every season,
Requireth great search made by suttill reason:
Which is not perceived but of Masters fewe,
For theye mark not how Colours arise by rewe:
The principall Agent of the qualities fowre,
Hath power royall as Lord of most honour
The remnant of qualities to Converte to his kinde,
Of which conversion Anaxagoras maketh minde.
In his Boke of Conversions Naturall,
Whereof Raymond sheweth causes speciall:
It is no Jape neither light to lerne
Your principall Agent all seasons to discerne:
Which I teach you to knowne by signes fowre,
By Colour, Odour, Sapor and Liquore.

And first by Colour to serve your intente,
To know thereby your principall Agent.
Looke in your Vessel which Colour sheweth most,
He that causeth him is principall of the host:
As for that season, whose pride ye maie swage,
By this our Doctrine, if ye see him rage:
Which ye maie doe when ye well understande,
The cause of all Colours which ye have in honde.
Which I woll teach you now shortly withall,
Bycause here and there seeke them ye ne shall:
Whitnes is caused of manie matters cleere,
In another thing terminated, and soe it isheere;
Blacknes
Blacknes is when parts of a body darke, 
With thickness oppresseth the cleerness of the Warke; 
Or else it is of a Combust terrestrietie; 
But of such Combustion great hardnes shall be; 
And by Commixion of Darke Cleere and Cleane, 
Shall be ingendered all the Colours meane: 
Every cleere thinge perspicuate and fayre, 
Standeth by the matters of Water and Aire, 
Whome a pure Erth doth apprehend, 
Such as shall not their cleerenes offend; 
And if in such cleerenes and perspicuitie, 
Ye can noe speciall Colour see, 
Thereupon to Judge you maie be bold, 
The cause of such things was exceeding Colde: 
As Christall, Berill, and other things moe, 
Diversitie betweene them lerne ere ye goe; 
Christall hath Water declyning toward Ayer, 
Wherefore it is cleere, perspicuous and faire; 
But where it declineth towards Water more, 
It is darke as Berill or Ice hard frore; 
But when matters draweth toward Siccitie, 
Darknes with hardnes ingendred shall be; 
As it appeareth in the Adamant Stone, 
And in other things manie one. 
Twinckling and glittering as in Magnetias, 
Light is cause thereof within matter of Cleerenes; 
Which is superduced upon waterly vapour, 
Before tyme incenced with Heate be ye sure; 
Now after cleerenes and Colours in extremitie, 
Of meane Colours a little shew will I. 
Ruby colour is of a thinn fume succended 
In a cleere Body, which alfoe is amended 
When in that Body reyneth plenty of light, 
For more or les thereof maketh more or les bright:
As the *Amatist* followeth the Ruby in dignity,
In less Cleerenes and more Obscuritie:
And a *Calcedonie* in Slymy substance,
Followeth the *Berill* in degrees of variance.
*Greene* as a *Smaragde* is of Water cleere,
With Erthy substance Combust mixt full neere:
And the cleerer substance that the Erth be,
The clearer greenness thereof ye shall see.
*Tawney* is of Cleerenes terminate,
Infused with thick Fumosity congregate
Of Water, and alsoe of Erth succended,
Whereby the cleerenes of Aier is suspended.
*Wann* or leady Colour ingendred is
Of Waterie and Erthy parts without amisse;
And where such parts be cold and thick,
Ever Wann Colour theron shall stick;
As it appeareth in old layen Lead,
And in Men that be wellneere dead:
This Wann Colour called Lividitie,
In Envious Men useth much to be;
Naturall heate and blood done resorte,
To the Hert, them to comfort,
And leaveth Cold and Dry the Face,
For heate and blood is parted fro that place.
Likewise when Fevers be in extremitie,
The Nailes of Hands of this Colour wilbe.
The *Saphire* Colour, that Orient Blewe,
Like in Colour to the heavenlie hue,
Is much fairer than Wann Colour to fight,
For therein is more of Aier Water and Light
Than is in Wann Colour, and that by manifold,
Wherefore such Colour is more deeerer solde;
All other *Blewes* the fadder that they be,
Thei have lesse of Aier and more of Terrestriety.
Silver to Azure soone broght will be;
The cause thereof is perspicuitie,
Which is in Silver caused of Ayer,
Wherefore it turneth to hevenly Colour faire;
And Quicksilver plenty within him is,
Causeth in Silver all this brightnes:
Subtler Erth, pure Water, with cleerenes of Air,
Causeth such brightnes to Quicksilver to repaire.

Citrine Colour Yellowe as ye see in Gould,
Is Colour most liking for some men to behould:
Caused of mighty and strong digestion,
For humor in him have strong decoction;
Such Colour with Heate ingendred be shall,
As it in Honey, Urine, Lye, and Gall:
The shining of Gould is caused as I tell,
Of pure and subtile Water terminated full well,
Perspicuously condensed; for Water pure and fine,
The more it is Condensed, the better it woll shine;
For of a Mirrour the cause none other is,
But moisture terminated, as all Clerks gesse,
Soe that it be polible withall;
For Aier Figures receive never shall;
For Aier maie not be terminate in his kinde;
So cause of shining in Water ye shall finde.
With White and Red well medled pure and fine:
Woll be ingendred faire Colour Citrine.
Soe divers Comixtions of Elements,
Maketh divers Colours, for divers intents:
With divers Digestions, and divers degrees,
All Colours be made which your Eyen sees.
Of Elements ye must the proper Colour lerne,
Whereby of Colours ye maie better discerne;
Phisitians faie of good Herbs and soote,
Some be colde outward and hot within the roote;
Example hereof if ye list to gett,
Behold the working of the gentle Violet:
Common Philosophie the cause doth disclose,
Whie colde is within and red without the Rose:
Anaxagogas said in his Coverfions naturall,
Inward and Outward be contrary in things all,
Which is trewe except such things as be
Of little composition, and nigh simplicitie;
As is Scammonye, and Lawrell the Laxative,
Which be not nourishing to vegetative.
Remember how in every mixt thinge,
Evermore one Element desireth to be Kinge:
Which proude appetite of Elements and vicious,
Moveth men to be Ambitious:
Wherefore our Lord that best dispose cann,
Hath made Ordeynance for sinfull Man,
All proude appetites to equalitie to bringe:
When Requiem eternam the Church shall singe,
Than shall everie ambitious thought,
Plainely appeare how that it was nought:
Lords, and Beggars, and all shall be
In the Charnell brought to equalitie.
Your Principall Agent fo rebate shall ye,
When he usurpeth above equality;
Therefore Aristotle said Compound ye our Stone
Equall, that in him repugnance be none;
Neither division as ye proceede;
Take heede thereto, for it is greater neede;
And when it falleth that ye shall see
All Colours at once that named maie be;
Than suffer Nature with her operation,
At her owne leasure to make Generation:
Soe that amonge so manie Colours all,
Nature maie shew one principall:
Such as shall draw towards your intent,
According to your desired Element.
   This wise by Colours yee maie provide
How in your workes yee shall yee guide.
Manie moe things of Colours I maie write,
But this is sufficient my promise to acquite,
As farr forth as Colours maie serve your intent,
By them to know your principall agent.
But manie Clerks wonder why you may see
Soe manie Colours as in our Stone woll be;
Before that perfect White and Cleere,
And unchaungeable woll appeare,
Considering the fewnes of the ingredients;
I woll that answer to please their intents,
And teach them the trewth of that greate doubte.
By kinde of Magnesia such Colours passe out,
Whose nature is of such Convertibilitie,
To everie proportion, and to everie degree,
As Chriftall to his Subject is founde;
For of everie thing that is upon the grounde,
Which that ye woll Chriftall set under,
Such Colour hath Chriftall, therefore ceafe to wonder:
Wherefore Hermes said not untruly ne Envious,
Ad perpetranda miracula rei unius:
God hath so ordeyned faith Hermes the Kinge,
To fulfill the miracles of one thinge:
Common Philosophers thereof cannot finde
The vertues of our Stone exceeding far their minde.

S Melling maie helpe forth your intente,
To know your reigning Elemente;
And be with Colour a Testimony,
To know your principall Agent thereby;
And ye which would by smelling lerne
Of your principall Agent trewly to discerne.
As White, and Black, be Colours in extremitie,
Soe of Odors, foote and ftinking be:
But like as Fishes know not by fight
Noe meane Colours, because their Eyne bright
Have none Eyelidds for their fight closinge,
Soe meane Odors shall not by smellyinge
Be knowne of you, this is the cause whie,
For Nostrills be open as the fishes Eye:
Therefore meane Odors be not in certaine
Smelled by the Nose, as meane Colours be seenne.
Heavie Smell is not as Clerks thinke
The midle Odor, but only the lesse Stinke.
Old Fathers wrote by their Doctrine,
Of their Experience which is maturine,
That if ye medle sweete Savour and redolente
Equally with ftinking to prove your intent;
The foote shall be smelled, the ftinking not soe;
The cause ye may lerne now ere ye goe;
All sweete smelling things have more puritie,
And are more spirituall than ftinking maie be:
Wherefore it is in Aier more penetrative,
And is more extendible, and is alsoe to life
More acceptable, as friend to Nature,
And therefore rather received be ye sure.

Odor is a fmokeish vapour resolved with heate,
Out of substance, by an invisible sweate,
Which in the Aier hath free entringe,
And chaungeth the Aier and your Smellinge;
As Sapor of Meates chaungeth your Tastinge,
And as Sounds chaungeth your Hearinge,
And as Colour chaungeth your Sight,
Soe Odor chaungeth Smelling by might.
The cause of Odours to know if you delight,
Four things thereto be requisite;
First that sutil matter be Obedient
To the working of Heate, for to present
By a sume the likeness of the same thinge,
From whence that sume had his beginninge;
Also to beare forth that pure sume and faire,
There is required a cleere thinn Aier:
For thick Aier woll not beare it far;
But it woll reteyne it much faster;
And soe thick matter Obedience hath none,
To the working of Heate, as it sheweth in Stone:
Heate maketh Odours, Cold shrinketh, by reason
Dunghills in Summer stink more than in Winter season;
Pleasant Odours engendered be shall
Of cleane and Pure substance and fumigale,
As it appeareth in Amber, Narde, and Mirrhe,
Good for a Woman, such things pleaseth her;
But of Pure substance with a Meane heate,
Be temperate Odours, as in the Violet;
Of a Meane heate with substance Impure,
Is Odours misliking, as Aloes and Sulphure:
But when Naturall heate beginneth to spill,
Then thereof ariseth heavie smell;
As Fishe smelleth that is kept too longe,
Naturall heate rotteth, soe the smell is stronge;

Stinch is a Vapour, a resolved fumostie
Of things which of Evill Complexions be.
And when Humor onlie is in Corruption,
Soo that the Substance be not in Destruction,
Thereof shall onlie heavie smell arise,
But not verie Stinch come in that wise.
Of everie Stinch the cause of that Chaunce

Is
ORDINALL.

Is only corruption of the selfe substance;
And when Evill substance shall putrifie,
Horrible Odour is gendred thereby:
As of Dragons and Men that long dead be,
Their stench maie cause greate Mortalitie.
It is not wholesome to smell to some Cole,
For quenching of some Snuffe a Mare woll cast her Foale.
When the Qualities of a thing according is
To your Nature, good Odour will not misse:
But when the substance is contrary to your kinde,
The Odours thereof odious you shall finde.
Fishes love Soote smell, also it is trewe,
Thei love not old Kydles as thei doe the new.
All things that are of good Odour,
Have naturall Heate for their succour;
Though Camphire, Roses, and things colde,
Have soote Odours, yet Auctors tould,
How Heate virtually inclosed is the skel,
With Purenes of substance, whie they so smell:
This olde opinion you maie teach your Brother,
How noe good Odour is contrary to another;
But it is not soe of stinking smells,
For stinch of Garlick voydeth stinch of Dunghills.
Of Odours this Doctrine is sufficiente,
As in Alkimy to serve your intente,
Your Warks to understonde thereby,
When things begin to purrifie;
Alsome by Odours this you maie lerne,
Suttilnes and grofnes of Matters to discerer:
Alsome of Meane substance knowledge ye may get,
With knowledge of Corruption of Naturall heate;
And knowledge of Diversitie by good attendance,
When Humour corrupteth and when the Substance.
But our Substance was made so pure and cleane,

And
And is conserved by vertue of the meane,
That ye no stinke thereof shall finde,
Albeit that it putrifie fro his owne kinde.

The third signe and the third Testimony
To understand your principall Agent by,
Is Sapor called, of Mouth the Taste,
Which evermore is cause of waste
Of the substance of the same thinge
Whereof ye make proofe by Tastinge
Sapor shulde be much better Judge
Then Colour or Odour, and more refuge,
Were not Taste a perillous thinge,
While our Stone is in workinge;
For it is hurting to health and life,
It is so greatly penetrative;
Above all subtil things it hath Victory,
And percieth solid things hastily,
Wherefore it is perill and not good,
Much or oft to Taste of that foode:
It Comforteth Mettalls as we well finde,
But it is Perillous for all Mankinde,
Till perfect Red thereof be made,
Such as in Fier woll never fade.
A lewde Man late that served this Arte,
Tasted of our white Stone a parte,
Trusting thereby to find releefe
Of all stinke and of all greefe,
Whereby the Wretch was soudenly,
Smit with a strong Paralysie;
Whom my Master with great Engine,
Cured with Bezoars of the Mine.
Therefore though Taste by Common reason,
Shulde be best judge at every season,
Yet for that Taft is abominable
Sapor is here not profitable.
Yet of some parts separable,
A Taft may well be Convénable
Before Conjunctions to make assay,
Whether they be well wrought or nay;
Howbeit a Wiseman hath helpe sufficient,
By Colour and Odour to have his intent:
For many Men can choose good Wine,
By Colour and Odour when it is fine;
But for new Wine not fined in general,
The true Taft is most suertie of all;
For Smelling hath Organalls but one,
Nothing discerning but fumous things alone;
But Taft hath six Organalls without doubt,
To feel quality of things within and without,
Which Nature ordain'd against peril and strife,
For more suertie of things having life:
An Ape chooseth her Meate by Smelling,
Men and Popinjays trusten to Tafting:
For many things be of good Smell,
Which to Taft be found full ill:
For they may be abominable fower,
Over-sharpe, too bitter, or of great honour,
Or Venamous, flinking, or over-stronge,
The Taft is judge and voideth such wronge.
Old men wrote in antient time,
How that of Sapers there be fully Nyne;
Which ye may learn in halfe an hower,
As Sharpe taft, Unctuous, and Sower,
Which three doe suftill matter signifie;
And other three doe meane matter testifie,
As Bitinge taft, Saltish and Weerish also,
Other three come thicke substances fro,
As Bitter taft, under Sower, and Douce;  
Thees Nyne be found in manie a Noble House;  
Five of these Nyne be ingendred by Heat,  
Unctuons, Sharpe, Salt, Bitter, and Doulcet;  
But of the Nyne the remnant all fower,  
Be made with cold, as is the Sapor Sower,  
And fo is Sowerish taft called Sapor Pontick,  
And leffe Sower allfo called Sapor Stiptick,  
Also is Weerish taft called Unfavoury,  
With Cold ingendered effectually.  
Sapor of two things hath his Conception,  
Of divers Substance and of divers Compleion.

Of Hot and Moyft in the Second degree,  
With a Thick substance, Doulcet Taft will be;  
The same degrees of the same Compleion,  
To a Meane substance knit by connexion,  
Uncuous Sapor ingender ever shall;  
But where it is Hott and Dry withall,  
With a Meane substance in the Second degree,  
The Taft thereof must needs Saltith be;  
When a thing in the Third degree Hot and Dry is,  
With a Substance Thick, there is Bitternes;  
But in the Fowerth degree matter Hot and Dry,  
With a Suttill substance, Sharpe Taft is thereby;  
So five Tafts, as I said before,  
Be ingendered with Heat, and not one more.  
Of Cold and Dry in the Second degree by kinde,  
With a Suttill substance, full Sower ye shall it finde;  
As by Faces of People ye maie Deeme,  
When thei taft Crabs while thei be greene:  
The same Compleion in the same degree,  
In a thing which of Meane substance shall be,  
Of that is ingendred ye maie well suppose,
A Bitinge Tast as is of the Roafe,
But Sower, and Sowriff, and least Sower, all three
Be of Cold and Dry in High and Low degree:
And Cold and Moyft in the First degree of all,
A Weerish Tast ingender ever shall,
As of an Egg it showeth in the glaere,
And in pale Women over White and Fayer:
For such be Cold, and of Humidirye
Theri have trewly greate superfluity,
Therefore to Men theri have leffe delight;
Cold rebateth luxurious appetite.
Isaac said there be but Tastes seaven,
For Sower and leffe Sower was one but uneven,
But in Complexion theri were of one foundation,
For Unflavoury was but of Tast privation;
Compound Tastes be found also,
As Doulce Eger and others manie mo;
So by Tast men maie Craftily know
Divers complexions and degrees high and low;
And when ye doubt by Tast to make report,
Than to your other testimonies refort.
As in Phisicke trust not to Urine
Onely, but also take witnes and Doctrine
Of your Pulses, and wisely considering
Six things not naturall the Body concerning,
Having respect also therewithall,
Unto these Seaven things naturall;
And take heed if ye woll be sure,
Of Three things contrary to nature:
Compleat theis Sixteene wisely to your ground,
A lewd Phisition leaft that ye be found:
For so of (had I wist) ye maie beware,
And helpe the Sick man from his care:
So fo this Science if ye woll advaunce,
Your works, take heed of everie Circumstance,
Wisely Considering your testimonyes tower,
Three be now passed, the fowerth is Liquor.

Liquor is the Comfort of this Werke;
Liquor giveth evidence to a Clerke.
Thereby to fasten his Elements,
And also to loose them for some intents;
Liquor conjoynth Male with Female Wife,
And causeth dead things to resorte to Life;
Liquors clenseth with theire ablution,
Liquors to our Stone be Cheefe nutrition;
Without Liquor no Meate is good;
Liquors conveyeth all Aliment and Food
To every part of Mans Body,
And so thei doe with us in Alkimy.
Ye must consider the purtie
Of all your Liquors and quantitie;
And how thick thei be or thinn,
Or else thereof shall ye litle winn;
But not as Phisitons maketh mention;
For Elixir is a thing of a second intention;
Wherefore ye shall more Wondrous natures find
In his working, than in all other kind;
Phisitons say the thicker Urine be,
The more it signifieth Humidity,
Where thick Liquor with us hath siccity,
And futilill Liquor betokneth Humidity:

Manie Liquors be requisit
To our Stone for his appetite.
In the Booke of Turba Arisfens deposed,
How Ayre in Water was secreatly inclosed,
Which bare up Erth with his Aierly might.
Pithagoras said that was spoke with right.
Aristotle craftilye his words set he,
Saying, cum habueris aquam ab Aere.
Plato wrote full sapiently,
And named it stilla roris madidi:
Which was kindly spoken for Alkimy.
But common Students in first Philosophie,
Say Ayre condensed is turned into Raine,
And Water rarified becomes Ayre againe.
Some said how May was first seafon and faire
To take such Water as is made of Ayre.
Some said such Waters come heaven fro,
When the Sunn entereth into Scorpio.
Some said all Liquors shulde be refused,
Which Frost infected shulde not be used:
The cause whie as telleth Autors old,
Is that their accuity is dul'd with cold.
Some Philosophers said that ye shulde take
Milke for the Liquor Elixir to make:
And other sort said after their intent,
No Liquor so good for the Complement,
As Water of Litharge which would not misse,
With Water of AZot to make lac virginis:
But Democrit said best Liquor to present,
Elixir withall was Water permanent:
Whose naturall vertue and propertie,
Was fier to abide and never to flye:
Rupiscissa said that cheefe Liquor
Was Aqua-vita Elixir to succour;
For she was spirituall, and would revive
Dead things fro death to live,
Shee was Quintessence, the fift thing,
Whereof Aristotle by his writing
In his Boke of Secrets faith soe,
How that all perfection was *in quinario*.

*Kupiscissa* called it best Liquor of all,
For it maketh grosse matter spiritual:
But of *Pithagoras* ye maie finde,
Our *Aqua-vita* of another kinde;
He faith it was *Viviscans* in his sentence,
*Fac fugiens fixum & fixum fugiens*,
For in such wise with strong \*Coaction,\*
Fixt matters were made of light liquefaction.
Another sort said no Liquor was above
The Liquor which Congers most defier and love:
Therefore such Liquors are best found,
Nigh to Islands, and to such ground
Which the Ocean Sea hath compassed about,
For there such Liquors be soonest fet out.
Of another Liquor wise men tell,
Which is fresher than Water of the Well;
Fresher Liquor there is none in tast,
Yet it wold never consume ne waste;
Though it be occupied evermore,
It will never be lesse in store;
Which *Democrit* named for his intent,
*Lux umbrae carens*, Water mosst Orient;
*Hermes* said no Liquor so necessarie,
As was Water of crude Mercury:
For he shall stand said that Noble Clerke,
For the Water within our werke.
Now lerne ye which for this *Science* have sought,
By all these Liquors our *Stone* must be wrought.

*Liquor* is a thing moveable,
Of fleeting substance and unstable.
All such things follow the *Moone*;
More then standing kindes doone;
ORDINALL.

And that appeareth to a Clerke,
In working of the white Werke;
Liquors washen and maken cleane
Both Extremities and the Meane;
God made Liquors for Mans use,
To clenfe foule things in everie howse;
Liquor bringeth without doubt,
Hidden things in Bodyes out,
As Landres witnes evidently,
When of Ashes thei make their Lye;
Liquor comforteth the roots of Grave,
And of Trees such as drye was;
For Liquors of Nature woll restore
Humors that were lost before.
Liquors departeth Qualities asunder,
Substance resolving in Attomes with wonder;
Liquors also bringeth into one
Many things to be one Stone.
Liquors helpeth to flux and to flowe
Manie things, and lerne ye maie now
How Liquor is in manie manners found
Out of things that be on the ground,
Some by cutting, as Turpentine;
Some with Pressing, as Sider and Wine;
Some with grinding, as Oyle is had;
Some with stilling, as Waters be made;
Some with Brenning, as Colophonie;
And some with Water, as Women make Lye;
Some be otherwise brought about,
And by naturall working set out,
As Urin, Sweat, Milk, and also Blood,
And Renniet which for Cheese is good:
By as manie manners and moe by one,
We seek Liquors for our Stone.
Every of the forenamed wull cleave
To that thei touch, and some deale leave:
But Quicksilver albeit it is fleeting,
Yet he wull never cleave to any thinge,
But to a Mettall of one kinde or other,
For there he findeth Sister or Brother.
Medling with suttill Erth doth him let,
To cleave to things such as he meet:
All the said Liquors which rehearsed be,
Conteyne fower Elements as well as he;
As Milke conteyneth Whey, Butter, and Cheese,
So done trewly every-each of all these:
Which fower maie be departed a twinn,
And after conjoynd to make ye winn.
But much more craftily they be heere soughed,
Then Cheese, and Butter, and Whey be wrought;
And drawe neerer to simplicitie,
Then Cheese, Butter, or Whey maie be.
Of all Liquors which be in our Stone,
None is called simle but Water alone.
Of every Liquor which to our Stone shall goe,
Ye must know complexion and degree allso,
And than with Liquor ye maie abate
The principall Agent from his Estate,
If he permanent and abiding be,
In any point of superfluitye:
As if the reigning qualitie be Driness,
Ye maie amend it with humour of Moistnes.
Now more, now lesse, as ye see need,
And so in all qualities proceede:
And in such wise order at your will,
The principall Agent, your purpose to fulfill:
With knowledge of diversity, contrarietie, and accord,
Ye maie chuse which quality shall be Lord.

Your
Your Liquors be ordained to add and subtray,
To make equalitie by wisdome of assay;
But trust not that any thing maie be
Hot and Moift both in one Degree:
For all that trust two qualities to be foe,
Shall be deceived where ever thei goe.
Common Schooles (so teaching) be not true,
Leave that Opinion, and lerne this of new
All Old men in that were overseene,
To set in one degree anie qualities twaine:
Else thei said so that Schollers shulde not finde
The secret mixtures of Elementall kind.
Therefore who cannot his graduations,
Maie not be perfect in our operations:
For in true Number God made every thing;
Without true Number no Man trulie maie sing;
Who faileth of his Number faileth of his Song,
Who faileth with us must doe Nature wrong.

Consider also the nature of the meane;
When it is in the Third degree made cleane;
The purer that your meanes be,
The more perfection thereof ye shall see.
The meane reteyne a great part
Of the vertues of this Arte:
For the Principle maie not give influence
To the Finall end, neither the refluence
Unto, his Principall without succour and aid
Of meanes conteyning the extremities aforesaid:
For like as by meanes of a treble Spirit,
The Soule of Man is to his Body knit,
Of which three Spirits one is called Vitall,
The second is called the Spirit Naturall.
The third Spirit is Spirit Animall,

And
And where they dwell now lerne ye shall:
The Spirit Vitall in the Hert doth dwell,
The Spirit Naturall as old Authours tell
To dwell in the Liver is thereof faine,
But Spirit Animall dwelleth in the Braine:
And as long as these Spirits three
Continue in Man in there prosperitie:
So long the Soule without all strife
Woll dwell with the Body in prosperous life,
But when these Spirits in Man maie not abide,
The Soule forthwith departeth at that tide:
For the suitfull Soule pure and immortall,
With the grosse Body maie never dwell withall,
He is so heavie, and She so light and cleane,
Were not the suitilnesse of this Spirit meane.
Therefore in our worke as Authours teach us,
There must be Corpus Anima & Spiritus:
Also in our worke ye shall so finde,
That our meanes must accord in every kinde
Of both extremities with wisdome sought,
Els all our worke shall turne cleere to nought:
For prudent Nature maie not by workinge,
Make Complement of appetite of a thing,
And so passe betweene extremities,
But if the first passe by all degrees
Of everie meane, this is truth unfained,
Wherefore Nature manie meanes ordained.

Now after all this to lerne ye had need,
Of seven Circulations of Elements for your speed,
According to number of the Planets heaven;
Which no man knoweth but he have grace from heaven.
Old Philosophers, men of great engine,
Said how of Circulations there shulde be Nine;
It is the surer to doe by their advice,
Nethles Seaven maie your worke suffice,
By inventions late found of new,
Of later Philosophers whos workes be trewe.
But for Circulations of Elements,
Some Clerks ween to have their intents.
When they fro Fier ordaine to descend,
To Aire (thei ween not to offend)
If thei to Water doe then proceed,
And thens to Erth when thei see need,
And in such wise by order fall,
From the highest to the lowest of all:
Upon these words they tooke their ground,
That Aer est cibus ignis found.
But trust me that such Circulation,
Is but only a rectification,
Better serving for separation,
And for correction than for transmutation
But the truth is that appetite of the Fier,
Hath to worke in Erth his cheefe desire,
As upon his cheefe foode materiall,
For Fier with Erth hath most concord of all;
Because that siccitie is the lyme of heate,
But Ayre of her kind is most wet;
Yet Fire without Ayre worketh not,
For Faces of Elements be knit with a knot
Of Gods hand that they maie not depart,
By noe engine ne craft of Mans art;
As in Plomps ye have example faire,
Where heavie Water ariseth after Ayre,
Whereof noe cause reasonable ye shall finde,
But Connexion of faces of Elementall kinde.
But our Circulation is from Fier on high,
Which endeth with Water his most contrary.
Another Circulation beginneth with Ayre, Ending with his Contrary cleane Erth and faier. Fro Fier to Erth, fro thence to Water cleane, Fro thence to Ayre, then fro thence by a meane, Passing to Erth, then eftfoones to Fier, To such Circulations the Red worke hath desire. Other Circulations be better for the White, That be rehearsed for her appetite. Every Circulation hath her proper season, As her lightnesse accordeth with reason. For as one Planet is more ponderous Then is another and floower, in his course: So some Circulations which Clerks seekes, Must for her time have full thirtie Weeks; Other Circulations shall oft time have lesse, As one Planet is lighter then another was: But the time of one with another will amount To twenty six Weekes proved by accompt. After all grosse workes made before hand, And after all Circumstances had I understaund No ignorance hereof deceiveth manie a Man, Causing them to ceafe where Wisemen began. Common People which for this Science have sought, Ween how in forty dayes it mought be wrought. They know not how Nature and things of Arte, Have a proper time assigned for their part, As it appeareth by this Similitude, The Elephant for that she is great and rude, Goeth with Foale yeares full twayne, And fifty yeares ere that Foale gender againe. Anaxagoras said in his Consideration, That Mettals had for their generation A thousand Yeares, wherefore him lift to say, In respect thereof our Worke is but one Day.

Alfoe
Also ye must worke by good advice,
When ye see Erth above Water rise;
For as Water beareth Erth which we goe on,
So woll it doe in working of our Stone:
Wherefore Well-springs with strokes soft,
Soberly make ye must in tymes oft;
Whereby Water maie soberly flowe,
For violent Fluxes be perilous as nowe.

Moreover it healpeth in Alkimy
To know seaven Waters effectually:
Which be Coppyed with manie a Man,
While, thei be common seeke them as ye can,
Desire not this Boke to show things all,
For this Boke is but an Ordinal.
By those Waters men Weene in mind
All faults to amend of Metaline kinde;
Also thei weene of the Elements fower,
The effects to weene by their succour:
For thei suppose with confidence unfeined,
That all Vertues requisit in them be conteyned;
Some to molifie Mettalls hard wroght,
And some to harden Mettalls that be soft,
Some to purifie, some to make malleable;
Everie-each according that he was able,
Such Liquors to know it is profitt and good,
Howbeit thei maie not to our Stone be food:
Noble Authors men of glorious fame,
Called our Stone Microcosmus by name:
For his composition is withouten doubt,
Like to this World in which we walke about:
Of Heate, of Cold, of Moyst and of Drye,
Of Hard, of Soft, of Light and of Heavy,
Of Rough, of Smooth, and of things Stable,
Medled with things fleetinge and moveable,
Of all kinds Contrary brought to one accord,
Knit by the doctrine of God our blessed Lord:
Whereby of Mettalls is made transmutation,
Not only in Colour, but transubstantiation,
In which ye have need to know this thing,
How all the vertues of the Elements transmuting,
Upon the transmuted must have full domination,
Before that the substance be in transmutation;
And all partes transmuted must figured be
In the Elements transmuting impressed by degree.
So that the third thinge elemented of them all,
Of such condition evermore be shall.
That it trewly have it maie be none other,
But her Substance of that one, and her Vertue of that
A Child at his Nativitie can eate his meate and cry,
Our Stone at his Nativity woll Colour largly.
In three years after a Child can speake and goe,
Then is our Stone more Colouring also.
One upon a Thoufand his tincture trewly is,
Of clean washen Mettall I am trew witnes,
Fastiely (believe it) and fully in your thought,
It maketh good Silver as of the Myne is wrought;
And also our Stone woll augment and increase,
In quantitie, and qualitie, and thereof never cease;
And therefore his growing and augmentation,
Is likened to Man in waxing and creation.
Nathles one pointe of trewh I woll reporte,
Which to some Men maie be discomforte;
At the first making of our Stone,
That time for winninge looke for none;
If ye then cease, I understande
Ye shall departe with loosinge hand,
The Costs be so great before.
Ordinall.

Expended and set upon the score;
But at the first augment of all
Which tyme our Stone depart ye shall
In parts twaine full equally,
With subtill ballance and not with Eye:
One for the Red, that other for the White,
To mainteyne both for your delight;
Then winning first beginneth to arise:
But afterwards if ye be wise,
At every augment continually,
Profit shall grow commodiously;
In this our White Warke alone,
As well as in the Ruby Stone;
Whereof said Maria Sifter of Aron,
Lyfe is short, and Science is full long.
Nathles it greatly retardeth Age,
When it is ended by strong Courage;
But some that have byne tought trewlie,
Have forsooke their worke lewdly;
When their greate labour have byne passe,
For thei know not how at the laste
Groweth the profit and the winninge,
Which thei would have at the beginninge,
Therefore I finde that it is neede,
The trewth to tell when ye shulde speede,
For when I am past and out of minde,
This my Witnes shall rest behinde,
For which cause I doe not spare,
Of this Arte the trewth to declare;
As much as I dare, that I be not shent
For breaking of Gods Commandement.
This wise endeth all our White Werke
Shewed sufficiently for an able Clerke.

After
Ater all this upon a day
I heard my noble Master say,
How that manie men patient and wise,
Found our White Stone with Exercise;
After that thei were trewlie tought,
With great labour that Stone they Caught;
But few(said he) or scarcely one,
In fiftenee Kingdomes had our Red Stone:
And with that word he caft his Eyle,
Looking on me full steadilye,
Of his words he saw me woe,
I said alas what shall I doe?
For above all Erthly thinge,
I most desire and love Cunninge.
And for the Red Stone is preservative,
Most precious thinge to length my Life;
The Red Stone said I is lever to me,
Then all were Gould that I would see to be.
He said I was to younge of Age,
Of Body lufty and likely to outrage,
Scantly of the age of twenty eight yeares,
He said Philosophers had noe such Compeers;
This woefull anfwer then he made to me,
Till ye be elder he said it maie not be.
Alas good Master remember said I,
Howbeit my Body be light and lustie,
Prove and aflay and you shall finde
Age sufficient within my Minde,
He held his words full still that tyde,
And fo long tyme he did abide;
After this sudainely in wonderous wise,
He tempted me after the Philosophers guise.
Which to rehefe it were too longe,
And to shew how I should doe wronge;

For
For that must be kept secret,
For them which shall with this science meet;
Yet at the last with leisure and with space
I wan his love, by help of God's grace;
So that I had with grace the true doctrine
Of Confection of the red medicine;
Whom to seek it availeth right nought,
Till the white medicine be fully wrought.
Alsoe both medicines in their beginninge
Have one manner of Vessell and Workinge,
As well for the white as also for the red,
Till all quick things be made dead;
Then Vessells and forme of operation
Shall change, in matter, figure, and graduation.
But my heart quaketh, my hand is trembling,
When I write of this most selcouth thing.
Hermes brought forth a true sentence and blounte,
When he said ignis & ars tibi sufficiunt.
The Expounder of Hermes and Aristotle joyned,
In that joyned work shewed a strange pointe;
He said Albertus Magnus the Black Freere,
Nether Freer Bacon his compeere,
Had not of our red stone consideration,
Him to increase in multiplication.
The Expounder knew it sufficiently,
And my master taught me trewly,
Albeit that I never made assaye
Of the red worke before this daye:
The cause appeareth in this boke before,
When I was robbed then I would no more.
Nethlesse I have put me so far in press,
That secret Treuth to shew I cannot cease;
Reherse such as were greatly too bold,
So great secrets to shew as they tolde.
Thei said that within the Center of incompleate White
Was hid our Red Stone of most delight:
Which maie with strength and kinde of Fier,
Be made to appeare right as we desier.

Pandalphus in Turba said, mente secura,
Et ejus umbra in vera tintura.

Maria confirmed it in fide oculata,
Quod in ipsa albedine est rubedo occultata.

The Boke Landabile Sanctum made by Hermes,
Of the Red Worke speacketh in this wise:

Candida tunc rubeo jacet uxor nuptamarito,
That is to saie, if ye take heede thereto,
Then is the faire White Woman
Married to the Ruddy Man.

Understandinge thereof if ye would gett,
When our White Stone shall suffer heate,
And rest in Fier as red as Blood,
Then is the Marriage perfect and good;
And ye maie trewly know that tyme,
How the feminall seed Masculine,
Hath wrought and won the Victory,
Upon the menstruals worthily;
And well converted them to his kinde,
As by experience ye shall finde:

Passing the Substance of Embrion,
For then compleate is made our Stone;
Whom wise Men said that ye shulde seede
With his owne Venome when it is need.
Then ride or goe where ye delight,
For all your Costs he woll you quite.

Thus endeth the subtil Warke with all her store,
I need not, I maie not, I woll shew no more.
Towards the Matters of Concordance,
Consider there be no variance
Betweene such things as shulde accorde;
For of variance maie growe discord,
Whereby your VVarkes maie be lost.
With all your labour and all your cost:
He that wol take our VVarke in hande,
Five Concords he must understande.

The first Concord is neede to marke
Whethere his Minde accord & the Work,
Which shall be Lord to pays for all,
Els all your labour destroy ye shall.
The second Concord is needfull to kenn,
Between this Craffe and her Workemen.
The third shall serve well your intents,
When Warke accordeth with Instruments.
The fourth Concord must welbe sought,
With the Place where it shall be wrought:
For trewlie it is no little grace
To find a perfect working Place.
The first is of Concord and of Love,
Betweene your VVarkes and the Spheare above.
Of these five Concords rehearse we shall,
Beginning with the first of all.

For the first ye shall well finde
That full few Lords be stable of Minde;
Thei be haasty, the VVarke is longe,
Thei woulde have you doe Nature wronge.
Some now be onward as haasty as fier,
Halfe a yeare after have noe desire;  
And some in a Weeke, it is noe Nay,  
Woll change their mindes, and some in a day;  
And for one Moneth have full beleife,  
And the next Moneth thei woll the Arte repreeve.  
It were much better for such to cease,  
Than for this Arte to put them in preasse;  
Let such like Butterflies wander and passe,  
And lerne this lesson both more and lasse,  
Following the Sentence of this holie letter,  
Attingens à fine usq, ad finem fortiter,  
Dispanens omnia suaviter;  
That is, proceede mightily to the End  
From the Beginning, maugre the seinde,  
All things disposing in the meane space,  
With great suavity that commeth of grace.  
All short-witted Men and mutable,  
Such must needs be variable;  
And some doe every Man beleive,  
Such credence doth their Cosers greive;  
To everie new Tale to them tolde,  
They give Credence and leave the olde.  
But some Lords be stable of wit,  
Such be apt to finish it.  
Everie such Lord or Master of this Werke,  
Be he Layman or be he Clerke,  
Be he rich man, Knight, Abbot or Lorde,  
He hath with this Arte greate Concorde.

The seconde Concorde with this Arte is,  
When ye can finde apt Ministers.  
Noe Minister is apt to this intent,  
But he be sober, wise, and diligent;  
Tewe, and watchfull, and also timerous,
Close of Tongue, of Body not vicious,
Clenly of hands, in Touching curious,
Not disobedient, neither presumptuous;
Such Servants maie your workes of Charge
Minifter, and save from all outrage;
But truft not that two such Servants or three,
Maie sufficient for your worke be;
If your Matter be of quantity reasonable,
Then Eight such Servants be convenable;
But upon little quantity, finde ye shall
Foure men able to performe all;
That one halfe of them must werke
While the other Sleepeth or goeth to Kerke;
For of this Arte ye shall not have your praye,
But it be miniftred as well by Night as Daye
Continually, except the holy Sunday alone;
From Evenfong begin till Evenfong be done.
And while thei worke thei must needs eschewe
All Ribaudry, els thei shall finde this trewe,
That such mishap shall them befall,
Thei shall destroy part of their Works or all;
Therefore all the Ministers must be Men,
Or else thei must be all Wcomen;
Set them not occupied one with another,
Though some to you be Sister or Brother:
Yet thei must have some good disporte
Their greate labours to recomforte:
Then nothinge shall better avaunce
Your worke than shall this Concordance.

The Third Concord is to manie full derke;
To ordeyne Instruments according to the Werke:
As everie Chapter hath divers intents,
Soe hath it divers Instruments,
Both in Matter and also in Shape,
In Concord that nothing may mis-happ:
As workes of Division and Seperation
Have small Vessells for their Operation;
But Vessells broade for Humectation,
And some deale broad for Circulation;
But longe Vessells for Precipitation;
Both short and long serve Sublimation:
Narrowe Vessells and foure inches high
Serve Correction most properly.
Of Vessells, some be made of Leade,
And some of Clay both quick and deade;
Dead Clay is called such a thinge
As hath suffered greate roastinge;
Such medled in powder with good raw Claye,
Will Fier abide and not goe away;
But manie Claies woll leape in Fier,
Such for Vessells doe not desire.
Other Vessells be made of Stone,
For Fier sufficient but few or none;
Amonge Workemen as yet is founde
In any Country of English grounde,
Which of Water nothing drinke shall,
And yet abide drie Fier withall,
Such Stones large for our intente,
Were a precious Instrument.
All other Vessells be made of Glasse,
That spirituall matters should not out-passe;
Of Ashes of Ferne in this Lond everi-each one
Be made, but els-where be of Stone:
Of our Glasses the better kinde,
The morning stuffe ye shall it finde,
Which was Ashes the night before,
Standing in Heate all night and more.
The harder stuffe is called Freton,
Of clipping of other Glasses it come:
Tincture with annealing of Glaisers
Will not peruse him as they rehearse.
By this Doctrine chuse or refuse,
Take which you will unto your use,
But for figures of Vessells kinde,
Everie Man followeth his owne minde.
The best fashion is ye maie be sure,
She that best concordeth with Vessell of Nature;
And figure that best Concordeth with quantity,
And with all Circumstances, to matter best is she.
And this sheweth well Albertus Magnus,
In his Boke De Mineralibus.
Hereof a Secret disclose was,
By my good Master, to more and lesse,
Saying, Si Deus non dedisset nobis vas
Nihil dedisset, and that is Glasse.

Instruments needesfull there be more,
As be Furnaces ordeyned therefore.
Olde Men imagined for this Arte
A speciall Furnace for everie parte,
Everie each dividing after his owne thought;
But manie Furnaces of them be naught;
Some were too broade and some too longe,
Manie of them did Nature wronge:
Therefore some Furnaces maie be well used,
But manie of them must be refused,
For theie were made but by advice
Of them which seemed, and were not wise.
The most Commendable Fashion of them all,
In this Boke portraied finde ye shall.
One Furnace by me is founde of newe,
Such as Olde Men never knewe,
Whose secrete Power with study sought,
And with greate Cost was dearely bought;
In him wilbe at one tyme wrought,
Three score Warke, and cost right nought,
More than it shulde for one Warke or twaine,
Therefore profitable it is certaine;
Three score degrees divers ye maie gett,
For three score warke, and everie-each of divers Heate,
Within that Furnace, to serve your desire,
And all thei served with one litel Fier,
Which of a Foote square onlie shalbe,
Yet everie-each of the three score as greate space as he:
Manie purposes ye maie thereby fulfill,
For here you shall have Heate after your will.
Of this Instrument all Men maie not be sure,
Therefore it is not formed in Picture.
Another Furnace woll serve three score
Glases trewly, and yet farr more,
Everie-each of them standing in like Heate,
As by the Picture, Doctrine ye maie gett:
Another Furnace for this operation,
By me was found by Imagination,
Notably serving for Seperation
Of dividents, and for Altification,
And for Dis-junction called Division,
And for Correction called Ablution,
Yt woll for some things serve Desiccation,
Yt serveth full well for Preparation;
Soo for six things it serveth well,
And yet for all at once as I can tell:
This is a new thinge which shall not be
Set out in Picture for all men to see;
Another Furnace in Picture be shall.

More
More full of perills than other Furnaces all,
Made for Magnetia, whereof bould Men had doubt,
To touch with hands a poore lynine Cloate,
Which in the midle thereof unbrenned stooode;
For seare of flames brenning fierce and woode;
Which suttill Furnace I devised alfoe,
In which I found manie wonders moe
Than is convenient at this season to tell,
Whose graduation is doubtfull and casuell:
Wherein Magnetia, matter of greate coste,
Must quickly be served or suddainly be loste:
Of whose graduation if you woll not misse
Consider your Stople, and lerne well this,
The more is the Stople the leffe is the Heate,
By manifould Stoples Degrees ye maie gett;
Whoe knoweth the power, the working and kinde,
Of everie Furnace, he maie well trewth finde,
And he which thereof dwelleth in Ignorance,
All his Warke faleth upon Chaunce:
Noe man is sure to have his intent,
Without full concord of Arte with Instrument.
Manie more Instruments occupied ye shal se,
Than in this Chapter now rehearsed be,
Which ye must ordeyne by good or sad advice
And prove them before hand oft if ye be wise.

The fourth Concord is full notable
Betweene this Arte and Places Convenable.
Some Places must needes be evermore dry,
Close from Aier, no waies Windy:
Some must be darke and dimme of sight,
In which Sun-beames none maie light;
But for some Places the trewth so is,
Thei cannot have too much brightnes:
Some Places must needs be Moist and Cold
For some workes as Authors toulde;
But in our Warkes in everie place,
Winde will hurt in everie Case:
Therefore for everie Warke in sease,
Ye must ordaine Places by reason.

Philosophers said by their engine,
How it shulde be wrought within locks Nyne:
Astrologers said it was a grace,
To finde a Chosen Working Place;
For manie things woll wonderous doe
In some Places and elsewhere not soe,
But contrarie wonders be of one thinge
In contrarie Countries wrought without leasing;
Whereof none other cause maie appeare,
But only contrarie places of the Sphere:
Whereunto Places contrarie of the grounde,
To them Concordaunt and Obedient be found;
Hereof great Evidence and witnnes full cleere,
In the Magnets Stone openly doth appeare,
Whose North pointe draweth toward his Countrie,
Which under the Southe Star driveth Needles awaye;
Wherefore wise Men which for this Arte sought,
Found some Places concordant, some Places nought;
Trewly such Places where Lechery is used
MUST for this Arte be utterly refused.

The first Concord is knowne well of Clerks, (Werks.
Betwenee the Sphere of Heaven and our Surtill
Nothing in Erth hath more Simplicitie,
Than the elements of our Stone woll be,
Wherefore thei being in warke of Generation,
Have most Obedience to Constellation:
Whereof Concord most kindly and convenient.
Is a direct and sincere Ascendent,
Being signe common for this Operation,
For the multitude of their Iteration:
Fortune your Ascendent with his Lord also,
Keeping th' aspect of Shrewes them fro;
And if they must let, or needely infect,
Cause them to looke with a Trine aspect.
For the White worke make fortunate the Moone,
For the Lord of the Fourth house likewise be it done;
For that is Thesaurum absconditum of olde Clerks;
Soe of the Sixt house for servants of the Works;
Save all them well from greate impediments,
As it is in Picture, or like the same intents.
Unless then your Nativity pretend infection,
In contrariety to this Election,
The virtue of the Mover of the Orbe is formal,
The virtue of the Eight Sphere is here Instrumentall,
With her Signes and Figures and parts aspectual,
The Planets virtue is proper and speciall,
The virtue of the Elements is here material,
The virtue infused resulteth of them all:
The first is like to a workmans Minde,
The second like his Hand ye shall finde.
The third is like a good Instrument,
The remnant like a Thing wrought to your intent.
Make all the Premises with other well accord,
Then shall your merits make you a greate Lord.
In this wise the Elixir of whom ye make mention,
Is ingendered, a thing of a second intention.
Trust not in Geomantie that superstitious Arte,
For God made Reason which there is set aparte.
Trust not to all Astrologers, I saie whie,
For that Arte is as secret as Alkemy.
That other is disproved and plainely forbid,
ORDINALL.

By holy Saints of the Church of God.
Trust not, ne love not Negromancy,
For it is a property of the Devill to lye.
Trust to this Doctrine, set herein your desires,
And now lerne the Regiment of your Fiers.
A perfect Master ye maie him call true,
Which knoweth his Heates high and lowe.
Nothing maie let more your desires,
Than ignorance of Heates of your Fiers.
Of manie Auctors written ye maie see,

Totum consitit in ignis regimine:
Wherefore in all Chapters you muft so proceed,
That Heate worke not more ne leffe than it need;
Wherein manie of Gebars Cookes
Deceived were, though thei be wise in Bokes.
Such Heate wherewith Pigg or Goose is Scalded,
In this Arte Decoction it is called;
For Minerall meanes serveth such heate,
And to make our Letharge to give sweate.
Such Heate as dryeth lawne Karcheefes fayre,
In thirty operations serveth for our Ayre;
But for Divisiones you muft use such heate,
As Cookes make when they roast grosse Meate;
The same Heate with a circular Fier,
For Separation of Dividents we desire;
But for Circulation of Elements,
Ignis candens observeth our intents;
Which Fier muft ever be Coequall
In every minute, and yet perpetuall:
For it maie never abate ne increase,
And yet the Fier maie never cease.
Study wifely, and looke about
Such afer Hewlie to finde out.
And in that Fier no moisture maie be,
Which Hand maie feel or Eye maie see.

Ignis
**Norton's**

**Chap. 7.**

_Ignis humidus_ an other Fier alsoe
Is, and yet it seemeth _oppositum in adjecto:_
Such Heate dissevereth at certaine tydes
Matters cleaving to Vessel's sides.
Manie moe things that Heate maie wynn,
It maketh oft thick Matters to be thynn.
_A Philosopher_ mistely spake of this Heate,
And saide, the highest degree thereof to get
Shall cause and gender such Siccitie,
As of drie heate shall be in the _First_ degree.
Another Fier is _Fire of Disseccation,_
For matters which be imbibed with Humectation.
An other Fier is _Fier of Conservation,_
For all drie things of his operation:
For _Magnetia_ is Fier of effusion,
Full of perills and full of illusion,
Not onely perill which to the Warke maie fall,
But such alsoe which the _Master_ hurte shall;
Against which once received is noe boote,
Ordaine therefore to fetch breath from your foote;
Provide for Mouth, Eyes, Eares, and Nose,
For it is worse than ten times the Pose.
Men hereby hath found pains fore,
Because they had not this warning before.
_Ignis corrodens_ serveth in this _Arte,_
_Elementa propinqua_ wisely to departe.
By one point of exceffe all your Warke is shent,
And one point too little is insufficent;
Who can be sure to finde his trewe degree,
_Magister magnus in igne_ shall he be.
It is the harder to know trewly his might,
There is no triall for it but our Eye sight.
Therefore all men faile in his presence,
Where Heate is lerned with cost of Experience.
Of this Heate in speciall Anaxagoras said thus,
Nemo primo fronte reperitur discretus.
Another is Heate of mighty Coagulation,
For Mineralls that be of hard Liquefaction:
This Heate cannot be too strong,
Be he continued never so longe.
Another is Heate of Calcination
For fowle Mettalls for their Preparation;
Which maie not brenn, ne doe them melte,
For so all thei maie soone be spilte.
The twelte is Heate for to Sublime
All the Spirits of the Mine.
The last Heate of theis goeth for all,
When to Projection our Stone shall fall.
Ufe maketh Masterie, there is noe more to sayne,
But he that faileth must needs begin againe.
Now have I tought you everie thing by name,
As Men teach other the way to Walsingham,
Of every Village, Water, Bridge, and Hill,
Whereby wise Men their Journey maie fulfill:
Soe maie a Clerke by this Doctrine finde
This Science well if he be cleere of minde;
All other maie finde himselfe hereby a foole:
To deale therewith, which litle can of Schoole;
For this is the end of all worldly Cunninge,
Where to attaine can neither Pope ne King
By their Honours, ne by their great Councell,
But only by Vertue and Grace as Authours tell.
This precious Stone will not be found ne wrought
But he be right devoutely sought.
The Authours forenamed with this Boke of mine,
Sheweth of Alkemy all the Doctrine,
If ye compleate their Sentences all,
Not by Opinion, but after this Ordinall.
For in this Ordinall I set you from all doubt,
Is nothing set wronge, nor one point left out.
The dayes were when that this Doctrine and ground
Had pleased me more than a Thousand pound;
Three Hundred pounds was not for my desire,
As would have byne this Chapter of the Fier.
And mervaile not Lords, ne ye freinds all,
Why soe noble a Science, as all Men this Arte call,
Is here set out in English blunt and rude,
For this is soe made to teach a Multitude
Of rude people which deilen with this Werkes,
Ten Thousand Laymen against ten able Clerks:
Whereby yearly greate Riches in this Londe
Is lewdly lost, as Wifemen understonde;
And manie men of Everie degree
Yearly be brought to great Povertee.
Cease Laymen, cease, be not in follie ever;
Lewednes to leave is better late than never.
All that hath pleasure in this Boke to reade,
Pray for my Soule, and for all both Quick and deade.
In this yeare of Christ One thousand foure Hundred
(Seaventy and seaven,
This Warke was begun, Honour to God in Heaven.)
THE
COMPOUND
OF
ALCHYMIE.

A most excellent, learned, and worthy worke, written by Sir George Ripley, Chanon of Bridlington in Yorkshire, Containing twelve Gates.
H ere begynneth The Compound of Alchymie,
Made by a Chanon of Bridlington,
After his learning in Italy
At Yxning for tyme he there did wonne:
In which be declared openly
The secrets both of Sunne and Moone,
How they their kinde to multiplye,
In one body togeder must wonne.

Which Chanon Sir George Ripley hight,
Exempt from Clastrall observance,
For whom pray ye both day and night,
Sith he did labour you to advance.
He turned darknes into light,
Intending to helpe you to happy chaunce,
Gyving Counsell that ye live right,
Doeing to God no displeasaunce.
GEORGE RIPLEY
UNTO
King Edward the fourth.

Honorable Lord, and most victorious Knight,
With Grace and Fortune abundantly endued,
The safeguard of England, & maynteyner of right;
That God you lovesth indeede he bath well shewed:
Wherefore I trust this Lord shalbe renewed
With Joy and Riches, with Charity and Peace,
So that old ranckors understrewed,
Tempestuous troubles and wretchednes shall cease.

And now syth I see by tokens right evident,
That God you guydeth, and that ye be vertuous,
Hating syne, and such as be insolent,
How that also Manslaughter to you is odious,
Upon the Indygent also that ye be piteous,
Greate ruth it were if ye should not lyve longe:
For of your great fortune ye be not presumptuous,
Nor vengeable of mynde to wrecce every wrong.

Theis considered, with others, in your most noble Estate,
Like as God knoweth, and people doe wittesse beare,
So entuely me meveth, that I must algate
Reorde the same, and therein be no flatterer:
And that not onely, but also to write here,
And to your Highnes humbly for to present
Great Secretts which I in farre Countryes did lere,
And which by grace to me most unworthy are lent.
The Epistle.

Once to your Lordship such things I did promise, What tyme ye did command to send unto me; And since that I wrote in full secret wise, Unto your Grace from the Universitie Of Lovayne, when God fortuned me by Grace to see Greater secretts and much more profyte, Which onely to you I wyll disclosed to be: That is to say the great Elixirs both Red and White.

For like it you to trust that trewlie I have found The perfect waye of most secrete Alchimy, Which I wyll never trewly for Merke ne for Pounde Make common but to you, and that conditionally That to your selfe ye shall keepe it full secretly, And onely it use as may be to Gods pleasure, Els in tyme comming, of God I should abye For my discovering of his secrete treasure.

Therefore advise you well wyth good delyberation, For of this Secret seall know none other Creature. But onely you, as I make faithfull Protestation, For all the tyme that I here in lyfe endure: Whereto I wyll your Lordship me to ensure, To my desyre in thys by othe to agree, Least I shoulde to me the wrath of God procure; For my revealing his greate gift and previtie.

And yet moreover I wyll your Hyghnes to pardon me, For openly wyth pen I wyll it never wryte, But when that ye lift by practice ye shall see: By Mouth also this preijous secret most of delght. How may be made Elixirs Red and Whyte, Playne unto your Hyghnes it shall declared be, And if it please you with easy expence and respyte To help, I wyll them make by helpe of the Trinitie.
But notwithstanding for peril that might befall,
Though I dare not here plainly the knot unwbine,
Yet in my writing I will not be so Mystical,
But that ye may by study the knowleige finde:
How that eche thing multiplicable is in his kind,
And that likenes of bodies Metalline be transmutable
I will declare, that if ye feele me in your minde
Ye shall prove my writing true and noe fayned fable.

And if God graunt you by me to wynde this treasure,
Serve him devoutly with more Laud and thanking,
Praying his Godhead in lyfe ye may so endure,
His gifts of grace and fortune to use to his pleasing,
Most specially intending over all thing,
To your power and connyng his precepts tenne
So to keep, that into no daunger your self ye bring;
But that ye may in glorie see him hereafter, Amen.

As the Philosopher in the boke of Meteors doth wryte,
That the lykenesse of bodyes Metalline be not transmutable,
But after he added these words of more delyte,
Without they be reduced to theyr beginning materiable.
Wherefore such bodyes which in nature be liquable,
Minerall and Mettaline may be Mercurizate,
Conceave ye may that this Science is not opinable,
But very true by Raymond and others determynate.

In the said Boke the Philosopher speaketh also,
Therein if it please your Highnes for to reade,
Of divers Sulphurs, but especially of two;
And of two Mercuryes Foynd to them indede:
Whereby he doth true understanders leade
To the knowledge of the principles which be true;
Both Red most pure, and White, as have I spede,
Which be nevertheless founden but of right few.
And these two things be best he addeth anone
For them that worketh the Alchimy to take,
Our Gold and our Silver therewith to make alone;
Wherefore I say, who will our Pearle and Ruby make,
The said principles looke that he not forsake:
For at the beginning if his principles be trewe,
And that he can by crafte them so bake;
Trewly at the end his Worke shall him not rewe.

But one greate secret ryght nedefull it is to knowe,
That though the Philosophers speake pluraly,
All is but one Thing, ye may me trewe,
In kinde, which is our Bafe principally,
Whereof doth spring both Whyte and Red naturally;
And yet the Whyte must come fyrfst of the Red:
Which thyng is not wrought manually,
But naturally, Craft helping oute of our Leade.

For all the parts of our most precious Stone,
As I can prove, be Coessential and concrete;
Moreover there is no true principle but one;
Full longe it was er I therwith could mete:
Who can reduce it, and knoweth his Heate,
And only kinde with kinde can redresse,
Till filth originall be cleansed from his Seat,
Likely he is to finde our secrets both more and lesse,

Onlie therefore worke Kynde, with his owne Kynde,
And all your Elements Ioyne that they not strive;
This poynte also for any thing beare in mynde;
That pasive natures ye toune into active,
Of Water, Fire, and Winde, of Erthe make blive;
And of the Quadrangle make ye a Figure round,
Then have ye honie of our bene hive;
One ounce well worth a thousand pound.
The Epistle

The principal secret of secretes all
Is true Proportion which may not be behinde,
Wherein I counsell you be not superficiaU,
The true conclusion if ever ye thinke to fynde;
Turne Erth to Water, and Water into Wynde,
Therof make Fire, and beware of the Floode
Of Noe, wherein many one be blinde;
That by this Science thei get but little good.

I counseU you to eate and drinke temperatly,
And be well ware that Iposarcha come not in place;
Nesh not your Wombe by drinking ymmoderatly,
Lest ye quench your naturall Heate in lyttle pace;
The colour wyll tell appearing in your Face;
Drinke no more therefore, then ye may eate;
Walke up and downe after an easie pace,
Chafe not your Body too sore for to sweate.

With easie Fire after meving when ye sweate;
Warne your Body and make it dry againe;
By Rivers and Fountaines walke after meate:
At morrowe tymely visit the high Mountaine,
That Phisicke so byddeth I reade certeyne:
So hygh the Mountaine Nevertheless ye not ascende;
But that ye may downward the way have plaine,
And with your Mantell from cold ye yow defend.

Such labour is wholesome, your sweat if ye wyll drie
With a napkin, and after it take no cold,
For grosse humors be purged by Sweat kindly;
Use Diacameron, then confect with perfect Gold
Hermodestilus for matrie humors good I hold;
Use Hipericon Perforeate with mylke of Tithimall;
And Sperma Cete ana with redd Wyne when ye wax old,
And Gotes mylke sodde with Gold nouriseth moisture radical.
The Epistle.

But a good Phisitian who so intendeth to be,
Our lower Astronomy him nedeth well to knowe
And after that to lerne, well, Urine in a glasse to see,
And if it nede to be chafed, the Fyre to blowe,
Then wyttily, it, by divers wayes to throwe,
And after the cause to make a Medicine blive,
Truly telling the ynfirmitie all on a Rowe:
Who thus can doo by his Physicke is like to thrive.

We have an Heauen yncorruptible of the Quintessence,
Ornate with Elements, Signes, Planetts, and Statrs bright:
Which moysteth our Erthe by Suttile influence:
And owt thereof a Secrete Sulphure hid from sight,
It fetteth by vertue of his attractive might:
Like as the Bee fetcheth Hony out of the Flowre
Which thing can doo none other Erthly wight;
Therefore to God only be glory and honour.

And like as Yse to Water doth relente,
Whereof congealed it was by violence of great Cold,
Whence Phebus it smiteth with his Heate influent:
Right so to Water mynerall reduced is our Gold,
(As writeth playnly Albert, Raymond, and Arnold)
With heate and moisture by craft occasionate,
With congelation of the Spyrite, Lo! now have I told
Howe our materialls togethuer must be proportionate.

Att the Dyers craft ye may lerne this Science,
Beholding with Water how they decoctions make
Uppon their Woad and Maddre easly and with patience,
Till the Tinctures appeare which the Cloath doth take
Therein so fixed that they will never forsake
The Cloth for washing after they joyned be;
Right so our Tinctures with Water of our Lake
We draw by boyling with Ashes of Hermes tree.
Which Tinctures when they by craft are made perfect,
So dieth Metalls with Colours evermore permanent;
After the qualitie of the Medycine Red or White,
That never away by any Fire, will be brente:
To this Example, if you take good tent
Unto your purpose the rather shall ye wynne,
And see your Fire be easy and not servent;
Where Nature did leave off, what tyme look ye beginn.

First Calcine, and after that Putrefye,
Dissolve, Dystill, Sublyme, Descende, and Fyxe,
With Aquavite oft times, both wash and drie,
And make a marriage the Body and Spirit betwixt;
Which thus togethether naturally if ye can myxe,
In losinge the Body the Water shall congealed bee,
Then shall the Body dy utterly of the Flixe,
Bleeding and chaunging Colours as ye shall see.

The third daye againe to Life he shall uprise,
And devour Byrds, and Beasts of the Wildernesse,
Crowes, Popingayes, Pyes, Pekocks, and Mavies;
The Phenix, the Egle whyte, the Griffon of fearfullnes,
The Greene Lyon and the Red Dragon he shall deffires;
The white Dragon also, the Antlope, Unicorne Panther,
With other Byrds, and Beasts both more and lesse;
The Basiliske also which allmost eche one doth feare.

In Bus and Nubi he shall arise and ascend
Up to the Moone, and sith up to the Sonne,
Through the Ocean Sea, which round is without end:
Only Shypped within a little glasen Tonne,
When he commeth thither, then is the Maistrie Wonne:
About which Iourney greate good shall ye not spend,
And yet ye shall be glad that ever it was begonne;
Patiently if ye lisfe to your worke attend.
The Epistle.

For then both Body and Spirit also both Oyle and Water, Sowle and Tincture one thing both White and Red, After Colours variable it conteyneth what so men clatter, Which also called is when he hath once bene Dedd: And is revived our Marchalfe, our Magnete, and our Lead, Our Sulphure, our Arsenicke, and our true Calcevive: Our Sonne, our Moone, our Ferment of our Bread: Our Toade, our Basiliske, our unknowne Body, our Man, (our Wife.

Our Body thus naturally by crafte when it is renovate Of the first ordre is Medicine called in our Philosophy, Which oftentimes must againe be Spiritualizate: The rounde Whele turning of our foresaid Astronomy: And so to the Elixir of Spirites must ye come, for why Till the same of the fixed by the same of the flier be over- Elixir of Bodyes named it is only; (gone And this secrete poynit truly deceaveth many one.

This naturall processe by helpe of crafte thus consummata Dissolveth the Elixir spiritual in our unctuous Humiditie Then in Balneo of Mary togeather let them be Circulat, Like new Hony or Oyle till they perfectly thicked be, Then will that Medicine heale all manner Infirmitie, And turne all Mettalls to Sonne & Moone most perfectly. Thus shall ye have both greate Elixir, and Aurum Potabile, By the grace and will of God, to whom be laud eternally.
Incipit Prologus.

Hyld of thys Dyslyplyne incline to me (thyne Ere, And harkyn to my doctrine with all thy (dylygence; Thes words of wysdome in mynde doe Which of old Fathers be trew in fentence; (thou bare, Live clene in soule, to God doe none offence: Exalt thee not but rather keepe thee Lowe, Ells wyll thy God in thee no Wysdome saye.}

Fro fayned Doctryne and wycked thought, The holy spryt doth hym wythdraw, Nylling to dwell where Syn is wrought, Dred God therefore and obay his Lawe, A ryghteous Man forsooke I never sawe: Nether hys feed begg bread for need, In holy Scripture thus doe I rede.

Make Wysdome therefore thy Syster to be, And call on Prudence to be thy Frynd, By pathes of truth they wyll gyde thee, Wyth love and honesty wher so thou wend: Both vertuose to be, curteous and hend: Pray God therefore that thou may synde Wysdome and Prudence with mouth and mynde.
All manner good cum wyth them shal,
And honestie by ther hands innumerarable,
Then into combraunce shal thee not fall;
Sooe be they in ryches Incomparable:
To worship and profyt they wyll thee able,
To conyng and to all manner of grace,
Both here and after thy lyvys space.

For these benefyts which they don bryng,
In parte ynumeryd by sapyence,
To them I can compare no thyng;
No rychys, no spyes of redolence:
Above all trefure such is ther excellence,
That whatsoever erthly. that precyous ys,
To them comparyd ys but as cley ywys.

Infynyte treasure to Man they be,
Who usyth them shall fryndshyp have
With God in Heven, and there hym se,
After them vyvelyche tharefor thou crave,
For Body and Soule both wyll they save,
And herein Goods doth multiplye,
And afore Prynces they dygnyfy.

Thynke how Adam lost hys wyldome,
Sampson hys myght that was soe strong,
Kyng Saule also lost hys Kyngdome,
And Davyd was punnyshed soare for hys wrong:
In the Oake by the here fayre Absolbn hong,
Kyng Ezeky by fycknesse had punishment,
And many one moe for synne was shent.
But see how other that livyd well,
And to their God did none offence,
Such chastysment did never fele,
But God shewed ever to them benevolence;
Enok and Ely were caried hence,
To Paradyse, and other good livers were
Of God rewarded in dyvers manner.

Sum had gret Fortune, sum gret Cunynge,
Sum had gret Peace, sum gret Ryches,
Sum conquered Londs to ther wonyng;
Sum were exalted for ther gret mekenes,
Sum other were saved fro the cruelnes
Of Tyrants, Lyons, and hot Fornacys,
As Danyell and other in many places.

Thus to good Livers God send gret grace,
And unto Synners fore ponishment;
Sum to amend in thys lyfe had space,
Sum sodenly with fyre fro Heavyn were brenet,
Synfull Sodomyts for ever were shent;
With Dathan and Abyron and other moe,
Which sank for Syn to endles wo.

Thus ever fyth the World was wrought,
God hath rewardyd both evyll and good;
Thus yf it maye rest in thy thought,
Fro synfull livyng wyll chaung thy moode.
Yf synfull people thys understood,
They ought to be aferd God to offend,
And soone ther synfull lyfes to amend.

Therefore
Therefore with God looke thou begyne;
That he by grace may dwell with thee,
So shall thou best to Wysdom wyn,
And knowledge of our grete prevyte;
Norysh Vertues, and Vices looke thou fiee,
And trufying thou wylt thee well dispose,
Our secrets to thee I wyll dysclose.

Keep thou them secret and for me pray,
Looke that you use them to Gods pleasure;
Do good wyth them what ever thou may,
For tyme thou shalt thys lyfe endure,
That after thy endyng thou may be sure
In Hevyn for to rewardyd be,
Whych God graunt both to thee and me.
The Preface.

Hygh Yncomprehensyble and gloryous
(Mageste,
Whose Luminos Bemes obtundyth our
(speculation;
One-hode in Substance, O Tryne-hode
(in Deite,
Of Hierachycall Jubylestes the gratulant glorysfycation;
O pytewoufe purysfyer of Soules and puer perpetuation;
O deviaunt fro danger, O drawer most deboner;
Fro thys envyos valey of vanyte, O our Exalter.

O Power, O Wysdom, O Goodnes inexplycable;
Support me, Tech me, and be my Governour;
That never my lyvyng be to theedyfplycable,
But that I aquytre me to thee as a trew professor:
Att thys begynnynge good Lord here my prayer;
Be nygh with Grace for to enforce my wyll,
Graunt well that I may my entent fulfyll.

Most curyose Coffer and copyose of all trefure
Thou art, fro whom all goodnes doth defsend,
(To Man) and also to every-ech Creature;
Thyne Handy-warke therefore vouchsafe to defend,
That we no tyme in lyvying here myspend,
With truth thou graunt us our lyvelode to wyn
That in no daunger of Synfulnes we renne.

S

And
And for soe much as we have for thy sake
Renowncyd the World, our Wylls, and the Fleshys Luft,
As thyne owne wylfull professyors us take;
Syth in thee only dependyth all our trust,
We can no ferther, to thee enclyne we muft:
Thy secret Tresorars, vouchsafe to make us,
Show us thy Secrets, and to us be bounteous.

Among other which be professyed to thee
I me present, as one wyth humble Submyssyon,
Thy Servant beseeching that I may bee,
And trew in levyng acording to my professyon:
In order Chanon reguler of Brydlyngton;
Beseaching the Lord that thou wylt me spare,
To thy trew Servaunts thy secretts to declare.

In the begynnyng when thou madyft all of nought,
A globose Mater and darse under confusyon,
By thee Begynner meravelously was wrought,
Conteynyng naturally all thyngs withoute dyvysyon,
Of whych thou madyft in six Dayes dere dysytynction;
As Genesys apertly doth recorde
Then Heavyn and Erth perseytyd were wyth thy word.

So thorow thy Wyll and Power owte of one Mafe
Confusyd was made all thyngs that being ys;
But yn thy glory afore as maker thou was,
Now ys and shall be wythout end I wys:
And puryfied Sowls upp to thy blys
Shall come a prynceple, thys may be one,
For the declaryng of our Stone.
The Preface.

For as of one Male was made all thyng,
Ryght soe must hyt in our praetyfe be,
All our secrets of one Image must spryng:
In Phylofophers Bokes therefore who lust to fe,
Our Stone ys callyd the lffe World one and three,
Magnesia also of Sulphure and Mercury,
Propotionat by Nature moft perfytyly.

But many one mervelyth whych mervel may,
And muse on such a mervelous thyng,
What ys our Stone fyth Phylofophers doth say,
To such as ever be hyt fechyng:
Yet Fowles and Fyshys to us doth yt bryng,
Every-ech Man yt hath, and ys in every-place,
In thee, in me, in every tyme and space.

To thys I anfwer, that Mercury it ys I wys
But not the comyn callyd Quicksylver by name,
But Mercury withoute whych nothyng beyng ys;
All true Phylofophers record and fay the fame:
But symple ferchers puttyth them in blame,
Saying they hyd hyt, but they beblame worthy,
Which be no Clerks, and medlyth with Phylofophy.

But though hyt Mercury be yett wysely understood,
Wherein it ys, where thou shalt it feech,
Ells I thee Councell take not this warke in hond,
For Phylofophers flattryth Foolys with fayre Speche:
But lyft to me, for trewly I wyll thee teche,
Whych ys thy Mercury moft profyttable,
Beyng to thee nothing dysseveable.

S 2-
It ys more nythe in sum things than in sum; Therefore take tent what I unto the wryt, For yf thou never to the knowledge cum, Therof yet shalt thou me not twytt: For I wyll trewly now thee excite, To understand well Mercury's three, The keys which of our Scyens be.

Raymond hys Menstrues doth them call, Without which trewly no truth ys done, But two of them are Superfycyall: The third essentyall of Soon and Moone; Thyer propertyes I wyll declare ryght soone, And Mercury of other Mettalls essencyall, Ys the pryncipall of our Stone materyall.

In Soon and Moone our Menstrue ys not sene Hyt not appeareth but by effect to lyght, That ys the Stone of whych we mene; Who so our wrytyng concevyth aryght, Hyt ys a Soule, a substance bryght: Of Soon and Moone, a subtyll influence, By whych the Erth receyveth resplendence.

For what ys Gold and Sylver sayth Aynycen, But Erth whych ys pure Whyte and Red, Take fro that the sayd clernes, and then That Erth wyll stond but lyttyll in stede; The hole compound ys called our Lede, The qualyte of clernes fro Soon and Moone doth com These be our Menstrues both all and sum.

Bodyes
The Preface.

Bodyes wyth the fyrst we Calcene naturally
Perfyte, but none whych be unclene,
Except one whych usually
Namyd by Phylosophers the Lyon Greene,
He ys the meane the Soon and Moone betweene:
Of joynyng Ty natures wyth perfytnes,
As Geber thereto beryth wytnes.

Wyth the Second whych ys an Humydyte
Vegetable revyvyng that earft was dede,
Both pryncyples materryalls muft loosed be;
And formalls, els standyth they lytle in stead:
The Menstrues therefore know I the rede:
Wythout whych neyther trew Calcynatyon,
Don may be, nether yet naturall Dyslolutyon.

Wyth the thryd humydyty most permanent
Incombustible and unctuous in hys nature,
Hermes Tre to ashes muft be brent:
Hyt is our Naturall Fyre moft sere,
Our Mercury, or Sulphure, or Tyncture pure:
Our Soule, our Stone, borne up wyth wynd
In the Erthe ingenerated, bere thys in thy mynde.

Thys Stone alsoe tell thee I dare,
Is the vapor of Mettalls potentyall,
How thou fhall gett hyt thou muft beware:
For invyfible ys truly thys Menstruall:
Howbehytt with the second Water phylosophycall,
By temperatyon of Elements yt may appeare,
To fyght in forme of Water cleere.
Of our Menstrue by labour exuberate
And with it may be made Sulphure of nature
If it be well and kyndly acuate;
And circulate into a Spryt pure:
Then to dissolve thou must be sure
Thy Base with it in divers wyse,
As thou shalt know by thy practice.

That point therefore in his dews place
I will declare with other mo,
If God will grant me space and grace:
And me reserve in lyfe from wo;
As I thee teach loke thou do so,
And for thy first ground pryncypall
Understand thy Water menstruall.

And when thou hast made true Calcination,
Encresyng and not Wastying moisture radycall,
Tyll thy Base by after subtylyaryon
Wyll lyghtly flow as Wex uppon Metall;
Then lowse hyt wyth thy vegetable Menstrupall,
Tyll thou have Oyle thereof in Colour bright,
Then ys your Menstrue visible to syght.

And Oyle is drawne owte in colour of Gold,
Or lyke thereto out of our fine Red Lead,
Whych Raymond sayd when he was old,
Much more then Gold wold stond hym in stede,
For when he was for age nygh deede,
He made thereof Aurum Potabile,
Whych hym revvyvd as Men myght see.
For so together may they be Circulate,
That ys to say, Oyle and the vegetable Menstrual,
Ether so by labour exuberate,
And made by Craft a Stone Celestiall:
Of Nature so fyrye that we yt call
Our Baselysk, otherwyse our Cokatryse,
Our great Elixir most of prys.

Whych as the fyght of a Baselysk hys object
Kylyth, so fleyth it crude Mercury,
When thereon itt ys project,
In twynke of an Eye most sodenly,
That Mercury teynyth permanently,
All bodyes to Son and Moone perseyt,
Thus gyde thy base both Red and Whyte.

Aurum potabile thus ys made,
Of Gold, not comyn calcynat;
But of our Tynsture whych wyll not vade,
Out of our Base drawen wyth the Menstrue circulate,
But naturall Calcynatyon must Algate
Be made, ere thy Gold dyssoyled be,
That Pryncypall fyrst I wyll tell thee.

But into Chapters thys Treatis I shall devyde,
In number Twelve with dew Recapytulation;
Superfluous rehearssalls I ley alyde,
Intendyng only to geve trew Informatyon,
Both of the Theoryke and Pratycall operatyon:
That by my wrytyng who so wyll guyded be,
Of hys intente perseytly speed shall he.
The Preface.

The Fyrst Chapter shalbe of naturall Calcination; The Second of Dissolution secret and Phylosophycall; The Thyrd of our Elementall Separation; The Fourth of Conjuntion matrymonyall; The Fyfthe of Putrefaçon then followe shall; Of Congelatyon, albyfycative shall be the Syxt, Then of Cybatyon the Seaventh shall follow next.

The secret of our Sublymation the eyght shall shew; The nynth shall be of Fermentation, The Tenth of our Exaltation I trow; The Eleventh of our mervelose Multiplycatyon; The Twelfth of Projectyon, then Recapytutatyon; And fo thys Treatyfe shall take an end, By the help of God as I entend.
OF CALCINATION.

The first Gate.

1. Calcination is the purgacyon of our Stone,
   Restauryng also of hys naturall heate;
   Of radycall moysture it lesyth none;
   Inducyng Solucion into our Stone most mete,
   After Philosophy I you behyte,
   Do not after the comyn gyse,
   Wyth Sulphure and Salts preparat in dyvers wyse.

2. Nether with Corrosyves nor with Fire alone,
   Nor with Vyneger nor Water ardent,
   Nether with the vapour of Lede our Stone
   Is Calcyned to our intente:
   All they to Calcyne whych so be bent
   Fro thys hard Science withdraw theyre hond,
   Till they our Calcyning better understande.

3. For by such Calcynynge theyre bodyes be shent,
   Whych mynyfhethe the moysture of our Stone;
   Therefore when bodyes to powder be brent;
   Dry as askys of Tre or Bone,
   Of such Calx then wyll we none,
   For moysture we multiply radycall,
   In Calcynynge, mynyfynge none at all.

And
And for a sure ground of our trew Calcynacyon, Woorh wyttyly kynde only wyth kynde; For kynd to kynde hath appetyble inclynacyon; Who knoweth not thys yn knowledge is but blynd: He may forth wander as Myst doth wyth the Wynd; Woting never wyth perfytnes where to lyght, Because he cannot conseve our words aryght.

Joyne kynd to kynd therefore as reason ys, For every Burgeon anfwereth to his owne Seed; Man begetteth Man, a Beast a Beast lykewyse; Ferther of thys to trete it is no need, But understond thys poynyt yf thou wylt spede; Every thyng ys fyrf Calcyned in hys owne kynd, Thys well consevyng, frute thereyn shalt thou fynde.

And we make Calxes unditious both Whyte and Red, Of three degrees or our Baxe be perfyt; Fluxyble as Wex, ells stond they lyttle in sted; By ryght long proceffe as Phylosophers wryte, A yere we take or more for our respyte: For, in leffe space our Calxe wyll not be made, Able to tayne with colour whych wyll not vade.

As for the Proporcyon thou musst beware, For therein many one ys beguylyd, Therefore thy warke that thow not marre; Lat the Body be solelly fylyd With Mercury, as much then so subtylyd: One of the Sonn, two of the Moone, Tyll altogether lyke pap be done.
8. Then make the Mercury foure to the Sonne,
Two to the Mone as hyt should be,
And thus thy worke must be begon,
In sygure of the Trynyte;
Three of the Body and of the Spryt three:
And for the unytye of the substance spirituall,
One more than of the substance corporall.

9. By Raymonds Reportory thys ys trew,
Proporcyon there who lyft to looke,
The same my Dottour to me did shew;
But three of the Spryt Bacon tooke;
To one of the Body for thys I wooke:
Many a nyght or I hyt wyft,
And both be trew take whych you lyft.

10. If the Water be equall in Proporcyon
To the Erthe whych hete in dew mesure,
Of hym shall spryng a new burgyon;
Both Whyte and Red in purtyndure,
Whych in the Fyre shall ever endure:
Kyll than the quyck, the ded revyve,
Make Trynyte Unyte wythout any styve.

11. Thys ys the best and the sureft Proporcyon;
For here ys left of the part sprytyuall,
The better therefore shall be Solucyon;
Then yf thou dyd it wyth Water small,
Thyne Erth over glutyn whych losyth all:
Take heede therefore to potters loome,
And make you never to nesh thy wome.

That
12. That loome behold how yt tempered ys,
The meane also how thou hyt Calcenate;
And ever in mynd loke thou bare thys,
That never thyne Erth wyth Water be suffocate,
Dry up thy moysture wyth heate most temperate:
Helpe Dyssolecyon wyth moysture of the Mone,
And Congellacyon wyth the Son,then haft thou done.

13. Fourc Natures shall into the fifth so turne,
Whych ys a Nature most perfeift and temperate;
But hard hyt ys with thy bare foote to spurne,
Agaynst a brodyke of Iyron or Stele new acuate:
Soe many one doth whych bene infatuate,
When they such hygh thyngs don take in hond,
Whych they in noe wyse understonde.

14. In Eggs, in Vitryoll, or in Blod,
What ryches wene they there to fynde;
Yf they Phylosophy understode,
They wold not in worchynge be so blynd,
Gold to feke or Sylver out of kynd:
For lyke as Fyre of brennyng the pryncyple ys,
So ys the pryncyple of gildyng, Gold I wys.

15. Yf thou intend therefore to make
Gold and Sylver by craft of our Phylojopy;
Therto nother Eggs nor Blood thou take,
But Gold and Sylver whych naturally,
Calcyned wyfely, and not manually,
And new generacyon wyll forth bryng,
Increfyng theyr kynde, as doth ech thyng.
16. And yf yt true were that perfyt myght be,
In thyngs which be not mettallyne:
In which be Colours pleasaunt to see,
As in Blood, Eggs, Here, Uryn, and Wyne,
Or in meane Mettalls dyggyd out of the Myne:
Yet muft theyr Elements be putrefyed and separate,
And wyth Elements of perfyt Bodys be dyspons late.

17. But fyrf of these Elements make thou Rotacyon,
And into Water thy Erth turne fyrf of all;
Then of thy Water make Ayre by Levygacyon;
And Ayre make Fyre; then Master I wyll thee call
Of all our secretts greate and small:
The Wheele of Elements thou canst turne about,
Trewly confevyng our Wrytyngs wythowt dowte.

18. Thys-done, go backward, turnyng thy Wheele againe,
And into thy Water then turne thy Fyre anon;
And Ayre into Erth, ells laboryft thow but in vayne:
For soe to temperment ys brought our Stone,
And Natures contraryose, fower be made one,
After they have three times ben Cyrcular,
And alsoe thy Bace perfytly consummate.

19. Thus under the moyfture of the Moone,
And under the temperate hete of the Sonne,
Thy Elements shalbe incynerate fone,
And then thow haft the Maiftery wone;
Thanke God thy worke was then begon:
For there thow haft one token trew,
Whych fyrf in blacknes to thee wyll shew.

The
20. The hede of the Crow that tokyn call we,
And sum men call hyt the Crows byll;
Sum call hyt the Ashes of Hermes Tre,
And thus they name hyt after theyer wyll,
Our Tode of the Erth whych etyth hys fyll:
Sum name hyt by whych it ys mortysfycat
The spyryt of the Erth dyth venom intoxycate.

21. But hyt hath Names I say to the infynyte,
For after each thyng that Blacke ys to fyght;
Namyd hyt ys tyll the tyme that hyt wex Whyte,
For after blacknesse when yt wexeth bryght,
Then hath hyt names of more delyght:
After Whyte thyngs, the Red after the same,
Rule of Red thyngs, doth take hys name.

22. At the fyrfte Gate, now art thou in,
Of the Phylosophers Castle where they dwell;
Proceede wyfely that thou may wyne
In at mo Gates of that Castell,
Whych Castle ys round as any Bell:
And Gates hath Eleven yet mo,
One ys conquered,now to the Second go.

The end of the fyrfte Gate.
Of Solution.

The Second Gate.

1. Of Solution now wyll I speke a word or two, whych sheweth owt that err was hyd from styght, and makyth intenuate thinges that were thyk alfo; by the vertue of our fyrf Menstrue cler and bryght, in whych our Bodyes eclypsyd ben to styght: and of ther hard and dry Compactyon subcylyat into ther owne fyrf nature kyndly retrogradate.

2. One in Gender they be and in Nomber not so, whose Father the Son, the Moone truly ys Mother, the mean ys Mercury, these two and no mo be our Magnesia, our Adrop, and none other; thinges there be, but only Syster and Brother: that ys to wene Agent and Pacyent, Sulphure and Mercury coescentyall to our entent.

3. Betwyxt these two in qualyte cotraryose, ingendred ys a Mene most mervyllossely whych ys our Mercury and Menstrue unctuose; our secrett Sulphur worchyng invysflybly, more ferely than Fyre brennyng the body, into Water dyssolvying the Body mynerall, which Nyght fro darknes in the North parte we call. But
Of Solution.

4. But yet I trow thou understandst not utterly
The very secret of Phylosopers Dissolution;
Therefore conceive me I counsell thee wyttyly:
For I wyll tell thee trewly wythout delusion;
Our Solución ys cause of our Congelacion;
For the Dissolution on the one syde corporall
Causeyth Congelacion on the other syde Spyrytual.

5. And we Dissolve into Water whych weythyth no hond,
For when the Erth ys integrally yncynrat;
Then ys the Water congeylyd, thys understond;
For the Elements be so concatenat,
That when the body fro hys fyrst forme ys alterate:
A new forme ys inducyd immediately,
For nothyng being wythout all forme ys utterly.

6. And here a secret to thee I wyll dyfcloze,
Whych ys the ground of our secrets all;
And yf thou hyt not know thou shalt but lose:
Thy labour and costs both great and small,
Take heede therefore in Error that thou not fall:
The more thyne Erth and the lesse thy Water be,
The rather and better Solucion shall thou see.

Behold how Yse to Water doth relent,
And so hyt muft, for Water hyt was before;
Ryght soe agayne to Water our Erth is bent,
And Water thereby congeylyd for evermore,
For after all Phylosophers whych ever was bore:
Every Metall was ons Water mynerall,
Therefore wyth Water they turne to Water all.
8. In which Water of kynde occasyonate
Of qualytes bene repugnance and dyversyte.
Thyngs into thyngs must therefo re be rotat e,
Untyll dyversyte be brought to parfyt unyte,
For Scripture recordyth when the Erth shall be
Trowbelyd, and into the depe Sea shall be cast
Mountaynes, our Bodyes lykewyse at the daft.

9. Our Bodyes be lekenyd conveniently
To Mountaynes whych after hygh Planets we name ;
Into the depe nees therefo re of Mercury.
Turne them and kepe the out of blame ;
Then shal ye se a Nobyl game ;
How all shall become powder soft as sylke,
So doth our Runnett by kynde curd our Mylke.

10. Then hath our Bodys therfyrst formedoste ;
And other be endueyd ymedyately ;
Then hast thou well beter thy cost ,
Wereras some other uncunning must goe by ;
Not knowyng the secretts of our Phylasophy ;
Yet one poynft I more must tell thee ;
Every Body how hyt hath dymencyons three.

11. Altytude, Latitude, and Profundyte ;
By whych algates turne we must our Whele ;
Knowying thy entraunce in the West shall be ;
Thy passage forth into the North yf thou do well ,
And there thy Lyghts lose theyre Lyght eche-dele :
For there thou must abyde by Ninety Nyght
In darknes of Purgatory wythowten Lyght.
Then take thy course up to the Easte anon
By Colours passyng varyable in manyfold wyse,
And then be Wynter and Vere nygh over-gon
To the Eft, therfore thyne assendyng devyle,
For there the Son wyth Day-lyght doth upryse
In Somer, and there dysporte the wyth delyght,
For there thy Warke shall becom parfyte Whyte.

Forth fro the Eft ynto the South affend,
And sett thou up therein thy Chayre of Fyre,
For there ys Harvest, that ys to say an end
Of all thyse Warke after thyne owne desyre:
Ther shynyth the Son up in hys owne sphyre,
And after the Eclyps ys in rednes wyth glory
As Kyng to rayne uppon all Metalls and Mercury.

And in one Glasse must be done all thyse thyng,
Lyke to an Egg in shape, and closyd well,
Then must you know the mesure of fyryng;
The whych unknowen thy Warke ys lost ech dele,
Lett never thy Glasse be hotter then thow may feele:
And suffer styll in thy bare hand to holde
For dread of losyng as Philosophers have the tolde.

Yet to my Doctrine furthermore intend,
Beware thy Glasse thou never opyn ne meve
Fro thy begynnyng, tyll thou have made an end;
If thou do contrary thy Warke may never cheve:
Thus in thyss Chapter whych ys so brewe,
I have the taught thy trew Solution;
Now to the Thyrd Gate goe, for thyss ys won.
OF SEPARATION.

The third Gate.

1. Separacyon, doth each part from other devyde;
The subtlest from the grosse, from the thicke the thyn;
But Separacyon manuall look thou put asyde:
For that pertaynyth to folys which lyttyll good don
But in our Separacyon nature doth not blyn:
Makyng divysyon of qualitites Elementall
Into the fift degree tyll they be turned al.

2. Erth ys turnyd into Water black and bloe,
And Water after into Ayre under very whyte;
Ayre ys turned into Fyre, Elements there be no mo;
Of thys ys made by crafte our Stone of grete delyte,
But of thys Separacyon much more must we wryte;
And Separacyon ys callyd by Phylosophers dyffynycyon
Of the sayd Elements tetraptatyve dyspersyon.

3. And of thys Separacyon I fynde a lyke sygure
Thus spoken by the Prophet yn the Psalmody,
God brought out of a Stone a flud of Water pure,
And out of the hardyft Stone Oyle abundantly:
Ryght so of our precyose Stone yf thou be wytty,
Oyle incombusstebel and Water thou shalt draw,
And thereabout thou nedyft not at the Coles to blow.
Of Separation.

4. Do thys wyth hete eify and mefuryng
Fyrst wyth moyst Fryre, and after wyth the dry;
The flewme by Pacyence owt drawyng;
And after that thy other natures wyttly,
Dry up thyne Erth tyll hyt be thryffy:
By Calcenyng els thou laboryft all in vayne,
And then make hyt drynke up his moysture agayne.

5. Separacyon thus must thou ofte tymes make,
Thy Matter dyvydyng into parts two;
So that the Symple fro the groce thou take
Tyll Erth remayne benethe in color bloe,
That Erth ys fyx for to abyde all wo:
The other parte ys Spyrytuall and flyeyng,
But thou must turne hem all into one thyng.

6. Than Oyle and Water wyth Water shall dyffyll
And thorow her help receive menying:
Kepe well thyss two that thou not fpyll,
Thy Wark for lack of dew closyng,
Make thy Stöpell of glas melyng
The top of thy Vessle together wyth yt,
Than Phylosopher-lyke uyd ys hyt.

7. The Water wherwyth thou must renew thy Stone
Looke thou dyffyll afore thou warke wyth hyt
Oftentymes by it selfe alone:
And by thy fyght thou shalt well wyt,
Fro feculent feces when hyt ys quytt:
For sum men can wyth Saturne it multeply,
And other Substance which we defye.
8. Dyftyll hyt thersfore tyll hyt be clene,  
   And thyn lyke Water as hyt shold be,  
   As Hevyn in Color bryght and shyne,  
   Kepyng both fygure and ponderosyte.  
   Therwith dyd Hermes moysture hys Tre:  
      Wythyn hys Glas he made to grow upryght,  
      Wyth Flowers dyscoloryd bewtyosely to lyght.

9. Thys Water ys lyke to the venemous Tyre,  
   Wherewith the myghty Tryacle ys wrought;  
   For yt ys Poyfson moost stronge of yre;  
   A stronger Poyfson can none be thought:  
   Att the Potecarys thersfore oftyn yt ys bought:  
      But no man shall be by hyt intoxycate,  
      After the tyme yt ys into Medycyne Elevate.

10. For then as ys the Tryacall trew,  
    Hyt ys of poyfsons moost expulseyfe;  
    And in hys working doth mervells shewe,  
    Preservyng many from deth to lyfe,  
    Loke thou meng yt wyth no corrosyve:  
       But chefe hyt pure and quick rennyng,  
       Yf thou thereby wylt have wynnyng.

11. It ys a mervelose thyng in kynde,  
    And Wythout hyt may nought be done;  
    Therefore Hermes calleth hyt hys Wynde,  
    For it ys up flying fro Sonn and Mone,  
    And makyth our Stone flye wyth hyt Sone:  
       Reyvyvyng the ded and gevyng lyfe  
       To Son and Mone, Husband and Wyse.

Which
Of Separation.

12. Whych yf they were not by craft made quick,
   And ther fatnes wyth Water drawn out;
   And so the thyn dyslevered from the thyke,
   Thou should never bryng thys worke about:
   Yf thou wylt speed therefore wythout doubt,
   Reyse up thy Byrds out of theyre nest,
   And after agayne bryng them downe to rest.

13. Water wyth Water accord wyll and assend,
   And Spryt wyth Spryt, for they be of kynde;
   Whych after they be exalted make to dyssend,
   And soe thou shalt devyde that nature before dyd bynde,
   Mercury effencyall turnyng into wynde:
   Wythout whych naturall and subtyll Seperacyon,
   May never be compleat profytable Generacyon.

14. Now to help thee in at thys Gate,
    The laft Secret I wyll tell to thee;
    Thy Water must be seven tymes Sublymate,
    Ells shall no kyndly Dyssolucyon be,
    Nor Putryfyyng shall thou none see,
    Like lyquyd pytch nor colours apperyng,
    For lack of fyre wythin thy Glasse workyng.

15. Fower Fyers there be whych you must understand,
    Naturall, Innaturall, against Nature, alsoe
    Elementall whych doth bren the brond;
    These foure Fyres use we and no mo:
    Fyre against Nature must doe thy bodyes wo;
    That ys our Dragon as I thee tell,
    Fersely brennyng as Fyre of Hell.

Fyre
Of Separation.

16. Fyre of Nature ys the thyrd Menstruall, That fyre ys naturally in every thyng; But fyre occasianat we call Innaturall, And hete of Askys and balnys for putrefying: Wythout these fyres thou may not bryng To Putrctaccyon for to be seperat, Thy matters togetheher proportyonat.

17. Therefore make fyre thy Glasfe wythin, Whych brennyth the Bodyes more then fyre Elementall; yf thou wylt wyn Our Secret accordyng to thy desyre, Then shall thy seeds both roote and spyre, By help of fyre Occasionate, That kyndly after they may be seperat.

18. Of Separation the Gate must thus be won, That furthermore yet thou may procede, Toward the Gate of secret Conjunction, Into the Castle whych wyll the Inner leade, Do after my Counsell therefore yf thou wylt sped, Wyth two strong locks thys Gate ys fhyt, As consequently now thou shalt wyt.

The end of the third Gate.
Of Conjunction.

The fourth Gate.

1. After the Chapter of natural Separation
   By which the Elements of our Stone dyseveryd be
   The Chapter here followyth of secret Conjunction;
   Which natures repugnant joyneth to perfect Unyte,
   And so them knytteth that none from other may fle;
   When they by Fyre shall be examynate,
   Soe be they together surely conjugate.

2. And therefore Philosophers geveth thys deffynycyon,
   Seyng thus Conjunction ys nought ells
   But of dyseveryd qualytes a Copulacyon;
   Or of Pryncypylls a coequacyon as other tells;
   But some wyth Mercury whych the Potecarys tells,
   Medleth Bodyes whych cannot dyvyde
   Ther matter, and therefore they step asyde.

3. For unto tyme the Soul be Separate
   And clenfyd from hys orygynall Syn
   Wyth the Water and purely spyrtytuallyzate:
   Thy trew Conjunction may thou never begyn,
   Therfore the Soul first fro the Body twyn:
   Then of the corporall parte and of the spyrtytall,
   The Soul Conjunction shall cause perpetuall.
Of Conjunction.

4. Of two Conjunctions Philosophers do mention make,
   Groce when the Body with Mercury ys reincendar,
   But let hyt passe, and to the second tent thou take,
   Which as I sayd ys after Separacion celebrat:
   In which the party be left whych left so collygate;
   And so promotyed unto most perfyte temperance,
   Then never after may be among them Repugnance.

5. Thus causyth Separacion trwy Conjunction to be had
   Of Water, Ayre, Earth and Fyre;
   But that every Element may into other be lad,
   And so abyde for ever to thy desire;
   Do as done Laborours with Clay and Myrc,
   Temper them thyke, and make them not to thyn,
   For so to up drying thou shalt the rather wyn.

6. But manners there be of thys Conjunction three,
   The fyrt ys callyd by Philosophers Dyptative,
   Betwyxt the Agent and the Patyent which must be
   Male and Female, Mercury and Sulphure vive;
   Matter and forme, thyne and thyke to thryve.
   Thys lesyon wyll helpe thee wythout any doute,
   Our Conjunction trwyly to bryng about.

7. The second manner ys called Tryptative,
   Whych ys Conjunction made of thyngs three,
   Of Body, Sowle, and Spyrit tyll they not styve,
   Whych Trynite must be brought to perfyte unyte,
   For as the Sowle to the Spyrit the bond must be;
   Ryght to the Body the Sowle to hym must knyt,
   Out of thy mynde let not thy lesyon flyt.
The third manner and also the last of all,
Four Elements together which joynyth to abyde,
Tetraprattive contently Phylosophers doth hyt call,
And specially Guilde de Montayno whose fame goyth
And therefore the most laudable manner thys tyme,
In our Conjunction four Elements must be aggregat,
In dew proportion fyrt which asonder were separat.

Therefore lyke as the Woman hath Vaynes fiftenee,
The Man but five to the act of her secundyte,
Requyryth in our Conjunction fyrt I mene,
So must the Man our Sun have of hys water three;
And (nine) hys Wyfe, whych three to hym must be:
Then lyke whych lyke wyll joy have for to dwell,
More of Conjunction me nedyth not to tell.

Thys Chapter I will conclude right sone therefore,
Groce Conjunction chargyng the to make but one,
For seldome have Strumpettts Children of them I bore,
And so thou shalt never cum by our Stone,
Wythout you suffer the Woman to lygg alone;
That after she hath conceyved of the Man,
The Matryce of her be prynt from all other than.

For such as addyth evermore crude to crude,
Openyng theyr vessells, and lettyng ther matter kele:
The sperme concevyd they norlysh not, but delude
Themselves, and spyllyth their work every dele;
If thou therefore lyft for to do well,
Close up the Matryce and norlysh the seed, (speede.
Wyth heat continuall and temperate if thou wilt
And
Of Conjunction.

12. And when thy Vessel hath stood by Monyths five,
   And Clouds and Clypsys be passed ech one;
   That lyght apperen increase thy hete then blyve,
   Tyll bryght and shynieing in Whytnesse be thy Stone,
   Then may thou opyn thy Glasse anone,
   And fede thy Chyld whych ys then ybore
   Wyth mylke and mete ay more and more and more.

13. For now both moyft and dry be so contemperate,
    That of the Water eth hath recevyd impressyon;
    Whych never affunder after that may be seperate,
    And ryght foe Water to Erth hath given ingressyon,
    That both together to dwell hath made professyon:
    And Water of Erth hath purchasyd retentive,
    They fower be made one never more to strive.

14. And in two thyngs all our entent doth hing,
    In dry and moyft whych be contraryous two;
    In dry that hyt the moyft to syxing bryng,
    In moyft that hyt geve lyquyfaccion the Erth unto,
    That of them thus contemperate may forth go
    A temperament not so thyk as the Body ys,
    Nother so thyn as Water wythout mys.

15. Lofyng and knyttynge therefore be Princypalls two
    Of thys hard science, and Poles most pryncypall;
    How be hyt that other pryncyple be many mo,
    As shyneynge fanells whych shew I shal:
    Proceed therefore unto another wall
    Of thys strong Castle of our wyfdome,
    That Inner at the Fyft Gate thou may come.

X 2 of
OF PUTREFACTIO.

The fift Gate.

1. Now begynneth the Chapter of Putrefaccion,
Wythout whych Pole no fede may multyply,
Whych muft be done only by contynuall accyon
Of hete in the body, moyft, not manually,
For Bodies ells may not be alterat naturally: (Whete
Syth Chryft do it wytnes, wythowt the grayne of
Dye in the ground, encresse may thou not gete.

2. And in lykewyfe wythout thy Matter do Putrefye,
It may in no wyse trewly be alterate,
Nor thyne Elements may be devyded kyndly;
Nor thy Conjunction of them persytly celebrat:
That thy labor thersore be not frustrate,
The prevyte of Putrefying well understond,
Orever thou take thys Warke in hond.

3. And Putrrefaccion may thus defyned be,
After Phylofophers sayings it ys of Bodyes the fleyng,
And in our Compound a dyvysyon of thyngs thre,
The kyllyng Bodyes into corrupcyon forth ledyng,
And after unto Regeneratyon them ablyng:
For thyngs beyng in Erth wythowt dowte
Be engendryd of rotacyon of the Hevyns aboute.

And
Of Putrefaction.

4. And therefore as I have seyd afore
   Theyn Elements comyxt and wysely coequat,
   Thou keepe intemperat heate, eschuyng evermore,
   That they by violent hete be never incynerat;
   To powder dry unprofitably Rubyfycate,
     But into powder blakke as a Crowes byll
   Wyth hete of Balne, or ells of our Doungyll.

5. To tyme that Nyghts be past nynty,
   In moyfhte kepe them fro eny thyng;
   Sone after by blacknes thow shalt espy
   That they draw fast to putrefying,
   Whych thow shalt after many colers bryng
     To perfyt Whytenes wyth Pacyence esyly,
   And so thy sedyne in hys nature shal multeply.

6. Make ech on other to hawfe and kysse,
   And lyke as Chyldren to play them up and downe,
   And when ther sherts be fyllyd wyth pyffe,
   Then lat the Woman to wafh be bound,
   Whych oftyn for fayntnes wyll fall in a sound:
     And dye at the last wyth her Chyldren all,
   And go to Purgatory to purg ther sylth orygynall.

7. When they be there, by lyttyll and lyttyll encrese
   Ther paynys by hete ay more and more,
   The Fyre from them lat never cefe:
   And fe thy Fornace be apt thersore,
   Whych wyse men do call Athenor:
     Conservyng hete requyryd most temperately,
   By whych the Water doth kyndly putrefy.
Of Putrefaction.

8. Of thys Pryncypull spekyth Sapyent Guydo,
And seyth by rottynge dyeth the Compound corporall,
And then after Morjen and other mo,
Uprysyth agayne Regenerat, Sympill, and Spyrytuall,
And were not here and moysture contynuall,
Sperme in the wombe myght have now abydyng,
And so ther shold therof no frute upspring.

9. Therfore at the begynnyng our Stonys thou take,
And bery ech on wyth other wythin ther Grave;
Then equally a Marryage betwyxt them make
To ly together six wekys; then lat them have
Ther fede conseyd kyndly to norysh and save;
From the ground of ther grave not rysyng that while,
Whych secret poynyt doth many on begyle.

10. Thys tyme of Concepyton wyth eyde hete abyde,
The Blacknes showing shall tell the when they dye;
For they together lyke lyquyd Pyche that tyde,
Shall swell and burbyll, setyll, and Putrefye,
Shyning Colors therin thou shalt espye:
Lyke to the Raynbow merveloase unto syght,
The Water then begynnyth to dry upryght.

11. For in moyst Bodys hete noryshyng temperate,
Ingendryth Blacknes syrft of all which ys
Of kyndly Commyxyon to the tokyn assygnate;
And of trew Putrefying, remember thys,
For then to alter perfytly thou may not mysse;
And thus by the Gate of Blacknes thou must cum in
To lyght of Paradyce in Whytenes yf thou wylt wyn.
For
For first the Son in his uprystyng obscure
Shalbe, and passe the Waters of Noyes fluid
On Erth, which were a hundred dayes contynuare
And fyfty, away or all thys Waters yode,
Rght so our Waters as wyse men understande
Shall passe, that thou wyth Davyd may say
Abierunt in sicco flumina: bare thys away.

Sone after that Noe plantyd hys Vyneyard,
Whych really floryshed and brought forth Graps anon:
After whych space thou shalt not be afere;
For in lykewyse shall follow the floryshyng of our Stone:
And sone uppon that thyrty dayes overgone,
Thou shalt have Graps ryght as the Ruby red,
Whych ys our Adrop, our Ulyfer red and our Lede.

For lyke as Sowles after paynys transitory
Be brought into paradyce where everys yoysfull lyfe;
So shall our Stone after hys darknes in Purgatory
Be purged and joynyd in Elements wythoute stryfe,
Rejoyse the whytynes and bewty of hys wyfe:
And passe fro the darknes of Purgatory to lyght
Of paradyce, in Whytynes Elyxer of gret myght.

And that thou may the rather to Putrefaccyon wyn
Thys Exampull thou take to the for a trew conclusyon,
For all the secret of Putrefaccyon restyth therein;
The heart of Oke that hath of Water contynuall influyon
Wyll not sone putrefy, I tell the wythout delusyon:
For though yt in Water ly a hundred yeres and more,
Yet shold thou fynd it found as ever it was afore.
But
16. But and thou kepe hyt somtyme wete, & somtyme dry,  
As thow many fe in Tymber by usuall experyment,  
By proffes of tyme that Oke shall utterly Putrefy:  
And foe in lykewyse accordyng to our entent,  
Sometyme our Tre muft wyth the Son be brent:  
And then wyth Water fone after we muft hyt kele,  
That by thys menes thou shalt to rottynge bryng hyt

17. For nowe in wete and nowe agayne in dry,  
Now in grete hot and now agayne in cold  
To be, shall cause yt fone for to putrefy:  
And so shalt thow bryng to rottynge thy Gold,  
Entrete thy Bodys therfore as I have thee told:  
And in thy Putrefying wyth hete be not fo swyft,  
Left in the Askys thou fekte after thy thryft.

18. Therfore thy Water out of the Erth thow draw,  
And make the soule therwyth for to affend;  
Then downe agayne into the Erth hyt throw,  
That they oft tymes so affend and deffend,  
From vyolent hete and fodayne cold defend  
Thy Glasse, and make thy fyre fo temperat,  
That by the fydys thy Water be never vytryfycate.

19. And be thou wyse in chesing of thy Water,  
Medyll with no Salt, Sulphure, nor mene Minerall,  
For whatsoever any Water to the do clatter;  
Our Sulphure and Mercury be only in Mettall,  
Which Oyls and Waters fom men call:  
Fowlys, and Byrds wyth other namys many one,  
Because that folys fhold never know our Stone.  
For
Of Putrefaction.

20. For of thys World our Stone ys callyd the fement,
Whych mevyd by craft as Nature doth requyre;
In hys encrese shall be full opulent,
And multeply hys kynd of thyne owne defyre:
Therfore ye God vouchsafe thee to enspyre
To know the trewth, and fancies to eschew,
Lyke unto the shalbe in ryches but few.

21. But many be mevyd to worke after their fantasy
In many subjects in whych be Tynctors gay,
Both Whyte and Red, devydyd manually
To fyght, but in the Fyre theye fle away,
Such brekyth Potts and Glaslyys day by day:
Enploysonyng themselfs, and losyng of their fyghts
Wyth Odors and smoks and wakeyng up by nyghts.

22. Their Clothes be bawdy and woryn threde-bare,
Men may them smell for Multyplyers where they go;
To fyyle their fyngers wyth Corrosyves theye do not spare
Theyr Eyes be bleryd, & theyr Chekys both lene & bloe:
And thus for (had I wytt) theye suffer losse and wo;
Such when theye have lost that was in theyr purse,
Then do theye chyd and Phylophers fore accurse.

23. For all the whyle that theye have Phylophers ben,
Yet cowde theye never know our Stone.
Som sought in Soote, Dung, Uryne, som in Wyne:
Som in Sterr flyme, for thynge yt ys but one;
In Blood, Eggs, som tyll theyr thryft was gone:
Devydyng Elements, and brekyng many a pott,
Multyplying the sherds, but yet theye hyt yt not.
Of Putrefaction.

24. To se theyr Howsye it ys a noble sport,
What Fornaces, what Glasses there be of divers shape;
What Salts, what Powders, what Oyles, and waters fort,
How eloquently, de materia prima they clape,
And yet to fynde the trewth they have no hap:
Of our Mercury they medle and of our Sulphur vyve,
Wherein they dote, and more and more unthryve.

25. They take of the Red Man and hys whyte Wyfe,
That ys a speciall thyng and of Elixers two,
Of the Quintessence and of the Elixers of lyfe,
Of Hony, Celydony, and of Secundyns alfo,
These they devyde into Elements wyth other mo;
No Multiplyers but Phylosophers callyd wyll they be,
Whych naturall Phylosophye dyd never rede nor see.

26. Thys felyshop knowyth our Stone ryght wele,
They thynke them rycher then ys the Kyng;
They wyll hym helpe, he shall not fayle
Fraunce for to wyn, a wonders thyng;
The holy Cross home wyll they bryng:
And yf the King were prysoner I take,
Anon hys Raunsome would they make.

27. A mervell yt ys that Westminster Church,
To whych these Phylosophers do haunte;
Syth they so much ryches can wooreche,
As they make bofte of and avaunte,
Drynkyng dayly the wyne a due taunte;
Ys not made up perfytly at ons,
For truly hyt lackyth yet, many Stonys.
Of Putrefaction.

28. Folys doe folow them at the tayle,
Promotyd to ryches wenyng to be;
But wyll ye here what worship and avayle,
They wyn in London that nobyll cyte,
Wyth Sylver Macys as ye may se:
  Sarjaunts awayting on them every owre,
So be they men of great honour.

29. Sarjaunts sekyth them fro Strete to Strete,
Marchaunts and Goldsmyths leyeth after them watch;
That well ys he that wyth them do mete,
For the great advantage that they doe cache,
They hunt about as doth a Rache:
  Wenyng to wyn so grete trefure,
  That ever in ryches they shall endure.

30. Som wold cache theyr goods agayne,
And some more good would aventure;
Som for to have wold be full fayne,
Of Ten pound one I you ensuer:
Som whych hath lent wythout mesure
  Theyr goods, and be with powerte beftad,
  To cache a Nobyll wold be full glad.

31. But when the Sarjaunts do them arest,
  Ther Paukeners be stuffed wyth Parys balls;
Or wyth Sygnetts of Seynt Martynes at the left,
But as for Mony yt ys pyffyd on the walls:
Then be they led as well for them befalls
  To Newgate or Ludgate as I you tell,
Because they shall in safegard dwell.

Where
Of Putrefaction.

32. Where ys my Mony becom seyth one,
And where ys myne seyth he and he?
But wyll ye her here how luttell they be anon,
In answerying, that they excused may be,
Saying, Of our Elysers robbyd we be:
Els myght we have payd you all your Gold,
Yf yt had been more by ten folde.

33. And then theyer Creditors they begin to flatter,
Promysying to worke for them agayne;
The Elysers two in short space after,
Doityng the Merchants that they be fayne
To let them go, but ever in vayne:
They worke so long, tyll at the last
They be agayne in Pryson caft.

34. Yf any then aske them why they be not ryche,
They sey they make fyne Gold of Tynn;
But he they sey may surely swym in dyche,
Whych ys uphelden by the chyn,
We have no sterc, therefore may we nought wyn:
Whych yf we had we wold some worche,
I now to synysh up Westmynster Churche.

35. And some of them be so Devowte,
They wyll not dwell out of that place;
For there they may wythowten dowte,
Do what them lyft to their Solace;
The Archedeacon ys so full of grace:
Yf that they please hym wyth the Crosse,
He forsyth lyttyl of other menys loss.
36. And when they there hit at the wyne,
These Monkys they sey have many a pound,
Wolde God (seyth one) that som were myne;
Hay hoe, careaway, lat the cup go rounde:
Drynk on, seyth another, the mene ys founde:
    I am a Master of that Arte,
    I warrant us we shall have parte.

37. Such causyth the Monkys then evyll to don,
    To waft ther Wagys thorow theyr dotage;
Som bryngeth a Mazer and som a Spone;
    There Phylosophers gevyth them such corage,
Behotyng them wynnyng wythout damage:
    A pound for a peny at the left agayne,
    And so fayre promys makyth folys fayne.

38. A ryall Medycyne one upon twelve
    They promys them thereof to have,
Whych they could never for themsfelве
Yet bryng abowte, so God me fave:
Beware such Phylosophers, no man deprave:
    Whych helpyth these Monkys to ryches so,
    Wyth threadbare Cowlys that they do go.

39. The Abb{t well ought to cherysh thys Company,
For they can tech hys Monkys to leve in povertе,
And to go clothyd and monyed relygyously,
As dyd Seynt Benet, eschuynг superfluйте,
Esying them also of the ponderofyte
    Of theyr purflys, wyth pounds so aggravate,
    Whych by Phylosophy be now allevyat.

Y 3
Of Putrefaction.

40. Lo who so medlyth wyth thys rych Company, 
    Gret boft of ther wynnyng may they make, 
    For they shall have as much by ther Phylofophy, 
    As they of the tayle of an Ape can take; 
    Beware thersore for Jesus take: 
        And medyll wyth nothyng of gret cost, 
        For and thou do, yt ys but lost.

41. These Phylofophers (of whych I spake afore) 
    Medlyth and blondryth wyth many a thyng, 
    Renuyng in errors more and more, 
    For lac of trew understandyng, 
    But lyke muft lyke alway sereth bryng: 
        So God hath ordeyned in every kynde, 
        Wold Jesus they wold thys bere in mynde.

42. Wene they of a Nettyll to have a Rose 
    Or of an Elder an Apple swete, 
    Alas that wyfe men ther goods shold lose: 
    Trustyng such Losells when they them mete, 
    Whych seyth our Stone ys trodyn under fete: 
        And makyth them thersore vyle thyngs for to styll 
        Tyll at theyr howsys wyth stench they fyll.

43. Som of them never lernyd a word in Scolys, 
    Such thynk by reason to understand Phylofophy: 
    Be they Phylofophers? nay, they be folys: 
    Therfore ther Wartes provyth unwytty; 
    Medyll not wyth them yf thou be happy: 
        Left wyth theyr flatteryng they so the tyll 
        That thou agre unto ther wyll.
Spend not thy Mony away in waste,
Geve not to every speche credence;
But fyrst examyn, grope and taste;
And as thou provyft, so put thy confydence,
And ever beware of grete expence:
But yf thy Phylosopher lyve vertuouly,
Truft the better to hys Phylosophy.

Prove hym fyrst and hym oppose
Of all the Secretts of our Stone,
Whych yf he know not thou nedyth not to lufe;
Medyll thou not fether, but let hym gone,
Make he never fo pytyose a mone:
For than the Fox can fagg and fayne
When he wold faynyft hys prey attayne.

Yf he can anfwer as ought a Clarke,
How be hyt he hath not provyd indecle;
And yf thou wylt helpe hym to hys Warke,
Yf he be vertuoufe I hold hyt mede,
For he wyll the quyte yf ever he sped:
And thou shalt weete by a lytyll anon
Yf he have knowledge of our Stone.

One thyng, one Glasfe, one Fur pace and no mo,
Behold thys pryncypyll yf he take;
And yf he do not, then lat hym go;
For he shall never thee rych man make:
Trewly yt ys better thou hym forlake,
Then after wyth losse and varyaunce,
And other manner of dyspleaunce.

But
Of Putrefaction.

48. But and God fortune the for to have
Thys science by doctrine whych I have told;
Discover yt not whosoever thee crave,
For Favor, Fere, Sylver, nor Gold:
Be none Oppressor, Lecher, nor bofter bold;
Serve thy God, and helpe the powre among,
Yf thou thys lyfe lyft to continew long.

49. Unto thy selfe thy secretts kepe
From synners whych hath not God in dred;
But wyll the cast in Pryson depe,
Tyll thou them tech to do hyt in dede,
Then slander on the sholde spryng and sprede,
That thou dyd coyne then wold they sey,
And so undo the for ever and aye.

50. And yf thou teche them thys conyng,
Their synfull levyng for to mayntayne;
In Hell therfore myght be thy wonnyng,
For God of the then would disdayne,
As thow nought cowd for thy selfe sayne:
That Body and Soule you may bothe save,
And here in pece thy levyng have.

51. Now in thys Chapter I have the tought,
How thou the bodys must Putrefy:
And so to guide the thou be not cawght,
And put in duraunce, losse, and vylanye:
My doctrine therefore remember wyttyly,
And passe forth toward the Syxth Gate,
For thys the Fysthe ys triumphant.
Of Congelation.

The sixth Gate.

1. Of Congelacyon I nede not much to wryte,
   But what yt ys now I wyll fyrst declare:
   It ys of soft thyngs Induracyon of Colour Whyte,
   And confyxacyon of Spyrits whych fleyng are:
   How to congele thee nedyth not much to care;
   For Elements wyll knyt together fone,
   So that Putrefacyon be kyndly done.

2. But Congelacyons be made in dyvers wyfe,
   And Spyryts and Bodys dysfolvyd to water clere,
   Of Salts alfo dysfolvyd ons or twyfe,
   And then to congele in a fluxyble Mater;
   Of fuch Congelyng folys do clatter:
   And fome dyssolvyth devydyng manually
   Elements, them after congelyng to powder dry.

3. But fuch Congelyng ys not to our defyre:
   For unto owers yt ys contraryose.
   Our Congelacion dreadyth not the fire:
   For yt muft ever ftond in yt unctuos,
   And also in hyys Tincture be full bounteous,
   Whych in the Ayre congelyd wyll not relent
   To Water, for then our Worke were flient.

Moreover
Of Congelation.

4. Moreover Congele not into so hard a stone
   As Glass or Crystall which melteth by fusyon;
   But so that hyt lyke wax wyll melt anon
   Wythouten blast: and beware of Delusyon;
   For such Congelyng longyth not to our Conclusyon
   As wyll not flow and ren to water agen,
   Lyke Salts congelyd, then laboryst thou in vayne.

5. Whych Congelacyon avaylyth us never a dell,
   Hyt longyth to Multyplyers whych Congele vulgarly;
   Yf thow therefore lyft to do well,
   (Syth thy Medcyne shall never flow kyndly,
   Nether Congele, wythout thow fyrt yt Putrefye)
   Fyrst Purge and Fyx the Elements of our Stone,
   Tyll they together Congele and flow anone.

6. For when the Matter ys made parfyt Whyte,
   Then wyll thy Spryte wyth the Body Congelyd be;
   But of that tyme thou must have long respyte,
   Yer yt appere Congelyd lyke Pearles unto the,
   Such Congelacyon be glad for to see;
   And after lyke graynys red as blod,
   Rychyr then any worldly good.

7. The erthly Grofnes therefore fyrst mortysfyeed
   In Moyftnes, Blacknes ingendryd ys;
   Thys pryncypell may not be denied,
   For naturall Phylosophers so feyth I wys;
   Whych had, of Whytenes thou may not mys:
   And into Whytenes yf thou Congele hyt ons,
   Thou haft a Stone most presyole of all Stonys.
Of Congelation.

8. And by the Dry lyke as the Moyst dyd putrefy, Whych caufyd in colors Blacknes to appere, Ryght so the Moyst Congelyd by the Dry, Ingendryth Whytenes shyneyng with myght full clere, And Drynes procedyth as Whytyth the matter: Lyke as in Blackyng Moysture doth hym shaw, By colors varyante aye new and new.

9. The cause of all thys ys Hett moft temperate, Workyng and mevyng the Mater contynually; And thereby also the Mater ys alterate, Both inward and outward substancyally, And not to as doth solys to syght sophystycally: But every parte all fyre for to endure, Fluxybly fyxe and stabull in tyncture.

10. And physycke determyneth of eche Dygestyon, Fyrst don in the Stomack in whych ys Drynes, Caufyng Whytnes wythout queftyon, Lyke as the second Dygestyon caufyth Rednes, Complet in the Lyver by Hete and temperatnes; And so our Stone by Drynes and by Hete, Dygestyd ys to Whyte and Red complete.

11. But here thou muft another secret knowe, How the Phylosophers Chyld in the Ayre ys borne: Besy thee not to fast at the Cole to blowe, And take that nether for mock nor skorne, But trust me truly else thy work ys all forlorne: Wythout thyne Erth wyth Water revyvyd be, Our trew Congelyng shalt thou never see.
Of Congelation.

12. A soule betwyxt Hevyt and Erth beyng,
   Arlyng fro the Erth as Ayre wyth Water pure,
   And causing lyfe in every lyvely thyng,
   Incressably runnyng uppon our foresayd Nature,
   Enforsyng to better them wyth all hys cure;
   Whych Ayre ys the Fyre of our Phylosophy,
   Namyd now Oyle, now Water mystlyly.

13. And thus mene Ayre, whych Oyle, or Water we call,
   Our Fyre, our Oyntment, our Spryte, and our Stone,
   In whych one thyng we grownd our wysdomes all,
   Goyth nether out nor yn alone,
   Nether the Fyer but the Water anone;
   Fyrst yt outeledyth, and after bryngyth yt yn,
   As Water with Water whych wyll not lyghtly twyn.

14. And so may Water only our Water meve,
   Whych mevyng causing both Deth and Lyfe,
   And Water doth kyndly to Water cleve
   Wythout repugnance, or any styfe,
   Whych Water to Folys ys nothyng ryfe;
   Beyng of the kynd wythowten dowte
   Of the Spryte, callyd Water and Ieder owte.

15. And Water ys the fecret and lyfe of every thyng:
    That ys of substance in thys world y found;
    For of the Water eche thyng hath begynnyng,
    As showyth in Woman when she shallbe unbound
    By water whych passyth afore, if all be found,
    Callyd 
    Wyth grevose throwys afore ther chyldyng.
And truly that ys the cause pryncypall,
Why Phylosophers chargyd us to be pacient
Tyll tyme the Water were dryed to powder all,
Wyth nurryshyng hetre contynuall but not vyolent,
For qualytes be contrarious of every element,
Tyll after Black in Whyte be made a unyon,
And then forever congelyd wythout dyvyfyon.

And furthermore the preparacion of thys converfyon
Fro thyng to thyng, fro one state to another,
Ys done only by kyndly and descrete operacion
Of Nature, as ys of Sperme wythin the Mother:
For Sperme and Hete as Syster be and Brother,
Whych be converted wythin themself as Nature can
By accion, and paTyon, and at the laft to parfy t Man.

For as the bodely part by Nature whych ys consumate
Into Man, ys such as the begynner was,
Whych though yt thus fro thyng to thyng was alterat,
Not owt of kynd to menge with other kynds dyd yt pas;
And so our Mater spermaty whole wythin one Glas,
Wythin hyt selfe must turne fro thyng to thyng,
By hete most temperate only hyt noryshyng.

Another example naturall I may thee tell,
How the substance of an Egg by nature ys wrought
Into a Chyk, not pasyng out of the shell,
A playner example cowd I not have thought,
And there conversions be made tyll forth be brought
Fro state to state the lyke by lyke yn kynd,
Wyth nurryshyng hete: only bere thys yn mynd.

Another
Of Congelation.

20. Another example here may you also rede,
Of Vegetable thyngs takyng consideracyon;
How every Plant growyth of hys owne fede,
Thorow Hete and Moysture by naturall operacyon,
And therefore Mineralls be nurryshed by mynyftracyon;
Of Moysture radycall, whych theyr beginning was,
Not passiyng theyer kynd wythin one Glas.

21. There we them turne fro thyng to thyng agayne,
Into ther Moder the Water when they go;
Whych pryncyple unknowen thou labourest in vaync:
Then ys all Sperme, and thyngs ther be no mo,
But kynd wyth kynd in number two;
Male and Female, Agent and Pacyent,
Wythin the matryce of the Erth most oryent.

22. And these be turnyd by Hete fro thyng to thyng
Wythin one Glas, and fo fro state to state,
Tyll tyme that Nature do them bryng
Into one fubftance of the Water regenerate,
And so the Sperme wythin hys kynde ys alterate,
Abyll in lykenes hys kynde for to Mulpelye,
As doth in kynde all other thyngs naturally.

23. In the tyme of thys seyde processe naturall,
Whyle that the Sperme conseyved ys growyng,
The fubftance ys nurryshed wyth hys owne Menftrual,
Whych Water only out of the Erth dyd bryng,
Whose colour ys Greene in the fyrst showing,
And for that tyme the Son hydyth hys lyght,
Taking hys course thorow owte the North by nyght.

The
Of Congelation.

24. The seyd Menstrual, (I say to the in counsell)
The blod of our Grené Lyon, and not of Vytrioll,
Dame Venus can the trewth of thys the tell,
At thy beknnyng to counsell and yf thou her call:
Thys secret ys hyd by Phylosophers grete and small;
Whych blode drawn owte of the seyd Lyon,
For lac of Hete had not persyf Dygestyon.

25. But thys blode our secret Menstruall,
Wherewith our Sperme ys nurryshed temperatly,
When it ys turnyd into the secys Corporall,
And becom Whyte persytly and very Dry,
Congelyd and Fyxyd into hys owne body;
Then brustyn blod to fyght yt may well feme,
Of thys warke namyd the mylke whyte Dyademe.

26. Understonde now that our fyery Water thus acuate,
Is called our Menstruall water, wherein
Our Erth ys losyd and naturally Calcenat
By Congelacyon that they may never twyne:
Yet to Congele more water thou may not blyn
Into thre parts of the acuate water seyd afore,
Wyth the 4th part of the Erth congelyd & no more.

27. Unto that substance therefore so congelaat,
The fowerth part put of water Crystallyn
And make them then together to be Dysponsat
By Congelacon into a myner metallyne,
Whych lyke a sworde new flypyd then wyll flynye,
After the Blacknes whych fyrfst wyll showe,
The fowerth parte geve yt them of water new.
Mo
Of Congelation.

28. Mo Inbybicons many must we have yett;
Geve yt the second, and after the thyrd also,
The seyd proportyon kepe well in thy wyt;
Then to another the fowerth tyme loke thou go,
The fyfth tyme and the fyxth, passe not there fro:
  But put two parts at eche tyme of them three,
  And at the seventh tyme fuye parts let there bee.

29. When thou haft made thus seven tymes Inbybicion,
Ageyne then must thow turne thy Whelc,
And Putrefy all that Matter wythowte addycyon:
Fyrst Blacknesse abdyng yt thow wylt do well,
Then into Whytynes congele yt up eche dele,
  And by Rednes into the Sowth assend,
Then haft thou brought thy Base unto an end.

30. Thus ys thy Water then devydyd in partyes two,
Wyth the fyrst party the Bodys be Putryfycat,
And to thyne Inbybicons the second part must go,
Wyth whych the Matter ys afterwards Denygrat,
Andfone uppon by ecy Decoccyon Albyfycate:
  Then yt ys namyd by Phylosophers our Sterry Stone,
  Bryng that to Rednes, then ys the fyxth Gate woon.
OF CIBATION.

The seventh Gate.

1. Now of Cibacion I turne my pen to wryte,
   Syth yt must here the seventh place occupye;
   But in few words yt wylbe expedyte,
   Take tent therto, and understond me wyttyly;
   Cibacion ys caly'd a fedyng of our Matter dry
   Wyth Mylke, and Mete, whych moderatly they do,
   Tyll yt be brought the thyrd order unto.

2. But geve yt not so much that thou hyt glut,
   Beware of the Dropfy, and also of Noyes Flood;
   By lyttyll and lyttyll therfore thou to hyt put
   Of Mete and Drynke as semyth to do hyt good,
   That watryhumors not overgrow the blood:
   The Drynke therfore let hyt be meryyd so,
   That kyndly appetyte thou never quench thersfro.

3. For yf yt drynke to much, then must yt have
   A Vomyte, ells wyll yt be fyk to long;
   Fro the Dropfy therfore thy Wombe thou save,
   And fro the Flux, ells wyll hyt be wrong,
   Whych rather lat yt thyrsft for drynke amonge:
   Then thou shold geve yt overmuch at ons
   Whych must in youth be dyattyd for the nons.

Aa

And
Of Cibation.

4. And if thou dyatt hyt (as Nature doth requyre) Moderately tyll hyt be growen to age,
Fro Cold hyt kepyng and nurryshyng wyth moyst Fyre;
Than shall yt grow and wax full of corrage,
And do to thee both plesure and advauntage:
For he shall make darke Bodys hole and bryght,
Clesyng theyer Leprofenes thorow hyss myght.

5. Thre tymes thus must thou turne about thy Whyle
Abowte kepyng the rewle of the feyd Cibacyon,
And then as fone as yt the Fyre doth fele,
Lyke Wax yt wylbe redy unto Lyquacyon;
Thys Chapter nedyth not longer protestacion:
For I have told thee the dyatory most convenyent
After thyne Elements be made equypolent.

6. And also howthou to Whytmes shalt bryng thy Gold,
Moft lyke in sygure to the lenys of an hawthorn tre,
Callyd Magnesya afore as I have told,
And our Whye Sulfur wythowte combustebyllyte,
Whyeh fro the fyer away wyll never sye:
And thus the seventh Gate as thou desyred
In the upspiryng of the Son ys conqueryd.
Of Sublimation.
The eight Gate.

1. Here of our Sublimacion a word or two,
   I have to speke, whych the eyghth Gate ys
   Folys do Sublyme, but Sublyme thou not so,
   For we Sublyme not lyke as they do I wys;
   To Sublyme trewly thersore thou shalt not mys:
   If thou can make thy Bodys first spirituall,
   And then thy Spyryts as I have tought the corporall.

2. Som do Mercury from Vitriall and Salt sublyme,
   And other Spryts fro Scales of Yern or Steele,
   Fro Eggshells calcynyd and quyk lyme,
   And on theyer manner hyt they Sublymeryghtwell,
   But such Sublymyng accordyth never adele
   To our entent, for we Sublyme not so,
   To trewe Sublymyng thersore now wyll I go.

3. In Sublymacyon fyrfte beware of one thyng,
   That thou Sublyme not to the top of thy Vessell,
   For without vyolence thou shalt yt not downe bryng
   Ageyne, but there yt wyll abyde and dwell;
   So hyt rejoysyth wyth refrygeracion I the tell:
   Kepe hyt thersore wyth temperat hete adowne
   Full forty dayes, tyll hyt wex black abowen.

Aa 2
Of Sublimation.

4. For then the Sowle begynneth for to com owte, Fro hys owne vaynys ; for all that subtyll ys, Wyll wyth the Spryts affend withouten dowte: Bere in thy mynde thencefore and thynkeon thys, How here eclypsyd byn thy Bodys:\nAs they do Putrify Sublymysng more and more, Into the Water tyll they be all up bore.

5. And thus ther venom when they have spowtyd out Into the water, than Black yt doth appeare, And become spirituall every dele withoute dowte, Sublymysng easyly on our manner Into the water which doth hym bere:\nFor in the Ayre one Chyld thus mufl: be bore Of the Water ageyne as I have seyd before.

6. But when these to Sublymacyon continuall Be laboryd so, wyth hete both moyft and temperate, That all ys Whyte and purely made spirituall; Than Hevyn uppon Erth mufl be reitterate, Unto the Sowle wyth the Body be reincorporate:\nThat Erth becom all that afore was Hevyn, Whych wyll be done in Sublymacyons sevyn.

7. And Sublymacyon we make for causys thre, The fyrst cause ys to make the Body Spirituall; The second that the Spryt may Corporall be, And becom syx wyth hyt and substancyall:\nThe Thyrd cause ys that fro hys sylth orygynall He may be clensyd, and hys faryns sulphuryose Be mynyshyd in hym whych ys infectuose. Then
Of Sublimation.

8. Then when they thus togeder depuryd be,
They wyll Sublyme up whyter then Snow;
That fyght wyll grely comfort the;
For than anon parfytly shalt thou know
Thy Sprytts shall so be a downe I throw:
That thys Gate to the shalbe unlockyd,
Out of thys Gate many one be shyt and mockyd.

OF FERMENTATION.

The ninth Gate.

1. Trew Fermentacyon fewe Workers do understond,
That secrett therefor I wyll expounde to the,
I travelyd trewly thorow many a Lond:
Or ever I myght fynde any that cold tell hyt me;
Yet as God wolde, (evermore blessed he be,)
At the last I cum to knowledge therof parfyt,
Take heede thersore, therof what I do wryte.

2. Fermentyng in dyvers maners ys don,
By whych our Medcyns must be perpetuate,
Into a clere Water, somelseyth Son and More;
And wyth ther Medcyns makyth them to be Congelate;
Whych in the Fyer what tyme they be examynate,
May not abyde nor alter wyth Complement,
For such Ferments ys not to our intent.

Aa 3. But
Of Fermentation.

3. But yet more kyndly som other men don
Fermentynge theyer Medcynes in thyse wyse,
In Mercury dyssolvynge both Son and Mone,
Up wyth the Spryts tyll tyme wyll aryse,
Sublymyng them together twyse or thryse:
Then Fermentation therof they make,
That ys a way, but yet we hyt forsale.

4. Som other ther be whych hath more hap
To touch the trothp in parte of Fermentynge;
They Amalgam ther Bodys wyth Mercury lyke papp;
Then therupon ther Medcyns relentyng,
These of our Secretts have som hentyng:
But not the trewth wyth parfyt Complement,
Because they nether Putrefy nor alter ther Ferment.

5. That paynt thersore I wyll dysclose to thee,
Looke how thou dydyft wyth thy unparfyt Body,
And do so wyth thy parfyt Bodys in every degre;
That ys to sey fyrst thou them Putrefyse
Her prymary qualytes destroying utterly:
For thys ys wholey to our entent,
That fyrst thou alter before thou Ferment.

6. To thy Compound make Ferment the fowerth parte,
Whych Ferments be only of Son and Mone;
If thou thersore be Master of thyse Arte,
Thy Fermentation lat thyse be done,
Fyx Water and Erth together fone:
And when the Medcyn as wax doth flowe,
Than uppon Malgams loke thou hyt throw.

And
Of Fermentation.

7. And when all that together ys myxyd
   Above thy Glasse well cloyd make thy fyre,
   And so contene wyth yttyll all be fyxid,
   And well Fermented to defyre
   Than make Projcccyon after thy pleasure:
   For that ys Medcyn than ech dele party;
   Thus muft you Ferment both Red and Whyte.

8. For lyke as flower of Whete made into Paft,
   Requyretth Ferment whych Leven we call
   Of Bred that yt may have the kyndly taft,
   And becom Fode to Man and Woman most cordyall
   Ryght so thy Medcyn Ferment thou shalt,
   That yt may taff wyth the Ferment pure,
   And all assays evermore endure.

9. And understand that ther be Ferments three,
   Two be of Bodys in nature clene,
   Whych must be altryd as I have told thee
   The thyrd most secret of whych I mene,
   Ys the fyrrst Erth to hys owne Water grene:
   And therfore when the Lyon doth thurft,
   Make hym drynke tyll hys Belly burst.

10. Of thy s a Queftyon yf I shold meve,
    And aske of Workers what ys thys thyng,
    Anon therby I sholde them preve;
    Yf they had knowledge of our Fermentyng,
    For many man spekyth wyth wondreng:
    Of Robyn Hode, and of his Bow,
    Whych never shot therin I trow.
Of Fermentation.

11. But Fermentacon trow as I the tell
Ys of the Sowle wyth the Bodys incorporacyon,
Restoryng to hyt the kyndly smell;
Wyth taft and color by naturall confpylacyon
Of thyngs dysseveryd, a dew redynegracyon:
Wherby the Body of the Spryte takyth impression,
That eyther other may helpe to have ingression.

12. For lyke as the Bodys in ther compaccyon corporall
May not show out ther qualytes effectually
Untyll the tyme that they becom spryrituall:
No more may Spryts abyde wyth the Bodys stedfastly,
But they wyth them be tyrst confyxat proportionably:
For then the Body techyth the Spryt to suffer Fyer,
And the Spryt the Body to endure to thy defyre.

13. Therfore thy Gold wyth Gold thou must Ferment,
Wyth hys owne Water thyne Erth clenyd I mene
Not ells to say but Element wyth Element;
The Spryts of Lyfe only goyng betweene,
For lyke as an Adamandas thow haft fenc:
Yrn to hym draw, so doth our Erth by kynde
Draw downe to hym hys Sowle borne up wyth Wynd.

14. Wyth mynd therfore thy Sowle lede out and in,
Meng Gold wyth Gold, that is to say
Make Elements wyth Elements together ryn;
To tyme all Fyre they suffer may,
For Erth ys Ferment wythouten nay
To Water, and Water the Erth unto;
Our Fermentacion in thyw wyfe must be do.
Of Fermentation.

15. Erth ys Gold, so ys the Sowle also,
Not Comyn but Owers thus Elementate,
And yet the Son therto must go,
That by our Whcle yt may be alterate,
For so to Ferment yt must be preparat:
That hyt profoundly may joynyd be
Wyth other natures as I feyd to thee.

16. And whatsoever I have here seyd of Gold,
The same of Sylver I wyll thou understond,
That thou them Putrefy and alter as I have told:
Ere thou thy Medcyn to Ferment take in hond,
Forsworth I cowde never synde hym wythin Englonde:
whych on thys wyse to Ferment cowde me teche
Wythout errour, by praettyse or by speche.

17. Now of thys Chapter me nedyth to trete no more,
Syth I intend prolixite to eschew;
Remember well my words thersore,
Whych thou shalt preve by praettyse trew,
And Son and Mone loke thou renew:
That they may hold of the fift natures,
Then shall theyr Tynctures ever endure.

18. And yet a way there ys most excellent,
Belongyng unto another workyng,
A Water we make most redolent:
All Bodys to Oyle wherwyth we bryng,
Wyth whych our Medcyn we make floyng:
A Quyntestens thys Water we call
In man, whych helyth Dyeseys all.

But
Of Fermentation.

But wyth thy Bace after my Doctrine preparat,
Whych ys our Calx, thys must be don;
For when our Bodys be so Calcenat,
That Water wyll to Oyle dyssolve them sone;
Make therefore Oyle of Son and Mone
Which ys Ferment most fragrant for to smell,
And so the 9th Gate ys Conquered of thys Castell.

Of Exaltation.
The tenth Gate.

Procede we now to the Chapter of Exaltacion,
Of whych truly thou must have knowledge pure,
Full lytyst yf ys dyfferent from Sublymacyon,
Yf thou conceve hym ryght I thee ensure:
Herto accordyth the holy Scryptyre:
Chryste seyng thus, If I exalted be,
Then shall I draw all thyngs unto me.

Ower Medycyn yf we Exalt ryght so,
Hyt shall therby be Nobylzyate,
That must be done in manners two,
Fro tyme the-parts be dysponsate,
Whych must be Crusyfyed and examynat:
And then contumulate both Man and Wyfe,
And after revyvyd by the Spyryts of Lyfe.

Than
Of Exaltation.

3. Than up to Hevyn they must Exaltyd be,
    Ther to be in Body and Sowle gloryfycate;
    For thou muft bryng them to fuch subtylyte,
    That they affend together to be intronyzate,
    In Clowds of clerenesse, to Angells consociate:
    Then shall they draw as thou shalt s
    All other Bodys to ther owne dygnyte.

Yf thou thercfore thy Bodys wyll Exaltat,
    Fyrst wyth the Spryts of Lyfe thou them augment,
    Tyll tyme thy Erth be well subtylyate,
    By naturall retyfying of eche Element;
    Hym up exaltyng into the Fyrmament:
    Than much more presyose shall they be than Gold,
    Because they of the Quynettesence do hold.

5. For when the Cold hath overcum the Hete,
    Then into Water the Ayre shall turnyd be;
    And so two contrarys together shall mete,
    Tyll ether wyth other ryght well agre,
    So into Ayre thy Water as I tell the;
    When Hete of Cold hath gott domynacyon,
    Shalbe convertyd by craft of Cynculacyon.

6. And of the Fyer then Ayer have thou shall,
    By losyng Putrefyyng and Sublymyng;
    And Fyer thou haft of the Erth materyall:
    Thyne Elements by craft thus dysleveyng,
    Moft spcycally the Erth well Calcenyng:
    And when they be eche on made pure,
    Then do they hold all of the fytht nature.
Of Exaltation.

7. On this wyse therefore make them to be Circulat, 
   and unto other exalting by and by, 
   And in one Glass do all this surely sygylate, 
   Not wyth thy hands, but as I teche the naturally, 
   Fyre into Water then turne syrft hardely; 
   For Fyre ys in Ayer wych ys in Water exystent, 
   And thys Conversyon accordyth to our entent.

8. Than furthermore turne on thy Whele, 
   That into Erth thy Ayre convertyd be, 
   Whych wylbe don also ryght well: 
   For Ayre ys in Water beyng in the Erth tryst me, 
   Then Water into Fyre contraryose in ther qualyte: 
   Some turne thou may, for Water in Erth ys, 
   Whych ys in Fyer conversyon, true ys thys.

9. Thy Whele ys now nygh turnyd abowte, 
   Into Ayre turne Erth, whych ys the proper nest 
   Of other Elements ther ys no dowte, 
   For Erth in Fyre ys, whych in Ayre takyth rest, 
   Thys Circulacyon thou begyn must in the West: 
   Then forth into the Sowth tyll they exaltyd be, 
   Proceede dewly as in the Fygure I have towght the.

10. In whych proces thou may clerly se, 
   From an extreame how to another thou may not go, 
   But by a mene, syth they in qualyte contraryose be; 
   And reson wyll forsoth that hyt be so, 
   As hete into cold wyth other contraryose mo: 
   Wythout theyr menys as moyst to hete and cold, 
   Examples suffycyent afore thys have I told.   Thus
Of Exaltation.

Thus have I taught the how for to make,
Of all thy Elements a parfyt Circulacyon,
And at thy Fygure example for to take;
How thou shalt make thys foresayd Exaltacyon,
And of thy Medcyn in the Elements trew graduacyon:
Tyll hyt be brought to a quynaryte temperat,
And then thou haft conquyrd the Tenth Gate.

Of Multiplication.

The eleventh Gate.

1. Multiplycacyon now to declare I procede,
Which ys by Phylosophers in thys wyse dyfynyd,
Augmentacyon yt ys of that Elixer indede,
In goodnes, in quantyte, both for Whyt and Rede,
Multiplycacyon ys thercfore as they have seyd: (degre,
That thyng that doth Augment the Medcyns in ech,
In Color, in Odor, in Vertue, and also in Quantyte.

2. And why thou may thy Medcyn multeply,
Infynytyly the cause forsoth ys thys.
For yt ys Fyer whych tyne unwill never dye:
Dwellyng wyth the as Fyer doth in houslys,
Of whych one sparke may make more Fyers I wys;
As musk in Pygments, and other spycys mo,
In vertue multiplyethyst and our Medcyn ryght fo.
Of Multiplication.

3. So he ys ryche the whych Fyer hath les or more, Because he may so grely Multyply; And ryght so ryche ys he whych any parte hath in store Of our Elixers whych be augmentable insynytly: One way yf thou dyssolve our Powders dry, And oft tymes of them make Congelacyon, Of hyt in goodnes thou makyft then Augmentacyon.

4. The second way both in goodnes and in quantyte, Hyt Multyplyeth by Iterat Fermentacion, As in that Chapter I showyd playly unto the, By dyvers manners of naturall Operacyon, And also in the Chapter of our Cybacyon: Where thou may know how thou shalt Multyply Thy Medycyn wyth Mercury Insynytly.

5. But and thou bothe wyll Loose and also Ferment, Both more in quantyte and better wyll hyt be; And in such wyse thou may that so augment, That in thy Glas yt wyll grow lyke a Tre, The Tre of Hermes namyd, seemly to se: Of whych one Pepyn a thowsand wyll Multyply, Yf thou can make thy Projeccyon wyttyly.

6. And lyke as Saffron when yt ys pulveryzate, By lyttyll and lyttyll yf hyt in Lycour be Temperyd, and then wyth mykyll more Lycour dylate; Tyngyth much more of Lycour in quantyte, (se Than beyng hole in hys owne grose nature: so shal thou That our Elixers the more they be made thyn, The farther in Tynature sothfastly wyll renne. Kepe
Of Multiplication.

7. Kepe in thy Fyer thersore both evyn and morow,
   Fro house to house that thou nede not to renne
   Amonge thy Neyghbors, thy Fyer to sech or borow,
   The more thou kepyft the more good shal thou wyn,
   Multiplyyng ey more and more thy Glas wythin:
   By fedyng wyth Mercury to thy lyvys end,
   So shal thou have more than thou nedyft to spend.

8. Thys mater ys playne, I wyll no more
   Wryte now therof, lat Reson the guyde;
   Be never the bolder to Syn thersore,
   But serve thy God the better at ech tyde;
   And whylls that thou shall in thys lyfe abyde,
   Bere thys in mynde, forget not I the pray,
   As thou shalt apere before thy God at domys day.

9. Hys owne gret Gyfts thesfore and hys Treasure,
   Dyspose thou vertuosely, helpyng the poore at nede,
   That in thys World to the thou may procure
   Mercy and Grace with Hevenly blys to mede,
   And pray devoutly to God that he the lede
   In at thys eleventh Gate as he can best,
   Sone after then thou shalt end thy conquest.
Of Projection.
The twelfth Gate.

1. IN Projeeyon hyt shalbe provyd yf our pratife be profy-
   Of wch yt behovyth me the secrets here to move, (table
   Therfore yf thy Ty necessità be sure and not varyable,
   By a lytyll of thy Medcyn thus shalt thou preve
   Wyth Mettall or wyth Mercury as Pyche yt wyll cleve:
   And Ty nost in Projeeyon all Fyers to abyde,
   And fone yt wyll enter and spred hym full wyde.

2. But many for Ignorans doth mar that they made,
   When on Mettalls unclenfyd Projeeyon they make,
   For be cause of corrupcyon theyr Ty necessities must vade;
   Whych they wold not awey fyrst fro the Bodys take,
   Whych after Projeeyon be bryttyl, bloe, and blacke:
   That thy Ty necessity therfore may evermore laft,
   Uppon Ferment thy Medcyn loke fyrst that thou cast.

3. Then bryttyl wyll thy Ferment as any glas be,
   Uppon Bodys clenfyd and made very pure,
   Cast thy bryttyll substance and sone shall thou se,
   That they shalbe curyosely colerd wyth Ty necessity,
   Whych at all assays for ever shall endure:
   But at the Psalmys of the Sawter example thou take
   Profytable Projeeyon parsytly to make.
Of Projection.

4. On Fundamenta cast fyrt thys Psalme Nunc Dimittis,
   Uppon Verba mea then cast Fundamenta blyve;
   Than Verba mea uppon Dilgam, conseve me wyth thy wyttys;
   And Diligam on Attend e yf thou lyft to thryste:
   Thus make thou Projeyeons thrre fowre or fyve,
   Tyll the Tynsteure of thy Medcyn begun to decrease,
   And then yt-ys tyme of Projeyeon to cese.

5. By thys mysty talkynge I mene nothyng ells,
   But that thou must cast fyrt the lesse on the more,
   Increasyng ever the Number as wyse men the tells,
   And kepe thou thys Secrett to thy felfe in store,
   Be covetuose of connyng yt ys no burden sore:
   For who that joyneth not the Elixers wyth Bodys made clene,
   He wot not what sykerly Projeyeon doth mene.

6. Ten yf thou Multyply fyrt into ten,
   One hundreth, that number wyll make sykerly;
   Yf one hundreth into an hundreth be Multyplyed then,
   Ten thousand ys that number counte hyt wyttly,
   Then into as much more ten thousand multyply:
   That ys a thousand thousand, whych multyplyeth I wys,
   Into as much more as a hundred myllyons ys.

7. That hundred myllyons beyng multyplyed lykewys,
   Into ten thousand myllyons, that ys for to sëy,
   Makyth so grete a number I wote not what yt ys,
   Thy number in Projeyeon thus Multyply alwey:
   Now Chyld of thy curtesy for me thou pray;
   Syth that I have told thee the our secretes all and some,
   To whych I beseche God by Grace thou may com.

Cc  Now
8. Now thou hast conquer'd the twelve Gates, 
And all the Castell thou holdest at will, 
Kepe thy Secretts in store unto thy selve; 
And the commaundements of God looke thou fulfull : 
In fyer conteinue thy glas styll, 
And Multeply thy Medcyns ay more and more, 
For wyse men done sey store ys no sore.

The end of the Twelve Gates.

THE RECAPITULATION.

1. For to bryng thys Tretye to a synall end, 
   And brevely here for to conclude these Secretts all, 
   Dylygently loke thou, and to thy Fygyre attend: 
   Whych doth in hyt conteyne these secrets grete & small, 
   And yf thou conceve both Theorycall and Præctycall: 
   By Fygyres, and by Colors, and by Scrypturc playne, 
   Whych wyrtely conceyveth thou mayst not work in vayn.

2. Consyder fyrfth the Latytude of thy Precyous Stone, 
   Begynnyng in the fyrfth lyde notyd in the West, 
   Where the Red Man and the Whyte Woman be made one, 
   Spowsyd wyth the Spryts of lyfe to lyve in love and reft, 
   Erth and Water equaly proportyon that ys best; 
   And one of the Erth ys good and of the Spryts thre, 
   Whych twelve to foure also of the Erth may be.

Three
3. Thre of the Wyfe and one of the Man then must thou take, And the leffe of the Spryts there be in thy s dysponsation, The rather thy Calcynatyon for certeyne shall thou make, Then forth into the North procede by obscuratyon, Of the Red Man and hys Whyte Wyfe callyd Eclipsation: Losyng them and alteryng betyxet Wynter and Vere, Into Water turnyng Erth darke and nothyng cleere.

4. Fro thens by colors many one into the Eft affends, There shall the Mone be full apperyng by day lyght; Then ys she passyd her Purgatory and course at an end; There ys the uprylyng of the Son apperyng whyt and bryght, There ys Somer after Vere, and day after nyght: (Ayre; Than Erth and Water whych were so black be turnyd into Than clouds of darknes be overblowyn & all aperyth faire.

5. And lyke as the West begynnyng was of the Pra&yme, And the North the parfyte mene of profound Alteratyon, So the Eft after them the begynnyng of Speculacyon ys; (tion But of thys course up in the Sowth the Son makyth Consuma- Ther be thy Elements into Fyre turnyd by Cyrculacyon: Then to wyn to thy desyre thou needst not be in dowte, For the Whele of our Phylosophy thou hast turnyd abowte.

6. But yet ageyne turne abowte two tymys thy Whele, In whych be comprehended all the Secretts of our Phylosophy, In Chapters 12 made playne to the if thou conseyve them well; And all the Secretts by and by of our lower Astronomye, How thou Calcin thy Bodys, parfit, dissolve, devide & putrefie: Wyth parfyte knowledge of all the polys whych in our Hevyn Shynyng with colors inexplycable never were gayer fene, (ben
Recapitulation.

7. And thys one Secrett conclusyonal know thou wythouteen fayle, 
   Our Red Man teyneth not tyll he teynyd be; 
   Therefore yf thou lyft thy iese by thy craft to avayle, 
   The Altitude of thy Bodys hyde & shew out theyr profundyte, 
   In every of thy Materyalls dystrooyng the fyrst qualyte: 
   And securdy qualytes more gloryose repare in them anon 
   And in one Glas wyth one governauncc 4 Natures turene into one.

8. Pale, and Black, wyth falce Citryne, unparfyt Whyte & Red, 
   Pekoks fethers in color gay, the Raynbow whych shal overgoe 
   The Spottyd Panther wyth the Lyon greene, the Crowys byll 
   (bloe as lede; 
   These shal appere before the parfyt Whyte, & many other moe 
   Colors, and after the parfyt Whyt, Grey, and falce Citrine also: 
   And after all thys shal appere the blod Red invaryable, 
   Then haft thou a Medcyn of the thyrd order of hys owne 
   (kynde Multiplycable.

6. Thow must devyde thy Elixer whyte into partyes two, 
   After thou rubify and into Glassys let hym be don, 
   If thou wylt have the Elixers both for Son and Mone do so; 
   Wyth Mercury then hem Mulpeply unto gret quantyte fone: 
   Yf thow at the begynnyng had not as much as wold into aphone: 
   Yet moght thou them so Multiply both the Whyte & Red, 
   That yf thou levyd a thousand yere they shold the ftond in 
   (fede.

10. Have thou recourse to thy Whcle I councell the unto, 
   And styll thou understond eche Chapter by and by, 
   Medyll with no falce Fantesys, Multiplyers, let them go, (phye, 
   Which wyll the flatter & falceiy sey they are connyyng in Phyloso-
   Do as I byd the and then dysolve these foreseyd Baces wyttely; 
   And turene hym into parfyt Oyls with our trew water ardent, 
   By Cyrculacion that must be don accordyng to our entent. 
   These
Recapitulation.

11. These Oyls will fyx crude Mercury and convert Bodys all, into parfyt Sol and Lune when thou shalt make Projeccion, That Oyls substance pure and fyx Raymond Lully dyd call Hys Baslyshe, of which he made never so playne detection, Pray for me to God that I may be of hys eleccyon: And that he will for one of hys on Domys Day me kene, And graunt me in hys blys to reygne for ever wyth hym, Amen.

Gloria tibi Domine.

An Admonition, wherein the Author declareth his Erronious experiments.

1. After all thys I wyll thou understonde, For thy safegarde what I have done, Many Experyments I have had in hond, As I found wrytten for Son and Mone, Whych I wyll tell the rehersyng fone: Begynnyng wyth Vermylion whych provyd nought, And Mercury sublymyd whych I dere bought.

2. I made Solucyons full many a one, Of Spyrytts, Ferments, Salts, Yerne and Steele; Wenyng so to make the Phylophers Stone: But synally I loft eche dele, After my Boks yet wrought I well, Whych evermore untrew I provyd, That made me oft full sore agrevyd.

Cc3 Waters
3. Waters corosyve and waters Ardent,
   With which I wrought in divers wyse,
   Many one I made but all was shent;
   Eggs shells I calcenyd twise or thryse,
   Oylys fro Calcys I made up wyse;
   And every Element fro other I did twyne,
   But profyt found I ryght none therein.

4. Also I wrought in Sulphur and in Vitriall,
   Which solys doe call the Grene Lyon,
   In Arsenike, in Orpement, fowle mor them fall;
   In debili principio was myne Incepcyon:
   Therefore was frawde in fyne the Conclusyon;
   And I blew my thryst at the Cole,
   My Clothys were bawdy, my Stomache was never hole.

5. Sal Armonyake and Sandever,
   Sal Alkaly, sal Alembroke, sal Attinckarr,
   Sal Tarter, sal Comyn, sal Gme most clere;
   Sal Peter, sal Sode, of these beware;
   Fro the odor of Quycksfylver kepe the fare:
   Medyll not wyth Mercury precipitate,
   Nether wyth imparfyt Bodys rubysfycate.

6. I provyd Urynys, Eggs, Here, and Blod,
   The Scalys of Yrn whych Smethys do of smyte,
   Æs Uft, and Crokesfer whych dyd me never good:
   The fowle of Saturne and also Marchasfyte,
   Lythage and Antemony not worth a myte:
   Of whych gey Tyntures I made to shew,
   Both Red and Whyte whych were untrew.
Experiments.

7. Oyle of Lune and water wyth labour grett, 
   I made Calcynyng yt with salt precipytate,  
   And by hyt felfe with vyolent hett  
Gryndyng with Vynegar tyll I was fattygate:  
   And also with a quantyte of Spyces acuate; 
Uppon a Marble whych ftode me oft in cost, 
   And Oyles with Corrosyves I made; but all was lost.

8. Many Amalgame dyd I make,  
   Wenyng to fix these to grett avayle,  
   And therto Sulphur dyd I take;  
   Tartrar Egges whyts, and the Oyle of the Snayle,  
   But ever of my purpose dyd I fayle:  
   For what for the more and what for the lesse, 
   Evermore somethyng wantyng there was.

9. Wyne, Mylke, Oyles, and Runnett,  
   The Slyme of Sterrs that falleth to the grownde,  
   Celydony and Secundynes wyth many moe yett,  
   In these I praettylyd as in my books I found,  
   I wan ryght nought, but loft many a pownde; 
   Of Mercury and Mettalls I made Chrystall stones,  
   Wenyng that hyt had ben a worke for the nonys.

10. Thus I roftyd and boylyd as one of Gebers Cooks,  
   And oft tymes my wynnyng in the Asks I sought;  
   For I was dyscevyd wyth many falce Books  
   Wherby untrue thus truly I wrought:  
   But all such Experyments avaylyd me nought;  
   But brought me in danger and in combraunce, 
   By losse of my goods and other gregaunce.
Erronious

11. For the love of our Lady such lewdnes eschue,
Medyll wyth no falshood whych never prevyd well;
Assay when thow wylt and thow shalt fynde me treue;
Wynn shalt thou nought but lose every dele,
Pence in thy Pauwkner fewe shalt thou seele:
   In smokes and smells thou shalt have myckle wo,
   That unnethe for syknes on Erth shalt thou go.

12. I never saw true worke treuly but one,
Of whych in thys tretys the trewth I have told.
Stody only therfore to make our Stone:
For therby may thow wyn both Sylver and Gold,
Uppon my wrytynge therfore to ground the be bold:
   So shalt thou lose nought ye God be thy gyde,
   Trust to my Doctryne and therby abyde.

13. Remember how Man ys most noble Creature,
In erths Compofycyon that ever God wrought,
In whom are the fowre Elements proportyonyd by nature:
A naturall Mercuryalyte whych cost ryght nought,
Out of hys myner by Arte yt must be brought;
   For our Mettalls be nought ells but myners too,
   Of our Soon and our Moone, wyse Reymond seyd so.

14. The clerenes of the Moone and of the Soone, bryght,
Into these two Myners desendyth secretly,
Howbeyt the clerenes be hyd fro thy fyght:
By craft thou shalt make ytt to appere openly,
Thys hyd Stone, thys one thyng therfore putrefye:
   Wash hym wyth hys owne broth tyll whyte he become,
   Then Ferment hym wyttely, nowe here ys all and soom.

Now
Experiments.

Now to God Almyghty I thee Recommend,
Whych graunte the by Grace to knowe thys one thing,
For now ys thys Treatys brought to an end:
And God of hys Mercy to hys blyffe us bryng,
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, where Angells do fyng:
    Praylyng without ceasynge hys gloriose Magestye,
Whych he in hys Kyngdome graunte us for to see.

A n. D o m. 1471.

Explicit Alchimie Tractatus Philosophiae,
Cujus Rypla George, Canonicus, Author erat;
Mille, quadringentis septuaginta unq;
Annis qui scriptus compositusq; fuit.
    Authori lector praepe pace, queso Iuvamen,
    Illi purgamen leve post vitam ut sit Amen.

Englisshed.

Thus heere the Tract of Alchimy doth end,
Whych (Tract) was by George Ripley Chanon pen'd;
It was Composed, Writt, and Sign'd his owne,
In Anno twice Seav'n hundred seav'nty one:
    Reader! Assist him, make it thy desire,
That after Lyfe he may have gentle Fire.

Amen.

1471
LIBER PATRIS
SAPIENTIAE

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How that in thys Boke beginneth to rede, (spede: Keepe well thys Councell the better schalt thou Be thow in a place secret by thy selfe alone, (done. That noe man see or here what thou schalt say or

2. Yet ere thou begin to rede much, take thow good hede, Wyth whom thow kepeft company I councell thee indede; Trust not thy freind too much, wherefoere thow goe, For he that thou trustest best sometyme may be thye Foe.

3. And take hede to the words of the Fader of Wyfdom, How he techeh hys Sonne how he schould done; To kepe hys precepts of bodely governance And wyth hys Conyng he wyll the gretly advance.

4. And yf thow wylt not to hys wordys take hede, Thow schalt stand here oft in gret seare and dred. For he that hath a fore wytt he nedes not do amysle, And he that doth Folly the Folly schalbe hys.

5. Now my dere Sonne be thow not a know To Lerned nor to Leud, to Hygh nor to Low: Neyther to Young nor Old, Rych nor Poore, Unto them thow tech nothyng my Lore.
6. Also to teach men that hold themselves wise,
And so forth to the foolys that gyde on the Ice:
They weene in grete Bokes shoule be the Art
Of the Science of Alchemy, but they be not worth a fart.

7. Therefor my Son to thee thy Science I may well teach,
And yf thou wilt upon thy enemy be wreach;
Or to purchase or build any good thing,
It shalbe to thy gret furtherying.

8. Thys worthy Science of Alchemy if thou wilt it leare,
A lyttle mony out of thy purse thou must forbeare;
To buy therewith Flos Florum it is most worthiest,
And to build well her Cabyn and her Nest.

9. And if thou put out mony for any other thing,
It is to thy losse; and to thy great hindring:
Except yf be for thy workes naturall Fooe,
Which is had out of Stone, Ayre and Wood.

10. And if thou have all thyngs wythin the growing,
Then thou needest not to buy any manner of thing,
That shalbe to thy Science belonging,
But beware of thy selfe for feare of hanging.

11. For then thou and thy Science were for ever lost,
If thou make thereof any manner of boast,
To any Man or Woman, Old or Young,
Beware of thy selfe for feare of discovering.

12. For if thou make any man privie
Of thy Counsell, Rich or Needy,
Thow must so beware Sleeping or Waking,
For once ymagining of Money making.

13. For yf God sends thee grace and understanding,
Wyth thy Science thou maylt have good lyving:
But beware of speach of Women liberall,
And of the voice and sight of Children generall.
14. Sonne in thynne owne howfe thou maist well gett
A good Morcell of meat thy mouth to sweet,
Both Pheasant, Partridge, Flover and Leveret,
Though thou cry yt not owte in the common Market.

15. Therefore kepe close of thy Tongue and of thy Hand,
From the Officers and Governours of the Land;
And from other men that they of thy Craft nothing know,
For in wytnes thereof they wyll thee hang and draw.

16. And thereof the People will the at Sessions indight,
And great Treason against the they wyll write;
Wythowt that the Kings grace be to thee more,
Thow schalt for ever in thys world be forlore.

17. Also wythowt thow be sure of another thyng,
To purchase the Lycence of thy King:
For all manner of doubts thee schall betide,
The better thow maist Worke and both goe and ride.

18. Also another thing I schall thee lere,
The poore People take thow nothing deare,
But ever serve thy God alway at the begynnyng,
And among the poore People the better schalbe thy livyng.

19. Now my Chylde to my precepts looke thou take hede;
Whatsoever fall after the better schall thou spede.
Better it ys to have a thyng, then for it to wish,
For when thou feelst a Sore tis hard for thee to get a Leech.

20. Now my deare Son to the I wyll declare,
More of thys Warke which schalbe thy welfare;
If thou canst consider all my sayings,
For therewyth thou mayest finde a full precious thing.

21. And Son though thys Writing be made in Ryme,
Yet take thow thereat noe greate disdain.
Till thou hast proved my words in deede and in thought,
I wolle it well it schalbe set at nought.

22. There-
22. Therefor of all Bodyes and Spryrits more or leffe,  
Mercury is called Flos Florum and worthieft Prynceffe:  
For her Birth and marvelous dealing,  
Sche ys most worthieft to have byne King.

23. For sche ys Erth and Water most hevies,  
And sche will conjoyne wyth Fire and Aire most lyghtes;  
And fo forth wyth her love sche will run and flee,  
For sche delighteth noe other game or glee.

24. Some say that of Sulphur and Mercury all Bodyes minerall  
Ingendered in the Erth with divers Colours cladd: (are made,  
By the vertue of Decoccion before Preperacion,  
To the lykenes of every body Mynerall in ther fashion.

25. I will first begin wyth Saturne after other mens sayings,  
How he ys ingendered in the Erth wyth unclene Mercury flying:  
And of Mercury he ys most hevies wyth black Sulphury Erth  
Save he ys softe of fufion, and hys Sulphur nothing fixed. (mixed,

26. Jupiter is a whyte Body made of pure Mercury outward,  
And of clere Sulphur somewhat Erthly and white inward;  
He ys in kynde softeft and well in his fixation,  
For he is almost fixed, but he lacketh Decocction.

27. Mars ys a white Body most of unclene & in the Erth y'made,  
And he ys hardest of fusion with Sulphur Erthly cladd;  
To blacknes and rednes he will sooneft consume,  
By heate or by corrosive when the Spirit beginneth to sume.

28. Sol is the pureft somewhat red, & is made of clene & Sulphur  
Ingendered with clere red Sulphur, in the Erth well mixed, (fixed,  
And therefor he ys without defalt and lacketh no degree;  
For he ys almost hardest of Fusion and hevies in ponderosity.

29. Venus ys a Body more red of pure & made in his substance,  
Most of red Sulphur and greene and therein is greate variance:  
In the Erth ingendered with Corrosive and bitter substance,  
Well fixed and hard of fusion, rude in governance.
30. **Mercury** ys a Body if he be with a Substance moved; Mixing one kinde with his kinde, fo schall he be loved; One Spirit received wyth another, the which of them be maine, Is cause of ingeneration of every body Mettalyne.

31. **Luna** ys a pure white Body of clene **Mercury & Sulphur** white And shch is a little hard of fusion & almost well fixed, (ingenerated And schch is next cleansest in Tincture of whitenes, Of Ponderosity light, of **Jupiter** bearing his whitenes.

32. And soo after the Colour of that Erth ys Sulphuri and re- Some men do say ys engendered every Mettall; (ceptuall, But my Son the perfect worke of thys alteration, I schall informe the true way of another fashion.

33. Now have I declared the working of the Bodies Mynerall, Whereof they be ingendered after other mens sayings over all; And as in place of the Erth one Body was fully wrought, Soe muft the artificiall Medicine, be or else it ys nought.

34. Now will I declare the worthines of **Mercury** in speciall, How schch ys the notableft Spirit that ys mynerall, Most marvelous in working and in degree, Schch ys called the Matter principallest of the three.

35. Also schch ys very subtile in many things artificiall, Schch will both give and take Tincture most speciall, To hym or of hym that schch loveth most best, In speciall when schch ys warmed in her Nest.

36. **My Son Mercury** ys called the mightiext **Flos florum**, And most royall, and richest of all **Singularum**; Schch ys very Patron and Princes most royall, And schch ys very Mother of every Mettall.

38. Sche kyleth and layeth, and also doth calcine,
Sche dyeth, and also doth sche live againe;
Sche giveth lyfe and also ingeression,
For joyntly sche ys three in one.

39. Sche ys a very frendly mixar,
The progeneration of a greate Elixir:
Sche ys both Body Soule and Spirite,
In Colour very red, black and white.

40. Many be the wooers that hang on her tayle,
But sche will not with them I'deale;
They would her wedd against her will,
With foemen that liken her full ill.

41. Sche will deale with no manner of wight,
But with her Husband as it ys greate right;
With him sche will beare much fruite,
For he ys by nature of her selfe same fute.

42. My Son of hem Fooles have much dispight,
And therein such Fooles lose their light:
For sometymes he ys darke, and sometymes bright,
For he ys lyke no other wight.

43. For if they have their kynde ingendering,
Their natural foode and good keeping,
They schall increase frute by dene,
Very red and white, King and Queene.

44. My Son in this Science I doe deny,
All things that be discording truly,
All manner of Salts I doe defie,
And all manner of Sulphurs in waters of Corrosie.

45. Also Alloome, Vitriall, Auripigmentum and Haire,
Gold, Silver, Alkaly and Sandiver;
Honey, Wax, and Oyles or Calkles,
Gumms, Galls, and also Egg shells.

46. Alfo
46. Also I defie Antimony, Berrall, and Christall, 
Rosin, Pitch, also Amber, Jet and Coral; 
Hearbs, Dated Stones, Marble, or Tinglas, 
If there come any of all these it ys the worse.

47. Also Berrills, Gotts Hornes, and Alome plome, 
Good with them will none be done; 
All things that discordeth from Mettall, 
It ys contrary to thys worke in generall.

48. My Son many foolees to me have fought, 
But they and I accord right nought; 
I leave them there as I them finde, 
And as Fools I make them blinde.

49. For whych Mercury they have errd full sore 
And then when they had they could doe no more, 
Therefor in Phyllosophers sche bear'th the flower, 
For sche ys King, Prince, and Emperour.

50. Yet my deare Son be thou not a knowne 
To Learned, nor to Lewde, to High, nor to Low; 
That thys worke standeth by Mercury and in her fire, 
Her owne special Love both life and deare.

51. For he ys her Son, sche ys hys Fright, 
In whome sche worketh all her myght: 
He ys her Son, sche ys hys Mother, 
Sche loveth him peramore and no other.

52. In Sol, and Lune, in her meeting ys all love, 
For of Mercury only ys all her behove, 
And with them sche worketh all her might, 
But they may never increase on fright.

53. Therefor it ys possible to cast a Projection pure, 
Upon a Million to make a perfect Body of tincture: 
Wyth Medicine of Spirits well joyned and fixed, 
It shal not be perceived where it ys well mixed.

54. And
54. And therefore if there come Silver or Gold in at thy Gate, 
The which men use in Aoyne or in common Plate; 
I sweare by God that all thy world hath wrought, 
All thy labour and warke shall turne to nought.

55. For with what Metall soever that Mercury be joyned, 
Because of her Coldnes and Moistnes she is acloyed: 
Put them never so close together she will fume anon, 
And when they come into the fire she will sone be gone.

56. Therefore Mercury hath a Lover that passeth them 
A thousandfold, who so will him ken 
And he is her Lover and her Leman sweete, 
And so his Councell she will keepe.

57. Both in his Chamber and also in his Bedd, 
Also alive and when they be dead; 
Seek ye forth foole as he have sought, 
For in all other things finde you right nought.

58. Now my deare Son to thee I will indight, 
The truth in word and deeds I will write: 
How that a precious Stone shall be made, 
Thee to rejoyce and make thee full glad.

59. As I said in the 32. Chapter unto my Conclusion, 
How I should informe the truth after another fashion, 
And to performe this Science both in word and deed, 
In making of our Medicine God must us speede.

60. The which is called the great Elixer, 
And ye verily made with a strong mixar; 
The which is a Stone very Minerall, 
And thou shalt him well gett ever all.

61. My Son thou shalt take to Mercury no other thing, 
But Erth that's heavy and hard and stiff standing; 
The which in himselfe ye derke bright dry and cold, 
To joyned them together thou shalt be full bold.
62. One of them to 10 parts of that Water running most heaviest
And they shall be both one, and to thy warke most mightiest:
Then haft thou Man and Woman togeder brought,
The which ys done by greate love in a thought.

63. The which two be both Spirits, & one Body most heaviest,
When they be in your Chamber and bed joyned in the Element
The which ys more bigger, and bigger hott and dry, (lightest,
And therein they will both kis togeder & neither wepe nor cry.

64. For when Erth and Water ys well mixed,
By the vertue of the lightest Element well hardned and fixed:
For before that time they be Water running both,
And then schall turne to fix body be they never so loath.

65. For in theyr bed they schall make a perpetuall Conjunction,
After the feeding of the light Element and of their proportion;
Soe schould they be deco'A, having the parfeit fixation,
In the likenes of a body in fusion having his fashion.

66. But at the first in their Bed they may indure no greate heate,
Soe as they may well labour in their Bed for sweate:
Att the first if there be in their Chamber overmuch red Colour,
Haftily going thereto will cause greate Dolour.

67. For in their first Nest they schould be both water running,
And because of heate they schould be ever drying,
And so therein become a subtil dry Substance,
The which warke schall thee greatly avaunce.

68. Therefor their Nest must be made of a strong kinde,
Of the most hardest and clearest Body, that they not out winde:
For if it so be that their Chamber or Nest begin to breake,
Anon out thereof they will begin to Creake.

69. And then ys all thy warke and thy greate labour lost,
Then thou maift begin againe upon a new cost,
And so thou mayst not be negligent and haftly, but of the bed be
Without it be hard stuff and cleere it will not induce.
And if thou wilt at the first hand give sudden heat,
It will unto thy work be nothing meet;
And if thou let him have any sudden great cold,
All this shall breake thy work, then art thou to hold.

Let their nest be somewhat large with a broad rouse,
And therein they shall abide if it be strong and close above;
And in proportion put there to nothing more nor less,
But as is said before if thou doest yet is the worse.

72. Also from the beds head there must rise a high spoute,
And another almost downe to the bottome that the spirit go not
For thou must save the flyers that swim into the upper place, out;
For they may hereafter ingender a body as well as the other in

73. Also be sure that thou put in their bed no other thing,
Then thereof thou shalt have no great winnyng,
If thou doest it shall be to thee for the best
To keep them close from flying and warme in their nest.

74. First with soft fire her nest must be warmed,
With a little bigger fire with overmuch they shall be harmed,
Under thy chamber flower measure thy fire with tyme,
Then commeth the reward, Gold and Silver fine.

75. After the quantity space and tyme must be had,
For to dealing together they be in their dealing glad.
And how long space and tyme I cannot well say,
That they in their chamber and nest wilbe in sport and play.

76. Behold the uppermost of their nest what there commeth
The sweating of their bodys labouring round about,
And when they have played and sweate and laboured so sore,
They wilbe still, and neither labour nor sweate any more.

77. Then let them coole easily, and draw their breath,
And then there shalbe some above and some beneath:
There thou shalt see a stone as it were grey pouther,
Which shalbe to the a right greate wonder.
78. Then take them out of their Chamber and Bed anon,
And lay them upon a Marble stone and break them thereon:
And looke what thou hast in of Colour and Ponderosity,
Put to him as much of Flos florum greatest in dignity.

79. That is the same Spirit that thou hadst before,
And so medle them togerder and leare them the same lore;
Altogeder in another Bed and in their Chamber they must be;
For a marvelous warke thereof thou shalt understand and see.

80. And thus so oft thou must Multiply thy Warke,
To ascend and descend into the Aire as doth the Lark;
For when the Lark is weary above in his sound,
Anon he falleth right downe to the ground.

81. Behold well their Body, and to their head lay thine Eare,
And harken thou well what warke they make there:
If they begin to sing any manner of voyce,
Give them more heate till thou heare no noyce.

82. And thus give them more heate in their Chamber and Bed
Till thou hearest no manner of noyse rumbling to nor fro:
And thus continue in their Bed in their sporting playes,
After the quantity thereof continue so many dayes.

83. When their play and wrestlings is all well done,
In their voyce singing and crying and sweating up and downe;
Give their Chamber bigger heate till their Nest be red,
And so bring them downe low and have no feare nor dread.

84. For thus with heate they shall be brought full low,
That they shall in their Bed ne cry nor crow,
But as a Body lye still downe in their Bed,
In their owne likenes as they were bodyes dead.

85. Of Grey and White is all his chief Colour,
For then he is past all his greate Dolour:
I swears by Almighty God that all hath wrought,
Thow hast found out that many other Men hath sought.

86. Then
86. Then take thow hym out of hys Chamber and Bed,  
And thow shalt then finde a fixt Body as he were dead;  
Keepe thow hym close and secretly within thy place,  
And thanke Almighty God of hys grace.

87. Now my Son before thys, after thys Science I have right well  
And thus to thee I have the White Elixer parfectly wrought;  
And if thow wilt of the Red Elixer parfectly understand,  
Thow must take such another warke in hand.

88. My Son whan thow haft wrought more upon more,  
Dubling each time as I said before;  
Make thow what thow wilt of Red substance,  
As I did the White warke in manner of Governance.

89. Then thow must take the Red Stone that ys all ponder,  
And lay on a Mable Stone and breake him afunder;  
And to medle him with the white Spirit and Water cleere,  
And so put him in hys Bed and Chamber in the Fire.

90. And so in hys Chamb. & in hys Bed, he must all thys while be  
Till thow haft turn'd and broght him to another manner of glee:  
Thys Red Elixer if thow wilt open worke heare,  
Thys manner of Schoole thow must right well leare.

91. Thow must hang him in his Chamber with red Colour,  
Till he be fixed and brought from hys great Dolour:  
Then of thys worthy warke be not thow agast,  
For in the warke all the worst ys past.

92. And so in hys fiery Nest and Chamber let him be sure,  
For the longer he be in, the better schalbe hys tincture;  
Soo that he runn not like blood overcoming hys fusion,  
Then haft thow parfectly thys worke in conclusion.

93. Thus he must continue in thys greate heate of Firing,  
Till he be full fixed that he be not running nor flying:  
Then he will give tincture without Number running like wax,  
Unto hys like of fusion he will both joyne and mix.
94. And if thy Warke be thus well guided and so forth led, Then hast thou in thy Warke right well and wittily sped: For if thou do otherwise then I have thee could, In the adventure of thy warke thou maist be to bold.

95. For if thou warke by good measure and perfect tyme, Thou shalt have very good Gold and Silver fine; Than shalt thou be richer in thy self than any King, Wythout labour the Science and have the same thing.

96. Now my deare Son I shall teach thee how to cast a Projecti-Therethall lyeth all the greate praetnese with the Conclusion: To leade an imperfect Body to hys greate perfectnesse, In joyning that like to hys like thou standest in no distres.

97. For when thou haft joyned the milke to the Bodyes dry, Than haft thou the White and Red Elixer truly: The which ys a Marvilous and very precious Stone, For therein lieth in thys Science all the worke upon.

98. In thys Science these Stones be in themselves so precious, That in their working and nature they be marvelous: To shew thee the greate vertue furthermore I will declare, That if thou canst with thys manner of working well fare.

99. First thou must take of that Body which ys next Sol in per-And of his colour toward in ponderosity & proportion: (section, Being soluble as it were cleere blood running, In the hot Element yt ys always lightest and fleeting.

100. Then take parte of the Red Elixer that ys the precious And cast him upon that body that ys blood running anon: (Stone And when thou haft thus perfectly thy warke wrought, It shalbe turned into perfect Sol with little labour or nought.

101. On the same wise do for Luna that is in the Colour so white, In joyning with that body that is schining and somewhat light; In the same proportion cast him the very white Stone, And then ys all thy greatest warke both made and done.

102. Than
102. Than haft thou both the Red warke and the White,
Therefor blessed be that tyme both day and night:
For thys warke that standeth by greate vertue and love,
Thow muft thanke Almighty God in heaven above.

103. Sonn in the 21. Chapter there write I a full true Rime,
That ys to say unto thys warke thou have no greate disdaine;
Till thou have proved my words in deede and thought,
I know it well thys Science schalbe set at nought.

104. My Son to these last precepts looke thouw take good hede
For better 'tys to have then to wish for in time of neede:
For who so ys bold in time to a Freind to breake,
He that ys thy Freind may be thy Fe and hys emnity wraake.

105. And therefor my Son I schall give thee a greate charge,
In uttering of speech be thou not to large;
To tell every man what thou hast in Silver or Gold,
For to have it from thee many men wilbe right bold.

106. Also use not to revill or ryott that schould exceede
To thy bodily health, the better schal thou speede;
Use temperate dyet and temperate travell,
For when Phyfitian thee fayleth thys schall thee availe.

107. And leave all blind warkes that thou hast seene or heard of
Or proved by Sublimations, Preventations, Distillations, or Difflo-
Of such manner of things greate Bokes do greatly specific (lutions;
And all those contrary sayings in this Craft I do plainly deny.

108. Also my Son remember how thou art mortall,
Abiding but a while in thys World which ys terrestriall:
Thow wotteft not how long nor hence how soone;
That death schall thee visit and unto thee Come.

109. And remember thee well at thy departing,
Whome thou lovedst and trustedst best old and young:
Make him thine Heire and most of thy Counsell,
And give him thy Cunning or thy Boke every deale.
110. But beware of flattering and glossing People,
Of Boasters and Crackers for they will thee beguile:
Of thy precious Cunning behinde or beforne,
And when they have their intent they will give thee a scorne.

111. Therefor make no Man of thy Councell rude nor rustie,
But him that thou knowest both true and trustie;
In ryding and going sleeping and waking,
Both in word and deede and in his disposing.

112. Also in thy owne Chamber looke thou be secret,
That thy dores and windowes be close shut;
For some wyll come and looke in every Corner,
And anon they will aske what thou makest there.

113. And therefore a good excuse must soone be had,
Or else thou shalt verily wine for to run madd;
Say thou laboureft sore both sleeping and waking,
To the perfect way of strange Colours making.

114. As yt be sure Bice, Vermillion, Aurum Muficum, & others
Or else with some people thou shalt never have a doe; (moe
Also thereof thou must have many samples to schew,
Or else they that harmes thinke will say so.

115. Also furthermore I give thee right good warning,
Beware of thy warke and also of thy uttering,
For the examination of the People better or worse,
Ere thou have for thy warke thy mony in thy purse.

116. Therefor take heede my Son unto these Chapters sixcore
And all manner of things said what should be don before:
For in Astronomy thou must have right good feeling,
Or else in thy Boke thou shalt have simple believing.

117. For thou must know well of seven principle Characters,
To what Bodyes in heaven moving that they be likened in those
And to understand their properties and their Conditions, (figures
In Colours, quantities, softnes, hardnes, & in their proper fashions.

118. Now
118. Now Son to thee that understandst perfection & Sciences
Whether it be Speculative or Pracktick to my sentences:
In thys Science and labour I thinke it greate ruthe,
Therefore I write to thee very truth.

119. And to thee that understandst no perfection nor practike
In no conclusion proved that schould be to hys warke like,
By Almighty God that all thys world hath wrought,
I have said and performed to thee right nought.

120. Therefore my Son before that thow thys Boke begin,
Understand wisely in thys what ys written therein:
For if thow canst not finde by thys Boke neither Sol nor Moyne,
Then go forth and seke thow further as other fooles have done.

Explicit Liber dictus Pater Sapientia.
IN the name of the holy Triniti,
Now send us grace, so bit be:
Fyrst God made both Angel and Heaven,
Na alle so the World wyth Planets seaven;
Man and Woman wyth gret sensenwalite,
Sum of estate, and other in byr degree;
Both Best and Worme for in the grown crepe,
Everyech in hys kynd to receve hys mete;
Egles and Fowles in the Eyre don fte,
And sweeneyng of Fycheyys also in the See:
Wyth wygial moyst ver and of the red Grap,
And alle so of the why e hos can hym take:
Alle menernal thynge that growyth in ground,
Sum to encrese and sum to make an end:
Alle thes brynseth now to owre house,
The mighttii Ston that ys so precins,
Thys ryche Reby, that fto n of pryce,
The whych wosse send outt of Paradyce:
Thus made the gret God of heven,
Wych alle ben rewled under Planets seaven:
God send us parte of thys secrete,
And of that heven that ys sweet.

A M E N.
I  Iff thow wilt thy work begin,
    Than schrewe the cleene of alle thy Seyne:
Contraye in hert wyth alle thy thought,
And ever thanke on hym that the der bowght.
Satisfaction thow make wyth alle thy myght,
Than thre sayre flowers thow hast in sght;
Yet nedeth the mor to thy conclesyon,
Take thow good heed nowe to thy lessen;
Thow must have Grafe, Nature, and Resen,
Spekelatif, and Coning, wyth good Condition:
Yet thow must have more now berto,
Experience, wyth Pracktik, Prudent also;
Patient that thow be, and Holie in Lysynge,
Thenke thow on thys in thy beginings;
Thes fourtyn Heufys as I the saye,
Ever kepe thow man both nyght and day,
Of thy desyres thow mayst not mysse,
And alse so of heuen that sweet bless.
HERMES BIRD.

Roblemis of olde likenes and fuguris,
Wych proved byn fructuos of sentens;
And have au&orite grounded in Scripture,
By refemblaunce of notabil apperence;
Wych moralites concludyng on prudence:
Lyke as the Bibel reherfeth be wryting,
How Trees sum tyme chefe hemselfe a Kyng.

2. First in theyre choise they naimyd the Olyve
To regne among hem, Indicium doth expres;
But he hymselfe can excuse hym blyve,
He myght not forfakte hys fatnes:
Nor the Fig-tree hys amorus swetnes:
Nor the Vyne hys hollum fresche terrage:
Wych gyveth comfort to all manner of age.

Ff 3
3. And semblable poetes laureat,
By derke parables full convenient;
Feyne in that Bird is and Belts of estate
As rial Egeles and Lyons by assent,
Sent owte writtes to holde a Parlement;
And made degrees brevely for to fay,
Sum to have Lordship and sum to Obey.

4. Egeles in the Eyre hyghest take theyre flight,
Power of Lyons on the grownde ys sene;
Cedre amonge Trees highesf ys of sight,
And the Lauer of nature ys ever grene,
Of flowris all Flora Goddes and Quene:
Thus of all thyng ther byn diversites,
Sum of estate and sum of lower degre.

5. Poyetys write wonderfull lyknes,
And Covert kepe hemselfe full clos:
They take Beastes and Fowles to witnes:
Of whos feyynyng Fabelis surf a ros,
And here I call unto my purpos,
Owte of the Frenshe a tale to translcelate,
Whych in a Pamphlet I red and saw as I sate.

6. Thys Tale wyche make of mencion,
In gros reherfeth playnely to declare,
Thre Proverbs payed for raunsome
Of a fayre Byrde that was take in a snare,
Wonder desirus to scape owte of hir care:
Of myne Au&tor followyng the profes,
So as it fel in Order y schall expres.

7. Whilom ther was in a small vilage,
As my Au&tor maketh reherfal;
A chorle the wich had lust and gret corage,
Within hymselfe by hys diligent travel,
To aray hys Garden with notabil reparel:
Oflenght and brede y lyche square and long,
Heggyd and dychyd to make ye sure and strong.
8. All the Aleys made playne with Sande,
Bences coverid with new Turves grene,
Set Erbes with Condites at the ende;
That wellid up agethe Sun schene,
Lyks Silver stremys as any cristal clene:
The burbely Waves up ther on boylyng,
Rownde as Beral theyr bemys owte chedyng.

9. Mides the Garden stode a fresh Lawrer,
Ther on a Byrde syngynge both day and nyght;
With shinyng federis brighter then Gold weer,
Wych wyth hir song made hevy hertis lyght;
For to behold hit was an hevenly fyght:
How towerd evyn and in the dawyng,
Sche dyd her payne most ameus to syng.

10. Esperus enforced hyr corage,
Towerd evyn when Phebus went to neft;
Amonges the brauncbes to hir avauntage:
To syng hir complyn as yt was best,
And at the ryflynge to the Quene Alcest
To syng ageyne as hit was to hir dew,
Eraly on the morow the day-fter to salew.

11. Hit was a very hevenly melody,
Evyn and Morne to her the Byrd song;
And the sote sugeryd Armony:
Of uncoud Warbelis and twenes drew along;
That at the Garden of the noyse rong:
Tyll on a morow that Tytan schone ful cler,
The Byrd was trapped and cawt in a Panter.

12. The Chorle was glad that he thys Byrd hath take
Mere of cher loke and of vifage:
And in all haft he cast for to make
Within hys howse a lytil prati Cage,
And with hir song to rejoyce hys corage:
And at the last the fely Byrd abrayde,
And soberly to the Chorle sche sydye:
13. I am now take and stond under daunger,  
Hold streyte that y may not fle;  
A dew my song and al my notes cler;  
Now that y have lost my liberte,  
Now y am thrall and sumtyme was fre;  
And truft wel y stand in distres,  
Y can nat syng ne make no gladnes.

14. And thogh my Cage forged were of Gold  
And the penacles of Beral and Cristal:  
Y remember a Proverbe sayde of olde;  
Who list his fredom in soothe he ys in thrall,  
For me had laver upon a branche smale,  
Merle to syng amonoge the wodis grene,  
Than in a Cage of Golde bryght and chene.

15. Songe and Prefun have non acordaunce,  
Trowys thow y wyl syng in Prefun,  
Song procedet of joy and plefaunce;  
And Prefun causeth deth and destruction,  
Ryngyng of Feteris maketh no mere sown;  
Or how schoulde he be glad and jocownde,  
Ageyn his wil that lyth in cheynys bownde.

16. What avayleth a Lyon to be a Kyng of Beltes  
Fast schut in a Tower of ston alone;  
Or an Egell under streyte cheynys,  
Called also the Kyng of Fowlys everichon,  
Fy on Lordschyp whan Liberte ys gon:  
Answer herto and hit nat a flart,  
Who syngeth mere that syngeth not with hert.

17. If thow wilt rejoyce the of my syngyng,  
Let me go fleen fre fro dawnger:  
And every day in the mornyng  
Y wyll repayre to thy Lawrer,  
And fresfely to syng with notis cler;  
Under thi Chaumber or afore thy Hal,  
Every seafon when thow lyft me cal.
18. To be schut and pyned under drede;
No thyng acordyng to my nature:
Though I were fed with Mylke and Wastelbrede;
And swete Crudis brought to my pasture,
Yet had y lever do my befe cure:
Erly in the morow to shrape in the Vale,
To fynde my dener amongs the Wormys smale.

19. The Laborer ys gladder at his Plough,
Erly on the morow to fede hym on bakon:
Then sum ben that have treflour y nowgh;
And of a deyntes plente and foylon;
And no fredom with his pocession;
To go at large but as Bere at the stake,
To pas his bondes but yf he leve take.

20. Take thy answe r ful for conclusion;
To synde in prifon thow shalt not me conftryne:
Tyll y have fredom in woddis up and downe:
To fe at large on bowys both rough and plaine,
And of reson thow schuldef not disdeyn:
Of my desyre but laugh and have good game,
But who ys a Chorle wold every man wer the same.

21. Well quod the Chorle sith hit wull not be,
That y desyre by my talkyng;
Magre thy wyll thow shalt chole on of thre;
Within a Cage merele to syng,
Or to the Kychn y schall thy bode brynge:
Pul thy federis that byn so bryght and clere,
And after rost or bake the to my dynere.

22. Then quod the Byrde to resson y sey not ney,
Towchyng my fong a ful answe r thow haft:
And when my federis pulled byn awey,
If y be rosted or bake in a past,
Thow shalt of me have a smal repafte:
But yf thow wylt werke by my councl,
Thow mayst by me have a gret avayle,
23. If thou wilt to my rede assent,
And suffer me go frele fro Prelen:
Witowte raunfom or any oder rent;
Y schall the gyf a notabil grete gwerdon,
The thre grete Wysdomyg accordyng to refon;
Mor of valew, take hede what y profer,
Than al the Gold that ys shet in thy Cofer.

24. Truf me wel y schal the not deceyve.
Well quod the Chorle tel and lette:
Nay quod the Byrde a forne conseyve;
Who schal teche of Reson he most go fre,
Hit fitteth a Master to have hys Liberte:
And at large to teche hys lesson,
Hafe me not susperete y mene no trelon.

25. Wel quod the Chorle y holde me content,
Y truf the promys which thow haft made to me;
The Byrde fle forth the Chorle was of lent:
And toke hys flight up to the Lawrer tre,
Then thought sche thus now that y stand fre:
With snaris panters y call not al my lyve,
Nor wyth no lyme twygges no mor to strive.

26. He ys a Fole that schaped ys daungere,
That broke hys feteris and fled ys fro Prelon:
For to resort agene: for brente childe dreds fyre:
Eche man bewar of Wysdom and refon,
Of fuger strawed that hideth falfe poyson:
Ther ys no venom so perillus in scherpes,
As whan yt hath triakcle of lyknes.

27. Who dredeth no perell in perell he schal falle,
Smothe Watres byn of fithes depe:
The Quayle pipe can most falsely calle:
Ty! the Quayle under the net doth crepe:
A bleryed Fowler truf not thogh he wepe:
Exchew hys thumbe, of weping take no hede,
That smale Byrdys can nyp by the hede.
28. And now that ye such danger am scaped,  
Y wyl bewar and afore provide:  
That of no Fowlar y wil no more be Japed,  
From theyre yyme twygges to fly far slyde,  
There perel ys perel to abyde:  
Com ner theow Chorle, take hede to my speche;  
Of thre Wysdomys that y schal the teche.  

29. Yefnot of Wysdom to hafty credens,  
To every Tale nor eche tydyng:  
But conwyder of Reson and Prudens;  
Among Talys ys many a grete lefnyng,  
Hafty credens hath cawfed grete hynderyng:  
Report of talis and tydynys broght up new,  
Maketh many a man ful on trew.  

30. For on party take thys for my Raunfom,  
Lerne the second groundned of scripture:  
Desyre thow not by no condition  
Thyng that ys ymposwybyl to recure,  
Worldly desyres flante alle in a venture:  
And who desyreth to soare hygh a lofte,  
Oft tyme by foden turne he falleth on lofte.  

31. The thyrd is thy s,bewar both even and morrow,  
Forget yt nought but lerne thys of me:  
For Treior lost, make never to grete Sorrow;  
Wych in no wyse may not recovered be,  
For who that taketh sorrow for lost in that degree:  
Reken fyrst hys losse, and after reken hys peyne,  
Of one sorrow he maketh Sorrows twyne.  

32. Aftur thys Lesfon the Byrde began a songe,  
Of hyr escape gretely rejoycyng:  
And s sche remembred hyr alleso of the wronge  
Don by the Chorle, fyrst at hyr takyng,  
And of the affray, and of hyr impresonyng:  
Glad that sche was at large and owte of drede;  
Seyde unto hym hoverlyng above hys hede,
33. Thow were quod sche a very natural Fole
To suffer me departe of thy lewdness:
Thow owthys of right to complaine and make dole,
And in thy hert have grete hevenes,
That thow haft lost so paffyng grete riches:
Wych myght suffice by valew in rekeyng
To pay the rausom of a myghty Kyng.

34. Ther ys a Stone wych ys called Jagownce,
Of olde engendered within myne entrayle:
Wych of fyne Golde poyseth a grete unce;
Setryne of Colors lyke Garnetis of entayle,
Wych makyth men victorius in batayle;
And who that bereth on hym thys Stone,
Ys ful asured ageye hys mortal Fone:

35. Who that hath thys in possession,
Schal suffer no Povert ne non Indygens:
But of Trefour have plente and foylson,
And every Man schal don hym reverence,
And non Enemy schal don hym non ofence;
But fro thi hondes now that I am gone,
Pleyne gyf thow wilt for thy parte ys none.

36. As y the abrayde her before,
Of a Stone now that I had:
The wych now thow hast forlore;
Be alle refton thow schuldys ben sad,
And in thi hert nothing glad:
Now Chorle y the tel in my device,
I was eyred and bred in swite Paradise:

37. Now mo namys y schal the tel,
Of my Stone that y cal Jagownce:
And of hys vertuis with hys smel;
That ben fo swete and fo odeferus,
Wyth Ennock and Ely hath be my servis:
My swete songe that fowndeth fo scherpe,
Wyth Angelles voyfe that paffeth eny harpe:

38. The
38. The nigrum deamond that ys in Morienis fees
And the white Charbonkkel that rolleth in wave ;
The setryne Reby of ryche degrees :
That pafleth the Itonys of comen sawe,
In the Lapidery ys grown by olde lawe ;
He pafleth all Itonys that ys under hevyn,
After the cowrse of kynde by the Planets fevyn.

39. Hyt ys for none Chorle to have schuch trefour,
That exledeth alle Stonys in the lapidery :
And of alle vertuis he bereth the flowr,
Wyth all joy and grace yt maketh man mery,
That in thys worlde schal never byn fory ;
Now very Chorle thow pafleth thy gras,
Y am at my leberte even as I was.

40. As Clerkys fyndeth in the Bybell,
At Paradys yatis whan he was caft ;
By an Angel both fayr and styll,
A downe Kyng Elyfawnder ther I threft,
And of all Itonys yt was y left ;
Soche Itonys in place few ben y brought,
Soroful ys the Chorle and hevy in hys chowte.

41. Now more Chorle yt tel y can,
And thow wolt to me take hede :
The Byrde of Ermes ys my name,
In all the worlde that ys fo wyde,
Wyth gletering of grace by every syde,
Hofe me myght have in hys covertowr,
He wer rychcher than eny Emperowr.

42. Elyfawnder the conquerowe my Ston smot downe
Upon hys helme whan hyt pyght :
No mor then a pese that ys so rownde,
Hyt was ther to no manyes fyght,
That leyde so pleyne the manly Knyght ;
Now y tel the wyth melde Stevyn,
Thys myghty grace cam owte fro Hevyn.

G g 3

43. Hye
Hermes Bird.

43. Hit cawfeth Love and maketh men Gracieus,
And favorabel in ever mannes fyght:
Hit maketh acorde of two Folks eyvyus;
Comforteth Sorowful and maketh hevy herts fyght,
Lyke passyng of color Sunny bryght:
   Y am a fol to tel the at onys,
Or to teche a Charle the pryce of precious Stonys.

44. Men schalle not put a precius Margareyt,
As Rubeys, Saferys, and odther Stonys ynde;
Emeraudys, nor rownde Perlys whyte,
Byfore rude Swyne that love draffe of kynde:
For a Sowe delyteth hyr ras y synde
Mor in fowle draffe hyr Pygges for to glad,
   Than al the Perry that comes owte of Granad.

45. Heche thyng drawes to hys semblable,
Fyllhes in the See, Befty on the Stronde;
The Eyr for Fowlys ys commendabyl,
To the Plowghman for to tyll hys Londe,
And to a Charle a Muk-forke in hys honde.
   Y lefe my tyme eny more to tare
   To tell the bewar of the Lapidare.

46. That thow haddest thow getyft no more,
Thi Lyme twygges and Panters y defe;
To let me gon thow were fowle over seen,
To lefe the richches only of solye:
Y am now fre to syng and to fle
   VVher that my lyft: and he is a Fole at all
   That goth at large, and maketh hymselfe thrall.

47. To here of VVildome thi neres he halfe defe,
Like a Naffe that lyfteth upon an Harpe;
Thow must go pype in a Ive leffe.
Better ys to me to syng on Thornes scharpe,
Than in a Cage wyth a Charle to carpe.
   For hyt was Feyd of Folkes many yere agone,
   A Charles Charle ys ofte woe be gone.

48. Now
48. Now Chorle y have the her tolde,  
My vertuys her wyth grete experience;  
Hyt were to sume man better than Golde;  
To the yt ys no fructius a sentence,  
A Chepys Croke to the ys better than a Launce:  
    Adew now Globbe wyth herte fore,  
    In Chorles clowchys com y never more.

49. The Chorle felt his herte part in twayne,  
For very forow and in funder ryve:  
Alas quod he y may wel wepe and pleyne;  
As a wreche never lyke to thryve,  
But for to indure in povert all my lyve:  
    For of folly and of wylfulnes,  
    Y have now lost all holy my ryches.

50. I was a Lorde y crye owte on Fortune,  
And had grete Trefor late in my keepyng;  
Wych myght have made me long to contune;  
Wyth that ilke out to have levyd a Kyng,  
Yf y had set hyt in a Ryng:  
    Borne it upon me y had gode y nowe,  
    Than i should y no mor have gon to the plowe.

51. Whan the Byrde saw the Chorle thus mone,  
That he was hevy of hys chere,  
Sche take her flyght and agayne returne:  
Toward hym and sayd as ye schal here,  
O dull Chorle wisdom for to lere;  
    That y the taute all ys lefe byhynde,  
    Reysed awey and clene owte of thy meynde.

52. Taw tey the not thys Wyfdom in sentens,  
To every tale brought up of new,  
Not to hastyle gyf not ther to credens;  
Unto tymehow know hit be trew,  
All ys not Gold that scheweth Goldys hew:  
    Nor stoneys all by nature as y synde,  
    Byn not Saferus that schewyth colour ynde.
53. In thys Doctryne y loft my labour,
To teche the such Proverbys of Substaunce;
Now mayft thow see thy lewd bynde error;
For all my body poyfed in Balans,
Weyth not a nounce lewde ys thi remembrunce;
Yet have y mor poyfe closyd in myne entrayle,
Than all my Body set for Countervayle.

54. All my Body weyth not an unce,
How myght y have then in me a fton:
That poyseth mor than doth a grete fagounce:
Thy brayne ys dull thi witte almost gon,
Of her Wysdomys thow haft loft on;
Thow schulds not after my sentence,
To every tale gefe to haftily credence.

55. I badde also bewar both even and morowe,
For thynge lost by fuden adventur;
Thow schulds not make to moche sorow;
Whan thow seyft thow mayft not hit recover,
Her thow sayleft wych doth thy besy cure;
In the snare to catch me agayne,
Thow art a Fole thy labor ys in vayne.

56. In the thyrde also thow doft rave,
Y bad thow schulds in no maner wyse
Covet thynge the wych thow mayft not have,
In wych thow haft fogetyn myne empryse,
Thaty may say playnly to devyse,
Thow haft in madnes forgetyn all thre,
Notably Wysdomys that y taute the.

57. Hit wer but foly mor wyth the to carpe,
Or to teche of Wysdomys mor or leffe;
Y holde hym madde that bryngs forth hys Harpe;
Theron to teche a rode for doilyd Asle,
And mad ys he that syngyth a Fole a Maffe:
And he ys moft mad that doth hys besynesse,
To teche a Chorle the termys of Gentlenesse.

58. And
Hermes Bird.

58. And semelabibly in April and in May,
Whan gentyl Byrds most make melody;
But the Cockow can syng but too lay;
In odthir tewnys sche hath no fantasly:
Thus every thyng as Clerks do specify;
As Frute on the Trees, and Folke of every age,
Fro whensfe they come they have a tallage.

59. The Wynter tretyth of his Welsom wyndys;
Of the gentyl Frute boffys the Gardener;
The Fryther casyth hys hokys and hys lynys,
To catche Fyßhe in the freth Revyr,
Of tylyth of Londe tretyth the powre;
The Gentyllman tretyth of Gentry,
The Chorle delytith to speke rebawdry.

60. All on to a Faucon and a Kyte,
As good an Owle as a Popyngay;
A dunghyll Douke as deyntieth as a Snyte,
Who servys a Chorle hale many a wofull day,
Y call me never her after mor with the play;
To fore a Chorle any more to syng,
Of Wysdome to carpe in my lyfying.

61. The Folke that schall thys Fabyl se and rede,
New Forged Talyscounsel them to fle.
For lesse of Good take not to grete hede,
Be not to Sorowfull for noon adversyte;
Covet not thynge that may not be,
And remember wher ye goan,
A Chorlys Chorlys ofte wo began.

62. Unto purpose thys Proverbe ys ful ryve,
Redde and reported by olde remembraunce:
A Chyllys Byrde, and a Chorlys Wyfe,
Hath ofte lythys sorow and mischaunce.
Who hath fredom hath sufficiance:
Better ys Fredom wyth lytle in gladnes,
Than to be a Chorle wyth all worldly rychches.
Go lytyl Quiar and commaunde me
to my Maister wyth humbly affection,
Be sekyng hym lowly of mercy and pete
Of thys rude making to ha compassion:
And as towchynge thys Translacion
Owte of the Frenshe, how so ever the Englyshe be,
All thyng ys sayd under correccyon,
VVyth supportation of your benygnite.

FINIS.
THE TALE OF THE
CHANONS YEOMAN.

Written by our Ancient and famous
English Poet, Geoffry Chaucer.

THE PROLOGUE OF
The Chanons Yeoman.

Han ended was the Lyfe of Saint Cecyle,
Er we fully had rydden fyve myle:
Att Boughton under the blec us gan a take
A Man that clothed was in clothes blake;
And under that he had a whyte Surlyse,
His hakeny that was all pomely gryse;
So swete that itt wonder was to see;
It seemed that he had precked myles three.
The horse eke that his Toman rode upon,
So Swete, that vincth migh ben goe:
About the paytrell stode the some full bye,
He was of some as flecked as a pye:
A Male twyfolde on his croper lay;
Itt seemed that he carryed lecel Aray;
All fight for somer rode this worthy Man,
And in my heart wondren I began,

What
The Prologue of

What that he was, till I understood,
How that his cloke was sewed to his bode:
For which when I had long avysed me;
I demyd him some Chanon for to be:
His hatt bynge att his backe by a lace,
For he had rydden more then trot or pace.
He rode aye pryckynge as he were wode,
A Clote leafe he had layd under his bode,
For Swett and for to keepe his heede from bete,
But itt was joy for to see him swete:
His foreheed dropped as a Stillatorie,
But full of Playntaine or of Peritorie:
And when he was come he gan crye,
God save (quod he) this Iolly company:
Fast have I pricked (quod he) for your sake,
Bycause that I wold you overtake,
To ryden in this mery company.

His Yoman was eke full of curtesy,
And sayd, Syrs, now in the morowe tyde,
Out of your houstrye I saw you ride,
And warned here my Lord and Soverayne,
Which that to ryden with you is full fayne:
For his diistle, he loveth dalyance.
Frede for thy warning God yeve thee good chance.
Then sayd our Host, certayne itt wold some
Thy Lord were wyse, and so I may well deme:
He is full 10ounde, alsoe dare I lay,
Can he ought tell a mery Tale or tway,
With which he glad may this company?

Who Sir my Lord? ye without lye,
He can of myrthe and eke of lolyte,
Not but ynoogh also Sir trusteth me,
And ye him knew also well as doe I.
Ye wold wonder how well and thrifely
He con the werke and that in sondry wyse;
He bath taken on him many a great Empryse:
Which were full hard for any that is here,
To bring about, but they of him itt lere.
As homely as he rideth among you,
If ye him knew itt wold ben for your prove:
Tenolde not forgon his aquyantaunce,
For Mochel good I dare lay in balaunce
All that I have in my possesion;
He is a man of bye discrestion:
I warne you well he is a passing wyse man.

Wel (quod our Hoste) I pray thee tell me than,
Is he a Clerke or non? tell what he is.

A Clerke! nay greater then a Clerke I wys,
Sayd the Toman, and in words fewe,
Hoste of his Craffe somewhat wol I shew;
I say my Lord can such a subtelte,
But of his Craffe ye may not wete of me:
And somewhat helpe I yett to his worchynge,
That all the ground that we be on rydyng,
Till we come to Canterbury Towne,
He could all cleane turne up and downe:
And pave it all of Silver and of Gold.

And when this Toman had thus I told
Unto our Hoste, he sayd benedicite,
This thing is wonder and marvellous to me:
Sens that thy Lord is of so high prudence,
(Because of which men shold him reverence,)
That of his worship recketh he so lyte,
His overest flopp is not worth a myte;
As in effect to him so mote I go,
It is all bawdy and to sore alsoe.
Why is thy Lord sootlyche I thee pray,  
And is of power better clothes to bey?  
If that his deed accord with thy speech,  
Tell me that and that I thee beseech.

Why (quod this Roman) whereto ask ye me?  
God helpe mee so, for he shall never the:  
But I wol not avow that I saye,  
And therefore kepe itt secrett I you praye;
He is to wyse in say as I believe,  
That is overdone wil not preve;
And right as Clerkes sayne itt is a vye,  
Wherefore I holde him in that leude and nyce;
For whan a man hath over greate a witte,
Full ofte it happeth him to misuen itt:
So doth my Lord, and that me greveth fore;
God amend itt, I can say you no more.

Thereof no force good Toman (quod our Host)
Sens of the connyng of thy Lord thou wost:
Tell how he doth I pray the bertyly,
Sens that he is so crafty and so fly,
Where dwellen ye if itt to tell be?

In the Subbarbes of a Towne (quod he)
Lurkeyng in hernes and in lanes blynde,
Where these Robbers, and Theeves by kynde
Holden her privy fearefull residence,
As they that dare not shewen her presence;
Soes fare we if that I shall say the sothe,
Tett (quod our Hoste) lett me talke tothe.
Why art thou soe discolorde in thy face?

Peter (quod he) God yeve itt hard grace;
I am so used in the bottyre to blome,
That itt hath changed my colour as I trow:
I am not wonte in no mirrour to prye,
the Chanons Yeoman.

But swynke sore and lerne to Multiplye.
We blonkren ever and poore in the fyre,
And for all that we saylen of our defyre:
For ever we lacken our conclusion,
To moche folke we do illusion:

And borrow Golde be it a pound or two,
Or ten or twelve or many somes mo,
And make hem weene at the leste way,
That of a pound we coulde make tway;
Tett is itt false, and ay hau we good hope
Itt for to done, and after it we grope,
But that Science is so ferre us by forne,
We move not all though we bad itt sworne
Itt overtake, itt flyte away soe faste,
Itt wol us make Beggars at the laste.

Whiles this Teman was thus in his talking
This Chanon drew him nere and herde all thing
Which this Teman spake, for suspettion
Of mennes speche ever had this Chanon:
For Caro saythe, be that giltye is,
Deemeth all thing be speke of him Iwys:
Bycause of that he gan so nyghe to draw,
To his Teman to herken all his saw;
And thus he sayd unto his Teman tho,
Holde nowe thy peace and speke no words mo,
For if thou doe, thou shalt it sore abye,
Thon slanderest me here in this Companye:
And eke discoverest that thou holdest hyde.

Telle quod our Hoste) tell on what soever betyde,
Of all his thretynge recke the not a myte.

In sayth (quod he) no more doe I but lyte.
And whan this Chanon saw itt wolde not be,
But his Teman wolde tel his privyte,
He fledde away for very sorrow and shame.
A (quod the Teman) here shall ryse a game,
All that I can anon wold I you tell,
Sens he is gone the foule Fend him quell;
For never hereafter wol I with him mete,
For penny ne for pounde I you behete;
He that me brought first unto that game,
Er that he dye sorowe have he and shame;
For it is erneft to me by my faith,
That fele I well whatsoe any man faith:
And yet for all my smerte and all my greife,
For all my sorowe, labour and mischeife,
I couthe never leave it in no wyse:
Now wolde God my witt might sustyse,
To tellen all that longeth to that Arte.
But nathelesse, yet wol I tell you a parte:
Sens that my Lord is gon I wol not spare;
Such thyng as I know I wol declare.

Here endeth the Prologue of the Chanons
Yeoman, and here followeth his Tale.
THE TALE OF
The Chanons Yeoman.

With this Chanon I dwelt seven yere,
And of this Science am I never the nere:
All that I had I have lost thereby,
And God woteth some hath many more then I.
There I was wonte to be right, fresh and gay,
Of clothing and eke of other good array;
Now may I wear an hose upon myne heed:
And where my colour was both fresh and reed,
Now itt is wanne and of a leaden hewe,
Whoe soe itt useth, sore shall him rewe.
And of my swyne yet blered in myne Eye,
Lo which avauntage itt is to Multiply:
That flyding Science hath me made so bare,
That I have noe good where that ever I fare:
And yett I am indebted so thereby,
Of Gold, that I have borrowed truly,
That while I live I shall itt quitt never,
Let every man beware by me ever;
What manner man that casteth him thereeto,
If he continue I hold his thriste I do:
So helpe me God thereby shall he never wyn,
But empte his purse and make his wits thyn;
And when he thorow his madness and solye,
Hath lost his owne good through Jeopardye:
Than he exiteth other men thereeto.
To lese her good as himselfe hath do;
For unto shrewes joy it is and else,
To have her fellowes in paine and dielese;
For thus was I ones served of a Clerke;
Of that noe charge, I wol speke of our werke.

When we be there as we shall exercise
Our elvish Craft, we lemen wonder wise.
Our termes ben fo Clergiall and fo quaynte;
I blow the fyre tyll myn hearte saynte.

What shold I tell each proportion
Of things which we werechen uppon?
As on fyve or fyxe unces, may well be
Of Silver or of some other quantite;
And beffe me to tellen you the names,
Of Orpiment, brent Bones, Yron squames;
That into powder grounden ben full small,
And in an Erthen pott how putt is all:
And salt y put in and also pepere,
Before these powdres that I speke of here:
And well y covered with a lompe of Glasse,
And of moch other thing that there was.
And of the potts and glasse englutynge,
That of the ayre might passe out nothing;
And of the easy fyre and smerte alsoe,
Which that was made, and of the care and wo.
That we had in our matters sublymeing,
And in Amalgamyng and Callenying:
Of Quicksilver icleped Mercury rude,
For all our fleight we conne not conclude.
Our Orpyment and Suplymed Mercury;
Our grounde Litarge eke on the porphyrue:
Of eche of these unces a certayne
Not helpeth us, our labour is in vayne;
Ne eke our Spyrites asscrom,
Ne yet our matters, that lyen asfyxe adoun:
Mowe in our werkyng nothing avayle,
For loft is our laboure and our travayle.
And all the Coste, a twenty dyvel away,
Is lost alsoe which we uppon itt lay.

There is alsoe full many another thing,
That is to our Craft apertaynyng:
Though I by ordre hem ne reherce can,
Bycaufe that I am a leud man.
Yet wol I tellen hem as they come to mynde,
Though I ne can sette hem in her kynde,
As bole Armonyake, Verdegreece, Boras,
And sondry Vessles made of Erth and Glas.
Our Urynalls and our Discensories,
Vyols, Crosseletts and Sublimatories:
Concurbytcs and Alembykes eke,
And other such dere ynough a leke:
It needeth not to reherce them all,
Waters rubyfyeng and Boles, Gall;
Arsneke, Sal Armonyake and Brymstone,
And herbes could I tell eke many one:
As Egrimonye, Valeryan, and Lunarye,
And other such if that me listo to tarye;
Our Lampes brennyng both night and day,
To bringen about our Crafte if that we may;
Our Fournyce eke of Calcination,
And of our Waters Albifycation.
Unsleked Lyme, Chalke, and gleere of an Eye,
Poudres divers, Ashes, Dong, Piffe, and Cley:
Sered pokettes, salt Peter, and Vitriole,
And divers fyres made of wood and cole;
Sal Tartre, Alkaly, and Sal preparate,

And
The Tale of

And combusted matters, and coagulate,
Cley made with horse dung, mans heere and Oyle,
Of Tartre, Aym, Glas, Berme, Worte and Argoyle:
Resalgor and other matters enbybyng,
And eke of our Maters encorporing;
And of our Silver Citrynacion,
Our Cementyng, and eke Fermentacyon;
Our Ingottes, Teftes and many mo.

I wol you tel as was me taught also,
The fowre Spyrites and the bodies seven,
By order as oft I herd my lord nemene.

The first Spyrite Quicksilver cled is,
The second Orpyment, the third I wis
Armonyake, the fourth Brimstone.

The Bodyes seven eke lo here hem anone,
Sol Gold is, and Luna Sylver we threpe,
Mars, Iron, Mercury, Quicksilver we clepe:
Saturnus Lede, and Jupiter is Tynne;
And Venus Copper, by my father kynne.

This cursed Crafte whoe soe wol exercycle,
He shall noe good have that may him suffyle;
For all the good he spendeth thereaboute,
He lese shall thereof have I no doute;
Whoso that lysten to utter his solye,
Let him come forth and lerne to Multiply:
And every man that hath ought in his cofer,
Let him apere and wexe a Philosopher:
Askaunce that Crafte is so light for to lere;
Nay God wot all be he Monke or Frere,
Preist, or Chanon, or any other wight,
Though he lytte at his boke both day and night;
In lernyng of this Elvysh nyce lore,
All is in vayne, and parde moche more;
is to lere a leude man this subtelte,
Eye speke not thereof, itt wol not be;
Al coulde he letttrure or coulde he none,
As in effecte he shall fynd itt all one;
For bothe two by my Salvacyon
Concluden in Mulntyplycacyon:
Ilyche well whan they have al ydo,
This is to sayen, they saylen both two.
Yet forgate I moche reherfaile,
Of waters Corofyfe and lymayle:
And of Bodyes molifycacion,
And also of her Induration:
Oyles, Ablucyons, Mettall fuslyble
To tellen you all, wolde passe any Byble:
That O where is, wherefore as for the best
Of all these names nowe woll I reft.
For as I trowe I have you told ynowe
To reyse a Fende, al loke he never so rowe.
A nay let be the Philosophers Stone;
Alixer cleped, we seken faste echeone,
For had we him, than were we syker ynowe:
But unto God of Heaven I make a vowe,
For al our crafte whan that we han al ydo,
And all our sleight, he wol not come us to;
He hath made us spend moche goode,
For sorrow of which almoft we wexen wode;
But that good hope crepeth in our herte,
Supposyng ever though we fore smerte,
To ben releved by him afterwarde,
Supposyng, and hope is sharpe and harde;
I warne you wel it is to syken ever,
That future temps hath made men discever,
In truft therof, all that ever they had,
The Tale of

Yet of that Arte, they could not waxe sad;
For unto him itt is a bytter swete,
So semeth itt; for ne had they but a sheete:
Which that they might wrappen hem in a night,
And a bratte to walken in a day light;
They wolden hem fel and spend it on this Crafte,
They conne not stynte, tyl nothing be lafte;
And evermore where that ever they gone,
Men may hem ken by smell of Brimstone:
For al the world they stynten as a Gote,
Her Savour is so rammish and so hote:
That though a man a myle from him be,
The savour wol infecte him trusteth me.
Lo thus by smelling and by threde-bare aray,
If that men lift this folke know they may:
And ifa man wol aske him prively,
Why they be clothed so unthriftely:
Right anon they wil rowne in his ere,
And sayne if that they aspyed were,
Men wold hem flee bycause of her Science,
Lo thus these folke betrayen innocence.

Passe over this I goe my tale unto,
Ere that the pott be on the fyre ydo:
Of Metalls with a certayne quantyte,
My Lord hem tempreth and no man but he:
Now he is gon I dare say boldly,
For as men sayne, he can done craftely;
Algate I wotte wel he hath such a name,
And yet full oft he renneth in the blame,
And wotte ye how full oft itt happeth so,
The potte to breaketh and farewel all is go.
These Mettalls ben of soe greate violence,
Our walls may not make hem resystence;
But if they were wrought of lyme and stone,
They percen foe and through the wall they gone;
And some of them synken into the ground,
Thus have we lost by tymes many a pound:
And some are scattered all the floore aboute,
Some lepen into the rofe withouten doute:
Tho that the fende not in our fyght him shewe,
I trow that he with us be, that ilke shrewes:
In hell where that he is Lord and fyre,
Ne is there no more wo, ne angre, ne yre:
When that our potte is broke as I have said,
Every man chyte and holte him yvell apayde.
Some sayd itt was long of the Fyre makeing,
Some sayd nay, it was on the blowing:
Than was I fered, for that was myn offyce,
Straw (quod the third) ye ben lewde and nyce;
It was not tempered as it ought to bee,
Nay (quod the fourthe) fyntne and herken me:
Bycaufe our fyre was not made of beche
That is the cause, and none other so teche;
I can not tell whereon itt is alonge,
But well I wotte greate strife is us among.
What (quod my lord) ther nys no more to done,
Of these perill I will beware ofte soone;
I am right Syker that the potte was craied,
Be as be may, be ye not amased;
As usuage is, let swepe the floore as swythe,
Plucke up your heart and be glad and blythe.
The Mullocke on an heape yfwepte was,
And on the floore cast a Canvas;
And all this Mullocke in a fyve y throwe,
And yslysted and yplucked many a throwe.
Parde (quod one) somewhat of our Mettall;
Yet is there here though we have not all;
And though this thyng mishapped hath as now,
Another tyme it may ben wel ynowe;
We mote put our good in aventure,
A Marchant parde may not aye endure;
Trussteth me wel in his prosperyte,
Sometyme his good is drowned in the see:
And sometyme it cometh safe unto the londe.

Peace (quod my lord) the next tyme I wol fonde,
To bring our Crafte all in another plyte,
And but I doe Syrs lett me have the wyte:
There was default in somewhat wel I wote.

Another sayd the Fyre was over hote.
But be it hotte or colde I dare say this,
That we concluden evermore amys:
We saylen of that which we wolde have,
And in our madnessse evermore we grate;
And when we be togyther everychon,
Every man semeth as wyse as Solomon,
But all thing which that shyneth as the Golde,
Is not Golde as I have here tolde:
Ne every Apple that is faire at Eye,
Nys not good what so men clappe or cry.
Right soe itt fareth among us;
He that semeth the wyseft by Iesus
Is most foole when it cometh to the prefe,
And he that semeth trueft is a Theefe:
That shall ye know er that I from you wende,
By that I of my Tale have made an end.

There was a Chanon of Religyon
Amonge us, wolde esfect all a Towne,
Rome, Alysaundere, Troy, and other thre,
Though it was great wer as Niniv?
His fleyght and his infsynye falsenesse,
There couthe no man written as I gesse;
Though that he might lyve a thousand yere
In all this worlde of falsenesse nye his pere:
For in his termes he wol him so wynde,
And kepe his words in so flye a kynde,
Whan he comen shall with any wight,
That he wol make him dote anon right.
But it a feynde be as himselfe is,
Full many a man hath he begyled or this;
And mo wol, if that he may lyve a whyle,
And yet men ryden and gone full many a myle.
Him for to seeke and have acquayntaunce,
Not knowing of his false governaunce:
And if ye luste to give me audience,
I wol it tellen here in your presence.

But worshipfull Chanons relygyoufe,
Ne demeth not that I sclaunder your house;
Although my tale of a Chanon be,
Of every ordre some shrewe is parde:
And God forbid that al a Companye
Shoulde rue a syngle mannes folye.
To sclaunder you is not myn entente,
But to correct that mysle is mente;
This tale was not only told for you,
But eke for other moe ye wotte wel howe;
That among Chriſts Apostles twelve,
There was no traytour but Judas himſelfe:
Then why shoulde the remenant have blame
That gyſtleffe were? by you I fay the ſame:
Save only this, if you wol herken me;
If any Judas in your Covent be,
Remeveth him betyme I you rede,
If shame or losse may causen any drede,
And be nothing displeased I you pray,
But in this case herkenneth what I say.

In **LONDON** was a **Preest** annuellerere,
That therin had dwelt many a yere,
Which was soe plesaunt and so servyable
Unto the Wyfe, where he was att table;
That she wolde suffer him nothing to pay
For borde, ne clothing, went he never so gay,
And spending Sylver had he right ynowe,
There of no force I wol proceed as nowe:
And tell forth my tale of the **Chanon**,
That brought this **Preest** to confusyon.

This falle **Chanon** came uppon a daye:
Unto this **Preest**s chamber where he laye,
Beseechyng him to leyfe him a certayne
Of Gold, and he wolde quyte him agen:
Leveth me a Marke (quod he) but dayes thre;
And att my day I wol quyte itt the;
And if it so be, that thou fynde me falle,
Another day hang me by the halfe.

This **Preest** toke him a Marke and that swyth,
And this **Chanon** him thanked oft fyth;
And toke his leve, and went forth his wey,
And att his third day brought his money.
And to this **Preest** he toke this Gold ayen,
Whereof this **Preest** was gladdde and sayn.

Certes (quod he) nothing anoyeth me
To lend a man a Noble, two or thre;
Or what thing were in my possession,
Whan he soe true is of Condition:
That in no wyse he breke wol his day,
To such a man I can never say nay.
What (quod this Chanon) sholde I be untrewe,
Nay! that were a thyng faluen of newe,
Trouthe is a thyng that wol ever I kepe
Unto the day, in which I shall crepe
Into my Grave, or els God forbede:
Beleveth this as syker as your Crede:
God thanke I and in good tyme be it sayd,
That there was never man yet yvel apayd;
For Gold ne Sylver that he to me lent,
Ne never falschede in myn herte I ment.

And Sir (quod he) now of my privyte,
Sens ye so goodlych have ben to me;
And kythe to me so great gentlesse,
Somwhat to quyte with your kyndnesse;
I wol you shewe if ye wol it lere,
(I shal it shewe to you anon right here)
How I can werche in Philosofhye:
Taketh good hede ye shal it se with your Eye,
That I woll done a Maiistrye or I goe.

Ye Sir (quod the Preest) and wol ye so?
Marye thereof I pray you hertely.

Att your Commandement Sir truly,
(Quod the Chanon) and els God forbede,
Lo how this these coȝ the his servyce bede.
Ful sothe itt is that such prosered servyse
Stynketh, as witnesseleth the olde wyse:
And that ful sone I wol it verefye,
In this Chanon rote of all trechery,
That evermore delyte hath and gladnesse:
Such fendly thoughts in his herte empresse,
How Chriſts people he may to mischiefe bring,
God kepe us from his falsė disymuling.

What wyft this Preest with whom that he delte,
The Tale of

Ne of his harme comyng nothing he selte.
O sely Preest, O sely Innocente.
With Covetyse anon thou shalt be blente;
O gracelesse ful-blynde is thy conceyte,
Nothyng arte thou ware of his deeyte.
Which that this foxe hath shapen to the,
H's wylye wrenches thou mayst not flo.
Wherefore to goe to thy Conclusyion,
That referreth to thy confusyion:
Unhappy man anon I wol me hye,
To tell thy unwitte ne thy folye:
And eke the falsenesse of that other wretche,
As fer forthe as my connyng wol strete.

This Chanoon was my Lord ye wold wene,
Syr hoste in sayth and by the heven Queene:
It was another Chanoon and not he,
That can an hundredfold more subtelte:
He hath betrayed folke many a tyme,
Of his falsenesse it doleth me to tyme;
Ever when I speke of his falseheed,
For shame of him my chekes waxen reed:
Algates they begenn for to glowe,
For rednesse have I non right well I knowe,
In my vifage, for fumes dyverce
Of Metalls which ye have herde me reherce,
Consumed and wafted hath my rednesse,
Now take heed of this Chanoon Cursednesse.
Syr (quod he) to the Preest, sert your Man gon,
For Quicksilver that we it had anon;
And lett him bring unces two or thre,
And when he cometh as fafte shul ye se
A wonder thyng which ye saw never er this;
Syr (quod the Preest) itt shalbe done iwys:
He badd his servaunte fetch him this thyng,
And he already was att his bydding;
And went him forth and came anon agayne
With this Quicksylver shortly for to sayne:
And toke these unces there to the Chanoun,
And he hem sayd well and sayre adoun:
And bade the servaunt Coles for to bryng,
That he anon might go to his werkyng.

The Coles right anon were yfet,
And this Chanon toke out a Crossfolett
Of his bosome, and shewed it to the Preeft:
This Instrument (quod he) which that thou seest
Take in thy hond, and put thy selfe therein
Of this Quicksylver an unce and begyn
In the name of Chift to wexe a Philosopher,
There be ful fewe which I wolde it profer;
To shewe him this moche of my Science,
For here shul ye se by experience,
That this Quicksylver I wol mortifye
Right in your fyght anon withouten lye,
And make it as good Sylver and as fyne,
As there is any in your purfe or myne,
Or elsewhere, and make it malliable,
Or els hold me false and unstable;
Amonges folke ever to appere.

I have a poudre that cost me deere,
Shall make all good, for it is cause of all
My connyng, which I you shewe shall;
Voydeth your Man, and let him be therout,
And shette the dore, whyles we ben about
Our privatie, that no man us espy,
Whyles that we Werken in our Philosophye.
Al as he bade fulfylled was indeede:
This ylke servant anon out yede,
And his Maister shette the dore anon,
And to her labour spedily they gone.

This Preest at this cursed Chanons byddying,
Uppon the fyre anon set this thyng;
And blewe the fyre and besyed him ful fafte,
And this Chanon into this croslet caste
A pouder, I not wherof it was,
Ymade either of Chalke, Erthe, or Glasse
Or somwhat els, was not worthe a fly,
To blynde with this Preest, and bade him hye
These Coles for to couchen al above
The Crosselet for in token that I the love;
(Quod this Chanon) thyn hondes two,
Shal werke al thing that here shalbe do;
Graunt mercy (quod the Preest) and was ful glad,
And couched coles as the Chanon bad.
And why le he bely was, this fendely wretch,
This false Chanon, the soule fende him fetche;
Out of his bosome toke a bechen cole,
In which ful subtelly was made an hole,
And therein was put of Sylver lymayle,
An unce, and stopped was without fayle,
The hole with waxe to kepe the Limayle in.

And understandeth that this false gyn
Was not made there, but it was made byfore;
And other thynges that I shall you tell more
Herafter, that whiche he with him brought,
Er he came there to begyle him he thought:
And so he did er they went a twynne
Till he had turned him, coulde he not blynne,
It dulleth me whan that I of him speke,
On his false hede fayne wolde I me wreke,
If I wylte how, but he is here and there,
He is so varyaunt he bydeth no where.
    But taketh heed Syrs nowe for Godds love,
He toke his Cole of which I spake above,
And in his honde he bare it privelie,
And whyles the Preest couched besily
The Coles, as I told you er this,
This Chanon sayd, Frende ye done amys:
This is not couched as it ought to be;
But sone I shall amend it (quod he)
Nowe let me medle therwith but a whyle,
For of you have I pyte by Saint Gyle:
Ye ben right hotte, I se wel how ye swete,
Have here a clothe and wype away the wete:
And while the Preest him wyped hace,
This Chanon toke the Cole, I shrew his face:
And layd it aboven uppon the mydwardc
Of the Croflet, and blewe wel afterwarde,
Till that the Coles gonne faste brenne.

Nowe yeve us drinke (quod this Chanon) then,
As swythe al shall be wel I undertake,
Synte we downe and let us mery make;
And whan this Chanons bechen Cole
Was brennt, al the Limayle out of the hole
Into the Croflet anon fell adoun,
And soo it must needes by resoun;
Sens it so even above couched was,
But thereof wylte the Preest nothing alas:
He demed all the coles lyche goode,
For of the sleight nothing he understoode.

And whan this Alkamistre sawe his tyme,
Ryseth up Syr Preest (quod he) and stondeth byme;
And for I wott well yngot have I none:
The Tale of

Gothe walketh forth and brynge a chalke stone,
For I wol make it of the same shappe,
That an yngott is if I may have happe,
And bring eke with you a bolle or a panne
Full of water, and you shall se thanne,
How that our besynesse shall happe and preve,
And yet for ye shall have no misbyleve,
Ne wronge conceyte of me in your absence,
I wol not ben out of your presence:
But goe with you and come with yon agayne.

The Chamber dore shortly to layne,
They opened and shette and went forth her wye,
And forthe with him they carried the key;
And comen agen withouten any delay,
What shulde I tarry all the long day?
He toke the Chalke and shope it in the wyfe
Of an yngot as I shall you devyse.

I say he toke out of his owne sleve
A teyne of Sylver, yvel mote he cheve;
Which that was but an unce of weight,
And taketh heed now of his cursed sleight,
He shope his yngot in leght and in brede
Of the teyne withouten any drede,
So silly that the Preeft it not aspyde,
And in his sleve agayne he gan it hyde;
And from the fyre toke up his Mattere,
And into the yngot it put with mery chere:
And into the water-veffele he it caste
Whan that him lift, and bade the Preeft as faste
Looke what there is put in thyn honde, and grope,
Thou shalt finde there Sylver as I hope;
What dyvel of hell shulde it els be?
Shaving of Sylver, Sylver is parde.
He put in his honde and toke up a Teyne
Of Silver syne, and glad in every veyne
Was this Preeʃt, when he saw itt was so,
Gods blesʃynges and his Mothers also:
And al hallowes have ye Sir Chanon
Sayd this Preeʃt, and I her Malyson.
But and ye vouchsafe to teche me
This noble Crafte, and this subtelte;
I wol be yours in all that ever I may.

Quod the Chanon yet woll I make assay
The seconde tyme, that ye mowe take heede,
And ben expert of this and in your neede
Another day assay in myn absence,
This Disciplyne and this crafty Science.
Lette take another ounce (quod he) tho
Of Quicksylver withouten words mo,
And don therwith as I have don er this,
With that other which that nowe Silver is.

This Preeʃt him belseyth in all that he can,
To don as this Chanon this cursed man
Commanded him, and fast blew the fyre
For to come to the effect of his defyre;
And this Chanon right in the meane while,
All redy was, this Preeʃt este to begyle;
And for a Countenance in his honde bare
An holow sticke, take keepe and beware;
In thend of which an unce and no more
Of Sylver Lymayle putte was, as before,
Was in his cole, and stopped with wexe wele,
For to kepen in his Lymaile every dele.

And whiles this Preeʃt was in his belseyne,
This Chanon with his sticke gan him dresse
To him anon, and his poudre cast in,
As he did erst, the Dyvell out of his skyn
Him torne, I pray to God for his falsheede,
For he was ever false in thought and deed:
And with his sticke above the Croslette,
That was ordeyned with that false iette,
He styreth the coles tyll all relent gan
The waxe agayne the fyre, as every man,
But he a foole be, wote wel it mote nede,
And al that in the hole was out yede:
And into the croslette hastely it fell.

The Preeft supposed nothing but well,
But belyed him fast and was wonder fayne,
Supposing nought but trouthe, foth to fayne:
He was so gladd that I cannot expresse,
In no maner his mirth and his gladness;
And to the Chanon he proffered eft soone
Body and good: ye (quod the Chanon) anone,
Though I be poore, crafty thou shalt me fynde,
I warne the yet is there more behynde,
Is there any Copper here within sayd he?
Ye Sir (quod the Preeft) I trowe there be.
Els go bye some and that afwythe.

Nowe good Sir go forth thy way and hythe.
He went his way and with the Coper he came,
And this Chanon in his honde it name;
And of that Coper wayed out but an unce,
All to symple is my tongue to pronounce:
As to ministre by my wytte the doubleness
Of this Chanon, roote of all curfydness:
He semed freindly to hem that knew him nought.
But he was sendly both in werke and thought,
It weryeth me to tell of his falseness
And nathlesse, yet wol I it expresse,
the Chanons Yeoman.

To the entent that men may beware thereby,
And for none other cause truly.

He put this unce of Coper into the Crosslett,
And on the fyre as swythe he hath it sett;
And cast in pouder, and made the Preeft to blowe,
And in his workeing for to stoupe lowe:
As he did erste, and all nas but a jape,
Right as him lyfte, the Preeft he made his Ape;
And afterward in the yngot he it caste,
And in the panne put it at the lafte
Of water, and in he put his owne honde,
And in his sleve, as ye by forehonde
Herd me tell, he had a Sylver Teyne,
He slily toke it out, this cursed heyne,
Unwetyng this Preeft of his false crafte,
And in the pannes botome he hath it lafte,
And in the water rombleth to and fro:
And wonder prively toke up also
The coper Teyne, not knowing this Preeft,
And hyddeitt, and hent him by the breft;
And to him spake, and thus sayd in his game,
Stoupeth adowne, by God ye be to blame,
Helpeth me none, as I did you whylere:
Put in your honde, and loketh what is there.

This Preeft toke up this Sylver Teyne amone,
And then said the Chanon, lette us gon
With these thre Teynes which we han wrought
To some Goldsmythe, and wete if it be ought:
For by my faith, I nolde for my hoode,
But if it were Sylver syne and goode,
And that as swythe wellproved shalbe.

Unto the Goldsmythe with these Teynes three,
They went and put them in assayey.
To fyre and hammer, might no man say nay,
But they were as them ought for to be.

This sotte> who was gladder then he,
Was never Byrd gladder agenst the day,
Ne Nightyngale agenst the ceason of May,
Was never none, that lyft better to synge,
Ne Lady lustier in Carolyng:
And for to speke of love and woman hede,
Ne Knight in armes to done a herdy dede,
To stonden in grace of his Lady dere,
Then had this preest this crafte to lere,
And to the chanon, thus he spake and sayd:
For the love of God, that for us all deyd,
And as I may deserve it unto yow,
What shal this receyce cost, telleth me nowe?

By our Lady (quod this chanon) it is dere,
I warne you well, saue I and a frere:
In ENGLAN D there can no man it make.

No force (quod he) nowe Sir for Gods sake,
What shal I pay? tell me I you pray.
I wys (quod he) it is ful dere I say.
Syr at one word if that ye lyft it have,
Ye shal pay fortye pound, so God me saue:
And nere the frendshyp that ye did er this
To me, ye shulden pay more ye wys.

This preest the some of fortye pounde anon
Of Nobles fette, and told hem everychon
To this chanon for this ilke receyte,
All his worchynge was fraude and deceyte.

Syr preest he said; I kepe for to have no los
Of my craft, for I wold itt were kept cloos:
And as ye love me kepeth it secre;
For and men knowe all my Subtelte.
By God men wolde have soe greete envye
To me by cause of my Phylosophye:
I shulde be deed, ther were none other way.

God it forbid (quod the Preeft) what ye say:
Yet had I lever spend all the good,
Which that I have, or els waxe I wood
Than that ye shoulde fallen in such mischeife:
For your good wyl have ye right good prefe,
(Quod the Chanon) and farewell graunt mercy:
He went his way, and never the Preeft him sey
After that day: And whan that this Preeft sholde
Maken assay at such tyme as he wolde,
Of this receyte, farwell it nold not be:
Lo thus bejaped and begyled was he.
Thus maketh he his Introduction,
To bringe folke to her distruction.

Consydereth Sirs, howe in eche estate:
Betwixt Men and Gold is debate,
Soe fer forthe, that unneths there is none,
This Multiplyeng blyndeth fo many one;
That in good sayth, I trowe that it be
The greatest cause of such scarseye.
Thele Phylosophers speken so mistily,
In this Crafte, that men cannot come thereby.
For any witte that men have nowe adayes,
They may well chattere and jangle as doth the Jayes:
And in her termes seft her lusfe and payne,
But to her purpose shal they never attaine;
A man may lightly lerne if he have ought,
To Multiply and bring his good to nought:
Lo such a Lucre is in this lusty game,
A mans myrthe it wol turne all to grame:
And emptien also greate and hevy purses.
And maken folke to purchase curses:
Of hem that han alsoe her good ylent.
O fye for shame, they that han be brente:
Alas cannot they flye the fyres here,
Ye that it use, I rede that ye it let:
Left ye:lesen al, for bet then never is late,
Never to thryve were to long a date,
Though that ye proffe aye ye shall it never fynde,
Ye ben as bold as is Bayarde the blynde;
That blondereth forth, and perill casteth none;
He is as bolde as renne agenst a stone,
As for to go belyde in the way,
So faren ye that multiplyen I say;
If that your Eyen can not sene aright,
Loketh that your Mynde lacke not his fght:
For though ye loke never soe brode and stare,
Ye shall not wynne a myte in that chaffare:
But waste all that ye may repe and renne,
Withdrawe the fyre leaft it to fast brenne:
Medleth with that Arte noe more I mene;
For ye done your thriste is gone full cleane.
And right as s wythe I wolde you telleth here,
What that the Phylofophers sayne in this materie.
Lo thus faith Arnold, of the newe toune,
As his Rosarye maketh mencioune:
He sayth right thus withouten any lye,
There may no man Mercury mortifye;
But if it be with his brothers knowleging;
Lo how that he which firftayd this thynge
Of Phylofophers father was, Hermes.
He saythe how that the Dragon doubtlesse
Ne dyeth not, but if he be slayne
With his brother; and this is for to slayne,
By
By the Dragon Mercurye and none other,
He understood that Brimstone was his brother.
That out of Sol and Luna were ydrawe,
And therefore sayd he, take heed to my fawe.

Let no man belye him this Arte for to seehe,
But he that the Entention and speche
Of Phylosophers understande can,
And if he do he is a leud man:
For this Science, and this connyng (quod he)
Is of the Secre, of the Secres parde.

Alsoe there was a Disciple of Plato,
That on a tyme sayd his Maister to:
As his booke Senior wol bere wytnesse,
And this was his demaunde in sothfastnesse.
Tell me the name of the privy Stone?
And Plato answered unto him anone,
Take the Stone that Tytanos men name.
Which is that (quod he?) Magnatia is the same,
Said Plato: ye Sir, and is it thus:
This is ignotum per ignotius:
What is Magnatia good Sir I you pray?
It is a Water that is made I say
Of Elements foure (quod Plato)
Tell me the Rocke good Sir (quod he tho)
Of that Water, if it be your wyll.
Nay nay (quod Plato) certayne that I nyll,
The Philosophers were y sworne echone,
That they shulde discover it unto none;
Ne in no Boke it write in no manere,
For unto Chriſt it is so lefe and dere;
That he wol not that it discovered be,
But where it liketh to his deite;
Man to enspyre and eke for to defende,

Whan...
Whan that him lyketh, lo this is his ende.
Then conclude I thus, ses the God of heaven,
Ne wyl not that the Phylo sophers nemen:
Howe that a Man shall come unto this Stone,
I rede as for the best, lett itt gone;
For who so maketh God his adversary,
As for to werche any thing in contrary:
Unto his will, certes never shall he thrive;
Though that he Multiplye terme of his live,
And there a poynte : for ended is my Tale,
God send every true man Bote of his bale.
Or yet full sleeping, nor yet full waking,
But betwixt two lying in a trance;
Half closed mine eye in my slumbering,
Like a mad rapt of all cheer & countenance;
By a manner of weening & Remembrance
Towards Aurora, ere Phoebus uprose,
I dreamed one came to me to doe me pleasure
That brought me a Boke with seven scales close.

2. Following upon I had a wonderfull dreame,
As seemed unto my inward thought,
The face of him shone as the Sun-beame:
Which unto me thys hevenly Boke brought,
Of so great Riches that yt may not be bought,
In order set by Dame Philosophie,
The Capitall and the flourishing wrought
By a wise Prince called Theologie.

3. Thys Boke was written with letters aureat,
Perpetually to be put in memory,
And to Apollo the Chapters consecrate,
And to the seven Gods in the hevenly Consistory:
And in Mercuries little Oratory,
Groweth all the fruit in brese of thys Science,
Who can expresse hem and have of hem Victory,
May clame the triumph of his Mineral prudence.

4. Of
4. Of this matter above betweene Starrs heaven,
By Gods and Goddesses all, of one assent,
Was sent Caducifer to Erth downe form Heaven:
Saturnus as Bedell by great advisement;
For to summon a generall Parliament,
By concord of all both old and younge of age,
To say in Breife their Councell most prudent:
For Common profit to knitt up a Marriage.

5. Betweene twaine Borne of the Imperiall blood,
And descended from Iupiters line,
Of their Natures most pure and most good;
Wythowte infeccion their seede is most divine:
That noe Eclips may let them for to shine,
So that Mercury doth stint all debate,
And restraine their Courage by meaknes them incline;
That of frowwardnes they be not indurate.

6. For the Sunne that sitteth so heigh a loft,
His golden dew-droppes shall cleerely raigne downe,
By the meane of Mercury that moven first made lost:
Then there schalbe a glad Conjuncion,
When there is made a Seperacion:
And their two Spermes by Marriage are made one;
And the said Mercury by devision,
Hath taken his flight and from both is gone.

7. These be the two Mercuries cheife of Philosophers,
Revived againe with the Spirit of lyfe,
Richer then Rubies or Pearles shut in Cofeurs;
Washed and Baptized in waters vegetative,
The body differed with heate nutrative:
By moderate moysture of Putrefaccion:
So that there is no excesse nor no strife
Of the foure Elements in their Conjuncion.
8. The graine of Wheate which on the ground doth
But it be dead it may not fructifie, (fall,
If it be hole the vertue doth appaye;
And in no wise it may not Multipe,
The increase doth begin when it doth Putrefie;
Of good Grafts commeth Fruites of good lastage;
Of Crabs Verjuyce, of Ash is made Lye,
Of good Grapes followeth a good Vintage.

9. Who soweth good Seede repeth good againe,
Of Cockles sowne there can grow no good Whea
For as such a Ploughman traveleth in vaine,
To fruiteful Land Cockle is not meete;
Gall is ever bitter, Honey is ever sweete,
Of all things contrary is fals Conneccions,
Let Male and Female together ever meete;
But both be clensed of their Complexions.

10. A Man of Nature ingendereth but a Man,
And every Beast ingendereth his semblable;
And as Philosophers rehearse well can,
Diana and Venus in marriage be notable,
A Horse with a Swine joyneth not in a stable,
For where is made unkindly geniture,
What followeth but things abominable?
Which is to say Monstrum in Nature.

11. All this I finde in the said Boke,
Brought to me when I lay a sleepe;
And of one thing good heede I toke;
The Wolf in kinde is Enemy to the Sheepe.
The Rose full divers to the wild Neepe:
For things joyned that be contrary;
Dame Nature complayning doth fit and weepe:
For falce receipts found in her Library.

And
12. And there it was so pitiously complained,
That men so err by false Opinions
That be so farr from truth away restrained,
Like as they had loft wholly their Reasons,
Not considering in their discretions;
What mischeife followeth as is oft feene,
By these false froward Conneccions:
As doth leapers with folkes that byne cleane.

13. Notwithstanding he that is sate so high in heaven,
Crown'd with a Crowne of bright stones cleere,
Borne there to raine as cheife choisen of heauen:
Equall with Phæbus alone in the same sphere,
Without difference as Clerkes to us leare,
Sate there most royall in his diadem:
Very Celestiall and Angelike of cheare;
And in all vertue like as he did seeme.

14. And in that Boke I found well by writing,
Like as the processe made mention:
How that there was once a mighty rich King,
Cleane of nature and of Complexion:
Voyde of deformity from head to forthe downe;
Which for his beauty as it is specified,
And for his cleanes most soverayne of renowne:
Was among Planets in heaven stelleseyed.

15. Certaine Brethren I found he had in Number,
And of one Mother they were borne every each one:
But a Sicknes did them sore cumber,
That none was whole on his feete to gone,
Hoarse of language, cleere voice had they none:
For with a scabb that was contagious,
They were infected, hole was their none;
For ever exiled because they were Leaprous.
16. The said King rose up in his Royall see,
Seeing this mischeife cast his Eye downe,
And of his mercy, and fraternall pitty,
Surprized in heart, full of Compassion:
And began to complaine of their Infeccion,
Alas quoth he how came this adventure,
Under what froward or false Constelacion;
Or in what howre had yee your ingendure.

17. But sitthence this mischeife ys to you befall,
There is nothing which were more expedient,
Then to chuse one out amongst us all,
Without spott all cleere of his intent,
For you to dye by his owne assent,
To save the people from their Damnation:
And with his blood ere you be fully shent,
To make of his mercy your remission.

18. The which Liquor most wholesome is and good,
Against leprous humors and false infeccions,
When from a veyne taken is the blood,
Cleansing each parte from all corrupcions,
The Original taken from generacions:
Which is descended downe from stock royall,
Nourished with Milke of pure complexion;
With menstrual which are not superfical.

19. But when the Brethren of this worthy King
Heard the Language, they fell in full great dread,
Full fore weeping and said in Complayning
That none of them was able to bleede,
Because their blood was infectious indeede,
And of corrupt blood made is noe Sacrifice,
Wherefore alas there is noe way to speede,
That we can finde, to helpe us in any wise.
20. Of our Birth and of our Originall, Cleerely and truly to make mencion; Excuse is there none in parte nor in all; In sin was first our conception: Our bringing forth and generation, Fulfilled was in sorowe and wickednesse, And our Mother in a short conclusion With Corrupt milke us softred in distresse.

21. For who may make that seede to be clean That first was conceived in uncleanenes, For cancred rust may never I meane, By noe crafte shew forth parfect brightnes: Now let us all at once our Course addres, And goe unto our Mother to aske by and by, The finall cause of our Corrupt sicknes; That she declare unto us the Cause and why.

22. The said Children uprofe in a fury Of wofull rage, and went by one assent Unto their Mother that called was Mercury: Requiring her by greate advisement, Before her Goddeses being every one present. To tell them truly and in noe parte to faine, Why their nature was corrupt and shent; That caused them evermore to weepe and complaine.

23. To whome the Mother full bright of face and hew, Gave this answer remembred in Scripture, First when I was wedded a new, I conceived by proffes of true Nature. A Child of seede that was most cleane and pure, Undesfiled, most orient, faire and bright, Of all the PLANETS cheife of ingendure: Which now in Heaven giveth so cleere a light.
24. Whose Complexion is most temperate,
In heate and cold and in humidity,
In Erth also that there is noe debate,
Nor noe repugnaunce by noe quallity:
Nor none occasion of none infirmity,
That among them there may be none discord,
So well proportioned every-each in his degree,
Each hower and space they be of so true accord.

25. Whose Nature is so imperiall,
That fire so burning doth him noe distresse:
His royall kinde is so celestiall,
Of Corrupcion he taketh no sicknesse;
Fire, Water, Air, nor Erth with his drines,
Neither of them may alter his Complexion,
He fixeth Spirits through his high noblenes;
Saveth infected bodyes from their Corrupcion.

26. His Heavenly helth death may not assayle,
He dreadeth noe venome, nor needeth no treacle,
Winde Tempest ne Wether against him may prevaiile,
Soe high in Heaven is his Tabernacle,
In Erth he worketh many a miracle:
He cureth Lepers and fetcheth home Fugitive,
And to gouty Eyne giveth a cleere Spectacle:
Them to goe that lame were all their lief.

27. He is my Son and I his Mother deare,
By me conceived truly in Marriage;
As touching your Birth the sicknes doth appeare,
Of Menstruous blood brought forth in tender age,
Your Leprie is shewed in Body and in Vifage,
To make your hole Medicine is no other
Drinke, nor potion to your advantage,
But the pure blood of him that is your deare Brother.
28. A good Shephard must dye for his Sheepe,
Without grudging to speake in words plaine,
And semblable take hereof good keepe,
Your Brother must dye and newe be borne againe,
Though he be old, be hereof well certaine;
To youth againe he must be renewd,
And suffer passion or else all were vaine,
Then rising againe right fresh and well hewd.

29. Old Aeson was made young by Medea,
With her drinks and with her potions,
Soe must your Brother of pure Volunta
Dye and be young through his operation,
And that through subtile natures Confections,
By whose death plainly to expresse;
Yee shalbe purged from all infeccions:
And your foule leaprie changed to cleanses.

30. With the said words the King began to abrayd
The tale adverting that she had tould,
How might a Man by nature thus he said
Be borne againe, namely when he ys old?
Then said hys Mother by reason manifold:
But if the Gospell thus doth meane,
In Water and Spirit be renovate hott and cold,
That he shall never plainly come into Heaven.

31. The King was tristy and heavy of cheere,
Upon his Knees meekely kneeled downe,
Prayed his Father in full low manner,
To translate the Challice of hys passion,
But for he thought the redemption
Of his brethren, might not be fulfilled,
Without his death nor their Salvation;
For them to suffer he was right willed.
32. And for to accomplish hys purpose in sentence, 
By cleere example who so looketh right, 
Heavy things from their Circumferance, 
Must up attend and after be made light, 
And things light ready to the flight 
Must descend to the Center downe, 
By interchaunging of natures might, 
As they be moved by meane of Revolucion.

33. Soe as Jupiter in a Cloud of Gold, 
Chaunged himselfe by transformacion, 
And descended from hys hevenly hold 
Like a Golden dewe unto Danne downe, 
And she conceived as made is mention, 
By influence of hys power divine; 
Right so shall Phæbus right soveraigne of renowne 
To be conceived of his Golden raine decline.

34. And to comfort hys Brethren that were full dull, 
The Sun hath choisen without warr or strife, 
The bright Moone when she was at the full, 
To be his Mother first, and after hys wedded wife; 
In tyme of Ver the season vegetative, 
In Aries when Titan doth appeare, 
Inspired by grace with the Spirit of lyfe, 
This marriage hallowed at midday Spheare.

35. And at this feast were the Godes all, 
Saturne from blacknes was turned to white; 
And Jupiter let his mantle fall, 
Full pale and meager of greate delight, 
Clothed in lilies that every maner wight, 
Of Heaven and Erth, and Gods of the Sea, 
Rejoyced in Heart, and were full glad and light, 
To be present at this great Solemnity.
36. Mars forgot there hys sturdy black hardines,  
Cast off his Habergeon fret with old rust;  
Venus forsooke her minerall rednes,  
Tooke Gold for Greene and she againe also for lust,  
Because she had in Phæbus such a trust,  
That he should this feast hold of most noblenes:  
Of brotherly pitty needs as he must,  
Give her a mantle of Orientall brightnes.

37. After this Wedding here afore devised,  
Of faire Phæbus and fresh Lucine;  
Philosophers have prudently practised,  
A Closet round by their wise Doctrine,  
Cleere as Christall of Glasse a little shrine;  
With heavenly deawe stuffed that dungeon,  
Kept night and day with glorious maidens nyne;  
To keepe the Queene in her Concepcion.

38. Religiously they kept their Sylene,  
Till that from heaven their a royall light,  
And there with all in open audience;  
Was heard a voyce almost at mid night,  
Among the Virgins most amiable of sight,  
That said unto them, to save that was forlorne;  
I must againe through my imperall myght,  
Be of my Mother new conceived and borne.

39. I must passe by water and by Fire,  
The brunt abide and there from not decline,  
To save my brethren I have so greate desyre,  
With new light their darknes to yllumine,  
But fore I dread that venomous Serpentine,  
Which ever advanceth with his violence,  
My tender youth to hurt and to invenome,  
But in your keeping doe you your diligence.
40. The King thus entered in his bed royall,  
The Queene conceived under a Sun bright;  
Under her feete a mount like Christall,  
Which had devoured her husband anon right,  
Dead of desire and in the Maidens sight;  
Lost all the Collour of his fresh face,  
Thus was he dead, the Maidens feeble of might  
Dispaired, slept in the same place.

41. The Serpent bold shed out his poyson,  
The Queene and Maidens for feare tooke them to flight;  
Seaven tymes ascending up and downe  
With in a vault, now darke, now cleere of light,  
Their generation was so strong of might,  
After death now passeth Purgatory;  
To Resurrection as any Sun bright,  
Things that were lost to bring to his glory.

42. The Queene tooke her full possession,  
The Soule reviving of the dead King;  
But of old hatred the toxicate poyson,  
Was by the Serpent cast in to their hindring;  
The Prince was buried, but of his rising,  
The Brethren were glad the truth was seene,  
When they were washed by his naturall clensing;  
And their old Leprie by Miracle was made cleane.

43. The full Moone halfe shaddowed the Sun,  
To putt away the burning of his light;  
Black shaddowed first the skyes were so dunn,  
The Ravens bill began who looketh right,  
Blacker then Jett or Bugle to fight;  
But little and little by ordinary apparance,  
The temperate fire with his cherishing might  
Turned all to white, but with noe violence.
44. Tyme to the Queene approched of Childing, The Child of Nature was ready to fly, Passage was there none to hys out going: He spread hys wings and found no liberty; Of nyne Virgins he devoured three, The other fix most excellent and faire, Fearefull for dread in their greatest beauty, Spread their feathers and flew forth in the Aire,

45. The Child coloured first Black and after White, Having noe heate in very existence, But by cherishing of the Sun bright, Of forraine fire there was noe violence: Save that men say which have experience, He dranke such plenty of the Water of the well, That his six sisters made noe resistance; But would have devowred; Dasten can you tell.

46. Sometymes black, sometymes was he redd, Now like ashes, now Citrine of Colour: Now of Safforne hew, now sanguine was his head, Now white as a lylie he shewed him in his bower, The Moone gave nourishment to him in his labour; And with all their force did their buisnes, To cloath hym fresher then any flowre, With a mantle of everlasting whitnes.
Ake Erth of Erth, Erths Moder,
And Watur of Erth yt ys no oder,
And Fier of Erth that beryth the pryfe,
But of that Erth louke thow be wyse,
The trew Elixer yt thow wylt make,

Erth owte of Erth looke that thow take,
Pewer sute] faire and good,
And than take the Water of the Wood:
Cleere as Chrystall schynyng bryght:
And do hem togeder anon ryght,
Thre dayes than let hem lye,
And than depart hem pryvyly and fuye,
Than schale be browght Watur schynyng,
And in that Watur ys a soule reynyng,
Invisible and hyd and unseene,
A marvelous matter yt ys to weene.
Than departе hem by dyftillynge,
And you schalle see an Erth apperinge,
Hevie as metale schalle yt be;
In the wych is hyd grete prevety,
Destil that Erth in grene hewe,
Three dayes during well and trew;
And do hem in a body of glaff,
In the wych never no warke was.
In a Furnas he must be sett,
And on hys hede a good lymbeck;
And draw fro hym a Watur clere
The wych Watur hath no peere,
And aftur macke your Fyer stronger,
And there on thy Glaffe continew longer,
So schal yow se come a Fyer;
Red as blode and of grete yre,
And aftur that an Erth leue there schale,
The wych is cleped the Moder of alle;
Then into Purgatory schal must be doe,
And have the paynes that longs thereto,
Tyl schalbe bryghter than the Sune,
For than thow haft the Maystrey wone;
And that schalbe wythin howres three,
The wych forsooth ys grete ferly:
Than do her in a clene Glaffe,
Wyth some of the Watur that hers was.
And in a Furnas do her againe,
Tyl schal have drunke her Watur certaine,
And aftur that Watur give her Blood,
That was her owne pewre and good,
And whan schal hast dranke alle her Fyer,
Sche wyll wex strong and of grete yre.
Than take yow mete and mylke thereto,
And fedc the Chylde as you schowlde do,
Tyl he be growne to hys full age,
Than schal he be of strong courage;
And tourne alle Bodies that leyfull be,
To hys owne powre and digniye,
And this ys the makyng of owre Stone,
The trewth here ys toowilde yow evereech one.
For all that taketh any other wey,
Mouch they looseth and mouch they may,
upon the Elixir.

For trewly there ys no other way of righte,
But Body of Body and Lyghte of Lyghte,
Man of Man begottyn ys,
And Beste of Beste to hys lykenes,
Alle the foules in the worlde seeken;
A thynge that they may never meeten,
They wolde have Metalle owte of hem,
That never was fownde by worldly men:
Ne never was fownde by Goddis myghte,
That they shoulde beare any such fryghte.

All Saltes and Sulphures far and nere,
I interdite hem alle in fere,
Alle Corosive waters, Blood and Hayre,
Pyff, Hornes, Wormes and Saudiver,
Alume, Atriment, alle I suspende,
Rafalger and Arsnick I defende,
Calx vive, and Calx mort hys Brother,
I suspende them both, one and other,
For of alle things I wyll no moe,
But fowre Elements in Generall I say soe,
Sun and Moone,Erth and Water;
And here ys alle that men of clatter,

Our Gold and Sylver ben no common plate;
But a sperme owte of a Bodi I take,
In the wych ys alle sol, Lune, Lyfe and Lyghte,
Water and Erth, Fyre and Fryght:
And alle commyth of one Image,
But the Water of the Wood makyth the marryage;
Therefore there ys none other waye,
But to take thee to thy Beades and praye:
For Covetous Men yt fyndyth never,
Though they seek yt once and ever,
Set not your Hearts in thys thyng,
But only to God and good lyvynge.

And
And he that wyl come thereby,
Must be meeke, and full of mercy:
Both in spyrit and in Countenance,
Full of Chereti and good Governaunce;
And evermore full of almes deede,
Symple and Pewerly hys lyf to leade:
Wyth Prayers, Pennaunces, and Piety,
And ever to God a lover be,
And alle the ryches that he ys sped,
To do God worsehype wyth Almes deede.

In Arsenyck sublymed there ys a way streight,
Wyth Mercury calcyned nyne tymes hys weight
And grownde together with the Water of myght
That bereth ingression lyfe and lyght,
And anon as they togyther byne,
Alle runnyth to Water bryght and shene,
Upon thys Fyre they grow togethyr,
Tyll they be fast and fle no whythyr;
But than feede hem fourth wyth thy hond,
Wyth mylke and meate tyle they be stronge,
And thow schalt have there a good Stone,
Whereof an Ounc on fourty wyll gone:
Upon Venus or on Mercury,
Thys Medicyn wyll make thee merry.

All yow that have sowght mani a day,
Leave worke, take yowre Beades and pray,
For the longer that yow seeken,
The longer yt ys or yow meeten;
And he that now fayne would be sped,
Lyften to my Daughter Megg:
For sche scall tell yow trewth and ryghte,
Hearken now wyth all yowr myght.
I am Mercury the myghty Flower,
I am most worthy of Honour,
upon the Elixir.

I am sours of Sol, Luna, and Mars,
I am genderer of Iovis, many be my snares:
I am setler of Saturne, and sours of Venus,
I am Empress, Prynceffe and Regall of Queens,
I am Mother of Myrrour, and maker of lyght,
I am head and hygheft and fayreft in lyght:
I am both Sun, and Moone,
I am sche that alle thynges must doone.
I have a Daughter hight Saturne that ys my darlyng,
The wych ys Mother of all werkyng,
For in my Daughter there byne hydd,
Fowre thyngs Commonly I kydd:
A Golden feede, and a spearme rych,
And a Silver feede none hymlich,
And a Mercury feede full bryght,
And a Sulphur feede that ys ryght.
Of my Daughter wythowten dred,
Byn made Elyxirs whyte and redd,
Therefor of her draw a Water cler,
The Science yf thow lyft to leare.
Thys Water reduceth every thyngge,
To tendernes and to fyxing:
It burgeneth growyth and gyveth fryght and lyght,
Ingression lyfe and laftyng in fyght:
Alle ryghteous werkes foot to say,
It helpeth and bryngyth in a good way:
Thys ys the Water that ys moft worthy,
Aquaperfectissima & flos mundi:
For alle werkes thys Water makyth whyte,
Reducyng and schyning as Sylver bryght:
And of the Oyle greae marvell there ys,
For all thyngs ye bryngyth to rednes:
As Cytrine gold he ys full high,
None ys so redd nor none ys so worthy:

O o
And in the Erth grete marvele ys hyd,
That ys first so black, and than so red:
And alle ys done in howres three,
Thys may be cleped Gods Prevetie;
Than the Erth shall torne red as blood,
Citrine Gold, naturall cleere and good,
And than the red Oyle to hem schall goe,
Red Ferment, and red Mercury alfoe,
And grow togeder weekes seaven,
Blessed be Almyghty God of Heven:
One Ounce of thys Medycine worthy
Cast upon two hundred ownces of Mercury:
Schall make Gold most royall,
And ever enduring to holde tryall;
Fyre and Hammer Tuch and Test,
And all essayes most and leaft.
And yt ys Medycen above common Gold,
To mans body as God yt would.

For Gold that cometh from the Oare,
Is nourished with fowle Sulphur:
And Engendered upon Mercury he ys,
And nourysh'd by Erth and Sulphur I wys,
And our Gold ys made of threpewre foules,
In the wych ys noe Corrupcyon foule:
But purged pewre as clene as Chrystall,
Body and Spyryt and Sowle wythall;
And so they grow into a stone,
In the wych Corrupcyon there ys none;
And than cast hym upon Mercury,
And he schalbe Gold most worthy,
Now have you heard the makyng of our Stone,
The begynynge and endyng ys all one.
THE WORKE OF RICH: CARPENTER.

F Titan Magnasia take the cler light,
The rede Gumme that ys so bryght,
Of Philosophis the Sulfer wife,
I called Gold wythouten stryfe;
Of hem drawe owte a Tincture,

And make a matrmony pure:
Betweene the husband and the wyfe,
I spoused wyth the Water of lyfe:
And so that none dyvyision
Be there, in the conjunccon
Of the Moone and of the Sonne,
After the marriage ys begonne;
And that Mercury the planete,
In loef make hem so to mete:
That eyder wyth oder be joyned even,
As a Stone engendered sente down fro heven;
Of hem make water clere rennynge,
As any Chryftall bryght schynyng.
Drawen out of bodyes fyxed,
By Nature privelied mixed
Within a veffal depurved clene,
Of Philosophis bright and schene;
Beware the Fume escape the nowght,
And alse marked well in thy thought;
That of the Fire the quallitee,
Equal to Phebe, bemes be;
In the moneth of June and Iule,
Understand me be not dulle;

For
For thou shalt see marveles grete,
Colures spring out of the heate:
Fyrste Blakke and Whyte, and so Redde,
And after Setryne wythouten drede:
And so wythin howres thre,
That Stone shall thorowe perced be
Wyth Aier that shall upon hym lyght,
The wych ys a wonder fyght:
Whenne the spiryt ys refreyned,
And wyth the Bodie so constrayned,
That hem afounder may enothing parte,
So Nature hem doth there so coart,
In matrife whenne they both ben knyte,
Lett never thy Vessel be unshytte;
Tyl thys ingendred have a stone,
That in thys world ys not suche on:
For hyt ys called Anymal,
Richer then the Mineral.
Wyche ys founden in every place,
Who foundeth hyt myght have grafe:
In the and me and over alle
Both Vegetables and Sophisticall:
On Hilles hye and Valeys lowe,
He groweth who cowde hyt know,
Take thys for an informacion,
In Caryt and in Proporcjon,
Lyth alle who so coude seke oure,
In Bus and Nubi ys alle the doute:
He that putttes hemself in pres,
To Genis and to Species:
Qualitas and every Quantite,
To mane a man hyt wol not be,
To brynge about thys tresur,
I mene owre Stone of suche valour;
And yet who coude well understande,
May fynde hit reły at hys honde:
For Fowles that in the Ayre done flee,
And also Fisches in the See:
The moyster of the rede Grape
And of the Whyte, who coude hym take:
Vertues of Erbes vegetyff,
And soules of Bestes sentytyff:
Reyssons of Angels that doth discerne,
Goude and Yeul Man to governe,
All bryngs to thyn house
Thys Noble Ston so precious,
And Soverente of alle thys Werke,
Both to Lewd and to Clerke:
This lyth alle by discrecion,
In Fyre, and in Decccion:
The craft recordeth yif he can rede,
How all and sume who shal spede;
In Bokes eler as ye maye see,
Stat in Ignis regimen:
To brynge fosthat my devys,
Thys ryche Rubye, thys Ston of prys:
Harde hevy and percyng,
Now ys thys a wonder thyng:
I coude never suche on a spye;
Save that I finde howe on Marie:
Fyrst found hyt wythouten lese,
The wyche was sufter to Moysen:
But who hyt be that schall hyt werke,
Let hem not begenn in the derke:
For he mai fayle for faute of lyght,
But the Sunne schyne full bright:
Advysse thē well er thow begene,
Or else lytel schalt thow wynne.
THE HUNTING OF
the GREENE LYON.

All hail to the noble Companie
Of true Students in holy Alchimie,
Whose noble practise doth hem teach
To vaile their secrets with mistie speach;
Mought ye please your worshipfulnes
To heare my silly soothsaftnes,
Of that practise which I have seene,
In hunting of the Lyon Greene:
And because you may be apaid,
That ys truth, that I have said;
And that you may for surety weene,
That I know well thys Lyon, greene: I pray your patience to attend
Till you see my short writt end,
Wherein Ile keepe my noble Masters rede,
Who while he lived stoode me in steede;
At his death he made me sweare hym to,
That all the secrets I schould never undoe
To no one Man, but even spread a Cloude
Over my words and writes, and so it shroude,
That they which do this Art desire,
Should first know well to rule their Fyre:
Hunting of

For with good reason yt doth stand,
Swords to keepe fro mad Mens hand:
Least th'one should, kill th'other burne,
Or either doe some sore shroud turne:
As some have done that I have seene,
As they did hunt thys Lyon greene.
Whose collour doubtles ys not soe,
And that your wisdomes well doe know;
For no man lives that ever hath seene
Upon fourfe feete a Lyon colloured greene:
But our Lyon wanting maturity,
Is called greene for unripenes trust me,
And yet full quickly can he run,
And soone can overtake the Sun:
And suddainely can hym devour,
If they be both shut in one towre:
And hym Eclipse that was fo bryght,
And make thys redde to turne to whyte:
By vertue of hys crudytie,
And unripe humors whych in hym be,
And yet wythin he hath such heate,
That whan he hath the Sun up eate,
He bringeth hym to more perfection,
Than ever he had by Natures direction.
This Lyon maketh the Sun sith soone
To be joyned to hys Sifter the Moone:
By way of wedding a wonderous thing,
Thys Lyon should cause hem to begett a King:
And tis as strange that thys Kings food,
Can be nothing but thys Lyons Blood;
And tis as true that thys ys none other,
Than ys it the Kings Father and Mother.
A wonder a Lyon, and Sun and Moone,
All these three one deedee have done:
The Lyon ys the Preist, the Sun and Moone the wedd, 
Yet they were both borne in the Lyons Bedd; 
And yet thys King was begott by none other, 
But by Sun and Moone hys owne Sister and Brother.

O noble Master of pardon I you pray, 
Because I did well-neere bewray 
The secret which to me ys so deare, 
For I thought none but Brothers were here: 
Than shoulde I make no doubt 
To have written plainely out, 
But for my fealty I must kepe aye, 
Ile turne my pen another way, 
To speake under Benedicite
Of thys noble Company: 
Wych now perceives by thys, 
That I know what our Lyon ys. 

Although in Science I am noe Clerke, 
Yet have I labour'd in thys warke: 
And truly wythouten any nay, 
If you will listen to my lay: 
Some thing thereby yow may finde, 
That well may content your minde, 
I will not sweare to make yow give credence, 
For a Philosopher will finde here in evidence, 
Of the truth, and to men that be Lay, 
I skill not greatly what they say. 
For they weene that our Lyon ys 
Common Quicksilver, but truly they miss: 
And of thys purpose evermore shall sayle, 
And spend hys Thrift to little availe, 
That weeneth to warke hys wyll thereby, 
Because he doth soe readely flie; 
Therefore leave offere thou begin, 
Till thow know better what we meane;
"the greene Lyon."

Whych whan thow dost than wilt thou say
That I have tought thee a good lay,
In that whych I have said of thee before,
Wherefore lysten and marke well my lore.

Whan thow hast thy Lyon with Sol and Luna well fed,
And layd them cleny in their Bedd;
An easie heate they may not misse,
Till each the other well can kisse;
And that they shroude them in a skin,
Such as an Egg yelke lyeth in:
Than must thow draw from thence away,
A right good secret withouten any nay:
Wych must serve to doe thee good,
For yt ys the Lyons Blood:
And therewith must the King be fed,
When he ys risen from the dead:
But longetyme it wilbe,
Or ere his death appeare to thee;
And many a sleepe thow must lack,
Or thow hym see of Colloour black.
Take heed e thou move hym not with yre,
But keepe hym in an easie fyre;
Untill you see hym seperate,
From hys vile Erth vituperate;
Wych wilbe black and light withall,
Much like the substance of a fusball:
Your magnet in the midst wilbe,
Of Colloour faire and white trust me;
Then whan you see all thyts thing,
Your fire one degree increasing;
Untill you well may se thereby,
Your matter to grow very dry:
Then yt ys fit wythout delay,
The excrements be tane away;

Pp

Prepaire
Prepaire a Bed most bryght and shine
For to lodge this young Chylde in:
And therein let hym alone lye,
Till he be throughly dry;
Than ys tyme as I doe thinke,
After such drouth to give him drinke:
But thereof the truth to shew,
Is a greate secret well I know;
For Philosophers of tyme old,
The secret of Imbibition never out tould;
To create Magnesia they made no care,
In their Bookes largely to declare;
But how to order it after hys creation,
They left poore men without consolacion;
Soe many men thought they had had perfeccion,
But they found nothing in their Projeccion:
Therefore they mard what they had made before,
And of Alchimy they would have no more.
Thus do olde Fathers hide it from a Clearke,
Because in it consisteth the whole subtil warke;
Wych if ye lift of me to know,
I shall not faile the truth to shew.
Whan your pure matter in the glasse is fitt,
Before that you your vellell shitt;
A portion of your Lyons sweate
Must be given it for to eate:
And they must be grounded so well together,
That each fro other will flee noe whither;
Then must you seale up your Glasse,
And in hys Furnace where he was,
You must set them there to dry.
Which being done then truly,
You must prepare like a good Phisitian,
For another Imbibition:
But evermore looke that you dry
Up all hys drinke, that none lye by,
For if yow make hym drinke too free,
The longer will your workeing be,
And yf you let hym be too dry,
Than for thirst your Child may dye;
Wherefore the meane to hold is best,
Twixt overmoyft and too much roft;
Six tymes thy *Imbibitions* make,
The seaventh that Saboath's rest betake:
Eight dayes twixt ilke day of the six,
To dry up moift and make it fix;
Then at the nthtyme thy Glasse up seale,
And let him stand six weekes each deale:
With his heate temperd so right,
That Blacknes past he may grow white;
And so the seaventh weeke rest him still,
Till thou *Ferment* after thy will;
Which if thou wilt *Ferment* for Whyte,
Thereby thou gainft noe greate profitt;
For I assure thee thou needest not dred,
To proceede with fire till all be Redd;
Than must thou proceede as did *Philosophers* old
To prepaire thy *Ferment* of peure Gold,
Which how to doe though secret that it be,
Yet will I truly teach it thee.

In the next *Chapter* as erst I did say,
That soe the truth finde yow may,
Therefore of Charity and for our Lords sake,
Let noe man from my writings take
One word, nor add thereto,
For certainly if that he doe,
He shall shew malice fro the which I am free,
*Meaning* truth and not subtily;

Pp 2

Which
Which I refer to the Judgement
Of those which ken the Philosophers intent:
Now listen me with all your might,
How to prepare your Ferment right.

O noble Worke of workes that God has wrought,
Whereby each thing of things are forth aye broght;
And fitted to their generation,
By a noble fermentation;
Which Ferment must be of such a thing,
As was the workes beginning;
And if thou doe progresse aright
Whan thou hast brought the worke to whight;
And than to stay is thy intent,
Doe after my Comandement;
Worke Luna by her selfe alone,
With the blood of the greene Lyon:
As earst thou didst in the begining,
And of three didst make one thing,
Orderly yeilding forth right,
Till thy Magnet schew full whyte;
Soe must thou warke all thy Ferment,
Both White and Red, else were yt shent.
Red by yt selfe and soe the White,
With the Lyons Blood must be deight;
And if thou wilt follow my lore,
Set in thy Ferment the same houre,
Of Sol for Redd, of Luna for White;
Each by himselfe let worke tight;
Soe shall thy Ferment be ready edress,
To feede the King with a good meff
Of meates that sitt for his digestion,
And well agreeing to his Complexion;
If he be of Collour White,
Feed hym than with Luna bright;
If his flesh be perfect Red,
Than with the Sun he must be fedd,
Your Ferment one fourth parte must be,
Into your Magnet made evenly,
And joyne hem warme and not cold,
For raw to ripe you may be bold
Have disagreement soe have heate and cold:
Therefore put hem warme into thy Glasse,
Then seale it up even as it was:
And Circle all till yt be wonne,
By passing degrees every each one:
Both black and whyte, and also redd,
Than of the Fire heere have noe dread;
For he will never dreae the fyre,
But ever abide thy desire.

And heere a secret to thee I must shew,
How to Mulpie that thow must know,
Or else it wilbe over micle paine
For thee to begin thy worke againe:
I say to thee that in noe fashion,
It's so well Mulpied as with continuall Firmen
And sure far it wilbe exalted at the last,
And in Projection ren full last:
There for in fyre keepe Ferment alway,
That thy Medicine augment mayt aye;
For yf the maid doe not her leaven save, (crave;
Then of her Neighbours sche must needs goe
Or sche must stay till sche can make more,
Remember the Proverbe that store is no sore:
Thus have I tought thee a lesson, full of truth,
If thow be wicked therefore my heart is reuth:
Remember God hys blessing he can take,
When he hath given it, if abuse any you make,
For surely if thow be a Clerke,
Thow wilt finde trewth in thys werke:
But if fo be that thow be lay,
And understond not what I say,
Keepe Counsell then and leve thy Toy,
For it befitts no Lymmer Ioy,
To medle with such grete secrese:
As ys thygh Phylosophye.
My Counsell take, for thow schalt finde it true,
Leave of seeking thygh Lyon to pursue,
For hym to hunt that ys a pretie wyle,
Yet by hys Craft he doth most Folke beguile,
And hem devour and leave hem full of care,
Wherefore I bidd thee to beware.
And Counsell give thee as my frend,
And so my Hunting here I end.
Praying God that made us we may not myff
To dwell with hym in hys Hevenly blyff.
THE BREVIAry OF NaturaLL PHILOSOPhY.

Compiled by the unlettered Scholar
THOMAS CHARNOCK.

Student in the most worthy Scyence of
Astronomy and Philosophy. The first of January
Anno. Dom. 1557.

Anno. Dom. 1557. The first day of the new yeare
This Treatife was begun as after may appeare.

The Booke Speaketh.

ComethithermyChildrenofthisDiscipline,
Which in naturall Philosophy have spent so long time;
To ease your painfull Study I am well willed
And by the grace of God it shall be fulfilled;
If he in me (my Author) will shed one drop of grace,
The better he shall finish me and in shorter space.
And if you will know what I am surely,
I am named the The Breviary of naturall Philosophy.
Declaring all Vessells and Instruments,
Which in this Science serve our intents.
For more things belong unto the same;
More then any Author hath written the Name;
Which hath brought many a one in great doubt,
What is the Implements that longeth thereabout;
Wherefore in good order, I will anon declare,
What Instruments for our Arte you neede to prepare.
The Preface of the Author.

Go forth little Booke in volume but small, 
Yet hast thou in thee that is not in them All, 
For satisfying the mindes of the Students in this Arte, 
Then art thou worth as many Bookes, as will lye in a Cart: 
Glad may he be that hath thee in his keeping, 
For he may find through diligent seeking, 
All things in thee which shall be necessary, 
As Vessells and Instruments belonging to Alchimy; 
Which would set many a Mans heart on fire, 
To have the same knowledge they have so great desire. 
And no merwailde though they be glad and saine, 
For they have spent many a pound in vaine; 
In making of Vessells of many divers sorts, 
And have brought them out of many strange Ports: 
Because they did not well understand, 
That all things we need we have in England. 
Now think you that this will not save many a Marke, 
Unto those that have wrestled so long in our Warke? 
Yes some would spend all the Money in their pouch, 
If they knew but this or halfe so much. 
Wherefore of pity I will no longer refraine, 
But declare all things their purpose to attaine. 
Wherefore if you do happen on my Booke, 
Either by Casualty, Hooke, or by Crooke: 
Yet pray for my Soule when I am dead and rotten, 
That of Alchimy Scyence the dore hath let open; 
Sufficient for thee if thou have any Braine, 
Now sharpen thy wits that thou maist it attaine.
The first Chapter.

Now will I declare all things at large,

Of Implements of this Work and what is the charge:

And first with the Potter I will begin,

Which cannot make that which he hath never seen;

Whether that thy Vessels be made to thy mind,

Stand by while he worketh more surety to finde,

And shew him what to doe by some signe or similitude,

And if his wits be not to dull nor rude,

He will understand what thou doest meane,

For I think few Potters within this Realme

Have made at any time such cunning ware,

As we for our Science doe fashion and prepare;

And when he hath formed them unto thy purpose,

For what occasion thou needest not disclose:

But if he say unto you, Good Master myne,

Tell me for what purpose or what engine

Shall these Vessels serve that thou causeth me to make,

For all my life hereto I dare undertake

I never formed such, nor the like of them;

Yet are they but plaine without wrinkle or hem,

One within another, it is a pretty seate,

The third without them to guide up the heate:

Then say unto him to satisfie his minde,

That ye have a Father which is somewhat blinde,

Who if it please God you will indeavour,

To still a water his blindnes to diſſeever:

Which is the Elixir of lyfe as wise men say,

And in this doing God fend me my pray;

Qq
Then will he say this or the like,
I pray God to send yee that which you seeke,
And thus with the Potter thou haft now done,
Without thou breake thy Potts with the heathe of the Sun:
Which if it doe it turnes thee to paine,
And there is no way but to make them new againe.

As soone as with the Potter thou haft made an end,
Then with a Joyce thou must Condescend,
Who also must have this Councill and witt,
To make a Tabernacle the Vessell to fitt;
Which willbe also in great doubt,
For what purpose it will serve about;
In that he never made nor framed none such,
Although it be made like to a Hutch:
Then tell him a Tale of a roasted Horse,
Unto the which he will have no remorse:
And laugh and say it is a Borrough for a Fox,
Although it be made sure with Keys and locke,
And thus with the Joyce thou haft made an end,
Without thou set it on fire as I did mine.

As for Glasse makers they be scarce in this land,
Yet one there is as I doe understand:
And in Sussex is now his habitation,
At Chiddinsfold he workes of his occupation:
To go to him it is necessary and meete,
Or send a servant that is discreet:
And desire him in most humble wise
Ito blow thee a Glasse after thy devise;
If were worth many an Arme or a Legg,
The could shape it like to an egge;
To open and to close as close as a haire,
If thou have such a one thou needest not feare.
Yet if thou hadst a number in to store,
It is the the better, for Store is no sore.
The second Chapter.

NOW LORD of thy grace I beseech thee suffer me, To finish my pretence in this rude Studie: For this nor ought else without thy helpe can be done, As neither the Conjuncion of Sun nor Moone: Nor yet other Planets can motion themselves an houre, Without thy providence and thy divine power: Wherefore in all things that we doe begin, Let us with prayer call for helpe of him: That he bring our doings to effect, Which must be done very Circumspect: Wherefore if you thinke to obtaine your intent, Feare God and keepe his Comandement: And beware of Pride and let it passe, And never be looking too much in thy Glasse; Deceive noe man with false measure, For truly that is ill gotten treasure: But let thy weights be true and just, For weight and measure every man must Unto his Neighbour yeild uprightly, And so must thou in the worke of Philosophy: And also feede him which is hungry, And give him drinke which is thirsty. Give liberally I say as riches doe arise, And from thirsty body turne not away thy Eyes. What and two poore Men at onetyme come unto thee And say, Master, for the love of God and our Lady, Give us your Charity whatsoever you please, For we have not one peny to do us eafe;
And we are now ready to the Sea preft,
Where we must abide three moneths at the leaft;
All which tyme to Land we shall not passe,
No although our Ship be made but of Glasse,
But all tempest of the Aire we must abide,
And in dangerous roades many tymes to ride;
Bread we shall have none, nor yet other foode,
But only faire water descending from a Cloude:
The Moone shall us burne so in processe of tyme,
That we shalbe as black as men of Inde:
But shortly we shall passe into another Clymate,
Where we shall receive a more purer estate;
For this our Sinns we make our Purgatory,
For the which we shall receive a Spirituall body:
A body I say which if it should be fould,
Truly I say it is worth his weight in Gold:
Son give theis two, one penny in their Journey to drinke,
And thou shalt speede the better truly as I thinke.

The third Chapter.

Now have I good will largely to write,
Although I can but slenderly indite;
But whether I can or cannot indeede,
With the Chapter of Fire I will proceede:
Which if thou knowest not how to governe and keepe,
Thou wert as good go to bed and sleepe,
As to be combred therewith about;
And therefore I put thee most certainly out of doubt;
For when I studied this Scyence as thou dost now,
I fell to practise by God I vowe:
of Philosophy.

I was never so troubled in all my lyfe before,
As intending to my Fire both Midday Eve and Morne:
And all to kepe it at an even stay;
It hath wrought me woe moe then I will say.
Yet one thing of truth I will thee tell,
What greate mishap unto my Worke befell;
It was upon a Newyeares day at Noone,
My Tabernacle caught fire, it was soone done:
For within an houre it was right well,
And streight of fire I had a smell.
I ran up to my worke right,
And when I cam it was on a fire light:
Then was I in such feare that I began to stagger,
As if I had byne wounded to the heart with a dagger;
And can you blame me? no I think not much,
For if I had beene a man any thing rich,
I had rather have given 100 Markes to the Poore,
Rather then that hap should have chanced that houre.
For I was well onward of my Work truly,
God save my Masters lyfe, for when he thought to dye,
He gave me his worke and made me his Heire,
Wherefore alwaies he shall have my prayer:
I obtayned his grace the date heresfrom to varie,
In the first and second yeare of King Phillip & Queene
Yet lewdly I lost it.as I have you tould,
And so I began the new and forgot the old,
Yet many a night after I could not sleepe in Bed
For ever that mischance troubled my head,
And feare thereof I would not abide againe;
No though I should reape a double gaine,
Wherefore my charge rose to a greater summe,
As in byring of a good Stout Groome;
Which might abide to watch and give attendance,
Yet oftentimes he did me displeasaunce,
And would sleepe so long till the Fire went out,
Then would the Knave that whorson Lout,
Cast in Tallow to make the fire burne quicker,
Which when I knew made me more ficker;
And thus was I cumbred with a drunken fott,
That with his hafty fire made my Worke too hott;
And with his sloth againe he set my worke behinde;
For remedy thereof to quiet my Minde,
I thrust him out of dores, and tooke my selfe the paine;
Although it be troublesome it is the more certaine;
For servants doe not passe how our workes doe frame,
But have more delight to play and to game.
A good servant faith Solomon let him be unto thee,
As thynne owne heart in each degree.
For it is precious a faithfull servant to finde,
Esteeme him above treasure if he be to thy minde;
Not wretchles, but sober, wise, and quiet,
Such a one were even for my dyet:
Thus having warn'd thee of an ill servant sufficient,
But a good servant is for our intent.

The fourth Chapter.

When my Man was gone I began it anewe,
And old troubles then in my minde did renew;
As to break sleepe oftentimes in the night,
For feare that my Worke went not aright;
And oftentimes I was in greate doubt,
Least that in the night, my fire should go out:
Or that it should give to much heate,
The pensivenes thereof made me to breake sleepe:
And also in the day least it should miscary,
It hath made my minde oftentimes to varie;
Wherefore if thou wilt follow my reade,
See thy fire safe when thou goest to Bed:
At Midnight also when thou dost arise,
And in so doing I judge thee to be wise:
Beware that thy fire do no man harme,
For thou knowest many a mans House and Barne
Have byne set on fire by mischance,
And specially when a Fool hath the governance;
Our Fire is chargeable, and will amount
Above 3. pound a weeke, who hath lift to cast account,
Which is chargeable to many a poore man,
And specially to me as I tell can:
And Geber bids poore men be content,
Hac Scientia pauperi & agento non convenit
Sed potius est illus inimica, and bids them beware,
Because their mony they may not well spare;
For thou must have Fires more then one or two,
What they be George Ripley will thee shew;
Above a hundred pounds truly did I spend,
Only in fire ere 9. moneths came to an end;
But in deed 1 begun when all things were deare,
Both Tallow, Candle, Wood, Coale and Fire:
Which charges to beare sometymes I have sold,
Now a Jewell, and then a ring of Gold:
And when I was within a Moneths reckoning,
Warrs were proclaimed against the French King.

Then a Gentleman that ought me greate mallice,
Caused me to be presst to goe serve at Callys:
When I saw there was none other boote,
But that I must goe spight of my heart toote;
In my fury I tooke a Hatchet in my hand,
And brake all my Worke whereas it did stand;
The Breviary

And as for my Potts I knocked them together,
And also my Glasses into many a shiver;
The Crowes head began to appeare as black as Iett
Yet in my fury I did nothing let:
But with my worke made such a furious faire,
That the Quintessence flew forth in the Aire.
Farewell quoth I, and seeing thou art gon,
Surely I will never cast of my Fawcon,
To procure thee againe to put me to hinderance,
Without it be my fortune and chaunce,
To speake with my good Master or that I dye;
Master I. S. his name is truly:
Nighe the Citty of Salisbury his dwelling is,
A spirituall man for sooth he is;
For whose prosperity I am bound to pray,
For that he was my Tutor many a day,
And understood as much of Philosophie,
As ever did Arnold or Raymund Lullie:
Geber, Hermes, Arda, nor yet King Caleb,
Understood no more then my good Master did.
I travelled this Realme Eft and West over,
Yet found I not the like betweene the Mount and Dover:
But only a Monke of whomc Ile speake anon,
Each of them had accomplished our White Stone:
But yet to the Red Worke they never came neere,
The cause hereafter more plainely shall appeare;
And thus when I had taken all this paines,
And then could not reape the fruit of my gaines:
I thought to my selfe, to set out this Warke,
That others by fortune may hit right the Marke.
The fift Chapter.

I am sorry I have nothing to requite my Masters gentle-
But only this Boke a little short Treatife; (nes,
Which I dare say shall as welcome be to him,
As if I had sent him a Couple of Milch Kine:
And heere for his sake I will disclose unto thee,
A great secret which by God and the Trinity,
Since that our Lord this world first began,
Was it not so opened I dare lay my hand,
No, all the Philosophers which were before this day,
Never knew this secret I dare boldly say.

And now to obteyne thy purpose more rathe
Let thy Fire be as temperate as the Bath of the Bathe.
Oh what a goodly and profitable Instrument,
Is the Bath of the Bathe for our fiery intent!
To seeke all the World throughout I should not finde,
For profit and liberty a Fire more fitt to my minde.
Goe or ride where you lift for the space of a yeare
Thou needest not care for the mending of thy Fire.
A Monke of Bath which of that house was Pryor,
Tould me in secret he occupied none other fire,
To whome I gave credit even at the first season,
Because it depended upon very good reason:
He had our Stone, our Medicine, our Elixir and all,
Which when the Abbie was suppreft he hid in a wall:
And ten dayes after he went to fetch it out,
And there he found but the stopple of a Clout.
Then he tould me he was in such an Agonie,
That for the losse thereof he thought he should be frenzie,
And a Toy tooke him in the head to run such a race,
That many yeare after he had no settling place;
And more he is darke and cannot see,
But hath a Boy to leade him through the Country.

I hapned to come on a day whereas he was,
And by a word or two that he let passe,
I understood streight he was a Philosopher,
For the which cause I drew to him neare;
And when the Company was all gone,
And none but his Boy and he and I alone,
Master quoth I for the love of God and Charity,
Teach me the seacrets of Naturall Philosophy.

No Son, quoth he, I know not what thou art,
And shall I reveale to thee such a precious Arte?
No man by me shall get such gaines,
No not my Boy which taketh with me such paines,
That to discole it lyes not in my Bands,
For I must surrender it into the Lords hands,
Because I heare not of one that hath the same;
Which lifts up his minde and is apt for the same,
Which if I could finde I would ere I dye,
Reveale to him that same greate mistery:
Yet one there is about the Citty of Salisbury,
A young man of the age of Eight and Twenty,
Charnock is his name of Tennet that Ile,
His praisse and Comendacions soundeth many a Mile;
That for a Younge man he is toward and apt,
In all the seaven liberall Scyences set none apart:
But of each of them he hath much or little,
Whereof in our Scyence he may claime a title:
His praisse spreads also for his good indighting,
And of some of his doings I have heard the reciting,
Both of Profe and Meeter, and of Verse also,
And sure I commend him for his first shewe,
I thinke Chaucer at his yeares was not the like,
And Skelton at his yeares was further to seeke;
Wherefore for his knowledge, gravity and witt,
He may well be Crowned Poet Laureat.

Ceafe Father quoth I and heare me speake,
For my name is Charnock upon whome you treate;
But this which you say to me is great wonder,
For these qualitites and I am farr affunder;
I am no fuch Man as you have made reckoning,
But you hall speake for me when I go a wiving:
Your praise will make me speedede, though it be not true,
Nor yet my substance worth an old horse shooe.

Is your name Charnocke, and the fame Man?
Yea Sir quoth I: then ftumbled he to give me his hand:
And talked an howre with me in the Philosophers speche,
And heard that in no question I was to seeche,
My Son quoth he let me have thy prayer,
For of this Science I will make thee myne heire;
Boy quoth he lead me into some secret place,
And then departe for a certaine space,
Uttill this man and I have talked together:
Which being done, quoth he, now gentle Brother,
Will you with me to morrow be content,
Faithfully to receive the blessed Sacrament,
Upon this Oath that I shall heere you give,
For ne Gold ne Silver as long as you live,
Neither for love you beare towards your Kinne,
Nor yet to no great Man preferment to wynne:
That you disclose the seacrct that I shall you teach,
Neither by writing nor by no swift speche;
But only to him which you be sure
Hath ever searched after the seacrcts of Nature?
To him you may reveale the seacrcts of this Art, (depart.
Under the Covering of Philosophy before this world yee
What answer will you give me: let me hear? 
Master quoth I, I grant your desire.
Then Son quoth he keepe thys Oath I charge thee well
As thinkest to be saved from the pitt of Hell. (cione
The next day we went to Church, and after our devo
A Priest of his Gentlenes heard both our Confessions;
Which being done, to Masse streight we went,
And he ministred to us the holy Sacrament;
But he never wist what we meant therein:
For with a contrary reason I did him blinde,
And so home to dinner we went to our host,
All which refection I paid for the Cost.
When dinner was done I walked in the field
Large and plaine, where people passe by but field,
And when we were in the midles, Boy quoth he go pick a
And come not againe before I for thee whistle. (Thistle
Now Master quoth I the Coast from hearers is cleare,
Then quoth he my Sonn hearken in thyne Ear;
And within three or foure words he revealed unto me,
Of Minerals prudence the greate Misterie.
Which when I heard my Spirits were ravished for Joy,
The Grecians were never gladder for the wynning of Troy:
As I was then remembring my good Master thoe,
For even the selfe same secret he did me shew:
Nyne dayes and no more I tarried with him sure,
But Lord in this tyme what secrets of Nature
He opened to me at divers sundry tymes,
As partly I have told thee in my former Rimes:
The rest is not to be written on paine of Damnacion,
Or else in this Boke truly I would make relation;
Now Father quoth I, I will depart you froe,
And for you I wil pray whether soever I goe;
Son quoth he Gods blessing goe with thee and thyne,
And if thou speede well, let me heare of thee againe.
THE
When I was gone a mile or two abroade,
With fervent prayer I praiseth Lord:
Giving him thankes for that prosperous Journy,
Which was more leaver to me then an 100 l. in mony:
Surely quoth I my Master shall know all this,
Or else my Braines shall serve me amisse,
Which if they were so good as the Monke made menció,
Then would I write to my Master with a better invenció,
O Lord quoth I what a solemn Oath was this given!
Surely in sheetes of Brasfe it is worthy to be graven;
For a perpetuall memory ever to remaine
Among the Philosophers, for an Oath certaine:
And when I was two dayes Journey homeward,
To ask him a queftion to him againe I fared,
Which I had forgotten, and would not for my Land,
But that doubt truly I might understand.
I thought it not much to goe backe with all speede,
To seeke him out, & to the house where I left him I yed,
And there in a Chamber anone I founde him out,
Praying upon his Beades very devout:
Father quoth I a word with you I doe beseech:
Who is that quoth he? my Son Charnock by his speech:
Yea forsooth quoth I, I am come back to you,
Desiring you heartily to tell me one thing true:
Which is this. Who was in Philosophy your Tutor,
And of that Seacret to you the Revealer?
Marry quoth he and speake it with harty Joy,
Forsooth it was Ripley the Canon his Boy:

Then
Then I remembred my good Master againe,
Which toold he did it never attaine
Of no manner of Man but of God, he put it in his head,
As he for it was thinking lying in his Bead:
And thus I tarried with him all that night,
And made him as good Cheere as I might.
In the morning I tooke my leave of him to depart,
And in the process of tyme came home with a merry
But that mirth was shortly turn'd to care, (heart ;
For as I have toould you so my Worke did fare.

Once I set it on fyre which did me much woe,
And after my Man hindred me a Moneth or two;
Yet the Gentleman did me more spight then the rest,
As when he made me from worke to be preßt,
Then Bedlam could not hold me I was so frest,
But fowst at my worke with a greate Hatchett;
Rathing my Potts and my Glasse altogether,
I wisfe they cost me more or I gott them thither:
The ashes with my ftrr flew all about,
One Fire I spilt and the other I put out:
All the Rubish to the dunghill I carried in a Sack,
And the next day I tooke my Coates with the Croffe at
And forth I went to serve a Soldiers rone (the back ;
And surely quoth I, there shall come the day of Dome;
Before I praßtife againe to be a Philofopher,
Wherefore have me Commended to my good Master.
And now my students in this Art, my promife I have kept
(justly,
And that you shall finde true when you understand me
(truly ;

Which before that day never thinke to speede,
For a plainer Boke then this never desire to reade:
And true it is also yt you can pick it out,
But it is not for every Cart slave or Loute;
This to understand, no though his Witts were fyne,
For it shalbe harde enough for a very good Divine
To Confere our meaning of this worthy Scyence,
But in the Study of it he hath taken greate diligence:
Now for my good Master and Me I desiere you to pray,
And if God spare me lyfe I will mend this another day.

Finished the 20th of July, 1557. By the unlettered
Scholler Thomas Charnocke, Student
in the most worthy Scyence of Astronomy
and Philosopy.

Ænigma ad Alchimiam.

When vii. tymes xxvi. had run their rase,
Then Nature discovered his blacke face:
But when a C. and L. had overcome him in fight,
He made him wash his face white and bright:
Then came xxxvi. wythe greate rialtye,
And made Blacke and White away to fle:
Me thought he was a Prince off honoure,
For he was all in Golden armoure;
And one his head a Crowne off Golde
That for no riches it might be solde:
Which till I saw my harte was colde
To thinke at length who should wyne the filde
Tyll Blacke and White to Red dyd yelde;
Then hartely to God did I pray
That ever I saw that joyfull day.

1572. T. Charnocke.
Ænigma de Alchimiae.

When vii tymes xxvi had runne their race,
Then Nature discovered his blacke face.
But whith an C. and L. came in with great blot
And made Blacke nye to flye the Costa:
Yet one came after and brought 30 of great might,
Which made Blacke and White to flee quite;
Me thought he was a Prince of honor,
For he was all in Golden Armour,
And one his hed a Crowne of Golde:
That for no riches it myght be solde,
And trewly with no Philosopher I do mocke;
For I did it my selfe Thomas Charnocke:
Therefore God comforte the in thy warke
For all our wrettinges are verye darke,
Despyse all Bookes and them defy,
Wherein is nothing but Recipe & Accipe;
Fewe learned men with in this Realm,
Can tell the aright what I do meane;
I could finde never man but one,
Which cowlde teache me the secrets off our Stone:
And that was a Pryste in the Close off Salebury,
God rest his Soll in heven full myrie.

1572.

T. CHARNOCKE.
The Campe of Philosophy.

When Phœbus was entred the signe of the Ramme,
In the Moneth of March when all things do spring;
Lying in my bed an old Man to me came,
Laying his hand on my bussie head slumbering;
I am, said he, Time, The Producer of all thing:
Awake and rise, prepare thy selfe quickly,
My intent is to bring thee to the Campe of Philosophy.

2. Bloomes and Blossomes plentifully in that field,
Bene pleasently flourishing dicht with Collour gay,
Lively water fountaines eke Beasts both tame and wild;
Over shaddowed with Trees fruiteful on every spraye,
Melodiously singing the Birds do sitt and say:
Father Son and holy Ghost one God in person three,
Impery and honor be to thee O holy Trinity,

3. Lo thus when he had said I arose quickly,
Doing on my Cloths in hift with agility,
Towards the Campe (we went) of Philosophy;
The wonderfull sights ther for to see;
To a large greate Gate father Tyme brought me,
Which closed was then he to me said,
Each thing hath his Tyme, be thou then nothing dismayd.
Then great admiration I tooke unto my selfe,
With fore and huge perturbacion of minde,
Beholding the Gate fastned with locks twelve:
I fantifid but smally that Tyme should be my frend:
Why studieft thou man, quoth hee, art thou blinde?
With a rodd he touched me, whereat I did downe fall
Into a strong sleepe, & in a Dreame he shewed me all.

I. *igitur audite somnium meum quod vidi.* (Heaven
In the thousand yeare of Christ five hundred fifty and
In the Moneth of March a sleepe as I did lye,
Late in the night, of the clock about Eleven,
In spirit wrapt I was suddainely into Heaven:
Where I saw sitting in most glorious Majestie
Three I beholding: adored but one Deitie.

2. A Spirit incircumscript, with burning heate incombustible,
Shining with brightnes, permanent as fountaine of all light.
Three knit in one with Glory incomprehensible;
Which to behold I had a greate delight:
This truly to attaine to, surmounteth my might:
But a voyce from that Glorious brightnes to me said,
I am one God of immensurable Majestie; be not affraid.

3. In this Vision cleere, that did it selfe soe extend
With a voyce most pleasant being three in one;
Peirced my Minde, and taught me to Comprehend
The darke sayings of Philosophers each one;
The Altitude, Latitude, and Profundity of the Stone,
To be three in Substance, and one in Essence;
A molt Heavenly Treasure procreate by Quintessence.

4. Then studied I what this Quinteffence should be,
Of visibble things apparant to the Eye;
The fift being even a strange privatie,
In every substance resting invisibly;
The invisible Godhead is the same thought I;
Primer caufe of being, and the Primer Essence:
And of the Macrocosmy the molt soveraigne Quintessence.

5. This
5. This is that heavenly secret potential, that divided is, and resteth invisible. In all things Animal, Vegetall and Mineral; Whose vertue and strength in them is indivisible. From God it cometh, and God maketh it sensible, To some Elect, to others he doth it deny, As I sat thus musing a voice to me did say.

6. Study thou no more of my Being, but steadfastly Beleive this Trinity equally knit in One; Further of my Secrets to muse it is but folly, Passing the Capacity of all humane reason; The Heavens closed up again at that season: Then Father Tyme let me at the Gate, And delivered me a Key to enter in thereat.

7. The Key of knowledge and of Excellent Science; Whereby all secrets of Philosophy are referate; The secrets of Nature sought out by diligence; Avoying fables of envious fools inveterate: Whith Recipe and Decipe this Science is violate. Therefore to me this Key he did dispose. The secrets of this Arte to open and disclose.

8. Thus said Father Tyme this Key when he me tooke; Unlock quoth he this Gate now by thy selfe, And then upon him sorrowfully did I looke, Saying that one Key could not undoe Locks twelve, Whose Axe quoth he is sure both head and helve Hold will together, till the Tree downe fall, Soe open thou the first Lock and thou haft opened all.

9. What is the first Lock named tell me then I pray thee, said I, and what shall I it call? It is said he the Secret of all wise Men; Chaos in the bodyes called the first Original: Prima materia, our Mercury, our Menstrual: Our Vitrioll, our Sulphur, our Lunar most of price; [Put the Key in the Lock, twill' open with a trice.}
Then the Key of knowledge I busily tooke in hand
And began to search the hollownes in the Lock,
The words thereof I scarce did understand,
So craftily convied they were in their stock;
I proved every way, and at last I did unlock
The crafty Gynns thus made for the nonce,
And with it the other Locks fell open all at once.

At this Gate opening even in the entry
A number of Philosophers in the face I met,
Working all one way the secrets of Philosophy
Upon Chaos darke that among them was set,
Sober men of living, peaceable and quiet;
They busily disputed the Materiia Prima,
Rejecting cleane away Simul iulta & frivola.

Here I saw the Father of Philosophers, Hermes,
Here I saw Aristotle with cheere most jocund;
Here I saw Moxian, and Senior in Turba more or leffe,
Sober Democritus, Albert, Bacon and Ramund,
The Monks and the Chanon of Bridlington so profound,
Working most searcely, who said unto me;
Beware thou beleve not all that thou doest see.

But if thou wilt enter this Campe of Philosophy
With thee take Tyme to guide thee in the way;
For By-pathes and Broad ways depepe Valies and hills high
Here shalt thou finde, with sights pleasant and gay,
Some thou shalt meeete with, which unto thee shall say,
Recipe this, and that; with a thousand things more,
To Decipe thy selfe, and others; as they have done before.

Then Father Tyme and I by favour of these men
Such sights to see paffed forth towards the Campe,
Where we met disguised Philosophers lean,
With Porpheries, and Morters ready to grinde and Stampe,
Their heads shaking, their hands full of the Crampe:
Some lame with Spasmcr, some feeble, wan and blind
With Arsnick and Sulphus, to this Art most unkinde.
15. These were Brooke the Priest, and Torke with Coates gay, Which robbed King Henry of a Million of Gold, Martin Perien, Major, & Thomas De-la-bay Saying that the King they greatly inrich would, They whispered in his Ear and this Tale they him told. We will worke for your highness the Elixer vitæ, A princely worke called Opus Regale.

16. Then brought they in the Viccar of Malden With his Greene Lyon that most Royall seacrett, Richard Record, and little Master Eden, Their Mettalls by Corrasives to Calcine and fret; Hugh Oldcastle and Sir Robert Greene with them mett. Roasting and boyling all things out of kinde, And like Foolosophers left of with losse in the end.

17. Yet brought they forth things beautifull to sight, Deluding the King thus from day to day, With Copper Citrinate for the Red, and albified for the White And with Mercury rubified in a glass full gay, But at the last in the fire they went away. All this was because they knew not the verity, Of Altitude, Latitude and Profundity.

18. Thence Father Tyme brought me into a Wildernes, Into a Thicket having by-paths many one; Steps and footings I saw there more and leffe Wherein the aforesaid men had wandred and gone, There I saw Marcafits, Mineralls, and many a stone As Iridis, Talck, and Alome, lay digd from the ground The Mines of Lead, and Iron, that they had out found.

19. No marvel I trow though they were much set by That with so greate Riches could endue the King, So many Sundry wayes to fill up his Treasury; With filthy matters greate charges in to bring, The very next way a Prince to bring to begging; And make a noble Realme and Common wealth decay, These are Royall Philosophers the cleane contrary way.
From thence forth I went (Tyme being my guide,) Through a greene Wood, where Birds sing clearely, Till we came to a field pleasant large and wide Which he said was called The Campe of Philosophy; There downe we sate to heare the sweete Harmony Of divers Birds in their sweete Notes singing, And to receive the Savour of the flowers springing.

21. Here Juno, here Pallas, here Apollo do dwell; Here true Philosophers take their dwelling place Here duly the Muses nyne drinke of Pyrenes Well, No boasting broyler here the Arte can deface; Here Lady Philosophy hath her royall Pallace: Holding her Court in most high Consistory, Sitting with her Councellors most famous of memory.

22. There one said to me, an ancient Man was hee; Declaring forth the Matter of the Stone: Saying that he was sent thither to Counsell me, And of his Religion to chuse me to be one; A Cloath of Tishue he had him upon, Verged about with Pearles of Collour fresh and gay, He proceedeth with his Tale, and againe he did thus say:

23. Here all occult seacrets of Nature knowen are; Here all the Elements from things are drawne out; Here Fire, Air and Water in Earth are knit together; Here all our seacret worke is truly brought about, Here thou must learne in thy buisines to be route, Night and day thou must tend thy worke busily, Having constant patience never to be weary.

24. As we satt talking by the Rivers running cleere, I cast myne Eye aside and there I did behold A Lady most excellent sitting in an Arbour Which clothed was in a Robe of fine Gold, Set about with Pearles and Stones manifold. Then ask't I Father Tyme what she should be? Lady Philosophy quoth, hemost excellent of beauty.
Then was I stricken with an ardent Audacity,
The place to approach to where I saw this sight,
I rose up to walk and the other went before me,
Against the Arbour, till I came forth right,
There we all three humbly as we might,
Bowed downe our selves to her with humility,
With great admiration extolling her felicity.

She shewed her selfe both gentle and benigne,
Her gesture and Countenance gladdened our comming:
From her faire imperialall she did her selfe decline,
As a Lady loving perfect wise and Cunning,
Her goodly Poems, her Beauty was surmounting:
Her speech was decorate with such aureat sentence,
Far excelling famous Tullies Eloquence.

Then Father Tyme unto that Lady said,
Pleaseth it your highnes this poore Man to heare,
And him to assist with your most gracious aide:
Then she commanded him with me to draw neere
Son, said the Lady, be thou of good Cheere.
Admitted thou shalt be among greate and small
To be one of my Schollers principall.

Then she committed me to Raymund Lullie,
Commanding him my simpalenes to instruct,
And into her Secrets to induce me fully,
Into her privy Garden to be my conduct:
First into a Towre most beautifull construct,
Father Raymund me brought, and thence immediately
He led me into her Garden planted deliciously.

Among the faire Trees one Tree in speciall,
Most vernant and pleasent appeared to my sight.
A name inscribed, The Tree Philosophical,
Which to behold I had great delight:
Then to Philosophy my troth I did plight
Her Majesty to serve, and to take great paine,
The fruits of that Tree with Raymund to attaine.
Then Raymond shewed me Budds fifteene
Springing of that Tree, and fruiites fifteene moe,
Of the which said Tree proceeds that we doe meane;
That all Philosophers covet to attaine unto
The blessed Stone; one in Number and no moe:
   Our greate Elixer most high of price,
   Our Azot, our Basaliske, our Adrop, and our Cocatrice.

This is our Antimony and our Red Lead
Gloriously shining as Phæbus at midday,
This is our Crowne of Glory and Diadem of our head;
Whose beames resplendent shall never fade away;
Who attaines this Treasure, never can decay:
   It is a Jewell so abundant and excellent,
   That one graine will endure ever to be permanent.

I leave thee heere now our seacrets to attaine,
Looke that thou earnestly my Councell do enflue,
There needes no blowing at the Cole, busines nor paine:
But at thyne owne eafe here maift thou continue,
Old Antient writers beleive which are true:
   And they shall thee learne to passe it to bring.
   Beware therefore of too many, and hold thee to one thing.

This one thing is nothing else but the Lyon greene,
Which some Fools imagine to be Vitrioll Romaine,
It is not of that thing which Philosophers meane,
For nothing to us any Corosive doth pertaine,
Understand therefore or else thy hand refraine
   From this hard Science, least thou doe worke amisse.
   For I will tell thee truly; now marke what it is.

Greene of Collor our Lyon is not truly
But vernant and greene evermore enduring
In most bitternes of death, he is lively:
In the fire burning he is evermore springing;
Therefore the Salamander by the fire living,
   Some men doe him call, and some na other name.
   The Metalline Menstruall, it is ever the same.
Bloomfield's Blossoms.

35. Some call it also a Substance exuberate,
Some call it Mercury of Mettaline essence,
Some Limus deserti from his body evacuate,
Some the Eagle flying from the North with violence:
Some call it a Toade for his great vehemence.
But few or none at all doe name it in his kinde,
It is a privy Quintessence; keepe it well in minde.

36. This is not in sight, but refteth invisible;
Till it be forced out of Chaos darke,
Where he remaineth ever indivisible,
And yet in him is the foundation of our warke,
In our Lead it is, so that thou it marke.
Drive it out of him so out of all other,
I can tell thee no better if thou wert my Brother.

37. This Chaos darke the Mettalls I do call,
Because as in a Prison it resteth them within,
The seacret of Nature they keepe in thrall:
Which by a meane we do warily out-twyne,
The working whereof the easier to begin.
Lift up thy head and looke upon the heaven,
And I will learne thee truly to know the Planets heaven.

The second parte of
the Booke.

Saturne in all, to this Arte hath most respect,
Of whom we draw a Quintessence most excellent,
Unto our Magistracy himselfe he doth connect,
United in qualitie, and also made equipolent
In strength and in vertue; who lift to be diligent,
Shall finde that we seeke an heavenly trefure
And a precious Jewell that ever shall endure.
Tt
2. Jupiter the gentle, endewed with Azure blew,
Examiner by Justice declareth true Judgement,
Altering his Colours ever fresh and new,
In his occult Nature to this Arte is convenient;
To Philosophie is serviceable and also obedient,
Joyned with Lunar after his owne kinde,
Conteyneth this Arte and leaveth nothing behinde.

3. Mars that is Martiall in Citty and Towne,
Fierce in Battaile, full of debate and strife,
A noble Warriour, and famous of renowne,
With fire and sword defendeth his owne lyfe,
He staineth with blood and slaieth with a knife
All spirits and bodyes, his Arts be so bold,
The harts of all others he wyns to him with Gold.

4. The Sun most glorious shining with power potent,
Above all other faire Planets heaven,
Shedding his light to them all indifferent,
With his glorious Beames and glittering shine,
He lightneth the Earth and the Firmament of Heaven:
Who can him dissolve and draw out his Quintessence,
Unto all other Planets he shall give influence.

5. Lady Venus of love the faire Goddesse
With her Son Cupid apperteyneth to this Arte,
To the love of the Sun whenthe doth her addresse,
With her Darts of love striketh him to the hearte,
Joyned to his feeede of his substance she taketh parte:
Her selfe she endueth with excellent Tissue,
Her corrupt nature when she doth renew.

6. Mercury this seeing begineth to be fugitive,
With his rodd of Inchantment little doth he prevale,
Taken often Prisoner himselfe doth revive;
Till he be snared with the Dragons Tail
Then doth he on a hard Coate of Male,
Soudred together with the Sun and Moone,
Then is he Mastered and his Inchantment done.

7. The
Bloomfields Blossoms.

The Moone that is called the lesser Lunar,
Wife unto Phoebus, shining by Night,
To others gives her Garments through her heart Lunar,
And from the North to the South shineth full bright,
If you do for her looks she dyeth from your sight.
But by faire intreaty she is won at the last,
With Azot and Fire the whole Maftery thou haft.

8. The Maftery thou gethest not yet of these Planets heaven,
But by a misty meaning knowne only unto us;
Bring them first to Hell, and afterwards to Heaven:
Betwixt lyfe and death then thou must discoufe,
Therefore I counsell thee that thou worke thus:
\[\text{Dissolve and Separate them, Sublime, Fix and Congeale,}\]
Then haft thou all: therefore doe as I thee tell.

9. Dissolve not with Corrosive nor use Separacion
With vehemence of Fire, as Multipliers doe use,
Nor to the Glasse topp make thou Sublimacion;
Such wayes inordinate Philosophers refuse,
Their sayings follow, and wisely them peruse:
Then shalt thou not thy selfe lewdly delude
In this goodly Science: Adieu, I thus conclude.

Incipit Theorica.

We intend now through grace divine
In few words of Chaos for to write,
Light from Darknes to cause forth to shine,
Long before hidden as I shall recite,
In every thing unknowne it is requisite
A Secret to search out which is invisible,
Material of our Maftery, a substance insensible.
3. Because I should not seeme to inclose
Long hidden seacrets unto me committed,
Of my Lord God. Therefore plainly of Chaos,
My purpose shalbe thereof to be acquitted,
For dangerous burthens are not easily lighted.
In faith therefore I shall my selfe endeavoure,
Lightly to discharge me before God for ever.

3. Devotely therefore unto thee O Lord I call,
Send me thy Grace to make explication
Of Chaos : For thou art opener of seacrets all:
Which ever art ready to heare the Suplication
Of thy meeke Servants, which with hearty humiliacion
To thee do I apply : send me now thy grace
Of thy Secrets, to write in due order tyme and place.

4. Chaos is no more to say, this is doubtles,
(As Ovid writeth in his Metamorphosis)
But a certaine rude substance, indigestaq; moles,
Having divers Natures resting it within,
Which with the Contrary we may it out tayne.
By Philosophers Arte, who so the feat doth know
The foure Elements from Chaos to out draw.

5. This Chaos as all things hath Dimensions three,
Which well considered shall follow the effect,
That is Altitude, Latitude and Profunditie,
By which three all the Water is direct:
Unto these Dimensions who hath no respect
Shall never divide the Chaos in his kinde,
But after his labour shall finde fraud in the end.

6. Chaos is to us the Vine-tree white and red,
Chaos is each Beast, Fish and Fowle in his kinde,
Chaos is the Oare, and Mine of Tinn and Lead,
Of Gold and Silver that we out finde,
Iron and Copper which things do binde:
And hold our sights and witts unto them bound,
The seacrets hid in them which we ne understand.
7. Out of this misty Chaos, the Philosophers expert,  
Doe a substance draw called a Quintessence.  
Craftily deviding the foure Elements by Art:  
With great Wisdome study and Diligence,  
The which high Seareat hath a divine Influence;  
That is supernaturall of Fooles thought impossible,  
An Oyle or such like called Incombustible.

8. The Maystery of this plainly to shew thee,  
In forme heareafter I will it declare:  
Setting forth here the Philosophers Tree,  
Wherein now the whole Arte I shall Compare:  
In this faire Tree Sixteene frutes are,  
More precious then Gold in the Stomake to digest,  
Put thy hand thereto and take of the best.

9. And lest the fault imputed should be,  
In me, or nothers that of this Arte doth write.  
I set before thee the true figure of the Tree,  
Wherein orderly the Arte I will recite;  
Understand my Sentence that thou maift worke right,  
Consider that I said that Chaos is all thing  
That we begin of, the true way of working.

10. Put case thy Chaos be Animall, Vegittal or Minerall,  
Let reason guide thee to worke after the same;  
If thou workest out of kinde, then loosest thou all:  
For Nature with Nature rejoyceth and maketh true game;  
Worke Animall with his kind and keepe thee out of blame;  
Vegetable and Minerall in their Order due,  
Then shalt thou be counted a Philosopher true.

11. When thou haft found what it is indeede,  
Then knowest thou thy forme by reason it must be,  
Search it wittily and draw from him his seede:  
Then is there thy Altitude superficiall to see,  
The Latitude shall appeare anon beleeve me.  
When thou haft divided the Elements assunder,  
Then the Profundity amongst them lyeth hid under.
Here is *Materia Prima*, and *Corpus confusum*,
But not yet the *Matter* of which *Philosophers* doe treat,
Yet this one conteyneth the other in Somme:
*For Forma, Materia and Corpus* together are knit;
With the *Menstrual* Water first thou must them fret:
That the Body first be finely Calcinate,
After dissolved and purely evacuate,

13. Then is it the true *Mercury* of the *Philosophers*,
Unto the *Mystery* apt needefull and serviceable;
More of this thing I neede not much rehearse:
For this is all the Secret most Commendable;
*Materia Prima* it is called *Multiplicable*.
The which by *Arte* must be *exuberate*.
Then it is the *Matter* of which *Metalls* were generated.

14. *Sulphur* of Nature and not that which is common,
Of Metalls must be made; if that thou wilt speede,
Which will turne them to his kinde every each one;
His *Tincture* into them abroad he will spread,
It will fix *Mercury* common at thy neede.
And make him apt true *Tincture* to receive.
Worke as I have toold thee, and it shall not thee deceive.

15. Then of *Sun* and *Moone* make thou *Oyle* incombusstible,
With *Mercury* vegetable or else with *Lunar*;
Inferate therewith and make thy *Sulphur* fluxible
To abide thy *Fire* and also thy *Mercury*,
Be fixt and flowing, then haft thou wrought truly.
And so haft thou made a Worke for the nonce,
And gott a *Stone* more precious then all *Stones*.

16. Fix it up now with *perfect* *Decoccion*,
And that with easy heate, and not vehement,
For feare of *Induracion*, and *Vitrification*,
Least thou loose all and thy labour mispent:
With Eight dayes and nights, this *Stone* is sufficient,
The greate *Elixir* most high of price,
Which *Raymond* called his *Basiliske* and *Cocatrice*.  
17. To
17. To this excellent worke greate Cost neede not be,
Many Glasses or Potts about it to breake,
One Glass, one Furnace and no more of necessity,
Who more doth spill, his witts are but weake,
All this is filled in a Limbeck with a Beake.
As touching the Order of Distillacion,
And with a blinde head on the same for Solution.

18. In this thy Mercury taketh his true kinde,
In this he is brought to Multiplication;
In this made he his Sulphur, beare it well in minde,
Tincture he hath herein, and inceracion,
In this the Stone is brought to his perfect Creacion;
In one Glass, one Thing, one Fire and no mo,
This Worke is Complete. Da gloriam Deo.

Incipit Practica.

We have sufficiently declared the Theorique,
In words misticall making declaracion.
Let us now proceede plainly with the Practique,
Largely of the Matter to make explanacion:
I will therefore that you marke well my Narracion,
As true Disciples my Doctrine to attend
My Testament, and last will to you I do comend.

2. Be you Holy therefore, Sober, Honest, and Meeke;
Love God and your Neighbour, to the Poore bee not unkind;
Overcome Sathan, Gods Glory see you seeke,
My Son be gentle to all men, as a Friend;
Fatherles and Widdow have alwaies in thy minde,
Innocente love as Brothers, the wicked do eschew,
Let Falshood and Flattery goe, least thou it rue.
3. Devoutely serve God, call daily for his grace,
Worship him in Spirit with heart contrite and pure,
In no wise let Satan thy prayers deface:
Looke thou be stedfaft in faith and trust most sure,
Lay up treasure in heaven which ever shall endure:
   In all Adversity be gentle in thy heart
   Against thy Foe; so shalt thou him convert.

4. Most heartily therefore O Lord to thee I call,
Beseaching thee to ayde me with thy heavenly grace,
Lovingly thy Spirit upon me downe let fall;
Overshadowing me that I at no tyme trespass,
My Lord and my God grant me to purchase
   Full knowledge of thy Secrets, with thy mercy to wine;
   Intending thy truth this Practife I begin;

5. Listen thou my Son, and thine Eares incline.
Delight have thou to learne this Practife sage and true,
Attend my saying, and note well this Discipline:
These Rules following do as it doth ensue,
This labour once begun thou must it continue
   Without tedious sluggardice, and slothfull wearines:
   So shalt thou thereby acquire to thee great Riches.

6. In the name of God this Seacret to attaine,
Joyne thou in one Body with a perfect unity:
First the red Man, and the white Woman these twaine:
One of the Mans Subltance, and of the Womans three,
By Liquefaction joyned together must they be:
   The which Conjunction is called Diptative,
   That thus is made betweene Man and Wife:

7. Then after that they be one Body made,
With the sharpe teeth of a Dragon finely,
Bring them to Dust, the next must be had,
The true proporcion of that Dust truly,
In a true Ballance weighing them equally:
   With three tymes as much of the fiery Dragon
   Mixing altogether, then haft thou well done.

8. Thy
8. Thy Substance thus together proportionate,
Put in a Bed of Glass with a bottome large and round,
There in due tyme to dye, and be regenerate
Into a new Nature, three Natures into one bound,
Then be thou glad that ever thou it found.
For this is the Jewell shall stand thee most in stead,
The Crowne of Glory, and Diadem of thy head.

9. When thou hast thus mixt thy Matter as is said,
Stop well the Glass that the Dragon goe not out;
For he is so subtle that if he be overlayd
With Fire unnaturall, I put thee out of doubt,
For to escape he will search all about;
Therefore with gentle Fire looke that thou keepe it in,
So shalt thou of him the whole Mystery winne.

10. The whole Mystery hereof duly to fulfill,
Set thy Glass and Matter upon thine Athenor;
Our Furnace called the Philosophers Dungbitt,
With a temperate heate working evermore;
Night and day continually have Fuell in store,
Of Turf, of Sawdust, or dry chopped segges;
That the heate be equipolent to the Hen upon her Eggs.

11. Such heate continually loke thou doest not lack,
Forty dayes long for their perfect union
In them is made; For first it turns to Black,
This Colour betokens the right Putrefaction,
This is the beginning of perfect Conception
Of your Infant into a new generation,
A most precious Jewell for our Consolation.

12. Forty dayes more the Matter shall turne VWhite,
And cleare as Pearles; which is a declaration,
Of voiding away of his Cloudes darke night;
This sheweth our Infant's full organization,
Our White Elixir most cleare in his Creation.
From White into all Colours withouten faile,
Like to the Rainebow or the Peacocks Tyle.
13. So forth augment thy Fire continually, Under thy Matter easily they must be fedd, Till these Colours be gone use it wisely, For soone after appeareth Yellow the messenger of the Redd, When that is come then hast thou well sped, And hast brought forth a Stone of price, Which Raymund calls his Basiliske and Ccatarice.

14. Then 40 dayes to take his whole Fixation, Let it stand in heate moft temperate, That in that tyme thou spare thy Fermentation, To increase him withall that he be not violate, Beware of Fire and Water, for that will it suffocate. Take one to a hundred of this Confection, And upon crude Mercury make thou Projection.

15. One of thy Stone I meane upon an hundred fold, After the first and second right Fermentation, Of Mercury crude, turneth it to fine Gold, As fine, as good, and as naturall in ponderation, The Stone is so vehement in his penetrations, Fixt and Fusible as the Goldsmiths Souder is, Worke as I have saide, and thou canst not doe amisse.

16. Now give thankes to the blessed Trinity, For the benefit of this precious Stone, That with his grace hath so much lightned thee, Him for to know being three in one, Hold up thy hands to his heavenly Throne. To his Majesty let us sing Hosanna, Altissimo Deo fit honor & gloria.
The Conclusion.

Our Magistracy is Three, Two, and One:
The Animal, Vegetable and Mineral Stone.
First I say in the name of the holy Trinity,
Looke that thou joyne in One, Persons Three.
The Fixt, the Variable and the Fugitive,
Till they together tast Death and Love.
The first is the Dragon fell,
That shall the other twaine both slay and quell:
The Sun and Moone shall loose their light,
And in mourning Sables they shall them light,
Threescore dayes long or near. thereabouts:
Then shall Phoebus appeare first out,
With strange Colours in all the Firmament,
Then our Joy is coming and at hand present:
Then Orient Phoebus in his hemisphere
To us full gloriously shall appeare:
Thus who can worke wisely
Shall attaine unto our Maistery.

FINIS.
you that faine Philosophers would be,
And night and day in Geber's kitchen broyle,
Wasting the chippes of ancient Hermes Tree,
Weening to turne them to a pretious Oyle,
The more you worke the more you loose and
To you I say, how learned soever you be, (spoile.
Goe burne your Bookes and come and learne of me.

Although to my one Booke you have red tenn,
Thats not enough, for I have heard it said,
The greatest Clarkes ar not the wisest men,
A Lion once a silly Mouse obeyd,
In my good will so hold your selves appaid:
And though I write not halfe so sweete as Tully,
Yet shall you finde I trace the stepps of Lully.

Yt doth you good to thinke how your desire,
And selfe-conceit doth warrantize vaine hope,
You spare no cost, you want no coals for fier,
You know the vertues of the Elitrope,
You thinke your selves farr richer then the Pope.
What thinge hath being either high or low,
But their Materia prima you do know.

Elixir vita, and the precious Stone,
You know as well as how to make an Apple;
If'te come to the workinge then let you alone,
You know the coullers black brown bay and dapple,
Controwle you once then you begin to fraple.
Swearing and saying, what a fellow is this?
Yet stille you worke but ever worke amisse.
No no, my friends, it is not vauntinge words,
Nor mighty oaths that gaines that sacred skill;
It is obteined by grace and not by swords;
Nor by greate reading, nor by long sitting still,
Nor fond conceipt nor working all by will.
But as I said by grace it is obteined,
Seeke grace, therefore, let folly be refrained.

It is no costly thing I you assure,
That doth beget Magnesia in her kind.
Yet is her selfe by leprosie made pure:
Hir eyes be cleerer being first made blind:
And he that can Earths fastnes once unbind,
Shall quickly know that I the truth have tould,
Of sweete Magnesia, Wife to purest Gold.

Now what is meant by Man and Wife is this,
Agent and Patient, yet not two but one,
Even as was Eva, Adams Wife I wise:
Flesh of his Flesh and Bone of his Bone,
Such is the Unionhood of our precious Stone.
As Adam slept untill his Wife was made,
Even so our Stone, ther can no more be said.

By this you see how thus it came to passe,
That first was Man, and Woman then of him:
Thus Adam here as first and cheesefelt was,
And still remained a Man of perfect limme,
Then Man and Wife were joynd together trimme.
And each in love to other straight addressed them,
And did increase their kind when God had blessed them.

Even so the Man our Stone is said to sleepe,
Untill such time his Wife be fully wrought;
Then he awakes, and joyfully doth keepe
His new made Spouse, which he so dearely bought,
And when to such perfection they be brought,
Rejoyce the beauty of so faire a bride,
Whose worth is more then halfe the world beside.
I doubt as yet you hardly understand,
What Man or Wife doth truly signify,
And yet I know you beare your selves in hand,
That out of doubt it Sulpher is and Mercury,
And so yet is, but not the common certainly:
But Mercury essentiall is trewly the true Wife,
That kill'd her selfe to bring her Child to life.

For first and foremost she receaves the Man,
Her perfect love doth make her soone conceive:
Then doth she strive with all the force she can,
In spite of love, of life him to bereave,
Which being done, then will she never leave,
But labour kindly like a loving Wife,
Untill againe she him have brought to life.

Then he againe her kindnesse to requite,
Upon her head doth set a Crowne of glory,
And to her praise he poems doth indite,
Whose poems make each Poet write a story,
And that she know when she is not sorry.
For he by vertue of his loving Wife,
Not only lives, but also giveth life.

But here I wish you rightly understand,
How heere he makes his Concubine his Wife,
Which if you know not, do not take in hand,
This worke which unto fooleis is nothing rife,
And looke you make attonement where is strife.
Then strip the Man into his shirt of Tithew,
And her out of her smock to ingender yssue.

To tell you troath he wanteth for no Wives
In Land, or Sea, in Water, Air, or Fire,
Without their deaths he wanteth not their lives.
Except they live he wants his chief desire,
He bindes them prentise to the rightest Deir,
And when they once all Sorrowes have abidden,
Then finde they Ioyes which from them first were hidden.
For then they finde the Joy of sweete encrease,
They bring forth Children beautifull to light.
The which are able Prifners to release;
And to the darkest Bodyes give true light,
Their hevenly Tincture is of such great might.
Oh ! he that can but light on such a treasure,
Who would not thinke his Joyes were out of measure?

Now by this queftion I shall quickly know
If you can tell which is his Wife indeede:
Is she quick footed, faire faced yea or no,
Flying or fixed as you in Bookes do reade?
Is she to be feed or else doth she feede?
Wherein doth she joy, where's her habitation?
Heavenly or Earthly, or of a strange nacion?

What is she poore? or is she of any wealth?
Bravely of her attyre, or meane in her apparrell?
Or is she sick? or is she in perfect health?
Mild of her Nature? or is she given to quarrell?
Is she a Gutton? or loves she the Barrell?
If any one of these you name her for to be,
You know not his Wife, nor never did her see.

And that will I prove to you by good reason,
That truly noe one of all these is she,
This is a question to you that is geason:
And yet some parte of them all she must be,
Why then, some parte is not all you may see.
Therefore the true Wife which I doe meane,
Of all these Contraries is the Meane betweene.

As Meale and Water joyned both together,
Is neither Meale nor Water now but Dow;
Which being baked, is Dow nor Water neither:
Nor any more will each from other goe,
The meane betweene is Wife, our Wife even so:
And in this hidden point our seacret lyes,
It is enough, few words content the wife.

Now
Now by this simile heere I do reveale,
A mighty Seacret if you marke it well;
Call Mercury Water, imagine Sulphur Meale,
What Meale I meane I hope the wife can tell:
Bake them by craft, make them together dwell,
And in your working make not too much haft,
For Wife she is not while she is in Paste.

This lesson learn'd now give me leave to play,
I shal the fitter be to learne another,
My minde is turn'd cleane cam another way.
I doe not love sweete secret thoughts to smother,
It is a Child you know that makes a Mother.
Sith so it is then must we have a Childe,
Or else of Motherhood we are beguild.

What will you say if I a wonder tell you,
And prove the Mother is Child and Mother too?
Do you not thinke I goe about to tell you
A bargaine in sport, as some are wont to do?
1st poffible the Mother, to weare her Infants shoe?
In faith it is in our Philosophy,
As I will prove by reason by and by.

Ripley doth bid you take it for no scorn,
With patience to attend the true Conjunction,
For faith he in the Aire our Child is borne,
There he receiveth the holy Unction,
Also with it a heavenly function.
For after death reviv'd againe to lyfe,
This all in all both Husband Child and Wife.

Whilft all is Earth Conception it is termed,
And Putrefaction tyme of lying in,
Perfect Conjunction (by artes-men is affirm'd)
The womans Childing where doth all Ioy beg.
Who knowes not this, his witts are very thin.
When she is strong and shineth faire and bright,
She's tearm'd the VVife most beautifull to fight.
Kelle's Workes.

Loe thus you see that you are not beguil'd;
For if you marke it I have proved by Reason,
How both is one the Mother and the Child,
Conception, Breeding, Childing, every season:
I have declared to you without all Treason,
Or any false ambiguous word at all;
And hewn you worke then finde it true you shall.

This is that Mercury essentiall truly,
Which is the principal of the Stone materiall,
And not those crude Amalgames began newly;
These are but Mercuries superficiall,
This is that Menstrue of perfect tintauriall:
This is most truly that One thing,
Out of the which all profit must springe.

If this content you not, abide displeas'd for me,
For I have done. If Reason take no place,
What can be said, but that there doubts will be,
Doe what one can, where folly wins the race.
Let it suffice, this is the perfect Base,
Which is the Stone that must dissolved be.
How that is done I will declare to thee.

This is the Stone that Ripley bitts you take,
(For untill thus it be it is no Stone)
Be rul'd by me, my counsell not forsake,
And he commands, Let Crudities alone,
If thou have grace to keep thee free from moan.
Then stick to this, let Phanfey not o'resway thee,
Let Reason rule, for Phanfey will betray thee.

Take thou this Stone, this Wife, this Child, this All,
Which will be Gummous, crumbling, silken, soft:
Upon a Glassse or Porphire beat it small,
And as you grinde, with Mercury feede it oft,
But not so much that Mercury swim aloft,
But equall parts, nipt up their feed to save;
Then each in other are buried within their grave.
When thus and there you have it as is said,
   Work in all points as Nature wrought at first:
For Blackness had thou needest not be afraid,
   It will be White, then art thou past the worst,
Except thou breaketh thy Glass and beaccurst;
But if through Blackness thou to Whitenes march,
Then will it be both White and soft as Starch.

This very place is cal'd by many names,
   As Imbibition, Feeding, Sublimation,
Clyming high Mountains, also Childrens Games;
   And rightly it is termed Exaltation,
When all is nothing else but Circulation
Of the foure Elements whatsoere foole's clatter,
Which is done by heat upon Forme and Matter.

Earth is the lowest Element of All
   Which Black, is exalted into Water,
Then no more Earth but Water wee it call;
   Although it seeme a black Earthy matter,
And in black dust all about will scatter,
Yet when soe high as to Water it hath clym'd,
Then is it truly said to be Sublym'd

When this black Masse againe is become White,
   Both in and out like Snow and shining faire,
Then this Child, this Wife, this Heaven so bright,
   This Water Earth sublimed into Aire,
When there it is it further will prepare
It selfe into the Element of Fire,
Then give God thankes for granting thy desire.

This Black, this White, doe we call Separation,
   Which is not manuall but Elementall;
It is no crude Mercuriall Sublimation,
   But Natures true worke consubstantiall,
The White is called Conjunction naturall,
Secret and perfect Conjunction not grosse;
Which bringeth profit all other losse.
When thrice yee have turned this Wheel about,
Feeding and working it as I have said,
Then will it flow like Wax without doubt:
Giving a Tincture that will not vade.
Abiding all tryalls that can be made.
If wisely Project you can and keepe free,
Both profit and credit to you it wilbe.

Your Medicine fixed and perfectly flowing,
White you must thinke will Whitenes increase,
So Red begets Red as Seede in the sowing
Begetteth his like or as kinde doth in Beasts,
And fire must be the true maker of peace:
For white or red Ferment your Medicine augmenteth,
And perfectly tinctteth and soone it relenteth.

That is to say, your Medicine ended,
If White melt downe Silver and thereon Project it,
If Red melt downe Sol, for so it is intended;
Like unto like in no wise reject it,
And out of the purest looke you elect it.
Medicen one parte upon Ferment ten,
That One on one Thousand of Jupiter then.

Your Jupiter standing red hot on the fyre,
So soone as your Medicine upon him is cast,
Presently standeth so hard as a Wyre,
For then he is fixed and melteth by blast;
And of all your working this is the last.
Then let it by Test or strong water be tryde,
The best Gold or Silver no better shall bide.

Mercury crude in a Crucible heated,
Presently hardeneth lik Silver aenealed;
And in the high Throwne of Luna is seated,
Silver or Gold as Medicine hath sealed:
And thus our greate Secret I have reveled.
Which divers have seene, and my selfe have wrought,
And dearely I prize it, yet give it for nought.
FINIS.

E. K.
SIR ED: KELLEY
CONCERNING
the Philosophers Stone written to
his especiall good Freind, G. S. Gent.

The heavenly Cope hath in him Natures fower,
Two hidden, but the rest to sight appeare:
Wherein the Spermes of all the Bodies lower;
Most secret are, yett spring forth once a yeare,
And as the Earth with Water, Authors are,
So of his parte is Drines end of care.

No Flood soe greate as that which floweth still,
Nothing more fixt than Earth digested thrice:
No Winde so fresh as when it serveth will,
No Profit more, then keepe in, and be wise,
No better happ, then drie up Aire to dust,
For then thou maist leave of, and sleepe thy luft.

Yett will I warne thee lest thou chaunce to faile,
Sublyme thine Earth with stinkeing Water erst,
Then in a place where Phæbus onely tayle
Is seene att midday, see thou mingle best:
For nothing shineth that doth want his light,
Nor doubleth beames, unlese it first be bright.

Lett
Lett no man leade, unleffe he know the way
That wise men teach, or Adrop leadeth in,
Whereof the first is large and easiest pray;
The other hard, and meane but to begin.
   For surely these and no one more is found,
   Wherein Appollo will his harp-strings found.

Example learne of GOD that plafte the Skyes,
Reflecting vertues from and t'every poynct,
In which the mover wherein all things lyes,
Doth hold the vertues all of every Joynct:
   And therefore Essence first may well be laid,
   Containing all and yett himselfe a Maid.

Remember also how the Gods began,
And by Discent who was to each the Syre,
Then learne their Lives and Kingdomes if you can,
Their Manners eke, with all their whole Attire:
   Which if thou doe, and know to what effect;
   The learned Sophis will thee not reject,

If this my Doctrine bend not with thy brayne,
Then say I nothing though I said too much:
Of truth tis good will moved me, not gaine,
To write these lynes: yett write I not to such
   As catch at Crabs, when better fruits appeare,
   And want to chuse at fittest time of yeare.

Thou maist (my Freind) say, what is this for lore?
I answere, such as auncient Physicke taught:
And though thou read a thousand Bookes before,
Yett in respect of this, they teach thee Naught:
   Thou maist likewise be blind, and call me Foole
Yett shall these Rules for ever praise their Schoole.

Xx 3  TESTA.
This Letter third and last I minde to make,
At your request for very vertues sake;
Your written panges, and methods set aside,
From that I byd, looke that you never slide.
Cut that in Three, which Nature hath made One,
Then strengthen hyt, even by it self alone,
Wherewith then Cutte the poudred Sonne in twayne,
By length of tyme, and heale the woonde againe.
The self same Sunne twys yet more, ye must wounde,
Still with new Knives, of the same kinde, and grounde;
Our Monas trewe thus use by natures Law,
Both binde and lewse, only with rype and rawe,
And ay thanke God who only is our Guyde,
All is ynugh, no more then at this Tyde.
THOMAS ROBINSONUS
DE LAPIDE PHILOSOPHORUM.

The Heavens, the Earth, and all that in them is,
Were in six Dayes perfected from Abiffe:
From One sprung four; from four a second One;
This last a Gritt; that first the Corner Stone.
Without the First the Last may not be had;
Yet to the First the Last is too too bad.
When from the Earth the Heavens were seperated,
Were not the Heavens with Earth first cohabated?
And when the Heavens, and Earth and all were not;
Were onely Heavens create; and Earth forgot?
No: Heavens, and Earth sprung all from one at first:
Then who can say or Heavens, or Earth is worst?
Is not the Earth the Mother of them all?
And what the Heavens, but Earths essentiaall?
Although they have in Heauen no Earthly residence,
Yet in the Earth doth rest their Heavenly influence:
Were not the Earth, what were the other Three?
Were not the Heavens, what on the Earth could be?
Thus as they came, so shall they passe together;
But unto Man not knowne from whence, or whither.
And for the tyme of Earths Heaven purifying,
Six thousand yeares they live, and have their dying:
Then all shall rest eternall and divine,
And by the Beauty of the Godhead shine.

I sweare there is noe other truth but this
Of that great Stone; which many seeke and misse.

FINIS.
Have you not heard ye Princes great, you Lords & Ladies all, 
Of the mishap and heavy chaunce that now of late did fall?
A wofull Tale to tell

Who could expresse it well:
Oh that some learned Poet had byne
With me, to fe that I have fene:
Or else some other standing by,
That well could write a Tragedy
Of lasting fame and memory.
For yet not since this World began,
Such cry, such clamour as was than
Heard never any earthly Man.

Experience that Princesse great, I saw her in her Throne
Of glory, where her Majefty delightes to fitt upon;
And on her wayting by
A blessed Company
Of Virgins pure, that as I felle,
Were Children to that great Goddesse:
Their Princely port, their Comly grace,
Their pierles featur'd hands and face
Did fhow them of moft Noble race:
But of their prudent skill to tell,
In Artes where in they did exceller, 
No earthly Tongue can do it well.
And as I gazed thus upon that strange and dreadful sight,
I saw how that Experience did teach these Ladies right,
The seven Artes Divine,
With decent discipline,
By divers rules and orders grave,
As she thought good for them to have.
But for to see how diligent
And busily their time they spent
To learn those Artes most excellent,
The endless travels that they took
From place to place, from booke to booke,
Amazed me on them to looke.

For some in divers Languages did reason and dispute,
And other some did sing and play on Organ, Harpe and Flute;
And some with Compass found
All Measures square and round:
And some by Cyphering could tell
Infinite Summes and Numbers well:
And some with Eloquence began
As Poets and Orators to scan
The Causes betwixtene Man and Man:
And some upon the Stars did gaze,
And other some sat in a Maze,
To judge of Seacrets that there was.

Soe that nothing created was under the Firmament,
That hath a Being or Life by any Element,
No Simple nor Compound
In all the World is found
Under the Sky, or Clouds that fly,
But they sought out the privity:
This Rocky Earth, this heavy Masse,
This Articke Virgin, this let not passe
To seeke the thing that therein was:
But put themselves in pressse to creepe
Into the Center of the Deepe,
Where sundry Soules and Spirits doe sleepe.
Experience

This thing Experience gan prudently to debate,
With cheerful look and voice full mild, as seemed to her;
And soone decreed she
Of her benignity:
Not for their sundry paines I take,
But only for her Glory sake,
That all these Ladies in a row
Should further of her Secrets know,
That from her Majesty did grow;
Wherewith to Council called she
A Lady grave of great degree,
That named was Philosophy.

And after their discourse and talke, that Lady fell downe flatt
On hands & knees before the Queene in heaven where she sate.
And looking upon her face
Did say unto her grace:
Blessed be thou Experience,
Full mighty is thy Influence;
Thy wondrous works records full well
In wordell of wordels where thou doest dwell,
In Earth, in Heaven, and in Hell;
That thou art now the very same,
That of Nothing All things did frame,
Wherefore now blessed be thy Name.

Wherewith the Heavens opened, and fiery flames did fall
Downe from the Throne of endless Joy and seat imperial,
Where Angels infinite
Like glittering Stars did sitt:
So pure and simple was the Light,
As all the World had burnt bright;
The flames and floods began to roare,
And did present their hidden store,
Of Spirits that sing for evermore,
All glory and magnificence,
All humble thankses and reverence
Be given to EXPERIENCE.
Then sylence fell upon the face of Heaven Christalline
Where all the Powers muster'd full ready to encline;
To that most Sapient,
The high Omnipotent:
That said be it, and it was don,
Our Earth, our Heaven were begun;
I am said it the most of might,
In worde in lyfe and eke in light.
I am Mercy and Judgment right,
The Depth is myne so is the Hight:
The Cold, the Hot, the Moyft, the Dry,
Where All in All is there am I.

What thing can tell when I began, or when I make an end?
Wherewith I wrought, and what I mought, or what I did intend,
To doe when I had done
The worke I had begun.
For when my Being was alone
One thing I made when there was none,
A Masse confused darkely clad
That in it selfe all Nature had
To form and shape the good and bad;
And then as Tyme began to fall,
It pleased me the same to call
The first Matter, Mother of all.

And from that Lumpe divided I foure sundry Elements;
Whom I commanded for to raigne in divers Regiments:
In Kinde they did agree,
But not in Quality.
Whose simple Substance I did take,
My seate invisible to make:
And of the Qualites compound,
I made the Starry Sky so round
With living Bodyes on the ground;
And blessed them infinitely,
With lyfe and long prosperity,
And bad them grow and Multiply.
Experience

Respecting these divided things so created by me,
Their light and lively spreading forth of them in their degree;
Returning to the Massa,
Where there beginning was,
And saw the refuse of the same,
How Void and Empty it became,
All dark, and nothing to remaine,
I put with wrath and great disdain,
My only Curse there for to raygne;
For I the Author of all Light
Did banish Darknes from my sight,
And blessed all things that shined bright,

So that I mard nothing I made, for that I made is still,
And so shalbe unto the end, only to worke my will:
One thing was first imployd,
And shall not be destroid,
It compasseth the World so round,
A Matter easy to be found:
And yet most hardeft to come by:
A Secret of Secrets pardye,
That is most vile and least set by,
And it my Love and my Darling,
Conceived with all living thing,
And travels to the Worlds ending.

What neede have I of mans Devise of Penny or of Pound,
Of Gold or Silver, Lead or Tynn, or Copper in the ground,
Iron or Silver Quick,
Whereat the blind do prick;
Of Canker'd Corosives that ruft,
By Salts and Sulphurs all to dust?
Seek out therefore my darling deare;
For unto me it is most neere,
My Spouse my Love and my Compeer;
And unto it looke thou direct
My seaven Children long elect,
That all things else they might reject.
A Child begetting his owne Father, and bearing his Mother,  
Killing himselfe to give lyfe, and light to all other:  
Is yt that I do meane,  
Most myld and most extreame.  
Did not the Word that dwelt in me  
Take forme and walked visibly;  
And did not I then dwell in it,  
That dwelt in me for to unite  
Three powers in one feate to fit?  
And then 
Experience did say  
Now knoweft thou all, heere lyes the Key,  
And then she vanisht cleane away.  

There with arose 
Philosophy as one filled with grace,  
Whose looks did shew that she had byne in some Heavenly place:  
For oft she wipt her Eyes,  
And oft she bowd her knees.  
And oft she kift the Steps with dread,  
Whereon 
Experience did tread;  
And oft she cast her Head on high  
And oft full low she cast her Eye  
Experience for to espy:  
But when she saw that she was gon,  
And that her selfe was left alone:  
I never hread thing make such mone.

FINIS.
Through want of Skill and Reasons light
Men stumble at Noone day;
Whilst busily our Stone they seeke,
That lyeth in the way.

Who thus do seeke they know not what
Is't likely they should finde?
Or hitt the Marke whereat they ayme
Better then can the Blinder.

No, Hermes Sons for Wisdome aske
Your footsteps shee'le direct:
Shee'le Natures way and secret Cave
And Tree of lyfe detect.

Son and Moone in Hermes vessell
Learne how the Collours shew,
The nature of the Elements,
And how the Daisies grow.

Greate Python how Appollo flew,
Cadmus his hollow-Oake:
His new rais'd army, and Iason how
The Fiery Steeres did yoke.

The Eagle which aloft doth fly
See that thou bring to ground;
And give unto the Snake some wings,
Which in the Earth is found.

Then
Then in one Roome sure binde them both,
To fight till they be dead;
And that a Prince of Kingdomes three
Of both them shalbe bred.

Which from the Cradle to his Crowne,
Is fed with his owne blood;
And though to some it seemeth strange,
He hath no other Foode.

Into his Virgin-Mothers wombe,
Againe he enter must;
Soe shall the King by his new-byrth,
Be ten times stronger just.

And able is his foes to foile,
The dead he will revive:
Oh happy man that understands
This Medicen to achieve!

Hoc opus exigium nobis fert ire per altum.
December, 1633.

W. B.
ANONYMI:

OR,

SEVERALL WORKES OF
unknowne Authors.

Ow I shall her be gynne,
To teche the a Conclusion;
In the name of the Trenete,
Send us grace that well hit be;
Now take two Onces as mych of another,
And dyssolve on ther with the toder.

Y tel the trowthe as my broder,
Put in to a Glas wyth owtten oder:
Than take three Onces of the bytter,
And meng hym with the swetter;
And put them than into a Glas,
Even right as the toder was:
Than take a unc of the best,
And do with hym as thou didst erst,
In a Glas than thou him put,
And loke thy mowth be wel I shut;
Now thou hast here Glasses thre,
Even lyke unto the Trynette,
Than hem stop these everyehon,
Even a sute as thow hast on:
About thy Glasses a wal thow make,
Laff the wynde ham al to crate,

Than
Than thy Glassys now all I thre,
With yn that grave they schal be;
Now thys I fed with moystly here,
To make that Glassys swynke and swete,
Then let hem stonde thus wekys thre;
And wel the better they schal be.
Than put hem all now into on,
The wich ys lyke than be a stone;
Than let hem stonde to theryn,
Whan thou hast made thy Conjuction:
Tyl sevyn dayes be al I don,
Much the better woll be thy Ston;
Than upon thy Glas thou sett
A fayre heed and wel I mette,
Draw up thy water with esy fyre,
Within a Rotunde good and cler,
Tyl thi Mater wol styyl no mer,
Than set thou hem in dry Fryr,
Than se thou styyl with reasonably hete,
Tyl thy Mater wol no more lete.
Whan he ys ther both good and dry,
Ful sayne wolde he than be moystly;
Than wey that Stone within the Glas,
And put hym hys Lecur has it was;
Now whan thys fryst drawte ys don,
Thow must Embybe with good proporciun:
Now looke thow wel what ys hys whyght,
And wyth the fourth part than hym dyght,
And evermore wyth partys fowr,
Now tyl he be of Whyte colowr;
And thus loke thow make good wache,
Tyl the Body thy Spirit can cache;
And also thy Sowle so must he,
Than understand thow hast thre.
Now schyt thy Glas as hyt was er,
And worke hyt forthe on thys maner;
When tho thre to gedur ben knyte,
With moch joy than thow mayst sitte.
For than art thou ricchar than the King,
But he have the same thyng.
Thus is alle thy Medcyn wroght,
Evyn after thin owne thought;
How thys Medcyn thow schalt encres,
And make hyt mor tyl thow lyft sees;
The trowth I schall now the certesie,
How thow schalt hyt thus Multiply:
Loke as thow did thy Werke befor,
Encres hit forth with mor and mor:
As thow did at the begynnyng,
So continu forth to the endyng:
Thus for soth insynytely
Thou mayst this craft forth Multiplay:
Lyke as a man hath lytil Fyr,
And mor to make ys hys desyr;
He be hovyth this ys no nay,
More Wode or Cole ther to lay:
And thus he may hys Fyr encres,
That he schall never be syreles.
One the same wise thou understande,
Ever thy Medcyn must be growande;
And whan the lyft Projeciun make,
Loke to this leffon good tent thou take;
Whan thy Medcyn is very parfit,
Thow schalt hym cast on hys lyke;
Als evyn than as show can gesche;
On part on Ten looke thow not mesche,
The trowthe yf thow wil wete,
Than ys thy Lexer evyn complete.
And than of that On part thow take,
The trew Projection thus schalt thou make;
Cast that on Ten of Tyn or Leede,
Or Coper or Mercury ther in that steede,
Into fine Lun hit schal be brough,
Or into Sol evyn after thi thoght:
After that thy Lexer ys,
Be hit White or Rede I wys,
If thow hit cast on Irenallo,
If it schal be Lun or Sol ther to:
Thys ar the Secrets of Phylosophie,
I counsel the keepe hit secretlye;
And serve thy God both nyght and day,
The better thou shalt speede, thys ys no nay.
Now I have taught the how thow schalt do,
The blys of hevyn God bryng hus to.
An Erbe men calls Lunayrie, I blest it mowte his maker bee.
Asterion he ys, I callet alle so,
And other namys many and mo;
He ys an Erbe of grete myght,
Of Sol the Sunn he taketh his lyght,
He ys the Fader, to Croppe and Rote;
Wyth fragrant Flowris that ben fote,
Flowrys to bere in that stede,
Swm ben Whyte, and swm ben Red:
Hys Lewys grwynth, both day and nyght,
Lyke to the Ferment that ys so bright:
I shall declare, thys Erbe so lyght,
To many a man hyt ys a fayre feyght;
First at the Rote I wolde be gynne,
That cawysyth alle thing for to sprynge;
A growyth a pon a Mowntayne brym,
Where Febis hath grete dominacion:
The Sune by day, the Mone by nyght,
That maketh hym both fayre and bryght,
The Rote growyth on stonns clere,
Whyte and Rede, that ys so peyre:
The Rote ys blacke, the Stalke ys red;
The wyche schall ther never be dede,
The Lewis ben rownd, as a Nowbel son,
And wexsyth and wanyth as the Mon:
In the meddes a marke the brede of a peni,
Lo thys is lyke to owre swight Lunayre:
Hys Flowrys schynith, fayre and cler,
In alle the Worlde thaye have non pere,
He ys not fownde in no maner wyse,
But of a Schepheerd in Godis servyse:
The good Schepheerd that I her mene,
Ys he that keepeth hys Sowle clene:
Hys Flowrys ben gret and sum ben small,
Lyke to hem that growyth in Dale;
With many a vertu both fayre and cler,
As ther ben dayes in alle the yere,
Fro fallyng Ewel and alle Sekeneys,
From Sorowe he brengyth man to Bles;
Unto that blefe that wee maye come,
Byth the help of Marys Sonne:
And of hys Moder, that ys so fre,
Amen good Lord for cherite.
Schal yow tel wyth hert mode,
Of thre Kynggis that ben so goude,
And how thaye cam to God almyght,
The wich was ther a sweet fyght.

I figure now howr beset Stone,
Fro Heven wase sende downe to Solomon:

By an Angele bothe goude and styllle,
The wych wase than Christis wylle.
The present of hem in Bedlem than,
To Cryst brught Aurum Tus & Myrham.

Owre Sol and Sulphir wyth his Mercuri,
Both Bodi and Soule wyth oure Luneyre.

Aurum betokeneth her, owre Bodi than,
The wych was brught to God and Man.

And Tus allese owre Soule of lyfe,
Wyth Myrham owre Mercurye that ys hys Wyfe.

Here be the thre namys fayre and good
And alle thaye ben but one in mode.

Lyke as the Trenite ys but on,
Ryght so conclude the Phylofofeers Stone.

Thow mayst a fher now in fyght,
Off owre Stone figuriet a right.

How fende he wafe out of Heven,
By an Angele wyth mylde Stefyn.

And by hys fygure thow mayst fe
That hyt ys lyke to personis Thre.

To Fader and Sonne and holi Goft,
The wych was and ys of mytis moft;

Into hys blyfe now come wee,
Amen goud Lord for cheyte.
Shew you here a short Conclusion,
To understand it if ye have grace,
Wrighten without any delusion;
Comprehended in a little space.

All that in this Booke wrighten is,
In this place comprehended is,
How Nature worketh in her kinde,
Keepe well this Lesson in your minde:
I have declared mickle thing,
If you have grace to keepe in minde,
How that our Principle is One thing,
More in Number and One in kinde;
For there ben things Seven
That in a Principle doe dwell,
Most precious under Heaven,
I have so sworne I may not tell.
In this Booke I shew to you in wrighting,
As my Bretheren doe each one,
A similitude of every like thing,
Of the which we make our Stone.
Our Stone is made of one simple thing,
That in him hath both Soule and Lyfe,
He is Two and One in kinde,
Married together as Man and Wife:
Our Sulphur is our Masculine,
Our Mercury is our Femenine,
Our Earth is our Water cleere;
Our Sulphur also is our Fier,
And as Earth is in our Water cleere,
Soc is Aer in our Fier.
Now have yee Elements foure of might,
And yet there appereth but two in sight;
Water and Earth ye may well see,
Fier and Aer be in them as quality:
Thys *science* maie not be taught to every one,  
He were acurft that so schould done:  
How schould ye have *servants* than?  
Than non for other would ought done,  
To tyl the Lande or drive the Plough,  
For ever ech man would be proud enough;  
Lerned and leude would put them in Presse,  
And in their workes be full busie,  
But yet they have but little increfe,  
The writings to them is so misty.  
It is full hard this *science* to finde,  
For Fooles which labour against kinde;  
This *science* I pray you to conceale,  
Or else with it do not you meale,  
For and ye canot in it prevaille,  
Of much sorrow then may you tell:  
By suddain mooving of Elements Nature may be letted,  
And wher lacks *Deco&tion* no perfection may be,  
For some Body with leprosy is infected;  
Raw watery humors cause superfluity:  
Therefore the *Philofopher* in his reason hath contrived  
A perfect Medicine, for bodyes that be sick,  
Of all infirmetyes to be releaved,  
This heleth Nature and prolongeth lyfe eak;  
This Medicine of Elements being perfectly wrought,  
Receypts of the Potecary we neede not to buy,  
Their Druggs and Dragms we set at nought,  
With quid pro quo they make many a ly.  
Our *Aurum potabile* Nature will increafe,  
Of Philosophers Gold if it be perfectly wrought,  
The Phifitians with Minerall puteth him in prefe:  
Litle it availeth or else right nought.  
This *science* shall ye finde in the old boke of *Turb*;  
How perfectly this Medicine *Philofophers* have wrought,
Rosary with him also doth record,
More than four Elements we occupie nought;
Comune Mercury and Gold we none occupie,
Till we perfectly have made our Stone,
Then with them two our Medicine we Multiply,
Other recepts of the Potecary truly we have none.
A hundred Ounces of Saturne ye may well take,
Seeth them on the fire and melt him in a mould,
A Projection with your Medicin upon hem make,
And anon yee shall alter him into fine Gold;
One Ounce upon a hundred Ounces is sufficient,
And so it is on a thousand Ounces perfectly wrought,
Without dissolution and Subtillant;
Encreas of our Medicine els have we nought.
Joy eternall and everlasting blisse,
Be to Almyghty God that never schal miss.

In some Copies I found these following Verses set before this Worke.

Earth out of Earth cleansed pure,
By Earth of himselfe through his nature,
Rectified by his Milke who can it tye,
And afterward united with Water of lyfe truly:
A Dragon lying in his deepe denne,
Rotting in Water to Putrefie then:
Leprous huge and terrible in sight,
By bathing and balning the Dragon cometh to light;
Etermor drowned in the bottome of his Well,
Tyl all his Leprousie will no longer dwell,
In his owne Nature he altereth cleane
Into a pure substance, ye wat what I meane.
I shew you here a Short Conclusion, &c.

Why
Anonymi.

Hy art thou so Poore and I so Rich,
Aboundance of Tresure in me thou maist
In all the World I am nothing so liche;
As Man that is so proginitous to my kynde,
The Ryche man on the Poore hath no pity,
In me therefore have thou assiance,
It is oft tymes seene in Towne and Cittie:
He is evyll at eafe that hath no Craft nor Scyence.
The Ryche men of the Poore now have greate dispight,
That they should wyth thyr cunyng any good thing wyn;
And to give to the Poore almes they have no delight,
Lytle is the Charity that is them within,
And Ensample of Diues as the Scripture can tell,
Poore Lazarus at his Gate for default dyed;
Had he given him Almes he had not gon to hell,
Now for to repent him truly it is too late.
Man thou hast no goods but God doth them send,
Departe with thy Brother as God doth thee Comand.
Thy lyfe that wyll the better amend,
Death will with thee make a suddaine hand,
Thy worldly goods thou shalt forsaken:
Give every Beast againe his due,
And than shalt thy body be full naked:
Death on the will nothing rue.

Why so far and I so neare?
Haft thou no grace Man me to meete,
So ofryn as I to the do appeare;
And yet of me thou takeft no keepe,
In common Mercury thou doest me seeke:
In Alkali and in Alembroke,
In common Sulphur and Arsenick eke;
Which makes many a man to dote.
Common Mercury is not good,
It bringeth many a man to care;
It makes his Haire grow through his hood,  
And his Purfe both thin and bare.  
Mercury and I am of allye,  
But she with me may not compare;  
In nature she is both cold and dry,  
Therefore I counsell thee to beware:  
Many a man she makes full bare,  
Because she lacks humidity,  
On her to spend they would spare,  
She brings many a man to poverty.  
I am she which wise men seeke,  
Mercury, which is most of might;  
Hot and moist, light and weake,  
Of the Elements I am full right,  
Water, Earth, Aire and Fire,  
Quality, and Quantity, you can never have your desire,  
Without Concoction perfectly,  
Great riches in us be,  
Who hath grace us for to know,  
By vertue of her humidity,  
In the Fire our Stone doth grow.  
Thou needy man, where is thy minde?  
I counsell thee this lesson leare:  
Our Mercury is but of one thing,  
In our Vessell thin and cleere.  
Common Mercury in him is none,  
Neither Gold nor Silver in him none is,  
Of Mettalls we make not our Stone,  
By proportion more or lesse,  
All manner of Mettalls we deny,  
Untill the time our Stone be wrought,  
All other Receipts we defie  
That of the Potecaryes be bought,  
With all Spices, save onely Mercury.
Gould with him stands us in need,
Our Medicine for to Multiply,
After our Phisicks Stone be Red.

A true Lesson I have thee taught,
Pray for me and forget it nought:
Many Bookes mayst thou see,
That is not writ so openly.
And as I am true Christian man,
A truer Booke findest thou none;
And thou wilt of this Science leare
In riches thou shalt have no pear.
He that made this Booke hath it well preved,
The better therefore he may be beleived;
Therefore I pray you for charity,
To keepe this Booke very secretly.

If any man this Science of you will crave,
Know he be Sapient that the Copy shall have
I made it not for every man,
Neither for them that little good can,
But for me and for my Brother,
Such as have Reason and no other;
Keepe this Lesson well in minde;
Beware thou worke not against Kind.
And in thy Worke make no greate haft;
That thou labour not in waft:
Worke in light and not in darke;
And ask Councell of a Clerke:
Else may you both lightly fayle,
Without you have both good Councayle.
Ake our Rose with the red Flower,
Which thou maist know by his Colour;
And him knock into Plates small,
A like thin beate over all.
And with a Corrosive good and fine,
Forthwith drawe the same tyne;
Of things that be new and good,
And diverse in Nature and one in Moode,
And put together with strong grinding,
In Horse wombe ever abiding;
In a Vessell good and strong,
Thou so it rule and thinke it not longe,
For within a Moneth or litle moe,
And with his might the Body flo;
Thy Corrosive will thy Rose so frett,
Till he be thin as Milke in Meate.
But how the Corrosive made shalbe,
I will it shew plainly to thee;
As I said to thee before,
Elffknowest thou litle of this lore.
Take Maidens Urine younge of age,
Ashes, Salt, and Lyme,
Of him together make a mariage.
Then the Corrosive is both good and fine:
For without this Corrosive shortly said,
Well compound together in One,
All your Worke is but voyd;
As Philosophers write every ech one:
For Doctors both to lay and Clearke,
Written that our first Warke
Is to bring our Body all and some;
And him to reduce in Mercurium.
Then is our Worke well begun,
If the first love be thus won.
Now say philosophers much more,
Our second Worke if thou wilt know,
Labour with paine and travell therefore:
And God is ready thee it to shew,
To bring our Water into Air,
Of philosophers the second verse,
Spare not to worke and be not afraid;
For so it will be without lese,
But yet be wise in the Warke,
For hasty men never lack woe:
And aske the Council of a Clarke,
For sober thrift is best thereto,
And so Continue night and day
I thee charge, and sleepe thee not,
For in six Weekes truly in say,
All into Earth it wilbe brought:
So the Fyre continued be,
Every Decotion to even measure,
And after that fyre his quality,
Thou must all the Worke rule,
For when it is in Earth full black,
Then is it our black Stone,
He is so strong he may not lack,
Tyll all thy Worke be y done.
The third degree as I thee say,
Of our Stone now black as pitch,
Thou must him wafh with waters gay;
And make him white for so did Ich;
And when thou haft wafht him cleane,
Then is his blacknes gone;
Then is he bright and shine,
As Carbuncle or Beril stone:
But ere he come to that degree,
It wilbe labour but thinke not long,
For many a Colour change will he,
Browne, Red, Ruffet, ever amonge:
After that to many other mo,
Greene, Blew, Pale and Whyte,
But all these let them goe,
They are not to thy profit,
And when thou hast thus wrought,
By six weekes and a day,
Then is the Earth truly fought,
A white powder color'd in saie:
But then spare the fyre,
And bate him even to measure;
And within a month and little mo,
The Whyte Stone hath nigh sure done,
Which will shine and melt as wax,
He must needs Masteries do,
The Spirit and Soule make him so lax;
That all other kindes he tourne him to.
Then Ferment him with his like,
By joyning of true Decoction,
And feede him forth by little and lite,
That both together be brought in one,
In Colour fight and Demeane,
That there be no division:
As thou hast wrought so will it prove,
Take heede how thou hast done
In this worke of Conjunction;
Thou shalt se marvells great,
Both going up and coming downe,
Of Colours springing by the heate:
For the soule that is so withheld,
And the spirit that is so bright,
If men it see ne say they would,
Certaine it were a wondrous sight,
And all this is past,
That God and Kinde hath done his cure,
Of the Whyte Stone be not agast,
He will not flee but bide the Fyre.
Now farther if thou wilt Worke,
To have the ready way,
Take good heede and be not dull,
For ile tell thee the truth in say:
Hold alwaies as thou did
Before in the other Stone,
Thou cannot faile God be thy sped,
As Clerkes write every one,
For your Fyre will him dere,
So it be dry and lastingly;
Save other while the changing cheare,
Till he have sotill fasting and lye.
First I wot well change he woll,
Into Citrine and pure degree,
And after that Colour is full,
He shall never but be White ay,
After that Tawny and Colour de Pale,
He changeth often in such lay:
Till he be Red withouten faile,
As good Coroll or Rose in May.
Then dread he nothing I wis,
Of this Worlds adverfity,
An Emperour of conquest then he is,
The Philosophers sayne worthy to be:
And when thou haft thus done,
And thereof seene the privity,
Thanke God and Christ his only Son.
Together with our blessed Lady.
Ake of the eger bloud that is so Red,
And distill that by Lymbick till it be bright,
Therewith dissolve the Philofphers lead,
Filtering it till it be cleere in sight,
Evaporating it if ye do right.
And from the Medicine with strong Fier,
Distill our Mercury most of myght,
Rede as blood and strong of Eyre,
And there you have your Stone I wyffe,
Conteyning in them all that you neede,
The Erth thereof true Ferment is.
Of our purpose ye will speede,
In other Bokes whatsoever you Reede,
From this Doctrine you never flitt,
But further with these Stones proceede;
Into foure Elements dividing it,
Ayre, Water and Oyle well rectified,
The Earth by boyling make white as Whale bone,
Againe together them neatly joyne,
And of them make a precious stone;
The matter goeth to the White alone,
This Ariíbolct taught Alexander his lore,
The Stone thus fixed make fugitive,
Againe with Aer reserved in Store;
And then againe make fix belyve:
Multiply it in one and more,
With Nature and Oyle reserved in Store,
Both white and red as you did first,
This secret made me study full sore,
Many a night ere I it wyffe...
For my Master from me it hidd.
Now is one point yet behind,
With this Stone that must be done:
Ingendering him of Water, Ayr and Winde,
The Red on Sun the White on Moone,
Molten looke thow cast full soone;
And Multiply in them their Tincture,
And then take of the powder with a spoone,
And straine it on Mercury hott and pure;
And a marvelous Batrell thow shalt se soone
Betwenee that and the said Mercury,
Either it will turne it Sun or Moone,
And then thou shalt the Maftery unfold,
And thus proceeding Multiply,
In every thing as I have toold,
And thus endeth our PHILOSOPHY.

He World is in a Maze, and wot you why?
Forsooth of late a great rich Man did dye;
And as he lay a dying in his Bed,
These words in secret to his Son he said.
My Son quoth he, tis good for thee I dye,
For thou shalt much the better be thereby;
And when thou seest that lyfe hath me bereft,
Take what thou findst, and where I have it left
Thou dost not know, nor what my riches be,
All which I will declare, give Eare to me.
An Earth I had ali Venome to expell,
And that I cast into a mighty Well;
A Water eke to clenfe what was amisse,
I threw into the Earth and there it is;
My Silver all into the Sea I cast,
My Gold into the Air, and at the last
Into the Fyre for feare it should be found,
I threw a Stone worth forty thousand pound:
Which Stone was given me by a mighty King,
Who bad me weare it in a fore-fold Ringe:
Quoth he this Stone is by that Ring found out,
If wisely thou canst turne this Ring about:
For every Hoope contrary is to other,
Yet all agree and of the Stone is Mother.
And now my Son I will declare a wonder,
That when I dye this Ring must breake assunder:
The King said so, but then he said withall,
Although the Ring be broke in peeces small;
An easie Fire shall soone it close againe;
Who this can doe he neede not worke in vain.
Tyll this my hidden Treasure be found out
(When I am dead) my Spirit shall walke about;
Make him to bring your Fier from the Grave,
And stay with him till you my Riches have;
Theis Words a wordly man did chance to here,
Who daily watcht the Spirit but ner the neere;
And yet it meetes with him and every one,
Yet tells him not where is this hidden STONE.
A Dialogue betwixt the Father and the Sonne, Concerning the two Principles of the Blessed Stone.

Y Sonne if that Sulphur be absent away, Our worke is reproved what ever they say, And it is Water & Fire as tru as your Creed Which constraineth a Body till it be dead: Of him shalt thou never have your desire, Till he be blew as Lead through his owne Fire, I do liken our Sulphur to the Magnet Stone, That still draweth to her Naturally, So with our Sulphur the firey Woman Mercury, When she would from her husband flye.

Father I pray you for Charity, Where shall I this Sulphur finde? For I never did him see with Eye; Nor never knew him in his kinde.

In our Water my Sonne keepe it in your minde, Where he will appeare so white as any snow, Grammercy Father ye be full kinde, For through your teaching full well I know.

Now teach me the Red stone when it is in minde, How it is made by Natures Law.

The White and Red be both of one kinde, Now hast thou my Son all thy desire, Whose tincture by growing thou shalt so finde, Through vertue of the Sun and regiment of Fire His riches there he doth increase, Farre passing all that I can name, If they in Fire shall come in preffe: Gune is their glory but he the same.
For the vertues of the Planets heaven
Shall have, and also from the Pole of heaven,
Since the World began noe Gemme is found
Equall him till in vertues all,
The Saphir, nor the Diamond,
The Ruby rich behind shall fall,
So shall the Turkie and Carbuncle:
If they in fire togetheter shall fight,
All One except shall loose their might,
The fire on him hath power none,
His Elements be to coequall,
An Incombustible Oyle is this our Stone
In power farr passing others all.
In what Element Father is our Sulphur bright?
Is it in all, or is it in one?
In all Sonne he must need be of right,
For Seperacion of Elements we make none:
And yet in them we can it not see,
For sensual matter is he none,
But equalitie only intellectual,
Without which our Stone never fixt be shall.
Qualitie Sonne alsoe growth in the fire;
Betwixt the White Stone and the Read,
For Colours many to you shall appeare,
Untill the tyme the Woman be dead:
The which things if ye shall not see,
Red shal your Stone at noe time bee;
For where the Woman is in presence,
There is much moysture and Accidence:
Watry humors that in her bee
Will drowne and devoure our qualitye,
Remember and thinke of Noahs flood,
For too much Water was never good:
And yet as qualitie is hid in quantitie,
Anonymi.

So must in Water our Earth be:
Riches in him thou shalt much finde,
After alteracions all due to his kinde;
When Oyle in him is coagulate,
Then is our Stone body made liquefaect.
When Sulphur Water and Oyle be one,
Indued with riches then is our Stone.
I cannot thee tell a richer thing;
Then is our Stone when he is fire dureing,
Our Fire maketh her so strong.

Father how to make our Stone;
Fayne would I knowe that have we done;
My Sonne with lent and easie heate,
The Elements togeather will kindly meate:
Haste not to fast whilst they be rawe,
Keepe well the Fie, beware of the lowe.
Shutt well the Vessel least out passe the Spirit,
So shall you all things the better keepe;
For if the Spiritts doe passe you from,
Remedy to gett them againe have you none:
And how marveilous it is the Elements to meete
Keepe this as your principall secreete,
At your begining give God the prays,
And keepe your Matter in heate forty dayes,
But so that all things be made cleare,
Or else you are never the neare:
And within this tyme itt wil be Black;
And oft change colour till it be White,
There you may cease and further proceede,
By mendinge the heate to your mesure indeed;
And there withall now will I end,
And to God onely thee commend.
AND also with great diligence,
Thei fonde thilke Experience:  
Which cleped is Alconomie,
Whereof the Silver multeplie;
Thei made, and eke the Gold also.

And for to telle howe itt is so:
Of bodies seven in Speciall,
With fowre Spirites joynt withal;
Stant the Substance of this materie;
The bodies which I speke of here,
Of the Plannets ben begonné,
The Gold is títled to the Sonne:
The Moone of Silver hath his part,
And Iron that fonde uppon Mart:
The Lead after Saturne groweth,
And Jupiter the Braffe bestoweth;
The Copper fette, is to Venus:
And to his part Mercurius.
Hath the Quicksilver, as it falleth,
The which after the Boke it calleth;
Is first of thilke foure named
Of Spirits, which ben proclaymed,
And the Spirite which is seconde,
In Sal Armoniake is founde:

The
The third Spirit of Sulphur is,
The fourth Sewende after this,
Arcennium by name is hotte
With blowyng, and with fires hote:
In these things which I say,
Thei worchen by divers waye.
For as the *philosopher* tolde,
Of Gold and Silver thei ben holde,
Two principall extremitees,
To which all other by degrees,
Of the mettalls ben accordant,
And so through kinde resemblant:
That what man couth awaie take,
The rust, of which they waxen blake,
And the favour of the hardnes;
Thei shulden take the likenes;
Of Gold or Silver perfectly,
But for to worche it sykerly;
Betweene the Corps and the Spirite,
Er that the Metall be parfit,
In seven formes itt is sette
Of all, and if one be lette,
The remnant may not avayle,
But otherwise it maie nought fayle;
For thei by whome this Art was founde,
To every poynt a certayne bounde,
Ordeinen that a man may finde,
This Craft is wrought by wey of kinde;
So that there is no fallace in;
But what man that this werke begyn;
He mote awaite at every tyde,
So that nothynge be left ayside.

Fyrst of the Distillacion,
Forth with the Congelacion,
C cc c

Solucion
Solucion, Diffcencion,
And kepe in his entencion,
The poynt of Sublimacion,
And forthwith Calcinacion,
Of very Approbacion,
So that there be Fixacion,
With temperate hetes of the fyer,
Tyll he the perfite Elixer,
Of thilke Philosophers Stone,
Maie gette, of which that many one
Of Philosophers whilome write:
And if thou wilt the names wite,
Of thilke Stone with other two,
Which as the Clerkes maden tho;
So as the Bokes itt recorden,
The kinde of hem I shall recorden.

These old Philosophers wyse,
By wey of kynde in sondry wyse;
Thre Stones made through Clergie,
The fyrst I shall specific,
Was cleped Vegetabilis;
Of which the proper vertue is,
To mans heale for to serve,
As for to keepe, and to preserve,
The body fro sicknes all,
Till death of kinde upon hym fall.
The second Stone I the behote,
Is Lapis Animalis hote:
The whose vertue, is proper and couthe,
For Eare and Eye, Nose and Mouth;
Whereof a man may here, and see,
And smell and taft, in his degree,
And for to feele and for to goe,
Itt helpeth a man of both two:
The witts five he underfongeth
To keepe, as it to hym belongeth.
The third Stone in speciall
by name is cleped Minerall,
Which the Mettalls of every myne,
Attempreth, till that thei ben fyne;
And pureth hem by such a wey,
That all the vice goth awey,
Of Rust, of Stynke, and of Hardnes:
And when they ben of such clennes,
This minerall so as I fynde,
Transformeth all the fyrst kynde,
And maketh hem able to conceive,
Through his vertue and receive
Both in substance and in figure,
Of Gold and Silver the nature.
For thei two ben the extremeties,
To which after the propertees,
Hath every mettall his desire,
With helpe and comforte of the fyre.
Forth with this Stone as it is said,
Which to the Sonne and Moone is laide:
For to the Red, and to the White,
This Stone hath power to profite;
It maketh Multiplicacion
Of Gold and the fxicacion,
It causeth and of this babite,
He doth the werke to be parfite:
Of thilke Elixir which men call
Alconomy, as is besalle
To hem, that whilome were wise;
But now it stant all otherwise:
Thei speken faft of thilke Stone,
But how to make it now wote none.

Ccc 2

After
After the dooth Experience,
And nathles greate diligence,
Thei setten up thilke dede,
And spillen more then thei spede;
For alwey thei synde a lette,
Which bringeth in povetee and Dette;
To hem that rich were to fore,
The Lofe is had the Lucre is lore:
To gette a pound thei spenden five,
I not how such a Craft shall thrive:
In the manner as it is used,
It were better be refused,
Then for to worchen upon wene,
In thinge which stant not as thei wene:
But not for thy who that it knew,
The Science of himselfe is trew:
Upon the forme as it was founded,
Whereof the names yett be grounded;
Of hem, that first it founden out:
And thus the same goth all about,
To such as soughten brefines,
Of vete and of worthines,
Of whom if I the names call,
Hermes was one the first of all,
To whom this Art is most applied,
Geber thereof was magnified,
And Ortolane and Morien,
Among the which is Avicen.
Which founde and wrote and greate partie,
The practicke of Alconomie,
Whose bokes plainhe as thei stonde,
Uppon this Crafte few understonde.
But yet to put hem in assay,
There ben full manie now a day,
That knowne little that thei mene,
It is not one to wite and wene,
In forme of words thei it tret;
But yet thei failen of beyet.
For of to much, or of to lite,
There is algate found a wite:
So that thei follow not the line,
Of the perfect Medicine,
Which grounded is upon nature;
But thei that written the Scripture,
Of Greke, Arabe, and Caldee,
Thei were of such Authoritee,
That thei firste founden out the wey,
Of all that thou hast herd me sey,
Whereof the Cronicke of her Lore,
Shall stonde in price for evermore.
THE
VISION OF
Sr: GEORGE RIPLEY:
CHANON OF BRIDLINGTON.

When busy at my book I was upon a certaine night,
This Vision here expresst appear'd unto my dim-

m'd sight,
A Toade full ruddie I saw did drinke the jucie of
grapes so fast,
Till over charged with the broth, his bowells all to burst;
And after that from poysoned bulke he cast his venome fell,
For greif and paine whereof his Members all began to swell,
With drops of poysoned sweate approaching thus his secret Den,
His cave with blasts of fumous ayre he all be-whyted then;
And from the which in space a golden humour did ensue, (hew:
Whose falling drops from high did staine the foile with ruddy
And when this Corps the force of vitall breath began to lacke,
This dying Toade became forthwith like Coale for colour blacke:
Thus drowned in his proper veynes of poysoned flood,
For tearme of eightie dayes and foure he roting stood;
By tryall then this venome to expell I did desire,
For which I did committ his carkase to a gentle fire:
Which done, a wonder to the sight, but more to be rehearst,
The Toade with Colours rare through every side was pearst,
And White appeared when all the sundry hews were past,
Which after being tinted Rudde, for evermore did laft.
Then of the venome handled thus a medicine I did make;
Which venome kills and saveth such as venome chance to take.
Glory be to him the graunter of such secret wayes,
Dominion, and Honour, both with Worfhip, and with Praye.

A M & N.

VERSES
VERSES

BELONGING

TO

AN EMBLEMATICALL

SCROWLE:

Supposed to be invented by GEO: RIPLEY.

Shall you tell with plaine declaracion,
Where, how, and what is my generation:
Omogeni is my Father,
And Magnesia is my Mother:
And Axot truly is my Sister,
And Kibrick forsooth is my Brother:
The Serpent of Arabia is my name,
The which is leader of all this game:
That sometyme was both wood and wild,
And now I am both meeke and mild;
The Sun and the Moone with their might,
Have chastised me that was so light:
My Wings that me brought,
Hither and thither where I thought
Now with their might they downe me pull,
And bring me where they wolll,
The blood of myne heart I wiff,
Now causeth both Joy and blisse:

And
And dissolveth the very Stone,
And knitteth him ere he have done;
Now maketh hard that was lix,
And causeth him to be fix.
Of my blood and water I wis,
Plenty in all the World there is.
It runneth in every place;
Who it findeth he hath grace:
In the World it runneth over all,
And goeth round as a ball:
But thou understand well this,
Of the worke thou shalt miss.
Therefore know ere thou begin,
What he is and all his kin,
Many a Name he hath full sure,
And all is but one Nature:
Thou must part him in three,
And then knit him as the Trinity:
And make them all but one,
Loe here is the Philosophers Stone.

The Bird of Hermes is my name,
Eating my wings to make me tame.

In the Sea withouten lesse,
Standeth the Bird of Hermes:
Eating his Wings variable,
And thereby maketh himselfe more stable;
When all his Fethers be agon,
He standeth still there as a Stone;
Here is now both White and Red,
And also the Stone to quicken the dead,
All and fume withouten fable,
Both hard, and nesh and malliable
Understand now well aright,
And thanke God of this fight.

TAKE thou Phæbus that is fo bright,
That fitteth fo high in Majesty;
With his beams that thineth foe light,
In all places where ever that he be,
For he is Father to all living things,
Maynteyner of Lyfe to Crop and Roote,
And causeth Nature forth to spring;
With his wife being soote,
For he is salve to every fore,
To bring about thys precious worke;
Take good heede unto his lore,
I say to learned and to Clerk,
And Omogeny is my Name:
Which God shaped with his owne hand,
And Magnesia is my Dame;
Thou shalt verily understand,
Now heere I shall begin,
For to teach thee a ready way:
Or else little shalt thou wyn,
Take good heed what I say;
Devide thou Phæbus in many a parte;
With his beams that byn fo bright,
And thus with Nature him Coarte,
The which is mirrour of all light:
This Phæbus hath full many a Name,
Which that is full hard for to know;
And but thou take the very same,
The Philosophers Stone thou shalt not know.
Verses belonging

Therefore I counself ere thou begin:
Know him well what it be,
And that is thick make it thin;
For then it shall full well like the.
Now understand well what I meane,
And take good heed thereunto,
The worke shall else little be seene:
And tourne thee unto mikel woe,
As I have said in this our Lore,
Many a Name I wiff it have,
Some behinde, and some before;
As philosophers of yore him gave.

ON the Ground there is a Hill,
Also a Serpent within a Well:
His Tail is long with Wings wide,
All ready to fly on every side,
Repair the Well round about,
That the Serpent pass not out;
For if that he be there agone,
Thou lossest the vertue of the Stone,
What is the Ground thou mayst know heere,
And also the Well that is so cleere:
And eke the Serpent with his Tail
Or else the worke shall little availe,
The Well must brene in Water cleare,
Take good heede for this thy Fyre,
The Fire with Water brent shalbe,
And Water with Fire wash shalbe he;
Then Earth on Fire shalbe put,
And Water with Air shalbe knit,
Thus ye shalbe go to Putrefaccion,
And bring the Serpent to reduction.
to Ripley's Scrowle.

First he shalbe Black as any Crow,
And downe in his Den shall lye full lowe:
I swel'd as a Toade that lyeth on ground,
Burst with bladders fitting so round,
They shall to braft and lye full plaine,
And thus with craft the Serpent is slaine:
He shall shew Colours there many a one,
And tourne as White as wilbe the bone,
With the Water that he was in,
Wash him cleane from his sin:
And let him drinke a little and a little,
And that shall make him faire and white,
The which Whitnes is ever abiding,
Lo here is the very full finishing:
Of the White Stone and the Red,
Loe here is the true deed.
THE MISTERY OF ALCHEYMISTS,
Composed by Sir Geo: Ripley
Chanon of Bridlington.

When o in ☉ and Phoebus shins bright, (ing
The Elements reviving the new Year spring-
The Son by his vertue gives Nature & Light,
And moysture refresheth all things growing:
In the season of the Yeare when the Sun waxeth warme,
Freshly and fragrante the Flowers doe grow,
Of Nature's subtill working we cannot discerne,
Nor yet by our Reason we can it not know,
In foure Elements is comprehended things Three,
Animalls, Vegetabills, Mineralls must be,
Of this is our Principle that we make our Stone,
Quality and Quantity is unknowne to many one.

Son.
Of what nature it is and what it hath in his kinde.

Father.
As Colours divers which on the ground do grow,
Keepe well this secret (Son) and marke it in thy minde.

Son.
Without Proportion (Father) how should I it know,
This working now is far from my minde.

Father.
Nature and kinde (Son) together do grow,
Quality by waight (Son) shalt thou never finde.

Son.
To separete Elements (Father) I must needes know,
Either in Proportion which be more or less.
The Mystery of Alchymists.

Out of our Principle foure Elements thou shalt draw,

Thou shalt neede nothing else that needefull is;

Our Principle in quality is so perfectly mixed,

By vertue of the Son and his quality,

So equallly Joyned, so thoroughly fixed,

As nothing so well mixed may be.

This Principle (Father) is but one thing,

Good (Father) tel me where it doth grow.

In every place (Son) you shall him well finde;

By Tast and by Colour thou shalt him well know;

Fowles in the Ayer with it doe fly,

And Fishes doe swim there with in the Sea,

With Reason of Angels you may it deserne,

Both Man and Woman to governe,

With our fixed Body (Son) we must thus begin.

Of him make Mercury and Water cleare,

Man and Woman is them within,

Married together by vertue of our Fire,

The Woman in her working is full wild,

Be well aware she goe not out;

Till she have conceived and borne a Chylde,

Then all his Kin on him shal lout;

In their workes they be unstable,

The Elements they be so raw;

And in their Colour so variable,

As sometyme like the head of a Crow,

When he is black ye may well like,

Putrefaction must go beforne,

After Blacke he wilbe White,

Then thanke ye God the Chyld is borne.

This Child is both King and Emperour,

Through his region both far and neere;

All the World doth him honour,

By the vertue he hath taken of the Fire.
His first Vesture is White and pure,
As any Christall shining cleere,
Of White tincture then be you sure;
By verture taken of our Fire,
His first Vesture that is so White,
Betokeneth his Virginity,
A similitude even thereto like,
And according to the Trinity:
Our Medicen is made of things Three,
Against which the Philosophers cannot say nay,
The Father, the Son in one degree,
Corpus, Spiritus & Anima.
When Nature is with Nature, thou mayst fruite finde,
By proportion more or lesse,
In practice hereof many men be blinde,
Because they understand not what Nature is;
His second Vesture as Gold is Red,
In his Vessell bright shining,
A Diadem set on his head,
Richer then any earthly thing.
His third Vesture is Purple pure,
Like Sun-beames he shineth bright and cleere,
Of Red tincture then be you sure;
By the vertue he hath taken of our Fire.
My beloved Son I commande thee,
As thou wilt have my love and blessing,
That thou to God kneele on thy knee,
Unto him give laude and thankeing;
For these gifts of grace geven unto thee,
To have trew knowledge of this worthy Science,
That many men seeke by land and sea,
And cannot finde it for any expence:
I shall shew thee my Son here a hid Secret,
Because thou art vertuous in thy living,
Of me else shouldst thou never it weet,  
And for thou art wise in thy Councell keeping,  
And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,  
Not to shew it to any man living,  
For it is the first Principle of our blessed Stone,  
Through which our noble worke is relieved,  
Note well that I shew now to thee my Son,  
If Sulphur be absent our worke is deprived;  
Our Sulphur my Son is Water and Fire,  
Constraining the Body till it be dead,  
Of hem thou hast never thy desire,  
Till he be bloe as any Lead,  
After all this he doth revive,  
That in his Vessel before was dead;  
I can no better in my reason contrive,  
Then to figure him to the great Godhead.  
For as there dyed no more then One,  
Howbeit that there be persons Three,  
The Father, the Son by might is one:  
The holy Ghost make our full Trinity:  
A similitude like unto our Stone,  
In him ben things three which be concluded all in one,  
Our Sulphur is likened to the holy Ghost,  
For he is quick, called the Spirit of Slyfe,  
In his working of might he is most.  
He raiseth our Body from death to lyse,  
Many (my Son) with him do rise,  
The holy Gospel therein is expert,  
The number my reason cannot contrive,  
Multum & quantum fructum adsert:  
I liken our Sulphur to the Adamant Stone,  
That Steele drawes to him naturally,  
So doth our Sulphur the woman,  
When she from her husband would flye.
Son. I muse greatly (Father) and mervaile in minde,
Whereof this Stone is ingendered,
And also of what manner of kinde,
For I have traveled many a Country,
In vallies low and on hills high,
And spurred therefore of foes and freind,
Yet could I never that Sulphur see,
Nor in any place wat I where him to finde.

Father. Son he is made of the Elements,
That God hath given both soule and lyfe,
From Mettall he may never be absent,
For he rules both man and wife.

Son. Father I pray you for charity,
Where shal I this Sulphur finde,
For perfectly I know him not by quality,
Nor yet to fore know him by kinde.

Father. In our Water Son keepe this in minde,
For there he will appeare as white as snow.

Son. Gramarcy Father to me ye be full kinde,
For through your teaching full well I it know,
Now Father I pray you for charity,
The while it is in your minde,
To ken the red Sulphur that you will teach me,
And then I trust your Doctrine to finde.

Father. White and Red Son be both one in kinde,
Now haft thou all thy desire,
Keepe well this secret and close it in thy minde,
His tincture and growing is by vertue of our Fire,
For in our Fire our Stone will grow,
And there his riches he doth encreafe,
And so doth no Stone that I do know,
That in the fire will put him in prease;
We liken him therefore unto the Sun,
That to all Elements giveth light.
Never fith the World was begun,
Was any but he of fo much might,
Were he never of fo high degree,
Saphir, Diamond or Emarald Stone,
The Turcas, or the rich Ruby,
Of all vertuous Stones set ower alone,
The greatest Carbuncle that is full of light,
May not with our stone Compaire,
For if they in the Fire should fight,
The Carbuncle of vertue should be full bare,
To destroy our stone, Son that will not be,
The Elements in him be fo equall;
He is an Oyle incumbuftible,
And of all things most imperiall.

In which Elements (Father) is our Sulphur in?
Is he in all, or in any one?
In all (Son) he needes must be,
For Seperation of Elements make we none,
Sulphur in Elements son we may not see,
By Nature in them he is so privily mixed,
In Elements he is a quality,
Our stone will never else be perfectly fixed.
Quality (Son) growes also in fire,
Betwixt the White Stone and the Redd,
For many Colours there will appere,
While the tyme the Woman be dead.

Father must the Woman needes be dead?
Our stone else my Son will never be Redd;
For whereas a Woman is in presence,
There is much moyfture and incidence,
Wetnes and humours in her be,
The which would drown'd our Quality;
Perceive well (Son) by Noahs flood,
To much moyfture was never good.
Like as quality is hid in quantity,
So must our Erth in Waters be,
The riches in him thou shalt finde,
After alteration of kinde,
His Oyle in him is congelate,
This makes our Body liquefaced,
Sulphur and Oyle all of one kinde,
Which makes our Stone rich and couloring;
I cannot tell thee son a richer thing,
Then he is in the Fire during,
The Fire to him may do no wrong,
Sulphur of Nature makes him so strong.

How to make our Stone (Father) I would faine know.
In soft heates my (Son) Elements will meete,
Haft not to faft whilst they be rawe,
In the Vessell (Son) the better thou shalt him keepe,
Rule well the Fire and and beware of the Lawe,
Shut well the Vessell for going forth of the Spirit;
Sooe shall you all things the better keepe;
For how to get him againe it is strange to know,
It is hard for some men to make Elements meete;
Keepe well this Secret Son and God daily praise,
Put into thy Vessell Water cleare,
And set it in Fire full forty dayes,
And then in the Vessell blacknes will appeare,
When that he is black he will change tyte,
Many Colers in him then will appeare,
From coulour to colour till it be white,
Then it is tyme Son to change the Fire,
And melt the heat to your desire;
And if you will have him White still,
Then must you your Medicine apply,
A dry Fire put him till,
And a moyst Fire naturally,
Till he be made fixed,
For to take Mercury before his flight,
As he is by nature privily mixed,
Of fusion then he shalbe light,
And if you to his proportion take,
Fine Luna then will he make,
So micle of piercing will he be,
Both fluxible with penetrabilitie;
And (Son) if thou wilt have thy Medicine Red,
In a dry Fire thou shalt him keepe,
Ever still in one steed,
That never your Vessell come to wet.
So hard, so heavy and so piercing,
(Father) this a wonderous thing,
So hot, so moist, so light, so wet,
This great Secret Father will I keepe,
So white, so red, so profitable,
Of all Stones most incomparable.
He may do more then any King,
He is so rich Son in his working,
Gould and Silver men would faine have,
Poore and rich for it do crave,
They that of it have most aboundance,
Of the people have most obaisance,
To serve them both day and night,
And in the feeld will for it fight,
Therefore Son upon my blessing,
Keepe secretly this precious cunning,
Of thy Councell make neither King nor Knight,
If they knew they would set it light;
For when they have what they will,
God's curse wil come they say the untill,
For had I wist and had I wend,
That commeth evermore behinde,
Our Mercury my (Son) is white and thin,
In our Vessell shining bright and cleere,
Our Sulphur is in him within,
The Mystery of Alchymists.

Burning him more then our dry Fire,
He fixes him more in one yeare,
By his naturall working I understand,
Then doth the Sonne by his dry Fire,
In yeares a long thousand,
In short space we may have done,
When our Medicine thou wilt assay,
Thou maest make both Sol and Lune.
In lesse space then in one day.

Father is it Water in the well springing,
Or is it Water in the river running?
Other Water (Father) can I not finde.

Noe (Son) it is of another kinde,
Howbeit it is Water cleere,
Our Sulphur in him is soe cleare.
He may not be departed by any fire,
I tell thee the throath in this thing.

By no fire (Father) how may that be?
Fire he is ever brenning,
Our Sulphur is made of the Sun and such humi-
That in the Fire he is ever during.

The tyme of our working would I know,
In what space might be made our Stone,
By Corne and by Frut (Son) thou maist it wel
Once in a yeare it is afore thee done;

The Sun in the Zodiack about doth gonne,
Through the twelve Signes once in a yeare,
Soe long it is ere we can make our Stone.

Haste not to fayt but rule well thy Fire,
The vertue of our Stone few men can tell,
The Elements in him be so mighty,
Aboundance of treasure in him do dwell;
For in riches all Stones exceeding he.

FINIS.
The Preface prefixed to Sir Geo: Ripley's
MEDULLA;

Which he wrote Ann. Dom. 1476. and
Dedicated to Geo: Nevell then Arch-Bishop of Yorke.

IGHT noble Lord, and Prelate Deere,
Vouchsafe of me these Verses take,
Which I present unto you here,
That mention of the Stone doth make,
Of wise men mettered for your sake.
For which of you thus much I crave,
Your gentle favour for to have.

2. This Stone divine of which I write,
Is knowne as One, and it is Three;
Which though it have his force and might,
Of triple nature fit to be,
Yet doe they Metalls judge and try.
And called is of wise men all,
The mighty Stone that Conquer shall.

3. Disdain you not nor yet refuse,
To learne the vertues of them now,
By which you may if you them use,
Your selfe preserve and eke know howe;
Old age to hide, and Youth outheue.
And Brashe by them transmuted is,
And eker Bodies cleansing was.

4. Fined also and made full pure,
And Auristed be at the last.
The first of these I you assure,
Right hurtfull is for Man to taste,
For Life it will resolve and wast.
Of Corrosives made corrupting all,
And named is the Mineral.
The Preface

5. But Animall the second is,
The third forsooth the Vegetable,
To cure all things their vertue is,
In every cause what soe befal,
Mankind in health preserve they shall:
Reneweth Youth and keepeth it sound,
As trueth by profe the same is found.

6. And here I will teach you plaine,
How for to make their Mixtures pure:
In order faire without disdain.
I will tell you no Dreame be sure,
Believe me while my life may dure,
Looke what with mouth to you I say,
My deedes shall prove it true alway.

7. Yet shall some Figure my Meeter hide,
Least the Arte with wings should fly away,
And soe as vile abroad to slide,
whole sense, or Truth cannot decay,
And without fraud I will display
The matter plaine on every side,
And true likewise what soe betide:

8. Although ere this you have heard say,
That such as practice doth this Arte,
Their thrift in Ashes seeketh alway:
And learne at length with heavy heart,
Not more but lesse to make their part,
Yet be not you dismayed therefore;
Ne fear nor shrinks for it the more.

9. But trust the words which I you tell,
For truly I doe flatly say,
I have both scene and known it well,
And witnesse will the same alway,
This the Marrow called is I say,
A truer Text full well I wote,
In all this World finde shall you not.
to Ripley's Medulla.

10. Then as this writing of our Wine,
Whereof I bring you here a taste;
Whose heavenly Water pure and fine,
Doth all things works withouten waste,
To your desire the bodies fast
It doth dissolve, make light and open
With other things, not yet of spoken.

11. Against Nature yet is it not,
But natural as may men trow,
Which being cleansed from his spot,
There Phoebus splendor shall forth shew,
And cause it fragrantly to grow;
For how more fragrant it shalbe,
Soo much of Valor more is bee.

12. For Phoebus nature doth surpasse,
And bodyes pure, and eke the sky,
It doth beshine both Corne and Grasse,
The Sonn reneweth from on bye,
And causeth things to fructifie.
Doth mix, and fix, and natureth,
Drives plagues away and nourisheth.

13. Abandoneth, draweth, and clenseth the Aire,
Maketh dewes sweete, floods and humors dry,
Maketh softe, hard, sweete and sayne;
And purifiseth Natures perfectly,
By his working incessantly;
It maketh all things to grow I say,
And chaseth Ugly things away.

14. In Laurell Tree, it is full greene,
In Gold it lodgeth glistreny;
It decketh Stones with brightnes sheene,
The shinening bodyes are made thereby;
But if you will more certainy,
Of Phoebus vertue have knowledging,
Then Saturns Chyld must issue bring.
15. O Pastor meeke draw Water cleere,
   From buds of Vynes out of a Glasse,
As red as blood as Gold it were;
Which Will you give a Gummy Masse,
As pretious as ever was.
Thus without fraude made open is by wyse,
The Arte which you shall not dispise.

16. It multiplyeth and maketh also,
Gold Potable know this for trewe,
By it are things increased soe,
   That health thereby you may renewe,
To learn those Scretts dayly fine,
Which formally prolonge well may
Your Life in joy from day to day.

17. For although many hate this Arte,
Yet it is precious over all;
Try and discerne within your hearte,
   By all the Lessons misticalk;
A Gift it is Celestiall
Which here is taught to you by
That prov'd it hath Assuredly.

18. This have I written for your sake,
Not in vaine stile, but order plaine,
This little Booke of him you take,
Which frankly doth bestowe his paine.
To God committinge you againe,
And all that doth wish well to thee,
In any place wheresoever they bee.

19. If you unbroken long would keepe,
In perfect health, your Vessel still;
Then for your Cannon looke you seeke,
Remembring him that hath good will,
By your assistance to fulfill;
And in such sort your Worke display,
As sound may to your lawd alway.
A SHORT WORKE
That beareth the Name of the aforesaid Author,
Sir G. RIPLEY.

Take Heavy, Soft, Cold, and Drye; (ly:
Clense him, and to Calx grind him subti-
Dissolve him in Water of the Wood;
If thou can do any good
Thereof, take a Tincture
And Earthy Calx good and pure.
Of this maist thou have with thy travaile,
Both Mercury, Water, and Oyle;
Out of the Ayre with Flames great,
Fire into the Earth doth Creepe;
In this Worke if thou wilt winn,
Take heed wherewith thou dost begin,
And in what manner thou dost work,
For loosing thy way in the darke;
And where, with what, and how, thy matter shal
I tell and Councell thee as my Friend: (end;
Make Water of Earth, and Earth of Water;
Then art thou well onward in the matter.
For thou shalt find hid in the myre,
Both Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire:
I tell thee my Brother, I will not flatter,
Of our Earth is made our Water:
The which is cleere white as Snow;
And makes our Earth Calcine and growe.
Blackneffe first to thee doth shew,
As by thy praife thou shalt know:
Dissolve and Calcine oft, and oft; (brought:
With Congelation till the Body to whitnes be
Make the Body fluxible, and flowing;
With the Earth, perfect, and teyning.
Then after Ferment is once done;
Whither thou wilt with Sunne or Moone,
Dissolve him with the Water of life,
Ycalled Mercury withouten strife:
Put the Soule with the Body, and Spirite
Together in one that they may meete,
In his Dammes belly till he wax great,
With giving Drinke of his owne sweate:
For the Milke of a Cow to a Child my brother
Is not so sweete as the Milke of his Mother:
This Child that is so marveilously wrought,
Unto his Heritage must be brought:
His livelyhood is so worthy a thing,
Of abilitye to spend with a King:
He that beareth all this in minde,
And unnderstandeth these Parables all;
With Seperation he may finde,
Poore and Rich, great and small;
With our Sulphur we make our Antimony, White and
And thereof we make our Mercury quick, & dead. (Red;
This is a Mettall that I speake of one of the seaven,
If thou be a Clerk read what I meane.
There is no Plannet of six neither great nor small,
But if he be put to them, he will Calcine them all.
Unto red blood he must be brought;
Else of him thou gettest right nought:
Reach him then with the Wood Water,
Man, and Woman Clothed under one hatter,
In and of them is conceived a Child
Lovely of beauty, meeke and mild;
Out of the Earth with dropps strong,
Nourish the Child in his Mothers wombe;
Till he be come to full age;
And then make thou a Mariage,
Between the Daughter, and the Sonne;
And then thou haft the Mastery wonn.
The beginning of this Worke, if thou wilt crave,
In holy Writ thou shalt it have:
Both in Masse Booke and in Pfalter
Yea wrighten before the Preest at the Alter:
And what is Antimony that thou shalt worke,
I have written to thee if thou be a Clerke;
Looke about before if thou canst finde
Plainely written, which maketh men blind:
Our Werke is bringing againe our Mercury,
And that philosophers call Solucion;
And if thou loose not the uncleane body,
Thou werkest without discretion;
The Inhibition of Water, is not the losinge;
But bringing the Body into water againe turning:
That is to say into such water,
That is turning the Body into his first Matter:
The second Werke is to bring,
Earth and Water to Congealing;
The cleansing of the Third is another
Unto Whitenes; my owne Brother;
With this Water of his owne,  
That is full marvalous to be knowne:
The fourth werke is distilling  
Of Water, and Earth upsweating.
And thus haft thou by one assent,  
Earth, Ayre, Water, and Fire; the foure Elements:  
The Ashes that are in the bottome of the Vessell,  
Looke thou dispise them not though lest,  
For I tell thee right well,  
There is the Diadem of our Craft.

FINIS.
JOHN LYDGATE
MONKE OF
St. EDMUNDS BURY,

In his Translation of the second Epistle that King Alexander sent to his Master ARISTOTLE.

Han Alxandr as is Rehersyd heer
This Phylosophre for vertues manyfoold;
Sent unto hym a secret Messengeer,
Without eexskus to come to his housoold,
But he ageyn for he was feeble and old,
And impotent on the tother ryde;
And unweldy for to goon or ryde.

But chiefe cause why Alxandr sente,
A purpoos take and a fantasye,
To declare pleynly what it mente;
He wyft in south that in Philosophye,
Wyth other secretes of Astronomye:
He was experte and mooste cowde understonde;
Thys was in chiefe Cause of the Kynges sonde.
Lydgate out of Aristotle's

Powder of Planeths and mevyng of all Sterrys,
And of every heavenly Intelligence;
Dysposition of Pees and ek of Werry's,
And of ech othyr straunge hyd Scyence,
As the sevne Goddys by theyr Influence
Dyspose the Orders of Incantacions,
Or of sevne Metallys the Transmutacions.

With othir Craftys which that be secre,
Calculacion and Geomancye,
Dyfformacions of Circes and Meed;
Lokynge of Facys and Pyromancye,
On Lond, and Watir, Craft of Geometrye.
Heyghte and Depnese with all Experyence,
Therefore the Kinge desires his presence.

But for all this within hymselfe a thing
There was a Secre he kept not to discloze;
Nor to publishe opynly to the Kyngle,
Takeyng Example by two things in a Roofe,
First how the Flower greet sweetnesse doth disposse:
Yet in the Thorne men finde great sharpnesse,
And thus in Konnyng there may been a lykenesse.

In Herbe and Flour, in Writeing, Word and Stoon,
Ech hath his vertue of God and of Nature,
But the knowyng is hyd froo many oon:
And not declaryd to every Creature,
Wherefor he cast twen Reason and Measure:
To shape aweye both the Kyng to plese,
Somewhat to uncloze and set his herte at efe.

There
Secreta Secretorum.

There is of ryght a greete difference,
Tween a Princes royall Dignite,
And a twey Commons rude Intelligence,
To whom nat longeth to meddle in no degre,
Of Konnynges that should be kept secre,
For to a Kynges famous magnificence,
And to Clerkys whiche have Experience.

Itt cordeth well to search out Scripture,
Mysteriys hid of Fowlys, Beaste, and Tree,
And of Angellys mooft soyl of Nature ;
Of Myneralls, and Fysshes in the See,
And of Stonys specially of Three.
One Myneral another Vegetatyff,
Partyd on Four to lengthe a Mannys lyffe.

Off whych I radde oonys among othir Stonys,
There was oon calyd Animal ;
Four Elements wrought out for the noonys :
Erthe, Watir, and Ayre, and in especyll,
Joyned with Fyre proporcyon maad egal.
I dar seyn breffly and not tarye,
Is noon swych Stone found in the Lapidarye.

Trad Oonys of a Phylosophre,
Ageyn ech sockenesse of valew doth mooft cure,
All the Tresure and Gould in Crafus Coffre ;
Nor all the Stonys that grow by Nature,
Wrought by Craft or forgyd by Picture.
Lapis & non Lapis, Stoon of greetest fame,
Aristotiles gaff it the same name.

And
And for I have but little rad or selyne,
To write or medle of so high mateerys,
For presumpcion some would have disdeyn;
To be so bold or clymbe in my desires:
To scale the Laddere above the nyne Speerys,
Or medle of Rubyes that yeve so cleere a light,
On hooly shrines in the dirk night.

I was nevir noon expert Joweleere,
In fuych mateerys to put my sylfe in prees,
With Philosophres myn Eyen wer nat cleer,
Nowthir with Plato nor with Socrates:
Except the Prynce Aristotilees.
Of Philosophres to Alisaundre Kyng,
Wrott of this Stone the mervaylle in all werking.

In prevy wyfe lych to hys Ententys,
Secretys hyd cloos in Phylosophye,
Fyrst departynng of the foure Elementys;
And aftarward as he doth speceebye,
Every ech of hem for to recteebye.
And after thys lyk hys Oppynyon,
Of thys foure to make a Conjuncceyon.

In fuych wyse performe up thys Stoon,
Scene in the joynynge there be noone outrage
But the fals erryng hath founyd many one;
And brought hem aftar in full greete rerage,
By Expenysys and outragious Costage.
For lak of brayn they wern maad sole wood,
Thyng to begynne whych they not understood.
For he that lyft putte in Experience,
Forboode secrees I hold hym but a ffoole,
Lyke hym that temptyth of wylfull neglygence,
To stonde up ryght on a three foote ftoole,
Or sparyth a stewe, or fyssheth a bareyn poole.
Whan all is doon, he get noon othir grace,
Men wyl skorne hym and mokke his foltishe face.

Itt is no Craffe poore men t'assayle,
It causeth Coffers and Chestys to be bare,
Marryth wytts, and braynes doth affray ;
Yet by wryting this booke doth declare,
And be Resons lyft not for to spare,
Wyth Golden Resouns in taaft moost lykerous,
Thyng per Ignotum prevyd per Ignocius.

Title of this Booke Labor Philosophorum,
Namyd alsoe De Regimine principum,
Of Philosophres Secreta Secretorum,
Trefour compiled omnium Virtutum ;
Rewle direc|ory set up in a som,
As Complexions in helthe and fekenesse,
Dyspose them sylf to mornyng or to gladnesse.

The whych booke dire|et to the Kyng
Alysaundre both in the werre and pees,
Lyke hys request and royall commanding,
Full accomplishec by Aristotiles,
Feble for Age and impotent doub'tles,
Hoole of corage and trew in his entent;
T'obeye his byddyng this booke he to hym fent.
How Aristotle declareth to King Alysaundre of the Stonys.

Owching the Stone of Philosophres Oold,
Of which they make moost Sovereyn moneyon;
But there is oon as Aristotle toold,
Which alle excelleth in Comparison,
Stoon of Stonyss moost Sovereyn of renoun;
Towing the vertue of this rych thyng,
Thus he wrote to the most sovereyn King.

Alysaundre grettest of dignite,
Of al this World Monark and Regent,
And of al Nacyons haft the Sovereynyte;
Echoon to obeye and been obedyent,
And to conclude the syn of our entent,
All worldly Trefure breffly fhet in oon,
Is declaryd in vertue of this Ston.

Thou muft first conceiven in subfstance,
By a maneer uncouth dyvysion;
Watir from Eyr by a diffeverance:
And fyr from Eyr by a departicion,
Echoon preservyd from all Corruptyon:
As Philosophres a forme have speceffyyed,
Which by Reason may not be denyed.

Watir from Eyr departhyd prudenty,
Eyr from Fyr and Fyr from Erthe don,
The Craft conceyved devyded truly,
Withouten Errour or Decepcyon,
Pure every Element in his Complexion:
As it perteyneth pleynly to his parte,
As is remembryd persfyghtly in this Arte.
This *Stone* of Colour is sometyme *Citrynade,*
Lyke the Sonne streymyd in his kynd,
Gold treflyd maketh hertes full glade;
With more Trefour then hath the Kyng of *Inde,*
Of pretyous Stoonys wrought in their kynde-
The Cetryn Colour for the Sonne bryght,
Whyte for the Morne that shyneth all the nyght:

This *Philosophre* brought forth in *Paris,*
Which of this Stoonys wroot fully the nature,
All the Dyvyfion set by grett adcys;
And thereupon did his besy cure,
That the perfeccion long shoule endure,
Lyke the entent of *Aristotles* fonde,
Which none but he cowd well bryng on honde.

For though the mateer opynyly nat toold,
Of this Stoonys what *Phylosophres* mente,
*Aristolles* that was experete and Oold;
And he of *Paris* that forth this present fent,
And in all hys behesfe feythfull true of Entent:
With Circumstances of *Araby Inde & Porce,*
Towching the Stoonys that Clerkys can reherse.

*Hermogenes* hadde hymselfe alloone,
With the fyd *Phelip* that with him was secre,
Knewh the vertue of every prevy Stone;
As they were dispoosyd of Degree,
From him was hyd noon uncouth prevyte.
This *Hermogenes* and he knewh every thing,
Of alle sych vertues as long to a Kyng.
In the name of the holy Trinitie,
I will write of this Worke breiflie;
Leaving matters of circumstance,
And promise the truth to advance:
I will not write Figuratively,
But declare the Matter plainly,
And how things must be made to accord,
By Natures true worke and the helpe of our Lord:
The World is but one inclosed with heavens round,
Though divers matters and formes be therein found:
The Earth this worlds Center borne up by the Aire,
In kinde hath noe more but being baire,
And nearest to not being, Philosophers have told,
In kinde of Complexion is full dry and cold;
And now for my Figure of rotundity,
I will shew how Elements accord and disagree:
And though the Elements be so contrary,
Yett by heavens Influence they are brought to unite,
And when once together a body they binde,
Nought may them loosen without wrecketo the kinde.
First Fire in Nature is hort and dry,
Aire differs from Fire in moisture only:
Earth only for coldnesse from Fire disagrees,
This Concord and discord every man sees:
Aire hot and moist of complexion and kinde,
Water differs from Aire but in heate we finde:
Soe that in moysture we finde them both one;  
Naturall heate in Water we finde none;  
Water cold and moiste of Complexion is,  
Earth differs from Water in drynes I wis:  
Earth agrees with Fire in drynes noe doubtte,  
Thus one in another the Wheele turnes about.  
From this round Circle proceeds a quadrant,  
Each line unto another an equall distant:  
And as the round Figure concludes all in One,  
Soe the Quadrant of foure things makes distinction.  
From this Quadrant a Fire must proceed,  
Which is Animall, Vegitable and Mineral we reede:  
And with the Fire I will begin;  
Pray God I be not too bold therein.  
The whole Composition of this world is fram'd,  
Of the Three things which before I have nam'd:  
Now to make things of Excellencie,  
We must take things neerest Nobilitie;  
And as this great Masse conteines things Three,  
Soe Blood, Flesh and Bone in the leaft World we see;  
Yett leffe World and greate World is all but One;  
Thus still we keepe an Unyon:  
Whatsoever itt is that is alive,  
Without Blood they may not thrive.  
Sperme is Generacion of each thing,  
Of what kinde soever itt bene;  
Blood is Sperme be itt White or Redd,  
For without Blood each thing is dead:  
Blood conteineth the three things I have told,  
And in his Tinature hath Nature of Gold:  
Without Gold noe Mettle may shine bright,  
Without Blood noe Body hath bene fitt of light:  
Thus doth the greate and leffe World still,  
Hold the Union according to Gods will:
Anonyml.

Now of all things Blood Noblest is,
For nothing in the World may it miss,
Blood hath true proportion of the Elements four,
And of the three species I spoke of before:
The Blood must be the principall matter of each thing,
Which hath any manner of increasing:
Mercury in Mettalls is the Blood certaine,
Sperme in Animalls getts the like againe;
Vegetable moisture from heaven so good,
Yett all these three are but Blood:
Then Blood in procreation is neereft of kinde,
This Secret good Brother keepe close in thy mynde:
And uppon that Condition,
Which Blood thou shalt take I will make repetition;
The true Blood of Metalls is hard to have,
And long time of getting it doth crave:
Blood of Vegetables hath moisture great store,
And therefore to have it requireth much labour:
The true Blood to finde without labour and cost,
Thou knowst where to have it ere thy wits be lost.
Seek out the noblest as I said before,
For now of the Matter I dare say noe more.
This Secret was never reveal'd till this time,
By any Mans writings that ere I could finde,
But I which by practice have found it true,
Knew how things caused things to renew:
God grant noe Alchymists meete with my Booke,
For they would have Elixir by hooke or by crooke;
And he would spend what his Freinds wan,
And be as neere at the last as when he began,
And would promise to give men Gold great store,
But beware thou of Expence, as I said before.

CHAP.
NOW after the Matter the Manner compute,
How to bring this our Worke aboute:
First take the Matter crude as itt is,
Which will cost you little or nought I wis:
Searce it foes cleane as it may be,
Untill from filth itt is all free,
Which wilbee done in hours three or foure,
Then will it be cleare from his ill humour:
Then take the Faces which you shall finde,
In the same which the Matter left behind:
Purge him also with the noblest Element,
Untill that he to Earth be brent:
Then have you a stone of wonderfull might,
With small Cost a secret right.
Take ye this stone and use Millers Craft,
Till it be fine powder and made very soft:
Then give him the moisture which from him ye tooke,
Then use him as ye shall finde in this booke.
But give him noe other Drinke but of his owne kinde,
For else you doe not after my mynde.
Let him drinke noe more then will suffice,
Beware of Floods I you advise:
Then search him twice againe as you did before,
And still put uppon his owne liquor:
Thus their first Order to passe is brought,
And your fouleste Worke fully wrought.
NOW the second Manner I will shew plaine,
How you shall worke it with little paine:
When your three fearings be done after my lore,
Then breake the Stone as you did before:
Then must you have one Vessel,
Which must be made like an Eggshell,
Into the which Vessel the Matter you must putt,
Then see that itt be well closed upp:
The Vessells divided in parts three,
Whereof two still voyde must bee:
This Vessel must be set in a kinde heate,
That the Matter may kindly sweate;
The Spiritts must not be oppreft with Fire,
For then thou shalt never have thy desire;
Neither must thy Vessel have cold,
For then itt will spoile as Philosophers have told;
But keepe itt in a temperate heate alwayes,
For the space of fortie dayes:
Then Blackesse will appeare to sight,
That Blackeness thou must bring to be White.
ake out the Glasse at the forty dayes end,
And set that from cold thou doe itt defend;
And set itt in a Furnace with dry fire,
Till itt be White after thy desire,
Which wilbe done in Weekes three,
And dried from his moysture utterly:
Then
Then with the first Water thou first didst imbibe
Againe thou maist seede it att this tyde,
But give itt noe more, nor you doe thinke
May suffice at once for itt to drinke,
This done putrefy as you did before,
Even in the very selfe same maner,
And in the said tyme which it stooke before,
Itt will becom of blacke Colour,

And in the same Order if it congeale White,
Then is your Worke both perfect and right;
Now you must goe lerne the Bakers occupation,
How he Leavens Bread by Fermentacion;
And truly to Ferment take noe plate of Gold,
But parte of that the plates doe hold.
You know that if sol shew not a faire Tincture,
Itt will be had but in little honour,
Then Tincture of Gold is a most noble thing,
With a grace to noble men of our workeing,
For that true proverbe doth well accord,
Base things befit not a noble Lord.
Now have I told you what Ferment is,
To teach you to Ferment I will not misse;
This Chapter is now brought to an end,
And now the third Order to shew I intend.

C H A P. I V.

Of the third Order of this Worke.

RECIPESol that is pure and good,
And see that from him you take his pure blood,
Your Stone you must divide in parts three,
And the fourth of the Ferment must be.

H h h
If you will have for Red, and White too,
To Red after this Order you must doe,
And the White after the same,
Must be ferment with Lune by name,
And the matter equally divyde
One for the Red, the other for the White.
Another like Vefell for the White you must looke,
As before is taught you in this Booke.
When your Ferments to your matters be put,
Then your Vefell close you must shut;
And let it to Putrifye as you did before,
The full tyme as I said of yore:
And use it to every degree,
As in the next Chapter before you may see.
But looke that you knowe your two Ferments affunder,
Or elce of your folly itt were great wonder:
And when from his Blaeknesse you have brought itt
Then have you Elixir of wonderfull might: White,
Your Red to his perfection is not fully brought,
But your White is perfectly wrought.
Your Red with most strong heate must be fedd
In a close Furnace untill itt be Redd:
When itt is Redd and will melt like waxe,
Then of all that should be nothing laxe.
Now have you a Stone of wonderfull might,
Which will take Mercury before his flight,
And command him to stay, and cause him to bring
All Mettalls unto him, and call him their Kinge,
And make such obedience without Digression,
That of him they shall all take Impression;
Now have you a Stone of wonderfull power,
Which conteineth the three Species and the Elements
Fire in Colour, Water by Effusion,
Earth to light without delusion,
Aire is in Water all men doe knowe,
And thus the foure Elements accordeth nowe:
As for the three Species I will shewe,
How in your stone you may them knowe:
Tincture for Blood pertaineth to the Animall,
Moyftere the Vegetable part possesse shal;
All Earth is Minerall without any doubt,
Thus keepe we in one Circle and never goe out.
Now have I my figure perfectly wrought,
Yet of the Center I have said right nought.
A Center is a pricke of whatsoever itt be,
Without any manner of divisibilitie;
And made as Nature doth well provide,
So as no Accident may itt divide:
Only by hand but in the Quantitie,
But by noe Element seperate the Qualitie;
If in great Fire you sett it downe,
A true Salamander itt wilbe found;
If in the Water thou throwe I wis,
It will live there as doth a Fish;
If in the Aire you cast it up hye,
There will it live, and never dye:
If in the Earth thou bury itt fast,
Then will it remaine there, and ever laft.
Thus can no Element divide without doubt,
The Center which our Wheele turnes about:
Now how to Multiply your Medicine I trow,
Would doe you much good for to knowe;
For unless ye know howe to Multiply,
Your Medicine will be spent quickly:
Then would itt put thy minde to much paine,
To thinke that thou must make itt againe:
Therefore the next Chapter shall teach thee right,
To Multiply this stone of wonderfull might.
NOW in this Chapter I meane to shewe,
How to Multiply that thou may knowe:
If Iron to the Load-stone be not put certeinly,
Itt will decreace wonderfully;
The Species of all things both more and lesse each one,
Are mainteyned by reason of Multiplication;
Then if they be not Multiplyed they decay,
But Multiplication makes them be all away.
All things after Conception receive naturall Food,
To mainteine their kind as Nature seeth good:
Soo likewise our Stone must needs Multiply,
Or elce the Species of that Stone will dye:
As the thing multiplied takes best likeing.
Fire which burneth perpetually,
If Matter want Fire will dye;
But for to feed our Stone rightly,
The way I will shewe presently.
Take your Glasse and Medicine withall,
And in a warme Fire sett itt you shal; And when itt begins to liquefy,
Put common Mercury to itt by and by;
And itt wilbe devoured anon
By vertue of heate that is in our Stone,
And as much as you putt in quantitie,
Soo much doth your Medicine augment truly:
Yett you must have reason not for to cloye,
With overmuch cooling, kind heate thereof:
And as of a Dragme you will make a Pounde,
You may well do it, if you keep round;
And when it is Multiplied sufficiently,
Then from the Fire set it by.
A man in this Land once I knewe,
That marred that he made, and so may yowe;
Except ye doe as I have taught,
And then neede you to feare nought.
Another I knewe which wanted good direction,
And at once spent all at one project.
These knew not howe itt should be multiplyed,
Which things I have taught you at this tyde;
But see that the Mercury wherewith ye Multiply,
Be made soe cleane as itt may be.

Now to make him extend his perfection,
It is needfull to know how to make project:
Whereof in the next Chapter I will treat,
For of Multiplication I will noe more speake.

Chap. VI.
Of Projection.

Now lacke we but onely this Lesson to take,
Perfectly project for to make:
Take one parte of the Medicine, and of $\frac{1}{2}$ or Tinn,
But see that you make them exceeding cleane;
And when your Mettrall doth Liquefy,
Then cast in your parte of Medicine quickly.
Then will it be brought to such a passe,
That all will be as brittle a glasse;
Take the brittle substance as it is,
And upon an (100.) to take do not misse:
That 100. upon 1000. soe still increase you may,
And project noe more when your Tincture doth decay.
This projection is sure without any doubt,
Thus is our Wheele turned round about.
In what Vessell to project I need not to tell,
For a Master of his Arte knoweth it very well;
To project on Metalls nowe you knowe,
And to project on mans body nowe will I shewe.
First the Body must be purged well,
And by sweating and bathing be made suttell.
And when you are cleane according to your minde,
Take a drage of your Medicine with the Quintessence of
Such a suddeine alteration itt will shewe, (Wine,
As you need not to feare Corruption noe moe:
Nowe of his Vertues I need not to declare,
They are fully shewne by others else-where.
Now to the holy Trinitie I thee commend,
Thanking him my Worke is at an end:
Chargeing thee this Secret from bad men to keepe,
Though with greate Importance of thee they itt seeke;
And beware itt goe not from thy hand,
Except to a perfect honest man.
By Bookes the true Worke I could never finde,
Therefore left I this Booke behinde,
That to whose share soever itt might fall,
By itt they might know our Secretts all.
God grant noe Multiplier meete with my Booke,
Nor noe sinifter Clerkes thereon to looke;
Then will they pay their debts surlily,
And build Churches, and Steeples very hye;
Keepe itt from these folkes I thee pray,
As thou wilt answere before God att last day:
For whatsoever hath bin said to our worke doth accord,
Therefore give honour, prayse, and thankes to our Lord;
Holy and Reverend be his Name,
Which to me vile Synner hath revealed the same.
THE HERMET'S TALE.

In Pilgrimage one onely thing I found
Of worth in Lemnes nere to Vulcan's shopp,
A Christall fountaine running under ground,
Between a Vally and a Mounteines topp.
Pleas'd with this sight, I bid a Hermite tell
The story of the place, who there did dwell.

Within this Vale a hallowe dusky Cave
There is (quoth he) of greate Antiquity,
Where plumes of Mars blew greene and red you have:
Torne from his crest for his Iniquity.
The Troope of Smiths, as he for Venus lay,
Surpris'd and tooke him, yett he gett away.

For as the Cyclops him in tryumph brought,
To halting Vulcan to receive his doome,
They lifted up his beaver, and found nought
But vacant place and Armour in the roome.
Of th'armour then they thought they had good prize,
But working it they found itt scyndarize.

The Smiths amaz'd finding themselves deluded,
Satt all in Counsaile in their Masters Denne,
Deliberating well, at length concluded,
There is no equall War twixt Godds and men,
Lett's finde the Angry God and pardon crave,
Lett's give him Venus our poore selves to save.

They
They fought in Heaven Mars knew his fact so bad,
He came out there, then one began to tell,
Saturn turn'd from his Throne, a Place had
Not far from thence, hard by this Christall Well.
Thither they wen, and found two Gods alone,
Sitting within a dark, but glittering throne.

Downe fell old Vulcan on his crooked knee,
And said forgive, O mighty God of Warr,
My servants and my selfe (once God as yee)
Then use thy will with Venus my faire starr.
Saturne (quoth Mars) and I must not yet part,
Though she for whom th'art pard'ned hath my heart.

With this the Cuckold with his sweaty Troope
Went to his Forge and seem'd to make a legg,
Att every steppe, where halting made him stoope,
In thankes to Mars, granting what he did begg;
In whose remembrance you shall ever have
Syndars, and setters in that hollow Cave.

But lett me tell you all that then befell,
Iove seeing this, meaning the Smith to right,
Sent downe a winged God, he trusted well,
Disguis'd in habitt of a shineing light,
Which to the Vally from the Hill's high topp,
Affrighted all the smiths in Vulcan's shopp.

A voyce was heard from Ioves Embassadour,
To summon Mars t'appeare before the Gods:
With Saturne forth came Venus Paramour:
Thinkeing with might to gett of right the odds:
Downward came he 9. myles, they upward fower,
All mett in mist, he fledd, they nere went lower.
Vulcan came hobling up to see what's done,
He findes nor light, nor Gods, but other shape;
To witnesse of this fact he calls the Sonne,
Who streght cryes Murther, and made haft to scape:
Some dyeing Soule groan'd forth, Apollo stay,
Helpe wise Apollo ere thou goest away.

With this Apollo lookeing round about,
Espies this fountaine knowes the voice was here,
And boweing downe to finde the party out,
Himselfe unto himselfe doth streght appeare.
There gaz'd he till a sturdy showre of rayne
Tooke wise Apollo from himselfe againe.

Farewell Apollo then Apollo sayd,
To morrow when this storme is fully past,
Ile turne and bring some comfortable ayd,
By which Ile free thee ere the latter cast.
Then did itt cry as if the voyce were spent,
Come sweete Apollo, soe itt downwards went.

Vulcan went to his Forge, the Sonne to bed,
But both were up betimes to meete againe;
Next morne after the storme a pale soule dead
Was found att bottome of this faire Fountaine.
Smith (sait Apollo) helpe to lade this spring,
That I may raise to life yonder dead thing.

Then Vulcan held Apollo by the heele,
While he lades out the Waters of the Well;
Boweing and straining made Apollo feele
Blood from his nose, that in the fountaine fell.
Vulcan (quoth he) this Accident of blood
Is that or nought must doe this Creature good.
He spake the word, and **Vulcan sawe itt done,**
Looke *Sol* (saide he) I see itt changeth hue,
Fewe Gods have vertue like to thee ó **Sonne,**
From pale itt is become a ruddy blue;

**Vulcan** (quoth **Phæbus**) take itt to thy forge,
Warne it, rubb it, lett itt caffe the Gorge.

Thus **Vulcan** did, itt spued the Waters out,
And then itt spake and cry'de itt was a cold;
Then **Vulcan** stuft and cloath'd it round about,
And made the **Stone** as hott as ere itt would.
Thus fourteene dayes itt sickly did indure,
**The Sonne** came every day to se the cure.

As itt grewe well the Colours went and came,
Blew, Blacke, White, Redd, as by the warmth & heate,
The humours moved were within the same,
Then **Phæbus** bid him put it in a sweate;
Which **Vulcan** plyde foe well, it grueall Red,
Then was itt found, and cald for drinke and bread.

Stay (quoth **Apollo**) though itt call for meate,
Disgestion yett is weake, 'twill breede relapse,
By surfett, therefore ere you lett itt eate,
Some little exercise were good perhapps,
Yett had itt broath allowde the strength to keepe,
But when 'twas on his leggs it would scarce creepe.

**Sol** sawe some reliques left of th'ould disease,
A solutine (quoth he) were good to clenfe,
With which the sickness he did so appease,
Health made the Patyent seeke to make amense;
Who went away three weekes, then brought a **Stone,**
That in projection yeelded ten for one.
The Hermit's Tale.

This did he lay downe att Apollo's feet,
And said by cureing one th'haft saved three:
Which three in this one present joyntly meete,
Offering themselves which are thine owne to thee.

Be our Phyfitian, and as we growe old,
We'll bring enough to make new worlds of Gold.

With that this Hermite tooke me by the hand.
And ledd me to his Cell; Loe here (quoth he)
Couldst thou but stay, and truly understand
What thou now seest, thou knowst this Mystery.

I stayd, I saw, I tryde, and understood,
A Heav'n on Earth, an everlasting good.
A DESCRIPTION
of the STONE.

Though Daphne fly from Phæbus bright,
Yet shall they both be one,
And if you understand this right,
You have our hidden Stone.
For Daphne she is faire and white:
But Volatile is she,
Phæbus a fixed God of might,
And red as blood is he.
Daphne is a Water Nymph,
And hath of Moysture store,
Which Phæbus doth consume with heate,
And dryes her very sore.
They being dryed into one,
Of christall flood must drinke,
Till they be brought to a white Stone:
Which wash with Virgins milke,
So longe untill they flow as wax,
And no fume you can see,
Then have you all you neede to aske,
Praise God and thankfull be.
The standing of the Glass for the tyme of the Putrifaction, & Congelation of the Medicine.

The Glass with the Medicine must stand in the fyre Forty dayes till it be Blacke in sight; (defire, Forty dayes in the Blacknesse to stand he will And then forty dayes more, till itt be White, And thirty in the drying if thou list to doe right; And then is the Sulphur perfectly Calcinate, To drinke up his moysture for him, being preparate.

In this tyme the Glass neither open nor shutt, But still let him stand all the aforesaid dayes, Not once from the Furnace that ye take him upp: For by Cooling the Matter the Medicine decayes, Therefore you must Fire continue alwayes, In one measure and temperatenes of heate, Untill all be White, and the Sulphur compleate.

This heate sufficeth for this principle one, Which is the cheife ground of our Secretts all, Without which Knowledg thou must not make the Stone, If thou labour thy lyfe tyme, not prosper thou shall, Therefore merry beware thou doe not fall.
But first truly learne, before thou beginne, And so to true workeing thou shalt the better wynne.
Follow this Booke, and wander not aside
Out of the way, to the left hand, nor the right,
But stay between both directly you guide
Thy Worke, as I to thee do write,
For in this Booke I will thee plainly excite,
How thou shalt make the Philosophers Lead,
That is *Elixir* to the White and the Redd.

And then the *Golden Oyle* called *Aurum potabile*,
A Medicine most marvelous to preserve Mans health,
And of Transmutation the greatest that can bee,
For in the same Oyle is nothing but wealth;
Then glorious he is in the power of himselfe:
For noesicknesse can stand where he is in place,
Nor povertie dwell in the pleasures of his Face.
Ænigma Philosophicum.

There is no light, but what lives in the Sunne;
   There is no Sunne, but which is twice begott;
   Nature and Arte the Parents first begonne:
By Nature 'twas, but Nature perfects not.
   Arte then what Nature left in hand doth take,
   And out of One a Twofold worke doth make.

A Twofold worke doth make, but such a worke
   As doth admitt Division none at all
(See here wherein the Secret most doth lurke)
   Unless it be a Mathematicall.
   It must be Two, yet make it One and One,
   And you do take the way to make it None.

Lo here the Primar Secret of this Arte,
   Contemne it not but understand it right,
Who faileth to attaine this formost part,
   Shall never know Artes force nor Natures might.
   Nor yet have power of One and One so mixt,
To make by One fixt, One unfixed fixt.

D. D. W. Bedman.
FRAGMENTS
Copied
From Thomas Charnock's owne hand writing.

Hen an hundreth & fourscore had run their
Then sone after in short time & space, (race
Blacknes began to shew his Face, (in fyght
But when a C. and L. had overcumde hym
He made him wash his Face white & bright
Which unto me was a joyfull fyght.
Yet xx. at last came in with greate boft,
And made both Black and White to fly the Coft.

Written by T. Charnock at the end of Scotus de Bufone.

Here in Gods name take thy rest,
Quietly in thy warme nest,
For so Charnocke thinks it best,
Tyll the Sune hathe runne West,
Seaven tymes 600. and 16. just,
Then this Chyld awake thou must.

Written
Fragments.

Written at the end of R I P L Y E'S Cantalena.

A Bowte 653. I dare be bold,
This Child shall put on a Crowne of Gold;
Or at 656. at the moste,
This Child shall rule the roste.

Other Fragments scattered in the wast places of an Old Manuscript, written with T. Charnock's own Hand.

WE worke this Worke of wonder,
By Wayght, Measure and Number.
Quoth THOMAS CHARNOCK.

WWhen he is full Black then take some payne,
To wash him 7 tymes in the water of Jourdayne.

CHARNOCK.

FRo the tyme that he be Black and Ded,
Wash him 7 tymes, or he be perfect Red.

And when he is full Black then take some payne,
To wash hym 7 tymes in the water of Jourdayne.

And when you see hym perfect Redd,
Then take a stone and knock him on the hedd.

Id est.

And when this Woman is brought a bed,
Take the Child and knock hym on the hedd.

CHARNOCKE, 1573.
Perfect Whyte will not be accomplished, Untill it hath byne twelve tymes circulated, id est. Six tymes Black, and vi. tymes Whyte.

Between true Black, and true Whyte; Wyll appeare many Collers to sight.

Between Purgatory and Paradise, The Raigne-bows Collers will arise.

Between Black and Whyte fastayne, The Pekokes fethers wyll appeare plain.

Look you conceive my words aright, And marke well this which I have sede; For Black is Ferment unto the Whyte, And Whyte shalbe Ferment unto the Rede: Which I never saw till I had whyte heres upon my head.

T.C. 1574. The 50 yeare of my age.
In some Coppies I have found these Verses placed before Pearce the Black Monk, upon the E L I X I R.

AN and Woman God hath wrought, And full mykle fruite forth they brought, So multiplyeth the workes of our heaven And yet come they but of one thing. (King Now quod Martin what may that be? The fliethe of the Yearth so fay we: Yearth it was, some Men would fay nay, And yet was it nether cleane yearth fand ne clay, But the feces of yearth it was of Colour grey, Which then turned to yearth as it on yearth lay. The Water turned to blude to make man stronge, The Ayre and Fire was medled theare amonc. How be Ayre and Fire quod Martin? Through the workes of our Lord quod Martin. For the brightnes of the holy Ghost is the Aire, And the lightnes that gafe lyfe is Fyre. Wheare haft thow goe too Scolle to leanne all this? For that thou fayeft is right true I wifle; And I suppose it in thie thought, That with iii. Spirits it muft be wrought. Nay your Spirits are too wilde quoth Martin againe, Therefore I will not medle with them certaine: I wil have a Spirit made by kinde naturally, That will abide with every body kindly; Such a Spirit could I macke quod Martin, And yet men would hold yt but in veyne.
Fragments.

And yet of all workes it is the best,
Left of Cost and most surest:
For if it should faile then were we done all,
And therefore for the most parfiteft worke we it call;
It is so rich when it is wrought,
Though all the world were turned to nought:
As mennye rich bodyes agayn make would he,
As ever were or ever should be.

Take Earth of Earth, Earths Brother, &c.

I have seene an old Copy of the said work
of Pearce the Black Monk, to the end
of which these following verses were joyned.

NOW of this Matter derke and nothing clere,
An Exposition I doe make here;
Wherein I charge you secre to be,
That frend ne foe doe yt se;
Erth hyd within the bodies center is most fine,
Water of Wood Essell of Wine,
For by the moyster of the Grape,
This centrall Earth who can it take;
It and Sercion do our Maiftry make,
For it shall become Mercuriall,
And after that Essentiall.
But now beware that you not faile,
For then you loofe your greate travaile,
When you have drawne owte of the Gum,
All the Mercury that wyll come,
Understand that Lycowres three.
In that Mercury conteyned be;

The
Fragments.

The first is the Water of lyfe Ardent,
By Bath departed that is most lent;
It burneth as Aquavite by live,
And is called our Mercury attractive,
Wherewith is made Earth Christalline,
Out of all Colours Metallyne:
I spake no more thereof as yet,
For in this worke we neede not it.
Then runneth a Water after thilke,
Little in quantity white as mylke;
Which ys sperme or nature of our Stone,
That is earnestly sought of many one:
For of Man, Beste, and every thyng,
Sperme is there begynyng,
Therefore we our Mercury do it call.
Which ys found here and there and over all,
For wythout yt ys nothyng lyvyng,
Wherefore yt ys in every thyng:
As well in thyngs most precioufe,
As in thyngs most vyle and odious;
Of yt they have there first nature,
Thys moyster to you as now is clere,
Thys ys the Mercury that we call
Vegetable, Minerall and Animall:
Our Quicksilver and our lac virginis,
Our Water permanent forsooth yt ys;
Wyth thys Water Mercuriall,
We wash the fylth Originall
Of our Erth tyll yt be whyte,
Lyke a Gumm that floweth lyte,
By dry fyre after that schale cume
Oyle wherewyth we make red Gumm:
Wych ys our Tincture and our Sulfur vive,
The soule of Saturne the Golde of life.
Fragments.

Our Tincture and our airy Gould,
Wych before was never so plainely tould;
God graunt that I do no displeasure
To hym in fullfyllng your desire.

Now Elements be divided every one,
Wyth thys Oyle make red your Stone;
Owre Gumms two then have schall ye,
Wythout the wych no Elixir may be.
They go the Body and the Spirits betwixt,
Wythowte the wych our Ston cannot be fixt,
And makyth of hym in a lytle space,
Two Elixirs by Gods Grace:
Whereby are trewly alterate,
All Metalline Bodies into a better state,
Wyth Sol and Luna equall to be,
To helpe us in our necessitie.
Now thanked be God most gracious,
Wych hath this Secret lent to us,
Hys grace therewith to us he leave,
To our Soules helth us for to meve.
This following Fragment in some copies I have found placed at the end of the foregoing Exposition of Pearce the Black Monke. In others, immediately before—With His and with Hac, &c. and bearing this Tytle,

A CONCLUSION.

Take Wynde and Water, white and greene,
And thereof draw a lac Virgine;
Where some it call a water cleere,
The which water hath no Peere;
And then make your Fier stronger,
When the white fume doth appeare;
Chaunge your Receiver and continue longer:
And then shall you see come a Fire,
Red as blood and full of Yre.

Quod dicitur menstruum fatens, & sol philosophorum,
In quo fit nostra dissolutio, & congelatio.
Sublimatio, attracitio, & etiam fixatio,
Et Sulphuris nostri, sine solis creatio.
With hic and with hæc thus may ye do,
As Husband and Wife togeather them wed,
Put them in a chamber both two,
And shet fast the dore when they be a bed.
The woman is both wanton and wilde,
With her husband she cannot rest,
Till she have conceived a Child;
Of all his kin he shall be best.
He is a Childe of the Elements
Both by Father and by Mother,
None so worthy in presence,
Not perfect Sol his owne Brother.
Sol and Luna owe unto him obedience,
And all that him needes they to him bring,
Saturne doth to him obesance,
Howbeit he is next of his kinne:
There is neither Emperour or Kinge,
But of his presence they would be glad,
If he from them were one yeare wanting;
In their hearts they would be full sad.
In riches he exceedeth all other,
The Elements in him are so even,
Luna is his Sister, and Sol is his Brother,
His Father dwelleth among the planets seaven.
Nulla virtus mineralibus where shall we him seeke,
Sit tibi principium principale Councell we must it keepe;
Reperitur ubiq, localis by way in every streete.
Fragments.

An other Conclusion.

First Calcine and after Putrefie,
Dissolve, distill, sublime, descend and fix
With Aquavite oftymes wash and dry;
And make a marriage of Body & Soul the Spirit betwixt.
Which thus together naturally if ye cannot mix,
Then shall the Body utterly dye in the fix.
Bleeding and changing Colours as ye shall see,
In bus and nubi he shall uprise and descend;
First up to the Moone and after up to the Sun,
Onely shipped within a little glasen Tunne.
When he commeth thether, then is all the Maiftry wonne,
About which Journey great goods ye shall not spend,
And ye shall be Glad that ever it was begun;
Patiently if ye lift, to your worke to attend.
Who so shall our Pearle and our Ruby make,
Our Principle let him not forfake.
For at the beginning if his Principle be trew,
And that he can by craft so him bake;
Trewly at the end his Worke shall him not rew.
The whole Scyence.

There is a body of a Body,
And a Soule and a Spryte,
Wyth two Bodyes must be knete.

There ben two Erthys as I the telle,
And two Waters wyth hem do dwelle;
The ton ys Whyte the tother is Red,
To quick the Bodies that ben ded.

And oon Fyre in Nature y hydd,
And oon Ayre with hem that doth the dede,
And all hyt commeth out of onn kynde,
Marke thyss well Man and beare yt yn mynde.

Ake Mercury from Mercury which is his wyfe,
For Mercury wife to Mercury maketh greate ftryfe:
But Mercuryws wyfes Wyfe,
To Mercury maketh no ftryfe.

AND thou wed Mercury to Mercury with her wyfe,
Then shall Mercury and Mercury be merry with-
(outen ftryfe:
For Mercuries Wyfe to Mercury maketh greate ftryfe,
But Mercuries wyfe's wyfe to Mercury maketh no ftryfe.

A
A Ridle to you I will propose,
Of a Comon thing which most men knowes,
Which now in the Earth very reefe doth grow,
But is of small Price as all men know,
And that without roote, stalte or seede,
Wherewith of his kinde another to breede:
Yet of that nature, that it cannot cease,
If you plant it by pceces it selfe to increase,
Right heavy by kinde, yet forced to fly,
Starke nought in the purse, yet good in the Eye,
This something is nothing which seemeth full strange,
Having tafted the fire which maketh the change:
And hath many Colours yet sheweth but one,
This is the materiall of our STONE.

I Asked Philofophy how I should
Have of her the thing I would,
She answered me when I was able,
To make the Water malliable,
Or else the way if I could finde,
To mefure out a yard of Winde:
Then shalt thou have thyne owne desire,
When thou canft weigh an ounce of Fire:
Unlesse that thou canft doe these three,
Content thy selfe, thou get’st not me.
Fragments.

Let the old man drink wine till he pisse.
The meanes to the blest stone is:
And in that monstrous water drowne,
The radiant brightness of the Moone,
Then cast the Sun into her lapp,
That both may perish at a clapp.
Soe shall you have your full desire,
When you revive them both by Fire.

If ye wolde to hys Medycyn applye,
Make furst hevy, hard, hotte and drye:
Neshe, lyght, cold and were,
Put ham togather and make ham mete,
Thus may ye spend mor thann the King,
Yf ye have connyng of suche a thynge.

If thou the Fixid can dissolve,
And that Dissolv'd doest cause to fly,
That Flying then to Fixing bring,
Then maist thou live most happily.

R. B.
ANNOTATIONS
AND
DISCOURSES,
UPON
Some part of the preceding VVorke.

Pag. 6. lin. 1. To the honours of God—

From the first word of this Proeme, and the Initial letters of the six following Chapters (discovered by Acromonofyllabiques and Sillabique Acrostiques) we may collect the Author's Name and place of Residence: For those letters, (together with the first line of the Seventh Chapter) speak thus,

Tomas Morton of Erleto;
A parke Master ye may him trowe.

Such like Fancies were the results of the wisdom and humility of the Ancient Philosophers, (who when they intended not an absolute concealment of Persons, Names, Mysteries, &c.) were wont to hide them by Transpositions, Acrostiques, Isogrammatiques, Symphoniques, and the like, (which the searching Sons of Arte might possibly unriddle, but) with designe to continue them to others, as concealed things; And that upon the Question no other Answer should be returned, then the like of the (a) Angelis to Manoah. [His name was Peli, to wit, admirable and secret.]

In imitation of whom, it is probable our Author (not so much affecting the vanity of a Name as to assist the lovers of Wisdom) thus modestly and ingenuously unveils himselfe; Although to the generality of the world he meant to passe unknowne, as appears by his owne words:

(a) Judg. 13. 18.
(b) Nort. Ordinall. pag. 6.
(c) De Illusfr. Angl. Script. pag. 666.
Science, as they are pleas'd to term it, (and a better opinion I find not they
had even of the Hermetic learning it selfe.) Indeed, every one that is educa-
ted a Scholler, is not borne to affe& to be happy in every Art, some love one,
some another, but few All. And this ariseth from the various Influences of
the Stars, which beget sundry Inclinations and Affections in Men, according
to the different Constitutions and Temperatures of their Bodies; so that com-
monly what either a man does not affe& or know, he desirous or condemnes,
yet seldom with any shew of Reason. But it is no good Conclusion for Blinde
men to affume the Sun has no light, because they were never so happy as to see
it. For though thy selfe (faith Conwarth) art ignorant of a Master, its not de-
nied to others to know the same. However, our Author was so happy as to
become a Master of this Science very early: which he learned in (c) forty dayes,
and when he was

(f) Scantily of the age of twenty eight yeares,
He earnestly moved his Master (who is generally thought to be Ripley) to
communicate the Red Medicine to him, which after some tyme (finding him
capable of it) he accordingly did.

Much more might be said in Honour of this Author, but I refer the Reader to
the Ordinall it selfe, which will abundantly satisifie.

Besides this worke (which is called both by Pitts and Bale, Epitomen Alchy-
mia, but by himselfe

(g) Named of Alkimy the Ordinall,
The Crede mihi, the Standard perpetuall)
He wrote another Booke De transmutatione Metallorum: and to these
(h) Pitts adds a third De Lapide Philosphico.
In the time of Hen 8. there flourished Nyne Brothers of the family of the
Nortons and all Knibges, one of them (viz.) Sir Sampson Norton, Master of
the Ordinance to the Said King (an Office of great Honour, and not unually con-
fer'd but upon Men very eminent) lyes buried in (i) Fulham Church nere Lon-
don, whose Tombe was adorned with several Hermeticke, Hieroglyphicall pain-
tings, which have lately perished by the Ignorant scale of those that understood
them not.

The Epitaph this.
Of poyor cheirete pray for the Soule of Sir Sampson Norton
Knight, late Master of the Ordinance of warre, with King
Henry the 8th and for the Soule of Dame Elizaboth his woifpit.
Which Sir Sampson deceased the eygth day of February
one thousand five hundred and seventeen.

Pag. 11.7 That no Man, for better re for worse,
Chunche my writing for drede of God obscure.
Doubtles Norton was truly sensible of the high injuries done to learned men
through the Errouious Transcriptions of their Booke, and had shared in the
unimaginable misfortune which thereby befell the then students in Philosophy,
for he lived in those tyme that could not afford him the use of any other
Booke
Bookes save onely Manuscripts (Prining having not serv'd an Apprenti'ship to it) The first Prin-
England (k) when he wrot'this Oridinall & in that regard he lays this weighty tinge Press was
charge upon unfaithfull Scribes who negligently or wilfully alter their Copy, set up in West-
whereby the wariest Students are encombr'd with doubts, and misl'd, or plung'd min. Abbey by
into unhappy Errors.

How ordinary a fault this was amongst the Transcribers of former times An. 1471 and
may appeare by Chaucer, who (I am confident) tooke as grea't care as any man
William Caxton

But as in other Artes and Sciences the fault is scarce pardonable, so chiefly in Hermetique learning, where the Injury may prove irreparable.

And changing of some one Distall,
May make this Booke unprofitable.

Pag.33.113. If I should write I shuld my seallty break
Therefore Mouth to Mouth I must needs speake.

His is part of the Letter which Norton's Master wrote when he invited him to come and receive the Secret by word of Mouth, for without breach of
his Oath he durst not commit it to writing, left he might cast the Children's Bread to Dogs.

In like manner Aristotle refused to communicate to Alexander by Letter, things apperteyning to this Mystery, untill a personal meeting might allow him to do it viva voce: for thus writes Lydgate out of Aristotelles Secreta Secretorum.

There be Secrets of Materis hid and lowe,
By in Nature conceynd and secrete,
Which Alyfandre desired so to knowe;
By Aristotle a certyn prventce,
That spezied coizes in hym spill kept he,
Which was delayed of grete providence,
Till he hym spill came to his presence.

And this was for fear his Writings should come to the view of such whose Eyes were not worthy the perusal of so sublime Secrets, and thereby suffer under the
contempt of the prophane Vulgar, or by wicked men be abused to wicked uses.

(For a Secret discovered will not fail of doing Injury to one party or an other) which (if by his means it should happen) might render him Criminal before
God, and a presumptuous violator of the Celestial Scales.

However the ancient Philosophers have used Writings, and they as well obstre as obvious, whereby the Ignorant might be more Ignorant, but the Wise
understand and profit, the one be deceived, the other abused: And like Aristotle who (publishing his Acrromatical Discipline and) being therefore taxed by Alex-
ander (because he alone had learned them of him) answer'd Se scripsisse, 

Note:
non scriptisse, eudisse quidem sed legemtibus non intelligebimus. They have taken
much paines by *Enigmatical* and *Parabolical* discoveries (according to their
affected Ideoms) to point out the Philosophers Mercury, and (with an univocall
consent) affersed the wonderous operations of an Agent and Patient united
but we must not looke for the Name of that in plaine words which hitherto never,
any man durft name: For that they have lockt up in sincerio pectoris, and pur-
pofely deprifed of light.

Their chiefet study was to wrap up their Secrets in Fables, and spin out
their Fancies in Veiles and shadows, whose Radii seems to extend every way,
yet so that they all meece in a Common Center, and point onely at One thing.

And thus ye wote that every Evangelist,
That to lett us the pains of Jesu Christ.
He saith not at thing as his fellow dothe,
But may the letter her Sentence is all lock.
And all accorden in her Sentence,
All bee therein her telling difference.
For some of hem taine more and some telle,
When the his piteous passion expresse.
I meane of Marke Matthew Luke and John,
But doubtles her Sentence is all one.

And to this effect is that of Count Trevifan. (p) He that well understands the
Philosophers shall finde they agree in all things, but such as are not the Sonns of
Art will think they clash most fouly.

Here has ever beenea continued Succession of Philosophers in all Ages, al-
though the headlesse world hath seldome taken notice of them; For the
Auncients usally (before they dyed) Adopted one or other for their Sonns,
whom they knew well fitted with tuch like qualities, as are sett downe in the
letter that Norton's Master wrote to him when he sent to make him his Heire
unto this Science. And otherwise then for pure verses fake, let no man ex-
pect to attaine it, or as in the case of Tonfile.

Rewards nor Terrors (be they never so Municicents or Dreadfull) can wrest
this secret out of the bosome of a Philosoph: among* others, wittneffe (r) Thomas
Dalton.

Now under what Tyes and Ingagements this Secret is usually delivered,
(when bestowed by word of mouth) may appeare in the weighty Obligations
of that Oath which Charnock tooke before he obtained it, for thus spake his
Master to him:
And this Oath he charged him to keep faithfully and without violation.

And if it so fell out, that they met not with any, whom they conceived in all respects worthy of their adoption, they then resigned it into the hands of God, who best knew where to bestow it. However, they seldom left the world before they left some written legacy behind them, which (being the issue of their braine) stood in room and place of children, and becomes to us both parent and schoolmaster, throughout which they were so universally kind, as to call all students by the dear and affectionate title of sons (Hermes giving the first president) wishing all were such, that take the pains to tread their fathers steppes, and industriously follow the rules and dictates they made over to posterity, and wherein they faithfully discovered the whole mystery.

In these legitimate children they lived longer than in their adopted sons, for though these certainly perished in an age, yet their writings (as if when they dyed their souls had been transmigrated into them) seemed as immortal, enough at least to perpetuate their memories, till time should be no more. And to be the father of such sons, is (in my opinion) a most noble happiness.

Let clowns be heirs, and wealth; when I am gone,
And the great bugbear grisly death
Shall snatch this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.
by that notable Work of his in building Saint Mary of Radcliff without the
Walls of Bristol, into which Church there is a Stately ascent upon many
Stairs, so large withal, so finely and curiously wrought, with an arched
Roof over head of stone, artificially Imbowed, a Steeple also of an exceeding
height, that all the parish Churches in England which hitherto I have seen
(faith judicious (a) Camden) in my judgement it surpasseth many degrees.

The said William Cummings also (b) instituted, (Isaacson faith very much (c)
augmented) the Colledge of Wetburie neere Bristol (not long before (d) foun-
ded by John Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester) and in his old age tooke upon
him the Sacerdotall function and became Deane thereof.

Page 38, li. 4. And Devisat Teuxbury lost hit head

Within two days after the (e) Victory which Edw, the foureth obteyned
over Queene Margaret and Prince Edw (the Wife and Son of Henry the
sixt) at Teuxbury; This (f) Devis (the Sonne of Sir John Delvis then Saine)
was beheaded: notwithstanding a Pardon granted unto him and others by the
King at the earnest solicitation of a Prief with whom his entrance into a
Church, whither Hec and many more were fled for Sanctuary, till the said
Pardon was obteyned. A just punishment for betraying so honest a Philo-
ospher as Dalton into the hands of so imminent danger, as the Story at the latter
end of the second Chapter mentions.

Page 39, li. 1. Tonisie was a Labourer in the Fire.

The great Letter T. set in pa. 6, wherein the Gryphon is cut, should have been
placed the first Letter of the Line: But this mistake was commited in my
absence from the Prifle, for which the Printer beggs pardon, as also the En-
graver, for giving the Gryphonshinder Feste, those elven ones of a Hogg, instead
of the ungued paws of a Lyon.

What was contained within the lower compasse of the said T. which in
the Original Manuscript was like a Capitall Secretary T. seemes (in my judg-
ment) a Coate of Arms, for although it was not drawne in the forme of a
shield or Scobeon, yet within the compasse of the Letter (which I take to be
the field) was Azure, a Gryphon Rampant, with Wings displayed, Argent. But
to what Family it belongs I cannot yet learne.

Page 52, li. 1. Brist whole Surname when the change of Coyne was had.

This alteration of our English Coyne was in the (g) 3th. of Edward the 4th.
the value of Money at one rife was never so great before or since; for he
made of an (h) old Noble of Gold a Ryal, and from the value of 6 s. 8 d. with
Surv. 46. adding 8 d. in alay raised it to 10 s. (and so other Coynes in like proportion)
yet that Noble was by H. 4. made 4 d. in value leffe then the Rose Noble
But the chiefest Writings among Sciences all.
For the help of this Tree, is Magick naturally.

Idiiciall Astrologie is the Key of Naturall Magick, and Naturall Magick the Doore that leads to this Blessed Stone.

Howbeit, the Ignorance and Malice of some times, and the common Custome of ours has most falsely and abusively called Necromancy (and what other Arts are raised from the Doctrine of Divels,) Magick, without affording that just and due distinction which ought to be made betweene them; and what greater Injury to learning then without Distinction to confound Laudable knowledge, with what is Impious and Devilish? For, if there be any thing in (what we call) Magick, other then a searching into those hidden virtues which God has pleased to bestow upon created things (though closely lockt up by the generall Curse) whereby we may apply and naturally apply Agents to Patients, I say, if it there be any thing else, they are only subtill falsehoods, that shelter and shroud themselves under that Tytle, and which would gladly be esteemed Leaves of that Plant, from whose Root they never sprung. And therefore is it not lesse absurd, then strange, to see how some Men (who would have the World account them learned, and whom I believe to be so learned, as to have read and found what Latitude is due to the word Magick, how it is accepted by the Judicious, and what a vast difference there is, betweene the Doctrine of a Magician, and the abuse of the Word) will not forbear to ranke True Magicians with Conjurers, Necromancers and Witches (those grand Impostors) who(n)vi. n. Paracel.de. diligently intrude themselves into Magick, as if Swine should enter into a faire and de- occult Phil. cap. licate Garden, and (being in league with the Devil) make use of his Affi- xi. stance in their works, to counterfeit and corrupt the admiral wisdome of the Magi, betweene whom there is as large a difference as betweene Angels and Devils.
The Magic here intended, and which I strive to Vindicate, is Divine, True, of the Wisdom of Nature, & indeed comprehendeth the whole Philosophy of Nature, being (o) a Perfect Knowledge of the works of God, and their Effects. It is that, which (p) reduces all natural philosophy from variety of Speculations to the magnitude of works, and (q) whose Mysteries are far greater then the natural Philosophy now in use and reputation will reach unto. For by the bare application of Adversity to Perverses it is able to exercise a kind of Empire over Nature, and works wonders: and 'tis from the ignorance of such marvelous Operations that the Ignorant, (v 'q the most learned in other things (as well as the Illiterate) if they be not learned in this,) either by an unwarrantable adoration effecteth them as Miracles, which only are the works of Natural or Mathematical Philosophy: or else (which is an Error as wide on the left hand) forthwith with cenfure and slander those truly Natural as Diabolicall, because wonderful full strange and beyond the randome of their Apprehensions. The latter of which might as well say (r) Jacobs practising to make his Lambs of a Py'd Colour was performed by the assistance or ministrv of the Devil, and as well condemn the use of Phisick, because the Devil has taught Witches divers harmful and uncharitable uses of Herbs, Minerals, Excrements, &c.

And as in some dull ages, and among some Groffe Spirits it has proved dangerous to be Learned, Witted our Renowned Roger Bacon, whom (Together with Aristotele, Arnold, de villa nova, who were Philosophers of known reputation & credit) they reckons among the Depravati ingenii homines (t) all whose Works falsely written and well bound, were by Religious pretending Sorciy dam'd as Devilish, with long Nailes through them fastned to desks in the Francifcan Library at Oxford, and there with Duffs and Moths consumed: Even so our other famous Country-man [Profound Riple] was also abused, (u) who after his death is said to have been branded with the name of a Necromancer. Pope Silvester the second paid for a Magician (in the worst sense) because he understood Geometry; and about 150. years agoe (to blind an age was it,) that to know Greek and Necromancy were one and the same thing, in opinion of the Illiterate. However, let the Ignorant scoff and attribute that to Deceipt and Illusion which is the proper worke of Nature produced by exquisite knowledge, I am confident the ingeniously learned will approve and admire it.

But to tear off that ugly vizard which Envy has placed before the Face of so Divine a Beauty, and to make way for the meaning of our Author, I thinke it necessary (in the first place) that I touch upon the Word, that gives a name to the Projectors: And that is Magus (primitively a Persea word) which onely signifies or imports a Contemplator of Heavenly and Divine Sciences, a judicious Observer, an expounder of Divine things, a name (faith (w) Marcellus Ficinus) gracious in the Gospel, not signifying a Witch or a Conjurer, but a wise man and a Priest.

And in truth a true Magician, acknowledges God to be the true Cause and Giver of life and virtue to Nature, and all Natural things, of the Causes of which things (as also of (x) Divine) is the whole scope and effect of all their Writings and Discourses:

In the Next place, that I give the Definition of Magick (because as (y) Myranda says) it is an Art which few understand and many reprehend, and therefore of necessity to be clearly evinced:) Receive it from a learned hand:

youe finde it worth your observance.
Magick is the Connexion of natural Agents and Patients, answerable each to
other, wrought by a wise Man to the bringing forth of such effects as are wonderfull
to those that know not their causes. Thus Hec. Paracelsus called it (z) a most secret
and hidden Science of supernatural things in the Earth, that whatsoever is impossibe
to be found out by mans Reason may by this Art. And shortly after to declare
t it from impugnations adds, that it is in itself most pure and not defiled with Cer-
rimonies nor Conjurations as Necromancy is.

Agreeable to both (but more copiously delivered) is that of Corn: Agrippa, who affurinies, (a) Magick to containe the profoundest Contemplation of most
secre things, together with the nature, power, quality, substance, and virtues thereof,
as also the knowledge of whole nature: That instructs us concerning the difference
and agreement, of things amongst themselves, whence it produceth its wonder-
ful effects, by uniting the virtues of things through the application of them
one to the other, and to their inferior suitable Subjects; joining and knitting
them together throughly by the powers and virtues of supperior Bodies. This
briefly is an account of that Learning, whose Operations and Effects (being full
of Misters) was by the Ancients esteemed as the highest and sacred Phylo-
phie, the fountain of all good doctrine: Animadverso (with Pliny) sumnum Litera-
raum clarissimum, gloriaque, et his scientiis antiquissimae, & penes tempor petantis.

What hath been hitherto said, will not (I presume) offend the Eeres of the
most Pious, for here is no Incantations, no Words, no Circles, no Charmes, no
other fragments of invented Fopperies; nor needs there any: Nature (with
whom true Magicians only deal) can worke without them, and they Att to helpe and affift Her, and here's All.

To influence the Generation of Frogs, Lye, Wormes, Insects, &c. The
wvcre of a Philosopher is there in onely to (b) strengthen the Seeds of Nature,
(for the alone Workes) and so to quicken them that they hasten the worke of
Generation (and by such meanes Tho. Aquinas supposeth Phavos Magitian, pro-
duced Frogs) infomuch as it seems to the Ignorant not to be the Worke of
Nature, (that usually operates more leasurely,) rather the Power of the Devil.
But they who are learned in sose Arts, marvell not at such working, but Glo-
rifie the Creator. To whose Honour alone these Operations must chiefly
tend, for (c) he is best praised in his worke, and we knowing him in and by the
visible things, may through such knowledge understand his more Secret and
Invisible things, and thereby be better enabled to Glorifie him, then men
otherwise can.

Now I deny that any measure of understanding, in naturall Magick, how
large soever, or the utmost and artificall search we can possibly make into that
pure and primitive knowledge of Nature, to be a prying into those Hidden Se-
crets, which God would have concealed and ranked among the number and
nature of those things he has prohibited us to search into, (as I know there are
that will tell you it is, and they such as weare the Coat, and would be loath to
want the reputation of Scholars) And this is fully manifested from Adam,
who (d) before his Fall was so absolute a Philosopher, that he fully understood
d) the true and pure knowledge of Nature (which is no other then what we call
Naturall Magick) in the highest degree of Perfection, insomuch, that by the
light thereof, upon the present view of the Creatures he perfectly knew their Na-
tures, and was as able to bellow names futable to their Qualities and Proerties,
For, this was a larger and clearer ray of the Light of Nature; than all the
induftry of man (since the fall) was able to hope for or attain unto, and (to
attest the allowance) bestowed upon him by God himself: nor was it this
Natural knowledge, that introduced his fall, or can be any offence or sin in us
(were it possible to arrive at his perfection). No certainly, Adam's transgression
(for which he fell) was of a higher nature; (even that proud inquiry into the
knowledge of good and evil, with no other intent then to make a total defection from
God, and depend wholly upon himself and his free will.)

Besides, this worthy observation, that God in constituting Moses to be a governor
over his owne people, seemed as willing to make choice of such a one for
that high office, as was (f) learned in all the sciences, then in request with the
Egyptians, among whom Magic was the chief. And we find, that upon Sal-
mon's prayer to God for wisdom, he granted him a heart as large as the sea,
and therein lodged so great knowledge of humane things, that he penetrated
whateuer under-standing of man might comprehend: and (to manifest
the inoffensiveness of natural magic) never reckon'd it up in all his re-
tractions. Though he thoroughly understood it, and in his practice attempted
the highest experiments, which had it been unlawful, certainly he would
not have omitted.

Thus much for a preparative. And now that I may come closer to what
Norton intends, and bring magic nearer to our purpose; we must un-
derstand that the order and symmetry of the universe is so settled by the laws of
creation, that the lowest things (the subcelestial or elementary region) should
be immediately subervient to the middle; the middle (or celestial) to those
above; and these (the supercelestial or intelligible) to the supreme rulers
becke. With this it is further to be knowne, that these (g) superiors and infe-
rious have an analogical likeness; and by a secret bond have likewise a sort
of coherence between themselves through insensible mediums, freely comming-
in obedience to the same supreme rulers, and (also to the) benefit of nature:
Insomuch, that if we take the said harmony in the reverse, we shall finde that
things b supercelestial may be drawn down by celestial, and supernatural,
by natural. For this is the maxim of old Hermes, (i) quod est superior, est simi-
lar quod est inferior.

And upon this ground (k) wise men conceive it no way irrational that it
should be possible for us to ascend by the same degrees through each world,
to the very original world it selfe, the maker of all things and first cause.

But how to conjoyn the inferior with the virtue of the superior (which
is marryng elmes to vines) or how to call out of the hidden places into open
light, the dispersed and feminated virtues, (i.e. virtues in centro centri la-
entes) is, the work of the magi, or hermetic philosophers only; and depends
upon the aforesaid harmony. For,

They know that the production of things is natural, but the bringing forth
of the virtue is not natural: because the things are create, but the virtues
increate.

Hence it is that the power and virtue is not in plants, stones, minerals, &c.
(though we sensibly perceive the effects from them) but it is that
universal and all-piercing spirit, that one operative virtue and immortal seed of
worldly things; that God in the beginning infused into the chaos, which is every
where.
where *Active* and *still* flowes through the *world* in all kinde of things by *Universall* extension, and manifestes it selfe by the aforesaid *Productions*. Which *Spirit* a true *Artist* knowes how so to handle (though its *activity* be as it were *dul'd* and *strightly bound up*, in the close *Prison of Große* and *Earthie bodies*) as to take it from *Corporiety*, free it from *Captivity*, and let it loose that it may freely *work* as it doth in the *Ætherniall Bodies*.

But the *means* whereby it is to be done (which is the *first Preparation*) all *Philosophers* have hitherto concealed. For,

1) To (m) *Create Magnesia* they made no care,
   *In their Bookes* largelie to declare.
   *But how* to *Order* it after its *Creation*,
   They left poore *Men* without *Consolation*.

And unlesse *God* please to *reveal* it, (like the *Iewish Fire*) it must be kept *hidden*, and still he doth there is no *humane industry* can forcibly *wrest* the knowledge thereof out of the *Almightie's hands*.

   n) *si te fata vocate, dii tem non*

Looke not then for it at the *hand of Man*, for *tis the Gift of God* onely.

   o) *Nil dat quod non habet, Man* has *it not* (*that is*), he *has* it *not* to *bestow* where he will.

   p) *The Philosophers were* y *twoone eche one,*
   That they *hulde* *discoyred* it unto none,
   *Ne in no Boke it write in no manere,*
   *Fors unto Christ it is* so *like* and *deare*:
   *That he wol not* that it *discovered* be,
   *But where it liketh to his deite*:
   *Man* to *inspire* and *cle for* to *defend*,
   *Whan that* him *liketh* *is this* *is his end*.

In *fine*, if any man be *so blest* as to *discover* and *unvaile* our *Diana*, he shall finde and confesse that he was beholding to *Naturall Magick* for *directions* at the *Beginning, Midle*, and *End*; and when it *is wrought* up to *his highest* *degree of Perfection*, he shall see things *not* to *be written* for (may *I aver* it with *awfull Reverence*.) *Angelicall wisdome* is to be obtained by it.

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**Pag. 72.** *li. 25.* Tafted our *White Stone* a *parte.*

Unlesse the *Medicine* be qualified as it ought, *jis death* to taft the *least Asset*ome of it, because its *Nature* is so *highly Vigorous* and *strong* above that of *Mans*; For if its *least parts* are able to *strike* so *fiercely* and *throughly* into the *Body* of a bale and *corrupt Metall*, as to *Tinge* and *Convert* it into *so high* a *degree* as *perfect Gold*, how lesse able is the *Body of Man* to *resist* such a *force.*
force, when its greatest strength is far inferior to the weakest Metall? I do believe (and am confirm'd by severall Authors) that many Philosophers (having a desire to enjoy perfect Health,) have destroyed themselves by adventuring to take the Medicine inwardly, ere they knew the true use thereof, or how to qualify it to be received by the Nature of Man without destruction.

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Pa. 88 ii. 15. — The Red Stone is preservative, Most precious thing to length my life.

This is the Stone which some builders up of life have refused, when in truth it was the cheife Stone in the Corner; It being produced from that undefiled vertue which is yet left with the Creature (as a small remainder of the First Blessing) and able to make a (q) perfect union betweene the Body, Soul and Spirit, whilst our lively Fire, (that Medium between the Body and Spirit) by receiving this Eteriall Medicine consisting of heavenly vertues (that confume the Impurities and Superfluities of the Body) is delivered from all Impediments, and the Body forced to agree with that incomparable Nature into which it is changing by fo sweete and powerfull Compulsions, and consequently life Prospered.

As touching the Prolongation of life, wee meete with some Presidents in Histories, and they not Fables, where by the Application of things inward or outward, the Spirit hath beene renewed, the Body strengthend the Vital and Animall facultye quickned, decrepit and withered Age renewed, & Life inlarged. Besides these Relations, we perceive Nature is so curious to some kind of Creatures, as the Hart, Eagle, and Serpent, that she affords them means, to obteine the benefit of Renovation (here Nature teaches them Naturall Magick, for tis no other) and why then may it not be granted to Man if sought after? Nay the (r) consideration of this Favourable Blessing afforded to Animall has been the principall ground whencesby many Philosophers have addicted themselves to the search of this Mystery, hoping that might not be denied to Man, upon his search, "which is bestowed gratis upon the Creature.

It is apparent that our (s) Diseases proceed chiefly from Transplantation (though I deny not but some Hereditary Corruption is inwai'd upon Posterity, from the decaying, moulder, and rotten Natures of our Ancestors) for, by what we Eate or Drinke as Nourishment; the corrupt and harmfull, nay deathfull qualities, which the Divine maladministration lodged in created things, is removed from them into our Bodyes, and there grow up and multiply till having heightened the Sal, Sulphur and Mercury, into an irreconcilable Contestation, through the impurities wherewith they are loaded and burthened, they introduce a miserable decay, which consequently become a Death: and this is the sooner hastned if thereunto we adde the heavy load of Luxuriousness and Gluttony. Yet is not this Death Naturall but Accidentall, and (as may appeare by what has been said) a (u) Death arising out of the fruits of the greatest World, which grows up by Transplantation, the Rebellious Disobedience of man provoking God to plant a Death in every thing that he had made, by the Curse wherewith he had cursed the Earth. And to this the Doctrine which the (w) Angell taught Esdras is agreeable.

And though it is appointed all must dye, against which Decree no Elixir has power.
power to reft, yet this Medicine is a remedy for the particular corruption of Man, to keep back those greifes and diseases which usually accompany & molest Old Age; inomuch, that that Death which man eates in his Bread may be brought to a Separation, and consequently (in the comfort of an Uninterrupted Health) spin out his thread of life, to the longest end, of that Nature fallen from Original Justice. For it is a certaine truth that what we receive into our Bodies, of that Nature findes two Substances, the (one with a Gladsome appetite,) the retains to feede Vitality, the other (with an abhor'd dislike) the expells, as not onely useless but Putrefactive and Dangerous: and if thereupon we throughly advise with our selves we must needs confess Her way is best to be imitated, in seperating the Pure from the Impure, (which are joyned together in every thing) before we make use of them, and where she does manifestly Substract and Divide, let us not there add and multiplier; for doublesste the Easack(y)profit nothing, nay in sick persons they plainely oppresse the penetrating vertue of the Spirit it selfe, and commit that seperating Art to the diseased Body, which through weakness is not able to performe the Task. The Brevity of Life came in with the Fall of Adam, and though some of the Antients before the Flood lived almost a thousand yeares, yet certeiny their lives were prorogued by the use of this Medicine, with which they well knew how to separate and correct the obnoxious Qualities of all things, and I much question whether the generality of Persons then lived so long, or onely those who were the true Ancestors of Abraham, they not being alwayes the eldest and first begotten of the Patriarchs, but such as God chose out of the Family to continue the line, and had (by the permission of God, as a singular and peculiar blessing) this Secret Traditionally committed to them.

Pa. 89, li. 27. — I never made assay Of the Red Boke before this day. Hence some affirme that Norros neither had nor knew how to make the Red Medicine, but that's not so, for to the time of publishing his Ordinall, 'tis true, he had not a second time gone about to make it, and why?

(a) The cause appeareth in this Boke before, When he was robbed then he would no more. Yet that he was formerly at worke, made it, and was robb'd thereof appeares also (b) before, where he faith the (c) Merchants Wife stole it from him, and that the misfortune thereof deter'd him from making further progresse therein. Besides, he avers his Master taught it him, and that he fully knew how to make it, for so himself witnesseth.

(d) I had with Grace the true Doctrine Of Confection of the Red Medicine. And lastly, in the latter end of the 5. Chap. of the aforesaid Ordinall, Norros truly and cleerely declares how it is made; unto which I refer the Reader.

Nun Nun Wherfore
Pag.99.li.31. Wherefore they being in warke of Generation,  
Have most obedience to Constellation.

Here our Author refers to the Rules of Astrologie for Electing a time where-in to begin the Philosophicall worke, and that plainly appeares by the following lines, in which he chalks out an Election finely relating to the Businesse.

In the operative part of this Science the Rules of Astronomic and Astrologie (as elsewhere I have said) are to be consulted with.

c) Pat.Sapient.  
(c) For in Astronomic thou must have right good feeling,  
Or else in this Boke how shalt have simple believing.

So that Elections, (whose Calculatory part belongs to Astronomic, but the Judicary to Astrologie) are very necessary to begin this worke with; and the pains that Norton hath taken manifest no lesse, most Authors hinting the same, although we take but little notice thereof. For

d) Ord pag.60.  
(f) Such simple kindes unformed and unwrought,  
Must craftily be guided till the end be sought.  
All which reason they have more obedience,  
Above formed Natures to thine Influence.

Generally in all Elections the Efficacy of the Stars are used as it were, by a certaine application made thereof to those unformed Natures that are to be wrought upon; whereby to further the working thereof, and make them more available to our purpose.  
g) Mar.Ficinus.  
(g) For since both inferior and superior Causes concur to every effect, it followeth that if the one be not considered as well as the other, this Negligence will beget Error. And by such Elections as good use may be made of the Celestiall influences, as a Phisician doth of the variety of Herbes, Agreeable to which is that of Ptolomy Aphor. 8. A Judicious man helps forward the Celestiall operation, even as a discreet Husbandman assists Nature in his plowing and preparing the Ground. But Nativities are the Radices of Elections, and therefore we ought chiefly to looke backe upon them as the principall Root and Foundation of all Operations, and next to them the quality of the Thing we intend to fit, must be respected: so that by an apt position of Heaven, and fortifying the Planets and Houses in the Nativity of the Operator, and making them agree with the thing signified; the Impression made by that Influence, will abundantly augment the Operation.

And this is upheld by very evident reason of Nature, for (saith a learned Gent. whose Defence of Judicai Astrophelie (so long since published) stands hitherto firm & unconfuted, notwithstanding all the whiffling Assaults of any Adversary) the Celestiall Influences never cease to flow into us, and therefore not unlikely that the like position or Configuration to that under which we are borne, may by like, impression and influence increase and strengthen the operation of the former, more then it would if the Nativity were considered alone. And upon these grounds Norton adviseth, that in Elections, like those he layes downe.

h) Sir Chr:  
Hoyd. Def. of Astr. pag.363

i) Unless.
Which is the same in effect with that of (k) Protony, where he faith to (k) Aphor. 6.

This purpose, viz. "Though an Election of a Day or hour be well made, yet will it prove of little advantage unlesse suitably constituted to the scheme of the Nativity, because elsewhere it cannot divert that evil which in the Nativity the Planets threatened: and hence it comes that Actions Thrive or Misdive (though begun at one and the same time,) according as the position of Heaven then agrees with the Nativity of the Persons that manage them.

As touching the Necessity of Elections, to be used in Dyes, Buildings, Dwellings, Apparel, and the several Actions of our Life, let any that would be satisfied, read Marcellus, Ecinus, Hesode, Cato, Virgil, Varro, Columella, Pliny, who (and generally all Philosophers) ordered their affairs of planting, sowing, lopping, &c. by them.

For in those things (here below) which have no fence (as well as those that have) the Heavenly Influences always make Impression according to the measure and Capacity of the Subject, and dosevidently manifest their Dominion in them, (l) for nothing is more powerful then their Influences, when Impressio is once made. Witness their power in Plants, Herbes, Corne, and what is Vegetable, whose Seeds diversly prosper, or decay, according to the state of the (m) at the time of their sowing. This the Husband-man's Experience can tell the world, and the Sun's Annual Accessus and Recession makes manifest to the fence.

And great Reason there is in Nature why the Moone condition ought chiefly to be observed, for she is the Planet neereast the Earth, and appointed as it were the Vehiculum of all other heavenly Influences unto what is Sublunary, and in that regard she is properly called (n) An Instrument of the Armies from (o) Eccl. 43. 8. above: according to whose present Condition things are steered; for if she be Fortunate by good Aspects, happy by Position, swift of Course, and increasing in Light, things thrive apace and flourish; But the contrary if she suffer Impediments. We may ordinarily observe how poorly and slowly the Seeds of Plants grow up, nay many times languish and degenerate into an unkindly Quality and Taste, if sowne in the Waine of the Moone, and the Reason is because the Moisture and Sap that should feed them is exceedingly diminished; yet it is the fittest time for cutting downe Timber, or what else we would preserve from decaying.

(n) Thurneijferus (among many other admirable and useful Observations) (o) Hist. Plant. gives us the Position of Heaven under which several Plants are Impregnated with the greatest Vertue, the gathering of which at such times, for Physicall uses, deserves to be taken notice of; for the notable difference that evidently appears betwixt their virtues and the vertues of such as are gathered without that Consideration. In a word, by Elections we may Govern, Order and Produce things as we please: Faber quis? Fortuna propria.
In this and the first ten following lines, are laid downe the Authors Rules for framing an Election by, agreeable to which he erects you Scheme about the Latitude of 51. degrees) that are placed before the sixth Chap. which I have caused to be exactly Copied from the Original, though some Planets, I must acknowledge, are not placed in that exact order (for houses and signes) as Astronomical Rules direct, and the Doctrine of Astrologie requireth. For Example, in the first house of the first Figure you have $ in 7. degr. of Σ, the Ascendent in 2. degr. of Σ, and then the $ in the 18. degr. of the same signe; whereas the 2. degr of Σ being fewer degrees of that signe then 7. (wherein $ is placed) should Antecede it. Againe in the second Figure you have both $ and the $ in the 1st house thereof, who should of right be posited in the 10th, because the 20th degree of Σ is the Cuspe of the 11th, and therefore all Planets in lesser degrees of that signe are falling into the 10th. Besides you have $ placed in every Figure so remote from the $, that Astronomers must count it absurd, since she is never above 48. degr. elongated from him; and yet in the third Figure she comes not within the compasse of a $ Ascendent, nay in the second she is almost in Σ to him.

For their Position; I could have placed them in Houses according to Art, but I rather let them stand as I found them in the Original, being well assured they were thus posited by Designe, and not through Ignorance or Mistake; for our Author manifestly himselfe a learned Astrologian, and too wary a Pen-man to be guilty of either. And though it may seem contrary to Art for the Position of $ to be so far distant from the $, yet it is agreeable to his Rules of Election that she is so often placed in the 4th House (especially seeing the signe falls out to be there in which she is exalted) because he appoints the Lord thereof to be fortunate.

Withall, the Planets as they stand here placed in Signes and Houses are not so as that these Figures were the Elected times for the Authors owne Operations (or any others in that Faculty) but are rather fained and invented, onely to bring them within the compasse of his Rules. And to satisfy my selfe herein, I have taken some paines to Calculate the places of the Planets for severall years about the Authors time, but cannot finde the three Superiors and place of the $ to be in those signes wherein he has posited them.

It is also worthy of our Observation to see how the Author continues his Vales and Shadows, as in other parts of the Mystery, so likewise in the very Figures of some of the Planets, for he does not exhibite them under the Characters commonly now (or then) used, but Hieroglyphically in Figures agreeable to their Natures, yet (p) diversitie of Names (or Figures) makes no diversitie in the things they signifie: For $ is pointed out by a Spade, $ by a Miter, $ by an Arrow, $ by a beauiful Face, $ by the figure (in those days) usually stamped upon the Reverse of our English Coyn: Only the $ and $ are left us in that fashion the Ancients bestowed upon them.
Astronomy is a profound Science: The depth this Art lies obscure'd in, is not to be reach'd by every vulgar Plumeret that attempts to find it. Never was any Age so pester'd with a multitude of Pretenders, who would be accounted (and stick not to style themselves) Masters, yet are not worthy to wear the Badge of illustrious Urania. And (oh to be lamented!) the swarmes is likely to increafe, untill through their Ignorance they become the ridiculous object of the Enemies to Astronomy; (would that were all,) and Eclipse the glory of that light, which if Judiciously dispense'd to the World would cause admiration; but unskilfully expos'd, become the scorn and contempt of the Vulgar.

He that understands no more of Astronomy (nor will make a further use of it) then to quack with a few Terms in an Horary Question, is no more worthy to be esteem'd an Astronomer then Hee who hath only learn'd Hebrew may be account'd a Cabalistical Rabbi. Tis true, he may be fo fraught with words, as to amufe the unlearn'd, with the Canting noyse thereof, but what is that if compared to the full and entire knowledge of the Language? Yet of this sort at present are start up divers Illiterate Professors (and Women are of the Number) who even make Astronomy the Bawd & Pandar to all manner of Iniquity, prostituting Chaste Urania to be abuse'd by every adulterate Interest. And what will be the issue (I wish it may prove no Prophecy) ere long Astronomy shall be cried down as an Impostor, because it is made use of as a Stage to all bad Passages, and a laudable Facily to bolster up the legerdemaine of a Cheat. And besides having now growne famous by the true Predictions of some of her able and honest Sons, shall grow into as much disgrace and infamy, by the unskilfull Prognosticks of ignorant Illegitimate bastardes: who rather than they will accuse themselves when they faile of truth in their Judgments, will not stick to condemne Astronomy it self as defective and lame, in what their slothfull negligence or ignorant blindness was not able to finde out. And therefore Norton here speaks truly, that Astronomy (take it with all its Comprehensions) is as secret or Mysterious as Alchimy, and as difficult to be throughly and perfectly understand.

There are in Astronomy (I confess) shallow Brookes, through which young Tyrones may make; but withall, there are deep Fords, over which even the Giants themselves must swim. Such is the Doctrine of Nativities, Directions, Annual Revolutions and what else depends thereupon, belonging to Man, the little World: and beyond these, those of Comets, Eclipses, Great Conjunctions and Revolutions, that refer to the great World. These are Subjects of Eminency, and being judiciously handled Magnifie the Art. But,

q) Many men were which both them read,
That they do understand them when they do not indeed.

I know some few Artists have satisfactorily manifested what excellency of skill there is in Judging an Horary Question, and how much of truth may be drawne. 
drawne from that branch of Art; But they are those that are thoroughly read in
all other parts of Astrologie; for such only are able to give a true Resolution to
the Queens, and from the events of their considerate Predictions, bring Honour
to the Art, and gaine Reputation to Themselves.

Pag. 104. li. 20.  Observe therefore to catch breath from your Note.

IN regard of the violent Nature of the Medicine which is deadly indeed, because
its Nature is so infinitely strong above Mans, that it overcomes his Spirits
and poisons him; Norton therefore lets fall a hint, what Parts an Operator
ought to Armes, and whence to fetch Breath: Meaning thereby, that those
Orifices of the Body be closely stopp'd (through which there is so open a Passage,
that a Strong vapour would fly as speedily as lightening into the inmost parts)
while the Vessel is opening. But how to breathe thewhile is the Difficulty. We
have Practises something nearer it, as of those who attempt to lie long under
Water, &c.

And therefore let this be a Caution sufficient to young Practisers in this Science,
that when they worke upon a Matter, and bring it (as they suppose) to some
perfection, if they can indure the opening of their Vessel without being Armed,
they may rest satisfied that nothing is more certain then that their Matter is
not the Philosophers Mercury, and their Practise erroneous.

Pag. 105. li. 17.  How have I taught you every thing by Name.

1) Hor.

2) Probing certainig Philos.

3) Tolle memor: His Verse ought to be heedfully observed by the Student in this Science,
for he speaks a real truth, Nihil pratermissum quod à quovis dici possit. Noth-
ing being wanting, nor nothing left out that is needfull to be knowne to com-
plete this great Work; which many have not the happinesse to apprehend,
though it should be more plainly discovered unto them. Much alike unfortu-
nate as those that Sandivogius speaks of, (s) to whom he had intimated the
Art from word to word, but they could by no meanes understand him, yet
would be accounted Philosophers.

Seeing then a Man may be in the true Path and not know it to be so, it be-
hoves the serious Student earnestly to desire of God to (t) "remove from his
Mind all thoughts without understanding, to make him (u) Child of the light
as of the Day, that his (w) Eyes may behold the right; and his Eye-lids di-
"re his ways. That his Dayes be not spent in vanity, nor his Yeares wait
"doing nothing; but that (y) one Day may teach another, and one Night
"add knowledge to another. And then he shall find, that though this Author
has opened his Mouth in a Parable, yet he hath declared [or made plain] hard
Sentences of Old.

z) Ord. pa. 106.  For in this Ordinance (he lets you out of doubt,)
Is nothing left wrong, nor to point left our.

Pag.
Pag. 106. li. 21. In the yeare of Christ MCCLXXIII.
This Wurke was begun —

In the search I have made after Authentique Manuscripts to compleate this Wurke, a private Gentleman lent me a very faire one of Norton's Ordinall, which I chiefly followed; yet not admitting to compare it with fourteen other Copies. It was written in Velame and in an auintent sett Hand, very exact and exceeding neatne. The Figures (whence I caus'd these herewith printed to be Grav'd) being also most neatly & exquisitely lym'd, and better work then that which was Henry the sevenths own Booke, (as I am informed by those that have scene both,) It had placed in the midle and bottome of the Compartments of Flowers, Birds and Beasts, the Nevell's Coate of Arms, with others which that Family quarreled. This induced me to believe it to be the Original (or one exactly Copied from it) presented by the Author to George Nevell then Arch-Bishop of Torke, who was a most weathy and Magnificent Bishop; as appears not only by the rich (a) Texte he offered at Becketts Tomb, but for the great and stately Entertainment he provided at More in Hartshinc for Edward the 4th: to make which more Magnificent he brought forth a (b) vast Treasure of Plate, that he had hid during the disfractions of former yeares, all which the fo. 416. King seild upon with his Money and Goods then valued at 20000 l. (a farre more considerable sum of Money in those days, then now;) and made of the Arch-Bishops Mitre (let with precious Stones) a Crowne for himself.

I have beene informed that there was great Correspondency betweene this Arch-Bishop and the Hermetique Philosophers of his time, and this is partly confirmed to me from Ripley's (c) Dedication of his Medulla to him, Ann. 1476, afo See the Pia-
also the presentation of this of Norton's Ordinall; for though I finde the said face. Arch-Bishop dyed the same yeare this Ordinall was begun to be written, yet the certaine time of that yeare I cannot yet learne. But it was towards the latter end thereof, when his Successor (Lawrence Booth) was Consecrate, viz. (d) 25. d. Godw. Sept. Besides, in all probability he lay not long sick, because he dyed (a) Blithlow Succ. p. 48. upon a (e) journey from Torke: So that the Booke might be finisht and pre-
ented, (or if not presented, yet intended) before he dyed, though begun but the pag. ibidem. same yeere.


This Wurke (which is also called the Twelve Gates) was pen'd by Sir George Ripley, and formerly (f) Set forth in print by Ralph Rabbards; I have compa-
red it with several other Manuscript Copies, amongst which I happily met with one written neere about the time that Ripley lived, (and in thefe Streames of Learning the more clearest and without the leaft of Mixture is to be found neereft the Spring-head,) the which I most relyed upon. Yet where they differ, the Reader (if this Copy please not) may make use of the former.

It appeares at the end of this (g) Wurke, that it was written in the yeare 1471. g) Pag. 193, which I the reader take notice of, because I have met with a kind of Retraffation of Ripley's beginning,

Felix
Wherein he befeeches all men, whersoever they shall meete with any of his Experiments written by Him, or that go under his Name, (from the yeare 1450. to the yeare 1470.) either to burne them or afford them no Credit, being written according to his Asse, not prove; and which (afterwards upon trystall) he found false and vaine: for so long was he seeking the Stone, but in the truth of præstife had not found it, till towards the end of that yeare, and then (faith He) Invenit quern diligit anima mea.

So that this Treatise of the 12. Gates being wrote the yeare after, is unquestionably to be relied upon, because penned from a grounded experimental Practise, as himselfe Testifies in his Admonition,

In which (for the Students safeguard) he gives an account of his own Erronious Experiments, therein following Chaucer, Richardus Anglicus, Dionisius, Zacharius the noble Trevisan, and divers other honest and Conscionious Philosophers.

Ludovicus Combachius (who hath lately set forth divers of Ripley's Works in Latin) tells us (k) that he then had in his bands these Twelve Gates rendered in most pure Elegiague verse, by one Nicholas May upon the Command of the Empourer Rudolph the second, and that he could willingly have added it to that he published, (which was translated out of English into Lattine verse by Sir Edw: Kelley) for the better understanding thereof, but that the Copy was none of his owne.

The learned Faber, (1646.) bestowed much Paines and Cost in publishing to the world (l) Basilius Currus Triumphallis, and others, in one Volume. In the Argument of which Book he Georgius Riplaus Canonicus Anglus doctissimus & mirandum in quo nihil falsi & spectaculi ad metallorum omnium proprietates, & naturas manifestandum, is thus Ingeniously acknowledged. He further assures us that his Workes are worthy to keep pace with the beft Philosophers; and knowes that Policie in Printing is surest, and takes well with the Judicious, to begin with a good Work, and end with the beft; to which place he refers us Ripley. But I must needs tell the Reader that in pag. 338. and so to the end, he is by mistake called Triplanus instead of Ripley. There are other the like notorious faults which the Printer (most likely) is guilty of, as giving Isaac Holland the name of Ir sacus. Cornelius Drebbel he prints Tornellius, (and sometimes Fornelius) Prebellianus; and besides these, further causes of Exception to other parts of the Workes (too many to be mentioned here) amongst the rest where Faber sayes they were all rendred into Latin out of Dutch, and that this piece of Ripley's, which he there calls Triplanus de lapide Philosophorum (but is indeed an Epitome of these 12. Gates) was by one Nicholas Barnard a Philosopher Translated out of Dutch into Latin, intimating withall that it was Originally written in the German Tongue; which is very fals, injurious to our Author, and dishonourable to our Nation.

Thus much for the Workes, and now to say something touching our Author. Philemon Holland in his Translation of Cambden's Britannia Printed 1636.
is pleased to take the liberty to tell us that the place of his Nativity was (m) fol. 295. Ripley, a Village in the County of Surrey, and calls him a Ring-leader of our Alchimists, and a Mystical Impostor. This Imputation of Mystical Impostor smells more of Envious dislike than faithfull Account, and therefore I'le passe it by. But as to the place of his Birth, I am induced to believe it to be about Yorkshire, (not that he was a Foundling at Ripley in that County, or of so obscure Parents, that the name of the place of his Nativity must be impos'd upon him in defect of a better) No certainly, his Name, Relation, and Kindred discover him to be the Sonne of a Gentleman; and though I cannot exhibite his Pedigree, yet it appears in some ancient Manuscript Copies of his Medulla in which I have scene) that his Relation of Kindred lay in the Northern parts, where (he faith) he had divers Kindred, Gentlemen of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, as Tevarfall, Ripley, Medlay, Willoughbie, Burham, Waterton, Flemming and Talboyes, who (as he there complains to the Archbishop to whom he dedicated that Worke) were by the Conquering Sword of Edward the fourth, (God so permitting,) lamentably destroyed. Tis also considerable that his Ecclesiastical Promotion hapned to be at Bridlington, a (o) Towne in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

---p) According to my Profession, In Dyder Chas. Regular of Bridlington.

And probably such his Advancement might be procured rather in that Country where his Kindred and Friends lived, and himself that Country-man, then if he had been a Stranger.

I determine not whether Holland has done the learned Antiquary or profound Philosopher the greater Injury, in what he puts downe concerning the place of his Birth; for I must let the world know, 'tis not to be found in the Original Latin which Camden published Anno 1607, nor can I learne that there was any other Impression, to the time of Translation, nor in probability could there be when Holland fell to worke immediately upon the coming out of the said Impression in 1607, and set forth his Translation within foure Yeares.

So that I cannot but wonder at the Boldnesse of this Translator, not onely in adding many things of his owne score, but for abusing so learned a Philosopher with the Term of Mystical Impostor, and putting it upon the Account of an Author, who should he thus vilifie one of so cleere a Reputation, ingenious Schollars might have just cause to question the Candidnesse of his Pen in other things. But this kind of liberty I finde Holland hath taken in other parts of that worthy worke, The effects whereof, hath rendred Banbury (amongst others) much beholding to him for an eminent Flout: For, where Camden names it for (r) Chefs only, he addes Cakes and Zeale: Neither of which are to be found in the Original, though doubleithe both in the Towne, and for endo Caeo no better purpose then to be boasted of.

But to leave this Digression & returne to Ripley. Pitts tells us, "He was a Man s) Pitts de illu. of a Quock, & (more then can be expressed) curious Wiz, and that Totam sere fr. Ang. Scrip. sua estat. in pe. scrutinidis rerii Naturalih occultis & abstrusis Causis & effectibus pag. 677. consumpit: He wafted almost his whole Life in searching out the occult and abstruse Causes and Effects of Natural things. And that he might more O 00 " copi-
copiously and plentifully study Philosophy, and accomplish what he conceived his mind, he boldly travailed through France, Germany, and Italy, where he grew into familiarity with severall of the most Learned men. Leland faith truly, that he (z) laid the foundation of his Studies in Italy, for there indeed he had the blessing first to see Projection.

In Romanis partibus nuptius Mercurii, Acudit post studium somem quod sincerum.

He (z) laid the foundation of his Studies in Italy, for there indeed he had the blessing first to see Projection. A worthy Author without exception, who is diligently studied by the lovers of Chymistry, forasmuch as he is open, well compos'd, and plain of delivery, and not wrapt in any Thorns, after the custome of others. Habit insuper (faith the fame Author) cum Lullii scriptis magnam affinitatem, ut unus alterum explices, &c. Besides, he hath great Affinity with the Writings of Lully, insomuch that the one explaineth the other.

Amongst other parts, abroad, he visited the Isle of Rhodes, and resided there for some time with the Knights of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem. An Acquaintance of mine hath in his custody certaine private Observations of an English Gentleman of good quality and credit, who in his Travels abroad, observeth (amongst other things) that in the Isle of Malta he saw a Record, which declares that this Sir George Ripley gave yearly to those Knights of Rhodes 1000l. towards maintaining the war (then on foot) against the Turks.

But at length, that he might bid his farewell to the World, and wholly consecrate himselfe to God, and betake him to his private Studies, upon his return into England he obtained an Indulgence of Pope Innocent the eighth, that for the future he might be exempt from Claussall Observance, and always discharged and freed from the burthen of the Ceremonies and Observancy of his Order; but in regard the Canons admit such things, he became a Carmelite in the Monastery of Saint Butolph, which is a famous place. The Banks of the River Lindsey: This River is take to be the River Wisam in Lincolnshire (anciently called Lindsey) which passing from Lincoln, runs towards the maine Sea by Boston, more truly called Boston, (for it carried that name from Butolph, a most holy and devote Saxon:) And if you observe Cambden Map of Lincolnshire, you shall see St. Butolph stands neere to Boston. So that in all likelihood this was the place of Ripley's Retirement, where he continued an Anchorite untill his Death, and was there Buried Anno 1490.

The probability whereof, may be further confirm'd from his Medulla, where it appears he had then a great desire to return into England, and to that end wherein became a Suster to the Archbishop of Yorke, that by his means he might obtain an abiding place in some Religious house, within his Dioces. Which
Archbishop presently after dying, he could not performe, but not unlike Ripley having still an earnest longing thereto, (because it was his native Country,) might without doubt otherwise effect.

And whereas Bale saith he obtained Pope Innocents Indulgence upon his returne into England, and thereupon became a Carmelitane, An.1488. It is manifest from the aforesaid Medulla, that at the writing thereof, which was in 1476. (at least 12. years before the time Bale makes him to enter into that Order) he had this Dispensation, for so he tells the Archbishop: And if so, then it must be either (g) Sixtinus the fourth, or (b) Paul the second (his Predecessor) that must grant it unto him.

He wrote divers Books worthy of perusing, but amongst those which Bale Registeres, I shall onely call out these, viz.

2. Concordantia Suidonis & Raymundi.
4. Alcumistarum Mysteria.

All which Pitt recites, and to them adds the following works.
10. Medullam Philosophiae.
11. Pupillam Alchimiae.
12. Terram Terrarum.

What follows Ludov: Combachiue has lately printed, and added to some of the aforementioned Pieces.
15. De Mercurio & lapide Philosophorum.
17. Clavis Aurea Porta.
18. Viaticum seu Varia Practica.

And lastly take into the Number the small Pieces published in this Theatrum. viz.
22. Vifion, pag. 374.
23. Verses belonging to his Scrowle, Pag. 375.

Phrytic is a divine Science, even God's Theologie; for the Almighty wrote his Scripture in that language, before he made Adam to reade it. The Ten Fathers before the Flood, and thofe that followed, together with Moses and Solomon, were the great Physicians in former Ages, who bequeathed their heavenly knowledges.
knowledges of natural helpers to those they judged as well worthy in honesty and industry, as capable thereof: and from their piercing Beames all Nations enlightened their Tapers. Abraham brought it out of Chaldea, and bestowed much thereof upon Egypt, and thence a refulgent Beame glanced into Greece. The Cöckys and Æsculapiam Family, &c. God greatly encouraged to serve that Age. Democritus and Hypocrates supported Ruminous Mankinde, with their Phis-call administrations, and Schollers successively supplied their places for at least 400 years, until Galen undertook by his strong Abilities and incessant Paines to vivifie the then dying Genius of Phisiek: which hath since most nobly beene Augmented, by the stupendious paines of Arabians and Europeans.

And in the Progresse this Science has made into severall parts of the World, we may finde, that God hath evermore been pleased to call upon the stage thereof in sundry Ages, some choyce and eminent Men, whom (by the Illumination of his blessed Spirit) he hath furnished with ability to reade the Characters of his blessed will, writ in that ample and sacred Volume of the Creation, and the severall Pages of individuall Natures. And further, to testify his care of his Creatures, hath also given them Balme in their hands to stoppe the over-spreading contagionnesse of baineful Diseases. But to contract the Rays of my Prospective to our owne home, the Phisicians Colledge of London doth at this day nourish most noble and able Sons of Art, no way wanting in the choyce of Learning; And though we doe not, yet the World abroad has taken notice of sundry learned Fellows of that Societie, as Linacres, Gilbert, Ridley, Dec, Flood, &c. and at present Doctor Harvey, who deserves for his many and eminent Discoveries, to have a Statue erected rather of Gold then of Marble.

Nevertheless, as has beene observed in other parts that we English will sooner abuse and detract from the worth of any of our owne Nation (though never so well deserving) then render them what they justly merit by a worthy Applause: And rather cry up a Frie of Illiterate Quacks (for every Galen hath his Plague, [a mounting ignorant Thesalus] that cheateth the poore and simple of their Money, and (I wish they did not) often in Conclusion murder their over-credulous Patients;) then give the learned Phisitian the due (h) Honour God has appointed us to pay him.

Now as God hath formerly shed most eminent Beames of the first light upon a few particular Men (as it were to gratifie the deserving Labourers at all times of his day;) So I am confident there are yet most noble seeds of that light of Nature appointed to spring up for the Benefit of Poesrity. The Glory whereof we see hath shin'd in other Horizons, shortly it will draw neere to ours; and that which with incessant Toyle cannot yet be Discovered, shall in those days be freely Revealed to some that little dreame of it. I am more then Confident Succession will meeete with many advantages and helps, which this corrupt and ingratefull Age deserves not, nor shall have; because we deride, what Poesrity will adore with a lasting admiration: The Circuit of that great and Sabbatical Conjunction of the two Superior Planets which began An. 1603. in the Fiery Triplicity, will Illustrate, Enlarge, and Refine Arts like the tryed Gold; It shall produce more pregnant and famous Philosophers by Fire, (I mean such as is Esteriall) then yet the world ere saw; and so purifie some
ingenious Inquirers, as to make them fit Metall for Angells to Project on. This Fiery Trigon shall not passe, before that God make manifest what he commanded former Ages to keepe Secret, Where old Hermes his &etheriall Phisick (viz this Quintessentiall Water which Ripley here speaks of, and which is

(i) Such as ancient Philoick taught,

shall be Restored; whose perfect and incorruptible Qualities of Heat, Cold, Moisture and Drinke are able not onely to Nourish, Fortifie, and Encrease the Vitall Spirits, but Digest, Correct and Consume all Impediments and Corruptions, those hurtfull and Impure Seeds which crept in with the Curse, (and joyning themselves with the Good) have ever since (like a growing Tyde) encroached so far upon the Body of Man, till he is almost overwhelm'd and ready to Perish.

But it is to be acknowledged that those Chemists deserve a considerable share of Honour, who, for want of this &etheriall and Univerellall Medicine (which God hath hitherto granted to few) zealously apply themselves to finde out a Particular one, (that sedulous Industry may afford to more) and to raise up a Body of Phisick, from those (k) Three Principles which are to be found in every Body, because compounded of them; (though strongly lockt up) namely Sal, Sulphur, and Mercury: (to which De Clave of late adds two more, viz. Earth and Phlegme) and so comfortably relieve decaying Mortality, and heale Diseases by the meanes they are Cured.

In the painefull and curious search of which Experiments, where there is more of Nature that still lies hid, (yea she is as Infinite in her Productions, as the Minde of Man can be unsatiable, in the search) let the satisfaction the Ingenious Artist findes in one Truth, leade him cheerfully on to make Inquisition after a further, perhaps the Event of his Labours may discover a Perfection in the knowledge he hunts after, and Providence may be as kinde to fo diligent an Inquisitor, as Nature is to the Ant, who beflows Wings on her in her declining Age, as a reward for her former Labours.

And albeit I magnifie Chemicall Phisique, yet I do not lesse the due commendations that belong to Galenick: nor dare I, when so great an Hermetick Philosopher as Arnoldus de villa Nova has taken so much paines to Joyne them together. And besides him, it has been the worke of Maierus, Faber, and many other conscientious Philosophers, to reconcile them. Who laying aside (indeede abhorring) all thought of Faction, conceive nothing to come neerer the Divinity of Nature, or be any way more gracefull to God and Good men, then to help the Afflicted, and relieve the Sick; nor greater Charity then to bestow health, and support deject Nature. Nor is Galenick Phisick hard to come by, it being at all times easy to be met with, the Superficies of the Earth never denying us some thing or other for Medicine, and they, Milde, Gentle, and Safe for weake and tender Nature. Moreover, it is observed by Nollius and others, that where God strikes with any Disease, in those parts he also sends forth a Plant that he endowes with vertue to cure it. And truly I cannot but admire at those snarling humours, who make it their Taise to disprage what they affect not, (nay oftentimes what is beyond their owne worth) and rent those noble parts
parts of Art alunder, which Nature has conjoined in an harmonious Agreement, and whose wide breaches, honest hearted Philosophers endeavour to make up by a friendly Reconciliacion, it being not to be denied, but that each hath their peculiar Eminencies for which they deserve both Praise & Honour. For my owne part, I am none of the Detraffors from Learning, but beare an Universall affection to Arts, and am in freindship with each of their particular Branches; Nay even in those I understand not, for I am perswaded by the satisfaction I have received in things which before time I knew not, that there may be something deserving of my faire Opinion, in what I am yet to know. It has proved a great Error in some Practitioners, who (tumbling up and downe their owne Speculations) seeke out for Truth in the Little world, and withdrawing themselves too much from the Contemplation of Experimentall Naturall Observations, neglect to looke for it in the great and common World: When certainly such may far sooner arrive at that Truth they seek for in Man, if they would but observe the Beginnings, Change, declination, and death of all things, in and upon this inferiour Globe, and compare their vermes with our owne Internall Nature, for they are certainly united by a Noble, excellent, and secret Harmony and Relation.

And having found the true Original and Cause of Diseases, then further to search after a proper remedy; for all Diseases are not cured by one sort of Physick (save that which is Ethereal and Incorporall) And therefore according to the Doctrine of (n) Paracelsus, such as are bred from so light a cause as the impure Seeds of Vegetables, viz. Meate, Drinke, Fruites, Herbes, and the like Elementary things, may be very easily cured with the Secrets of Hearbes, Roots, and such like mild and tender Medicines, of which sort Galenicall Physick is more plentifully furnished then any of the rest. Those that are produced from the more rude and knotten Qualities of Minerals, and what is cabb within the Compass of that Tribe, the Chemicall Physitian must expell by the power and force of his Metalline Sulphurs, &c. Vegetables being (in this Case) too weake to Master and Dissolve their tenacious and coagulated Spirits: Those which are derived from the Influences of Heaven, must be removed by Plants, &c. Magically gathered and prepared, or by Sigills, &c. framed or made under futable Positions and Aspects of the Planets, and impregnated with the rays of Celestiall Vertues, for without opening the Bodies, Infusing superior Influences, and (by an additional Artifice) fixing them to the said Bodies; their own ordinary vertue (be Elections never so propitious) hath not strength enough to conquer Diseases of that Nature: and severall of these choice Secrets (of Nature and Art united) I my selfe have prepared, made and Experimentally verified. Finally, where Diseases happen by Supernaturall meanes, as by Incantments, &c. none of the other three are able to remedy the same, save onely Magical and Supercelestiall meanes, by and through the Vertues of particular Intelligences, Or the Red Medicine wrought up to the highest degree of Perfection. And in such cases the Hermetique Philosopher must appeare, who

Therefore
Therefore let all men cease to wonder why so many Diseases seeme incurable when many times being Supernatural we judge them Natural, and the true Causes unknowne, no salbatge Medicamen is administered.

And whereas I have toucht upon Sigills, I thinke it will not be remote from this discourse, if I give a little satisfaction to my Reader therein; Though perhaps it may be esteemed as a thing of too daring a Nature for my Pen. Nor am I ignorant how some, most learned Men, have extremly suffered under the heavy and sharp Load of unworthy and rash Calumny, for manifesting or defending this Doctrine; but it hath only beene (such is their Glory) by those that could never sufficiently Answer their Arguments.

The framing of Sigills, Lamels, Talesmes (for all depend upon one Radix) is a piece of Learning as (p) Ancient as the Babilonian and Caldean Magi, (who first found out the Secret power of Figures) a chiefe part of their Magick, and practised by the greatest Philosophers in the Eastern World; Where remaining to this day, (as evident Testimonies of their first Invention) very many and ancient Talesmes, the miraculous effects whereof were admired and approved throughout all Egypt and Persia: although (I confess) their Name and Use be yet scarce knowne in these parts of the World; Or if, onely to such whose Wisdom thinkes fit to conceal and preserve the knowledge thereof, from the hands of the senselie and profane.

Among all other Philosophers (famous for this kind of knowledge) Apollonius Tyaneus was the (q) mightieft, and his Workes (in my Opinion) most Stupendious: Who though the Envious and Ungrateful World, has thrown some dirt upon him, to blemish the Innocency of his Operations, yet he never desvered other then well; all He did being for the (r) good thereof, and not for hurt; He was no leffe a Pious then Illustrious Philosopher. His whole Life being thrifft and vertuous, and his Death not blasted with any scandalous Exit. And for a justification of his Praxis, take this Testimony of Joseph, who faith (s) that he was a Man skillfull in the (x) Diffent and Consent of all Natural Powers; and who wrought wonderfull things by the means of this Science; (which were only Natural and not Miraculous;) For which purpose, he made choyce of such fit Subjects, as might conduce to the perfection of what he intended to Effect: And indeed God did not withstand those Workes of his, in regard they were done by the knowledge of Natural things, for the use and benefit of Man.

What I have further to say, shall onely be to shew what Natural powers, Sigills, &c. Graved or Imprest with proper Characters and Figures, and made under certaine peculiar Constellations may have. Albumazar, Zabul, Haly, Albagminus, and diverse other Arabians, give us severall examples of such as have been cured of the biting of Serpents, Scorpions, Mad dogs, &c. by Talismannal Figures: And in other Authors we meete with a world of (t) Stories which tell what Admiraile effects they have wrought being rightly prepared, (which should I here mention, would swell beyond the limits of my Discourse) But this piece of Art is of extreme difficulty, and not to be performed by every one that takes it in hand.

As for the use of such Characters, Letters, Words, Figures, &c. Formed or Inculpd upon any Matter we make use of, we are led to it by the president (u) See Croës of Nature, who Stampes most notable and marvelous Figures upon (u) Plants, de signat inser. Roës rerum.
Rootes, Seeds, Fruits, may even upon rude Stones, Flints, and other inferior Bodies.

Nor are these remarkable Signatures made and described by Chauncey, (for there is a certaine Providence which leads on all things to their end, and which makes nothing but to some purpose,) but are the Characters and Figures of those Stars, by whom they are principally governed, and with these particular Stamps, have also peculiar and different versues bestowed upon them. What Artists therefore doe in point of Character, is only to pursue the Track, that is beaten out by Nature; And by how much the more the Matter whereupon such Impressions are made, is suitable to the Qualities of those Stars whose Characters it is signed with: By so much more apt and inclinable it will be to receive those versues that shall impower it to produce an Effect, in things whereunto it's applied.

Nevertheless, this is not all, for this Body must have as it were a Soul infused, and be Impregnated with a Celestiall vitality, or else it remains Ineffectual and Dead. In which respect other means must be found out before we can obtaine that Effect. And therefore we are to Consider, that the Soul of the World is not confined, nor the Celestial influences limited, but doe indifferently emit and communicate their Vertues alike, as well to things Artificially made, as to those that are Naturally generated, though sometimes they are more, at other times leffe vigorous and powerful, according to the different Aspects under which they are wrought: In which regard a fit Election must be built up from the foundation of Astrologie, fuitable to the Nature of the Operation proposed, which being effected, and the Stars finding a figure aptly disposed for receiving them, they forthwith Impresse their Vertue, which they retaining doe afterwards operate in that they finde to be semblable. And this is not strange if we reflect upon the Vulgar Experiments of the Loadstone, who communicating its vertue to a piece of Iron (a thing made fit by Nature to attract and retain) that Piece thereby becomes of strength to communicate this vertue to a third. But if we should consider the Operations of this Magnet throughly (which proceeds onely from a Natural Principle) there is no other Mystery, Celestial, Elementall, or Earthly, which can be too hard, for our Belief.

Moreover, these Celestial Vertues and peculiar Gifts are not infused into Individual and particular things, by the Idea, and by means of the Soul of the World alone, But also are invited thither, through the Obedientiall of their Matter, and a certaine aptitude and likenesse that these Inferiours beare to their Superiours; which being once taken in, they thereupon contrarie and retain (besides such as they receive from their owne Species) those naturall Vertues and Roots of the Stars, wherewith they suscitate and stir up the Influences of the Celestial Bodies; who are (as it were by compact when United) Obliged to Operate in and for that purpose, which the Artist appoints them. And more especially if the Minde of the Operator be vehemently inclined towards the same. For that through the Strength and Efficacy of the Imagination and Passion, (being seriously intent upon any Operation) is joyned with the Minde of the Stars and Intelligences, and as sodainly fitted with Vertues, as if it were the proper Receptacle of their Influences, and consequently helps more effectually to infuse their Vertues into our Works; And the reason is, because there is an apprehension and power of all things in the Minde: Whereupon all things having
having a natural Obedience to it, have also of necessity an Efficacy; and more to that which desires them, with a strong and intent Desire.

Notwithstanding, all these Wonders are not wrought but by the Cooperation of second Causes disposing of the Corporall Matter, God (the first cause of all things) having variously distributed these virtues to every one as he pleaseth, who by his Command and appointment are necessitated to produce their Effects. Which Matter (by reason of its Purity or Inequality may cause the Celestial virtues to err in their Actings, (for certainly Influences may be hindered, and prove ineffectual through the indisposition or insufficiency of the Matter.) And therefore it is no ordinary Speculation to awaken the sleeping Spirit which lyes bound up in the straight Prison of the Body to invite and allure that propitious Spirit to descend from Heaven, and unite itself with that which is Interna:; and there withall to convey a Vinculum thitherunto, that is of power to hold fast and fix the Celestial Influences, from recouling back into their united Centers.

This is the Series and Order of Nature conjoin'd with Art: and this, and all this must be effect, before one true Magiical Operation can be performed.

Liber patris Sapientie.

Though I cannot yet satisfy the Reader who was the Author hereof, and therefore must Register it, (together with Experience and Philosophy, the Hermetick Tale) amongst the Anonymi: yet I can assure him He gives exceeding good advice to the Student in this Science, where he bids him be Secret in the Carriage on of his Studies and Operations, and not to let any one know of his Undertakings, but his good Angel and Himself: and such a close and retired breast had Norton's Master, who

w) When Men disputed of Colours of the Rose,
He would not speake but keepe him selfe full close.

Privacy will (questionlesse) prove an unimaginable benefit to him, whereas on the contrary Aperneffe exposteth a true Philosopher to a multitude of Misfor- turnes. Witness Sir Ed. Kelley, whose immoderate Ambition of spreading his Name, lifted him up even to a Madneffe of publique Carriage; which not correcting in Time, he most miserably fell, through the fatal Virge of imprudent Glory. To such therefore I shall only adde Chancers Councell which may prove of no little advantage if they remember it.

x) Make(privy to your dealing as few as you may,
For three may keepe Councill if twaine be aweire.

The Figure cut in Brass and placed in Page 210. is an Hierogliphical device of Cremer sometime Abbote of Westminister, and Scholler (in this Science) to Raymond Lully, which he caused to be painted upon an Arched Wall in
in Westminster Abbey, where now the Statues of our Kings and Queens are set in their respective Habits.

I met with it Limned in a very Ancient Manuscript, before the old Verses that follow, which there seemed to serve as a Preface to that Work, which bears the Title of Hermes Bird. In it is conteyn’d the Grand Mysteries of the Philosophers Stone, and not more Popish or Superstitious then Flamell’s Hieroglyphicks portrayed upon an Arch in St. Innocent Church-yard in Paris; Notwithstanding it has pleased some, to wash the Original over with a Plaster’s whited Brim. As also (of late) to break in Pieces the Glass Window behind the Pulpit in St. Margarets Church at Westminster, wherein was fairly Painted (but unhappily mistaken for a Popish Story) the whole Process of the Work, in this manner.

The Window is divided into three Parts: In the Outermost whereof upon the right hand was drawn a Man holding a Boy in his hand, and a Woman with a Girle in hers, all standing in upright, naked postures, upon a green foliate earth: The Man and Woman had Fetters, whereby their Feet seemed to be chained to the ground, which Fetters were presented as falling off their Legs. Over the Heads of these persons were the Sun and Moone placed, and painted of a fad darke red Colour.

Within the Left side of the Window was a Beautiful Young man, clad in a Garment of various Colours, bearing a Yellow Cross upon his Shoulders, his Body Encircled with a Bright Glory, which sent forth Beames of divers Colours, He stood upon an Earth intimating Aquilum Piscium.

At the Foot of the Middle Part of the Window was a faire large Red Rose full spread, which issued Rays upward, and in the Middle an exceeding bright Yellow Glory. Above the Rose was the Figure of a Man rising with Beams of Light spread about his Head (somewhat like the Posture used to express Christ’s rising from his Sepulchre) He had a Garment of a Reddish Colour, deepned with Red and heightened with Yellow; In his left hand, a White Stone, which he held towards the Persons arising in that part of the Window on the Right Hand; and in his Right Hand he held forth a Red Stone towards Him, whose Garments was of various Colours.

In the uppermost part of this Window over the Figures was Transversely written as followeth:

In the first part of the Left Hand,

Omnis gentes adepti plaudite quia dominus frater texit.

In the Middle Part.

S... at mittens spirtuum suum, ecco nova facio omnia cellum &c (z) &c... in the Third on the Right Hand.

Facets quasi unus ex... in... angelis tibi...

Under these Figures in the Left side of the Window were the Staves and the Martyns Coates of Arms quartered; And at the bottom of the Right side thereof, was this Coat of Arms placed, (viz.) Argent, a Chevrons Embattled, Gules, & Vert; which for the rareness of Bearing I thought fit to Blazon, and withall (because upon very diligent search among the Records of English Coats of Arms it is not to be found) I hope it may come to the view of such, who (if not at home) may from abroad produce the Bearer, and consequently bring...
to light the Person that design'd these Hieroglyphicks, and caused them thus to be Painted.

Pag. 213.

Hermes Bird.

Which Piece (as 'tis thought) was written Originally by Raymund Lully (or at least made English by the afore mentioned Cremer) and that upon this Occasion.

Cremer travelling into Italy fell into the acquaintance of Lully, and so exceedingly wrought upon him by his persuasions that he (a) brought him over into England, where within two years (but after thirty years erraticus Experiments) he obtained the Secret from him. And afterwards bringing Lully to the sight and knowledge of Edward the third, upon some deepe Engagements and Promises that the King entered into to prosecute a Warre against the Turks in person, to bestow somewhat on the House of God, but nothing in Pride or Warring against Christians,) he was content permission Divina Regem suum Artem divitem facere. Which when the King had obtained, he brake his Promise, turned his Design against France (the first Expedition being (b) Anno 1337.) (c) Stow.Ann. and finding that Lully (after he had feene him violate his faith in destroying (c) 234. Christians in stead of Mahumetans) refused to further his Ambition with new supply of Gold, he clapt him up in the Tower, where he lay a long time, and seeing no possibility of Release, began to study his Freedom, and to that end made himself a Leaper, by which means he gained more Liberty, and at length an Advantage of escaping into France, where in all probability he pen'd this Piece.

The whole Work is Parabolical, and Allusive; yet truly Philosophical: and the Bird (that intitles it) the Mercury of the Philosophers, (whose virtues and properties are therein largely described,) By the word Chorle, is meant the Covetous and Ignorant Artist, the Garden is the Vessell or Glasse, and the Hedge the Furnace.

Pag. 213.

The Tale of the Chaucer's Yeoman.

One Reason why I selected out of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, that of the Chaucer's Yeoman was, to let the World see what notorious Cheating there has been ever used, under pretence of this true (though Injur'd) Science; Another is, to shew that Chaucer himself was a Master therein.

For, in this Tale Chaucer sets forth the deceits in Alchimy to the life, and notably declaimes against all such villainous Pretenders, who being wholly ignorant of Art, have notwithstanding learnt the Cunning, to abuse the World; And this pains he tooke (as himselfe professeth) meere

c) To the intent that men make beware thereby.

And for no other cause truly.

Herein following the President of all sincere and conscientious Philosophers, then whom, the Injur'd world cannot more condemne the abules of these Im-
postors that disgrace the Art, in that they are continually advising to shun them as spreading Infection; and setting out Lights and Directions, that may serve as so many Landmarks, (if we will but take notice of them) to make us avoid the Rocks of their Fraud and Deceit, which will otherwise split us.

The famous Art of Physick is not more abused, with Quaeking Mountebanks; nor that other of Astrology more injur'd by some nibbling Sciolists and ignorant Inglers: then this Divine Science hath suffered by the Legerdemaine of some Pretenders. What though some Moderns in Chemistry rove beyond the Latitude of their Profession, (being hurried on by Covetous thirst, to obtain this Arcanum Dei, this Theosophus incomparabiles; and by operating in Strange Matters, & torturing of various Bodies, bring Disfiguration upon this worthy Science; yet we ought not therefore to confound praise-worthy Arts, with the Abuses which Impostors shuffle into them; or for the falleness or corruption of the bad, condemn the pure and good: If so, Religion it selfe (as well as other Learning, and Professions) would scarce be exempt from the like blemishes, and wounds, if not destroyed and buried in Scornfull Ignorance.

This is the Misery, (and this not ultra Caduceum for me to speake it) that there is a Generation of People that rush headlong into the acquaintance of such Men, there's nor staying them off, much like the doting Idiots which so eagerly course Chaucer's Chaucer, after whom

\[\text{(d) Chan. Yeom. Tale} \]

\[\text{(e) Many Artificers have by no other trust,} \]
\[\text{With hally Credence to fume away their theft,} \]

\[\text{(f) Ord. pag. 7} \]

\[\text{(g) Chap. of Pu. way.} \]

\[\text{(h) Beware therefore for Christus sake,} \]
\[\text{And medlyll with nothing of great Cost,} \]
\[\text{For and thon doe, yt is but lost.} \]
As also Norton, i) Ceafe Laymen ceafe, be not in lewdneffe ever, Lewdneffe to leave is better late then never.

I wish I could say this Age, this Nation, the World, were not alured and infected with the Gyrene notes of some grand, and notable Imposters, or that the too too Credulous had not met with the same misfortune which Story tells us others have undergone, even to Ruine. Yet to those that have been Decoy’d into the snare, and would gladly for the future pursue a more hopefull Course, let them heare Richard Carpenter.

k) Whyfe the well ere thow begin, Or else lytel schalt thow wynne.

And with him Chaucer, l) If that your Gyne cannot scene right, Loketh that your Minkelack not his sight.

And againe, Let no man busie hem this Arte to seeke, But he that the entention and Speech Of the Philosophers understand can, And if he re he is a lewe man, For this Science and Conning quod (m) he, Is of the Seare of Secres parde.

Let me tell them they may become happier and expe& a Blessing in what they seek ; If with Job they can thus througely purge themselves and say, If I have made Gold my Hope, or fine Gold my Confidence, &c: that is, if they can study this Science and not pursue it for Transmutation of Metals fake onely,

n) For Covetous men that andeth never Though they seeke it once and ever, and certainly the lucre of that will fix a Curse upon their Endeavours, and plunge them headlong into an unsathom’d depth of Misfortune.

If what hath been delivered be not of force to make men watch over their undertakings, and heedfully avoid the Springs and Gims that are ordinarily laid to intrap them into Ruine; but that on the contrary they carelesly slide into a Venture upon any Tarms, Ie leave them with this incouragement,

o) Who see that lyseth to utter his folly, Let him come forth and learne to Multiply; And evry man that hath ought in his Cofer, Let him appeare and beare a Philosopher.


P.p.3. Now-
Now as Concerning Chaucer (the Author of this Tale) he is ranked amongst the Hermetick Philosophers, and his Master in this Science was Sir John Gower, whose familiar and neere acquaintance began at the Inner Temple upon Chaucer’s returne into England, for the Troubles of the Times towards the latter end of Rich: the second’s Raigne had caus’d him to retire out of their Danger into Holland, Zealand, and France.

He is cited by Norton for an Authentique Author, in these words;

And Chaucer rehearseth how Tyrants is the same.

Besides he that Reads the latter part of the Chanon’s Yeoman’s Tale, will easily perceive him to be a Judicious Philosopher, and one that fully knew the Mystery.

Mafter Speght (in that commendable Account he gives of Chaucer’s life,) is perswaded he was borne in London, from something intimated in his Testament of love. But Bale saith, He was (q) Nobilis loco natus, and that neere unto Oxford, for (faith he) Leland had Arguments which made him believe he was borne either in Oxford-shire or Bark-shire. But what those Arguments were we now know not, yet may believe them to be of considerable weight, because they were doubtlesse such as he gathered in his 6. years laborious search into the Libraries of our English Monasteries and Colleges, being furthered by the liberall Encouragement and Commission of Hen. 8. And had it not been for his indefatigable paines, All that was notable in this Nation had in all likelyhood beene perpetually obscured, or at best but lightly remembered, as uncertaine faddowes.

Nevertheless the fruits of this famous Antiquaries labours, are no where now intirely to be seen, unlesse dispersed through the works of some other men, who have most arrogantly and unworthily made them their owne: amongst the rest I perceive Solid Virgil stole much Timber from this worthy Struture, with part whereof he built up his Works, the rest be enviously burnt, for thus I finde Lelands Ghost Complaining.

Am I deceiv’d? 02 both not Lelands Spirit,
Complaine with Ghosts of English Notaries;
Whom Polidoge Virgil robb’d of merit,
Bereft of Name, and lackt of Histories,
While wretch he rabyth English Libraries.

Ah wicked Bookes-these whomsoever did it:
Should one burne all, to get once Creditt.

Am I deceiv’d? 02 both not Lelands Spirit
Make hue and Cry, for some Bookes Treasure stelch;
Rifling his Works; and razing Name and Merit;
Wherfore are smothered a Prince-given Wealth,
A learned Writers Travaile, Wies, and Health:
All these he spent to see his Country pleasure,
O hake his Name, the World may know his Treasure.
But begging pardon for this digression, as on the behalf of so deserving a scholar, I return to Chaucer. Pitts positively states he was born in Woodstock, of noble parents, and that Paré habus Equestri Ordo Visii, his father was a knight. And this may not be unlikely if we consider, that not only the name is as ancient as William the conqueror's time, but that some of the family have been both of large fortunes and good quality. For we find that Edw. the i. heard the complaint of John Chaucer in the damage of 1000 l. Record in Tur. Lond., and also that there was in the reign of H. 3. and Ed. 1, one Elias Chaucer, Tur. Lond., of whom — Edwardus dei gratia, &c. liberate de Thesauro nostro Elie Chaucier, decem solidi: With which (x) characters Geoffrey Chaucer is written in the records of Ed. 3. and Rich. the second.

But wherefore he was born, his education was chiefly in the University of Oxford in Canterbury-College, (v) (suppressed by H. 8. and now joined to Stow, An. Chriftechurch) though for some time he studied at Cambridge.

2) Of Cambridge Clarke.

He quickly became a witty logitian, a sweet rhetorician, a pleasant poet, a grave philosopher, a holy divine, a skilful mathematician, his tutors therein were friar John son, and friar M. Lenneg, (a) friars Carmelites of Lynne, remember'd with honour in his treatise of the astrolabe) and moreover (I may safely add) an able astrologian, for almost in every work he inter-waves most sound and perfect astrologie. In brief, he was universally learned, and so affirms his scholar T. Oceleus.

b) Of universaliy fade of science.

Pitts files him (c) Vir beli pacisq; aribus m. in Florens. A man that excelled in arts both of war and peace, and a little after, Nam jam ante quam virilem etatem acciisisset, erat poeta elegantius, Et qui postim Anglicum in ilustravit, ut Anglicus Homerum merito habereur: For ere he came to man's estate, he was an elegant poet, and one, who illustrated English poetry, that he might have been deservedly accounted the English Homer. Lidgatke the monk of Bury calls him the (d) load star of our language, and tells us that it was he, that

e) Made first to distill and raine
The gold new drops of speech and eloquence,
Into our tongue through his excellence.
And found the flowers first of rhetoric,
Our rude speeche or e'y to intamme,
That in our tongue was never, nor him like.

For indeed in his time all good letters were laid asleep in most parts of the world, and in England our tongue was exceeding wild and rude, yet (through his refining and polishing) it became more sweet and pleasant, in which regard he is stiled

f) The first finder of our seire language.

(471)
He spent many of his years in France and Flanders: several Preferments he had at Court, for he wasArmiger Regis to Ed. 3. (a place of very good Reputation) (b) Valesius Hospitii, viz. Groom of the Palace, and after in R. 2. time (c) Controller of the Custom-house London; with these he had several Annual pensions during his Life granted from R. 2. and H. 4. His Abilities for Foreign Impositions were so farre taken notice of, that he was twice or thrice sent abroad into other Countries, and thought fit to be one of the Embassadors into France to move a Marriage betweene Richard the second (while Prince of Wales) and the Lady Mary, Daughter to the French King. His Revenue was 1000l. per annum, a very plentiful Estate, the times considered.


Mr. Nicholas Brigham built this Marble Monument to his Memory, the true Portrait whereof I have caus’d to be exactly graved in Brass, and placed in page 226. There was formerly round the ledge of the Tombe the following Verses but now no remainder of them left.

Sirogites quis eram, forsan te fama docebit:
Quod si fama negat, mundi quia gloria transit,
Hac monumenta leges.

The Picture of Chaucer is now somewhat decay’d but the Graver has recovered it after Princsalt left to posterity by his worthy Schollar Tho. Occleve, who hath also these Verses upon it.

k) And though his life be quenthe the resemblaunce
Of him hath in me so freshe  likenesse,
That to putte other men in remembrance
Of his persone, I have here the likenes.
Do make, to this ende in forthwashing,
That thet that have of him lost thoute and mynde,
By this Portraiture, may agine him fynde.

Before Mr. Brigham built the aforesaid Monument it seemes Chaucer had a Stone layd over his Grave upon which was ingraved this following Epitaph.

Galgfridus Chaucer Vates & fama Poesis,
Materna haec sacra sum tumulatus humo.

---

Daffin’s Dreame.

I am perswaded this Worke called by the Name of Daffin’s Dreame has beene turned into English Verse by some later Philosopher, for in his dayes we meete with no such refined English, and in Latin we have his Vision with which (in effect) this agrees.

The Time he liv’d in is not certainly knowne; I finde none that mention it; but tis beleived it was long since. Our Country-man (d) Bate speaks of him yet,
And though (m) Pitts renders him a very Poore man, and lays the blame m) upon his owne Artifice; (being so much addicted to Alchymie,) yet question-leffe (if he were Master of such learning as they confesse him to be, and his Poverty were not voluntary;) he might have advanced himselfe to riches when he pleased. He wrote these following Booke,

2. Visions ad hoc alias.
3. Secreta Secretorum.
4. Speculum Philosophorum.
5. Sapientum Aurum.

(n) Maierus faith he left behind him a considerablc Chemicall Tract, which n) Symb. Aur. Janus Lacinium hath put in his Collections. Nor unlike but this may be in Laci-Mens. pag. 458. his Pretiosa Margarita novella de Thesauru, ac precioffimo Philosophorii lapide; but this I have not yet seen, and therefore cannot tell whether what is there published of Vastin's, be any of the before mentioned Worker.

Pag. 269. Take Erth of Erth, Erths Wydor.

Ludovicus Combachiius in his late Collections of some of Ripley's Workes, put this of Pearce the Black Monk's among them under the Title of Terra Terra Philosophica; and publishes it as Ripley's: and withall that Tytle [Terra Terrarum] which (o) Pitts also gives to one of his Workes may seeme to infinuate this; But I conceive all are not Ripley's which walk under his Name, for question-leffe, many Pieces are (of late Tymes) fathered on him which he never wrote; But he has not this at all among the Catalogue he delivers of what was Ripley's. And I have met with it in so old a Manuscript under the tytle of Pearce the Black Monk, that the Hand (as I Judge) speaks it to be antienter then Ripley's Time.

Pag. 275. Of Titan Magnesia take the cleere light,
The Redd Gumme that is so bright:

Some Ancient Copies have it also thus,

Of Spaine take the cleere light,
The Red Lion that is so bright.

To pitch upon for the Author, I was a long time ignorant of, yet at length I happily met with an old Manuscript (and it was the ancientsell Hand-writing I ever saw) this Piece written in) to which was affixt the Name.
Name of Richard Carpenter, and thereupon I have intitled it, Carpenter's Work.

I finde that in Anno 1447, John Carpenter then Bishop of Worcester (p) founded the Colledge at Weyisbury neere Bridioll, (mentioned (q) before to be augmented by William Cannings (r) by pulling downe the old Colledge, and in the new Building enlarged it very much, compassing it about with a strong Wall, Embattled; adding a faire Gate, with divers Towers, (more like unto a Castle then a Colledge,) and lastly bestowed much good Land for augmenting the Revenue thereof. Besides this he built the Gauchouse at Hartleborough, a Castle neere and (s) belonging to the Bishop of Worcester; and did severall other Works of Piety and Charity.

This Bishop Carpenter is supposed to be Brother, or neere Kinman to Richard Carpenter our Author; and accounted an Hermetique Philosopher. He was Contemporary with Norton, and Cannings; and for the most part lived neere unto them, at the aforementioned Weyisbury; may he had so great Affection to that Place (not unlike for the Societies fake of Norton and Cannings or for some speciall Blessing he met with there) that (t) he intended to have it honoured with a part of his Style; and to have taken upon him the Name of Bishop of Worcester and Weyisbury, which though he could not effect, yet chose it for his Buriall place where he lyes Inter'd.

In another old parchment Manuscript (and that a very faire one) I met this Worke, Prefaced with what followes.

Pag. 278. The Hunting of the Greene Lyon.

IN the Campa of Philosophy, Bloomfield reckons up a Worke that bears the Title of the Greene Lyon, and amongst other Impostors (of his Tyme) calls the Vicar of Maldon, (but in some Copies Vicar of Walden) the Author; and consequently esteemes the Worke spurious.

But what Piece soever that was I know not: I am confident this, that I here present my Reader with under that Title, is a perfect Worke, and truly Philo-
Philosophical; besides some copies owne Abraham Andrews for their Author, and is so confirm'd to me by the Testimony of a credible Philosopher.

Page 293. 1. 10. God save my Masters life

Thomas Charnock (the Author of the Breviary of Natural Philosophy) had the happinesse to have Two Masters that made him inheritor of this Secret; The first was he, whom here he Mentions, and it seems

w) Was a Priest in the Close of Salisbury.

This he further confirmes in his Breviary, thus:

x) Walter J. S. his name is truly, High to the City of Salisbury his dwelling is, A Spiritual man for looth he is.

It seems he had some acquaintance with this Priest, and in that time beth his Studies this way, Infomuch that the Priest falling sick (whilst his Work was a going) thought Charnock deserving of it; for He

y) When he thought to dye, Gave him his Worke and made him his Heire.

This Worke Charnock continued going, till unhappily it perisheth by Fire upon a Newyear's day at Noone; probably it might be An. 1555, for that fell out in the first and second of Phil. and Mar. and in those yeares of their Raigne (which was parte in the yeare 1554, and parte in 1555.) he (x) received the Secret from the aforesaid Priest, as himselfe Testifies. At which time he was about 30. or 31. yeares of Age (though he intimates he was about 18. yeares old when he first met with the Prior of Bath) for Anm. 1574. he was 50. years old, as appeares at the end of his (b) Fragments, which I Coppied from his owne Hand.

Page 295. Only a Monk of whom 'tis speakt anon.

This Monk was Charnocks other Master, into whose Company he (c) accidentally happened, his Name was William Bird, and by his Function Prior of Bath, at the Dissolution of that Abbey;

This Bird (while Prior) expended much Money by (c) endeavouring what he might to finish the Abby Church of Bath (the (f) foundation of which sumptuous Building was begun by Oliver King, but he dying left it unperfect;)

and had brought it to a perfection, when the Dissolution of the Abbey, had once overthrown what before was set up.

It seems this Prior had the Elixir upon the Suppression of the Abby: he hid it in a Vall.
And Ten days after he went to fetch it out,  
And there he found but the top of a Cloke.

For it was taken away; It made their Hearts light who found it, but his so heavy, and the losse so discontented and afflicted him.

That many yeares after he had no settling place.

and (losing his Eyes soone after his Ecclesiastical preferments) was quite deprived of attempting to make the Elixir againe. Whereupon he liv’d obscurely, and grew very poor, and not able to give Charnock entertainement, but his owne Purse paid for it, both times he was with him.

Charnock is his name, of Tenet that Isle.

T Enet or Tainet is an Isle that lies in the East part of Kent, and the Birthplace of Charnock; however though he might be born there, yet he dwelt about Salisbury, when he first met with his Master Bird. He calls himself the Unlettered Schoollar, and by severall Fragments and Notes that I have seen of his owne Writing, it does not appeare, that he understood much Latin, or knew how to write true English; yet though he wanted the Shell he obtained the Kernels, and had the good fortune to meeete with that in plain English, which many (who have the assistance of other Languages) goe without; Thus we see by him, that God hath not excluded all who are Masters of no other then their own Language; from the happinesse of understanding many Abstruse and Subtil Secrets; I could instance severall in this Science: and this very Consideration invited that noble Fraternity of the R.C. to publish their Fame and Confession in Five severall Languages, to the end the unlearned might not be deprived and defrauded of the knowledge thereof. Nor was the Progress (which all Students may take notice of) tedious or long in delivering to Charnock. For thus he faith,

Within three or foure yeares (k) he revealed to me
Of Minrall Prudence the greate Miferie.

He lived in the Ranke of an Ordinary man, else I presume his Quality might have priviledged him from being Preist for a Common Soldier. And from a Memorandum of his owne hand, it may be gathered, that he practised Chirurgery; for thereby it appeares He bargained to have Five Markes for healing the Leg of one Richard Deane, for the payment of which one John Bodin and William Lambe became Surveys.
Page 300. li. 23. — Remembering my Master tho.
Page 301. li. 5. — My Master shall know all this.
li. 8. Then would I write to my Master —
Page 302. li. 1. Then I remembered my good Master againe.

IT is S. J. the Priest of Salisbury whom Charnock means in these several places, and whose Christian Name was James: for in another private Memorandum, written by Charnock, I finde thus much;

Memorandum that Sir Robert which did confer with my Tutor, Sir James, in King Edwards days, dwelleth now in the Savoye in London, and hath it a Working there, as Harry Hamond told me at Saint James Faire.

Anno Domini: 1566.

Some will have this to beare a double Construction (either that Ripley was Boy or Servant to a Canon, as being bred up under a Canon while a Boy; or that it was one who was Ripley's Servant, and brought up with him when young, to whom Ripley (finding him faithfull) might commit the Secret) and to leave it uncertaine whether Ripley or his Scholler was Master to the aforesaid William Bird. But I rather conceive the latter most probable; for, Ripley (l) dyed about the yeare 1590. and the time that this Bird communicated this Secret to Charnock, was at least 64 years after. So that questionlesse this Bird was too young to be acquainted With so weighty a Mystery at the time of Ripley's death. However William Bird had a Master, though Sir James the Priest of Salisbury had none; but received it from God's hands by inspiration: for Charnock lays he toold him

—m) He did it not attaine.
Of no maner of Man but of God, he put it into his head
As he saw it was thinking, lying in his bed.

Pag. 302. lin. 13. Yet the Gentleman did me more spight then the rest,
As when he made me from my work to be Priest.

Charnock was much hindred in the Course of his Prakke by the Malice of this Gentleman, who it seems was some ill Neighbour, that bore him a Grudge, and executed it, in as bad a time for the honest Philosopher as possible might be; [even then when he was neere finishing his worke,

—n) Within a Moneth's reckoning.]
causing him to be preft for a **Soldier** upon the Designe of relieving of Calis, (which was the (o) beginning of January Anno 1558: and almost in Monther after he had finifhed the **Breviary of Philosophy**,) whereupon in a Discontent he destroyed All.

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Pag.303.ii.6. And if God spare me lyfe I will mend this another day.

The **Breviary of Naturall Philosophy** was begun to be written within two or three yeares after he was Master of the Secret, and though he feeme to promise some other **Worke**, yet I could never learne that he wrote any thing afterwards, (ave only His two **Enigmaes**, (the which I have Marshald after his Breviary) and the **Fragments** incerted, Pag.424. What time he dyed, is uncertaine, but after the yeare 1577. I meece with nothing under his owne Hand, although severall yeares before that, his Pen lay not still; for in divers spare places of his **Bookes** he inferred sundry **Notes**, to the which most commonly he affixt a **Date**; some whereof I have published in this **Theatrum**.

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Pag.305. **Bloomefield's Blossomes.**

The Author himselfe also calls this **Worke** the **Camp of Philosophy**, and the Practick thereof he styles by the **Name** of his last **Vill and Testament.** It was written by **William Bloomefield** (some Copies have called him **Sir William Bloomefield**) a **Bachelor of Physick**, admitted by **H.8.** I have scene a faire **Manuscript** of Norton's **Ordinall**, wherein (at the coppe of the **Leafe**, that begins every **Chapter** and some other Eminent places,) is a **Scrowle**, and in the first fold thereof is written **[Myles]** in the midle of it, the **Number** of the **Chapter**, and in the third fold **[Bloomefield]** which **Myles Bloomefield** I take to be the **Owner** of the **Book** (and perhaps some **Brother** or **Kinsman** to our **William Bloomefield**: ) Nevertheless by at **Note** in that **Booke** (of an indifferent antient hand) I afterwards found this **Myles** is called the **Author of**

**Bloomefields Blossomes.**

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Pag.324. **Sir Edward Kelle's Work.**

I Cannot give my Reader an **Account** of **Sir Edward Kelley**, but I must also mention that famous **Artist, Doctor John Dee**; (whose last **Vill and Testament** followeth Sir Edw. Kelle's Work) He being sometime his Intimate **Friend**, and long **Companion** in **Philosophical Studies**, and **Chemical Experience**; Till at length the worthy Doctor (leaving him in **Germany**) returned for England, and so by **Providence**, escaped from being his further **Companion**; in that straight **Confinement** which Sir Edw. Kelley suffered, (by command of **Ralph the 2, Emperor of Germany**) at **Prague**.

**Touching**
Touching Sir Edward Kelley, he was borne at Worcester, the Scheme of whose Nativity (Graved from the Original Calculation of Doctor Dee, and under his Hand) I here Exhibite.

Which may be grateful and acceptable unto such that can read the Language of the Heavens: Infomuch, that therein they shall finde out more concerning him, then Story has left us. For, whereas he by some is called Philosophus Dubius, somewhat a better Opinion might be hence Collected, and that from the Position of Mercury Lord of the Ninth (the House of Knowledge, Wisdome and Science,) and who is placed upon the Cuspe thereof in Virgo, where he is exceeding Strong, and Fortunate, in Dignities Essential and Accidental, [viz. in his owne House, and Exaltation, Direct, and Swift of Course, free from Combustion, and in the Termes, and Face of Venus; to whom he applies by a Partile Sextile.] Venus also is Angular, and beholding the Cuspe of the Ninth House, by a Sextile; All which (with Consideration that the Degree Ascending is in the Termes of Mercury,) doe truly render him a Man of cleere Understanding, quick Apprehension, an excellent Wit, and of great propensity to Philosophicall Studies. And indeede, by all Reports he was very Ingenious, and a continuall Searcher, in the abstruse and difficult Secrets of Philosophy and Chemistry.

Yet for all this, he could not escape the hard Censures and Scandalls of those that understood not what he did; which the Dragons Tail in the Ascendant, was
was at all times ready to further and promote, and from whose position the Nature of those abusive Assertions may be (Generally) gathered: and partly from a story which VVever in his Funerall Monuments insertts, where, though he make him an Actor in the worst part of Conjuration, and backs his Relation with some Formall Circumstances, Yet that nothing was done in the Nature he Relates, good and sound Reasons (too tedious to be touched here) induce me to believe.

As touching Doctor Dee, he chiefly bent his Studies to the Mathematicks; in all parts of which he was an absolute and perfect Master. Witness his Mathematicall Preface to Euclid's Elements, wherein are enumerated many Arts of him wholly invented (by Name, Definition, Propriety, and Use) more than either the Grecian or Roman Mathematicians have left to our knowledge; with divers and many Annotations, and Inventions, Mathematicall, added in sundry places of the said Book: Together with several Pieces of Navigation, Perspective, and other rare Mathematicall works of his in Manuscript.

His Epistle prefixed to Iobu Field's Ephemerides 1557 De ufu Globi Celesti to Ed.6. De Nubium folis lune ac reliorum Planetarum, &c. Distantis, &c. to Ed.6. Astronomical and Logistical Caions to Calculate the Ephemerides by; De Stella admiranda in Cæsiopeæ Afterfimo. An Advise and Discourse about the Reformation of the Vulgar Yeare, speake him a learned Astrologer.

And lastly, that he was a good Astrologian, and a studious Philosopher, his 300. Astronomical Aphorismes, His 120. Aphorismes De praestantioribus qui-busdum nature virtutibus. Monas Hieroglyphica. Speculum unitatis, (being an Apology for our famous Frier Bacon) His Cabala Hebraica compendiosa Tabula, with many others, afford no small Evidence to the World.

All which and many more (in severall other kinds of learning) as History, Heraldry, &c. written by him before the year 1583. Some time he bestowed in vulgar Chemistry, and was therein Master of divers Secrets, amongst others he (p) revealled to one Roger Cooke, the Great Secret of the Elixir (as he called it) of the Salt of Metals, the Projection whereof was One upon a Hundred.

His great Ability in Astrologie, and the more secret parts of Learning (to which he had a strong propensity and unwearyed Fancy,) drew from the Envious and Vulgar, many rash, lewd, and lying Scandals, upon his most honest and justifiable Philosophical Studies; and many times forced him out of the tender and mildness of his soul (which was even Crucified with the malice of Impudent Tongues) most feeriously and fervently to Apologize. Nor could he enjoy Tranquility in his Studies, but was oftentimes disquieted and vexed with the lower Dispositions of such as most Injuriously Scandalized both him and them.

Infomuch that the (q) yeare he went beyond Sea his Library was seized on, wherein was 4200 Books, and 700. of them Manuscrips (a Caveat for all Ingenious and eminent Philosophers to be more wise then to keep any dear or Excellent Books in their own Houses.) And it's most probable that at this time his before mentioned Speciuli unitatis, might fall into those hands, that would never since suffer it to see the Light, which might occasion the Learned Selden to say, this

(480)

1579.

An. 1583.

Seld. Pref.to (r) Apology was long since promis'd by him; but intimating it was never VVris.

Hopt. Concor. An. 1592. (s) Master Secretary Walsingham, and Sir Tbo. George were sent to his then dwelling house at Mortelack by vertue of a Commission, to understand the
the Master and Causes for which his Studies were Scandalized. And for some other thing in the like Nature, was he necessitated to send his Apologeticall Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Thee kind of Persecutions were still Multiplyed upon him, and he sometimes Personally agreed by them: for about the yeare 1594. he was under a kind of Restraint, which occasioned him to write to the Lady Seydmore to move the Queen that either he might declare his Case to the Body of the Council, or else under the Broade-scale have liberty to goe freely where he pleased.

And thus much concerning these two famous men in severall; now shall I give the Reader an Account of their Joint Actions abroad, as also what relates to Doctor Dee after his returne into England: which I shall doe from an unquestionable Authority, even Doctor Dee's Diary, all written with his owne hand; where I shall take the larger Field to walke in, because I move upon so certaine ground: some of which passages may please (if not concern) the Reader. For I think it not fit to suffer such Eminent lights longer to lie in Obscurity, without bringing them forth to the view of the World.

Tis generally reported that Doctor Dee, and Sir Edward Kelly were so strangely fortunate, as to finde a very large quantity of the Elixir in some part of the Ruines of Glastenbury-Abbey, which was so incredibly Rich in vertue (beeing one upon 27 1/3 o.) that they lost much in making Projection, by way of Trial; before they found out the true height of the Medicine.

And no sooner were they Masters of this Treasure, then they resolved to Travel well into Foreign Parts, where falling into acquaintance with one Albertus Laskey a Polonian Prince (which came into England the beginning of May, An. 1583.) on the 21. of Sept. following, They, their Wives, Children, and Families, went beyond Sea with the said Prince.

And whether they found it at Glastenbury (as is aforesaid) or howsoever else they came by it, 'tis certain they had it: for at Trebena in Bohemia (whither they came to dwell) Sir Edward Kelley made Projection with one small Graine thereof (in proportion no bigger then the least graine of Sand) upon one Ounce and a Quarter of Common Mercury, and it produced almost an Ounce of most pure Gold. This was done to gratifie Master Edward Garland and his Brother Francis, and in their presence, which Edward was lately come to Trebena, being sent thither to Doctor Dee, from the Emperor of Muscovia, according to some Articles before brought, by one Thomas Symkinson. I also finde this Note of Doctor Dee's, Jan. 5. 1586. Donum Dei 2ounces.E. K. Moreover, for nearer and later Testimony, I have received it from a credible Person, that one Broomfield and Alexander Roberts, told him they had often seen Sir Ed. Kelly make Projection, and in particular upon a piece of Metall cut out of a Warming-pan, and without Sir Edwards touching or handling it, or melting the Metall (only warming it in the Fire) the Elixir being put thereon, it was Transmuted into pure Silver: The Warming-pan and this piece of it was sent to Queene Elizabeth by her Embassador who then lay at Prague, that by fitting the Piece into the place whence it was cut out, it might exactly appear to be once part of that Warming-pan. The aforesaid Person hath likewise seen in the hands of one Master Frye and Scroope, Rings of Sir Edward Kellyes Gold, the fashion of which was onely Gold wyre, twisted thrice about the Finger; and of these fashioned Rings, he gave away, to the value of 4000l. at the Marriage of one of his
his Servant Maides. This was highly Generous, but to say truth he was openly Profuse, beyond the modest Limites of a Sober Philosopher.

During their abode at Trebona, they tried many Chemical Experiments to see whether they could make that Jewel they possessed, (the particular account of their operations I need not here relate) yet I cannot hear that ever they accomplished any thing; only I finde the 27. of April noted by Doctor Dee with several expressions of Joy and Gladness, as —— Hae est dies quam fecit Dominus. Again —— Misserecordia Dei magna, and lastly, —— Omne quod vivit Laudet Dominum. And to testify what they meant, he writes upon the 30. day following, Master Edward Kelley did open the Great secret to me. God be thanked.

While they lived at Trebona, Sir Edward Kelley went divers times to Prague, and the 15. of Jan. 1587, he went into Poland, but returned the 9 of Febr. after. And 'tis probable these Journeys were made in quest after some famous Chemists. Things were not carried here so privately, but Queen Elizabeth had notice given her of their Affairs, whereupon the used several means by Letters and Messages to invite them back into England, where it was believed she had so far prevailed that Master Simkin and Master Francis Garland's Brother coming from England to (x) Trebona, supposed they had beene ready to come over to England upon the Queenes Letters formerly sent them. And though Sir Edward Kelley said behind, yet Doctor Dee (y) left Trebona and came for England. But whether occasioned by some unkindness received from Sir Edward Kelley or falling out of their Wives, or the Solicitation of Queen Elizabeth (or all these concurring) I am not yet certaine, not unlike but each of them might contribute to their Separation.

For that there was some Great and Wonderfull unkindnesse past from Sir Edward Kelley, appeares by his sending for Doctor Dee, the beginning of Jan. 1588, under the name of Reconciliation, and discovering more then an Ordinary Intimacy and Compliancy about that time, which faire shews the good Doctor notes with this prayer. God lead his hearts to all Charity and Brotherly love: As also by Letters sent from Doctor Dee to Sir Edward Kelley and his Wife the end of March following, requiring at their hands Mutual Charity, which (z) after upon Miftris Kellies receiving the Sacrament she gave her hand to Doctor Dee and his Wife in Token of Charity. But it seems these things were not cordiall but only outward; for 9. Sept. following, (the Lord Chancellor coming to Trebona) the Rancour & Disimulation was more evident to him, and it seems grew up to a greater height then he could bear. And thereupon he thought wisely to avoid the further Danger by leaving Germany which occasioned him to (a) deliver to Sir Edward Kelley the Powder, the Bookes, the Glass, with some other things, and thereupon received his Discharge in writing under his Hand and Seal.

While these Discourses continued, severall Letters past between Queen Elizabeth and Doctor Dee, whereby perhaps he might promise to returne; at length it so fell-out, that he (b) left Trebona and took his Journey for England.

The ninth of April he came to Bræme and had not stayed there three days, but the Landgrave of Hesse sent Letters of Civill Complements to him, and within three days after, Doctor Dee presented him with his Twelve Hungarian Horses.
Heres, that he bought at Prague for his journey. (c) Here that famous Her- c) 27 June metique Philosopher, [Doctor Henric Kunrah of Hamburg] came to visit him at the 16. of Nov. he went thence to Stade, where he met with Mr. Edward Dyer going Embassador for Denmarke, who the yeare before had beene at Tyre- boxa, and carried back Letters from the Doctor to Queene Elizabeth; He was a great Corepondent of Doctor Dee, and as earnest a Searcher after the Stone.

The 23. of November following, he arrived at Graves end having beene out of England 6. years 2. Moneths and 2. Dayes, and the 9th of December presented himselfe to the Queene at Richmond, where he was favour'd with a kinde Re- ception.

Being setled againe at Morsclack, the Queene used to call at his House to visit him, and shewed her self very Curteous to him, upon all Occasions. Against Christmas 1590, she sent him Two hundred Angels wherewith to keep his Christ- mas, and a hundred Ma kes against Christmas 1592. she likewise sent him word by Mr. Thomas Candish, to doe what he would in Alchymie and Philosophy, and none should controule or moleft him: and not unlike by the Queene's example, divers Personages of Honour at Court, frequented his Company, and sent him many Guifts, from time to time. Amongst others Sir Thomas Jones most nobly offered him his Castle at Emlyn in Wales, to dwell in, free with all Accommo- dations.

His Favour was faire at Court, the Queene her selfe bad him finde out something for her to bestow; yet all the preferment he gain'd was the (d) d) 8. Dec. Grant of the Chancellorship of St. Pauls, and the 27 of May 1595. his Patent 1594. past the great Seale, for the Wardenship of Manchester, whither He, his Wife, Children, and Family came the 14. of Feb. 1596. and the 20. day following was Insall'd, and in this Wardenship (wherein he had the unhappinesse to be often vex't with the Turbulent Fellows of that Colledge) dyed, desiring the Commendations of all Learned and Ingenious Schollers, and to be remembred for his remarkable Abilities.

After Doctor Dee came into England (as is before remembred) Correspon- dency was still maintaine'd betweene him and Sir Edward Kelley, in Letters sent by Mr. Francis Garland and others, and some expectancy of Sir Edward's comming over. (c) Mr. Thomas Kelley (his Brother) putting the Doctor in c) 23. Dec. hopes thereof likewise but at length Sir Edward was clapt up close Prisoner 1589. by the Emperour (for he had so unwarily and openly managed the Secret, that it had given the Emperour occasion to carry a strict Eye over all his Actions, out of a desire to be sharer, with him in his good fortune) yet it seems the Emperour set him at Liberty, and Doctor Dee had notice of it the 5. of f) 4. Oct. 1593 Decemb. after. And though he began to grow into the Emperours favour, in hopes to be entertained into his Service (for to he certifie Doctor Dee by Letters in August 1595.) Nevertheless he was clapt up againe into Prison, and attempting to make his Escape out of a high Window, by the teering of his Sheeters, which were ryed together to let him downe, he (being a weighty Man) fell and broke his Leggs, and thereof dyed: (The Ascendent then coming by Direcion to the place of the (g) Moone with Latitude, the being Lady of the 8th. See the house in the Radix and posited in Aquarius.) And this is one report of his Death; others there are, but Doctor Dee mentions none at all of the manner Nativity.
A Dialogue between the Father and the Sonne.

His Dialogue is there placed among the Anonymi, in regard I then knew not the Author, but afterwards I met with the entire (i) Works, and found it to be that of Ripley's, which is called the Mystery of Alchemists, and that this Fragment was but drawn out of it, only dressed up with another Title, which if the Reader compare he shall readily finde.

For the want of Sense in some parts thereof, as also in other Elder Pieces; I hope the Dimness of the Paper will be excused where there was no clearer light to be found. For though (like the Sun) they may seem to have some Spots, yet the candid Peruser must confess they are not without their peculiar Glories. The truth is, some Passages through them were so obscure and dark, and the Paths I followed so rugged and uneven, that I could neither stay in them without manifest distraction, or go out of them without some Danger: and from my discoveries thence, I am well assured I might have more contented the Reader, could I have satisfied my Self better. However, I durst not adventure to rectifie what I found amisse; but thought it better to leave it to the Judgment of each that takes the pains to study them, then obtrude my owne Sense, left what I judge an Emendation, others may sense as a Grofs fault: and withall ever remembering the strict Charge the generality of Philosophers have continually given to Succession, not to meddle or alter any of their Works; I, (even in what I feare are manifest Imperfections) dare not but most inviolably observe them, and amongst them all this Credible and Trusty Philosopher is not unworthy of our taking notice of, who thus requires the same.

Therefore in Charity and for the Lords sake,
Let no man from my writing take
One word, or add thereto,
For certainly if that he do,
He shall show malice fro which I am free.
Meaning Truth and not subtily.

And also with great diligence.

This Piece is the Work of Sir John Gower, and Collected out of his Book (i) De Confessione Amantis. He is placed in the Register of our Hermetique Philosophers: and one that adopted into the Inheritance of this Mystery, our famous English Poet, Geoffrey Chaucer. In this little Fragment it appears he fully understood the Secret, for he gives you a faithfull account of the Properties of the Mineral, Vegetale, and Animal Stones, and affinmes the Art to be true.
This Crafts is wrought by wey of kinde,  
So that there is no faile in.

And againe,

The Science of himselfe is trew,  
Upon the forme as it is founded.

He was an eminent Poet, and hath (m) written the story of the Golden Fleece, like an Hermetique Philosopher: which Philosophicall veine is to be traced through several other parts of his Works. The first acquaintance betweene Him and Chaucer began at the Inner Temple, where Sir John Gower studied the Lawes, and whither Chaucer came to follow the like course of Studies upon his returne out of France. He was (faith Piss a (u) noble and learned Man, Galfrido feri per omnia similem, qui que eundem prorsus habuit omnium studiorum propositum finem, resembling Geoffry almost in every thing, and who had surely the same proposed end of all their Studies; they soone perceived the similitude of their manners, quickly joined in Friendship and Labours; they had dayly meetings and familiarity, and all their endeavour was to refine and polish their Mother Tongue, that there might appear the express steps of the Roman Eloquence in our English Speech.

This appears by Chaucer's sending to Gower his Troylus and Cressida after he had finished it, for his perusal and amendments.

Quod lingua Catonis & Enni,  
Sermoem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum  
Nomina prosulcris.

p) Stow Margens it, that he was no Knight; yet we have it (q) from Bale, that he was Vir Equestris Ordinis, of the Order of Knighthood, and Leland says (r) Cent. 7. 54. that Abillustri stemmate originem duxit, that he had his Original from an Illustrious Pedigre.

He built a great part of St. Mary Overies Church in Southwa ke; and r) Stow. Ann. when death had snatched out of his boosome his deare Companion Geoffry Chaucer, he then prepared a resting place for his owne Body in the Chapell of Saint John in the said Church where he founded a Chantry. He was very old and blind when he dyed, and lived but two years after Chaucer. He had a stately Monument erected, wherein was his whole Portraiture cut in Stone in the Wall on the Rer 3. North
North side of the said Chapel. The Hair of his Head Aburne long to his Shoulders, but curling up, and a small forked Beard; on his Head a Chapter, like a Coronet of four Roses, a habit of Purple, (Mr. Speght says Greenish) Damaske downe to his feet, a Collar of Esses of Gold about his Neck; the Ornaments of Knighthood, under his head the likenesfe of three Bookes which (among severall others) he compiled, the first Speculum Meditantis, written in French, the second Vox Clamantis written in Latin, the third Confesio Amantis, pen'd in English, which last was printed the 12 of March An. 1554. His Armes were these, Argent, a Chevrion Azure, three Leopards heads thereon Or, their Tongues Gules, two Angels Supporters, and on the Crest a Talbot.

His Epitaph

Armigeri Scutum nihil a modo fertihi tutum,
Reddidi immolatum morti generale tributum,
Spiritus Gratul se gaudeat esse collatum,
Et ubi virtutum Regnum fine labo statutum.

--- Deus nobis hac Otia fecit. ---
Courteous Reader, thou art desired to rectifie these following mistakes, in some Copies, (committed by the Printer) in the Table of Obsolete words.

Samuel Coates
His Book done anno 1702
A Table of
The severall Treatises,
with their Authors Names, contained
in this WORKE.

Ordinall of Alchemie. Thomas Norton. pag.1.
Pater Sapientiae. Anonymus. pag.194.
Hermes's Bird. Anonymus. pag.211.
Daftin's Dreame. Iohn Daftin. pag.257.
Pearce (the Black Monke) upon the Elixir. pag.269.
Richard Carpenter's Worke. pag.275.
Hunting of the Greene Lyon. Abraham Andrewes. p.278
Ænigmaes. Thomas Charnock. pag.303.
Bloomefields Blossomes. William Bloomefield. pa.305.
Sir Edward Kelley's Worke. pag.324.
Sir Edward Kelley to G. S. Gent. pag.332.
Doctor John Dee's Testament. pag.334.
Thomas Robinson of the Philosophers Stone. pag.335.
Experience and Philosophy. Anonymus. pag.336.

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A Table explaining the Obscure, Obsolete, and mis-spell'd words used throughout this Work.

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<tr>
<td>A Bosken above.</td>
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<td>Certes, undoubtedly.</td>
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<td>Abayde, arose, recovered, up-</td>
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<td>Cheele, chufe.</td>
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<td>Agone, gone, fled.</td>
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<td>Cheepys, sheepes.</td>
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<td>Alcolumne, Alchemie, Chemistrue.</td>
<td>A Table explaining the Obscure, Obsolete, and mis-spell'd words used throughout this Work.</td>
<td>Cheere, thrieve.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Algatees, Notwithstanding, ever, for-</td>
<td>A Table explaining the Obscure, Obsolete, and mis-spell'd words used throughout this Work.</td>
<td>Cheile, slave, clowne.</td>
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<tr>
<td>foot, even now, altogether.</td>
<td>A Table explaining the Obscure, Obsolete, and mis-spell'd words used throughout this Work.</td>
<td>Christis Christ his.</td>
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<td>Alleviate, Elevate, lift up.</td>
<td>A Table explaining the Obscure, Obsolete, and mis-spell'd words used throughout this Work.</td>
<td>Chyrie, chireth.</td>
</tr>
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<td>All, all.</td>
<td>A Table explaining the Obscure, Obsolete, and mis-spell'd words used throughout this Work.</td>
<td>Clatter, brable.</td>
</tr>
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<td>All, also, as well.</td>
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<td>Clapp, prate.</td>
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<td>Ana, of each, a like quantity.</td>
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<td>Clot leafe, Bardana, or greate Burdock leafe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anoder, another.</td>
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<td>Clepys, Eclipses.</td>
</tr>
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<td>Anuellere, secular.</td>
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<td>Coart, inforce.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appale, decay.</td>
<td>A Table explaining the Obscure, Obsolete, and mis-spell'd words used throughout this Work.</td>
<td>Convenable, Convenient.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appearance, appearing.</td>
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<td>Coude, could.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appertible, desireable.</td>
<td>A Table explaining the Obscure, Obsolete, and mis-spell'd words used throughout this Work.</td>
<td>Couthe perfectly, know.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Askance, as though, as if, aside.</td>
<td>A Table explaining the Obscure, Obsolete, and mis-spell'd words used throughout this Work.</td>
<td>Cowlyg, Monkes hoods.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Askys, ashes.</td>
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<td>Crop, topp.</td>
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<td>Authoys, Authors.</td>
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<td>Baines, Bathes.</td>
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<td>Bale, sorrow.</td>
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<td>Baine, Bainnea Maria.</td>
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<td>Bebite, or Bheoote, promise.</td>
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<td>Beline, anon.</td>
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<td>Ben, byn, be.</td>
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<td>Betet, begotten.</td>
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<td>Brent, blind, turned back.</td>
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<td>Blite, quickly, gladly.</td>
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<td>Blew, blew.</td>
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<td>Blynde, ease.</td>
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<td>Boote, helpe.</td>
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<td>Balone, ready:</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
humble, gentle.
Delen, deal.
Dem, demeth, Judged.
Denigrate, make black.
Deprose, clenched.
Derbe, darke.
Discever, spend.
Dight, made ready, handled, used.
Dole, grieve, sorrow.
Done, doth.
Donce, douce, sweet.
Drift, filth.

G
Gafe, gave.
Gayer, Gaudier, Braver.
Geason, strange, rare.
Goude, good.
Gowndes, gownes.
Gitre, white.
Goodteeth, kinde, respective.
Growth, growth.
Guerdon, reward.
Eye, manner.
Gynys, snares.

H
Halfe, Neck.
Hallow, hollow.
Haunt, use.
Haufe, imbrace.
Hansegeon, a Coate of Male.
Height, called.
Hem, them.
Hende, gentle.
Henting, catching.
Herdy deed, stout a&
Hermes, vallies, corners.
Her, Hart.
Hestys, wills, promises, commandements.
Heyle, health.
Heyne, labourer, drudge.
Hing, hang together.
Hole, whole.
Hos, who so.
Hyr, their.
Hyr, it.

I.
Iape, Jeff, yet by abuse drawne into a more wanton sence.
Icleped, called.
Ich, I.
I delate, meddle.
Jfctfe, device.
Like, same.
Lyche, alike.
Engine, wit, devise.
I now, enough.
I not, I know not.
Intreate, handle.
Interdite, prohibited.
Iren, Iron.
Take, taken.
Wys, verily.
Lyfe, if.

K.
Kele, coole.
Kepe, care.
Ken, know.
Kid, madeknowne.
Kildes, Kindeles, i.e. feaus, young ones.
Kythe, made known, shew,acquaint.

L.
Latt, let, hinder;
Lawe, praise.
Laber, rather.
Laurer, lawrell.
Lay, law, fong.
Ceafe your Lay, hold your Tongue.
Layre, leisure.
Leare, learne.
Leaings, lyes.
Leele, loofe.
Leith, Chirurgeon.
Leit, left.
Leite, deare.
Leman, Concubine.
Lente, gentle.
Lettiture, a Booke of learning.
Lewde, ignorant.
Lewys, leaves.
Lerer, Elixir.
Lyken, affect.
Lit, little.
Lys, soft, plyable.
Longreth, belongeth.

Loftells, Crafty tellowes.
Lozen, leyth, loseth.
Lore, lost.
Lore, Doctrine, learning, knowledge.
Loef, love.
Loue, kneele, honour.
Lyche, like.
Lygg, lye.
Lyfren, liketh, pleaseth.
Lybriode, livelihood.

M.
Maken, made.
Maitson, curse.
Mangre, despite.
Maver, a broad drinking-bowle.
Medef, mete, reward, help.
Medled, mingle.
Meger, leane.
Meie, meddle.
Menge, mingle.
Mers, Turds.
Mere, merry.
Meverh, moveh.
Mice, much.
Mo, more.
Mother, Mother.
Mollock, Earth, Dung.
Mote, must goe.
Mought, mowte, might.

N.
Nas, was not.
Nathilefe, neverthelesse.
Ne, not.
Nere, were not.
Neme, name.
Nede, Tender.
Wilde, Pepe, Carmine.
His, is not.
Bones, condition, purpose.
Hould, hoide, could not.
H owbelson, Rose noble.
Howther, neither.
Hye, is not.
Hyth, neere.

Sff 3
Dover, odther, other.
Dift yethes, oughtest.
Donyntne, Onix.
Dynate, decked.
Durwyn, depart, separate.
Dwthyrs, oughtest.

Panter, pitfall.
Parde, truly.
Parise, perfect.
Paukners, purses.
Piesauce, delight.
Plyre, condition.
Plyght, turned, caught.
Pome-agyle, dalpe-grey.
Porpheries, Marble mingled with
Popetes, Poets.
Pread, subjection.
Prepe, preve, proofe.
Pseek, ridden fast.
Prebitie, secret.
Prell, to prole after a thing.
Prewe, proftr, honour.
Preyght, cast, setted, propped.

Queinte, strange.
Quall, dash, destroy.
Quyte, require.

Rache, a little cur Dog.
Rud, reade.
Ragounce, a kinde of precious stone.
Rath, quickly.
Recorden, recorded.
Recure, recover.
Rede, meaning.
Rede, help, advice, speche, arte.
By Rede, in order.
Ribaudy, baudry.

Blyghtfull, Just.
Boc, ugly, blobdly.
Bome, whisper.
By red.

Bumbled, made a noyse.
Buth, lamentation.
Byre, frequent.
Byre, rende.

S
Dalew, honour.
Sampyles, forts.
Sans peere, without Fellow.
Sauter, Palfier.
Scolys, schooles.
Schalt, shalt.
Sche, the.
Schould, should.
Schreyvy, threve.
Scheue, such.
Scheck, seeken, seeke.
Screee, secret.
Scild, seldom.
Sembleabyl, like.
Seemed, followes.
Shene, schine, shining.
Shent, harmed, infected.
Shreves, Infortunes.
Srap, scrape.
Sith, by and by.
Sotyche, novelny.
Stipped, burnifhed.
Some vole, somewhat, something.
Sooe, swee.
Soothfally, intooth, truly, truth.
Sours, spring.
Spray, sprig, bough.
Spurred, enquire.
Squares, fales.
Stabuil, stable.
Stante, stand.
Steven, Stefen, found, also time.
Stillatoxe, Alembick.
Steande, time, moment, dumpe.
Strande, a banke.
Stypnt, ceafe, flacke.
Substray, substrakt.
Succended, inflamed.
Suffren, suffer.
Suffer, siffer.
Sweyte, sweere.
Swom, some.
Loyche, luck.
Loyche, labour.
Loythe, swiftly.
Speter now, sure enough.
Speterly, assuredly, stedy.
Spynen, certain.

T
Tallages, payments, customs, taxes.
Taunte, a reproachfull Checke.
Temps, times.
Tnts, heed.
Tynne, an Ingo of Mettal.
Teit, a device to try Gold with.
The, although some.
Threpe, affirm.
Titled, intitled.
Toder, the other.
Tofe, herefore.
Togethe, together.
Trenete, Trinity.
Tristy, sad.
Trowe, trust.
Trowys, suppose.
Trutsen, confidence.
Trayne, two.
A Twin, in two seperated, parted.
Twernes, Tunes.
Twosode, double.
Tyte, handsome.

V
Vade, fade.
Ver, spring.
Unbound, delivered.
Uncont, uncounth, strange.
Underlongeth, taketh in hand.
Unnette, scarce.
Unwilt, unwitting, unknowne.
Upbellenge,earnckly heartily.

FINIS,
It will concerne the Studious Reader to Correct the faults escaped in this Worke, The most materiall whereof follow.