Astronomy's collection was one of the火箭 library books of Sir Isaac Newton. An
assimilation of the Chapman Venusian by Geoffrey Chaucer.

The tale of the Chapman Venusian (c.1415-1490) and the
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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.

The Subject of this ensuing Work, is a Philosophical account of that Eminent Secret treasury'd up in the bosome of Nature; which hath been sought for of Many, but found by a Few, notwithstanding Antiquity hath afforded faithful' (though not frequent) Discoveries thereof. Past Ages have like Rivers conveyed downe to us, (upon the flote,) the more light, and Sophistical 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 Kingdom 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 (undesse what hath beene privately paid them) in their owne Countrey; nor have they done any mighty Workes amongst us, except in covertly administering their Medicine to a few Sick, and healing them. (For greater Experiments then what it performes in Physick, they never publikly made them of.) Thus did I.O. (one of the first four 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 obtaining their Workes; nay, (rather then want the sight thereof) contented to view them.
them through a Translation, though never so imperfect. Witnesse 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 Ordinall into Latin verse, which most judiciously and learnedly he did: Yet (to our shame be it spoken) his Entertainment was too too course 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 Own, Yet think the dignity of the Subject, 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 neglect 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 were all. Yet Posterity for this is deeply obliged. What punishment then did their pestilent Malice deserve, who rob'd us of their whole Workes?

A Judicious Author speaking of the Dissolution of our Monasteries, faith 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 Popish or Diabolical.

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

As first, the Druycæ (the famous and mysterious Druycæ) that were Priests, Diviners, and Wise men: and took their Originall and Name from Druys Sarronyus the fourth King of the Celts; (styled Sapientium & 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 Testimomies hereof receive Chaucer's;

The old gentle Brittons in her days
Of divers adventures made Lays;
Ryne'd first in her Mother Tongue,
Which Lays, with her Instruments they songe.

These Philosophers had their Name from Bardus Druydus (the 5 King of the Celts,) who was the first Inventor of Verses, as Berofus tells us; and dyed An. Mundi 2138. Neither of these Sects of Philosophers used any writing (indeed it was not lawfull; 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 Druydi, was first invented in Britaine, and thence transferr'd into France; and that, in all his time, those of France came over hither to be Instructed. Agricola (in Tacitus) preferrs the Britaines 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 Eloquence 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, saies, that when the world was troubled with Pannonic Invasions, England flourished in the knowledge of all good Arts; and was able to send of her Learned Men into other Countries, to propagote 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-Miftres to France (for so faith Peter Ramus) viz. First by the Druydæ (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 conversion to Christianity, were exceedingly learned; and before that, much addicted to Southfaying, Augury, Divination by the Neighing of Horses, &c. And is it worth the Enquiry (there being more in it then we ordinarily apprehend) why they in General worshiped Herthus [i.e. Dame Earth] for a Goddess, and honoured Mercury above all the Gods of the Germanes, whom they called Wooden, (hence Wooden now our Catechism;) For, they believed that this Dame Herthus interceded in Humane Affairs and Relieved the Poor; whose Image was made Armed, standing among Flowers, having in its right hand a Staff, 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 Bear, and before the Middle, a fixed Scutchion; in Chief 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 Battle, representing him by an Armed Man. Insomuch that we do this very day retain 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 so come yet nearer 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 hath 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 Comene fro yeare to yeare;
And out of olde Bokes in good saythe
Cometh alle this Sevency that Men leare.

That England hath beene successively enriched 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 four Tongues, in which
Prolegomena.

which part of them excelled, there was no Liberall Science or any Feate concerning Learning, in which they have not shewed certaines 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 compleate 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 Preface.) 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 Beliefe of the generality of the World. Nor doe I expect that all my Readers should come with an Engagemet, 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 wil lysten to my Lay,
Something thereby you may finde,
That may content your minde:
I will not Swear to make you give credence,
For a Philosopher will finde, here in Evidence
Of the Truth; and to Men that be Lay,
I still 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 Admirations, they command Silence, and force me to lose my
Prolegomena.

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 somethings more than they speak of.

He who shall have the happinesse to meet with S. Dunfants worke De Occulta Philosophia, (a Booke which E.G.A.I. made much use of, and which shall chiefly back what here I am about to say) may therein readc such Stories as will make him amaz'd to think what stupendious and Immensfe things are to bee performed by vertue of the Philosophers Mercury, of which a Taste only and no more.

And first, of the Minerall 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 Metalls 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 as 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 knowne. Gold I confesse is a delicious Object, a goodly Light, which we admire and gaze upon: but, as to make Gold (faith an incomparable Author) is the chiefest intent of the Alchimifts, so was it scarce any intent of the ancient Philosophers, and the lowest use the Adepti made of this Materia.

For they being lovers of Wisdome, more then Worldly Wealth, drove at higher and more Excellent Operations: And certainly He to whom the whole Course of Nature lyes open, rejoyneth not so much that he can make Gold and Silver, or the Devilis to become Subiect 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 Vegitable, Magicaall, and Angelicaall Stones; the which have in them no part of the Minerall Stone (Quatenus a Stone Fermented with Metalline and Earthy Nature) for they are marvelously Subtile, 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
Prolegomena.

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 & bear 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 Wallownut-Tree which anciently grew in Glattenbury 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 resold by that of the Sun; For through they both are made out of one Natural Substance; yet in working they have contrary Qualities: nevertheless there is such a natural Assittance 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 expos'd 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
Prolegomena.

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 Caverns 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 wares Necromantical, or Devilish; but easy, wonderous easy, Naturall and Honest.

Lastly, as touching the Angelicall Stone, it is so subtil, faith therefore said Author, that it can neither be seene, felt, or weighed; but Tafted only. The voyce of Man (which bears some proportion to these subtil properties,) comes short in comparison; Nay the Air it selfe is not so penetrable, and yet (Oh mysterious wonder!) 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 Evill 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 Devill can stay or abide.

S. Dunston calls it the Food of Angels, and by others it is tearmed 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 Food: nay 'tis made a question whether any Man can Dye that uses it. Which I doe 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 Fleshly Eyes; but rather desire to be Dissolved, and to enjoy the full Fruition, then live where they must be content with the bar Speculation.

After
Prolegomena.

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 Prophesie hid in the Red-stone, Racis will tell you; for thereby (faith he) Philosophers have foretold things to come: And Petrus Bonus averse, that they did Prophesie, 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, then from the Insight of their Operations.

In Briefe, 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 Wifdom 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 been 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) of scarcely One
In Fifteen Kingsomes had our Red Stone.

And they perhaps were (with S. Paul) Caught up into Paradise, 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 Infirmitie. 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 feare I have waded too farre; and therefore now to give some Particular Account, as well touching the Publication of this Worke, 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 Endeavourours received at the Hands of Candid Artists, in publishing some Chemicall Collections; very earnestly invited me to finde out a Second Piece
Prolegomena.

wherewith to present those Gratefull Persons. Whereupon I inten
ded to rally up some of my own Conceptions in this Science, and ex-
pose them also to the Test: But (to this end, reviewing the Philo-
osphers) I found that many (assuming that Name) wrote what their
Fancies, not their Hands had wrought, and further then in Appre-
hension 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 disingu-
ish, who have written upon their undecevable Experience, who
not; and consequently, not which to follow, or which to avoy.de) I
withdrew my Thoughts (having never as yet set my selfe Effectu-
ally upon the Manuall Practise:) lest I should add to the many In-
juries the World has already suffered, by delivering the bare Med-
ley of my Dubious Apprehensions, without the confident Attesta-
tion of Practise: and be justly esteemed as indiscreete as those whom
Ripley mentions; that prate
Of Robin Hood and of his Bow,
Which never that therein I trow.

Yet still casting about what to make choyce of, at length (by the
encouragement of some that are Industrious after publique benefit)
Centred my Thoughts, and fixed them on this designe of Collecting
All (or as many as I could meett with) of our own English Herme-
tique Philosopher's, and to make them publique.

Nor did I change this Resolution with my Clothes notwithstand-
ing the Difficulties I saw, ready to encounter, and obstruct the Un-
dertaking: For, besides the Paines and Care that was therein re-
quiste, 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 be-
set, though nothing discourag'd me: yet was I thorowly freely and
plentifullly suplyed by some worthy and intimate Friends, whom I
would gladly here mention, but that I well knew 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.
Prolegomena.

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 be be noted by Materus, Primus Antiltes, Sacerdos, Theologus, FATES, & Doctor totus Graecorum nationis) because that Linus is said to be the most Pater of any Lyrick 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 Egypt, as the other the first that brought the Phœnician Learning to the Grecians: I say not only for that it is the Anciendt, and Prole but of Latter use with other Nations: but because Poetry hath bin most Anciendtly 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 seemes 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: Nor is this small Segment of the World [England] without a Rasis Celtrensfs and an Hortulanus: For the First of these, His Liber Luminum, and his Lumen de Luminum, are the Anciendt now extant in Latine Verse: In the latter of which, I cannot omit this Title of his; [Responfio Rasis Celtrensfs Filio suo Merlino;] Whereby it appeares he was Merlin's Contemporary (at least) if not his Master, in this Abstruse 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 Chemickall Muses from remote 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 Judgement,
Prolegomena.

... 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, then what runs in the flow and evenlesse 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 Extimation. 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 formd with an Harmonicall Cadence, and brought into Rythme: Nor did the Ancients wrap up their Chiefest 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 lesse throw) their Childrens Bread among Dogs; And therefore their Wisdom 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 Poeticall(as I conceiv'd) deserved the Precedency.

Howbeit probably some of these Pieces (now brought to publique Light) had welnigh perish'd in a silent Ruine; and Destruction got a compleat Victory over them, but that my Diligence and Laborious Inquisition rescu'd them from the Jawes thereof: being almost quite shrou'ded in the Dust of Antiquity, and involv'd in the obscurity of forgotten things, with their Leaves halfe Worme-eaten. And a wonder it is, that (like the Creatures in Noahs Arke) they were hitherto so safely preserved from that Universal Deluge, which (at the Dissolution of Abbies) overflow'd 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 in selfe) I have made Old Age become Young and Lively, by restoring each of the Ancient Writers, not only to the Spring of their severall Beauties, but to the Summer of their Strength and Perfection.

As
Prolegomena.

As for the whole Worke it selfe, it is heav'd up from a few gleanings in part of our English Fields; where though I have beflown 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 sui-able 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 Tranke-hole, know; as they were the fashionable Attyres, 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 continual 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 wasted 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 purposelyretain'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.

Where-
Wherefore you that love to converse with the Dead, or consult with their Monuments, draw near: perhaps you may find more benefit in them, then the Living; There you may meet with the Genii of our Hermetique Philosophers, learn 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; Egr they have Written more then they would Speake; and left their Lines so Rich, as if they had dissolved Gold in their Inke, and clad their Words with the Soveraign Moysture.

My Annotations are limited within the Bounds of what is Historick, or what occasionally must needs intrench on the Confines 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 Mistaks, 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 graciously pleased(out of the Immensse 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 causelessly render the Divine Science and Secret it selfe, Contemptible.

Farewell (Industrious Students) and let your Goodnesse still invite me to accomplishe the End I have proposed: In doing which, (I presume) you may one Day esteeme 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. 1651

E. Ashmole.
THE ORDINALL OF ALCHEMY.

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 absq. 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 resecti,
Et cupiditatisbus (heu) tot sunt infecti,
Quod inter mille millia vix sunt tres electi,
Istam ad scientiam multi sunt vocati
Nobiles, & pauperes, inciti, literati,
Qui noelunt labores, neque tempus pati;
Ido non persicient, quia sunt ingrati.
Liber Artis filios docet siste satis,
Quibus hac percipere deus dedit gratis,
Versiculis propheticeis quatuor bis credatis,
Omnia dat gratis divinae fons pietatis.
Hac nobilis scientia est tantum illis data,
Qui diligunt justitiam, mente cum beata;
Dolosis, & raptoribus sed est denegata,
Propter 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 faithful-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 success)
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 *four-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.
Sape Reges Angliae decorasset hae res,
Firmas si in dominouisse et eorum fives;
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 hae 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 deeds
To every King that him succeeds:
Then shall the People Jubilate
In mutuall love; and sacrificse
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.

O the honor of God, One in Persons three,
This Boke is made, that Lay-men shulde it
And Clerks alsoe, after my decease, (see,
Whereby all Lay-men which putteh
(them in prease,
To seech by Alkmy great ryches to winn
May finde good Counsellor they luch warke begin,
And greate deceipts they may hereby efcheue,
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 desire not worldly fame,
But your good prayers, unknowne shall be my name.
That no man shulde therafter search, ne looke,
But wisely Consider the flowers of this booke:
Of every estate that is within Mankind
If yee make search much people ye may finde,
Which to Alkmy their Corage doe address
Only for appetit of Lucre and Riches.
As Popes with Cardinalls of Dignity,
Archbys/hopes with Bishops of high degree;
With Abbots and Priors of Religion,
With Friars, Heremites, and Preestes 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 Covetise, 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 repreve
For sights in their Craft meveth them to beleve:
But wonder it is that Wevers deale with such warkes,
Free Masons and Tanners with poore Parish Clerks;
Tailors and Glacies woul not thereof cease,
And eke sely Tinkers will put them in the preafe
With great presumption; but yet some colour there was,
For all such Men as give Tincture to Glasse:
But many Artificers have byn over-swifte
With hasty Credence to fume away their thriste:
And albeit that looses 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 unthriste:
It had byne 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 lewd 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 Alkimy,
Of which Science here I intend to write,
Howbeit I may not curiously indite.
For he that shulde all a common people teache,
He muft for them use plaine and common speache;
Though that I write in plaine, and hoemely 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 alsoe,
Which to Shollers causeth peine and woe:
For in their practise when they would it assay,
They leese their Costts, 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 alsoe.
For what hereof they wrote with their penn,
Their Cloudy Claues 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 shew Reasons faire,
Whereby much people are brought into dispair.
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 grownde;
Whereof Aristotle had greate envy,
And him rebuked unrightfully
In many places, as I can well report,
Intending that men to him shulde not resорт:
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 Pity doth me constreyne
To shew the trewth in fewe words and plaine,
Soe 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 Practice falleth farr behinde
Wher Knowledge of the cause is not in minde:
Therefore remember ever more wisely, (whie:
That you woorke nothing but you knowe howe and
Alloe he that would in this Arte proceede,
To eschewe falshood he hath greate need:
For trewth is good which this Arte muft guide,
Wherefore to falshood ye may never slide;
But stedfastly your minde must be set,
Fals Coloured Metall never to Counterfett;
As thei that seke 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 muft have Grace that would for this Arte sue,
Therefore of right him needeth to be trew:
Alloe he may not be trobled in his Minde
With outward charges, which this Arte would finde:
And he that would have his intent,
He muft have Riches sufficient.
In many wayes he maie not looke
But only pursue the order of this Boke;
Named of Alkmy the Ordinall,
The Crede mihi, the Standard perpetual:
The Proheme.

For like as the Ordinal to Preefts sitteth out
The service of the dayes as they goe aboute:
Soe of all the Bokes unordered in Alkemy
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 appeareth in homely wise compiled:
And as I had this Arte by Grace from Heaven,
I give you the same here in Chapters heaven:
As largely as by my fealty I may,
By licence of the dreadfull Judge at doomes daye.

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

In the second Chapter maie beayne,
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 fourerth 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 sixth Chapter is of Concord and love,
Between low naturers, and heavenly sphereas above:
Whereof trew knowledge advanceth greatly Clerks,
And causeth furtherance in our wonderfull werks.
The seventh Chapter trewly 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 devoute 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 selcouthe 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.

D 2  CHAP.
Nortons Ordinall.

Chap. I.

AIS*tryefull merveylous and Archimastrye. 
Is the tincture of holie Alkimy:
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.
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 Cost, with long laystir 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 doe 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 insidetie,
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 effect.
To this we say and witnes as we cann
How that this Science was never tought to Man;

But
But he were proved perfectly with space,  
Whether he were able to receyve this Grace:  
For his Trewth, Vertue, and for his stable Witt,  
Which if he faulte he shall never have it;  
Also no man could ye yet this Science reach,  
But if God send a Master him to teach:  
For it is soe wonderfull and soe selcouth,  
That it must needs be taught from mouth to mouth:  
Also he must (be he never soe loath)  
Receive it with a most sacred dreadfull Oath,  
That as we refuse greate dignitie and fame,  
Soe he must needely refuse the same.  
And also that he shall not be so wilde  
To teach this seacct 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 sware:  
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 Pease 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.
So than for doubt of such pride and wreach, 
He must be ware that will this Science teach:
No Man therefore maie reach this greate present,
But he that hath vertues excellent.
Soo though Men weene Possiessours 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 chaunge by his thought,
Of divers kinds which Gods hands have wrought.
For Gods Conjunctions 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 swiste,
To cast away our Lords blessed guift:
Consideringe 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 stars in Heaven:
Soo among millions of millions of Mankinde,
Scarle seaven men maie this Science finde.
Wherefore Lay-men ye may lere and see
How many Doctors of great authoritie,
With many searchers hath this Science sought,
Yet all their labours hawe 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 faulder and words of outrage,
We take thereof trewlie little Charge:
For such be not invited to our feast,
Which weeneth themselves wise and can doe leafe.
Albeit such Men lift not lenger to persue,
Yet is this Science of Alkimy full trew;
And albeit some proude Clerks say nay
Yet every wise Clerke 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 steple might be greate doubt,
For such proude Clerks to bring about;
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 secreastes 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,
Muss be full learned in their first Philosophie:
Else all their laboure shall them let and greive,
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 thei would that no Man shulde have losse,
They prove and seeke all at their owne Coste;
Soe their owne Pur ses they will not spare,
They make their Coffers thereby full bare,
With greate Patience thei doe procee de,
Trustfull only in God to be their speede.

The fals man walketh from Towne to Towne,
For the most parte in a threed-bare Gowne;
Ever searching with diligent awaite
To winne 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 sett,
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 threed-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 least 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 will be loath to shew it out:
When such men promise to multiply,
They compasse to doe some villony,
Some trewe mans goods to bare awaye;
Of such fellows 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 multiply;
Of this sentence all men be sure,
Evermore arte must 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 must destroy and deface,
But it be don in its proper place.

Mettalls of kinde grow lowe under ground,
For above erth rust in them is found;
Sooe 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.
Contrarie 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 repaire.
Physicians and apothecaries fault appetite and will,
To seach water flowers on a dry hill:
For God hath ordeyned of his wisdome and grace,
All things to grow in their naturall place.
Against this doctrine some Men replie,
And say that Mettalls 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 Mettalls 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 Minerall,
Which in everie Erth is not found,
But in certaine places of eligible ground;
Into which places the Heavenly Spheare,
Sendeth his beames direc[tly everie yeare.
And as the matters there disposed be
Such Mettalls thereof formed shall you see.
Few groundes be apt to such generation:
How shoulde then above ground be Multiplication?
Also all men perceyven that be wise,
How Water conjealed 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-wheele,
Were veynes male when 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 therefore of yse should multiply more yse.
Soe 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 engredience must draw to simplicity,
And breake Composition as yearly ye may see:
For Multiplying of Hearbes how Nature hath provided,
That all things joyned in the seede be divided:
Else stalks and leaves which vertually therein be,
May not come forth actually that eye mought them see.
But Mettall holdeth his holle Composition,
When corrasive waters have made dissolucion:
Therefore fyth yse is nerrer to simplicity,
Then is Mettall, and maie not increased be,
Trewly ye maie truft as I said before,
How of one ounce of Silver, maie Silver be noe more.
Also nothing multiplyed shal ye finde,
But it be of Vegetative or of Sensitive 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 Brafe.
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 Alkimy of right is to be loved,
Which treateth of a precious Medicine,
Such as trewly maketh Gold and Silver fine:
Whereof example for Testimonie,
Is in a Citty of Cutilony.

Which
Which Raymond Lully, Knight, men suppose,
Made in heav'n 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 grown 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 Maistrie,
But trewlie my fellowes are nearer thereto then I.

This Science beareth her name of a King,
Called Alchimus, without leaving:
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 Alkims,
And also of Magique natural,
As of four Sciences in nature passing all.
And there he said that blesed is hee
That knoweth things truly as thei bee.
And blessed is he that maketh due proofe,
For that is roote of cunning and roose;
For by opinion is many a Man
Deceived, which hereof little cann.
An old Proverbe, *In a Bushell of meeninge,*
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 Cunninge 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 warkes 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 a side 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 loft and be departed all ye fro.
And furthermore remember what I say,
Sinn caleth 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 hafty for to speed,
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.

O R mardy 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 joys (albeit they were small)
For an example I write this Tale.
This monke had walked about in Fraunce,
Rauing Apostata in his plesaunce.
And after he came into this lond,
Willing Men should understanding;
How that of Alkimy 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 behind;
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 said,
Fifteen Abbies in a little while,
One Abbie in the end of every mile.
Hereupon this monke to me resorted,
Of trust (he said) which men of me reported,
His foresaid mind he did to me tell,
And prayd me to keep his great Councell.
I said 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 so nice.
When he had discovered his great Cunning,
He said that he faughted nothing,
But a good meane for his solace,
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 paied;
But yet he had great doubt and feare,
How to purchase, of whom, and where.
When I had heard of this greate 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 profe were reasonable,
He would thinke it a foolish Fable.
The Monke saide how that he had in fire,
A thing which shulde fulfill his desire,
Whereof the trewh within forty dayes,
I shulde well know by trew affaies.
Then I said, I would no more that tyde,
But forty dayes I said I would abide.
When forty dayes were gone and past,
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.
Loe! this was a pittifull chance,
That fifteene 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 Ensample is good to tell,
Of one that trusted to doe as well
As Raymond Lally, or Bacon the Frier,
Wherefore he named himselfe saunce peere;
He was Parson of a little Town,
Not farr from the Citty of London,
Which was taken for halfe a Leach,
But little cunning had he to Preach;
He weened him fure this Arte to finde;
His Name he would have ever in minde
By meanes 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 gould:
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.
ORDINALL.

But in his minde ran many a doubt,
How he might bring that worke about;
He trowed that Lampes with lights of fire,
Shulde well performe his nices desire;
Wherefore Lampes for that intent,
He would ordaine sufficient:
But then he fell in full great dreads,
How after the time that he were deade;
That light to find Men would refuse,
And change the Rent to some other use.
Then thoughte he well is him that wise,
In whom he mought set all his trust;
At the lasse he thought to make the light,
For that Bridge to shine by nighte,
With Carbuncle Stones, to Make men wonder,
With doule 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 soe micle thought,
That his fatt flesh 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 Gold ne Brasse:
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.

F 2

But
But that Lay-men and Clerks in Schooles, Maie know the dotage of theis two foolees, Remember this example where ye goe, For in such Mindes be trefwle many moe: Theie lewdly beleeve every Conclusion, Be it never so fale an elusion: If it in boke written they may finde, Thei weene it trewe, thei be so lewde of minde. Such lewde and hasty confidence, Causeth poverty and lewde expence. Of trust of this Arte riseth Joyes nice, For lewde hope is fooles Paradise. 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 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 tought him before that he beginn;
He is well lerned, and of full cleere witt,
Which by teaching can surely learne it:
Of many diversitie 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 nowe dead and gone
Failed before their found our stone:
One tyme or other, first tyme or laste,
All men failed till trew practive were paste;
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 deed
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 change his desire,
With new tydings which he shall heare;
His counsell shall oftentimes him beguile,
For that season he dreadeth noe subtile wile:
And ofteintymes his minde to and fro,
With new opinion he shall change in woe:
And so 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
OF Paines yet I must shewe more,
Against your appetite though it be full sore:
It is greaue 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 certayne.
Forasmuch as noe Man maie teach but one,
Of the making of our delectious stone;
And albeit yee finde him that will ye teach,
Yet much trouble and paines may ye reach;
For if your minde be verteuously set,
Then the Devil will labour you to lett;
In three wifes to let he woll awaite,
With Haste, with Despaire, and with Deceipte:
For dreaue of Vertue which ye maie doe,
When ye shulde attaine this grace unto.
The first perill aforesaide is of Haste,
Which causeth most destruction and waste;
All Auctors 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 shall soonest speede,
Which with greate Leasure wisely woll proccede;
Upon assay ye shall trewly knowe
That who most hasteth he trewly shalbe flowe;
For he with haste shall bringe his warke arrearre,
Sometymes a Moneth, and sometymes a whole Yeare
And in this Arte it shall ever be soe,
That a hafty Man shall 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-wile
As with haftiness he you to beguile;

Therefore
Therefore oft tymes he will assault,
Your minde with haste 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 wit trewly cannot suffice,
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 availe,
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 greevous doubt;
And foe 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 shal 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 tought 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 savor.

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 delayes 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 trustye, my deere beloved Brother,
I must you answer, it may be none other;
The tyme is come you shall receive this Grace,
To your greare 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 secrete 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:
Nooe more to you at this present tyde,
But hastily 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 understande,
As much as of many other in this Londe;
Nethles foole 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;
Nortons

Chap. 2.

Then darke doubts to me appeared pure,
Therefond I disclosed the Bonds of Nature:
The cause of Wonders were to me soe faire,
And so reasonable, that I could not dispaier.
If your Master and ye resemble all aboute
My good Master and me, than have ye no doubtre.

The third impediment deceipt we call,
Amongst other to me the worst all;
And that is of Servaunts that should awaite
Upon your warke, for some can much deceipte;
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 straunge 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 falle,
That one hurts me Sore, that other als:
For when I had my warke well wrought,
Such ftaile it away and left me nought.
Then I rememberring the cost, the tyme, and the paine,
Which I shulde have to begin againe,
With heavi hearte farewell adieu said I,
I will noe more of Alkimy.
But howe that chaunce befell that Season,
Few men would it beleev by reason:
Yet Tenn persons be witnes twrew 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 Merchantaunt'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 saine,
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 trewh report I cann.
Thomas Daulton this good man height,
He served 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 defier,
Out of an Abbie in Gloucester-shier,
And brought him in presence of the King,
Whereof Deluis had some tiding,
For Daulton was whilome Deluis's Clerke;
Deluis disclosed of Daultons 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 swara 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 fore.
Of nothing said he, that I now have told,
Witness our Lord whom Judas sould.
But once said Delius I swarde to thee,
That thou shouldst not be uttered by me;
Which I may breake well I understand,
For the King's 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 King's Grace,
I have bin troubled oft in many a place
For this Medicine greevously and sore,
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 said 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 Lichfielde 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 waighe,  
And brought him to Stepheay 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 prisner full longe,  
Herbert to Daulton did mickle wronge:  
Fro thence he had him to prison 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 gaveft 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  
Withsmiling cheere he said now doe your wil.  
When Herbert sawe him so glad to dye,  
Then ran water from Herberths 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 shold 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 Fellone him leade and guide;
Where that by goodnesse patience and grace,
There might have growen full great solace,
As well to the king, ye may understand,
As for the ease of Commons of this londe;
But wonder not that grace doe not fall,
For finn reygneth in this londe over all.
Loe 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,
Thes were ever busie, & could practice with
But yet this Science thei never founde, (the best:
For thei knew not the Matters, ne the Grounde,
But rumbled foorth, 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 greate complainte,
With weeping Teares he said his heart was fainte;
For he had spended all his lusty dayes
In fals Receipts, and in such lewde assayes;
Of Herbes, Gommes, of Rootes and of Grasse,
Many kindes by him assayed was,
As Crowesfoote, Celondine and Mizerion,
Vervaine, Lunara, and Martagon:
In Antimony, Arfenicke, 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 opperacions:
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: 
Tofsite (said I) what shulde it you avayle 
Such thing to know: your lims doth you faile 
For very Age, therefore cease 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: 
Tofsite (said I) It is noe little thinge,
Whereof you would have trewe tydinge;
For many Autor wrote of this doubte, 
But none of them sheweth it Cleerly oute:
For Autor 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 muche:
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 Autor works ye may looke;
Liber librum apperit faith Arnold the greateClerke,
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 Tolpsile 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 cann 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 Sulphur with them, for matters of our Stone?
Or whether I shall sal Almoniack take,
Or Mineral means, our Stone thereof to make?

Here be many questions Tolpsile, said I,
Wisely remembred and full craftily;
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 minister 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 then fifty pounde;  
It is not to be sould in all Christian grounde;  
But he that would have it he shalbe faine  
To doe it make, or take himselfe the paine:  
But one great grace in that labour is faine,  
Make it once well and never more againe.  
Ole fathers called it thinge of vile price,  
For it is nought worth by way of Marchandise:  
Noe man that findeth it wolle bare it away,  
Noe more then thei would an Ounce of Claye;  
Men will not beleue that it is ot high price,  
No man knoweth it therefore but he be wise.  
Here have I disclosed a great secret wonder,  
Which never was writ by them which been-erth under.

Another Stone Tonsile you must have withall,  
Or else you sawte your cheefe Materiall;  
Which is a Stone gloriouse faier and bright,  
In handling a Stone, and a Stone in fight;  
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 fownde in high places as well as in lowe;  
Plato knew her property and called her by her name,  
And Chaucer rehearfeth how Titanos is the same,  
In the Channons Yeomans Taile, 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,  
As is Money, yco Science, A is God ywisfe.
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 qualitatis scientiae divinae mira.
The, these two Stones Tonsile ye must take
For your materials, Elixir if ye make.
Albeit the first tyme materialls be no more,
Yet many things helpeth as I saide before.
This secreete was never before this daye
So trewly discovered, take it for your praye;
I pray God that this ture ne to Charge,
For I dread fore my penn goeth too large:
For though much people perceive not this Sentence,
Yet subtilly 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 disclosed at this season.
Other Materials ye shall none take,
But only theis two our white stone to make;
Except Sal Armoniack with Sulphur of kinde,
Such as out of Metalls ye can finde ;
Theis two shall abide to fulfill your desiere,
The remnant will void when thei come to fire ;
Sulpher woll breynn and chaunghe Colours fast,
But our Litharge abideh first and last : Ye may not with mettals or Quicksilver beginn,
To make Elixir if you intend to winn :
Yet if you destory 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.
F the grosse 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 said 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 thing:
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 disclosed more of that pointe,
When he said, Departe ye every joynte
In Elementa propingua: 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 the weene to bringe forth a Flower,
They doe nothinge but multiply Errour.
There cessed Bacon, and so doe other such,
For very dread least they shulde shew too much.

Avicen
Avicen 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 meanse season take it a perfect sweate.
Rasis set the Dietary and spake some deale farr,
Non tamen comedat res festinanter,
Let not your Matters eate over hastilie,
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 desier 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 loe 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 prease,
Such wonders to seech, but in season cease.
Excesse for one halfe quarter of an howre,
May destroy all: therefore cheefe succoure
Is Primum pro quo, & ultimum pro quo non,
To know of the limpering of our Stone.
Till it may noe more simper doe 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 long leasure it will waste,
And not with bubling made in haste:
For doubt of perrills many moe then one,
And for supergression of our stone.
Amongst grosse Workes the fowlefe of all
Is to clarify our meanes Minerall.
Extremities may not be well wrought,
Without many Meanes wisely sought.
And everie Meane must be made pure,
If this worke shulde be made sure.
For soule 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 every where as the Concordance is more,
Natures will drawe that were elsewhere before:
This grosse Worke is fowle in her kinde,
And all of perrills as ye shall it finde.
No mans witt can him soe much availe,
But that sometyme he shall make a sayle.
As well as the Lay-man soe shall the Clerke,
And all that labour the grosse werke:
Whereof Anaxagoras saied trewlie thus,
Nemo primo 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 filed about so foule a werke.
And longe tyme sooner your Worke I understonde, 
Shulde be farr onward before honde. 
For if you shulde make all things as I cunn, 
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 most 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 Appotcraries 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 counterfaict 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 litle to doe therefor. 
Who would have trewe warke he may no laboure spare, 
Neither yet his Purse, though he make it bare: 
And in the Grosse Warke he is furthest behinde, 
That daily desyreth 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-crafe called Arte Mechanicall:
Wherein an hundreth wayes and moe,
Ye maie committ a faulnte as ye therein goe.
Wherefore beleve what old 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 hundreth faultes in speciall,
Ye maie make under this warning generall.
Nethles this Doctrine woll suffice,
To him that can in Praction be wise.
If your Ministers be witty and trew,
Such shall not neede your warkes to renew.
Therefore if ye woll avoyde all dreade,
In the Grosse 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 Weke, 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 leaft 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 euerie degree,
With divers Comforts peynes 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 last out,
This Boke sheweth it without doubt.
Wherefore this little Boke the Ordinal,
Is in Alkimy the Complement of all;
The Chapter following convenient for a Clerke,
Sheweth the Councells of the subtill Werke.
RISE by Surname when the chauenge of Coyne was had,
Made some Men sorry, and some Men glad:
And as to much people that chaungne,
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 parfite White and Red,
A wonder such Three to rest in one Bed,
And that within the space of dayes Tenn,
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 Crofe, 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 saile 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 sin 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 season,
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 tould;
Grace on that King shal descend,
When he ould Manners shal amende:
He shal make full secrete search,
For this Science with doulced speech;
And amonge the Solitary,
He shal have tidings certainly.
So sought King Kalid of manie Men,
Till he met with M rien,
Which helped Kalid at his neede,
His Vertues caused him to speede.

Nowe of such Matters let us cease,
And of the futill Warke rehearse;
Greate need hath he to be a Clerke,
That would perceive this futill Werke.
He must know his first Philosophie,
If he truft 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 thei must be departed a twinn,
Into foure Elements if ye would to winn:
Which thing to doe if ye ne can,
Goe and lerne it of Hortolan.
Which made his Boke of that Doctrine,
How ye shulde part the Elements of Wine.
Moreover ye must for your succour,
Know th'effects of the quallities fower;
Called Heate, Colde,Moisture, and Drines,
Of which fower all things Compounded is;
And fith in this Arte your cheefe 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 heere appeare before that White be wrought.
Yet more ye would have to this summe,
Swiftly to melt as Wex or Gumme:
Els mought it not enter and perce
The Center of Mettalls as Authors rehefe;
Soe ye would have it both fix and flowe,
With Colour plenty if ye wist howe;
Such three Contraries joyntly to meete
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.
Ordinall.

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 Practise 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 seeche Colours with length of tyme;
Of White Colour we be not full sure,
To seeche 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 heere;
If Heate hath maistery in matter that is drye,
White Colour is ever thereof certainly;
As it appeareth in sight of Brent 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 Frosts hore,
The cause is set out in Philosophie before:
I write not here of common Philosophie,
But by example to teach Alkimy;
That one maie be perceived by that other,
As is the Child perceived by the Mother.

Chap. 5.
If Heate in moyst matter and grosse withall, Warke, thereof Black Colour ingender shall; Example hereof if ye of me desire, Behold when you see greene Wood set on a fire; When Cold worketh in matter thick and drye, Black Colour shall be, this is the cause while; Such matter is compacted and more thick, With Cold constreyning, enimy to all quick, Thicknes made Darknes with privation of Light, Soe ColLOUR 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 White 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 betwixt Black and White: Nethlesse trust me certainly, Red is last in work of Alkemy, Alfoe they say in their Doctrine, How these two Colours Rufe and Citrine, Be meane Colours betwixt White and Red, And how that Greene, and Colour wan as Lead, Betwixt Red and Black be Colours meane, And freshest Colour is of matter most Cleane. Physitians in Urines have Colours Nynteene, Betwixt 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 futtil warke of Alkemy
Shall be all Colours that hath beeene seen with Eye:
An hundreth Colours more in certeyne,
Then ever hath been seen in Wine.
Wherein so many 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 Aire General.
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.
Wher 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 Alkemy the trew foundation,
Is in Composition by wise graduation
Of Heare and Cold, of Moist 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 sought,
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 do change and break,
Upon Nature you must do break.
Wherefore Anaxagoras said Take good heed,
That to Conjunction ye not proceede,
Till ye know the Ponders full compleat
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 accord;
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 ye would joyn four Qualities to intent,
Then must ye Conjoyn every Element:
As Water and Erthe after your desire,
Well compounded with Ayer, and Fier:
Knowing the worthiest in his activitie,
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 whome is the virtue of our Generation;
And that is the Erthy Lytharge of our Stone,
Without him Generation shall be none;
Neyther of our Tincture fixation,
For nothing is fixt 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 brightness 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 Gummies all,
A little heate maketh them to melt and fall:
Water clenseth with ablution blive,
And things mortifyed 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 Minerals, 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 Concordes conveniently:
Whiche Concordes to heale a Clerke,
Be cheefe Instruments of all this worke:
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 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 trewe kindes not sophisticae;
Ignorance hereof hath made many Clerks,
Lewdly to leese their labour and their werkes;
Joyne them together also Arithmetically,
By suttill 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 trewe effect when that ye shall finde.
And also for like as Diapason,
With Diapente and with Diatessaron,
With ypate ypaton, and Lecanes muse,
With other accords which in Musick be,
With their proporciions causen Harmony,
Much like proportions be in Alkimy,
As for the great Numbers A&uell:
But for the secrete Numbers Intellecutuell;
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 joyne Elements also,
To fortune their Workings as theie goe:
Such simple kindes unformed and unwrought,
Must craftily be guided till the end be sought.

All
All which reason there have more obedience,
Above formed Natures to Sterrs influence.
And Science *Perspective* giveth great evidence,
To all the Ministers of this *Science*.
And so done other Sciences many more.
And specially the Science *de Pleno & Vacuo*,
But the chiefest Mistresses among Sciences all,
For helpe of this *Arte*, is *Magick*. *Natural*.

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 heat naturally,
Which in our substance is but Intellectual;
To sight unknowne, hand maketh it not feel.
His working is knowne to few Men and feild;
And when this heat naturall moved be shall.
By our outward heat artificially,
Then Nature excited to labour will not cease,
Many diversities of degrees to increase.
Which is one cause by reason you may see,
While in our warke so many Colours be:
Therefore it causeth in this *Arte* great doubt,
Ignorance of heat within and without,
To know how these two heats shulde accord,
And which of them in working shulde be Lord.

*Digestion* in this warke hath great likeness.
To *digestion* in things of *Quicknes*:
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 four degrees all
Of the four Complexions together finde ye shall,
And that actually, which ye cannot finde.
Amongst Creatures in none other kinde.
Wherefore amongst Creatures theis two alone
Be called Microcosmus, Man and our Stone.
Now of Digestion the aliment and food
Perfectly to know is needfull and full good.
It is humor solid constant with fuccitie,
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 Tarmes 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:
Coagula-
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 somewhat Drines.
The principall Agent to know at every season,
Requireth great search made by suftill reason:
Which is not perceived but of Masters fewe,
For thei 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 Vessell 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 hond.
Which I woll teach you now shortly withall,
Bycause here and there seek them ye ne shall:
Whites is caused of manie matters cleere,
In another thing termed, and soe it isheere.

Blacknes.
Blacknes is when parts of a body darke,
With thickness oppresseth the cleernes of the Warke;
Or els 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 Chrifall, Berill, and other things moe,
Diversitie betweene them lerne ere yego;
Christall hath Water declining toward Ayer,
Wherefore it is cleere, perspicious and faire;
But where it declineth towards Water more,
It is darke as Berill or Ice hard frore;
But when matters draweth toward ficcitie,
Darknes with hardnes ingendred shall be;
As it appeareth in the Adamant Stone,
And in other things manie one.
Twinckling and glittering as in Magnetia is,
Light is cause thereof within matter of Cleerenes;
Which is superduced upon waterly vapour,
Beforetyme incenced with Heate beye 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 alsoe is amended
When in that Body reyneh plenty of light,
For more or les thereof maketh more or les bright:

As
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 cleerer greeness 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 suspened.  

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 deerer solde;  
All other Blewes the sadder 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:
Subtiler 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,
Perespicuously condensed, for Water pure and fine,
The more it is Condensed, the better it shall shine;
For of a Mirror 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 shinning 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 saie of good Herbs and soote,
Some be colde outward and hot within the roote;
Example hereof if ye list to get,
Behold the working of the gentle Violet:
Common Philosophie the cause doth disclose,
Whie colde is within and red without the Rose:
Anaxagoras said in his Conversions 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 Scammony, 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 aeternam 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 so 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 heed thereto, for it is greate 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:
Soo that amonge so manie Colours all,
Nature maie shew one principall:

Such
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 acquaint,  
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 wolle that answer to please their intents,  
And teach them the trewhth of that greate doubtle.  
By kinde of Magnesia such Colours passe out,  
Whose nature is of such Convertibilitie,  
To everie proportion, and to everie degree;  
As Chrifall to his Subject is founde;  
For of everie thing that is upon the grounde,  
Which that ye wolle Chrifall let under,  
Such Colour hath Chrifall, therefore ceafe to wonder:  
Wherefore Hermes faide not untruly ne Envious,  
Ad perpetranda miracula rei unius:  
God hath fo ordeyned faith Hermes the Kinge,  
To fullfil the miracles of one thinge:  
Common Philosophers thereof cannot finde  
The vertues of our Stone exceeding far their minde.

Smelling 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,
Soo 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,
Soo meane Odors shall not by smellinge
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 seene.
Heavie Smell is not as Clerks thinke
The midle Odor, but only the leffe 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 smellding 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 smokish 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,
Soo Odor chaungeth Smelling by might.
The cause of Odours to know if you delight,
Four things thereto be requisite;
First that suftill matter be Obedient
To the working of Heat, for to present
By a fume the liknes of the same thinge,
From whome that fume had his beginninge;
Also to beare forth that pure fume and faire,
There is required a cleere thinn Aier:
For thick Aier woll not beare it farr,
But it woll reteyne it much faster;
And soe thick matter Obedience hath none,
To the working of Heat, as it sheweth in Stone:
Heat maketh Odours, Cold shrinketh, by reason
Dunghills in Summer stink more than in Winter season;
Pleasant Odours ingendered be shall
Of cleane and Pure subftance and fumigale,
As it appeareth in Amber, Narde, and Mirrhe,
Good for a Woman, such things pleaseth her;
But of Pure subftance with a Meane heate,
Be temperate Odours, as in the Violet;
Of a Meane heate with subftance 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 fumofitie
Of things which of Evill Complexions be.
And when Humor onlie is in Corruption,
Soe that the Subftance 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 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 wold caft 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 Kydlies 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 Audtors tould,
How Heate virtually inclosed is the skell,
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 foe 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;
Alsoe by Odours this you maie lerne,
Suttilnes and grofnes of Matters to discerne:
Alsoe 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 putrisie fro his owne kinde.

The third signe and the third Testimony  
To understand your principall Agent by, 
Is Sapor called, of Mouth the Tafte, 
Which evermore is cause of waste  
Of the substance of the same thinge  
Whereof ye make proosfe by Tastinge  
Sapor shulde be much better Judge  
Then Colour or Odour, and more refuge, 
Were not Taffe a perillous thinge, 
While our Stone is in workinge; 
For it is hurting to health and life, 
It is so greatly penetrative; 
Above all subtill things it hath Victory, 
And peirceth solid things hastily, 
Wherefore it is perill and not good, 
Much or oft to Tafte 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 tickness and of all greese, 
Whereby the Wretch was sodenly, 
Smitt with a strong Paralysie; 
Whom my Master with great Engine, 
Cured with Bezoars of the Mine. 
Therefore though Tafte by Common reason, 
Shulde be best judge at every seaseon,
Yet for that Taft is abominable
Sapor is here not profitable.
Yet of some parts separable,
A Taft may well be Convenable
Before conjunctions to make assay,
Whether they be well wrought or nay;
Howbeit a Wise-man hath helpe sufficient,
By Colour and Odour to have his intent:
For many men can chuse good Wine,
By Colour and Odour when it is fine;
But for new Wine not fined in general,
The true Taft is most suet of all;
For smelling hath organalls but one,
Nothing discerning but fumous things alone;
But Taft hath six organalls without doubt,
To feel qualitie of things within and without,
Which Nature ordain'd against peril and strife,
For more suertie of things having life:
An ape chuseth her meate by smelling,
Men and Popinjayes trusten to Taisting:
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 horror,
Or Venamous, stinking, or over-stronge,
The Taft is judge and voideth such wronge.
Old men wrote in ancient time,
How that of Sapers there be fully Nine;
Which ye may lerne in halfe an hower,
As Sharpe taft, Uncuous, and Sower,
Which three doe suftill matter signifie;
And other three doe mean matter testifie,
As Bitinge taft, Saltish and Weerish also,
Other three come thicke substances fro,
As Bitter taste, under Sower, and Douce; Thes Nyne be found in manie a Noble House; Five of these Nyne be ingendred by Heat, Unctuous, Sharpe, Salt, Bitter, and Doulcet; But of the Nyne the remnant all fower, Be made with cold, as is the Sapor Sower, And so is Sowerish taft called Sapor Pontick; And lesse Sower also 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 Complection.

Of Hot and Moyst in the Second degree, With a Thick Substance, Doulcet Taft will be; The same degrees of the same Complection, To a Meane Substance knit by connexion, Unctuous 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 Saltish 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 Complecion in the same degree, In a thing which of Meane Substance shall be, Of that is ingendred ye maie well suppose,
A Bitinge Taft as is of the Roafe,  
But Sower, and Sowriff, and leaft Sower, all three  
Be of Cold and Dry in High and Low degree:  
And Cold and Moyst in the First degree of all,  
A Weerish Taft ingender ever shall,  
As of an Egg it sheweth in the glaere,  
And in pale Women over White and Fayer:  
For such be Cold, and of Humiditye  
Thei have trewly greate superfluity,  
Therefore to Men thei 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 thei were of one foundation,  
For Unflavoury was but of Taft privation;  
Compound Tafts be found also,  
As Doulce Eger and others manie mo;  
So by Taft men maie Craftily know  
Divers complexions and degrees high and low;  
And when ye doubt by Taft to make report,  
Than to your other testimonies resort.  
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 Phistion leaft that ye be found:  
For so of (bad I wist) ye maie beware,  
And helpe the Sick man from his care:  
So so this Science if ye woll advaunce,
Your works, take heed of everie Circumstance,
Wisely Considering your testimonyes power,
Three be now pasted, 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 conjoynteth Male with Female Wife,
And causeth dead things to resort to Life;
Liquors clenfeth with their ablution,
Liquors to our Stone be Cheefe nutrition;
Without Liquor no Meate is good;
Liquors converseth all Aliment and Food
To every part of Mans Body,
And so thei doe with us in Alkimy.
Ye must consider the puritie
Of all your Liquors and quantitie;
And how thick thei be or thinn,
Or else thereof shall ye little winn;
But not as Phisitions 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;
Phisitions say the thicker Urine be,
The more it signifieth Humidity,
Where thick Liquor with us hath siccity,
And suittrill Liquor betokneth Humidity:

Manie Liquors be requisit
To our Stone for his appetite.
In the Booke of Tarba Artes deposed,
How Ayre in Water was secreatly inclosed,
Which bare up Erth with his Aierly might.

Pithagoras
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 stilae roris madidi:
Which was kindly spoken for Alkimy.
But common Students in first Philosophie,
Say Ayre condensd 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 white as telleth Autors old,
Is that their accuity is duld with cold.
Some Philosophers said that ye shulde take
Milke for the Liquor Elixir to make:
And other sort saide 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 virginius.
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;

M.,
How that all perfection was in quinariis. 

\textit{Rupisciss} called it best Liquor of all.

For it makest grosse matter spiritual: But of \textit{Pithagoras ye maie finde},

Our \textit{Aqua-vita} of another kinde; He faith it was \textit{Vivificans} in his sentence, 

\textit{Fac fugiens fixum & fixum fugiens}, For in such wise with strong Coaction, 

Fixt matters were made of light liquefaction. Another sort said noe Liquor was above

The Liquor which Congers most desier and love: Therefore such Liquors are best found,

Nigh to Islands, and to such ground Which the \textit{Ocean Sea} hath compassed about, For there such Liquors be soonest set out. 

Of another Liquor wise men tell, Which is fresher than Water of the Well; Fresher Liquor there is none in tast, Yet it shall never consume the waste; Though it be occupied evermore, It will never be lesse in store; Which \textit{Democriti} named for his intent, \textit{Lux umbra carens}, Water most Orient; \textit{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 \textit{Science}, have sought, By all these Liquors \textit{our Stone} must be wrought.

\textit{Liquor} is a thing moveable, Of fleeting substance and unstable. All such things follow the \textit{Moon}, More then standing kinde 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 clene soule things in everie howse;
Liquor bringeth without doubt,
Hidden things in Bodyes out,
As Landres witnes evidently,
When of Ashes theimake their Lye;
Liquor comforteth the roots of Graffe,
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 Attones 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 Cheefe is good:
By as manie manners and moe by one,
We seck Liquors for our Stone.

Every
Every of the forenamed will cleave
To that thei touch, and some deale leave:
But Quicksilver albeit it is fleeting,
Yet he will never cleave to any thinge,
But to a Mettall of one kinde or other,
For there he findeth Siter 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 Cheefe,
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 sought,
Then Cheefe, and Butter, and Whey be wrought;
And drawe neerer to simplicitie,
Then Cheefe, Butter, or Whey maie be.
Of all Liquors which be in our Stone,
None is called simple 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 Drines,
Ye maie amend it with humour of Moystnes.
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 Liquors be ordained to add and subtray,
To make equalitie by wisdome of assay;
But trust not that any thing maie be
Hot and Moist both in one Degree:
For all that trust two qualities to be soe,
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 means be,
The more perfection thereof ye shall see.
The means reteye a great part
Of the vertues of this Arte:
For the Principle maie not give influence
To the Finall end, neither the refuence
Unto, his Principall without succour and aid
Of meanes conteyning the extremeties 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 Animal,

And
And where they dwell now lerne ye shall:
The Spirit Vitall in the Heart doth dwell,
The Spirit Naturall as old Authors 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 futil 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 futilnesse of this Spirit meane.
Therefore in our worke as Authors 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 fought,
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 she 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 speede,
According to number of the Planets seaven;
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 furer 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 (thel 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 appetit of the Fier,
Hath to worke in Erth his cheefe desire,
As upon his cheefe foode materall,
For Fier with Erth hath most concord of all;
Because that ficcitie 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 estsoones 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 flower, in his course: So some Circulations which Clerks seeks, 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 understande; Ignorance hereof deceiveth manie a Man, Causing them to cease 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 years full twayne, And fifty yeares ere that Foale gender againe. Anaxagorras 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.
Also ye must worke by good advice,
When ye see Erth above Water rise;
For as Water beareth Erth which we goe on,
So well 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 Coppied 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 unsheined,
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 brough to one accord,
Knit by the doctrine of God our blessed Lord:
Whereby of Mettalls is made transmution,
Not only in Colour, but transsubstantiation,
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 Thousand his tincture trewly is,
Of clean wassen Mettall I am trew witnes,
Fastiely (beleeve 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 likned to Man in waxing and creation.
Nathles one pointe of trewth I woll reporte,
Which to some Men maie be discomforthe;
At the first making of our Stone,
That time for winninge looke for none;
If ye then cease, I understande:
Ye shall departe with loofinge hand,
The Costs be so great before.
Expended and set upon the score;
But at the first augment of all
Which tymne 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 comodiously;
In this our White Warke alone,
As well as in the Ruby Stone,
Whereof said Maria Sister 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 paste,
For thei know not how at the lafte
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 speed,
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 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 fifteene Kingdomes had our Red Stone:
And with that word he cast his Eye,
Looking on me full steadilye,
Of his words he saw me woe,
I said alas what shall I doe?
For above all Erthly things,
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 doe to be.
He said I was to younge of Age,
Of Body lusty and likely to outrage,
Scantly of the age of twenty eight yeares,
He said Philosophers had noe such Compeers;
This woeful answer 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 aslay and you shall finde
Age sufficient within my Minde,
He held his words full still that tyde,
And so long tyme he did abide;
After this sudainely in wonderous wise,
He tempted me after the Philosophers guise.
Which to reherse it were too longe,
And to shew how I should doe wronge:
For that must be kept secrete,
For them which shall with this science meet;
Yet at the last with leisure and with space,
I wan his love, by help of Gods Grace;
So that I had with Grace the trewe doctrine
Of Confection of the Red medicine;
Whom to secke it availeth right nought,
Till the White medicine be fully wrought.
Alfoe both Medicines in their beginninge
Have one manner of Vefell and Workinge,
As well for the White as also for the Red,
Till all quick things be made dead;
Then Vefells and forme of operation
Shall chaunge, in Matter, Figure, and Graduation.
But my herte quaketh, my hand is tremblinge,
When I write of this moft selcouth thinge.
Hermes brought forth a true sentence and blounte,
When he said Ignis & Azot tibi sufficicnt.
The Expofitor of Hermes and Aristotle joynete,
In that joynete worke shewed a straunge poynle,
He said Albertus Magnus the Blacke Freere,
Nether Freer Bacon his compeere,
Had not of our Red stone consideration,
Him to increafe in multiplication.
The Expofitor knew it sufficiently,
And my Master tought me trewly,
Albeit that I never made affaye
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 farr in preafs,
That secrete Trewth to shew I cannot cease;
Reherfing such as were greatly too bold,
So great secreats to shew as thei tolde.
The said that within the Center of incompleat 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.

Pandulphus in Turba saide, mente secura,
Et ejus umbra in vera tinctura.

Maria confirmed it in fide oculata,
Quod in ipsa albedine est rubedo occultata.
The Boke Laudabile Sanctum made by Hermes,
Of the Red Worke speaketh in this wise:

Candida tunc rubeo jacet uxor nuptamarito;
That is to faie, 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 feed Masculine,
Hath wrought and won the Victory,
Upon the menstrualls worthily;
And well converted them to his kinde,
As by experience ye shall finde:
Passing the Substance of Embrioun,
For then compleate is made our Stone;
Whom wise Men said that ye shulde feede
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 subtile 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 grow discord,
Whereby your Warkes maie be lost,
With all your labour and all your cost:
He that wol take our WVarke in hande,
Five Concords he must understande.

The first Concord is neede to marke
Whether his Minde accorde with the Warke,
Which shalbe Lord to paie for all,
Els all your labour destroy ye shall.
The second Concord is needfull to kenn,
Between this Crafte and her Workemen.
The third shall serve well your intents,
When Warke accordeth with Instruments.
The fourth Concord must welbe fought,
With the Place where it shall be wrought:
For trewlie it is no little grace
To find a perfect working Place.
The Fift is of Concord and of Love,
Betweene your WVarkes and the Spheare above.
Of thes five Concords rehearse we shall,
Beginning with the first of all.

For the first ye shall well finde
That full few Lords be stabe of Minde;
Thei be hafty, the WVarke is longe,
Thei woulde have you doe Nature wronge.
Some now be onward as hafty as fier,
Halfe a yeare after have noe desire;
And some in a Weeke, it is noe Nay,
Woll chaunge 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 feinde,
All things disposing in the meane space,
With great suavity that commeth of grace.
All short-wittcd 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 vitious,
Clenly of hands, in Touching curious,
Not disobedient, neither presumptuous;
Such Servants maie your workes of Charge
Minifter, and save from all outrage;
But trust 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 ministred as well by Night as Daye
Continually, except the holy Sunday alone;
From Evensong begin till Evensong be done.
And while thei worke thei must needes 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 Women;
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:
Narowe 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 desiere.
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 Glasse 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 comes: Tin&ure with annealing of Glasiers Will not perfe him as thei rehefe. By this Doctrine chufe or refuse, Take which you woll 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 Secrete disclosed was, By my good Master, to more and lesse, Saying, Si Deus non dedisset nobis vasa, Nihil dedisset, and that is Glasse.

Instruments needefull there be more, As be Furnaces ordeyned therefore. Olde Men imagined for this Arte A speciaall 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 usd, 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 found 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,
Threescore Warkes, and cost right nought,
More than it shulde for one Wark or twaine,
Therefore profitable it is certaine;
Threescore degrees divers ye maie gett,
For threescore warkes, and everie-ech of divers Heate,
Within that Furnace, to serve your desire,
And all thei served with one little Fier,
Which of a Foote square onlie shalbe,
Yet everie-ech of the threescore 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 threescore
Glases truely, and yet farr more,
Everie-ech 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 servethfull well for Preparation;
Soe for fix 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 full of perills than other Furnaces all,
Made for *Magnetia*, whereof bould Men had doubtes,
To touch with hands a poore lynne Cloute;
Which in the midle thereof unbrenned stooede;
For feare of flames brenning fierce and woode;
Which futtill Furnace I devised alfoe,
In which I found manie wonders moe
Than is convenient at this season to tell,
Whose graduation is doubtfull and casual:
Wherein *Magnetia*, matter of greate coste,
Must quickly be served or suddainly be loste:
Of whose graduation if you woll not misse
Consider your Stoples, and lerne well this,
The more is the Stople the lesse is the Heate,
By manifould Stoples Degrees ye maie gett;
Whoe knoweth the power, the working and kinde,
Of everie Furnace, he maie well trewh 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 Conveneable.
Some Places must needs 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 trewh 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 season,
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 leasling;
Whereof none other cause maie appeare,
But only contrarie places of the Sphere:
Whereeto Places contrarie of the grounde,
To them Concordant and Obedient be found;
Hereof great Evidence and witnes full cleere,
In the Magnets Stone openly doth appeare,
Whose North pointe draweth toward his Countrie,
Which under the Southe Starr 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 fift Concord is knowne well of Clerks, (Werks.
Betwene the Sphere of Heaven and our Suttill
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.

P. 2
Chap. 6.  

Is a direct and strict 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 thei must let, or needely infect,  
Cause them to looke with a Trine aspect.  
For the White warke make fortunate the Moone,  
For the Lord of the Fourth house likewiie be it done;  
For that is Thesaurum absconditum of olde Clerks;  
Soe of the Sixth house for servants of the Werks;  
Save all them well from greate impediments,  
As it is in Picture, or like the same intents.  
Unlesse then your Nativity pretend infection,  
In contrariety to this Election,  
The vertue of the Mover of the Orbe is formall,  
The vertue of the Eight Sphere is here Instrumentall,  
With her Signes and Figures and parts aspectuall,  
The Planets vertue is proper and speciall,  
The vertue of the Elements is here materiall,  
The vertue 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 merrits 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 Geomantine that superstitious Arte,  
For God made Reason which there is set aparte.  
Trust not to all Astrologers, I faie whie,  
For that Arte is as secrat as Alkemy.  
That other is disproved and plainly forbod,  

By
ORDINALL.

By holy Saints of the Church of God.

Trust not, nor love not Negromancy,

For it is a property of the Devil to lie.

Trust to this Doctrine, set herein your desires,

And now learn the Regiment of your Fiers.
parfet Master ye maie him call trowe,
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 consistit in ignis regimine:
Wherefore in all Chapters you must so proceed,
That Heate worke not more ne lesse 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 dryyth lawne Karcheefes fayre,
In thirty operations serveth for our Ayre;
But for Divisions you must 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 must ever be Coequall
In every minute, and yet perpetuall:
For it maie never abate ne increase,
And yet the Fier maie never cease.
Study wiselie and looke about
Such a fer Newlie to finde out.
And in that Fier no moisture maie be,
Which Hand maie seele or Eye maie see.
Igis humidus an other Fier alfoe
Is, and yet it seemeth oppositum in affecto:
Such Heate disservereth at certaine tydes
Matters cleaving to Vessells sides.
Manie moe things that Heate maie wynn,
It maketh oft thick Matters to be thynn.
A Philosopher mistely spake of this Heate,
And fayde, 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 Fiere of Dissecation,
For matters which be imbibed with Humecation.
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 alfoe 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 paines fore,
Because they had not this warning before.
Igis corrodens serveth in this Arte,
Elementa propinqua wisely to departe.
By one point of excesse all your Warke is shent,
And one point too little is insufficient;
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 Combution,
For Mineralls that be of hard Liquefaction:
This Heate cannot be too strenge,
Be he continued never so longe.
Another is Heate of Calcination
For fowle Metalls for their Preparation;
Which maie not brenn, ne doe them melte,
For to all thei maie soone be spilte.
The twelfte 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 muft 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 Auftors tell.
This precious stone will not be found ne wrought
But he be right devoutely sought.
The Auftors forenamed with this Boke of mine,
Sheweth of Alkimy 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 mervail 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 delen with this Werkes,
Ten Thousand Laymen against ten able Clerks:
Whereby yearely greate Riches in this Londe
Is lewdly lost, as Wisesmen understonde;
And manie men of Everie degree
Yearly be brought to great Povertee.
Cease Laymen, cease, be not in follie ever;
Lewdnes 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

COMPOND

OF

ALCHYMIE.

A most excellent, learned, and worthy worke, written by Sir George Ripley, Chanon of Bridlington in Yorke-shire, Containing twelve Gates.
Here begynneth *The Compound of Alchymie*,
Made by a Chanon of Bridlington,
After his learning in Italy
At rxning for tyme he there did wonne:
In which he 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 Claustrell 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
GEORGE RIPLEY
UNTO
King Edward the fourth.

O 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 thyd Lond shalbe renewed
With Joy and Riches, with Charyty and Peace,
So that old ranckors underscores,
Tempestuous troubles and wretchednes shall cease.

And now sith I see by tokens right evident,
That God you guydeth, and that ye be vertuous,
Hating synne, and such as be insolent,
How that also Malslaughter 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 wrekke every wrong.

Theis considered, with others, in your most noble Estate,
Like as God knoweth, and people doe witnesse beare,
So entreyly me meveth, that I must algate
Recorde 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 Countrieys did lere,
And which by grace to me most unworthy are lent.
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 Secrete shall know none other Creature.
But onely you, as I make faithfull Protestation,
For all the tyme that I here in lyfe endure:
Whereunto I wyll your Lordship me to ensure,
To my desyre in thys by othe to agree,
Least I should 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 wryt,
But when that ye lift by practice ye shall see;
By Mowth also this precious 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.
The Epistle.

But notwithstanding for peril that might befall,
Though I dare not here plainly the knot unbinde,
Yet in my writing I will not be so Mystical,
But that ye may by studie the knowleige finde:
How that every thing multiplicable is in bys kinde,
And that likeness of bodies Metalline be transmutable
I will declare, that if ye seele me in your minde
Ye shall prove my writing true and no fayned fable.

And if God grant you by me to wynne 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 danger 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 bodies Metalline be not transmutable,
But after he added their words of more delyte,
Without they be reduced to theyr beginning materiable.
Wherefore such bodies which in nature be liquable,
Mineral and Metalline may be Mercurizate,
Conceive ye may that this Scyence 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 Joyned to them indee:
Whereby he doth true understanders leade
To the knowledge of the principles which be true;
Both Red most pure, and White, as have I sped,
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,
Truly at the end his Worke shall him not rewe.

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

For all the parts of our most precious Stone,
As I can prewe, be Coessentiall and concrete;
Moreover there is no true principle but one,
Full longe it was or I therwith could mete:
Who can reduce it, and knoweth his Heate,
And only kinde with kinde can redresse,
Till filth originall be cleanseed 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 anything beare in mynde;
That pasive natures ye tourne 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 principall secret of secretes all
Is true Proportion which may not be behinde,
Wherein I counsell you be not superficiall,
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 counsell 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 space;
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 sweat.

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

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

But a good Physitian 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 need be to chafed, the Fyre to blowe,
Then wyttily, it, by divers wyes to throwe,
And after the cause to make a Medicine blive,
Truly telling the ynfirmitie all on a rowe:
Who thus can doe by his Physicke is like to thrive.

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

And like as Ye to Water doth relente,
Whereof congealed it was by violence of greate 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 togeather must be proportionate.

Att the Dyers craft ye may lerne this Science,
Beholding with Water how they decoction make
Uppon theyr Woad and Maddre easely and with patience,
Till the Tinplaces appeare which the Cloath doth take
Therein so fixed that they wyll never forsake
The Cloth for washing after they joyned be;
Right so our Tinplaces with Water of our Lake
We draw by boylings with Ashes of Hermes tree.
The Epistle.

Which Tinctures when they by craft are made parfite,
So dieth Mettalls 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 fervent;
Where Nature did leave off, what tyme look ye beginn.

First Calcine, and after that Putrefye,
Dissolve, Dystil, Sublyme, Descende, and Flyxe,
With Aquavite oft times, both wash and drie,
And make a marriage the Body and Spirit betwixt;
Which thus togeather 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 Wildernes,
Crowes, Popingayes, Pyes, Pekocks, and Mavies;
The Phenix, the Egle whyte, the Griffon of fearfullnes,
The Greene Lyon and the Red Dragon he shall desires;
The white Dragon also, the Antelope, Unicornre Panther,
With other Byrds, and Beasts both more and lesse;
The Basiliske also which almost 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 liste 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 some men clatter; Which also called is when he hath once bene Dedd: And is revived our Marchasite, 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 Spiritualize: The rounde Whele turning of our foresaid Astronomy: And so to the Elixir of Spirits 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 poyntr truly deceaveth many one.

This naturall processe by helpe of craft thus consummate Dissolveth the Elixir spirituall in our unctuous Humiditie Then in Balneo of Mary togeather let them be Circulat, Like new Hony or Oyle till they perfectly thicke be, Then will that Medicine beale all manner Infirmitie; And turne all Metalls 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.
Here followeth the Figure containing all the secrets of the Treatise both great and small.
Incipit Prologus.

Hylde of thys Dyspylyne incline to me
And harkyn to my doctrine with all thy
Thes words of wyfdome in mynde doe
Which of old Fathers be trew in sentence;
Live clene in soule, to God doe none offence:
Exalt thee not but rather keepe thee Lowe,
Ells wyll thy God in thee no Wyfdome lowe.

Fro fayned Doctrine 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 fawc:
Nether his seed begg bread for need,
In holy Scripture thus doe I rede.

Make Wyfdome therefore thy Sister 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 fynde
Wyfdome and Prudence with mouth and mynde.

R 3  All
All manner good cum wyth them shall,
And honestie by ther hands innumerable,
Then into combraunce shall thou not fall;
Soe 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 spyces 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 ulyth them shall fryndshyp have
With God in Heven, and there hym se,
After them vyvelychc therefor thou crave,
For Body and Soule both wyll they save;
And herein Goods doth multiplye,
And afore Prynces they dygnysy.

Thynke how Adam loft hys wyldome,
Sampson hys myght that was foe strong,
Kyng Saulc also loft hys Kyngdome;
And Davyd was punnyshed soare for hys wrong:
In the Oake by the here fayre Absolyn hong,
Kyng Ezeky by sycknesse had punishment,
And many one moe for synne was shent.

But
The Prologue.

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 caryed 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 sore ponishment;
Sum to amend in thys lyfe had space,
Sum sodenly with fyre fro Heavyn were brent,
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 Wyse dom wyn,
And knowledge of our grete prevyte;
Norysh Vertues, and Vices looke thou fée,
And trystyng 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 Hierarchycall Jubyleftes the gratulant glorysfication;
O pytewoufe puryfyer 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 theedysplycable,
But that I aqyte me to thee as a trew professor:
Att thys begynnyng good Lord here my prayer;
Be nygh with Grace for to enforce my wyll,
Graunt well that I may my entent fullfyll.

Most curyose Coffer and copyose of all treisure.
Thou art, fro whom all goodnes doth desseffend,
(To Man) and also to every-ech Creature;
Thyne Handy-warke therefore vouchsafe to defend,
That we no tyme in lvying here myspend,
With truth thou graunt us our lysvelode 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 must:
Thy secret Tresorars, vouchsafe to make us,
Show us thy Secrets, and to us be bounteous.

Among other which be professyd to thee
I me present, as one wyth humble Submyssyon,
Thy Servant besechyng that I may bee,
And trew in levyng acording to my professyon:
In order Chanon reguler of Brydlyngton;
Bessechyng 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 darke under confusyon,
By thee Begynner meravelously was wrought,
Conteynyng naturally all thyngs withoute dyvysyon,
Of whych thou madyft in six Dayes dere dyfthynction;
As Genesys apertly doth recorde
Then Heavyn and Erth perfeytyd 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 purysyed Soulvs upp to thy blys
Shall come a pryncyple, thys may be one,
For the declaryng of our Stone.

For
The Preface.

For as of one Mafe was made all thyng,
Ryght soe must hyt in our pra&yfe be,
All our secrets of one Image must spryng:
In Phyfosophers Bokes therefore who lust to fe,
Our Stone ys caly'd the lesse World one and three,
Magnesia also of Sulphure and Mercury,
Propotionat by Nature most perfytly.

But many one mervelyth whych mervel may,
And muse on such a mervelous thyng,
What ys our Stone fyth Phyfosophers doth say,
To such as ever be hyt fechyng:
Yet Fowles and Fyfhs 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 answer, that Mercury it ys I wys
But not the comyn callyd Quicksylver by name,
But Mercury withoute whych nothyng beyng ys;
All true Phyfosophers record and say the same:
But fymple ferchers puttyth them in blame,
Saying they hyd hyt, but thy beblame worthy,
Which be no Clerks, and medlyth with Phyfophy.

But though hyt Mercury be yett wysely understond,
Wherein it ys, where thou shalt it feech,
Ells I thee Counscell take not this warke in hond,
For Phyfosophers flattiryth Foolys with fayre Speche:
But lyft to me, for trewly I wyll thee teche,
Whych ys thy Mercury most profyttable,
Beyng to thee nothing dysseveable.
The Preface.

It ys more nythe in sum things than in sum, Therefore take tent what I unto the wyrt, 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 Sevens 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; Theyr propertyes I wyll declare nyght soone, And Mercury of other Metalls 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 receyverth resplendence.

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

Bodyes
Bodyes wyth the first we Calcyne naturally
Perfyt, but none whych be unclene,
Except one whych usually
Namyd by Phylosophers the Lyon Greene,
He ys the meane the Soon and Moore betweene:
Of joynyng Tynatures wyth perfyntes,
As Geber thereto beryth wyntes.

Wyth the Second whych ys an Humydyte
Vegetable revvyving that earst was dede,
Both pryncyptes materlyalls must 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 Dyssolutyon.

Wyth the thyrd humydyty most permanent
Incombustyble and unctuous in hys nature,
Hermes Tre to ashes must be brent:
Hyt is our Naturall Fyre most sure,
Our Mercury, or Sulphure, or Tynature pure:
Our Soule, our Stone, borne up wyth wynd
In the Erthe ingendered, bere thys in thy mynde.

Thys stone alsoe tell thee I dare,
Is the vapor of Mettalls potentyall,
How thou shall gett hyt thou must beware:
For invyssible ys truly thys Menstruall:
Howbehytt with the second Water phylosophycall,
By leperatyon of Elements yt may appeare,
To fyght in forme of Water cleere.
Of our Menstrue by labour exuberate
And wyth hyt may be made Sulphure of nature
If itt be well and kyndly acuate;
And cyrculate into a Spryt pure:
Then to dyffolve thou must be sure
Thy Base wyth hyt in dyvers wyse,
As thou shalt know by thy praetyse.

That poynt therefore in hys dew place
I wyll declare wyth other mo,
If God wyll graunt me space and grace:
And mep retere in lyfe from wo;
As I thee teche loke thou doe so,
And for thy fyrst ground pryncypall
Understond thy Water menstruall.

And when thou hast made true Calcination,
Encresyng and not Wasstyng moysture radycall,
Tyll thy Base by ofter subtylyatyon
Wyll lyghtly flow as Wex uppon Mettall;
Then lowne hyt wyth thy vegetable Menstruall,
Tyll thou have Oyle thereof in Colour bryght,
Then ys your Menstrue visible to fyght.

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 frede,
For whan he was for age nygh dede,
He made thereof Aurum Potabile,
Whych hym revyvyd as Men myght see.
The Preface.

For so together may they be Circulate, That ys to say, Oyle and the vegetable Menstruall, Ether so by labour exuberate, And made by Crafte a Stone Celestyall: Of Nature so fyrye that we yt call Our Baselesk, otherwyse our Cokatryse, Our great Elixir most of pryse.

Whych as the lyght of a Baselesk hys object Kylyth, so sleyth 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 persyft, Thus gyde thy base both Red and Whyte.

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

But into Chapters thys Treatis I shall devyde, In number Twelve with dew Recapytulatyon; Superfluous rehearsalls I ley asyde, Intendyng only to geve trew Informatyon, Both of the Theoryke and Practycall operatyon: That by my wrytyng who so wyll guyded be, Of hys intente persyftly speed shall he. The
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 Conjunction matrymonyall; The Fyfthe of Putrefaction then followe shall; Of Congelation, albyfycative shall be the Syxt, Then of Cybatyon the Seventh shall follow next.

The secret of our Sublymation the eyght shall shew; The nth shall be of Fermentation, The Tenth of our Exaltation I trow; The Eleventh of our meravelose Multiplycation; The Twelfth of Projectyon, then Recapytulation; And so thys Treatyse 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,
   Restaurynge also of hys naturall heate;
   Of radycall moysture it leyth none;
   Inducyng Solution 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 Corrolyves 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 Calcyn whych so be bent
   Fro thys hard Science withdraw theyre hond,
   Till they our Calcyning better understonde.

3. For by such Calcynyng theyre bodyes be shent,
   Whych mynystheth 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 Calcynyng, mynysthyng none at all.

   And
Of Calcination.

4. And for a sure ground of our trew Calcynam, Woorch wyttlyly kynde only wyth kynde; For kynde 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.

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

6. And we make Calxes un&ious both Whyte and Red, Of three degrees or our Base be perfyit; Fluxyble as Wex, ells stond they lyttle in sted; By ryght long processe as Phylosofters wryte, A yere we take or more for our respyte: For in lesse space our Calxe wyll not be made, Able to tayne with colour whych wyll not vade.

7. As for the Proporcyon thou must beware, For therein many one ys beguylyd, Therefore thy warke that show not marre; Lat the Body be sorely fylyd With Mercury, as much then so subtylyd: One of the Sun, two of the Moone, Tyll altogether lyke pap be done.

Then
Of Calcination.

8. Then make the Mercury foure to the Sonne,
Two to the Mone as hyt should be,
And thus thy worke must be began,
In sygure of the Trynyte,
Three of the Body and of the Spryt three:
And for the unyte of the Substance spirituall,
One more than of the Substance corporall.

9. By Raymonds Reportory thys ys trew,
Proporcyn 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 wyt,
And both be trew take whych you lyft.

10. If the Water be equall in Proporcyon
To the Erthe whych hethe in dew mesure,
Of hym shall spryng a new buryon;
Both Whyte and Red in pure tyncture,
Whych in the Fryre shall ever endure:
Kyll than the quyck, the ded reyve,
Make Trynyte Unyte wythout any styve.

11. Thys ys the best and the surest 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 porters loome,
And make you never to nesh thy wome.

That
Of Calcination.

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 Dyssolucyon wyth moysture of the Mone,
And Congellacyon wyth the Son, then haft thou done.

13. Fourc Natures shall into the fyth fo turne,
Whych ys a Nature most perfect and temperate;
But hard hyt ys with thy bare foote to spurne,
Agaynft 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 worchyng be fo blynd,
Gold to seke 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 Phylosophy;
Therto nother Eggs nor Blood thou take,
But Gold and Sylver whych naturally,
Calcyned wysely, and not manually,
And new generacyon wyll forth bryng,
Increasyng theyr kynde, as doth ech thyng.

And
Of Calcination.

16. And yf yt true were that persyt myght be,
    In thyngs which be not mettallyne:
    In which be Colours plesaunt 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 persyt Bodys be dysponsate.

17. But fyrst of these Elements make thou Rotacyon,
    And into Water thy Erth turne fyrst 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 conseyng 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 laboryf thou but in vayne:
    For soe to temperment ys brought our Stone,
    And Natures contrayr ofe, fower be made one,
    After they have three times ben Cyrculant,
    And alsoe thy Bace persytly consummate.

19. Thus under the moysture of the Moone,
    And under the temperate hete of the Sonne,
    Thy Elements shalbe incynerate sone,
    And then thou hast the Maiystery wone;
    Thanke God thy worke was then begon:
    For there thou hast one token trew,
    Whych fyrst in blacknes to thee wyll shew.

T 3 The
Of Calcination.

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 Trc*,
    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 wyth venome intoxycate.

21. But hyt hath Names I say to the insynyte,
    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 fyrst Gate, now art thou in,
    Of the *Phylosophers Castle* where they dwell;
    Proceede wysely 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 first Gate.*
Of Solution.
The second Gate.

1. Of Solution now wyl I speke a word or two,
   Whych sheweth owt that err was hyd from fyght,
   And makyth intenuate thyngs that were thyk also;
   By the vertue of our fyrf Menstrue clere and bryght,
   In whych our Bodyes eclypsyd ben to fyght:
   And of ther hard and dry Compacyyon subtylyyat
   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;
   Thyngs there be, but only Syffer and Brother:
   That ys to wene Agent and Pacyent,
   Sulphure and Mercury coessentyall to our entent.

3. Betwyxt these two in qualyte cotraryose,
   Ingendred ys a Mene most mervyllosely
   Whych ys our Mercury and Menstrue uneuuoese;
   Our secrett Sulphur worchynge invyzybly,
   More fierely than Fyre brennyng the body,
   Into Water dysfolvyng 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 secrct of Phylo sophers Dys solucion;
Therefore conceive me I counsell thee wyttyly:
For I wyll tell thee trewly wythout delusyon;
Our Solucion ys cause of our Congelacyon;
For the Dys solucion on the one syde corporall
Causyth Congelacyon on the other syde Spyrytuall.

5. And we Dys solve into Water whych weytyth no hond,
For when the Erth ys integrally yncynerat;
Then ys the Water congelyd, 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 dys close,
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 hede therefore in Error that thou not fall:
The more thyne Erth and the leseththy Water be,
The rather and better Solucion shall thou see.

Behold how Yse to Water doth re lent,
And so hyt must, for Water hyt was before;
Ryght soe agayne to Water our Erth is bent,
And Water thereby congelyd for evermore,
For after all Phylosophers whych ever was bore:
Every Mettall was ons Water mynerall,
Therefore wyth Water they turne to Water all.
Of Solution.

8. In which Water of kynde occasyonate of qualytes bene repugnauice and dyversyte. Thyngs into thyngs must therefore be rotatate, 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 dekenyd conveniently to Mountaynes whych after hygh Planets we name, Into the depenes therefore of Mercury. Turne them and kepe the lour of blame, Then shall ye se a Nobyll game, How all shall become powder soft as fylke. So doth our Runnett by kynde curd our Mylke.

10. Then hath our Bodys ther fyrst forme donte, And other beynducyd ymedyately. Then hast thou well beset thy cost, Wheras some other uncunning must goe by, Not knowyng the secretts of our Phylasophy:

   Yet one poynit more must tell thee,
   Every Body how hye hath dymencyons three.

11. Altitude, Latitude, and Profundyte, By which algates turne we must our Whole, Knowyng thy entraunce in the West shall be, Thy passage forth into the North if 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
Of Solution.

12. Then take thy course up to the Este anon
By Colours passyng varyable in manyfold wyse,
And then be Wynter and Vere nygh over-gon
To the Este, therefore thyne assendyng devyle,
For there the Son wyth Day-lyght doth upryse
In Somer, and there dysporte the wyth délyght,
For there thy Warke shall becom parfyt Whyte.

13. Forth fro the Eft ynto the South assend,
And sett thou up therein thy Chayre of Fyre,
For there ys Harvest, that ys to say an end
Of all thys Warke after thyne owne defyre.
Ther shynyth the Son up in hys owne fphyre,
And after the Eclyps ys in rednes wyth glory
As Kyng to rayne uppon all Mettalls and Mercury.

14. And in one Glaflle must be done all thys thyng,
Lyke to an Egg in shape, and closyd well;
Then must you know the mesure of fyryst yng;
The which unknowen thy Warke ys lost ech dele,
Lett never thy Glaflle be hotter then thou may feele:
And suffer styll in thy bare hand to holde
For dred of losyng as Philosophers have the tolde.

15. Yett to my Doctryne furthermore intend,
Beware thy Glaflle 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 thys Chapter whych ys so brewe,
I have the taught thy trew Solution;
Now to the Thyrd Gate goe, for thys ys won.
OF SEPARATION.

The third Gate.

1. Separacyon, doth eac partes from other devyde,
The subtil frou the groce, frou the thyck the thyn; But Separacyon manuall look thou put asyde:
For that pertaynyth to folys whych lyttyll good don
But in our Separacyon nature doth not blyn: (wyn,
Makyng dyvysyon of qualytes Elementall
Into the fyfth degree tyll they be turned all.

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 dysperslyon.

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

4. Do thys wyth hete efy and meluryng
   Fyrst wyth moyst Fyre, and after wyth the dry;
   The flewme by Pacyence owt drawyng;
   And after that thy other natures wyttyly,
   Dry up thyne Erth tyll hýt be thryffly:
   By Calcenynge els thou laboryst all in vayne,
   And then make hyt drynke up his moysture agayn.

5. Separacyon thus must thou ofte tymes make,
   Thy Matter dyyvydying 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 hleyng,
   But thou must turne hem all into one thyng.

6. Than Oyle and Water wyth Water shall dyyfyll
   And thorow her help receive menyng:
   Kepo well thys two that thou not spyll,
   Thy Wark for lack of dew clofyng,
   Make thy Stopell of glas meltynge
   The top of thy Vessele together wyth yt,
   Than Phylosopher-lyke uyd ys hýt.

7. The Water wherwyth thou must renew thy stone
   Looke thou dyyfyll afore thou warke wyth hýt
   Oftentymes by it selfe alone?
   And by thy fyght thou shalt well wyt,
   Fro feculent feces when hýt ys quytt:
   For sum men can wyth Saturne it multepli,
   And other Substance which we defye.
Of Seperation.

8. Dyfyll hyt thersore tyll hyt be clene,
   And thyn lyke Water as hyt shold be,
   As Hevyn in Color bryght and shyne,
   Kepyng both fygure and ponderosyfe,
   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 venomous Tyre,
   Wherewith the myghty Tryacle ys wrought;
   For yt ys Poyson most stronge of yre;
   A stronger Poyson can none be thought:
   Att the Potecarys thersore 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 poylons most expulysye;
    And in hys working doth mervells shewe,
    Preservyng many from deth to lyfe,
    Loke thou meng yt wyth no corrosyve:
    But chese 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:
    Revyvyng the ded and gevyng lyfe
    To Son and Mone, Husband and Wyfe.
Of Separation.

12. Whych yf they were not by craft made quick,
And ther fatnes wyth Water drawn out;
And so the thyne dyssevered from the thyke,
Thou should never bryng this 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 dysseend,
And soe thou shalt devyde that nature before dyd bynde,
Mercury effencyall turnyng into wynde:
Wythout whych naturall and subtyll Separacyon,
May never be compleat profytable Generacyon.

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

15. Fower Fryers there be whych you must understand,
Naturall, Innaturall, against Nature, alsoe
Elementall whych doth bren the brond;
These foure Fryers 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 occasionat we call Innaturall,
And hetre of Askys and balnys for putrefying:
Wythout these fyres thou may not bryng
To Putrefaccyon for to be seperat,
Thy matters togeather proportionat.

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

18. Of Seperacyon the Gate muft thus be wonne,
That furthermore yet thou may procede,
Toward the Gate of secret Conjunction,
Into the Castle whych wyll the Inner leade,
Do after my Councell therefore yf thou wylt spede;
Wyth two strong locks thys Gate ys thyt,
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 dissemble be. The Chapter here followeth of secret Conjunction; Whych natures repugnant joyneth to perfyt Unyte, And so them knytteth that none from other may fle; When they by Fyre shall be examynate, Soc be they together surely conjugate.

2. And therefore Philosophers giveth thys defsyngycon, Seyng thus Conjunction ys nought ells But of dissembleyd qualytes a Copulacyon; Or of Pryncypylls a coequacyon as other tell, But some wyth Mercury whych the Potecarys tell, Medleth Bodyes whych cannot dyvyde Ther matter, and therefore they stepe asyde.

3. For unto tyme the Sowle be Separate And clensyd from hys orygynall Syn Wyth the Water and purely spyrytuallyzate: Thy trew Conjunction may thou never begun, Therefore the Soule syrft fro the Body twyn: Then of the corporall parte and of the spyrytual, The Soule Conjunction shall cause perpetuall.
Of Conjunction.

4. Of two Conjunctions Phylosophers 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 whych the partys be left whych left so collygate; And so promotyd unto most perft temperance, Then never after may be among them Repugnance.

5. Thus causyth Separacion trew 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 defyre; Do as done Laborours with Clay and Myer, 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 fyrst ys callyd by Phylosophers Dyptative; Betwyxt the Agent and the Patyent which must be Male and Female, Mercury and Sulphure vive; Matter and forme, thyn and thyke to thrive. Thys lesson wyll helpe thee wythout any dowte, Our Conjunction trewly 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 striyve, Whych Trynite must be brought to perft 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 thys lesson flyt.
Of Conjunction

8. The thyrde manner and also the last of all, 
Fowre Elements together whych joynyth to abyde, 
Tetraprative contently Phylosophers doth hyt call, 
And specially Guydo de Montayne whose fame goyth 
And therefore the most laudable manner thys tyme, wyde; 
In our Conjunction four Elements must be aggregat, 
In dew proportion fyrt whych asonder were separat.

9. Therefore lyke as the Woman hath Vaynes fyfteene, 
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 nedeth not to tell.

10. Thys Chapter I will conclude right sone therefore, 
Groce Conjunction chargyng the to make but one, 
For seldome have Strumpetts Chyldren 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 styft from all other than.

11. For such as addyth evermore crude to crude, 
Openyng theyr vessells, and lettyng theyr matter kele: 
The sperme concevyd they norysh not, but delude 
Themselves, and spyllyth theyr work every dele; 
If thou therefore lyft for to do well, 
Close up the Matryce and norysh the seed, (spede. 
Wyth heat contynuall and temperate if thou wilt 
And
And when thy Vessle hath stond by Monyths five, 
And Clowds and Clypsys be passed ech one; 
That lyght apperen increase thy hete then blyve, 
Tyll bryght and shynge in Whytnesse be thy Stone, 
Then may thou opyn thy Glasfe anone, 
And fede thy Chyld whych ys then ybore 
Wyth mylke and mete ay more and more.

For now both moyft and dry be so contemperate, 
That of the Water erth hath receyvd 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.

And in two thyngs all our entent doth hing, 
In dry and moyft whych be contraryous two; 
In dry that hyt the moyft to fyxing bryng, 
In moyft that hyt geve lyquysfaction 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.

Losyng 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 shall: 
Proceed therefore unto another wall 
Of thys strong Castle of our wysdome, 
That Inner at the Fyft Gate thou may come.
OF PUTREFACIION.

The fift Gate.

1. Now begynnyth the Chapter of Putrefacion; Wythout whych Pole no seye may multyply, Whych must be done only by contynuall accyon Of hete in the body, moyft, not manuallly, For Bodies ells may not be alterat naturally: (Whete Syth Chryft do it wytnes, wythowt the grayne of Dye in the ground, encrese may thou not gete.

2. And in lykewyse wythout thy Matter do Putrefye, It may in no wyse trewly be alterate, Nor thyn Elements may be devyded kyndly; Nor thy Conynccion of them perfytly celebrat: That thy labor therfore be not frustrate,
The preyte of Putrefying well understond, O rever thou take thys Warke in hond.

3. And Putrefacyon may thus defyned be, After Phylofophers sayings it ys of Bodyes the feyng, And in our Compound a dyvylyon of thyngs thre, The kylling Bodyes into corrupcyon forth leyng, And after unto Regeneratyon them ablyng: For thyngs beyng in Erth wythowt dowte Be engendryd of rotacyon of the Hevyns aboute.
4. And therefore as I have seyd afoare
Theyn Elements comyxt and wysely coequat,
Thou keepe intemperat heate, eschuyng evermore,
That they by violent hete be never incynerat;
To powder dry unprofytably Rubysfycate,
But into powder blakke as a Crowes byll
Wyth hete of Balne, or ells of our Dounghyll.

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

6. Make ech on other to hawse and kysse,
And lyke as Chyldren to play them up and downe,
And when ther sherts be fylyd wyth pysse,
Then lat the Woman to wash be bound,
Whych ofstyn 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 cese:
And se thy Fornace be apt therfore,
Whych wyse men do call Athenor:
Conservyng hete requyryd most temperately,
By whych the Water doth kyndly putresfy.
Of Putrefaction.

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

9. Therfore at the begynyng 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 consevyd kyndly to noryth and fave;
   From the ground of ther grave not rysyng that while,
   Whych secret poynt doth many on begyle.

10. Thys tyme of Concepcciyon wyth esye 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 merveloce unto styght,
    The Water then begynnyth to dry upryght.

11. For in moyft Bodys hete noryshyng temperate,
    Ingendryth Blacknes fyrt of all which ys
    Of kyndly Commyxyon to the tokyn asfygnate;
    And of trew Putrefying, remember thys,
    For then to alter perfytly thou may not myFFE;
    And thus by the Gate of Blacknes thou must cum in
    To lyght of Paradyce in Whytenes yf thou wylt wynt.

For
For fyrist the Son in hys uprlysing obscurate 
Shalbe, and passe the Waters of Noyes fluid 
On Erth, whych were a hundred dayes contynuate 
And fyfty, away or all thys Waters yode,
Ryght so our Waters as wyse men understode 
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 aferd ;
For in lykewyse shall follow the floryshyng of our Stone:
And sone uppon that thirty 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 transytoyry 
Be brought into paradyce where ever ys joyfull lyse;
So shall our Stone after hys darknes in Purgatory 
Be purged and joynyd in Elements wythoute ftryfe,
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 contynuell infusyon
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 ye in Tymber by usuall expeymt, 
By profes of tyme that Oke shall utterly Putrefy: 
And soe in lykewyse accordyng to our entent, 
Sometyme our Tre must wyth the Son be brent: 
And then wyth Water done after we must hyt kele, 
That by thys menes thou shalt to rottyng 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 done for to putrefy: 
And so shalt thou bryng to rottyng thy Gold, 
Entrete thy Bodys therfore as I have thee told: 
And in thy Putrefying wyth hete be not so swyst, 
Left in the Askys thou keke after thy thryst.

18. Therefoe thy Water out of the Erth thow draw, 
And make the soule therwyth for to assend; 
Then downe agayne into the Erth hylth throw, 
That they oft tymes so assend and deffend, 
From vyolent hete and sodayne cold deffend 
Thy Glasre, and make thy fyre so temperat, 
That by the lydys 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 som men call: 
Fowlys, and Byrds wyth other namys many one, 
Because that folys shold never know our Stone.

For
Of Putrefaction.

20. For of thys World our Stone ys callyd the sement,
    Whych mevyd by craft as Nature doth requyre;
    In hys encrese shall be full opulent,
    And multeply hys kynd of thyne owne desyre:
    Therfore ye God vouchsafte 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 ther fantasy
    In many subjects in whych be Tyndors gay,
    Both Whyte and Red, devydyd manuallly
    To syght, but in the Fyre they fle away,
    Such brekyth Potts and Glasys day by day:
    Enploysonynng themselvs, and losyng of theyr syghts
    Wyth Odors and smoks and wakeyng up by nyghts.

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

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

24. To se theyr Howfys it ys a noble sport,
What Fornaces, what Glassys 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 Secundynes also,
These they devyde into Elements wyth other mo;
No Multiplyers but Phylosophers calyd wyll they be,
Whych naturall Phylosophye dyd never rede nor see.

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

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

Folys
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 fe: 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 wellys 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 tresure, 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 Parrys 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 ys my Mony becom feyth one,
And where ys myne feyth he and he?
But wyll ye here how futtell they be anon,
In anfwerynge, that they excused may be,
Saying, Of our Elyxers robbyd we be:
Els myght we have payd you all your Gold,
Yf yt had been more by ten folde.

And then theyer Creditors they begyn to flatter,
Promysyng to worke for them agayne;
The Elyxers two in short space after,
Doruyng the Merchants that they be fayne.
To let them go, but ever in vayne:
They worke fo long, tyll at the laft
They be agayne in Pryfon caft.

Yf any then askethe them why they be not rych;
They fey they make fyne Gold of Tynn;
But he they fey may surely fwyn in dyche,
Whych ys upholden by the chyn,
We have no ftock, therefore may we nought wyn:
Whych yf we had we wold fome worche,
I now to fynyfhy up Westmynftr Churches.

And some of them be fo 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 fo full of grace:
Yf that they please hym wyth the Croffe,
He forlyth lytlyll of other mens losse.

And
And when they there sryt at the wyne,
These Monkys they sfe have many a pound,
Wolde God (sfeyth one) that som were myne;
Hay hoe, careaway, lat the cup go rounde:
Drynk on, sfeyth another, the mene ys founde:
I am a Master of that Arte,
I warrant us we shall have parte.

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

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

The Abbate well ought to cheryf thys Company,
For they can tech hys Monkys to leve impoverte,
And to go clothyd and monyed relygyously,
As dyd Seynt Benet, eschuyng superfluyte,
Esyng them also of the ponderofyte
Of theyr pursys, wyth pounds so aggravate,
Whych by Phylosophy be now allevyat.
Of Putrefaction.

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

These **Phylosophers** (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 must lyke alway ferth bryng:
So God hath ordeyned in every kynde,
Wold Jesus they wold thys bere in mynde.

Wene they of a Nettyll to have a Rofe
Or of an Elder an Apple swete,
Alas that wyse men ther goods shold lose:
Truftyng such Losells when they them mete,
Whych feyth our **Stone** ys trodyn under fete:
And makyth them thersore vyle thyngs for to styll
Tyll at theyr howsys wyth ftench they fyll.

Som of them never lernyd a word in Scolys,
Such thynk by reason to understand Phylosophy:
Be they **Phylosophers**? nay, they be folys:
Thersore ther Waikes provyth unwytty;
Medyll not wyth them yf thou be happy:
Left wyth theyr flatteryng they so the tyll
That thou agre unto ther wyll.
44. Spend not thy Mony away in waste,
   Geve not to every speche credence;
   But fyfth examyn, grope and taffe;
   And as thou provyst, so put thy confyndence,
   And ever beware of grete expence:
   But yf thy Phylofopher lyve vertuoufely,
   Trust the better to hys Phylofophy.

54. Prove hym fyfth and hym oppofe
   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 pytyfle a mone:
   For than the Fox can fagg and fayne
   When he wold faynyft hys prey attayne.

46. Yf he can anfwer as ought a Clarke,
   How be hyt he hath not provyd indede;
   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 fpede:
   And thou fhalt weete by a lytyll anon
   Yf he have knowledge of our Stone.

47. One thyng, one Glaffe, one Furnace and no mo,
   Behold thy thyng pryncypyll yf he take,
   And yf he do not, then lat hym go;
   For he fhall never thee rych man make:
   Trewly yt ys better thou hym forfak
   Then after wyth losfe and varyaunce;
   And other manner of dysplefaunce.
Of Putrefaction.

48. But and God fortune the for to have
   Thys science by doctrine whych I have told;
   Discover yt not whoever thee crave,
   For Favor, Fere, Sylver, nor Gold:
   Be none Oppressor, Lecher, nor boster 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 drede;
   But wyll the cast in Pryson depe,
   Tyll thou them tech to do hyt in dede,
   Then slander on the holde spryng and sprede,
   That thou dyd coyne then wold they sëy,
   And so undo the for ever and aye.

50. And yf thou teche them thys conyng,
   Their synfull levyng for to mayntayne;
   In Hell thersore myght be thy wonnyng,
   For God of the then would disdayne,
   As thow nought cowd for thy selfe sëayne:
   That Body and Soule you may bothe sëve,
   And here in pæce 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, lossë, and vylanye:
   My doctrine therefore remember wyttly,
   And passe forth toward the Sixth Gate,
   For thys the Fiftë ys tryumphate.
Of Congelayon

The sixt Gate.

1. Of Congelayon I nede not much to wryte,
   But what yt ys now I wyll fyrt 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 Putrefaccyon be kyndly done.

2. But Congelayons be made in dyvers wyse,
   And Spyryts and Bodys dyssolvyd to water clere,
   Of Salts also dyssolvyd ons or twyse,
   And then to congele in a fluxyble Mater;
   Of such Congelyng folys do clatter:
   And some dyssolvyth devydyng manuallly
   Elements, them after congelyng to powder dry.

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

Moreover
Of Congelation.

4. Moreover Congele not into so hard a Stone
   As Glass or Crystall whych meltyth 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 laboryft thou in vayne.

5. Whych Congelacion avaylyth us never a dell,
   Hyt longyth to Multyplyers whych Congele vulgarly;
   Yf thow therefore lyft to do well,
   (Syth thy Medcyne shal never flow kyndly,
   Nether Congele, wythout thow fyrist yt Putresye)
   Fyrft 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 Congelacion be glad for to see;
   And after lyke graynys red as blod,
   Rychyr then any worldly good.

7. The erthly Grofsnes therefore fyrist mortysfyed
   In Moystnes, Blacknes ingendryd ys;
   Thys pryncypell may not be denied,
   For naturall Phylosophers so seyth I wys,
   Whych had, of Whytenes thou may not mys:
   And into Whytenes yf thou Congele hyt ons,
   Thou haft a Stone most presyose of all Stonys.

   And
8. And by the Dry lyke as the Moyst dyd putrefy, Whych caulyd 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 shew, By colors varyante aye new and new.

9. The cause of all thys ys Hett most temperate, Workyng and mevyng the Mater continuually; 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 Phylycke determyneth of eche Dygestyon, Fyrst don in the Stomack in whych ys Drynes, Caulyng Whytnes wythout questywn, Lyke as the second Dygestyon caulyth Rednes, Comple 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 must 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 sowe betwyxt Hevyn and Erth beyng, 
Arylyng fro the Erth as Ayre wyth Water pure, 
And caisyng lyfe in every lyvely thyng, 
Incessably 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 mystyly.

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 caisyth both Deth and Lyfe, 
And Water doth kyndly to Water cleve 
Wythout repugnance, or any ftryfe, 
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 secret and lyfe of every thyng 
That ys of substancce 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 Albyn, fyrst from them rennyng, 
Wyth grevose throwys afore ther chyldyng.
16. And truly that ys the cause pryncypall, 
Why *Phylofophers* chargyd us to be pacient 
Tyll tyme the Water were dryed to powder all, 
Wyth nurryfhyng hete 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.

17. And furthermore the preparacion of thys converfyon 
Fro thyng to thyng, fro one state to another, 
Ys done only by kyndly and defcrete operacion 
Of Nature, as ys of Sperme wythin the Mother: 
For Sperme and Hete as Syfter be and Brother, 
Whych be converted wythin themzelf as Nature can 
By accion, and passyion, and at the laft to parfyt Man.

18. For as the bodely part by Nature whych ys consumate 
Into Man, ys such as the beginner 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 spermatycaII wythin one Glas, 
Wythin hyt felfe must turne fro thyng to thyng, 
By hyt most temperate only hyt noryfhyng.

19. 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 nurryfhyng hete: only bere thys yn mynd.

Another
Of Congelation.

20. Another example here may you also rede,
Of Vegetable thyngs takyng convyderacyon;
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 beginnyng was,
Not passyng 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 laboureft in vayne:
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 fstate to fstate,
Tyll tyme that Nature do them bryng
Into one fubftance of the Water regenerate,
And fo the Sperme wythin hys kynde ys alterate,
Abyll in lykenes hys kynde for to Mutrepleye,
As doth in kynde all other thyngs naturally.

23. In the tyme of thys feyde proceffe naturall,
Whyle that the Sperme conseyd 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 fyrft showving,
And for that tyme the Son hydyth hys lyght,
Taking hys course thorow owte the North by ayght.
The
Of Congelation.

24. The seyd Menstrue ys, (I say to the in counsell) The blod of our Grenè Lyon, and not of Vytrioi, Dame Venus can the trewth of thys the tell, At thy begynnnyng to counsell and yf thou her call: Thys secret ys hyd by Phylosophers grete and small; Whych blode drawen owte of the seyd Lyon, For lac of Hete had not persfit Dygestyson.

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

26. Understonde now that our syery 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 congela, The fowther part put of water Crystallyn And make them then together to be Dysponsat By Congelacyon into a myner metallyne, Whych lyke a sworde new flypyd then wyll flyne, After the Blacknes whych fyrst wyll showe, The fowther parte geve yt them of water new.
Of Congelation.

28. Mo Inbybycions many must we have yett;
    Geve yt the second, and after the thyrd alfo,
    The feyd proportyon kepe well in thy wyr;
    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 fyve parts let there bee.

29. When thou haft made thus seven tymes Inbybycion,
    Ageyne then muft thow turne thy Whole,
    And Putrefy all that Matter wythowte addycyon:
        Fyrf Blacknesse abydyng yf 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 fyrf party the Bodys be Putryfycat,
    And to thyne Inbybycions the second part must go,
    Wyth whych the Matter ys afterwards Denygrat,
    And fone uppon by esy 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 Cibation 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 understand me wyttyly;
   Cibacion ys calyd 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 Drospsy, and also of Noyes Flood;
   By lyttyll and lyttyll therfore thou to hyt put
   Of Mete and Drynke as femyth to do hyt good,
   That watry humors not overgrow the blood:
   The Drynke therfore, let hyt be mesuryd so,
   That kyndly appetyte thou never quench therstro.

3. For yf yt drynke to much, then must yt have
   A Vomyte, ells wyll yt be syk to long;
   Fro the Drospsy therfore thy Wombe thou lave,
   And fro the Flux, ells wyll yt be wrong,
   Whych rather lat yt thyrf 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 ye thou dyatt hyt (as Nature doth requyre) Moderately tyll hyt be grown to age, Fro COLD hyt kepyng and nurryshyng wyth moyst Fyre; Than shall ye grow and wax full of corrage, And do to thee both pleisure and advantaunce: For he shall make darke Bodys hole and bryght, Clensyng theyer Leprofenes thorow hyr myght.

5. Thre tymes thus must thou turn about thy Whole Abowre kepyng the rewle of the seyd Cibacyon, And then as care as ye the Fyre doth fele, Lyke Wax ye wyll be redy unto Lyquacyon; Thys Chapter nedyth not longer protestation: For I have told thee the dyatory most convenient After thyne Elements be made equypolent.

6. And also how thou to Whytes shalt bryng thy Gold, Most lyke in sygure to the lenys of an hawthorn tre, Callyd Magnesia afore as I have told; And our Whyte Sulfur wythowte combustebylyte, Whych fro the fyer away wyll never fle: And thus the seuenth Gate as thou defyrede. In the upspring 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 therfore thou shalt not mys:
   If thou can make thy Bodys first spirituall,
   And then thy Spyryts as I have taught the corporall.

2. Som do Mercury from Vitriall and Salt sublyme,
   And other spyrts 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 therfore now wyll I go.

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

Aa2 For
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 therfore and thynke on thys,
   How here eclypsyd bryn thy Bodys:
      As they do Putrify Sublymyng 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,
   Sublymyng esily on our manner
   Into the water which doth hym bere:
      For in the Ayre one Chyld thus must be bore
      Of the Water ageyne as I have seyd before.

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

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

9. Then when they thus togeder depuryd be,
   They wyll Sublyme up whyter then Snow;
   That syght wyll grely comfort the;
   For than anon parfyty, 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 mockydy.

O F F E R M E N T A T I O N.

The ninth Gate.

1. Trew Fermentacyon few Workers do understond,
   That secret therfore 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 laft I cum to knowledge therof parfyt,
   Take heede therfore, therof what I do wryte.

2. Fermentyng in dyvers maners ys don,
   By whych our Medcyns must be perpetuate,
   Into a clere Water, som leyth Son and Mone;
   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.

At a 3. But
Of Fermentation.

3. But yet more kyndly som other men don Fermentyng theyer Medcynes in thys wyse, In Mercury dysolvynge both Son and Mone, Up wyth the Spryts tyll tym wyll aryle, Sublymyng them together twyse or thryse: Then Fermentacyon therof they make, That ys a way, but yet we hyt forslake.

4. Som other ther be whych hath more hap To touch the troth in parte of Fermentyng; 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 parfyte Compliment, Because they nether Putrefy nor alter ther Ferment.

5. That poynt therfore I wyll dysclose to thee, Looke how thou dydyft wyth thy unparfyte Body, And do so wyth thy parfyte Bodys in every degré; That ys to sey fyrfst thou them Putrefye Her prymary qualytes destroying utterly: For thys ys wholey to our entent, That fyrfst thou alter before thou Ferment.

6. To thy Compound make Ferment the fowerth parte, Whych Ferments be only of Son and Mone; If thou therfore be Master of thys Arte, Thy Fermentacion lat thys 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 closyd make thy syre,
And so contenew hyt tyll all be fyxid,
And well Fermented to defyre;
Than make Projecyfon after thy pleasure:
For that ys Medcyn than ech dele party;
Thus must you Ferment both Red and Whyte.

8. For lyke as flower of Where made into Paft,
Requyrereth 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 taft 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 fyrst Erth to hys owne Water grene:
And therfore when the Lyon doth thurst,
Make hym drynke tyll hys Belly burst.

10. Of thys a Questyon yf I shold meve,
And aske of Workers what ys thys thyng,
Anon therby I shold 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 *Fermentation* trew as I the tell
Ys of the Sowle wyth the Bodys incorporacyon,
Restoryng to hyt the kyndly smell;
Wyth taft and color by naturall conspysacyon
Of thyngs dysfeyvyed, a dew redynregracyon:
    Wherby the Body of the Spryte takyth impression,
That eyther other may helpe to have ingression.

12. For lyke as the Bodys in ther compaccycon corporall
    May not show out ther qualytes efectuallly
Untyll the tyme that they becom spyrituall:
No more may Spryts abyde wyth the Bodys stedfastly,
    But they wyth them be toprst consyurat proportionably:
        For then the Body techyth the Spryt to suffer Fyer,
        And the Spryt the Body to endure to thy desyre.

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 Adamand as thow haft fene:
        Yern 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 *Fermentation* in thys wyse must be do.

Erth
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 Whele yt may be alterate,
For so to Ferment yt must be preparat:
That hyt profoundly may joynyd be
Wyth other natures as I seyd to thee.

16. And whatsoever I have here seyd of Gold,
The same of Sylver I wyll thou understond,
That thou them Putrefye and alter as I have told;
Ere thou thy Medcyn to Ferment take in hond,
Forsowth I cowde never synde hym wythin England:
which on thys wyse to Ferment cowde me teche
Wythout errore, by praetysse or by speche.

17. Now of thys Chapter me nedyth to teete no more,
Syth I intend prolixite to eschew;
Remember well my words therfore,
Whych thou shalt preve by praetys trew,
And Son and Monse loke thou renew:
That they may hold of the fiftth nature,
Then shall theyr Tyntures ever endure.

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

But
Of Fermentation.

But wyth thy Bace after my Doctrine preperat,
Whych ys our Calx, thys must be don;
For when our Bodys be so Calcenat,
That Water wyll to Oyle dyssolve them hone;
Make therfore 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.

Proceed we now to the Chapter of Exaltacion,
Of whych truly thou must have knowledge pure,
Full lyttyll yt ys dyfferent from Sublymacyon,
Yf thou concewe hym ryght I thee ensure:
Herto accordyth the holy Scrypture:
Chrysteseyng thus, If I exalted be,
Then shall I draw all thyngs unto me.

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

Than
3. Than up to Hevyn they must Exaltyd be,  
   Ther to be in Body and Sowle gloryfycate;  
   For thou must bryng them to such subtylyte,  
   That they attend together to be intronymate,  
   In Clouds of clerenesse, to Angells consociate:  
   Then shall they draw as thou shalt se  
   All other Bodys to ther owne dyglyyte.  

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

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 dysleveryng,  
   Most spcelyally the Erth well Calcenyng:  
   And when they be eche on made pure,  
   Then do they hold all of the fyfth nature.
Of Exaltation.

7. On thyse wyse therfore make them to be Circulat,
   Ech unto other exaltyng by and by,
   And in one Glas do all thyse surely synylate,
   Not wyth thy honds, but as I teche the naturally,
   Fyer into Water then turne syrft hardely;
   For Fyer ys in Ayer wych ys in Water exystent,
   And thyse Conversyon accordyth to our entent.

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

9. Thy Wheel ys now nygh turnyd abowte,
   Into Ayre turne Erth, whych ys the proper nefe.
   Of other Elements ther ys no dowte,
   For Erth in Fyre ys, whych in Ayre takyth rest,
   Thyse Circulacyon thou begyn must in the West:
   Then forth into the Sowth tyl they exalted be,
   Procede dewly as in the Figure I have tought the.

10. In thyse process thou may clerly se;
    From an extreme 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 their menys as moyst to hete and cold,
    Examples suffycyent afores thyse 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 conqueryd the Tenth Gate.

Of Multiplication.
The eleventh Gate.

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

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

So
Of Multiplication.

3. So he ys ryche the whych Fyer hath les or more, Because he may so gretly Multeply; 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 playnly unto the, By dyvers manners of naturall Operacyon, And also in the Chapter of our Cybacyon: Where thou may know how thou shalt Multeply 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 grosse nature: so sall thou That our Elixers the more they be made thyn, The farther in Tyn&ture sothfastly wyll renne. Kepe
Of Multiplication.

7. Kepe in thy Fyer therfore 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 shall thou wyn, Multipleuyng ey more and more thy Glas wythin:
   By fedyng wyth Mercury to thy lyvys end,
   So shall 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 therfore, But serve thy God the better at ech tyde;
   And whylls that thou shalt in thy 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 thefore and hys Tresure,
   Dyssue thou vertuosely, helpyng the poore at nede;
   That in thy 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 thy eleventh Gate as he can best,
   Sone after then thou shalt end thy conquest.

Of
O F  P R O J E C T I O N.

The twelfth Gate.

1. IN Projecyon hyt shalbe provydyf oure practyle be profy-
   Of wch yt behovskyth me the secrets here to meve, (table
   Therfore yt thy Tyne&ture be sure and not varyable,
   By a lyttyll of thy Medcyn thus shall thou preve
   Wyth Mettall or wyth Mercury as Pyche yt wyll clewe:
   And Tyne& in Projecyon all Fyers to abyde,
   And sone yt wyll enter and spred hym full wyde.

2. But many for Ignorans doth mar that they made,
   When on Metalls unclenseyd Projecyon they make,
   For be cause of corrupcyon theyr Tyne&tures must vade;
   Whych they wold not awey fyrst fro the Bodys take,
   Whych after Projecyon be bryttyl, bloe, and blacke:
   That thy Tyne&ture 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 clensyd and made very pure,
   Cast thy bryttyl substance and sone shal thou se,
   That they shalbe curyosely coleryd wyth Tyne&ture,
   Whych at all assays for ever shalld endure:
   But at the Psalmys of the Sawter example thou take
   Profyttable Projecyon parftly to make.
Of Projection.

4. On Fundamenta cast fyrfst thys Psalme Nunc Dimittis,
   Uppon Verba mea then cast Fundamenta blyve;
   Than Verba mea uppon Dilgam, consente me wyth thy wytts;
   And Dilgam on Attendye yf thou lyft to thryve:
   Thus make thou Projectyon thre fowre or fyve,
   Tyll the Tynfuure of thy Medcyn begun to decrefe,
   And then yt-ys tyme of Projectyon to cefe.

5. By thys myfty talkyng I mene nothyng ells,
   But that thou must cast fyrfst the lesse on the more,
   Increfyng ever the Number as wyfe men the tells,
   And kepe thou thys Secrett to thy selffe in store,
   Be covetuose of connynge yt ys no burden sore:
   For who that joyneth not the Elixers wyth Bodys made clene,
   He wot not what fykerly Projectyon doth mene.

6. Ten yf thou Multyply fyrfst into ten,
   One hundreth, that number wyll make fykerly;
   Yf one hundreth into an hundreth be Multyplyed then,
   Ten thousand ys that number counte hyt wyttyly,
   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 fey,
   Makyth so grete a number I wote not what yt ys,
   Thy number in Projectyon thus Multyply alwey:
   Now Chyld of thy curtsey for me thou pray;
   Syth that I have told the our secretts all and some,
   To whych I beseche God by Grace thou may com.
   Cc
8. Now thou hast conquered the twelve Gates,
And all the Castell thou holdest at will,
Kepe thy Secretts in store unto thy selve;
And the commandments of God looke thou fulfull;
In syer conteinue thy glas styll,
And Multiply 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 Treys 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 secretts grete & small,
And ys thou conceive both Theorycall and Practycall:
By Fygyres, and by Colors, and by Scripture playne,
Whych wyttely conveyd thou mayst not work in vayn.

2. Consyder fyrst the Latytude of thy Precyous Stone,
Begynnyng in the fyrst 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 rest,
Erth and Water equaly proportyond 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
The Recapitulation.

3. Thre of the Wyfe and one of the Man then must thou take, And the lette of the Spryts there be in thys dyspension, The rather thy Calceynation 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 betyxt Wynter and Vere, Into Water turnyng Erth darke and nothyng clere.

4. Fro thens by colors many one into the Eft affends, There shall the Mone be ful apperyng by day lyght; Then ys the 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 Pratyfe, 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 Cyrclacyon: Then to wyn to thy deyse thou needst not be in dowte, For the Whele of our Phylosophy thou haft turnyd abowte.

6. But yet ageyne turne abowte two tymys thy Whele, In whych be comprehendyd all the Secretts of our Phylosophy, In Chapters 12 made playne to the if thou confeye them well; And all the Secretts by and by of our lower Astromy, 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, then
Recapitulation.

7. And thys one Secrett conclusyonal know thou wythouten fayle, Our Red Man teyneth not tyll he teynyd be;
   Therefore yf thou lyft thy iesel by thy craft to avayle,
   The Altytude of thy Bodys hyde & shiw out theyr profundyte,
   In every of thy Materyalls dyftroyyng the fyrst qualyte:
   And secundary qualytes more gloryose repare in them anon
   And in one Glas wyth one governaunce 4 Naturys turne into one.

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

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 Multepaly unto gret quantifye sone:
   Yf thow at the begynnyng had not as much as wold into aspone:
   Yet moght thou them so Multepaly both the Whyte & Red,
   That yf thou levyd a thousand yere they shold the stond in
   (stede.

10. Have thou recourse to thy Whelc I councell the unto,
   And ftedy tyll thou understond eche Chapter by and by,
   Medyll with no falce Fantesys, Multeplyers, let them go, (phye,
   Which wyll the slatter & falcealy sey they are connyng in Phylolo-
   Do as I byd the and then dysfolve these foreseyd Baces wyttely;
   And turne hym into parfyt Oyls with our trew water ardent,
   By Cyrculacion that must be don accordyng to our entent.
Recapitulation.

11. These Oyls will fyx crude Mercury and convert Bodys all, into parfyt Sol and Lune when thou shalt make Projectyon. That Oylsh substance pure and fyx Raymond Lully dyd call Hys Baslyske, 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 regyne 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 savegarde what I have done, Many Experymnts I have had in hond; As I found wryten for Son and Mone, Whych I wyll tell the reherseyng sone: Begynnnyng 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 ro to make the Phylosophers 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.

Cc 3 Waters
3. Waters corrosive and waters Ardent,
   With which I wrought in divers wyse,
   Many one I made but all was shent;
   Eggs shells I calcenyd twice or thrice,
   Oyls 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,
   Whych folys doe call the Grene Lyon,
   In Arsenike, in Orpement, fowle mot them fall;
   In debili principio was myne Incepyon:
   Therefore was frawde in fyne the Concluyon;
   And I blew my thryft 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 Geye most clere;
   Sal Peter, sal Sode, of these beware;
   Fro the odor of Quyckfsylver kepe the fare:
   Medyll not wyth Mercury precipitate,
   Nether wyth imparfyt Bodys rubysfycate.

6. I provyd Urynys, Eggs, Here, and Blod,
   The Scalys of Yern whych Smethys do of smythe,
   As Uft, and Crokesfer whych dyd me never good:
   The fowle of Saturne and also Marchasyte,
   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 selfe with vyolent hett.
Gryndyng with Vynegar tyll I was fartygate;
   And also with a quantyte of Spyces acuate;
Uppon a Marble whych stode me oft in cost,
   And Oyles with Corrofyves I made; but all was lost.

8. Many Amalgame dyd I make,
   Wenyng to fix these to grett avayle,
   And thereto Sulphur dyd I take;
Tarter Egges whys, and the Oyle of the Snayle,
   But ever of my purpose dyd I fayle;
   For what for the more and what for the leffe,
   Evermore somethyng wanting there was.

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

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

For
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 seue shalt thou seele:
      In smokes and smells thou shalt have myckle wo,
      That unnethe for syknes on Erth shalt thow 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 wyntyng therfore to ground the be bold:
      So shalt thou lose nought yf God be thy gyde,
      Trust to my Doctrine and therby abyde.

13. Remember how Man ys most noble Creature,
   In erths Composycyon 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 becom,
      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 ceasyng hys gloriofe Magestye,
Whych he in hys Kyngdome graunte us for to see.

A n. D o m. 1471.

Explicit Alchimie Tractatus Philosophie,
Cujus Rypla George, Canonicus, Auñtor erat;
Mille, quadrangenti septuaginta unoq;
Annis qui scriptus compostusq; fuit.
Auñtori lector prave prace, queso Iuvamen,
Illi purgamen leve post vitam ut sit Amen.

Englised.

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! Assift him, make it thy desire,
That after Lyfe he may have gentle Fire.

Amen.

1471
Liber Patris Sapientiae

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

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

3. And take hede to the words of the Fader of Wyfdom, How he techeth 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 amysse, And he that doth Folly the Folly schalbe hys.

5. Now my dere Somme 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
Alfo to teache men that hold themselves wyse,
And fo forth to the foolys that glyde on the Ice:
They weene in grete Bokes schould be the Art
Of the Science of Alchemy, but they be not worth a fart.

Therefor my Sonne to thee thys Science I may well teach,
And yf thow wylt upon thy enemy be wreach;
Or to purchase or build any good thyng,
It schalbe to thy gret furtheryng.

Thys worthy Science of Alchemy if thow wylt it leare,
A lyttle mony out of thy purse thow must forbeare;
To buy therewith Flos Florum it is moft worthiest,
And to build well her Cabyn and her Neft.

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

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

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

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

For yf God sends thee grace and understanding,
Wyth thys Science thow maylt have good lyving:
But beware of speach of Women liberall,
And of the voice and sight of Children generall.
14. Sonne in thyne owne howe thou maist well gett
A good Morseell of meat thy mouth to sweet,
Both Pheasant, Partridge, Plover and Leveret,
Though thou cry ye 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 shalt for ever in thyse world be forlore.

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

18. Also another thing I schall thee lere,
The poore People take thou 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 thow take hede,
Whatsoever fall after the better schall thow spee.
Better it ys to have a thyng, then for it to wish,
For when thou feellyst a Soare 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 welsaire;
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 stone and in thought,
I wott it well it schalbe set at nought.

22. There
22. Therefor of all Bodyes and Spyrits more or lesse, Mercury is called Flos Florum and worthieth Pryncesse: For her Birth and marvelous dealing, Sche ys most worthieth to have byne King.

23. For sche ys Erth and Water most heviest, And sche will conjoyne wyth Fire and Aire most lyghtest; And so 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 Ingended 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 heviest wyth black Sulphury Erth Save he ys soft of fusion, 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 softest and well in his fixation, For he is almost fixt, 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 soonest consume, By heate or by corrosive when the Spirit beginneth to sume.

28. Sol is the purest somewhat red, & is made of clene & Sulphur Ingended with clere red Sulphur, in the Erth well mixed, (fixed, And therefore he ys without defect and lacketh no degree; For he ys almost hardest of Fusion and heviest in ponderositty.

29. Venus ys a Body more red of pure & made in hys 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 governace.
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 he is a little hard of fusion & almost well fixed, (ingendered And he is next cleanest in Tincture of whitenes, Of Ponderosity light, of *Jupiter* bearing his whitenes.

32. And foe 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 he ys the notablest Spirit that ys mynerall, Most marvulous in working and in degree, He ys called the Matter principallest of the three.

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

36. My Son *Mercury* ys called the mightieft *Flos florum*, And most royall, and richest of all *Singularorum*; He ys very Patron and Princes most royall, And he ys very Mother of every Mettall.

37. He ys Vegitable, Animalle and Mineral!, He ys Foure in kinde, and One in generall: He ys *Erth, Aire, Water and Fyre*, Among all other he hath no Peere.

38. He
38. Sche kylleth and flayeth, and also doth calcine;  
Sche dyeth, and also doth sche live again ;  
Sche giveth lyfe and also ingression,  
For joyntly sche ys three in one.

39. Sche ys a very frendly mixar;  
The progeneration of a great $Elixir$:  
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 wed 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 therin such Fooles loose 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 shall increase fruite by dene,  
Very red and white, King and Queene.

44. My Son in thys 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 Calwells,  
Gumms, Galls, and also Egg shells.
46. Also I defie Antimony, Berrall, and Chriftall, Rosin, Pitch, alfo Amber, Jett and Corall; 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 fooles 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 Phylsophers sche bear'th the floower, 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 schall not be perceived where it ys well mixed.

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

55. For with what Mettall soever that Mercury be joyned, Because of her Coldnes and Moistnes sche ys acloyd: Put them never so close togetheder sche will fume anon, And when they come into the fire sche wil sone be gone.

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

57. Both in hys Chamber and also in hys Bedd, Also alive and when they byne dead; Seeke yee forth fooles as ye have fought, For in all other things finde yee right nought.

58. Now my deare Son to thee I will indight, The truth in word and deede I will write: How that a precious Stone shalbe 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 thys Science both in word and deede, In making of our Medicine God must vs speede.

60. The which ys called the greate Elixer, And ys verily made with a stronge mixar; The which is a Stone very Minerall, And thow maift him well gett ever all.

61. My Son thow shalt take to Mercury no other thing, But Erth that's heavy and hard and stiff standing: The which in himselfe ys derke bright dry and cold, To joyne them togetheder thow maift be full bold.
62. One of them to 10 parts of that Water running most heaviest
And they schalbe both one, and to thy warke most mightieest:
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, (lighteft,
And therein they will both kis togeder & neither weepen 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 their bed they schall make a perpetuall Conjunction,
After the feeding of the light Element and of their proportion;
Soe schould they be deco'ft, 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 endure 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 avance.

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 maist begin againe upon a new cost,
And so thou maist not be negligent and hafty, but of the bed be
Without it be hard stuff and cleere it will not indure.  (true,

70. And
70. And if thou wilt at the first hand give suddain heate, 
It will unto thy Warke be nothing meete; 
And if thou let him have any suddain greate Cold, 
All this shall breke thy warke, then art thou to bold.

71. Let their Neft be somewhat large with a broade rouse, 
And therein they shall abide if it be strong and close above; 
And in proportion put thereto nothing more nor lesse, 
But as ys sayd before if thou doe yt ys the worse.

72. Also from the beds head there must rife a highe 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 greate winnyng, 
If thou do this it shall be to thee for the best 
To kepe them close from flying and warme in their Neft.

74. First with soft fyre her Neft must be warmed, 
With a little bigger Fyre with overmuch they shall be harmed, 
Under thy Chamber howre measure thy Fyre with tyme, 
Then commeth the reward, Gold and Silver fine.

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

76. Behold the uppermost of their Neft what there commeth 
The sweating of their Bodys labouring round aboute, (out, 
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 shall be some above and some beneath : 
There thou shalt see a Stone as it were grey pouther, 
Which shall be 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 breake 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 ys the same Spirit that thou hastt before,
And so medle them togeder and leare them the same lore;
Altogether in another Bed and in their Chamber they must be;
For a marvelous warke thereof thow shalt understand and see.

80. And thus so oft thow must Multiplie thy Warke,
To ascend and descend into the Aire as doth the Larke;
For when the Larke ys weary above in hys stound,
Anon he falleth right downe to the ground.

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

82. And thus give them more heat 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 wrestling ys all well done,
In their voyce singing and crying and sweating up and downe;
Give their Chamber bigger heat till their Nest be red,
And so bring them downe low and have no feare nor dread.

84. For thus with heat they shalbe 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 liknes as they were bodyes dead.

85. Of Grey and White ys all hys chief Colour,
For then he ys past all hys greate Dolour:
I sweare 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 parfetly wrought;
And if thow wilt of the Red Elixer parfetly 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 asunder;
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;
Soe 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.

Ee 3

94. And
94. And yf thy Warke be thus well guided and fo forth led. Then haft thow in thy Warke right well and wittily sped: For if thow do otherwise then I have thee toould, In the adventure of thy warke thow maif be to bold.

95. For if thow warke by good measure and parfæt tyme, Thow schalt have very good Gold and Silver fine; Than schalt thow be richer in thy self than any King, Wythout he labour the Science and have the same thing.

96. Now my deare Son I schall teach thee how to cast a Projecti- Therein lyeth all the greate prafetnes with the Conclusion: (on, To leade an imparfed Body to hys greate parfætanesse, In joyning that like to hys like thow standest in no diftres.

97. For when thow haft joyned the milke to the Bodyes dry, Than haft thow the White and Red Elixer truly: The which ys a Marvilius 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 schew thee the greate vertue furthermore I will declare, That if thow canst with thys manner of working well fare.

99. First thow muft take of that Body which ys next Sol in per- And of his colour toward in ponderosity & proportion: (fection, Being soluable as it were cleere blood running, In the hot Element yt ys alwayes lighteÁl 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 whan thow haft thus parfætly thys warke wrought, It schalbe turned into parfæt 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 shineing 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 hast thou both the Red warke and the White,
Therefor blessed be that tyme both day and night:
For thys warke that standeth by great vertue and love,
Thow must thanke Almighty God in heaven above.

103. Som 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 deed and thought,
I know it well thys Science shalbe set at nought.

104. My Son to these last precepts looke thou tak 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 Fo and hys emnity wreake.

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

106. Also use not to revill or ryott that should exceede
To thy bodily health, the better shal thou speed;
Use temperate dyet and temperate travell,
For when Phyfitian thee sayleth thys shal thee availe.

(Conclusions)

107. And leave all blind warkes that thou haft seene or heard of
Or proved by Sublimations, Preperations, Distillations, or Dilco-
Of such manner of things greate Bokes do greatly specifie (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 thy World which ys terrestrial:
Thow wottest not how long nor hence how soone,
That death shal 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 Councell,
And give him thy Cunning or thy Boke every deale.

110. But
But beware of flattering and glozing 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.

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 hys disposing.

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

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

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

Also furthermore I give thee right good warning,  
Beware of thy warkeing 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.

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

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

Now
118. Now Son to thee that understandest perfection & Sciences
Whether it be Speculative or Pracktick to my sentences:
In thy's Science and labour I thinke it greater ruth,
Therefore I write to thee very truth.

119. And to thee that understandest no perfection nor practike
In no conclusion proved that shoulde be to his warke like,
By Almighty God that all this world hath wrought,
I have said and performed to thee right nought.

120. Therefore my Son before that thou this Boke begin,
Understand wisely in thy's what ys written therein:
For if thou canst not finde by this Boke neither Sol nor Moyne,
Then go forth and seeke thou farther as other fooles have done.

Explicit Liber dicitus Pater Sapientia.
IN the name of the holy Triniti,
Now send us grace, so hit be:
Fyrst God made both Angel and Heaven,
Na alle so the World wyth Planets seaven;
Man and Woman wyth gret sensewalite,
Sum of estate, and other in hyr degree;
Both Best and Worme for in the grown crepe,
Everyech in hyys kynd to receive hyys mete.
Egles and Fowles in the Eyre don sle,
And swemyng of Fycheys also in the See:
Wyth vygital moyst ver and of the red Grap,
And alle so of the why e hos can hym take:
Alle meneral thing that growyth in ground,
Sum to encresse and sum to make an end:
Alle thes bryngeth now to owre howse,
The mightti Ston that ys so precius,
Thys ryche Reby, that ston of pryce,
The whych worsse send out of Paradyce:
Thus made the gret God of heven,
Whych alle ben rewled under Planets seaven:
God send us parte of thys secrete,
And of that heven that ys sweet.

A M E N.
Ifst dow wilt thys warke begin,
Than schrevy the clene of alle thy Seyne:
Contryte in hert wyth alle thy thought,
And ever thonke on hym that the der bought.
Satisfaction thou make wyth alle thy myght,
Than thre sayre flowers thou hast in sight;
Yet nedeth the mor to thy conceyson,
Take thou good heed nowe to thys lessen;
Thow must have Grafe, Nature, and Refen,
Spekelatif, and Coning, wyth good Condition:
Yet thow must have more now hereto,
Experience, wyth Praktik, Prudent also;
Patient that thow be, and Holie in Lysyngs,
Thenke thow on thys in thy beginings;
Thes fortyne Helys as I the saye,
Ever kepe thow man both nyght and day,
Of thy deseires thow mayst not myffe,
And alle so of heven that swezt bles.
HERMES BIRD.

Roblemis of olde likenes and fuguris, Wych proved byn fructuos of sentens; And have auctorite grounded in Scripture, By resemblaunce of notabil apperence; Wych moralites concluding on prudence: Lyke as the Bibel reherseth be wryting, How Trees sum tyme chese hemselfe a Kyng.

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

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

4. Egeles in the Eyre hyghest take theyre flyght,
Power of Lyons on the grownde ys sene;
Cedre amonge Trees highest ys of sight,
And the Laurer of nature ys ever grene,
Of flouris all Florra Goddes and Quene:
Thus of all thyng ther byn diversites,
Sum of estate and sum of lower degres.

5. Pojetys write wonderfull lyknes,
And Covert kepe hemselfe full clos;
They take Beltes and Fowles to witnes:
Of whos feynyng Fabelis furst a ros,
And here I cat unto my purpos,
Owte of the Frenshe a tale to transcelate,
Whych in a Pamphlet I red and saw as I sate.

6. Thys Tale yych y make of mencion,
In gros reherseth playnely to declare,
Thre Proverbys payed for raunsonme
Of a fayre Byrde that was take in a snaer,
Wonder defirus to scape owte of hir care:
Of myne Auftor followyng the profites,
So as it fel in Order y schall expres.

7. Whilom ther was in a small vilage,
As my Auftor makest rehersal;
A Chorle the wich had lust and Gret corage,
Within hymselfe by hys deligent 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.
Hermes Bird.

8. All the Aleys made playne with Sande,
    Benches coverid with new Turves green,
    Set Erbes with Condites at the ende;
    That wellid up ayn the Sun scene,
Lyke Silver stremsys as any cristal clene:
    The burbley 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 shynyg federis brighter then Gold weer,
    Wych wyth hir song made hevy hertis lyght;
    For to behold hit was an hevenly lyght:
        How towerd evyn and in the dawyng,
    Sche dyd her payne most ameus to syng.

10. Esperus enforced hir corage,
    Towerd evyn when Phebus went to neft;
    Amonges the braunches to hir avauntage:
    To syng hir complyn as yt was belt,
    And at the ryfynge to the Quene Alcest
        To syng ageyne as hit was to hir dew,
    Erly on the morow the day-fter to falew.

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 al the Garden of the noyfe rong:
        Till 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 visage:
    And in all haft he caft for to make
    Within hys howfe a lytil prati Cage,
    And with hir songe rejoyce hys corage:
        And at the last the fely Byrd abrayde,
    And sobirly to the Chorle sche sayde:

13. I
13. I am now take and ftand under daunger,
Hold atreyte that y may not fle;
Alew my song and al my notes cler,
Now that y have loft my libertie,
Now y am thrall and sumtyme was fre:
And truſt wel y ftand in diſtres,
Y can nat fyng ne make no gladnes.

14. And thogh my Cage forged were of Gold
And the penacles of Beral and Cristal:
Y remember a Proverbe fayde of olde;
Who liff his fredom in footh he ys in thral,
For me had laver upon a branche male,
Merle to fyng amonſe the wodis grene,
Than in a Cage of Golde bryght and chene.

15. Songe and Prefun have non accordaunce,
Trowys thow y wyl fyng in Prefun,
Song procedet of joy and pleſaunce;
And Prefun caufeth deth and deſtruction,
Ryngyng of Feteris maketh no mere fown;
Or how shoulde he be glad and jocownde,
Ageyn hys wiſe lyth in cheynys bownde.

16. What avayleth a Lyon to be a Kyng of Baldes
Faſt schut in a Tower ofſton alone;
Or an Egell under atreyte cheynys,
Called alſo the Kyng of Fowlis everichon,
Fy on Lordſchyp whan Liberte ys gon:
Answer herto and hit nat a ftart,
Who fyngeth mere that fyngeth not with hert.

17. If thow wilt rejoyce the of my fyngyng,
Let me go feen fre fro daunger:
And every day in the mornynge
Y wyll repayre to thy Lawrer,
And freſſely to fyng with notis cler;
Under thi Chaumber or aſfore thy Hal,
Every feaſon 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 Waftelbrede;
And fwayne 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 derer amongs the Wormys smale.

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

20. Take thys answer ful for conclusion;
   To fyng in prifon thow shalt not me confreync
   Tyll y have fredom in woddis up and downe:
   To fle at large on bowys both rough and plaine,
   And of refon thow shuldeft not difdeyn:
      Of my defyre but laugh and have good game,
      But who ys a Chorle wold every man wer the same.

21. Well quod the Chorle fith hit woll not be,
That y defyre by my talkyng;
Magre thy wyll thow schalt chese on of thre:
Within a Cage merele to fyng,
Or to the Kychyn y schall thy bode bryngse:
      Pul thy federis that byn fo bryght and clere,
      And after rost or bake the to my dynere.

22. Then quod the Byrde to reffon y sey not ney,
   Towchyng my fong a ful anfwer thow haft:
   And when my federis pulled byn awey,
If y be rosted or bake in a palt,
Thow schalt of me have a smal repafte:
      But yf thow wyll werke by my councel,
      Thow mayft by me have a gret avayle.
23. If thou wolt to my rede assent,
   And suffer me go frele fro Prelon:
   Witowte raunsum or any oder rent;
   Y schall the gyf a notabil grete gwerdon,
   The thre grete Wyfdomyys accordyng to relon;
   Mor of valew, take hede what y profer,
   Than al the Gold that ys net in thy Cofer.

24. Truft me wel y schal the not deceyve.
   Well quod the Chorle tel and let fe:
   Nay quod the Byrde a forne conseyne;
   Who schal teche of Reson he most go fre;
   Hit fitteth a Master to have hys Liberte:
   And at large to teche hys lefson,
   Hafe me not suspete y mene no trelon.

25. Wel quod the Chorle y holde me content,
   Y truft the promys which thow hast made to me;
   The Byrde sle forth the Chorle was of lente:
   And toke hys flight up to the Lawrre tre;
   Then thought sche thus now that y stand fre:
   With snaris panters y cast 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 childes dreds fyre:
   Eche man bewar of Wisdom and relon,
   Of suger strawed that hideth false poyson:
   Ther ys no venom so perilus in scherpenes,
   As whan yt hath triakcle of lyknes.

27. Who dredeth no perell in perell he schal falle,
   Smothe Watres bryn of sithes depe:
   The Quayle pipe can most falsely calle:
   Ty! the Quayle under the net doth crepe:
   A bleryed Fowler trult 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 daunger am scaped,
Y wyl bewar and afore provide:
That of no Fowlar y wil no more be Japed,
From theyre lyme twygges to fly far alyde,
There perel ys perel to abyde:

Com ner thow Chorle, take hede to my speche;
Of thre Wyldomys that y schal the teche.

29. Yef not of Wyldom to hastly credens,
To every Tale nor eche tydyng:
But confyder of Reson and Prudens;
Among Talys ys many a grete lefyng,
Hafty credens hath caufed grete hynderyng:
Report of talis and tydyngys brought up new,
Maketh many a man ful on trew.

30. For on party take thys for my Raunson,
Lerne the second grounded of scripture:
Desyre thow not by no condition
Thyng that ys ymposseybly to recure,
Worldly desyres fante alle in a venture:
And who desyreh to soare hygh a loft,
Oft tyme by foden turne he falleth on loft.

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

32. Aftur thys Leflon the Byrde began a songe,
Of hyr ascape gretely rejoycyng:
And she remembred hyr alleso of the wronge,
Don by the Chorle, fyrt at hyr takynge,
And of the affray, and of hyr imprestonyng:
Glad that she was at large and owte of drede,
Seyde unto hym hoveryng above hys hede.

33. Thow
33. Thow were quod scheck very natural Fole
To suffer me departe of thy lawdnes:
Thow owthys of right to compose and make dole,
And in thy hert have grete hevenes,
That thow haft loft fo paffyng grete riches:
Wych myght suffice by valew in rekeyng
To pay the raunfom 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 assured ageyne hys mortal Fone.

35. Who that hath thys in possession,
Schal suffer no Povert ne non Indygens:
But of Tresouer have plente and foyfon,
And every Man schal don hym reverence,
And non Enemy schal don hym non offence;
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 haft forlore;
Be alle refon thow schuldys ben lad;
And in thi hert nothyng glad:
Now Chorle y the tel in my device,
I was eyred and bred in swite Paradyce.

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

38. The
38. The nigrum deamond that ys in Morienis sees
And the white Charbonkkel that rolleth in wave;
The setryne Reby of ruche degrees:
That paffeth the Ironys of comen sawe,
In the Lapidery ys grown by olde lawe;
He paffeth all Ironys that ys under hevyn,
After the cource of kynde by the Planets sevyn.

39. Hyt ys for none Chorle to have schuch trefour,
That exfledeth 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 paffeth thy gras,
Y am at my leberte even as I was.

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

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 so wyde,
Wyth gletering of grace by every fyde,
Hofe me myght have in hys covertowr,
He wer rycher than ey Emperowr.

42. Elysawnder the conquerowe, my Ston smot downe
Upon hys helme whan hyt pyght:
No mor then a pes that ys so rownde,
Hyt was ther to no manyys fyght,
That leyde so pleyne the manly Knyght;
Now y tel the wyth melde Stevyn,
Thys myghty grace cam owte fro Hevyn.
43. Hit cawfeth Love aud maketh men Gracius,
And favorabel in ever mannes lyght:
Hit maketh acorde of two Folks effuyus;
Comforteth Sorowful and maketh hevy herts lyght,
Lyke pallyng of colur Sunny bryght:
Y am a fole to tel the at onys,
Or to teche a Chorle the pryce of precious Stonys.

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

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

46. That thow haddeft thow getyl no more,
Thi Lyme twygges and Panters y defe;
To let me gon thow were fowle over seen,
To lefe the richches only of folye:
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 be halfe defe,
Like a Nasse that lyfteth upon an Harpe;
Thow must go pype in a Ive leffe:
Better ys to me to syng on Thornes fcharpe,
Than in a Cage wyth a Chorle to carpe.
For hyt was feyd of Folkes many yere agone,
A Charles Charles ys oft 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 Chepsy Croke to the ys better than a Launce:  
Adew now *Globe* wyth herte fore,  
In *Chorles* clowchys com y never more.

49. The *Chorle* felt hys herte part in tweyne,  
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 offoly and of wylfulnes,  
Y have now loft 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 *Stone* to have levd a Kyng,  
Yf y had set hyt in a *Ryng*:  
Borne it upon me y had gode y nowe,  
Than ichuld y no mor have gon to the plowe.

51. Whan the *Byrde* saw the *Chorle* thus morne,  
That he was hevy of hys chere,  
Sche take her flyght and agayne returne:  
Toward hym and sayd as ye schal here,  
*Odull Chorle* wifdom 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 Wyfdome in sentens,  
To every tale brought up of new,  
Not to hastyle gyf not ther to credens;  
Unto tymethow know hit be trew,  
All ys not *Gold* that scheweth Goldys hew:  
Nor stonyys all by nature as y synde,  
Byn not Saferus that schewyth colour ynde.
53. In thys Doctryne y lost my labour,
To teche the such Proverbys of Substaunce;
Now mayft thou see thy lewd Blynde error;
For all my body poyfed in Balans,
Weyth not a nounce lewde ys thi remembrancce;
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 poyfeth mor than doth a grete fagunce:
Thy brayne ys dull thi witte almost gon,
Of hre Wysdomys thow haft lost on;
Thow schulds not after my sentence,
To every tale gefe to hastily credence.

55. I badde also bewar both even and morowe,
For thynge lost by suden adventur;
Thow schulds not make to moche forow;
Whan thow seyft thow mayst not hit recover;
Her thow sayleft wych doth thy beiy 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 wyfe
Covet thyng the wych thow mayst not have;
In wych thow haft fogetyn myne empryse;
Thaty may say playnly to devyse,
Thow haft in madnes forgetyn all thre,
Notablyl Wysdomys that y taute the.

57. Hit wer but soly 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 Asfe,
And mad ys he that syngyth a Fole a Maffe:
And he ys moft madd that doth hys besynesse;
To teche a Chorle the termys of Gentlenesse.

58. And
Hermes Bird.

58. And semeblabily in Apryll and in May,
Whan gentyl Byrds most make melody;
But the Cockow can syng but tooe lay;
In othr rewnys sche hath no fancy:
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 trethyth of hys Welsom wyndys,
Of the gentyl Frute bofys the Gardener;
The Fyther casthyth hys hokys and hys lynys,
To catche Fyshhe in the fresh Revyr,
Of tylyth of Londe trethyth the powre;
The Gentyllman trethyth 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 deynieth as a Snyte,
Who servys a Chorle halfe 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 thyss Fabyl se and rede,
New Forged Talys councel them to sle
For lesfe of Good take not to grete hede,
Be not to Sorowsfull for noon adverfyte;
Covet not syng that may not be,
And remember wher ye goan,
A Chorlys Chorle ys ofte wo begun.

62. Unto purpose thyss Proverbe ys ful ryve,
Redde and reported by olde remembraunce:
A Chyllys Byrde, and a Chorlys Wyfe,
Hath ofte styths sorow and mischaunce.
Who hath freedom hath sufficiaunce:
Better ys Freedom wyth lytle in gladnes,
Than to be a Chorle wyth all worldly rychches.

Hh
Hermes Bird.

63. Go lytyl Quair and commaunde me
To my Majster wyth humblyl affectyon,
Be fekyng hym lowly of merfy and pete
Of thys rude makyng to ha compassion:
And as towchynge thys Translacion
Owte of the Frenske, how so ever the Englysf be,
All thynge ys sayd under correccyon,
Wyth 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 me fully had rydden fyve myle:
Ait Boughton under the blee us gan a take
A Man that clothed was in clothes blake;
And under that he had a whyte Surplyse,
His hakeny that was all pomely gryne;
So swete that itt wonder was to see;
It seemed that he had precked myles three.
The hore eke that his Toman rode uppon,
So Swete, that wimeth migh he gon:
About the paytrel stode the fome full hye,
He was of fome as flecked as a pye:
A Male twyfolde on his croper lay,
Itt seemed that he carryed lewel Aray;
All fight for somer rode this worthy Man,
And in my heart wondren I began,
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 hatte hynge att his backe by a Lace,
For he had rydden more then trot or pace.
He rodeaye pryckyng as he were mode,
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 se him swete:
His forehead dropped as a Stillatorie,
But full of Playntaine or of Peritorie:
And when he was come he gan crye,
God save (quod be) this Iolly company:
Fast have I pricked (quod be) 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 bostrye I saw you ride,
And warned here my Lord and Soverayne,
Which that to ryden with you is full fayne:
For his disporte, he loveth dalyance.
Frede for thy warning God yeve thee good chance.
Then sayd our Host, certayne itt-wold feme
Thy Lord were wyse, and so I may well deme:
He is full loounde, alseoe 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 holyte,
Not but ynough also Sir trusteth me;
And ye him knew also well as doe I.
Ye wold wonder how well and thriftehly
He con the werke and that in sondry wyse;
He hath 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 prowe:
Ye nolde not forgon his aquayntaunce,
For Mochel good I dare lay in balaunce
All that I have in my possession,
He is a man of bye discresion:
I warne you well he is a pasting wyse man.
Wel (quod our Hoste) I pray thee tell me then,
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 Crafte somewhat wol I shew;
I say my Lord can such a subtelte,
But of his Crafte ye may not were of me:
And somewhat helpe I yett to his worchyng,
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 slopp is not worth a myte;
As in effect to him so mote I go,
It is all bawdy and to tore alsoe.
The Prologue of

Why is thy Lord so frotlyche I thee pray,
And is of power better clothes to bey?
If that his dede accord with thy speech,
Tell me that and that I thee beseech.

*Why (quod this Roman) where to aske ye me?*

God helpe me so, for he shall never my the:
But I wol not avow that I saye,
And therefore kepe it secret I you praye;
He is to wyse in say as I beleve,
That is overdone wil not preve;
And right as Clerkes sayne it is a wyce,
Wherefore I holde him in that leude and nyce;
For whan a man hath over greate a witte,
Full ofte it happeneth him to misusen itt:
So doth my Lord, and that me greveth sore;
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 fley,
Where dwellen ye if itt to tell be?

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

Peter (quod be) God yeve itt hard grace;
I am so used in the hott fyre to blome,
That itt hath changed my colour as I trow:
I am not wone in no mirrour to prye,
But swynke sore and lerne to Multiplye.
We blondren ever and pooren in the fyre,
And for all that we saylen of our desire:
For ever we lacken our conclusion,
To moche folke we do illusion:
And borrowe Golde be it a pound or two,
Or ten or twelve or many somes mo,
And make hem wene at the leste way,
That of a pound we coulde make twye;
Tett is itt fals, and ay hau we good hope
Itt for to done, and after it we grope.
But that Science is soo ferre us by forne,
We move not all though we had itt sworne
Itt overtake, itt flytte away soo faste,
Itt wol us make Beggers at the lafte.

Whiles this Teman was thus in his talking
This Chanon drew him nere and herde al thing
Which this Teman spake, for suspicion
Of mennes speche ever had this Chanon:
For Caro saythe, he that giltye is,
Deemeth all thing he 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 itt sore abye,
Thou slanderest me here in this Companye:
And eke discoverest that thou holdest hyde.
Ye (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 Yeman) here shall styse a game,
All that I can anon woll 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 ernest to me by my faith,
That fele I well whatsoe any man faith:
And yetty for all my smerte and all my greise,
For all my sorowe, labour and mischeise,
I couthe never leave it in no wyse:
Now wolde God my witt mightuffyse,
To tellen all that longeth to that Arte.
But nathelesse, yet wol I teell you a parte:
Sens that my Lordis 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 more:
All that I had I have lost thereby,
And God wotte soe hath many moe then I,
There I was wonte to be right, fresh and gay,
Of clothing and eke of other good array;
Now may I weare an hose uppon 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 swynke yett blered in myne Eye,
Lo which avauntage itt is to Multiply:
That flying 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 thereto,
If he contynue I hold his thriste I do:
So helpe me God thereby shall he never wyn,
But empte his purse and make his witts thyn;
And when he thorow his madnese and follye,
Hath lost his owne good through Jeopardye:
Than he exiteth other men thereto,

To
To lose her good as himselfe hath do;
For unto shrewes joy it is and eke,
To have her fellowes in paine and disfete;
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 semen wonder wise.
Our termes ben so Clergiall and so quaynte,
I blow the fyre tyll myn hearte faynte.

What hold I tell each proportion
Of things which we werchen uppon?
As on fyve or syxe unces, may well be
Of Silver or of some other quantite;
And beseye me to tellen you the names,
Of Orpiment, brent Bones, Yron squames;
That into powder grounden ben full smal,
And in an Erthen pott how putt is all:
And salt y put in and also pẹpere,
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 glas englutyng,
That of the ayre might passe out nothing;
And of the easy fyre and smerte alfoe,
Which that was made, and of the care and wo.
That we had in our matters Sublymeing,
And in Amalgamyng and Callenyng:
Of Quicksilver icleped Mercury rude,
For all our sleight we conne not conclude.
Our Orpyment and Suplymed Mercury;
Our grounde Litarge eke on the porphrye:
Of eche of these unces a certayne
Not helpeth us, our labour is in vayne;
Ne eke our Spyrites asígnom,
Ne yet our matters, that lyen alsfyxe adoun:
Mowe in our werkyng nothing avayle,
For lost is our laboure and our travyale.
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, Croffellets and Sublimatories:
Concurbytes 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 lifte to tarye;
Our Lampes brennyng both night and day,
To bringen about our Crafte if that we may;
Our Fourntyce eke of Calcination,
And of our Waters Albisycation.
Unsleked Lyme, Chalke, and glere 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 combust matters, and coagulate,
Cley made with horse donge, mans heere and Oyle,
Of Tartre, Alym, Glas, Berme, Worte and Argoyle:
Resalgor and other maters enbybyng,
And eke of our Maters encorporting;
And of our Silver Citrynacion,
Our Cementyng, and eke Fermentacyon;
Our Ingottes, Testes and many mo.

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

The first Spyrite Quicksilver cleped 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 exercyse,
He shall noe good have that may him suffyse;
For all the good he spendeth thereaboute,
He lese shall thereof have I no doute;
Whoso that lysten to utter his solye,
Let him com forth and lerne to Multiplye:
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 Monk or Frere,
Preist, or Chanon, or any other wight,
Though he fytte at hys boke both day and night;
In lernyng of this Elvish nyce lore,
All is in vayne, and pardemoche more;
Is to lere a leude man this subtletie,
Eye speke not thereof, itt wol not be;
Al coulde he letrure or coulde he none,
As in effect he shal fynd itt all one;
For bothe two by my Salvacyon
Concluden in Multyplycacyon:
Ilyche well whan they have al ydo,
This is to sayen, they saylen both two.
Yet forgate I moche reherfayle,
Of waters Corofyse and lymayle:
And of Bodyes molifycacion,
And also of her Induration:
Oyles, Ablucyons, Mettall fusyble
To tellen you all, wolde passe any Byble:
That O where is, wherefore as for the best
Of all these names nowe woll I rest.
For as I trowe I have you told ynowe
To reyne a Fende, al loke he never sorowe.
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 fleyght, he wol not come us to;
He hath made us spende 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,
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 shete:
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 laste;
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 if a 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
But if they were wrought of lyme and stone,
They percen soe 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 shewe:
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 ferd, for that was myn offyce,
Straw (quod the third) ye ben lewe and nyce;
It was not tempered as it ought to bee,
Nay (quod the fourthe) stynte and herken me:
Bycaufe our fyre was not made of beche
That is the cause, and none other fo teche;
I can not tell whereon itt is alonge,
But well I wotte greate stirfe 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 crafed,
Be as be may, be ye not amased;
As usage is, let swepe the floore as fwythe,
Plucke up your heart and be glad and blythe.
The Mullocke on an heape yfwept was,
And on the floore cast a Canvas;
And all this Mullocke in a fyre y throwe,
And ysfysted 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;
Trusteth 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 conclude evermore amys:
We faylen of that which we wolde have,
And in our madneffe evermore we Grave;
And whan 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 soo itt fareth among us;
He that semeth the wyseft by Jesus
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 Religyoun
Amonge us, wolde enseft all a Towne,
Rome, Alysaundere, Troy, and other thre.
Though it was great wo as Ninio? His
the Chanons Yeoman.

His fleyght and his insynyte fallseness,
There couthe no man written as I gesse;
Though that he might lyve a thousand yere
In all this worlde of fallseness nye his pere:
For in his termes he wol him so wynde;
And kepe his words in so fleye a kynde,
When he comen shall with any wight,
That he wol make him dote anon right.
But it a feste be as himselfe is,
Full many a man hath he begyled er 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 relygyouse,
Ne demeth not that I slaunder your house;
Although my tale of a Chanon be,
Of every ordre some shrewes is parde:
And God forbid that al a Companye
Shoulde rue a syngle mannes follye.
To slaunder you is not myn entente,
But to correct that myple is mente;
This tale was not only told for you,
But eke for other moe ye wotte wel howe;
That among Chri$s Apostles twelve,
There was no traytour but Judas himselfe:
Then why shoulde the remenant have blame
That gyltleffe were by you I say 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 caulen any drede,  
And be nothing displeased I you pray,  
But in this case herkenneth what I say.

In LONDON was a Preest annueller,
That therin had dwelt many a yere,
Which was soe plesaunt and so servytable
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 falsé Chanon came uppon a daye:
Unto this Preest's chamber where he laye,
Beseeching him to leye him a certayne
Of Gold, and he wolde quyte him agen;
Leyth me a Marke (quod he) but dayes thre;
And atte my day I wol quyte itt the;
And if it so be, that thou fynde me falsé,
Another day hang me by the halse.

This Preest toke him a Marke and that swyth;
And this Chanon him thanked oft syth;
And toke his leve, and went forth his wey;
And atte his third day brought his money.
And to this Preest he toke this Gold ayen,
Whereof this Preest was gladde 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 foe true is of Condition:
That in no wyse he breke wol his day;
To such a man I can never say nay.
the Chanons Yeoman.

What (quod this chanon) shold I be untrew, Nay! that were a thyng fallen 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 lyker 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 gentlenesse,
Somwhat to quyte with your kyndnesse;
I wol you shewe if ye wol it lere,
(I shall it shewe to you anon right here)
How I can werche in Phylosophye:
Taketh good hede ye shal it se with your Eye,
That I woll done a Maistrye or I goe.

Ye Sir (quod the Preeft) 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 thefe con the his servyce bede.

Ful sothe itt is that such profered servyfe
Stynketh, as witnesstheth the olde wyse:
And that ful sone I wol it veresye,
In this Chanou rote of all trechery,
That evermore delyte hath and gladnesse:
Such fendly thoughts in his herte empresse,
How Christys people he may to mischief bring,
God kepe us from his false disymuling.

What wyft this Preeft with whom that he delte,  

Kk 2
Ne of his harme comyng nothing he felte.
O fely Preeft, O fely Innocente.
With Covetyse anon thou shalt be blente;
O gracelesse ful-blynde is thy conceyte,
Nothyng arte thou ware of his deceyte.
Which that this foxe hath shapen to the,
H's wylye wrenches thou mayst not flo.
Wherefore to goe to thy Conclusyon,
That referreth to thy confusyon:
Unhappy man anon I wol me hye,
To tell thyn unwitte ne thy folye:
And eke the falsenesse of that other wretche,
As fer forthe as my connyng wol stretche.
This Chanon was my Lord ye wold wene,
Sy: hoste in fayth and by the heven Quene:
It was another Chanon 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 whan I speke of his falseheed,
For shame of him my chekes waxen reed:
Algates they begonnen for to glowe,
For rednesse have I non right well I knowe,
In my vilage, for fumes dyverce
Of Metalls which ye have herde me reherce,
Consumed and wasted hath my rednesse,
Now take heed of this Chanons Cursede nose.
Syr (quod he) to the Preeft, set your Man gon,
For Quicksilver that we it had anon;
And lett him bring unces two or thre,
And whan he cometh as fste shul ye se
A wonder thyng which ye saw never er this;
Syr (quod the Preeft) itt shalbe done iwis:
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 yset,  
And this Chanon toke out a Crosselett  
Of his bosome, and shewed it to the Preest:  
This Instrument (quod he) which that thou seest:  
Take in thy hond, and put thy selfe therein  
Of this Quicksylver an unce and began  
In the name of Chrift to wexe a Philofopher,  
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 unfaftable;  
Amonges folke ever to appere.  

I have a poudre that coft me deere,  
Shall make all good, for it is caufe of all  
My connyng, which I you shewe shall;  
Voydeth your Man, and let him be therout,  
And shette the dore, whytes we ben about  
Our privetie, that no man us espy,  
Whytes that we Werken in our Philofophye.  
Al as he bade fulfylled was indeede.
The Tale of

This ylke servant anon out yede,
And his Maister shete the dore anon,
And to her labour spedily they gone.

This Preeft at this cursed Chanons byddying,
Uppon the fyre anon set this thynge;
And blewe the fyre and besyed him ful faste,
And this Chanon into this croflet caste
A pouder, I not wherof it was,
Ymade either of Chalke, Erthe, or Glasfe
Or somwhat els, was not worthe a fly,
To blynde with this Preeft, and bade him hye
These Coles for to couchen al above
The Crofflet 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 Preeft) and was ful glad,
And couched coles as the Chanon bad.
And whyle he besy was, this fendely wretch,
This false Chanon, the soule fendhe 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 wiste 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 prively,
And whyles the Preeft 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 Preeft him wyped hace,
This Chanon toke the Cole, I shrew he his face:
And layd it aboven uppon the mydwarde:
Of the Croslet, 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,
Sytte we downe and let us mery make;
And whan this Chanons bechen Cole
Was brennt, al the Limayle out of the hole
Into the Croslet anon fell adoun,
And sfor it must needes by resoun;
Sens it so even above couched was,
But thereof wiste the Preeft nothing alas:
He demed all the coles lyche goode,
For of the fleyght nothing he understoode.

And whan this Alkamistre sawe his tyme,
Ryseth up Syr Preeft (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 yngot 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 sayne,  
They opened and shette and went forth her wey,  
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 wyse  
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 sleighth,  
He shope his yngot in length and in brede  
Of the teyne withouten any drede,  
So slily that the Preest 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-vessile he it caste  
Whan that him lift, and bade the Preest as faste  
Looke what there is put in thyn honde, and grope,  
Thou shalt finde there Sylver as I hope;  
What dývel of hell shulde it els be?  
Shaving of Sylver, Sylver is parde.

He
He put in his honde and toke up a Teyne
Of Silver fyne, and glad in every veyne
Was this Preef, when he saw itt was so,
Gods blessyng and his Mothers also:
And al hallowes have ye Sir Chanon
Sayd this Preef, and I her Malyson.
But and ye vouchsafe to teche me
This noble Craffe, and this subtelte;
I wol be yours in al 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 Quicksylyver withouten words mo,
And don therwith as I have don er this,
With that other which that nowe silver is.

This Preef him belyeth 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 desyre;
And this Chanon right in the meane while,
All redy was, this Preef 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 Preef was in his besynesse
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 tore, I pray to God for his falshede,
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 haftely it fell.

The Preest supposed nothing but well,
But belyed him fast and was wonder fayne,
Supposing nought but trouthe, soth to fayne:
He was so gladd that I cannot expressse,
In no manere his mirth and his gladnesse;
And to the Chanon he profered 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 Preest) I trowe there be.
Els go bye some and that a swythe.

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 tounge to pronounce:
As to ministre by my wytte the doublenesse
Of this Chanon, roote of all cursydnesse:
He semeed frendly to hem that knew him nought.
But he was fendly both in werke and thought,
It veryeth me to tell of his falsenesse
And nathlesse, yet wol I it expresse,
To the entent that men may beware thereby,
And for none other cause truly.
He put this unce of Coper into the Crossflett,
And on the fyre as swythe he hath it set;
And cast in poudar, and made the Preef 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 Preef 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 forhonde
Herd me tell, he had a Sylver Teyne,
He slily toke it out, this cursed heyne,
Unwetyng this Preef 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 Preef,
And hydde itt, and hent him by the brest;
And to him spake, and thus sayd in his game,
Stoupeth adowne, by God ye be to blame,
Helpeth me nowe, as I did you whylere:
Put in your honde, and lokerth what is there.
This Preef toke up this Sylver Teyne anone,
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 hode,
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 assaye.
To fyre and hammer, might no man say nay,
But they were as them ought for to be.

This fotted Preeft 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 syrge,
Ne Lady luftier in Carolyn:
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 Preeft 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 shall this receity cost, telleth me nowe?

By our Lady (quod this Chanon) it is dere,
I warne you well; save I and a Frere;
In ENGLAN D there can no man it make.
No force (quod he) nowe Sir for Gods sake,
What shall 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 shall pay fortye pound, to God me save:
And nere the freindshyp that ye did er this
To me, ye shulden pay more y wys.

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

Syr Preeft he said; I kepe for to have no loos
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 greate envye to me by cause of my Phylosophye; and most men to I shulde be deed, ther were none other way. God it forbide (quod the Preest) 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 wyll have ye right good prefe, (Quod the Chanon) and farewell graunt mercy: He went his way, and never the Preest him sey After that day: And whan that this Preest 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 destruction. Confydereth Sirs, howe in eche estate: Betwixt Men and Gold is debate, Soe fer forthe, that unneths there is none, This Multiplyeng blyndeth so many one; That in good sayth, I trowe that it be The greatest cause of such scarseyte. These Phylosophers speken so mistily, In this Crafte, that men cannot come thereby, For any witte that men have nowe adayes, They may well chatter and jangle as doth the Jayes: And in her termes sett her lusfe and payne, But to her purpose shall 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 make folke to purchase curses:  Of hem that han alsoe her good ylent.
O fyre for shame, they that han be brenete:
Alas cannot they fly the fyres here;
Ye that it usen, I rede that ye it lete:
Left ye sele al, for bet then never is late,
Never to thryve were to long a date,
Though that ye prole aye ye shall it never synde,
Ye ben as bold as is Bayarde the blynde;
That blundereth forth, and perill casteth none;
He is as bolde to 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 sight;
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 yf ye done your thriste is gone full cleane.
And right as swythe I woll you telden here,
What that the Phylosophers fayne in this mattere.

Lo thus saith Arnold of the newe toune,
As his Rosarye maketh mencione:
He sayth right thus withouten any lye,
There may noe man Mercury mortifye;
But if it be with his brothers knowlegyng;
Lo how that he which firste sayd this thyng
Of Phylosophers 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 fayne,
By the Dragon Mercury 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 saue.

Let no man belye him this Arte for to seche, But he that the Entention and speche Of Phylosophers understonde 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.

Alseoe 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 Tytabos 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 Crist 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, fens the God of heaven,
Ne wyl not that the Phylosophers nemen:
Howe that a Man shall come unto this Stone,
I rede as for the best, let 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 poynste: for ended is my Tale,
God send every true man Bost of his bale.
Or yet full sleping, nor yet full waking,
But betweene twayne lying in a traunce;
Halfe closed mine Eyne in my slumbering,
Like a Mā rapt of all cheer & countenance;
By a manner of weninge & Remembrance
Towards Aurora, ere Phæbus uprose,
I dreamed one came to me to doe me pleasure
That brought me a Boke with seaven scales close.

2. Following upon I had a wonderfull dreame,
As famed 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 seaven Gods in the hevenly Consistory:
And in Mercuries little Oratory,
Groweth all the fruite in breefe of thys Science,
Who can expresse hem and have of hem Victory,
May clayne the triumph of his Mineral prudence.
4. Of this matter above betwene 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 proffit 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 loft:  
Then there schalbe a glad Conjuncction,  
Whan there is made a Separacion:  
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 dissevered with heate nutrative:  
By moderate moysture of Putrefaccion;  
So that there is no excesse nor no strife  
Of the foure Elements in their Conjuncction.
8. The graine of Wheate which on the ground doth But it be dead it may not fruififie, (fall, If it be hole the vertue doth appayle; And in no wise it may not Multiplye, 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 fiuitefull 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 Beafh ingendereth his femailble; And as Philosophers rehearfe 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 complaying doth fit and weepe: For falce receipts found in her Library.
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 lost 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 fate so high in heaven,
Crown'd with a Crowne of bright stones cleere,
Borne there to raine as cheife chosen of heaven:
Equall with Phæbus shine in the same sphere,
Without difference as Clerkes to us leare,
Sate there most royallin his diadem:
Very Celestiall and Angelike of cheare;
And in all vertue like as he did feeme.

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

15. Certaine Brethren I found he had in Number,
And of one Mother they were borne every each one:
But a Sicknes did them fovere cumber,
That none was whole on his feete to gone,
Hoarse of language, cleere voice had they none:
For with a snabb that was contagious,
They were infecte, 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 complains of their Infeccion,
Alas quoth he how came this adventure,
Under what froward or falle Constelacion;
Or in what howre had yee your ingendure.

17. But sithence this mischeife ys to you befall,
There is nothing which were more expedient,
Then to chuse one out amongst us all,
Without spot 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 moft 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 Originall taken from generacions:
Which is descended downe from stock royall,
Nourished with Milke of pure complexion;
With menftrous which are not superficiall.

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 speed,
That we can finde, to helpe us in any wise.
20. Of our Birth and of our Originall, 
Cleerely and truly to make mention; 
Excuse is there none in parte nor in all; 
In sin was first our conception: 
Our bringing forth and generation, 
Fulfilled was in sorrowe and wickednesse, 
And our Mother in a short conclusion 
With Corrupt milke us fostered in distresse.

21. For who may make that seede to be clean; 
That first was conceived in uncleanes, 
For cancred rust may never I meane, 
By noe crafte shew forth parfect brightnes: 
Now let us all at once our Course address; 
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 uprose 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 Goddesses 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, 
Undefiled, most orient, faire and bright, 
Of all the Planets cheife of ingendure: 
Which now in Heaven giveth so cleere a light.
24. Whole 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. Whole Nature is so imperiall,  
That fire so burning doth him noe distresse:  
His royall kinde is so celestiall,  
Of Corruption he taketh no sickness;  
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 Corruption.

26. His Heavenly helth death may not assayle,  
Hedreadeth noe venome, nor needeth no treacle,  
Winde Tempest ne Wether against him may prevale,  
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 sickness doth appeare,  
Of Menstruous blood brought forth in tender age,  
Your Leprie is shewed in Body and in Visage,  
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 hewed.

29. Old Αeson 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 soule leaprie changed to cleanes.

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 his purpose in sentence,
   By clear example who so looketh right,
   Heavy things from their Circumference,
   Must up ascend and after be made light,
   And things light ready to the flight
   Must descend to the Center downe,
   By interchanging of natures might,
   As they be moved by mean of Revolution.

33. Soe as Jupiter in a Cloud of Gold,
   Changed himselfe by transformation,
   And descended from his heavenly hold
   Like a Golden dewe unto Danae downe,
   And she conceived as made is mention,
   By influence of his power divine;
   Right so shall Phaebus right soveraigne of renowne
   To be conceived of his Golden raine decline.

34. And to comfort his Brethren that were full dull,
   The Sun hath chosen without warre or strife,
   The bright Meone when she was at the full,
   To be his Mother first, and after his 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 Gods all,
   Saturne from blacknes was turned to white;
   And Jupiter let his mantle fall,
   Full pale and meager of great delight,
   Clothed in lilies that every manner 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 Solomnity.
36. Mars forgot there hys sturdy black hardines,
Cast off his Habergeon fret with old rust;
Venus forsooke her mineral rednes,
Tooke Gold for greene and she againe also for lust,
Because she had in Phæbus such a trust,
That he should this feaft 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 freh Lucine;
Philosophers have prudently practised,
A Clofset round by their wise Doctrine,
Cleere as Christall of Glaffe 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 Sylenee,
Till that from heaven their a royali light,
And there with all in open audience;
Was heard a voyce almost at mid night,
Among the Virgins most amiable of sight,
That faid unto them, to save that was forlorne;
I must againe through my imperiall 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 to greate desire,
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 Colavour 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 poysfon,
The Queene and Maidens for feare tooke them to flight;
Seaven tymes assending up and downe
With in a vault, now darke, now cleere of light,
Their generation was so strong of might,
Tfer death now paffeth Purgatory;
As Resurreccion 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 poysfon,
Was by the Serpent cast in to their hindring;
The Prince was buried, but of his rising,
The Btethren were glad the truth was feene,
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 nynè Virgins he devoured three, The other six 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 resist ance; But would have devowred; Dafien 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 labours, And with all their force did their buisnes, To cloath hym fresher then any flowre, With a mantle of everlasting whitnes.
PEARCE
THE BLACK MONKE

upon the Elixir.

Ake Erth of Erth, Erths Moder,
And Watur of Erth yt ys no oder,
And Fier of Erth that beryth the pryse,
But of that Erth louke thow be wyse,
The trew Elixir yt thow wylt make,

Erth owte of Erth looke that thow take,
Pewer futel 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 flye,
Than schalle be broughght Watur schynyng,
And in that Watur ys a soule reynyng,
Invisible and hyd and unseene,
A marvelous matter yt ys to weene.
Than departe hem by dystillynge,
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
In a Furnas he must be set,  
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 stronge;  
And there on thy Glasse 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 sche must be doe,  
And have the paynes that longs thereto,  
Tyl sche be bryghter than the Sune,  
For than thow hast the Maystrey wone;  
And that schalbe wythin howres three,  
The wych forsooth ys grete ferly:  
Than do her in a clene Glass,  
Wyth some of the Watur that hers was.  
And in a Furnas do her againe,  
Tyl sche have drunke her Watur certaine,  
And aftur that Watur give her Blood,  
That was her owne pewre and good,  
And whan sche hath dranke alle her Fyer,  
Sche wyll wex strong and of grete yre.  
Than take yow mete and mylcke thereto,  
And fede 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 dignyte,  
And this ys the makyng of owre Stone,  
The trewth here ys towilde 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 fooles in the worlde seeke:
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 schould beare any such fryghte.

All Saltes and Sulphures far and nere,
I interdite hem alle in sere,
Alle Corofive waters, Blood and Hayre,
Pyff, Hornes, Wormes and Saudiver,
Alume, Atriment, alle I suspende,
Rasalger 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 lyvynges.
And he that will come thereby,
Must be meek, and full of mercy:
Both in spirit and in Countenance,
Full of Chereti and good Government;
And evermore full of almes deed,
Symple and powerfully his life to lead:
With Prayers, Penances, and Piety,
And ever to God a lover be,
And all the riches that he is sped,
To do God's worshippe wyth Almes deed.

In Arsényck sublymed there is a way straight,
With Mercury calcyned nine times his weight
And grownd together with the Water of myght
That beareth ingresson lyfe and lyght,
And anon as they together Byrne,
Alle runnyth to Water bryght and shene,
Upon thyse Fyre they grow together,
Tyll they be fast and fle no whythyr;
But than feede hem fourth wyth thy hond,
With 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 sownght man 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 schhe scall tell yow trewth and ryghte,
Hearken now wyth all your 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 setor of Saturne, and sours of Venus,
I am Empresse, Pryncesse and Regall of Queenes,
I am Mother of Myrrour, and maker of lyght,
I am head and hygheft and fayrest 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 seede, and a spearme rych,
And a Silver seede none hymlich,
And a Mercury seede full bryght,
And a Sulphur seede 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 thynge,
To tendernes and to fyxing:
It burgeneth growyth and gyveth fryght and lyght,
Ingression lyfe and laftyng in fyght:
Alle ryghteous werkes footh to say,
It helpeth and bryngyth in a good way:
Thys ys the Water that ys most worthy,
Aquaperfectissima & flos mundi:
For alle werkes thys Water makyth whyte,
Reducyng and schyning as Sylver bryght:
And of the Oyle greate marvell there ys,
For all thyngs yt bryngyth to redncs:
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 alsoe,
And grow togeder weekes feaven,
Blessed be Almyghty God of Heven:
One Ounce of thys Medycine worthy
Cast upon two hundred ownces of Mercury:
Schall make Gold moft royall,
And ever enduring to holde tryall;
Fyre and Hammer Tuch and Teft,
And all essayes moft 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 nouryshed by Erth and Sulphur I wys,
And our Gold ys made of thre pewre soules,
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 caft hym upon Mercury,
And he schalbe Gold moft worthy,
Now have you heard the makyng of our Stone;
The beginnyng and endyng ys all one.
THE WORKE OF RICH: CARPENTER.

Take the cler light,
The rede Gumme that ys so bryght,
Of Philosofris the Sulfer wifs,
I called Gold wythouten atyse;
Of hem drawe owte a Tinature,
And make a matrymony pure:
Betheene the husband and the wyse,
I spoufes wyth the Water of lyse:
And so that none dyvysion
Be there, in the conjunczion
Of the Moone and of the Sonne,
After the marriage ys begonne;
And that Mercury the planete,
In loes 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 schynynge.
Drawen out of bodyes fyxed,
By Nature prively mixed
Within a veffal depurred clene,
Of Philosofris bright and schene;
Beware the Fume escape the nowght,
And alleso marked well in thy thought;
That of the Fire the quallitee,
Equal to Phebx hemes 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 schall thorowe perced be
Wyth Aier that schall upon hym lyght,
The wych ys a wonder lyght:
Whenne the spiryt ys refreyned,
And wyth the Bodie so constrayned,
That hem afounder mayenothing parte,
So Nature hem doth there so coart,
In matrife whenne they both ben knyte,
Lett never thy Vessel be unshytte;
Tyl thyngendred have a Stone,
That in thyngs 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 Sophistical:
On Hilles hye and Valeys lowe,
He groweth who cowde hyt know,
Take thyngs for an informacion,
In Caryt and in Proporcion,
Lyth alle who so coude seke oute,
In Bus and Nubi ys alle the doute:
He that puttes hemself in pres,
To Genis and to Species:
Qualitas and every Quantite,
To mane a man hyt wol not be,
To brynge about thyngs trefeur,
I mene owre Stone of suche valour;
And yet who coude well understande,
May fynde hit redy 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 veteryff,
And soules of Bestes senlytyff:
Reysons of Angels that doth discerne,
Goude and Yeul Man to governe,
All bryngs to thyn house
Thys Noble Ston fo precious,
And Soverente of alle thys Werke,
Both to Lewd and to Clerke:
This lyth alle by discrecion,
In Fyre, and in Decoccion:
The craft recordeth yif he can rede,
How all and sume who shal speche;
In Bokes eler as ye maye see,
Stat in Ignis regimine:
To brynge fosth at 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 Meyse:
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 the well er thow begene,
Or else lytel schalt thow wynne.
THE HUNTING
OF
the GREENE ELYON.

All haile to the noble Companie
Of true Students in holy Alchimie,
Whose noble practive doth hem teach
To vaile their secrets with mistie speach;
Mought yr please your worshipfulnes
To heare my silly soothsaffnes,
Of that practive 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 wrrt end,
Wherein Ile keepe my noble Masters rede,
Who while he lived ftoode me in fteede;
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:

For
Hunting of

For with good reason yet 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 doultles ys not soe,
And that your wisdomes well doe know;
For no man lives that ever hath seene
Upon foure 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 devoure,
If they be both shut in one towre:
And hym Eclipse that was so 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 when 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 joynd to hys Sister 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 deede have done:
The Lyonys 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 schould I make no doubt
To have written plainely out,
But for my fealty I must keepe 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 Lyonys.

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 Lyonys
Common Quicksilver, but truly they miss:
And of thys purpose evermore shall fayle,
And spend hys Thrift to litle 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.

Whan
the greene Lyon.

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

When thou hast thy Lyon with Sol and Luna well fedd,
And layd them clenily in their Bedd;
An easie heate they may not mifse,
Till each the other well can kisse;
And that they shroude them in a skin,
Such as an Egg yelke lyeth in:
Than must thou 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 fedd,
When he ys risen from the dead:
But longetyme it wilbe,
Or ere his death appeare to thee;
And many a sleepe thou must lack,
Or thou hym see of Coloure black.
Take heede yow move hym not with yre,
But keepe hym in an easie fyre;
Untill you see hym seperate,
From his vile Erth vituperate;
Wych wilbe black and light withall,
Much like the substance of a fusball:
Your magnet in the midst wilbe,
Of Coloure faire and white truft me;
Then when you see all thys thing,
Your fire one degree increasing;
Untill yow well may se thereby,
Your matter to grow very dry:
Then yt ys fit wythout delay,
The excrements be taken away;

Prepaire
Prepare 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 Imbition never out tould;
To create Magnesia they made no care,
In their Bookes largely to declare;
But how to order it after hys creacion,
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 vessell fitt;
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 fcale 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 Imbition:
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 Imbitions make,
The seaventh that Saboath's rest betake:
Eight dayes twixt ilke day of the six,
To dry up moist and make it fix;
Then at the nynth tyme thy Glassse up seale,
And let him stand fix 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 thow Ferment after thy will;
Which if thow wilt Ferment for Whyte,
Thereby thow gainst noe greate profitt;
For I assure thee thow needest not dred,
To proccede with fire till all be Redd;
Than must thow proccede as did Philosophers old
To prepair 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 subtilty;

P p 2 Which
Hunting of

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 generacion,
By a noble fermentacion;
Which Ferment must be of such a thing,
As was the workes begyning;
And if thou doe progresse aright
When 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 beginning,
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 hour,
Of Sol for Redd, of Luna for White;
Each by himselfe let worke tight;
Soe shall thy Ferment be ready edress,
To seede the King with a good mess
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 foe 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 dreade the fyre,
But ever abide thy desire.

And heere a secret to thee I must shew,
How to Multeplie 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 Multeplied as with continuall Firmen
And sure for it wilbe exalted at the last,
And in Projection ren full fast:
There for in fyre keepe Ferment alway,
That thy Medicine augment mayst aye;
For yf the maid doe not her leaven fave, (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,

Pp 3
Thou
Thow wilt finde trewth in thys werke:  
But if so be that thow be lay,  
And understond not what I say,  
Keepe Councell then and leve thy Toy,  
For it besitts no Lymmer løy,  
To medle with such grete secrete:  
As ys thys hygh Phylosophye.  
My Councell take, for thow schalt finde it true,  
Leave of seeking thys Lyon to pursue,  
For hym to hunt that ys a prett y hole,  
Yet by hisse Craft he doth most Folke beguile,  
And hem devour and leave hem full of care,  
Wherefore I bidd thee to beware.  
And Councell 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 blyss.
THE BREVIA R Y 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 Treatise was begun as after may appeare.

The Booke Speaketh.

Come hither my Children of this Discipline,
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 moe 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 with 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 finde 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 mervade though they be glad and faine, 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 surely to finde,
And shew him what to doe by some signe or similitude,
And if his witts be not to dull nor rude,
He will understand what thou dost meane,
For I think few Potters within this Realme
Have made at any syrme such cunning ware,
As we for our Scyence 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 cause me to make,
For all my life hitherto I dare undertake
I never formed such, nor the like of them;
Yet are they but plain 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 satisfy 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 disperse:
Which is the Elixir of lyfe as wise men say,
And in this doing God tend me my pray;
Then will he say this or the like,
I pray God to send yee that which you seeke,
And thus with the Potter thou hast now done,
Without thou breake thy Pots with the heate of the Sun:
Which if it doe it turns thee to paine,
And there is no way but to make them new againe.

As soone as with the Potter thou hast made an end,
Then with a Joyner thou must Condescend,
Who also must have this Counsell and witt,
To make a Tabernacle the Vessel to fit;
Which will be 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 Burrough for a Fox,
Although it be made sure with Keys and locke,
And thus with the Joyner thou hast made an end,
Without thou set it on fire as I did mine.

As for Glassmakers they be scant in this land,
Yet one there is as I doe understand:
And in Sussex is now his habitacion,
At Chiddinsfold he workes of his Occupacion:
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 hast a number in to store,
It is the the better, for Store is no store.
The second Chapter.

Now L O R D 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 obtenie 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 one tyme 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 eale;
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 Glaffe,
But all tempest of the Aire we must abide,
And in dangerous roades many tymes to ride;
Bread we shal 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 souled,
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:
I was never so troubled in all my life before,
As intending to my Fire both Midday Eve and Morn;
And all to keep 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 great mishap unto my Work befall;
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 freight 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 obteyned his grace the date herefrom not to varie,
In the first and second yeare of King Phillip & Queene
Yet lewdly I lost it as I have you toyled,
And so I began the new and forgot the old,
Yet many a night after I could not sleepe in Bed.
For ever that mishance 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 hyring of a good stoute Groome;
Which might abide to watch and give attendance,
Yet often tymes he did me displeasaunce,
And would sleepe so long till the Fire went out,
Then would the Knave that whorsen 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 floth againe he set my worke behind;
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 thyne owne heart in each degree.
For it is precious a faithfull servant to finde,
Esteeme him above treasure if he beto 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.

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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
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 Foole 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,
Hae Scientia pauperi & agento non convenit
Sed potius est illis 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 indeede I begun when all things were deare,
Both Tallow, Candle, Wood, Coale and Fire:
Which charges to beare sometymes I have fold,
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 prest 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;
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 Est and West over, 
Yet found I not the like betweene the Mount and *Dover:* 
But only a *Monke* of whom Ie 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 gainses: 
I thought to my selfe, lo 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 Treatise; (nes,
Which I dare say shall as welcome be to him,
As if I had sent him a Couple of Milch Kine:
And here for his fake I will disclose unto thee,
A greate seacret 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 seacret I dare boldly say.

And now to obtayne 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 sitt to my minde.
Goe or ride where you list 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 seacret 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 supprest 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,

Rr And
And a Toy tooke him in the head to run such a race,
That many yeare after he had no setting 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 secrets 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 disclose it lyes not in my Bands,
For I must surrender it into the Lords hands,
Because I heare not of one that hath the fame,
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 fame 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 Isle,
His praise and Comendacions foundeth many a Mile;
That for a Younge man he is toward and apt,
In all the seaven liberal Scyences set none apart:
But of each of them he hath much or litle,
Whereof in our Scyence he may claime a title:
His praise 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.

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

Is your name Charnocke, and the same Man?
Yea Sir quoth I: then flumbled 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 seacret 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 seacrets of Nature?
To him you may reveale the seacrets of this Art, (depart.
Under the Covering of Philosophie before this world yee
What
What answer will you give me: let me heare?

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. (cion

The next day we went to Church, and after our devo
A Preist of his Gentlenes heard both our Confessions;
Which being done, to Masse streight we went,
And he ministrd to us the holy Sacrament;
But he never wift what we meant therein:
For with a contrary reason I did him blinde,
And so home to dinner we went to our hoast,
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 midds, 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 Eare;
And within three or foure words he revealed unto me,
Of Mineralls 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
The sixt Chapter.

When I was gone a mile or two abroade,
With fervent prayer I praised the 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 mencio,
Then would I write to my Master with a better invenció,
O Lord quoth I what a solemne Oath was this given!
Surely in sheetes of Brashe 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 aske him a question 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 speed,
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:

R r 3
Then I remembred my good Master againe,
Which tould 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 processe of tyme came home with a merry
But that mirth was shortly turn'd to care,
For as I have tould 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 prest,
Then Bedlam could not hold me I was so frett,
But sowlst at my worke with a greate Hatchett;
Rathing my Potts and my Glasses altogether,
I wisfe they cost me more or I gott them thither:
The ashes with my flur 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 Crosse at
And forth I went to serve a Soldiers rome (the back;
And surely quoth I, there shall come the day of Dome;
Before I pra&ife againe to be a Philofopher,
Wherefore have me Commended to my good Master.
And now my students in this Art, my promile 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 Book 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
This to understand, no though his witts were fyne, 
For it shalbe harde enough for a very good Divine 
To Confer 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 desire you to pray, 
And if God spare me lyfe I will mend this another day.

Finished the 20th of July, 1557. By the unlettered 
Schollar Tho:mas Charnock, Student 
in the most worthy Scyence of Astronomy 
and Phylosophy.

Ænigma ad Alchimiam.

W hen vii. tymes xxvi. had run their race, 
Then Nature discovered his blacke face: 
But when an C. and L. had overcome him in fight, 
He made him wash his face white and bright: 
Then came xxxvi. wythe greate rialtie, 
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 fold: 
Which tyll I saw my hartre 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.

when
When vii tymes xxvi had runne their rage,
Then Nature discovered his blacke face.
But whith an C. and L. came in with great blost
And made Blacke nye to flye the Coffee:
Yet one came after and brought 30. off greate 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 off Golde:
That for no riches it myght be solde,
And trewly with no Philosopher I do moacke;
For I did it my sellffe Thomas Charnocke:
Therefore God coomforte the in thy warke
For all our wrettinges are verye darke,
Despyse all Bookes and them defye,
Wherin is nothing but Recipe & Accipe;
Fewe learned men with in this Realme,
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 Salesburie,
God rest his Soll in heven full myrie.

1572.
T. Charnocke.
When Phoebus 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 bely head slumbering;
I am, saide he, Tyme, 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 plesantly flourishing dicket with Collour gay,
Lively water fountaines eke Beasts both tame and wild;
Over shaddowed with Trees fruitefull on every spraye,
Mellodioufly singing the Birds do sit and say:
Father Son and holy Ghost one God in persons three,
Impery and honor be to thee O holy Trinity,

3. Lo thus when he had said I arose quickly;
Doing on my Clothes in haste 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 dismaid.
4. Then great admiration I tooke unto my selfe, 
With fore and huge perturbation of minde, 
Beholding the Gate fastned with locks twelve: 
I fantised but smally that Tyne 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.

1. Igitor 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 sudainely into Heaven:
Where I saw sitting in most glorious Majestie
Three I beholding: adored but one Deitie.

2. A Spirit incircumscript, with burning heate incombusstible,
Shining with brightness, 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, furmounteth my might:
But a voyce from that Glorious brightness to me said,
I am one God of immensurable Majestie; be not afraid.

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 most Heavenly Treasure procreate by Quintessence.

4. Then studied I what this Quintessence should be, 
Of visible things apparant to the Eye;
The fife being even a strange privetie,
In every Substance resting invisibly;
The invisible Godhead is the same thought I;
Primer cause of being, and the Primer Essence:
And of the Macrocosmy the most soveraigne Quintessence.
This is that heavenly secret potentiall,
That divided is, and resteth invisible
In all things Animal, Vegetall and Minerval;
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 voyce to me did say.

Study thou no more of my Being, but steadfastly
Believe 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 againe at that season:
Then Father Tyme let me at the Gate,
And delivered me a Key to enter in thereat.

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 fooles 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.

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 hast opned all.

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 Menstruall:
Our Vitrioll, our Sulphur, our Lunar most of price;
Put the Key in the Lock, twill'open with a trice.
10. 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 convene 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.

11. 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 Materia Prima,
Rejecting cleane away Simul stulta & frivolæ.

12. Here I saw the Father of Philosophers, Hermes,
Here I saw Aristotle with cheere most jocund;
Here I saw Moxien, and Senior in Turba more or lesse,
Sober Democritus, Albert, Bacon and Ramund,
The Monks and the Canon of Bridlington so profound,
Working most secretely, who said unto me;
Beware thou believe not all that thou dost see.

13. 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, deepe Valies and hills high
Here shalt thou finde, with sights pleasant and gay,
Some thou shalt meete with, which unto thee shall say,
Recipe this, and that; with a thousand things more,
To Describe thy selfe, and others; as they have done before.

14. Then Father Tyme and I by favour of these men
Such sights to see passed forth towards the Campe,
Where we met disguifed Philosophers leane,
With Porpheries, and Morters ready to grinde and Crampe,
Their heads shaking, their hands full of the Crampe:
Some lame with Spasmer, some feeble, wan and blind
With Arsnick and Sulphus, to this Art most unkinde.

15. These
15. These were Brooke, the Preist, and Yorke with Coates gay, Which robbed King HENRY of a Million of Gold, Martin Perien, Major, & Thomas De-la-hay Saying that the King they greatly inrich would, They whispered in his Eare and this Tale they him tould. We will worke for your highnes the Elixer vita, A princely worke called Opus Regale.

16. Then brought they in the Viccar of Malden With his Greene Lyon that moft 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 fight, 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 glaffe 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 footeings I saw there more and lesse Wherein the aforesaid men had wandred and gone, There I saw Marcasites, 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 Philosphers the cleane contrary way.
20. 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 Councillors 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 Councell me,
And of his Religion to chuse me to be one;
A Cloath of Tuffue he had him upon,
Verged about with Pearles of Colours fresh and gay,
He proceedath 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 busines to be shute,
   Night and day thou must tend thy worke busily,
Having constant patience never to be weary.

24. As we sate 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.

25. Then
Then was I stricken with an ardent Audacity,  
The place to approach to where I saw this fight,  
I rose up to walke 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 gladded our comming;  
From her feare imperially she did her selfe decline,  
As a Lady loving perfect wisdome 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 gratious aide:  
Then he commanded him with me to draw neere  
Son, said the Lady, be thou of good Cheere.  
Admitted thou shalt be among great and small  
To be one of my Schollers principall.

Then she committed me to Raymund Lullie,  
Commanding him my simplesnes 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 pleasant 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 Raymund shewed me Budds fifteene
Springing of that Tree, and fruietes fifteene moe,
Of the which saide Tree procedes 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 here now our seacrets to attaine,
Looke that thou earnestly my Councell do ensue,
There needs no blowing at the Cole, busines nor paine:
But at thyne owne ease 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 Fooles 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.
Bloomfields 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; keep it well in minde.

36. This is not in sight, but resteth invisible;
Till it be forced out of Chaos darke,
Where he remaineth ever indivisible,
And yet in him is the foundacion 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-twyme,
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 Magistry himselfe he doth connect,
United in qualitie, and also made equipollent
In strength and in vertue; who lifts to be diligent,
Shall finde that we seek an heavenly treasure
And a precious Jewell that ever shall endure.
2. *Jupiter* the gentle, endued 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 behind.

3. *Mars* that is Martial in Citty and Towne,
Fierce in Battaille, full of debate and strife,
A noble Warriour, and famous of renounne,
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 Quintelescence,
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* when she doth her addresse,
With her Darts of love striketh him to the hearte,
Joyned to his seede of his substance she taketh parte:
Her selfe she endueth with excellent Tisue,
Her corrupt nature when she doth renew.

6. *Mercury* this seeing begineth to be fugitive,
With his rodd of Inchantment little doth he prevalie,
Taken often Prisoner himselfe doth revive,
Till he be snared with the *Dragons Tyle*
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
The Moone that is called the lesser Lunary,
Wife unto Phæbus, shining by Night,
To others gives her Garments through her heart Lunary,
And from the North to the South shineth full bright,
If you do for her looks she hydeth 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 gettest not yet of these Planets heaven,
But by a misly meaning knowne only unto us;
Bring them first to Hell, and afterwards to Heaven:
Betwixt lyfe and death then thou must discourse,
Therefore I counsell thee that thou worke thus:
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: Adiew, I thus conclude.

Incipit Theorica.

WEE 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 Seacret to search out which is invisible,
Material of our Maftery, a substance insensible.

T & 2

Because
2. Because I should not seeme to inclose
Long hidden seacrets unto me committed,
Of my Lord God. Therefore plainely of Chaos,
My purpose shalbe thereof to be acquitted,
For dangerous burthens are not easily lighted.
In faith therefore I shall my selfe endeavour,
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 humiliation
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, indigesta; moles,
Having divers Natures resting it within,
Which with the Contrary we may it out twyne.
By Philosophers Arte, who do 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
Blomfields Blossoms.

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 Seacreat hath a divine Influence;
That is supernaturall of Foolses thought impossible,
An Oyle or such like called Incombustible.

8. The Maystery of this plainely 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 left 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 maist 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 hast 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 beleev me.
When thou hast divided the Elements asunder,
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 Menstruall Water first thou must them fret: That the Body first be finely Calcinate, After dissolved and purely evacuatie.

Then is it the true Mercury of the Philosophers, Unto the Maystery apt needesfull 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 Mettalls were generate.

Sulphur of Nature and not that which is common, Of Mettalls 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.

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 hast thou wrought truly. And so hast thou made a Worke for the nonce, And gott a Stone more precious then all Stones.

Fix it up now with perfect Decoccion, And that with easie 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 this excellent worke great 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 stilled in a Limbeck with a Beake. 
As touching the Order of Distillacion, 
And with a blinde head on the same for Solucion. 

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 therein, 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 Compleate. D ago] riam Deo.

Incipit Practica.

WE have sufficiently declared the Theorique, 
In words mifticall making declaration. 
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, leaft 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 stedfast 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, 
Befeeching thee to ayde me with thy heavenly grace, 
Lovingly thy Spirit upon me downe let fall; 
Overshaddowing me that I at no tyme trespas, 
My Lord and my God grant me to purchase 
Full knowledge of thy Secrets, with thy mercy to wine, 
Intending thy truth this Practise I begin.

5. Listem thou my Son, and thine Eares incline. 
Delight have thou to learne this Practise sage and true, 
Attend my saying, and none 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 greate Riches.

6. In the name of God this Seecret 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 substance, and of the Womans three, 
By Liquefaction joyned together must they be: 
The which Conjunction is called Diptative, 
That thus is made betwenee 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 proportion 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 Substance thus together proportionate,
Put in a Bedd of Glafe 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 haft thus mixt thy Matter as is said,
Stop well the Glafe that the Dragon goe not out;
For he is so subtile 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 Maytery winne.

10. The whole Maytery hereof duly to fulfill,
Set thy Glafe and Matter upon thine Athenor;
Our Furnace called the Philofophers Dunghill,
With a temperate heate working evermore;
Night and day continually have Fuell in store,
Of Turfe, of Sawdust, or dry chopped segges;
That the heate be equipolent to the Hen upon her Eggs.

11. Such heate continually loke thou do not lack,
Forty dayes long for their perfect union
In them is made; For first it turnes to Black,
This Colur betokens the right Putrefaction,
This is the begining of perfect Conception
Of your Infant into a new generation,
A most pretious Jewell for our Consolation.

12. Forty dayes more the Matter shall turne VWhite,
And cleere as Pearles; which is a declaration,
Of voiding away of his Cloudes darke night;
This sheweth our Infants full organization,
Our White Elixir most cleere in his Creation.
From White into all Colours withouten faile,
Like to the Rainebow or the Peacocks Tayle.
Bloomfield's Blossoms.

13. So forth augment thy Fire continually, Under thy Matter easily they must be fed, 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 Cocatrice.

14. Then 40 days to take his whole Fixation, Let it stand in heate most 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 Gold-smiths Souder is, Worke as I have said, 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 sit honor & gloria.
The Conclusion.

Our Magistry is Three, Two, and One:
The Animal, Vegetable and Mineral Stone.

First I say in the name of the holy Trinity,
Looke that thou joyn in One, Persons Three.
The First, the Variable and the Fugitive,
Till they together last Death and Love.
The first in 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 fight.
Threescore dayes long or neer: theraaboutes:
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 semisphire
To us full gloriously shall appeare:
Thus who can worke wisely
Shall attaine unto our Majesty.

FINIS.
SIR EDWARD KELLE'S WORKE.

All you that faine Philosophers would be,
And night and day in Geber's kitchin broyle,
Waiting the chipps of ancient Hermes Tree,
Weening to turne them to a preetious Oyle,
The more you worke the more you loose and.
To you I say, how learned soever you be,
Goe burne your Bookes and come and learne of me.

Although to my one Booke you have red tenn,
That's not enouh, for I have heard it sais,
The greatest Clarkes ar not the wisest men,
A Lion once a silly Mouse obeyd,
In my good wilt 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.

Yet 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 slying, what a fellow is this?
Yet still you worke but ever worke amisse.
Kelle's Worke,

No, no, my friends, it is not vauntinge words,
Nor mighty oaths that gaines that sacred skill;
It is obtained by grace and not by swords;
Nor by greate reading, nor by long sitting still,
Nor fond conceit nor working all by will.
But as I said by grace it is obtained,
Seeke grace, therefore, let folly be refrained.

It is no costly thing I you assure,
That doth beget Magnesia in hir kind.
Yet is hir selfe by leprosie made pure:
Hir eyes be clearer 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 wishe:
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 heere as first and cheesefst 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 fo 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 signifie,
And yet I know you beare your selves in hand,
That out of doubt it Sulpher is and Mercury,
And so yt is, but not the common certainty:
But Mercury essentiaall is trewly the trew Wife,
That kills her selfe to bring her Child to life.

For first and foremost she receaves the Man,
Her perefect 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 saw him then 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 fooles is nothing rife,
And looke you make attenement where is strife.
Then strip the Man into his shirt of Tishaw,
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 prentice to the rightest Diet,
And when they once all Sorrowes have suddned,
Then finde they Ioyes which from them first were hidden.

For
For then they finde the Joy of sweete encrease,
They bring forth Children beautifull to sight,
The which are able Prisners 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 question 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 the to be fed or else doth she seede?
Wherein doth she joy, where's her habitation?
Heavenly or Earthly, or of a strange nation?

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 Glutton? or loves she the Barrell?
If any one of these you name her for to be,
You know not his Wife, nor ever 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 wise can tell:
Bake them by craft, make them together dwell,
And in your working make not too much hast,
For Wife she is not while she is in Paste.

This lesson learn'd now give me leave to play,
I shall 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?
Is't possible 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 scorne,
With patience to attend the true Conjunction,
For faith he in the Aire our Child is borne,
There he receiveth the holy Union,
Also with it a heavenly function.
For after death reviv'd againe to lyfe,
This all in all both Husband Child and Wife.

Whilst all is Earth Conception it is termed,
And Putrefaction tyme of lying in,
Perfect Conjunction (by artes-men is affirmed)
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 sight.
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 essentiaall truly,
Which is the principall of the Stone material,
And not those crude Amalgames began newly;
These are but Mercuries superficiaall,
This is that Mercuries superficiaall,
This is that Mercuries superficiaall,
This is that Mercuries superficiaall,
This is that Mercuries superficiaall,
This is that Mercuries superficiaall,
This is that Mercuries superficiaall,
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Kelle's Works

When thus and there you have it as is said,
Work in all points as Nature wrought at first;
For Blacknes had thou needest not be afraid,
It will be White, then art thou past the worst,
Except thou breake thy Glass and be accurst;
But if through Blacknes thou to Whitenes march,
Then will it be both White and soft as Starch.

This very place is called by many names,
As Imbition, 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 whatsoever fools 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 Sublim'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 consubstantial,
The White is called Conjunction natural,
Secret and perfect Conjunction not grosse;
Which bringeth profit all other losse.
When thrice yee have turned this Wheele about,
Feeding and working it as I have said,
Then will it flow like Wax without doubt:
Giving a Tincture that will not fade.
Abiding all tryalls that can be made.
If wisely Project you can and keepe free,
Both proffit 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 Beaste;
And fire must be the true maker of peace:
For white or red Ferment your Medicine augmenteth,
And perfectly tincteth 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.
Medicine 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 anealed;
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 dearly I prize it, yet give it for nought.

FINIS.
SIR ED: KELLEY
CONCERNING
the Philosophers Stone written to
his especiall good Freind, G. S. Gent.

The heavenly Cope hath in him Natures flower,
Two hidden; but the rest to sight appeare:
Wherein the Spermes of all the Bodies lower;
Most secrett 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 Profitt 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 lust.

Yett will I warne thee least 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, unless 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 Appoll:o will his harp-strings sound.

Example learne of GOD that plaste the Skyes,
Reflecting vertues from and t'every poyn't,
In which the mover wherein all things lyes,
Doth hold the vertues all of every Joynt:
And therefore Essence fift may well be said,
Conteining all and yett himselfe a Maid.

Remember alio 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 Sophes 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 respe& of this, they teach thee Naught:
Thou mayft likewise be blind, and call me Foole
Yett shall these Rules for ever praise their Schoole.
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 wounte,
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 Abisfe:
From One sprung foure, from foure a second One;
This laft 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 cohobated?
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 essentall?
Although they have in Heaven 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.
Experience and Philosophy.

Have you not heard yee Princes great, you Lords & Ladies all,
Of the mishap and heavy chaunce that now of late did fall?
   A wofull Tale to tell
   VVho could expresse it well:
Oh that some learned Poet had byne
With me, to se that I have sene:
Or else some other standing by,
That well could write a Tragidy
Of lasting fame and memory.
For yet not since this VVorld began,
   Such cry, such clamour as was then
Heard never any earthly Man.

Experience that Princeesse greate, I saw her in her Throne
Of glory, where her Majesty delightes to sitt upon;
   And on her wayting by
A blessed Company
Of Virgins pure, that as I sees,
VVere Children to that great Goddesse:
Their Princely port, their Comly grace,
Their pierles featur'd hands and face
Did shew them of most Noble race:
But of their prudent skil to tell,
In Artes where in they did excell,
   No earthly Tongue can do it well.

And
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 distant 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 did tell
All Measures square and round:
And some by Cyphering could tell
Infinite Sums and Numbers well:
And some with Eloquence began
As Poets and Orators to scan
The Causes betweene Man and Man:
And some upon the Stars did gaze,
And other some sat in a Maze,
To judge of Secrets that there was.

So 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 seek the thing that therein was:
But put themselves in press to crepe
Into the Center of the Deepe,
Where sundry Souls and Spirits doe sleepe.
Experience

This thing Experience gan prudently to debate,
With cheerful full looke and voice full mylde, 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 Councell 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 satt.
And looking upon her face
Did say unto her grace:
Blessed be thou Experience,
Full mighty is thy Influence;
Thy wondrous workes records full well
In wordell of wordels where thou dost 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 endles Joy and seate imperiall,
Where Angels infinite
Like glittering Starrs 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 thankes and reverence
Be given to EXPERIENCE.

Then
and Philosophy.

Then sylence fell upon the face of Heaven Christalline
Where all the Powers mustered 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 moft 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 Maffe 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;
Retourning to the Maffe,
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 disdaine,
My only Curse there for to raygne;
For I the Author of all Light
Did banish Darkness 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 destroied,
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 Peny 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 rust,
By Salts and Sulphurs all to dust?
Seeke 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 faven Children long elec,
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 seate to fit?
And then Experience did say
Now knowest 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 kist the Steps with dread,
VWhereon 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.
THE MAGISTRY.

Through want of Skill and Reasons light
Men stumble at Noone day;
Whilst buisly 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 Mark whereat they ayme?
Better then can the Blinde?

No, Hermes Sons for Wisdom aske
Your footstepes shee'le direct:
Shee'le Nature's way and secret Cave
And Tree of lyfe detect.

Son and Moone in Hermes vessell
Learne how the Colours shew,
The nature of the Elements,
And how the Daisies grow.

Greate Python how Apollo flew,
Cadmus his hollow-Oake:
His new rais'd-army, and Jason 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 understandsthis Medicen to atchieve!

Hoc opus exigium nobis fert ire per altum.
December, 1633.

W. B.
ANONYMI
OR,
SEVERALL WORKES OF
unknowne Authors.

Ow I schall 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 anoder,
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 sweeter;
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 thow haft here Glasses thre,
Even lyke unto the Trynete,
Than hem stop these everyehon,
Even a fute as thow haft on;
About thy Glasses a wal thow make,
Laft the wynde ham al to crake,
Than thy Glassys now all I thre,
With yn that grave they schal be;
Now thys I fed with moyysty hete,
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 so theryn,
Whan thou haft made thy Conjunction:
Tyl sevyn dayes be al I don,
Much the better woll be thy Ston;
Than upon thy Glas thow 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 styly no mer,
Than set thow hem in dry Fyr,
Than se thow styly with reasonablyl hete,
Tyl thy Mater wol no more lete.
Whan he ys ther both good and dry,
Ful fayne wolde he than be moysty;
Than wey that Stone within the Glas,
And put hym hys Lecur has it was;
Now whan thys fryst drawte ys don,
Thow muyst 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 muyst he,
Than understand thow haft thre.

Anonymi.
Now schyt thy Glas as hyt was er,
And worke hyt forthe on thyser maner;
Whan tho thre to gedur ben knyte,
With moch joy than thow mayst sitt.
For than art thou ricchar than the King,
But he have the same thing.
Thus is alle thy Medcyn wroght,
Evyn after thin owne thought;
How thys Medcyn thow schalt encres,
And make hyt mor tyll thow lyft stees:
The trouth l schall now the certefie,
How thow schalt hyt thus Multiply:
Loke as thow did thy Werke befol,
Encres hit forth with mor and mor:
As thow did at the begynnyng,
So continu forth to the endyng:
Thus for soth insynthetly
Thou mayst this craft forth Multiply:
Lyke as a man hath lytil Fyr,
And mor to make ys hys defyr;
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 fyreles.
One the same wise thou understande,
Ever thy Medcyn must be growande;
And whan the lyft Projeciun make,
Loke to this lesyon good tent thou take;
Whan thy Medcyn is very parfit,
Thow schalt hym cast on hys lyke;
Als evyn than as thow can sese,
On part on Ten looke thow not meffe,
The trowthe yf thow wil wete,
Than ys thy Lexer evyn complete;
And than of that On part thow take,  
The trew Projeccon thus shal thow make;  
Caf that on Ten of Tyn or Leede,  
Or Coper or Mercury ther in that steede,  
Into fine Lun hit shal be broght,  
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 shal be Lun or Sol ther to:  
Thys ar the Secrets of Phylosophie,  
I councele the keepe hit secretlye;  
And serve thy God both nyght and day,  
The better thou shal speede, thys ys no nay.  
Now I have taught the how thow shal th do,  
The blys of hevyn God bryng hus to.
ER ys an Erbe men calls Lunayrie, 
I blesset mowte hys 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 hys 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 grwyth, 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 seyght; 
Fríst at the Rote I wolde be gynne, 
That cawsyth alle thing for to spryng;
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 round, as a Nowbcl son,
And wexsyth and wanyth as the Mon:
In the meddes a marke the brede of a peni,
Lothys is lyke to owre sweight 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 Schepeherd in Godis servys:
The good Schepeherd 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 Kynggys that ben so goude,
And how thaye cam to God almyght.
The wich was ther a sweet lyght.

I figure now howr besset Stone,
Fro Heven wase fende downe to Solomon:

By an Angele bothe goude and stylle,
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 Luneye.

Aurum betokeneth heer, owre Bodi than,
The wych was brught to God and Man.

And Tus alleso 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 Phylofeeyes Stone.

Thow mayst a fe her now in syght,
Off owre Stone figuriet a right.

How fende he wase 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 Heven,
I have so swoorne 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 cleare,
Soe is Aer in our Fier.
Now have yee Elements foure of might,
And yet there appereth but two in fight;
Water and Earth ye may well see,
Fier and Aer be in them as quality:
Anonymi.

Thys *Scyence* maie not be taught to every one,
He were acurst 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 worokes be full busie,
But yet they have but little increse,
The writings to them is fo misty.
It is full hard this *Scyence* 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 prevaile,
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 *Philosopher* in his reason hath contrived
A perfect Medicine, for bodyes that be sick,
Of all infirmetyes to be releaved,
This heleth Nature and prolongeth lyfleeak;
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 increase,
Of Philosophers Gold if it be perfectly wrought,
ThePhilisitians with Minerall puteth him in prese:
Litle it availeth or else right nought.
This *Science* shall ye finde in the old boke of *Turb*;
How perfectly this Medicine *Philosophers* have wrought.
Anonymi.

Rosary with him also doth record,
More then 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 dissolucion and Subrillant;
Encreaing of our Medicine els have we nought.
Joy eternall and everlafting blissse,
Be to Almyghty God that never schal miss.

In some Copies I found these following Verses set before this Worke.

Earth out of Earth clensed pure,
By Earth of himselle through his nature,
Rectified by his Milke who can it tye,
And afterward united with Water of lyfe truly:
A Dragon lying in his depe denne,
Rotting in Water to Putrefie then:
Leprouse huge and terrible in fight,
By bathing and balning the Dragon cometh to light;
Evermor 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.
Anonymi.

Hy art thou so Poore and I so Rich, 
Aboundance of Treasure in me thou maist
In all the World I am nothing so liche;
As Man that is so proginitous to my kynde,
The Rych man on the Poore hath no pity,
In me therefore have thou affiance,
It is oft tymes seene in Towne and Cittie:
He is evyll at ease 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 Dives 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 haft 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 schalt forsaken:
Give every Beast againe his due,
And than schall 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 takest no kepe,
In common Mercury thou dost me seke:
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;

A a a 2

It
It makes his Haire grow through his hood,  
And his Purse both thin and bare.  
Mercury and I are 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 moyst, 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 Vessel 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 desie  
That of the Potecaryes be bought,  
With all Spices, save onely Mercury.

Gould
Gould with him stands us in stead,
Our Medicine for to Multiplie,
After our Physicks Stone be Red.

A true Lesson I have thee tought,
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 peare;
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 Coppy 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 Kinde;
And in thy Worke make no greate haft,
That thou labour not in wast:
Worke in light and not in darke,
And ask Counsell of a Clerke:
Else may you both lightly sayle,
Without you have both good Counsayle.
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 little mœ,  
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,  
Elff knowest thou little of this lore.

Take Maidens Urine young 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 Worke  
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 wone.

Now
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 lesse,
But yet be wise in the Warke,
For hasty men never lack woe:
And aske the Councell 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 washe with waters gay,
And make him white for so did Ich,
And when thou hast washe 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
For many a Colour change will he,
Browne, Red, Ruffet, ever amongst:
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 fix weeke and a day,
Then is the Earth truly fought,
A white powder collor'd in say:
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 needes Masteries do,
The Spirit and Soul 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 little,
That both together be brought in one,
In Colour right 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 fe marvells great,
Both going up and coming downe,
Of Colours springing by the heat:
For the soule that is so withheld,
And the spirit that is so bright,
If men it see 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 spede;  
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 sottill fasting and fuye.

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 adversity,  
An Emperour of conquest then he is,  
The Philosophers sayne worthy to be:  
And when thou hast thus done,  
And thereof see 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 Philosophers lead,
Filtering it till it be cleere in light,
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 you 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 Aristotle 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 thou cast full soone;
And Multiply in them their Tincture,
And then take of the powder with a spoon,
And straine it on Mercury hot and pure;
And a marvelous Batrell, thou shalt se soone
Betwene that and the said Mercury,
Either it will turne it Sun or Moone,
And then thou shalt the Mastery unfold,
And thus proceeding Multiply,
In every thing as I have tould;
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 Ear to me.
An Earth I had all Venome to expell,
And that I cast into a mighty Well;
A Water eke to cleanse 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 asunder:
The King said so, but then he said withall,
Although the Ring be broke in pieces small;
An easy Fire shall soone it close againe;
Who this can doe he neede not worke in vaine.
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 worldly man did chance to here,
Who daily watcht the Spirit but nere 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.

My 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 fiery 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 haft thou my Son all thy desire,
Whose tincture by growing thou shalt it 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 presse:
Gune is their glory but he the same.

For
For the vertues of the Planets heaven
Shall have, and also from the Pole of heven,
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 together shall fight,
All One except shall loose their might,
The fire on him hath power none;
His Elements be so 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 sensuall matter is he none,
But equallitie only intellectual,
Without which our Stone never fixt be shall.
Qualitie Sonne alsoe growth in the fire;
Betwixt the White stone and the Red,
For Colours many to you shall appeare,
Untill the tyme the Woman be dead:
The which things if ye shall not see,
Red shall 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,
So must in Water our Earth be:
Riches in him thou shalt much finde,
After alterations all due to his kinde;
When Oyle in him is coagulate,
Then is our Stone body made liquefa:.
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 faft 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 marveillous it is the Elements to meete
Keepe this as your principall secrete,
At your begining give God the prayse;
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.

JOHN
JOHN GOWER
CONCERNING
The Philosophers Stone.

AND also with great diligence,
Thei sone thilke Experience:
Which cleped is Alcnonomie;
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 Spirits joynt withall;
Stant the substance of this materie;
The bodies which I spake of here.
Of the Planets ben begonne,
The Gold is titled to the Sonne:
The Moone of Silver hath his part,
And Iron that sone uppon Mart:
The Lead after Saturne groweth.
And Jupiter the Brassie bestoweth;
The Copper sette 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 Spirit which is seconde,
In Sal Armoniake is founde:
The third Spirit Sulphur is,
The fourth Sewende after this,
\textit{Arcennium} by name is hotte
With blowyng, and with fires hote:
In these things which I say,
They worchen by divers waye.
For as the \textit{Philosopher} tolde,
Of Gold and Sylver they 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;
They shulden take the likenes;
Of Gold or Silver perfectly,
But for to worche it sykerly;
Betweene the \textit{Corps} and the \textit{Spirite},
Er that the Metall be parsite,
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 \textit{Craft} is wrought by wey of kinde;
So that there is no fallace in;
But what man that this \textit{werke} begyn;
He mote awaite at every tyde,
So that nothynge be left asyde.
\textbf{Fyrst of the Distillacion},
\textbf{Forth with the Congelacion},
\textbf{C c c} Solucion
Solucion, Diffcencion,  
And kepe in his entencion,  
The poynt of Sublimacion,  
And forthwith Calcination,  
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 wolt 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 wise;  
Thre Stones made through Clergie,  
The syrft 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 ficknes all,  
Till death of kinde upon hym fall.  
The second Stone I the behote,  
Is Lapis Animalis hote:  
The whose vertue, is proper and couth,  
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 fyrt 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 extremitees,
To which after the propertees,
Hath every mettall his desire,
With helpe and comforte of the fyre.
Forth with this Stone as it is saide,
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 fixacion,
It causeth and of this babite,
He doth the werke to be parfite:
Of thilke Elixer 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.
After the footh Experience,  
And nathles greate diligence,  
Thei setten up thilke dede,  
And spillen more then thei spede;  
For alwey thei fynde a lette,  
Which bringeth in povetee and Dette;  
To hem that rich were to fore,  
The Loffe 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:  
Uppon 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 besines,  
Of vetue 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 knowen little that thei mene,
It is not one to wite and wene,
In forme of words thei it trete;
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 Audoritee,
That thei fiste founden out the wey,
Of all that thou hast herd me semy,
Whereof the Cronicke of her Lore,
Shall stonde in price for evermore.
Hen busie at my booke I was upon a certeine night,
This Vision here exprest appear'd unto my dim-
A Toade full rudde I saw did drinke the juce of
grapes so fast,
Till over charged with the broth, his bowells all to braft;
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
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 fowre he rotting 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 VWhite appeared when all the sundry heuces were past,
Which after being tinted Rudde, for evermore did last.
Then of the venome handled thus a medicine I did make;
VWhich 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 Worship, and with Prayle.

AMEN.
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 generacion:
Omogeni is my Father,
And Magnesia is my Mother:
And Arget 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 wull,
The blood of myne heart I wiff,
Now causeth both Joy and blisse:
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 sume withouten fable,
Both hard, and nesh and malliable
Understand now well aright,
And thanke God of this fight.

TAKE thou Phæbus that is so bright,
That sitteth so high in Majesty;
With his beames that shineth soe 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 foote,
For he is salve to every sore,
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 shalt thou wyn,
Take good heed what I say:
Divide thou Phæbus in many a parte;
With his beames that byn so 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.

Ther-
Therefore I counsel e'er 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 mickle woe,
As I have said in this our Lore,
Many a Name I will 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,
Repaire the Well round about,
That the Serpent pass not out,
For if that he be there agone,
Thou lookest the vertue of the Stone,
What is the Ground thou mayst know here,
And also the Well that is so cleere:
And eke the Serpent with his Tail
Or else the worke shall little avale,
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 shall go to Putrefaccion,
And bring the Serpent to reduction.
First he shall be 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 fin:
And let him drinke a little and a little,
And that shall make him faire and white,
The which Whitnes is ever abiding,
Loe 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.

Hen o in v and Phœbus shines bright, (ing
The Elements reviving the new Year springing
The Son by his vertue gives Nature & Light,
And moisture refresheth all things growing:
In the season of the Yeare when the Sun waxeth warme,
Freshly and fragrant the Flowers doe grow,
Of Natures subtill working we cannot discern,
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.
Quality (Father) would I faine know,
Of what nature it is and what it hath in his kinde.

As Colours divers which on the ground do grow,
Keepe well this secret (Son) and marke it in thy minde.

Without Proportion (Father) how should I it know,
This working now is far from my minde.

Nature and kinde (Son) together do grow,
Quality by weight (Son) shalt thou never finde.

To seperate Elements (Father) I must needs know,
Either in Proportion which be more or less.
The Mystery of Alchymists.

Out of our Principle four Elements thou shalt draw,
Thou shalt need nothing else that needful is;
Our Principle in quality is so perfectly mixed,
By vertue of the Son and his quality,
So equaly Joyned, so throughly 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 Taste 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 diserne,
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 before,
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:

D d d 3
The Mystery

His first Vesture is White and pure,
As any Cristall 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 clere,
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 theis guists of grace geven unto thee,
To have trew knowledge of this worthy Scyence,
That many men seeke by land and sea,
And cannot finde it for any expence:
I shal 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 releaved,
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 Vessell before was dead;
I can no better in my reason contrive,
Then to figure him to the great God head.
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 Gospell therein is expert,
The number my reason cannot contrive,
Multum & quantum frustum 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.
I muse greatly (Father) and marvel in mine, 
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.

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.

Father I pray you for charity, 
Where shall I this Sulphur finde, 
For perfectly I know him not by quality, 
Nor yet to fore know him by kinde.

In our Water Son keepe this in minde, 
For there he will appeare as white as snow.

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.

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 tinture and growing is by vertue of our Fire, 
For in our Fire our Stone will grow, 
And there his riches he doth encrease, 
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 since the World was begun,
Was any but he of so much might,
Were he never of so 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 so equall;
He is an Oyle incumbustible,
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 moysture and accidence,
Wetnes and humours in her be,
The which would drown'd our Quality;
Perceive well (Son) by Noahs flood,
To much moysture 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 liquefact,
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 dUTE heats my Son Elements will meete,
Hast not to fast whilst they be rawe,
In the Vessel (Son) the better thou shalt him keepe,
Rule well the Fire and and beware of the Lawe,
Shut well the Vessel for going forth of the Spirit;
Soe 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 Vessel Water cleare,
And set it in Fire full forty days,
And then in the Vessel blacknes will appeare,
When that he is black he will change yte,
Many Colers in him then will appeare,
From coulour to colour till it be white,
Then it is yme 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 moyst, so light, so wet,  
This greate 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 abondance,  
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 secretely 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 wift and had I wend,  
That commeth evermore behinde,  
Our Mercury my (Son) is white and thin,  
In our Vessell shinning bright and cleere,  
Our Sulphur is in him within.
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 maist 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 cleere,
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 faft 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 exceeds he.

FINIS.
The Preface prefixt 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 meetered 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 for to be,
Yet doe they Metalls judge and try.
And called is of Wise men all,
The mighty Stone that Conquer shall.

3. Disdaine 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 oustewe.
And Brashe by them transmuted is,
And eger Bodies cleansing I wis.

4. Fined also and made full pure,
And Aurifed be at the last.
The first of these I you assure,
Right hurtfull is for Man to take.
For Life it will resolve and waft.
Of Corrosives made corrupting all,
And named is the Minerall.

E e e 3
5. But Animal the second is,
The third forsooth the Vegetable,
To cure all things their vertue is,
In every cause what soe besfall,
Mankinde in health preserve they shall:
Reneweth Youth and keepeth it sound,
As trow 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 disdaine.
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. Yett shall some Figure my Meeter hide,
Least the Arte with wings should fly away,
And soe as vile abroad to slide,
Whose sense, or Truth cannot decay,
And without fraude 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 seeks alway:
And learne at length with heavy heart,
Not more but lese to make their part,
Yet be not you dismayed therefore;
Ne feare 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.

Then as this writing of our wine,
Whereof I bring you here a taste:
Whose heavenly water pure and fine,
Doth all things work withouten waste,
To your desire the bodies fast
It doth dissolve, make light and open
With other things, not yet of spoken.

Against Nature yet is it not,
But natural as may men trum,
Which being cleansed from his spot,
There Phoebus splendor shall forth showe,
And cause it fragrantly to grow;
For how more fragrant it shall be,
Soe much of Valor more is bee.

For Phoebus nature doth surpass,
And bodyes pure, and eke the sky,
It doth beshine both Corne and Grass,
The Sunn reneweth from on bye,
And causeth things to fructifie.
Doth mix, and fix, and natureth,
Drives plagues away and nouriseth.

Abandoneth, draweth, and clenseth the Aire,
Maketh dews sweete, floods and humors dry,
Maketh softe, hard, sweete and sayre;
And purifieth Natures perfectly,
By his working incessantly;
It maketh all things to grow I say,
And chaseth Ugly things away.

In Laurell Tree, it is full greene,
In Gold it lodgeth glistingly;
It decketh Stones with brightnes sheene,
The shinning bodyes are made thereby.
But if you will more certeynly,
Of Phoebus vertue have knowledging
Then Saturns Chyld must yeue bring.
The Preface to, &c.

15. O Pastor meke 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 learne those Secreats dayly soe,
Which formally prolong 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 diserne within your hearte,
By all the Lessons misicall;
A Gift it is Celestiall
Which here is taught to you him 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 kepe,
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 Works display,
As sound may to your laugh 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 shall
I tell and Councell thee as my Frend: (end;
Make Water of Earth, and Earth of Water;
Then art thou well onward in the matter.
A short Wurke of

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.
Blackness first to thee doth shew,
As by thy practise thou shalt know:
Dissolve and Calcine oft, and oft;
With Congelation till the Body to whitenes be
Make the Body fluxible, and flowing;
With the Earth, perfect, and tayning.
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 understandeth 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 mean.

There
George Ripley.

There is no Plannet of fix 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, meke 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,
Betweene the Daughter, and the Sonne;
And then thou haft the Mastery wonn.
The beginning of this Worke, if thou wilt crave,
In holly Writ thou shalt it have:
Both in Maffe Booke and in Pfalter
Yea wrighten before the Preeft 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 Worke 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 loosing;
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 Worke 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 left,
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 Alysandre as is Reherbyd here
This Phylosophre for vertues manyfoold;
Sent unto hym a secret Meslengeer,
Without exskus to come to hys housoold,
But he ageyn for he was feeble and old,
And impotent on the tother syde;
And unwelty for to goon or ryde.

But chiefe cause why Alysandre sente,
A purpoos take and a fantasye,
To declare pleyly what it mente;
He wyft in sooth that in Philosopbye,
Wyth other secrets of Astronomye:
He was experete and mooste cowde understonde,
Thys was in cheefe Cause of the Kynges sonde.

Ef f 3 Powder
Lydgate out of Aristotle's

Powder of Planetys and mevyng of all Sterrys,
And of every heavenly Intelligence;
Dysposicion of Pees and ek of Werryts,
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,
Dysformacions of Circes and Meed:
Lokyng of Facys and Pyromancye,
On Lond, and Watir, Craft of Geometrye.
Heyghte and Depnese with all Experyence,
Therefore the Kynge desires his presence.

But for all this within himselfe a thing
There was a Secre he kept not to disclose;
Nor to publishe opynly to the Kynge,
Takeyng Example by two things in a Roofe,
First how the Flower greet sweettenesse doth dispoose:
Yet in the Thorne men finde great sharppesse,
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 declarlyd to every Creature,
Wherefor he cast twen Reason and Measure:
To shape awye both the Kynge to plese,
Somewhat to unclove and set his herte at ese.

There
There is of ryght a greete difference,
Tweek a Princes royall Dignite,
And a twen Commons rude Intelligence,
To whom nat longeth to meddle in no degree,
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,
Mysteries hid of Fowlys, Beeste, and Tree,
And of Angellys moost folyt of Nature;
Of Myneralls, and Fysshes in the See,
And of Stonys specially of Three.
On Myneral another Vegetatyff,
Partyd on Foure to lengthe a Mannys lyffe.

Off whych I radde oonys among othir Stonys,
There was oon calyd Anymal,
Foure Elements wrought out for the noonys:
Erthe, Watir, and Ayre, and in espeyall,
Joyned with Fyre proporcyon maad egal.
I dar seyn breefly and not tarye,
Is noon swych Stoone found in the Lapidarye.

Itrad Oonys of a Phylosophre;
Ageyn ech syckenesse of valew doth moost cure,
All the Trefure and Gould in Crasus Coffre;
Nor all the Stonys that grow by Nature,
Wrought by Craft or forgyd by Picture.
*Lapis & non Lapis*, Stoon of greest fame,
*Aristotiles* gaff it the same name.
And for I have but little rad or seyne,
To write or medle of so high mateerys,
For presumcion 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 sych 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 wyse lych to hys Ententys,
Secretys hyd cloos in Phylosophye,
Fyrst departyng of the four Elementys;
And afterward as he doth speceffye,
Every ech of hem for to recteffye.
And after thys lyk hys Oppynyon,
Of thys foure to make a Conjuncycon.

In sych wyse performe up thys Stoon,
Scene in the joynynge there be noone outrage
But the fals erryng hath foundyd many one;
And brought hem aftyr in full greete rerage,
By Expenfsys and outragyous Costage.
For lak of brayn they wern maad soe wood,
Thyng to begynne whych they not understood.
For he that lyft putte in Experience,
Forboode secrees I hold hym but a foole,
Lyke hym that temptyth of wylsfull neglygence,
To ftonde up ryght on a three foote stoole,
Or spar thy a stewe, or fyssheth a bareyn poole.
   Whan all is doon, he get noon othir grace,
   Men wyl skorne hym and mokke hys folish face.

Itt is no Crafft poore men t'assayle,
It caufeth Cofters and Chestys to be bare,
Marryth wytts, and braynes doth affray ;
Yit by wryting this booke doth declare,
And be Resons lyft not for to spare,
   Wyth Goldern Resouns in taaff moost lykerous,
   Thyng per Ignotum prevyd per Ignociu.

Title of this Booke Labor Philosophorum,
Namyd alsoe De Regimine principum,
Of Philosophrs Secreta Secretorum,
Trefour compyled omnium Virtutum ;
Rewle directory set up in a som,
   As Complexions in helthe and sekenesse,
   Dyspose them sylf to mornyng or to gladness.

The whych booke direct to the Kyng
Alysaundre both in the werre and pees,
Lyke hys request and royall commanding,
Full accomplished by Arifotiles,
Fble for Age and impotent doubtles,
   Hoole of corage and trew in his entent;
   T'obeye his byddying this booke he to hym sent.
How Aristotle declareth to King Alysaundre of the Stonys.

Owching the Stone of Philosophres Oeld,
Of which they make mooft Sovereyn moneyon;
But there is oon as Aristotle toold,
Which alle excelleth in Comparison,
Stoon of Stoonys mooft Sovereyn of renouve;
Towching the vertue of this rych thyng,
Thus he wrote to the most sovereyn King.

O Alysaundre grettest of dignite,
Of al this World Monark and Regent,
And of al Nacyons haft the Soovereynte;
Echoon to obeye and been obedyent,
And to conclude the syn of our entent,
All worldly Trefure breefly met in oon,
Is declaryd in vertue of this Stoon.

Thou must first conceiven in substance,
By a manner uncouth dyvysion;
Watir from Eyr by a differerence;
And fyr from Eyr by a departicion,
Echoon preservyd from all Corruptyon.
As Philosophres a forme have speecyied,
Which by Reason may not be denied.

Watir from Eyr departyd prudently,
Eyr from Fyr and Fyr from Erthe don,
The Craft conceived devyded truly,
Withouten Errour or Dececyyon,
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 Stoonyes 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 Stoonyes wroot fully the nature,
All the Dyvyfion set by grett advys;
And thereupon did his besy cure,
That the perfeccion long should endure,
   Lyke the entent of Aristostles fonde,
   Which none but he cowd well bryng on honde.

For though the mateer opynly nat toold,
Of this Stoony what Philosophres mente;
Aristotiles that was experte and Oold;
And he of Paris that forth this present fent,
And in all his behelte feythfull true of Entent:
   With Circumstances of Araby Inde & Perce,
   Touching the Stoonyes that Clerkys can reherse.

Hermogenes hadde hymselfe alloone,
With the seyd 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 suych vertues as long to a Kyng.
THE FIRST CHAPTER.

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 neerest 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 togethers a body they binde, Nought may them loosen without wrecke to 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 moisture 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 doubtes,
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 distingustion.
From this Quadrant a Fire must proceed,
Which is Animal, 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 greate Masse conteines things Three,
Soe Blood, Flesh and Bone in the least World we see;
Yett lesse World and greate World is all but One;
Thus still we keepe an Union:
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 conteineneth the three things I have told,
And in his Tincture 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 lesse World still,
Hold the Union according to Gods will:
Now of all things Blood Noblest is,
For nothing in the World may it misse,
Blood hath true proportion of the Elements foure,
And of the three species I spoke of before:
The Blood must be the principall matter of each thing,
Which hath any manner of increasung:
Mercury in Mettalls is the Blood certeine,
Sperme in Animalls getts the like againe;
Vegetable moystrate from heaven fo good,
Yet all these three are but Blood:
Then Blood in procreation is neerest of kinde,
This Secrett good Brother keepe close in thy mynde:
And uppon that Condition,
Which Blood thou shalt take I will make repetition;
The true Blood of Mettalls is hard to have,
And long tyme of getting itt doth crave:
Blood of Vegetables hath moystrate greate store,
And therefore to have itt requireth much labour:
The true Blood to finde without labour and cost,
Thou knowst where to have it ere thy witts be lost.
Seeke out the noblest as I said before,
For now of the Matter I dare say noe more.
This Secrett was never reveal'd till this tyme,
By any Mans writings that ere I could finde,
But I which by practice have found itt 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 laft as when he began,
And would promise to give men Gold greate store,
But beware thou of Expence, as I said before.
Chap. II.

Of the manner of the Worke.

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:
Searc it for clean as it may be,
Untill from filth itt is all free,
Which willbee 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 Drink 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 foulest Worke fully wrought.
NOW the second Manner I will shew plaine,  
How you shall worke it with little paine:  
When your three searings be done after my lore,  
Then breake the Stone as you did before:  
Then must you have one Vessell,  
Which must be made like an Eggsshell,  
Into the which Vessell 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 Vessell must be set in a kinde heate,  
That the Matter may kindly sweate;  
The Spiritts must not be opprest with Fire,  
For then thou shalt never have thy desire;  
Neither must thy Vessell 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 fight,  
That Blacknesse thou must bring to be White.  
ake out the Glasse at the forty dayes end,  
And se 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 seeke it at this tyde, 
But give it noe more, nor you doe thinke 
May suffice at once for it to drinke, 
This done putrefy as you did before, 
Even in the very selfe same maner, 
And in the said tyme which it stooode 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, 
Bafe things besitt 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.

**CHAP. IV.**

Of the third Order of this Worke.

Recipe Sol 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.
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 \textit{Lune} by name,
And the matter equally divyde
One for the Red, the other for the White.
Another like \textit{Vejfell} for the White you must looke,
As before is taught you in this Booke.
When your Ferments to your matters be put,
Then your \textit{Vejfell} close you must shut;
And sett it to Putrifye as you did before,
The full tyme as I said of yore:
And use itt in every degree,
As in the next Chapter before you may see.
But looke that you knowe your two Ferments assunder,
Or else of your folly itt were great wonder:
And when from his Blaeknesse you have brought itt
Then have you \textit{Elixir} of wonderfull might: \textit{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 \textit{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 \textit{Stone} of wonderfull power,
Which conteineth the three Species and the Elements
Fire in Colour, Water by Effusion,
Earth to light without delusion,
\textit{Aire}
Aire is in Water all men doe knowe,
And thus the four 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,
Moysture the Vegetable part possesse shall;
All Earth is Minerall without any doubt,
Thus kepe we in one Circle and never goe out.
Now have I my Figure perfectly wrought,
Yett 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 separate the Qualitie;
If in greate 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 last.
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 unlesse you 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 certeining,
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 natural Food,
To maintaine their kind as Nature feeth good:
Soe likewise our Stone must needs Multiply,
Or else the Species of that Stone will dye:
And Multiplication must needs be of such thing,
As the thing multiplied takes best liking.
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 shall;
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,
Soe much doth your Medicine augment truly:
Yett you must have reason not for to cloye,
With overmuch cooling, kind heate thereby:
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 direccion, 
And at once spent all at one projection. 
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 foe cleane as itt may be. 
Now to make him extend his perfection, 
It is needfull to know how to make projection : 
Whereof in the next Chapter I will treate, 
For of Multiplicacion I will noe more speake.

Chap. VI.
Of Projection.

Now lacke we but onely this Lesson to take, 
Perfectly projection for to make : 
Take one parte of the Medicine, and of ²½ 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 doe not misse. 
That 100. uppon 1000. foe still increase you may, 
H h h 3
And project no 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 swetting and bathing be made suitell.
And when you are cleane according to your minde,
Take a draught of your Medicine with the Quintessence of
Such a sudden 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,
Thankeing 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 foever itt might fall,
By itt they might know our Secretts all.
God grant noe Multiplier meete with my Booke,
Nor noe sinister Clerkes thereon to looke;
Then will they pay their debts surely,
And build Churches, and Steeples very hye;
Keepe itt from these folkes I thee pray,
As thou wilt answere before God at 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 Chriftall fountaine running under ground,
Between a Vally and a Mounteines topp.
Pleas'd with this fight, I bid a Hermit 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 Counfaile 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,
Saturne turn'd from his Throne, a Place had
Not far from thence, hard by this Cristall 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 star.

Saturne (quoth Mars) and I must not yet part,
Though shee for whom th'art pard'ned hath my heart.

With this the Cuckold with his sweatie Troope 
Went to his Forge and seem'd to make a legg,
Att every steppe, where halting made him stoope,
In thanks to Mars, granting what he did begg;
In whose remembrance you shall ever have
Syndars, and fetters in that hollow Cave.

But lett me tell you all that then befell,
Love 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 Love's Embassadour,
To summon Mars t'appeare before the Gods:
With Saturne forth came Venus Paramour:
Thinkeing with might to get 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, doe 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 (said 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.
The Hermet's Tale.

He spake the word, and Vulcan sawe it done,
Looke Sol (said 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,
Warme it, rubb it, lett itt caste 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 itt 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 soe well, itt grue all Red,
Then was itt sound, 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 perhaps,
Yett had itt broath alowde 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 clense,
With which the sicknesse he did so appease,
Health made the Patyent seke 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 feete,
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 Physitian, and as we growe old,
Wee'le bring enough to make new worlds of Gold.

With that this Hermite tooke me by the hand.
And ledd me to his Cell; Loc here (quoth he)
Could'ft thou but stay, and truly understand
What thou now seest, thou knowst this Mystery.

I staid, I saw, I tryde, and understood,
A Heav'n on Earth, an everlasting good.
A DISCIPTION 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 soare.
They being dried into one,
    Of christall flood must drinke,
Till they be brought to a white Stone:
    Which wase with Virgins milke,
So longe untill they flow as wax,
    And no fume you can see,
Then have you all you neede to aske,
    Praife 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 fire Forty dayes till it be Blacke in sight; (desire, 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 moisture 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 heat, Untill all be White, and the Sulphur compleate.

This heat sufficeth for this principle one, Which is the cheife ground of our Secretts all, Without which Knowldg 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
Follow this Booke, and wander not aside
Out of the way, to the left hand, nor the right,
But streight betweene both direcly you guide
Thy Worke, as I to thee doe 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 meravelous 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 noe sicknesse 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)
Unlesse 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 unfit fixt.

D. D. W. Bedman.
FRAGMENTS COPIED
From Thomas Charnock's owne hand writing.

When an hundredth & 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 Cost.

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.

About 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 vast 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.

When he is full Black then take some Payne,
To wash him 7 tymes in the water of Jourdayne.

CHARNOCK.

For the tyme that he be Black and Ded,
Wash him 7 times, or he be perfect Red.

And when he is full Black then take some Payne,
To wash him 7 times in the water of Jourdayne.

And when you see him perfect Redd,
Then take a stone and knock him on the hedd.

Idef.

And when this Woman is brought a bed,
Take the child and knock him 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 lyght.

Between Purgatory and Paradysye, The Raigne-bows Collers will arise.

Between Black and Whyte fartayne, The Pekokes fethers wyll appeare plaine.

Look you conceive my words aright, And marke well this which I have seide; 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 Marlin what may that be?
The flithe of the Yearth so say we:
Yearth it was, some Men would say nay,
And yet was it nether cleane yearth sand 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 amonge.
How be Ayre and Fire quod Marlin?
Through the workes of our Lord quod Martin.
For the brightnes of the holy Ghost is the Aire,
And the lightnes that gafe lyse is Fyre.
Where hast thoue goe too Scolle to learne all this?
For that thou sayest is right true I wisse;
And I suppose it in thie thought,
That with iii. Spirits it must be wrought.
Nay your Spirits are too wilde quoth Marlin againe,
Therefore I will not medle with them certaine:
I will have a Spirit made by kinde naturally,
That will abide with every body kindly;
Such a Spirit could I make quod Marlin,
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 parfitest worke we it call;
It is so rich when it is wrought,
Though all the world were turned to nought:
As menyne rich bodyes agayn make would he,
As ever were or ever should be.

Take Earth of Earth, Earths Brother, &c.

I have seeen 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 mack here,
Wherein I charge you secre to be,
That frende noe doe ye 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 Sercon do our Maistry make,
For it shall become Mercuriall,
And after that Essentional.
But now beware that you not faile,
For then you loose your greate travaile,
Whan you have drawne owte of the Gum,
All the Mercury that wyll come,
Understand that Lyceowres three.
In that Mercury conteyned be;
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 speake 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;
Whych ys sperme or nature of our Stone,
That is earnestly sought of many one:
For of Man, Beste, and every thinke,
Sperme is there begynnyng,
Therefore we our Mercury do it call.
Whych ys found here and there and over all,
For wythout yt ys nothyng lyvyng,
Wherefore yt ys in every thinke:
As well in thyngs most preciouse,
As in thyngs most vyle and odious;
Of yt they have there first nature,
Thys moystert 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 Tinature and our airy Gould, Wych before was never so plainely tould; God graunt that I do no displeasure To hym in fullfilyng 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 therewyth 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 Title,

A CONCLUSION.

Take Wynde and Water, white and green,
And thereof draw a lac Virginæ;
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 satens, & sol philosophorum,
In quo fit nostra dissolutio, & congelatio.
Sublimatio, attractio, & eiam fixatio,
Et Sulphuris nostri, sive foliati creatio.

With
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 obeisance,
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 heaven.
*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.*
An other Conclusion.

First Calcine and after Putrefie,
Dissolve, distill, sublime, descend and fix
With Aquavite of tymes 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 flux.
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 Maistrue 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 forsake.
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 thys well Man and beare yt yn mynde.

Take Mercury from Mercury which is his wyfe,
For Mercury wyfe to Mercury maketh great stryfe:
But Mercuries wyfes Wyfe,
To Mercury maketh no stryfe.

And thou wed Mercury to Mercury with her wyfe,
Then shall Mercury and Mercury be merry with-
(outen stryfe:
For Mercuries Wyfe to Mercury maketh great stryfe,
But Mercuries wyfe's wyfe to Mercury maketh no stryfe.)
Fragments.

A Ridle to you I will propose,
Of a Comon thing which most men knowes,
Which now in the Earth very reese doth grow,
But is of small Price as all men know;
And that without roote, italke or seede,
Wherewith of his kinde another to breede:
Yet of that nature, that it cannot cease,
If you plant it by peeces it selfe to increase,
Right heavy by kinde, yet forced to fly,
Starke nought in the purfe, yet good in the Eye,
This something is nothing which seemeth full strange,
Having tafted the fire which maketh the change:
And hath many Collours yet sheweth but one,
This is the materiall of our STONE.

I Asked Philosophy 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 mesure out a yard of Winde:
Then shalt thou have thyne owne desire,
When thou canst weigh an ounce of Fire:
Unlesse that thou canst doe these three,
Content thy selfe, thou get'ft not me.
Fragments.

Let the old man drink wine till he pisse:
The meanes to the blest stone is:
And in that menstrous water drowne,
The radiant brightnes of the Moone,
Then cast the Sun into her lapp,
That both may perish at a clapp.
Soo shall you have your full desire,
When you revive them both by Fire.

If ye wolde to his Medycyn applye,
Make furst hevy, hard, hotte and drye:
Nese the, lyght, cold and wete,
Put ham togeder 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 dissolye,
And that Dissolv'd doest cause to fly,
That Flying then to Fixing bring,
Then maist thou live moff happily.

R. B.
ANOTUATIONS AND DISCOURSES, UPON SOME PART OF THE PRECEDING WORKE.

TO THE HONOR OF GOD——

From the first word of this Proeme, and the Initial letters of the six following Chapters (discovered by AstronomoAngiosyllabiques and Sillabique Acrostiques) we may collect the Authors Name and place of Residence: For those letters, (together with the first line of the seventh Chapter) speak thus,

Tomas Norton of Bristel;
A parke Matter ye maie him trowe.

Such like Fancies were the results of the wisdome and humility of the Ancient Philosophers, (who when they intended not an absolute concealment of Persones, Names, Misters, &c.) were wont to hide them by Transposicionis, Acrostiques, Isogrammatiques, Symphoniques, and the lyke, (which the searching Sons of Artes might possibly unride, 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) Angels to Manoah. [His name was Pei, to wit, admirable and secret.]

In imitation of whome, it is probable our Author (not so much affecting the vanity of a Name as to assist the lovers of Wisdom) thus modestly and ingeniously unveiles himselfe; Although to the generality of the world he meant to passe unknowne, as appears by his owne words:

(b) For that I desire not worldly fame,
But your good prayers unknowne shall be my name.

(c) John Pitts from John Bale, and (d) he from Robert Record, relates, that this Thomas Norton, was Alchymista suo tempore peritissimus, and much more curious in the Studies of Philosophy then others, yet they passe some undecent and abusive Censures upon him, with reference to this vaine and frivolous
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 aff. or 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 commonly what either a man does not affect, or know, he desiphers or condemnes, yet seldom with any shew of Reason. But it is no good Conclusion for Blinde men to affirm the Sun has no light, because they were never so happy as to see it. For though thy selfe (faith Convurth) art ignorant of a Matter, its not de-
nied to others to know the fame. However, our Author was so happy as to become a Master of this Science very early: which he learned in (c) forty days, and when he was

e) Ord.p. 33.

f) Ordin. p. 88.

( f) Scantly 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 satisfie.

Besides this worke (which is called both by Pitts and Bale, Epitomen Alchemy-
mis, but by himselfe

(g) Named of Alkimy the Ordinall,
The Crede mihi, the Standard perpituall)

He wrote another Booke De tranmutatione Metallorum 3 and to these

(h) Pitts adds a third De Lapide Philosophico.

In the time of Hen 8. there flourished Nyne Brothers of the family of the Nortons and all Knight, one of them (viz.) Sir Sampson Norton, Master of the Orndance to the said King (an office of great Honour, and not usually con-
fer'd but upon Men very eminent) lyes buried in (i) Fulham Church near London, whose Tombe was adorned with severall Hermetick, Hieroglyphicall paint-
ings, which have lately perifh by the Ignorant zeale of those that understood them not.

The Epitaph this.

Of poyr chorite pray for the Soule of Sir Sampson Norton Knight, late Master of the Orndance of warre, Whith King Henry the 8th, and for the Soule of Dame Elizabeth his wifp. Whych Sir Sampson deceased the eigty day of February one thousand five hundred and seventeen.

Pag. 11. 7. That no Man, for better ne for worse,
Change my writing for brede of God obscure.

Doubtlesse Norton was truly sensible of the high injuries done to learned men through the Erronious 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
Booke saine only Manucriptes (Prinising having not served an Apprentiship to k) The first Print in England (k) when he wrote this Original & in that regard he lays this weighty thing Presse was charge upon unfaithfull Scribes who negligently or wilfully alter their Copy, set up in West whereby the wariest Students are encumbered with doubts, and misled, or plunged min. Abbey by into unhappy Errors.

How ordinary a fault this was amongst the Transcribers of former times An.1471 and may appear by Chaucer, who (I am confident) tooke as great care as any man William Caxton to be served with the best and headfulllest Scribes, and yet we finde him com. the first that playning against Adam his Scrivener for the very same.

(1) So ofte a daye I mote thy worke renew,
It to correct and eke to rubbe and scrape,
And all is thorow thy negligence and rape.

But as in other Artes and Sciences the fault is scarce pardonable, so chiefly in Hermetique learning, where the Injury may prove irreparable.

(m) And changing of some one Sillable,
May make this Boke unprofitable.

Page 331, 13. If I childe write I childe my filthy break
Therefore Mouth to Mouth I must needs speake.

This 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, lest he might cast the Children's Bread to Dogs.

In like manner Aristotle refused to communicate to Alexander by Letter, things appertaining to this Mysterie, untill a personal meeting might allow him to do it: \textit{viva voce:} for thus writes Lydgate out of Aristotle's Secreta secretorum.

There be Secrets of Matteris hith and lowe,
By in Nature conceale and secreat,
Which Aldeandre desired sox to knowe;
By Aristotle a certyn privite,
Haues specifie choos in hym spurst kept he,
Which was delayed of grete providence,
Till he hymself came to his presence.

And this was for fear his Writings should come to the view of such wholeEye were not worthy the perplexity of to 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 another) which (if by his means it should happen) might render him Criminal before God, and a presumptuous violator of the Celestiall Scales.

However the ancient Philosophers have used writings, and they as well obscure 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 Disipline and) being therefore taxed by Alexander (because he alone had learned them of him) answered Chrestissise, &
And thus ye wrote that every Evangelist,
That tells us the pains of Jesus Christ.
No man not all thing as his fellow do the,
But not the istic her Sentence is all loth.
And as accordance in her Sentence,
It be therein her telling difference.
For some of them same Moses and some presses,
When the his piteous passion express.
I mean of Mark Matthew Luke and John,
But doublet her Sentence is one.

And to this effect is that of Count Trevisan. (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.

And to this effect is that of Count Trevisan. (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 beene a continued Succession of Philosophers in all Ages, although the headless world hath seldome taken notice of them; For the Ancients usually (before they dyed) Adopted one or other for their Sons, whom they knew well fitted with such like qualities, as are set 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 expect to attaine it, or as in the case of Tonsile.

Rewsor nor Terrors (be they never fo Munificent or Dreadfull) can wrest this secret out of the bosome of a Philosopher: amongst others, witness (r) Thomas Dalton.

Now under what Tyes and Engagements 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:
(448)

1) Call you with me to morrow be content
Faithfully to receive the blessed Sacrament
Upon this Oath that I shall here you give,
For no Gold ne Silver as long as you live,
Neither for love you heare towards your Kinne,
Yet no great Man preternt to winne,
That you docleare the Secret that I shall you teach,
Neither by Writing, nor by no swift Speche;
But onely to him which you be sure,
Yacht ever searched after the Secrets of Nature,
To him you may shewe the Secrets of this Arte,
Under the Covering of Philosophie before this World you

And this Oath he charged him to keepe Faithfully and without Violation.

r) As he thought he was saved from the pitt of Hell.

And if it so fell out, that they met not with any, whom they conceived in
all respects worthy of their Adoption, (& they then resign'd it into the hands of God, s) Ord. pag. 37.
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 roome and place of Children, and becomes to us both Par
rent and Schoolmaster, throughout which they were so universally kinder, as to
call all Students by the deare and affectionate Tyde of Sons (t) (Hermes giving
the first President) wishing all were such, that take the pains to touch their
Fathers stepps, and indistinctly follow the Rules and Dictates they made
over to posterity, and wherein they faithfully discovered the whole Mystery.

u) As lawfully as by their fealty they may,
By lycence of the dreadful Judge at doomes day.

In these Legitimate Children they lived longer then 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, enougb
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 noffe noble happinesse.

w) Let Cowmnes get Heires, and Wealth; when I am gone,
And the greate Bugheare grisly death
Shall snatch this Idle breath,
If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son.

Ordin. pag. 63.

Pag 34. li. 33. I made also the Elixir of lyfe,
Which me bereft a Marchants Elyse.

The Conjecture has much of probability in it which speaks this the Wife of
Will. Canning, who was 5. yeares Major of Bristol, contemporary with
Norton, and whole wealth was far beyond the best of thole tyme's, as appears

by
by that notable Worke of his in building Saint Mary of Radcliff without the Walls of Bristol, into which Church there is a Stately alcove upon many Staires, so large withall, so finely and curiously wrought, with an arched Roofe over head of stone, artificially Imbowed; a Steeple also of an exceeding height, that all the parish Churches in England which hitherto I have scene (faith judicious (a) Camden) in my judgement it surpasseth many degrees.

The said William Cunnings also(b) Instituted, (Isaiacon faith very much (c) augmented) the Colledge of Weftbury neere Bristol (not long before (d) founded by John Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester) and in his old age tooke upon him the Sacerdotall function and became Deane thereof.

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**And Delvis at Teuxbury lost his head**

Within two dayes after the(e) Victory which Edw. the fouerth obteyned over Queene Margaret and Prince Edw. (the Wife and Son of Henry the Sixt) at Teuxbury; This (f) Delvis (the Sonne of Sir John Delvis then Blaine) was beheaded: Notwithstanding a Pardon granted unto him and others by the King at the earnest lolution of a Priest who withbode his entrance into a Church, whither hee and many more were fled for Sanctuary, till the said Pardon was obteyned. A just punishment for betraying so honest a Philosopher as Dalton into the hands of so imminent danger, as the Story at the latter end of the second Chapter ments.

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**Tonsile 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 mistanke was committed in my absence from the Press, for which the Printer beggs pardon, as also the Engraver, for giving the Gryphonshinder Feste, those clyuen 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. seems (in my judgement) a Coat of Arms, for although it was not drawne in the forme of a shield or Scutcheon, 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.

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**Briske whole Surname when the change of Coyne was had.**

His alteration of our English Coyne was in the (g) 5th. 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 Ryall, and from the value of 6 s. 18 d. with adding 8 s. in alloy raised it to 10 s. (and so other Coynes in like proportion) and yet that Noble was by H. 4. made 4 d. in value lesse then the Rose Noble
of Edw: 3, coyned Anno 1351, the (i) Gold, whereof as is affirmed (by an i) Camb. Rem. unwritten-verity) was made by Projection or Multiplication Alchimical of Ray- mond Lully, in the Tower of London, and besides the Tradition, the Inscription is some profe, for as upon the one fide there is the Kings Image upon a ship, to notify that he was Lord of the Seas, with this title let upon the reverse, a Crofe floury with Lionex, inscribed, Ifus autem transiens per medium eorum... 

"... and God..."

"... of Pharifes, fo that Gold was made by invisible and secret Arz amidst the Ignorance. Mayerne confirms this, and faith (k) Raymond made moft pure Gold Simb. aur. in the Tower which is yet called Raymond's noble, obrixi fummacs indicatura, pag.418.

Some of which himfelf had seen. Tis also worth obferving that (l) there was not Camb. Rem. Gold coyned in England before the faid Edward the third's Regne An. 1443. Pag.172.

& Raymond Lully was long in England before that, for (m) An. 1332. he wrote See the Fathis Testamentum Noviffimum in St. Katherine Church near the Tower of London, ter end of his... and Dedicated it (with other of his Works) to Edward the third, and it may be Test. Ntv. prelumed he was some while there before he wrote the fame: For, that he was brought over by Cremer Abbé of Westminster, afterwards made knowne to the King, and did furnish him with much Gold, as shall appeare hereafter in the Annotations upon Ingeat Wurd.

Pa.61.li.7. But the chefe Wifris among Sciences all For the help of this Tree, is Magick natural.

Judicial 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 Custom of ours has moft fallly and abusively called Necromancy (and what other Arz are raifed from the Doctrine of Divils,) 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 learing into thofe hidden verites which God has been pleaf'd to bestow upon created things (though cefely lockt up by the generall Curse) whereby we may aptly and naturally apply Agents to Patients, I fay, ifin it there be any thing else, they are only fubftill falsehoods that shelter and shrud themfelves under that Tytle, and which would gladly be esteemed Leaves of that Plant, from whose Root they never sprung. And therefore is it not leffe aburd, then Strange to fee 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 Magnus, how it is accepted by the Judicious, and what a vaff difference there is, bewteene the Doctrine of a Magician, and the abuse of the Word) will not forbeare to ranke True Magicians with Conjurers, Necromancers and Witches (thofe grand Impofitors) who... "Paracel..."..."... occultly intrude themfelves into Magick, as if Swine should enter into a faire and de- occult Phil, cap- tivate Garden, and (being in league with the Devill) make ufe of his Affi..."..."... in their works, to counterfeit and corrupt the admiral wisdom of the Magi, bewteen whom there is as large a difference as bewteene Angels and Devils..."
The Magick here intended, and which I strive to Vindicate, is Divine, True, of the Wisdom of Nature, & indeed comprehends the whole Philosophy of Nature; being (q) 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 Aristotle to Physics it is able to exercise a kind of Empire over Nature, and wonders: and 'tis from the ignorance of such marvelous Operations that the Ignorant, (viz. the most learned in other things (as well as the Illiterate) if they be not learned in this,) either by an unwarrantable adoration esteems 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 cenfure and slander those truly Natural or Diabolicall, because wonderfull strange and beyond the randome of their Apprehensions. The latter of which might as well say (r) Jacob, practising to make his Lambs of a Py'd Colour was performed by the assistance or ministry of the Devil, and as well condemn the use of Phipps, 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 Grose Spirits it has proved dangerous to be learned, Witness our Renowned Roger Bacon, whom (together with Aristotle, Arnold, de villa nova, who were Philosophers of known reputation & credit) (s) Hieron reckons among the Deformi ingenii homines (r) all whose Works fairly written and well bound were by Religious pretending Scolaries dam'd as Devilish, with long Nailes through them fastened to desks in the Franciscan Library at Oxford, and there with Dust and Moths confumed. Even so our other famous Country-man [Profound Ripley] was also abused, (u) who after his death is said to have been branded with the name of a Necromancer. Pope Silverster the second paide for a Magician, (in the worst sense) because he understood Geometry, and about 150 yeares agoe (to blind an age was it,) that to know Greece and Necromancy were one and the same thing, in opinion of the Illiterate. However, let the Ignorant scoffe and attribute that to Deceit and Illusion which is the proper Work of Nature, produced by exquisite knowledge, I am confident the ingeniously learned will approve and admire it.

But to teare off that ugly Vizard which Envy has placed before the Face of Divine 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 Professors;

And that is Magnus (primittive a Persian word) which onely signifies or imports a Contemplator of Heavenly and Divine Sciences, a studious Observer, an expounder of Divine things, a name (faith (w) Marcellus Ficinus) gracious in the Goddess, 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 Caufe and Giver of Life and vertue 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) Myrangle, it is an Art which few understand, and many reprehend, and therefore of necessity to be clearly evinced:) Receive it from a learned hand: you shall finde it worth your observance.

Ma-
Magick is, the Connexion of natural Agents and Patients, answerable each to other, wrought by a wife Man to the bringing forth of such effects as are wonderfull to those that know not their causes. Thus Hec. Paracelsus called it (a) a most secret (b) De Occult. and hidden Science of supernatural things in the Earth, that whatsoever is impossible to be found out by mans Reason may by this Art. And shortly after to declare it from imputations adds, that is in itself most pure and not defiled with Ceremonies nor Conjunctions as Necromancy is.

Agreeable to both (but more copiously delivered) is that of (c) a) Secret things, together with the nature, power, quality, substance, and virtues thereof, and also the knowledge of whole nature: That instructs us concerning the difference and agreement of things amongst themselves, whence it produceth its wonderfull 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 superior Bodies. This briefly is an account of that Learning, whose Operations and Effects (being full of Mysteries) was by the Ancients esteemed as the highest and sacred Philosophy, the fountain of all good doctrine. Animadverso (that Pliny) summum Literarum clasitatem gloria aquir, ex his scienti antiquius, et peius semper petiam.

What hath been hitherto said, will not (I presume) offend the Exes of the most Pious, for here is no Incurations, no Words; no Circles, no Charms, no other fragments of invented Popgeries; nor needs there any: Nature (with whom true Magicians only deal) can work without them, the findes Matter, and they Art, to helpe and affift Her, and here's All.

To influence the Generation of Frogs, Lyce, Wormes, Insects, &c. The worke 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 means Tho. Aquinas supposeth Pha's Magians) produced Frogs) insomuch as it seems to the Ignorant not to be the Work of Nature, (that usually operates more leisurely,) rather the Power of the Devil. But they who are learned in those Arts, marvell not at such working, but Glorifie the Creator. To whole Honour alone these Operations must chiefly tend, for (c) be is best praised in his worke, and we knowing him in and by these visible things, may through such knowledge understand his more Secret and Invisible things, and thereby be better enabled to Glorifie him, then men other wise can.

Now I deny that any measure of understanding, in natural Magick, how large soever, or the utmost and arthmetic search we can possibly make into that pure and primitive knowledge of Nature, to be a prying into those Hidden Secrets, 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 wear the Coat, and would be loath to want the reputation of Schoolars) And this is fully manifested from Adam, who (d) before his Fall was so absolute a Philosopher, that he fully understood the true and pure knowledge of Nature (which is no other then what we call Natural Magick) in the highest degree of Perfection, insomuch, that by the light thereof, upon the present view of the Creatures, he perfectly knew their Nature, and was as able to beftow names futable to their Qualities and Properties, for...
For, This was a larger and clearer Ray of the Light of Nature, then all the
industry 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, Adams transgression
(for which he fell) was of a higher Nature, [even that proud inquiry into the (e)
knowledge of good and evil, with no lesser intent than to make a total disaffection from
God, and depend wholly upon himselfe and his own will.]

Besides, this worthy Observation, that God in constituting Moses to be a Gover-
nor 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 Magick was the chiefes. And we find that upon Salo-
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
whateaver the understanding of Man might comprehend: and (to manifest
the inoffensiveness of Natural Magick,) never reckons it up in all his Re-
tractions. Though he thoroughly understood it, and in his prattse 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 cloper to what
Norton intends, and bring Magick nearer to our purpose; We must un-
stand that the Order and Symmetry of the Universe is so setled by the Laws of
Creation, that the lowest things [the Subcelestial or Elementary Region] should
be immediately subservient to the Middle; the Middle [or Celestial] to those
above; and these [the Supernatural or Intelligible] to the Supreme Rulers
becke. With this it is further to be knowne that these (g) Superiors and Infe-
crious have an Analogically likenesse, and by a secret Bond have likewise a fast
coherence between themselves through insensible Mediums, freely combining
"in Obedience to the same supreme Ruler, and (also to the benefit of Nature:
Infomuch, that if we take the said Harmony in the Reverse, we shall finde that
things by Supernatural may be drawne down by Celestial, and Supernatural
by Natural. For this is the Maxim of old Hermes, (i) Quod est superius, est sicum
id quod est inferius.

And upon this ground (k) Wisemen 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 conjoyne the Inferiour with the vertue of the Superiours (which
is marrying Elmes to Vixes) or how to call out of the hidden places into open
light, the dispersed and feminated Vertues, (i.e. Virtues in cento centi latent-
es,) is, the work of the Magi, or Hermetic Philosophers onely; and depends
upon the aforesaid Harmony. For,

They know that the Production of things is Natural, but the bringing forth
of the vertue is not Natural: because the things are Create, but the Vertue
Increte.

Hence it is that the Power and Virtue is not in Plants, Stones, Minerals
and such (though we sensibly perceive the Effects from them) but 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
(447)

where Active and still flowes through the world in all kindes of things by
universal extension, and manifests itselfe by the aforesaid Productions. Which
Spirit a true Artist knows how to so handle (though its activity be as it were
dull'd and strightly bound up, in the close Prison of Groze and Earthie bodies)
as to take it from Corpotiety, free it from Captivity, and let it loose that it
may freely works as it doth in the Aetheriall 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 noe care,
   In their Bookes largelie to declare.
   But how to Order it after its Creation,
   They left poore Men without Consultation.

And unleffe God please to reveale it, (like the Jewish Fire) it must be kept
hidden, and till he doth there is no humane industry can forcibly wret the
knowledge thereof out of the Almightyes hands.

n) si te fata vocasti, altera non.

Looke not then for it at the hand of Man, for tis the Gift of God onely.

o) A Singular gift and grace of th'Almighty.

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 might descovez it unto none,
   He in no Boke it wrote in no manere;
   For unto Christ it is so licel and beare:
   That he was not that it discovered be,
   But where it liketh in his desire:
   Man to inspire and eke for to defend,
   When that man liketh : in 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 Natural Magick for direc-
tions at the Beginning, Midle, and End; and when it is wrought up to his highest
degree of Perfection, he shall see things not fit to be written for (may I aver
it with awfull Reverence) Angelicalke wisdom is to be obeyed by it.

Pag.72.li.25. Talk'd our White Stone a parte.

U

leffe the Medicine be qualified as it ought, tis death to taft the least At-
tone of it, because its Nature is so highly Vigorous and strong above that
of Man; for if its least parts are able to strike so fiercely and throughly into the
Body of a base and corrupt Metall, as to Tinge and Convert it into so high
a degree as perfect Gold, how leffe able is the Body of Man to resist such a
force:
force, when its greatest strength is far inferior to the weakest Metall? I doe believe (and am confirm'd by several 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.li.15. — The Red Stone is preervative, the 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 Aetherial Medicine consisting of heavenly vertue (that consumeth 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 so sweete and powerfull Compulsions, and consequently life Prorogued.

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 strengthened the Vital and Animall facultie quickned, decrepitis and withered Age renueth & Life inlarged. Besides these Relations, we perceive Nature is so curteous to some kind of Creatures, as the Hart, Eagle, and Serpent, that she affords them means to obtaine the benefit of Renewation (here Nature teaches them Naturall Magick, for this 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 Animalls has been the principall ground whence many Philosophers have addicted themselves to the search of this Mysterie, 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 instil'd upon Posterity, from the decaying, moulderings, and rotten Natures of our Ancestors) for, by what we Eate or Drinke as Nourishment; the corrupt and harmfull, nay deathfull qualities, which the (t) Divine Malediction lodged in created things, is removed from our Bodies, and there grow up and multiply till having heightned the Sal, Sulphur and Mercury, into an irreconcilable Contestation, through the impurities wherewith they are loaded and burthened, they introduce a miserable decay, which consequentely become a Death: and this is the sooner happen'd if thereunto we adde the heavy load of Luxuriousness and Gluttony. Yet is not this Death Naturall but Accidental, and (as may appeare by what has been said) a (u) Death arising out of the fruite of the greate World which grows up by Transplantation, the Rebellious Disobedience of man provoking God to place a Death in every thing that he 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 resist, yet this Medicine is a remedy for the particular corruption of Man, to keep back those griefes and diseases which usually accompany & molest Old Age; inasmuch, that that Death which man eats 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 this a certaine truth that what we receive into our Bodies, of that, Nature findes two Substances, the (one with a Gladsome appetite,) the retaines to feede Vitality, the other (with an abhor'd dislike) she expells, as not onely useless but Putrefactive and Dangerous: and if thereupon we throughly advise with ourselves we must needs confesse Her way is best to be imitated, in seperating the Pure from the Impure, (which are joined together in every thing,) before we make use of them, and where she does manifestly Substrait and Divide, let us not there add and multiply; for doublesthe Fact(y)profit nothing, nay in sick persons they plainly oppose the penetrating virtue of the Spirit it selfe, and commit that seperating Art to the diseased Body, which through weakness is not able to performe the Taske.

The Brevity of Life came in with the Fall of Adam, and though some of the Antients before the Flood lived almost a thousand years, yet certainly their lives were protracted 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 generalliy of Persons then lived so long, or onely those who were the (z)true Ancestors of Abraham, they not being awaies the eldest and first begotten of the Patriarks, 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.

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Pa. 89. li. 27.—— I never made a say
Of the Red worke before this day.

Hence some affirme that Norson 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 gon about to make it, and why?

(a) The cause appeareth in this Boke before, When he was robb'd then he would no more.
a) Ord. pag. 89.

Yet that he was formerly at worke, made it, and was robb'd thereof appears also (b) before, where he saith the (c) Merchans Wife stole it from him, and that the misfortune thereof deterred him from making further progress therein. Besides, he avers his Master taught him, and that he fully knew how to make it, for to himself winneith,

(b) Ord. pag. 34.
(c) See Anot. upon pag. 34.

(d) I had with Grace the true Doctrine
Of Confection of the Red Medicine.

d) Ord. pag. 89.

And lastly, in the latter end of the 5. Chap. of the aforesaid Ordinall, Norson truly and cleerely declares how it is made; unto which I refer the Reader.
Pag. 99. li. 37. 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 warke, and that plainly appears by the following 
lines, in which he chalks out an Election firly 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. Sapiens. (e) For in Astronomic thou must have right good feeling, 
  Or else in this Boste thou shalt have simple believing.

So that Elections, (whose Calculatory part belongs to Astronomic, but the 
Judiciary to Astrologie) are very necessary to begin this warke with; and the 
paines that Norton hath taken manifests no lesse, most Authors hinting the 
fame, although we take but little notice thereof. For

f) Ord pag. 60. (f) Such simple kindes unformed and unproved,
  Must craftily be guided till the end be sought. 
All which reason they have moze obedience; 
Above formed Natures to their 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) For since both inferiour and superiour Causes concur 
to every effect, it followeth that if she 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 Physitian doth of the variety of Herbes. Agreeable to 
which is that of Prologe Aphor. 8. A Judicious man helps forward the Cele-
tiall operation, even as a diligent Husbandman assists Nature in his plowing and pre-
paring the Ground. But Nativities are the Radices of Elections, and therefore 
we ought chiefly to looke backe uppon them as the principall Root and Foun-
dation 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 abun-
dantly augment the Operation.

And this is upheld by very evident reason of Nature, (h) for (saith a learned 
Gent.) whose Defence of Judiciall Astrologie (so long since published) stands 
hither to firme & 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 stregthen the operation of the former, 
more then it would if the Nativity were considered alone. And upon these grounds 
Norton advises to make Elections like those he layes downe.

i) Unless.
i) Unless then your Nativity pretend Infection, In contrary to this Election.

Which is the same in effect with that of (k) Ptolomy, where he saith 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 unless it be suitably constituted to the scheme "of the Nativity, because else it cannot divert that evil which in the Nativity "the Planets threatened: and hence it comes that Actions Thrive or Misdire "(though begun at 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 Dye, Building, Dwelling, Apparel, and the several Actions of our Life, let any that would be satisfied, read Marcellus, Ficinus, 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 do evidence manifest their Dominion in them, (l) for nothing is more powerful than 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 ♄ at the time of their Sowing. This the Husband-mans Experience can tell the world, and the Sun's Annual Access and Recesse makes manifest to the fence.

And great Reason there is in Nature why the Moon's condition ought chiefly to be observed, for she is the Planet nearest 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 (m) An Instrument of the Armies from (m) Eccl. 43. 8. above: according to whose present Condition things are ordered; for if she be Fortunate by good Aspects, happy by Position, swift of Course, and increasing in Light, things thrive apiece 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 sown in the Wane of the Moone, and the Reason is because the Mayflower and Sapp that should feed them is exceedingly diminished; yet it is the finest time for cutting downe Timber, or what else we would preserve from decaying.

(n) Thurneigerus (among many other admirable and useful Observations) n) 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 Phyisical uses, deserves to be taken notice of; for the notable difference that evidently apperaes 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 quisque Fortuna propria.
In this and the first ten following lines, are laid down the Authors Rules for framing an Election by, agreeable to which he erects you Schemes (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 signs) 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 $, the Ascendant in 2. degr. of $, and then the $ in the 18. Deg. of the same signe; whereas the 2. degr of $ being fewer degrees of that Signe then 7. (wherein $ is placed) should Antecedent it. Again, in the second Figure you have both $ and the $ in the 11th House thereof, who should of Right be posited in the 10th, because the 20th degree of $ 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 compass of a $, nay, the second she is almost in $ 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 Design, and not through Ignorance or Mistake; for our Author manifests 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 Rule 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.

(o) For this is the Saurum abscenditum of old Clerks.

Withall, the Planets as they stand here placed in Signes and Houses are not so as that these Figures were the Eleced times for the Authors owne Operations (or any others in that Faculty) but are rather fained and invented, only to bring them within the compass of his Rules. And to satisfy my selfe herein, I have taken some pains to Calculate the places of the Planets for several 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 Figures and Shadows, as in other parts of the Mystery, so likewise in the very Figures of some of the Planets, for he does not exhibit them under the Characters commonly now (or then) used, but Hieroglyphically in Figures agreeable to their Natures, yet (p) diversitiue of Names (or Figures) makes no diversitiue in the things they signifie: For $ is pointed out by a Spade, $ by a Miter, $ by an Arrow, $ by a beautifull Face, $ by the figure (in those days) usually stamped upon the Reverse of our English Coyn: Oinely the $ and $ are left us in that fashion the Ancients bestowed upon them.
Astrologie is a profound science: The depth this art lies obscure'd in, is not to be reach'd by every vulgar Plumet that attempts to sound it. Never was any age so pestifer'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 swarm is likely to increase, until through their ignorance they become the ridiculous object of the enemies to Astrologie; (would that were all,) and eclipse the glory of that light, which if judiciously diffus'd to the world would cause admiration; but unskillfully expos'd, become the scorn and contempt of the vulgar.

He that understands no more of Astrologie (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 esteemed an Astrologist than he who hath only learnt Hebrew may be accounted a cabalistical rabbi. 'Tis true, he may be so fraught with words, as to amuse the unlearn'd, with the canting noise 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 Astrologie the bawd & panders to all manner of iniquity, prostituting Chast Urania to be abus'd by every adulterate interest. And what will be the issue (I wish it may prove no prophecy) ere long Astrologie shall be cried down as an impostor, because it is made use of as a stale to all bad pratistics, and a laudable faculty to bolster up the legerdemain of a cheat. And besides having now grown famous by the true predictions of some of her able and honest sons, shall grow into as much disgrace and infamy, by the unskilful practices of ignorant illegitimate bastard's who rather than they will accuse themselves, when they fail of truth in their judgments, will not stick to condemn Astrologie it self as defective and lame, in what their florishfull negligence or ignorant blindness was not able to finde out. And therefore Norton here speaks truly, that Astrologie (take it with all its comprehensions) is as secret or Mysterious as Alchimie, and as difficult to be thoroughly and perfectly understood.

There are in Astrologie (I confess) shallow Brookes, through which young tyros may wade; but with all, there are deep foards, 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 areone which doth them read,
That they doe 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.
Meaning

**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 Queen, and from the events of their considerate Predictions, bring Honour to the Art, and gaine Reputation to Themselves.**

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**Pag. 104. li. 20.**

**Obtain therefore to seth breathe from your Note.**

In regard of the violent Nature of the Medicine which is deadly indeed, because its Nature is so infinitely strong above Man, that it overcomes his Spirit and posset him; Norton therefore lets fall a hint, what Parts an Operator ought to Arm, and whence to fetch Breath: Meaning thereby, that those Orifices of the Body be closely stop't (through which there is 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 the while is the Difficulty. We have Practice something nere it, as of those who attempt to ly long under Water, &c.

And therefore let this be a Caution sufficient to young Practitioners in this Science, that when they work upon a Master, and bring it (as they suppose) to some perfection, if they can induce 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 Practice erroneous.

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**Pag. 105. li. 17.**

**How have I taught you every thing by Name.**

1) Hor.

2) *Hoc tibi dictum*

Tolle memor:

This Verse ought to be heedfully observed by the Student in this Science, for he speaks a real Truth, *Nihil praestantissimum quod quovis dici positi.* Nothing being wanting, nor nothing left out that is needfull to be knowne to compleat this grea Work: which many have not the Happinesse to apprehend, though it should be more plainly discovered unto them. Much alike unfortunato as those that *sandivogius* speaks of, (t) to whom he had intimat'd 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 behoves the serious Student earnestly to desire of God to (t) "remove from his Mind al thoughts without understanding, to make him a (u) Child of the light as of the Day, that his (w) Eyes may behold the right, and his Eye-lids did re & his wayes. That his Days be not spent in vanity, nor his Year's waste doing nothing: but that (y) one Day may reach 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.

3) Præfin Ἐ-ĕnig. Philos.

4) *Wsd 1.5.*

5) *I Thes. 5.5.*

6) *Prov. 4.25.*

7) *Ps. 2.19.2.*

8) *Ord. pa. 106.*

9) *In this Orinall (he lets you out of doubt,)*

Is nothing left wrong, nor no point left out.
Pag. 106. li. 21. In the yeare of Christ MCCCCLXIII.

This Work was begun——

In the search I have made after Authentique Manuscripts to compleat this Work, 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 auntient sett Hand, very exact and exceeding neate. The Figures (whence I caused these herewith printed to be Graven) being also most neatly & exquisitely tym'd, and better work then that which was Henry the seaventh's own Booke, (as I am informed by those that have scene both,) It had placed in the middle and botome of the Compartiments of Flowers, Birds and Beasts, the Nevell's Coate of Armes, with others which that Family quartered. 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 York, who was a most wealthy and Magnificent Bishop; as appears not only by the rich (a) Tewell he offered at Bedfetis Tome, but for the great and stately Entertainment he provided at More in Hartsbirc for Edward the 4th: to make which more Magnificent he brought forth a (b) val' Treasbre of (c) Stow. Ann. Plate, that he had hid during the distractions of former yeares, all which the fo. 4.16. King feilled upon with his Money and Goods then valued at 20000 l. (a faire more considerable sum of Money in those dayes, then now;) and made of the Arch-Bishops Mitre (let with precious Stones) a Crowne for himself.

I have beene informed that there was grete 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. as c) See the Pre-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 (at Blishlow) Succ. p. 48 z. upon a (e) journey from York: So that the Booke might be finisht and prepared Godw. sented, (or if not presented, yet intended) before he dyed, though begun but the pag. ibidem. same yeare.


This Work (which is also called the Twelve Gates) was pen'd by Sir George Ripley, and formerly (f) set forth in print by Ralph Rabards; I have compa- f) An. 1591. red it with several other Manuscrift Copies, amongst which I happily met with one written neere about the time that Ripley lived, (and in thee Streams of Learning the more clearest and without the leaff of Mixture to be found neereft the Spring-head,) the which I most relied 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) Work that it was written in the yeare 1471. g) Pag. 193. which I the rather take notice of, because I have met with a kind of Retraction of Ripley's beginning,
Felix quem faciant aliena pericula cunctum.

Wherein he beseeches all men, wherefoever 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 buerne them or afford them no Credit, being written according to his efficacy, not proofs; and which (afterwards upon trystall) he found false and vain: for so long was he seeking the Stone, but in the truth of pra
tishe had not found it, till towards the end of that yeare, and then (faith He) Inveni quem diligit anima mea.

So that this Treatise of the 12. Gates being wrote the yeare after, is unquestionably to be relied upon, because pen'd from a grounded experimental Pra
tishe, as himselfe Testifies in his Admonition,

h) I never saw worke truly but one, Of which in this Treatise the truth I have told.

In which (for the Students safeguard) he gives an account of his own Erronious Experiments, therein following Chaucer, Richardus Anglicus, Dionisius, Zacharius the noble Trewian, and divers other honest and Conscienious Philosophers.

Ludovicus Combachius (who hath (i) lately set forth divers of Ripley's Works in Latin) tells us (k) that he then had in his hands these Twelve Gates rendered in most pure Elegiacque verse, by one Nicholas May upon the Command of the Emperor Rudolph the second, and that he could willingly have added it to that he published, (which was translated out of English into Latine verse by Sir Edw: Kelley) for the better understanding thereof, but that the Copy was none of his owne.

i) Anno 1649:   
k) Pref. ad Oper. G. Rip.

The learned Faber, (1646.) bestowed much Paines and Cost in publishing to the world (l) Basillus Curtius Triumphalis, and others, in one Volume. In the Argument of which Book he Georgeus Ripleyus Canonicus Anglus dotatifimus et mirandus in quo nihil falsi et supervacui ad metallorum omnium proprietates, et naturas manifestandas, is thus Ingeniously acknowledged. He further assures that his Workes are worthy to keep pace with the best Philosophers; and knowes that Policie in Priming is surest, and takes well with the Judicious, to begin with a good Worke, and end with the best; to which place he refers us to Ripley. But I must needstell 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 Irscus. Cornelius Drebble he prints Tornelius, (and sometimes Fornelevis) Prebellenius; and besides these, further causes of Ex
teption to other parts of the Worke (too many to be mentioned here) amongst the rest where Faber saies they were all rendered into Latin out of Dutch, and that this peice of Ripley's, which he there calls Triplanus de lapide Philosophorum (but is indeed an Epimy 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 false, injurious to our Author, and dishonourable to our Nation.

Thus much for the Worke, 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 Alchemists, and a mystical Impostor. This Imputation of Mystical Impostor smells more of Evious dislike then faithfull Account, and therefore I'll 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 Manuscripts Copies of his (n) Medulla (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 Yevarfall, Ripley, Medley, Willoughbie, Burbam, Waterton, Fleming and Talboys, who (as he there complains to the Archbishop, & Bishop Nevell, 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 Dyver Chanson 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 Cambden 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 (q) 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 Terms of Mystical Impostor, and putting it upon the Account of an Author, who should he thus vilifie one of so cleere a Reputation, ingenious Schollar's 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 Fout: For, where Cambden figures it for (r) Chefsse onely, he addes Cakes and Zcale: Neither of which are t) Nume conci; to be found in the Original, though dubbletse both in the Towne, and for endo Cake no better purpoe then to be beasted of.

But to leave this Disgression & returne to Ripley. Pitts tells us, "He was a Man s) Pitts de illu- of a Quick, & (more then can be expressed) curious Wiz, and that Totam ferè fr.s Aug.Scrip, suæ atæï in pe. scrutandis veri Naturaliï occultis & abstrusës Causës & effectibus pag.677. consume; he wasted almost his whole Life in searching out the occult and "abstruse Causes and Effects of Natural things. And that he might more
"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 several of the most Learned men.

Leland faith truly, that he (x) laid the foundation of his Studies in Italy, for there indeed he had the blessing first to see Projection.

(u) In Romanis partibus nuptis Mercurii,

Acceperitque stylium semel quod inconuelt.

'Tis further testified, that He always either (w) Write, or Learn, or Taught something; He was perfectly learned in all the liberal Arts, and well read in all manner of Philosophy: a most famous Mathematician, a Rhetorician and Poet, (x) per causam atatem, non vulgaris effectus. Combacibus styles him (y) Author preceul dubio dignus, qui ab Amatoribus Chymica sedulo evolutus, cum in sororium apertus, rotundus et planus, nec ullis spinis aliorum more obsitus: A worthy Author without exception, who is diligently studied by the lovers of Chimistry, forasmuch as he is open, well compendious, and plaine of delivery, and not wrapt in any Thorns, after the custome of others. Habet insuper (faith the same Author) cum Lulii scriptis magnum affinitatem, ut unus alterum explicat, &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 Travells abroad, Observes (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 10000l. 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

(a) Exempt from Censurall Obediance,

and alwayes discharged and freed from the burthen of the Ceremonies and Observancy of his Order; but in regard the Channell admit &c such things, he became a (b) Carmelite in the Monastery of Saint Butolph, which (faith Leland) is a famous (c) Mart Towne nigh the Banks of the River Lindsey: This River I take to be the River Witham in Lincolnshire (anciently called (d) Lindsey) which passing from Lincoln, runs towards the maine Sea by Boston, more truly called (e) Butolphs Towne, (for it carried that name from Butolph, a most holy and devote Saxon:) And if you observe Cambdens Map of Lincolnshire, you shall see St. Butolith stands neere to Boston. So that in all likeleyhood this was the place of Ripley's Retirement, where he continued an Authorite 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(f) a great desire to return into England, and to that end therein became a Suter to the Archbishops of Yonge, that by his means he might obtain an abiding place in some Religious house, within his Dioces. Which

Arch-
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 Innocens Indulgence upon his returne into England, and thereupon became a Carmelite, 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) Sixtns the fourth, or Paul the second (his Predecessor) that must grant it unto him.

He wrote divers Books worthy of perusing, but amongst those which Bale Registers, I shall onely call out these, viz.

2. Concordantias Guidonis & Raymundi.
4. Alchemistarum Misteria.

All which Pitts recites, and to them adds the following works.
10. Medullam Philosophiae.
11. Pupillum Alchimiae.
12. Terram Terrarum.

What followes Ludov: Combachiuss has lately printed, and added to some of the aforesaid 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. His
23. Verses belonging to his Scrowle — Pag. 375.

Pag. 177. lin. ult. A Quindecence this Water we call, In Man, which helpeth Diseases all.

Physick 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 those that followed, together with Moses and Solomon, were the great Physicians in former Ages, who bequeathed their heavenly knowledge.
knowledge of natural helps 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 Beam glanced into Greece. The Greeks and Ægyptian Family, &c. God greatly encouraged to serve that Age. Democritus and Hypocrates supported Ruinous Mankind, with their Phisi-cal administrations, and Schollers successively supplied their places for at least 400 yeares, until Galen undertook by his strong Abilities and incessant Paines to vivifie the then dying Genius of Phisick: which hath since most nobly beene Augmented, by the stupendious paines of Arabians and Europeans.

And in the Progress this Science has made into several parts of the World, we may finde, that God hath evermore beene pleas'd to call upon the stage thereof in sundry Ages, some choyce and eminent Men, whom (by the Illumination of his bleffed Spirit) he hath furnished with ability to read the Characters of his blessed will, writ in that ample and sacred Volume of the Creation, and the several Pages of individual Natures. And further, to testifie his care of his Creatures, hath also given them Balme in their hands to stoppe the over-spreading contagiousneffe of bainesfull Diseases. But to contract the Rays of my Prospetive to our owne home, the Phisiatrians College 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 than of Marble.

Nevertheless, it 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 juftly merit by a worthy Applause: And rather cry up a Frie of Illiterate Quacks (for every Galen hath his Plague, [a mounting ignorant Thefealus] that cheate 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 (b) 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 Posterity. 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 yea be Discover'd, shall in those days be freely Revealed to some that little dreame of it. I am more then confident Succession will meete with many advantages and helps, which this corrupt and ingratefull Age deserveth not, nor shall have; because we deride, what Posterity will adore with a lasting admiration: The Circuit of that great and Sabatical 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 meane such as is Ethereal) then yet the world ever knew; and so purifie some
ingenious Inquisitors, as to make them fit Metall for Angells to Project on. This Firey Trigon shall not passe, before that God make manifest what he commanded former Ages to keepe Secret, Where old Hermes his Aetheriall Phisick (viz. this Quintessentiall Water which Ripley here speakes of, and which is

(i) Such as auncient Philisck taught,

shall be Restored; whose perfect and incorruptible Qualities of Hete, Cold, Moisture and Drinesse are able not onely to Nourish, Fortifie, and Increase 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 Aetheriall and Universal Medicine (which God hath hitherto granted to few) zealously apply themselves to finde out a Particular one, (that edulous 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 Salt, 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 means they are Cured.

In the painefull and curious search of which Experiments, where there is more of Nature that still lyeshid, (yea she is as Infinite in her Productions, as the Minde of Man can be Unfatiablen in the search) let the satisfaction the Ingenious Artist finds in one Truth, lead 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 so diligent an Inquisitor, as Nature is to the Ant, who bestows Wings on her in her declining Age, as a reward for her former Labours.

And albeit I magnifie Chemical Phisique, yet I do not lessen the due commendations that belong to Galenical: nor dare I, when so great an Hermetic Philosopher as Arnoldus de villa Nova has taken so much pains 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 (indeed abhorring) all thought of Faction, conceive nothing to come neerer the Divinity of Nature, or be any way more gratefull to God and Good men, then to help the Afflicted, and relieve the Sick; nor greater Charity then to bestow health, and support dejtested Nature. Nor is Galenical 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 render Natures. 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 disparage what they affect nor, (nay oftentimes what is beyond their owne worth) and rent those noble parts

O o o 3
parts of Art at hand, which Nature has conjoined in an harmonious Agree-
ment, and whose wide breaches, honest hearted Philosophers endeavour to make
up by a friendly Reconciliation, 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 bear an Universal
affection to Arts, and am in friendship 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 delivering of my faire Opinion, in what I am yet to know.

It has proved a great (1) Error in some Practitioners, who (tumbling up and
downe their own Speculations) seek out for Truth in the Little world, and
withdrawing themselves too much from the Contemplation of Experimentall
Natural 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 virtues with
our owne internal Natures, for they are certainly (m) united by a Noble, excel-
 lent, 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 (fave that which is Aerthiall and Incorporall) And therefore according
to the Doctrine of (n) Paracelsius, such as are bred from fo light a cause as the
impure Seeds of Vegetables, viz. Meate, Drinkes, Fruits, Herbes, and the like
Elementary things, may be very easily cured with the Secrets of Herbes, Roots,
and such like mild and tender Medicines, of which sort Galenical Physick is
more plentifully furnished then any of the rest. Those that are produced from
the more rude and knooteer Qualities of Minerals, and what is cast within the
Compane of that Tribe, the Chemical Physician 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. Ma-
gically gathered and prepared, or by Sigills, &c. framed or made under suitable
Positions and Aspects of the Planets, and impregnated with the rayes of Celest-
iall Vertues, for without opening the Bodies, Infusing superiour Influences, and
(by an additionall Artifice) fixing them to the said Bodies, their own ordinary
verte (be Elections never so propitious) hath not strength enough to conquer
Diseases of that Nature: and several 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 Incantaments, &c.
none of the other three are able to remedy the same, fave 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

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| Anon | — In his Reason hath contribut
A perfect Medicine, for Bodies that be sick
Of all Infirmities to be related,
This helth Nature, and prolongeth lyfe eke.

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 suitable Medicament is administered.

And whereas I have toucht upon Sigils, 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, Lameis, Talesmes (for all depend upon one Radix) is a piece of Learning as (p.) Ancient as the Babylonian and Caldean Magi, (who first found out the Secret power of Figures) a chief part of their Magick, and practised by the greatest Philosophers in the Eastern World; Where remaine 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 PERSE: although (I confess) their Name and Use be yet scarce knowne in these parts of the World; Or if, only to such whose Wisdom thinkes fit to conceal and preserve the knowledge thereof, from the hands of the sensual and profane.

Among all other Philosophers (famous for this kind of knowledge) Apollonius Tyanaeus was the (q) mightiest, and his Workes (in my Opinion) most Stupendious: Who thought the Envious and Ungrateful World, has throwne some dirt upon him, to blemish the Innocency of his Operations, yet he never deserved other then well; all He did being for the (r) good thereof, and not for hurt; He was no leafer a Pious then Illustrious Philosopher, His whole Life being strict and vertuous, and his Death not blasted with any scandalous Exit. And for a justification of his Praxis, take this Testimony of Justinus, who saith (s) that he was a Man skillfull in the "Dissert and Consent of all Natural Po.

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. ALBOMAR, ZAHUL, HAYL, ALBASAMUS, and divers other Arabians, give us severall examples of such as have been cured of the bitting of Serpents, Scorpions, Mad dogs, &c. by Taliismaticall Figures: And in other Authors we meete with a world of (t) Stories which tell what Admirable 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 Insculpt upon any Matter we make use of, we are led to it by the president (u) See Crolius of Nature, who Stampes most notable and marvelous Figures upon (v) Plants, de signat. inter. Rootes rerum.
Rootes, Seeds, Fruits, nay even upon rude Stones, Flints, and other inferious Bodies.

Nor are these remarkable Signatures made and described by Chaunce, (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 Starrs, by whom they are principally governed, and with these particular Stamps, have also peculiar and different Vertues 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 Master whereupon such Impressions are made, is suitable to the Qualities of those Starrs whose Characters it is signed with: By so much more apt and inclinable it will be to receive those Vertues that shall impower it to produce an Effect, in things whereunto it is 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 Celestiall Influences limited, but doe differently 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 othertimes less vigorous and powerfull, 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, futable to the Nature of the Operation proposed, which being effectual, and the Stars finding a figure aptly disposed for receiving them, they forthwith Imprefe 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 peecce of Iron (a thing made fit by Nature to attract and reteine) that Piece thereby becomes of strength to communicate this vertue to a third. But if we should consider the Operations of this Magnet thoroughly (which proceeds onely from a Naturall Principle) there is no other Mystery, Celestiall, Elementall, or Earthly, which can be too hard, for our Beliefs.

Moreover, these Celestiall Vertues and peculiar Gifts are not infused into Individuall and particular things, by the Idea, and by means of the Soul of the World alone, But also are invited thither, through the Obedience of their Matter, and a certaine aptitude and likenes to that these Inferiours beare to their Superiors; which being once taken in, they thereupon contract and reteine (besides such as they receive from their owne Species) those naturall Vertues and Roots of the Starrs, wherewith they fuscitate and stir up the Influences of the Celestiall 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 joined with the Minde of the Starrs and Intelligences, and as so finely 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 actions, (for certainly influences may be hindred, and prove ineffectual through the indisposition or insufficiency of the matter.) And therefore it is no ordinary speculation to awaken the sleeping spirit which lies bound up in the straight prison of the body, to invite and allure that propitious spirit to descend from heaven, and unite it selfe with that which is internal; and there withall to convey a vinculum thereunto, that is of power to hold fast and fix the celestial influences, from recoiling 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'd, before one true magical operation can be performed.

Pag. 194.

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 hermetical 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 speak but keep himselfe full close.

w) Ordin. p. 32

Privacy will (questionless) prove an unimaginable benefit to him, whereas on the contrary Apernisse exposeth a true philosopher to a multitude of misfortunes. Witness Sir Ed. Kelley, whose immoderate ambition of spreading his name, lifted him up even to a madness of public carriage, which not correcting in time, he most miserably fell, through the fatal virgo of imprudent glory. To such therefore shall only advance chamber's council 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 keep counsel if twaine be awaie.
x) Ten Command of Love.

The figure cut in brass and placed in page 210, is an hieroglyphical device of Cremer sometime abbot of westminster, and scholar (in this science) to raymond lully, which he caused to be painted upon an arch'd wall.
in Westminster Abbey, where now the Statues of our Kings and Queens are set in their respective Habits.

I met with it Limited 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 Superstitions then Flamell's Hieroglyphicks portrayed upon an Arch in St. Innocens Church-yard in Paris; notwithstanding it has pleased some, to wash the Original over with a Plaster's white'd Brim. As also (of late) to break in Pieces the Glaffe Window behind the Pulpit in St. Margarets Church at Westminster, wherein was fairly Painted (but unhappily mistaken for a Popish Story) the whole Processe of the Work, in this manner.

The Window is divided into three Parts: In the Outermost Whereto upon the right hand was drawne 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, wherewith their Feet seemed to be shained to the ground, which Fetters were present'd as falling from off their Legs. Over the heads of these persons were the St and Moore placed, and painted of a fud 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 Crose upon his Shoulders, his Body Encircled with a Bright Glory, which sent forth Beames of divers Colours, He stood upon an Earth intimating Oenulus Piscium.

At the Foot of the Middle Part of the Window was a faire large Red Rose full spread, which issued Rayes upward, and in the Middle an exceeding bright Yellow Glory. Above the Rose was the Figure of a Man rising with Beames of Light spread about his Head (somwhat like the Posture used to express Christ's rising from his Sepulchre) He had a Garment of a Reddish Colour, deepned with Red and heightned with Yellow; In his left Hand, a White Stone, which he held towards the Persons arizing 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,

Omnes gentes aedepli plaudite quia dominus frater est.

In the Middle Part,

S ... at mittens spiritum summ, ecce nova facio omnia velunt et (z) et ...

In the third on the Right Hand.

Facus quasi unus er ... ia ... angelis tibi——

Under these Figures in the Left side of the Window were the Stawels and the Martyrs Coates of Arms quartered; And at the bottome of the Right side thereof, was this Coat of Arms placed, (viz.) Argent, a Chevron * Embattled, Gules, or 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) in hope it may come to the view of such, who (if not at home) may from abroad produce the Bearer, and consequently bring
tolight the Person that design'd these Hieroglyphicks, and caused them thus to be Painted.

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 exceedingely wrought upon him by his persuasions that he (a) brought him over into England, where within two yeares (but after thirty yeares erronious Experiments) he obtained the Secrets from him. And afterwards bringing Lully to the sight and knowledge of Edward the third, upon some deepie Inagements and Promises that the King entred into to prosecute a Warre against the Turkes in person, to bestow somewhat on the House of God, but nothing in Pride or Warring against Christians,) he was content permission Divina Regem sua Arte dividem facere. Which when the King had obtained, he brake his Promise, turned his Designe against France (the first Expedition being (b) Anno 1337.) (b) Stow. Ann. and finding that Lully (after he had seene him violate his faith in destroying fo. 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, begun to study his Freedom, and to that end made himselfe 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 verses and properties are therein largely described,) By the word Chorle, is meant the Coverous and Ignorant Artist, the Garden is the Vessell or Glasse, and the Hedge the Furnace.

The Tale of the Charon's Yeoman.

One Reason why I selected out of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, that of the Charon's Yeoman was, to let the World see what notorious Cheating there has beene ever used, under pretence of this true (though Injur'd) Science; Another is, to shew that Chaucer himselfe was a Master therein.

For, in this Tale Chaucer sets forth the deceits in Alchimy to the life, and notably declaims against all such villainous Pretenders, who being wholly ignorant of Art, have notwithstanding learnt the Cunning, to abuse the World; And this paines he tooke (as himselfe professeth) mearely

c) To the intent that men maye 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 abuiles of these Im-

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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 Land marks, (if we will but take notice of them) to make us avoid the Rocks of their Fraud and Deceits, which will otherwise split us.

The famous Art of Phyllick is not more abused, with Quaucking Mountebanks; nor that other of Astrology more injur'd by some nibling Scholiasts and ignorant Inglers; than this Divine Science hath suffered by the Legerdemaine of some Pretenders. What though some Moderne Chemists rove beyond the Latitude of their Profession, (being hurried on by a Covetous thirst, to obtayne this Arcanum Dei, this Thesaurus incomparabiles;) and by operating in Strange Matters, & torturing of various Bodies, bring Disaragement 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 fallallenges 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 cornfull Ignorance.

This is the Misery, (and is not ultra Caduceus for me to speake it) that there are 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 courted Chaucer's Chanoon, after whom


—d) When ridden and gore full many a Whyle Him foe to seek and have acquaintance, Not knowing of his false governace.

Let Philosophers say what they can, and wise men give never so good Counsell, no warning will serve, they must be Couzened, nay they have a greedy appeite thereunto; but it has bene ever so, and we are told of old, that

e) Ordin. pag. 7

c) Many Artificers have by no other swift, With fally Credence to shme away their thirst.

f) Ord. pag. 17.

f) Norton describes these Cheats exactly, and give as ful an account of their Subtilties as he dare, for feare of encouraging such as bend their Wits that so strong and powerfull a misleader is Covetoushessen.

g) Chap. of Pu-trefac.

f) Norton describes these Cheats exactly, and give as ful an account of their Subtilties as he dare, for feare of encouraging such as bend their Wits that

h) Beware therefore for the Gods sake, And medlyll with nothing of greave Coft, Fo2 and thon doe, yt is but loft.
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 Impostors, 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) Thyfe the welleere thyw begin,
Dr else lytell Schalt thew wynne.

And with him Chaucer,

l) If that your Gyne cannot seeke right,
Loketh that your Minded lack not his light.

And againe,

Let no man busie him this Arte to seeke,
But he that the entention and Speche,
Of the Philosophers understand can,
And if he see he is a lewebe man.

For this Scyence and Connyng quod (n) he,
Is of the Secre of Secræs parde.

Let me tell them they may become happier and expect a Blessing in what they seeke; If with Job they can thus throughly 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 take onely,

m) For Covetous men that andeth never
Though they seeke it once and ever,

and certainly the lucre of that will fix a Curfe upon their Endeavours, and plunge them headlong into an unfathom’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 carelessly slide into a Venture upon any Terms, Ile leave them with this incouragement,

n) Who see that lytell to utter his folly,
Let him come forth and learne to Multiply;
And every man that hath ought in his Coter,
Let him appear and were a Philosopher.

n) See Carpent. wokre.

\) Chan Yeom. Tale.

m) Arnold. de villa nova.

n) Pearce Black Monke.

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 Reign had cau'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 Tyrians is the same.

Besides he that Reads the latter part of the Canon's Teoman's Tale, will easily perceive him to be a Judicious Philosopher; and one that fully knew the Mistery.

Mafter Speght (in that commendable Account he gives of Chaucer's life,) is perswaded he was borne in London, from something intimat'd in his Testament of love. But Bale saith, He was (q) Nobili loco natum, 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 considerabled weight, because they were doubtlesse such as he gathered in his 6 yeares 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 pains, All that was notable in this Nation (r) had in all likelihood beene perpetually obscurest, or at best, but lightly remembered, as uncertaine shadows. Nevertheless the fruits of this famous Antiquaries labours, are no where now intirely to be seene, unlessse diffus'd through the works of some other men, who have most arrogantly and unworthily made them their owne: amongst the rest I perceive Polid. Virgil stole much Tymber from this worthy Structure, with part whereof he built up his Worke, the rest be enviously burnt, for thus I finde Lelands Ghost Complaining.

Am I deceib'd? or both not Lelands Spirit, Complain with Ghosts of English Notaries; Whom Polidoro Virgill robb'd of merit, Bereft of Name, and Lackt of Histories, While (wretch) he rabish English Libraries.

Ah wicked Bookes, theses whoolebe ther did it: Should one burne all, to getone single Creditt.

Am I deceib'd? or both not Lelands Spirit Make hue and Cry, for some Booke Treasure steale; Ransack his Works, and Rasing Fame and Merit; Whereby are vnmoisterd a Prince-given Wealth, A learned Writers Travaile, Wits, and Health: All these he spent to doe his Country pleasure, Oh Iake his Name, the World may know his Treasure.

But
But begging Pardon for this Digression, (being on the behalf of so deserving a Scholar) I return to Chaucer. Pitts Positively saies he was born in Woodstock, of noble Parents, and that Patre habeiit Equeitis Ordinis Viuì, his Father was a Knight. And this may not be unlikely if we consider, that not only the Name is as Ancient as (i) William the Conqueror's time, but that some of the Family have beene both of large fortunes and good quality. For we finde (u) that Edw. the 1. heard the Complaint of John Chaucer in the Damage of 1000 l. (i) Record in And also, that there was in the Raigne of H. 3. and Ed. 1. one Elias Chaucer, Tur. Lond. of whom (w) —— Edwardus dei gratia &c. liberate de Thesauro nostro Elia Chaucer, decem Solid. With which (x) barasters our Geoffrey Chaucer is written in the Records of Ed. 3. and Rich. the second.

But wheresoever he was Borne, his Education was chiefly in the University of Oxford in Camberbury-Colledge, (v) (suppressed by H. 8. and now joyned to) Stow. An. Christchurch) though for some time he studied at Cambridge.

2) Of Cambridge Clarke.

He quickly became a Witty Logitian, a sweet Rhetoritian, a pleasant Poet, a grave Philosopher, a holy Divine, a skillful Mathematician, his Tutors therein were Frere John Son, and Frere P. Lenne, (a) (Friars Carmelites of Lymne remembred with honour in his Treatise of the Astrolabe) and moreover (I may safely add) an able Astrologian, for almost in every Worke he inter-weaves most sound and perfect Astrologie. In Brief, he was Universally learned, and so affirms his Scholar Tho. Occlewe,

b) Of Universall Fadze of Science.

Pitts stiles him (c) Vir Belli Pacisq; Aribus mi.è Florens. A Man that excelld in Arts both of Warre and Peace, and a little after, Nam jam ante quam virilum atarem argissent, erat Poeta Elegans, Et qui Poetam Angliam ita illustravit in Anglicus Homerus merito habereur: For ere he came to Mans Estate, he was an Elegant Poet, and one, who illustrated English Poesy, that he might have beene deservedly accounted the English Homer. Lidgate the Monke 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 dropps of Speech and Eloquence,
Into our Tongue through his Excellence.
And found the Flowers first of Wittercrick,
Our rude Speech or e'ty to intimize,
That in our Tongue was never non 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.
He spent many of his years in France and Flanders: severall Preferments he had at Court, for he was (g) Armiger Regis to Ed. 3. (a place of very good Reputation) (h) Valerius Hospitii, viz. Groom of the Palace, and after in R. 2. time (i) Conrourter of the Custome-houfe London; With these he had severall Annual pensions during his Life granted from R. 2. and H. 4. His Abilities for Foraigne Imployments 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 Fullats, the times considered.

He dyed at London 25. Octob. Anno. 1400. as appears by the Inscription upon his Tombe at Saint Pater's in Westminster Abby, in an Isle on the South side of the Church.

Mr. Nicholas Brigham built this Marble Monument to his Memory, the true Pourtraiture whereof I have caused to be exactly graved in Brass, and placed in page 226. There was formerly round the ledge of the Tombe these following Verses, but now no remainder of them left.

Si rogites quis cram, forsan te sana docebis:
Quod si sana veget, mundi quia gloria transit,
Hac monumenta lege.

The Picture of Chaucer is now somewhat decay'd, but the Graver has recovered it after a Principall left to posterity by his worthy Schollar Thom. Occleue, who hath also these Verses upon it.

(k) And though his life be quetinde the resemblannce,
Of him hath thine so freshe lissnesh,
That to putte other men in remembrance
Of his persone, I have here the lissnesh
Do make, to this ende in lothfastnesh,
That then that hav[e of him lost thoute and mynde,
By this Picture, may ageine him synde.

Before Mr. Brigham built the aforesaid Monument it seemes Chaucer had a Stone layd over his Grave upon which was ingraved this following Epitaph.

Galfridus Chaucer Vates & fama Poetis,
Materna haec sacra sum tumula tumulo.

Pag 257.

Daphnis's Dreme.

I am perswaded this Worke called by the Name of Daphnis's Dreme, has beene turned into English Verse by some later Philosophers: for in his days we mee with no such refined English, and in Latin we have his Vision with which (in effe &) this agrees.

The Time he liv'd in is not certainly knowne; I finde none that mention it; but it is beleived it was long since. Our Country-man (l) B Hale speaks of him yet,
yet throwes at him and this Science some uncomely abuses: Nevertheless he
calls him Alcumistice arte atque sua primus & in Anglia Magister unicis; the
Prime Alchymist of his Age, and the only Master thereof in England; A Pro-
ducer and Foreteller of things which (it seemes in his apprehension) he could
not attaine to by Nature; He made a diligent search into all things that might
possibely be found out in Chemistry, insomuch that he boldly wrote and publi-
ished severall Experiments.

And though (m) Pitts renders him a very Poore man, and layes the blame (m) Pag.871;
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 Bockes,

2. Visiones ad hac alias.
4. Speculum Philosophorum.
5. Sapientum Aurium.

(n) Maierus faith he left behind him a considerable Chemicall Tract, which n) Symb.Aur.
Janua Laciniosa hath put in his Collections. Not unlike but this may be in Laci-Mens. pag.458.
his Pretiosa Margarita novella de Thesaur, ac preciosissimo Philosophorii lapide;
but the Book I have not yet see, and therefore cannot tell whether what is
there published of Daffin's, be any of the before mentioned Workers.

Pag.269. Take Erth of Erth, Erths Woder.

Udovius Combachius 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 Ter-
rarum] which (o) Pitts also gives to one of his Workes may seeme to infinu.
ate this; But I conceive all are not Ripley's which walk under his Name, for
questionless, many Pieces are (of late Tymes) fathered on him which he never
wrote; Bale 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's, that the Hand (as I Judge) speakes it to be antiq
tier then Ripley's Time.

Pag.275. Of Titan Magnesia take the cleere light,
The Redd Gummme that is so bright:
Some Ancient Copies have it also thus,

Of Spaine take the cleere light,
The Red Lion that is so bright.

VVe 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 anci-
tente Hand-writing I ever saw this Piece written in) to which was affixe the
Name
Name of Richard Carpenter, and thereupon I have initialed it, Carpenter's Wri
tes.

I finde that in Anno 1447, John Carpenter then Bishop of Worcester (p) foun
ded the Colledge at Wefibury neere Britfoll, (mentioned (q)) before to be Aug
mented by William Canning: (r) by "pulling downe the old Colledge, and in
the new Building enlarged it very much, compassion it about with a strong
Wall, Embattailed; adding a faire Gate, with divers Towers, (more like un-
ro a Castle then a Colledge,) and lastly bestowed much good Land for augmenting
the Revenue thereof. Besides this he built the Gauchhouse at Hartlebourough,
a Castle neere and (s) belonging to the Bishop of Worcefter; and did severall oth-
er Wrikes of Piety and Charity.

This Bishop Carpenter is supposed to be Brother, or neere Kinsman to Ri-
char Carpenter our Author, and accounted an Hermetique Philofopher. He was
Contemporary with Norton, and Cannings; and for the most part lived neere
unto them, at the aforementioned Wefibury; may he had fo 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 honou-
red with a part of his Style; and to have taken upon him the Name of Bishop
of Worcefter and Wefibury, 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
Wrike, Prefaced with what follows.

Ask me ye of the Clerkes that holden the aufo Wise, what is the
Whole that most be sown in the Earth, and wheredoe it is no'sed
forth hot or cold. For if it were in harte, it scholde never rothe with-
out cold and moysture. Also sey to hem alle, al that ever was comen
of on, but it is disbevered in this, as Fader, and Sonne, and Holy
Ghost. One way there is, and no mo. Also looke which is the
Fader and Moder of alle Metalles, For if thou shewe on take any oth-
er manuer chinge than his owne kynde, thou leefeth all thy werk: For
looke whompe he cometh, and in his owne Moderes bely nose the him
forth, and when he is of age noon him forth with his owne Moder
mylke, and gib him is owne Moder mylke.

Pag. 278. The hunting of the Greene Lyon.

In the Camp of Philosophy, Bloomefield reckons up a Wrike that beares the
Title of the Greene Lyon, and amongst other Impofers (of his Tyme) calls
the Vicar of Maldon, (but in some Copies Vicar of Walden) the Author; and
consequently esteemes the Wrike spurious,

u) They brought they in the Vicar of Maldon,
With his Lyon Greene, that most royall Secret;

But what Piece foever that was I know not: I am confident this, that I
here present my Reader with under that Title, is a perfect Wrike, and truly
Phil-
Philosophical; besides some Copies owne Abraham Andrews for their Author, and is so confirm'd to me by the Testimony of a credible Philosopher.

Pag. 293. l. 10. God save my Masters life.

Thomas Charnock (the Author of the Breviary of Naturall 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 fortooth he is.

It seems he had some acquaintance with this Priest, and in that time bene 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 perisht 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 years of their Reign (which was parte in the year 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 3i. yeares of Age (though he intimates he was about 28. yeares old when he first met with the Prior of Bath) for Ann. 1574. he was 50. yeares old, as appeares at the end of his (b) Fragments, which I Coppyed from his owne Hand.

Pag. 293. l. 10. Only a Monke of whom I speake anon.

This Monke was Charnocks other Master, into whose Company he (c) accidently 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 Abbey 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 Abbey: he hid it in a Vault.
g) Chap. 5. 

And Ten days after he went to fetch it out, 
And there he found but the stuple of a Cloutte.

For it was taken away: It made their Hearts light who found it, but his so heavy, and the loss so discontented and afflicted him.

a) Chap. ibid. 

b) That many yeares after he had no settling place.

and (losing his Eyes soone after his Ecclesiasticall 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.

PA. 298. lin. 25. 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 Birth-place of Charnock; however though he might be born there, yet he dwelt about Salisbury, when he first met with his Master Bird. He calls himselfe the Unlettered Schoollar, and by severall Fragments and Notes that I have seene 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 obtain'd the Keverell, and had the good fortune to meete with that in plaine English, which many (who have the assisstance of other Languages) goe without; Thus we see by him, that God hath not excluded all who are Masters of no other then their owne Language; from the happinesse of understanding many Absructe 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 Processe (which all Students may take notice of) tedious or long in delivering to Charnock. For thus he saith,

(k) His Master Bird.

Within three or foure Words (k) he rebated to me
Of Wintrall Prudence the great Miferie.

He lived in the Range of an Ordinary man, else I presume his Quality might have priviledged him from being Prefet for a Common Souldier. And from a Memorandum of his owne hand, it may be gathered, that he practis'd Chirurgery; for thereby it appears he bargained to have Five Markes for healing the Leg of one Richard Deane, for the payment of which one John Bodin and William Lawly became Surveyes.
Page 300. li. 23. Remember 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 again.

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, doth now in the Savoye in London, and hath it a Working there, as Harry Hamond told me at Saint James Faire.

Anno Domini: 1566.

Page 301. li. ult. Forsooth it was Ripley the Canon his Boy.

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 faithful) 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 weightie 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 faid he tould him

—m) He did it not attaine,
Of no maner of Man but of God, he put it into his head
As he for 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 toke to be Priest.

Charnock was much hindred in the Course of his Prafife 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 Moneths reckoning.]
causing him to be presst for a Studier upon the Designe of relieving of Calis, (which was the (o) beginning of January Anno 1558. and almost his Monthes after he had finished the Breviary of Philosophy,) whereupon in a Disconsent he destroyed All.

Pag.303.l.6. And if God spare me lyke 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 seemed to promise some other Work, yet I could never learne that he wrote any thing afterwards, save only His two Enigmas, (the which I have Marshall'd after his Breviary) and the Fragments inserted, Pag.424. What time he dyed, is uncertaine, but after the yeare 1577. I mette with nothing under his owne Hand, although severall yeares before that, his Pen lay not still; for in divers spare places of his Books he inferred sundry Notes, to the which most commonly he assi
t a Date; some whereof I have published in this Theatrum.

Pag.305. Bloomesfield's Blossomes.

The Author himselfe also calls this Work the Camp of Philosophy, and the Practick thereof he styles by the Name of his last VVill and Testament. It was written by William Bloomesfield (some Copies have called him Sir William Bloomesfield) a Bachelour of Physick, admitted by H.8.

I have seene a faire Manuscript of Norton's Ordinall, wherein (at the toppe of the Lease, that begins every Chapter and some other Eminent places,) is a Scrowle, and in the first fold thereof is written [Myles] in the middle of it, the Number of the Chapter, and in the third fold [Bloomesfield] which Myles Bloomesfield I take to be the Owner of the Book (and perhaps some Brother or Kinsmen to our William Bloomesfield;) Nevertheless by a Note in that Book (of an indifferent ancient hand) I afterwards found this Myles is called the Author of

Bloomesfields Blossomes.


I cannot give my Reader an Account of Sir Edward Kelley, but I must also mention that famous Artist, Doctor John Dee; (whose last VVill and Testament followeth Sir Edw. Kelle's Work) He being sometime his Intimate Friend, and long Companion in Philosophical and Chemicall Experiments: 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 Rudolph the 2. Emperor of Germany) at Prague.

Touching
Touching Sir Edward Kelley, he was borile at WOrcester, the Scheme of whose Nativity (Graved from the Originall Calculation of Doctor Dee, and under his Hand) There Exhibite.

Which may be gracefull 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; Essentiall and Accidentall, [viz. in his owne House, and Exaltation, Direct, and Swift of Course; free from Combustion, and in the Tarmes, 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 Tarmes 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 abstrufe 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 Tyle 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 Never in his Funerall Monuments inserts, where, though he make him an After in the worst part of Conjurasion, 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, Propriet, and Use) more then either the Grecian or Romane 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.


And lastly, that he was a good Astrologian, and a studious Philosopher, his 300. Astrologickal Aphorismes, His 120. Aphorismes De praestantioribus qui-busdam naturae virtutibus, Monas Hieroglyphica, Speculum initatis, (being an Apologie 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 several 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) revealed 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 bitterness of his soul (which was even Crucified with the malice of Impudent Tongues) most seriously and fervently to Apologise. Nor could he enjoy Tranquillity in his Studies, but was oftentimes disquieted and vexed with the lower Dispositions of such as most Injusticeously Scandalized both him and them, Insomuch that the (q) yeare he went beyond Sea his Library was seized on, wherein was 4000 Books, and 700 of them Manuscripts (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 its most probable that at this time his before mentioned Specula initatis might fall into those hands, that would never since suffer it to see the Light, which might occasion the Learned Selden to say, this

r) Seld. Pref.to (r) Apologie was long since promised by him; but intimating it was never Written.
Hopt. Concor. An.1592. (s) Maffier Secretary Walsingham, and Sir Tho; George were sent to his then dwelling house at MORTLEACK by vertue of a Commission, to understand
the Master and Causes for which his Studies were Scandaliz'd. And for some other thing in the like Nature, was he necessitated to send his (s) Apologetical (s) Jan. 6. 1595. letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

These kind of Persuasions were still Multiplied upon him, and he sometimes Personally agreed by them for about the year 1594. he was under a kind of Restraint, which occasioned him to (s) write to the Lady Seymore to move the Queen, that either he might declare his Case to the Body of the Court, or else under the Broadscale 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 unquesstionable 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 concerning) 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-Abbay, which was so incredibly Rich in vertue (being one upon 27230.) 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 Lasky 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 Trebuna in Bohemia (whither they were come (u) dwell) Sir Edward Kelley made (w) Projection with one (w) 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 Trebuna, being sent thither to Doctor Dee, from the Emperour 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 i.ounces. E. K. Moreover, for neerer and later Testimony, I have received it from a credible Person, that one Broomfield and Alexander Roberts, told him they had often seen Sir Edward Kelley 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 (onely 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 Queen 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 Kelly's Gold, the fashion of which was onely Gold Wyre, twelfth thriceth about the Finger: and of these fashion'd Rings, he gave away, to the value of 4000l. at the Marriage of one of

Rm
his Servant Maides. This was highly Generous, but to say truth he was openly Profuse, beyond the modest Limits of a Sober Philosopher.

During their abode at Trebona, they tried many Chemical Experiments to see whether they could make that Jeswell 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 find the 27. of April noted by Doctor Dee with several expressions of Joy and Gladness, as —— Hae est dies quam fecit Dominus. Againe —— 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 dives times to Prague, and the 15. of Jan. 1587. he went into Poland, but returned the 9. of Feb. after, And 'tis probable these Journeys were made in quest after some famous Chemical Things and were not carried here so privately, but Queen Elizabeth had no notice given her of their Actions, 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 Simkenson and Master Francis Garland's Brother Roberts, 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 unkindnesse 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 shew of Reconciliation, and discovering more then an Ordinary Intimacy and Compliancy about that time, which faire shewes the good Doctor notes with this prayer. God leade his heart 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 Mutuall Charity, which (z) after upon Mistris Kellys receiving the Sacrament she gave her hand to Doctor Dee and his Wife in Token of Charity. But it seemes these things were not cordiall but onely outward; for 9. Sept. following, (the Lord Chancellor coming to Trebona) the Rancour & Disimulation was more evident to him, and it seemes grew up to a greater height then he could beare. 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 Plate, with some other things, and thereupon received his Discharge in writing under his Hand and Seal.

While these Discontents 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 Breame and had not stayed there three days, but the Landgrave of Hesse sent Letters of Civil Complements to him, and within three daves after, Doctor Dee presented him with his Twelve Hungarian Horses.
Horses, that he bought at Prague for his Journ. (c) Here that famous Her- c 27 June
cetique Philosopher, [Doctor Henric Kuiwrah of Hamburgh] came to visit 1589. him: 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 Tre-
bona, and carried back Letters from the Doctor to Queene Elizabeth: He was a
great Corepsondent of Doctor Dees, and as earnest a Seacher after the Stone.

The 23. of Novemb. following, he arriv’d at Graves end having beene out
himselfe to the Queene at Richmond, where he was favour’d with a kinde Re-
ception.

Being settled againe at Mortclack, the Queene used to call at his Houfe to visit
him, and shewed her self very Curteous to him, upon all Occasions. Against
Christmas 1590. she sent him Two hundre Angells wherewith to keep his Christ-
mas, and a hundre Ma kes against Christam 1592. the li’wise 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 Portlandes of Honour at Court, frequented his Company, and sent him
many Gifts, from time to time. Amongt others Sir Thomas Jones most nobly
offered him his Castell of Emlin 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 Chancellerhip of St. Pauls, and the 27 of May 1595. his Patent 1594.
past the great Scale, for the Wardenship of Manchester, whither He, his Wife,
Children, and Family came the 14. of Feb. 1596. and the 20. day following
was Infalled, and in this Wardenship (wherein he had the unhappinesse to be
often vexed with the turbulent Fellowes of that Colledge) dyed, deserving the Com-
mandations 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 maintained betwene him and Sir Edward Kelley, in Letters sent
by Mr. Francis Garland and others; (and some expectancy of Sir Edwards
coming over: (e) Mr. Thomas Kelley (his Brother) putting the Doctor in e) 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 (f) Liberty, and Doctor Dee had notice of it the 5. Decemb. after. And though he began to grow into the Emperours favour, in
hopes to be entertained into his Service (for he certified Doctor Dee by Let-
ters in Augsb 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 tied together to let him downe, he (being a weighte Man)
fell and broke his Leggs, and thereof dyed: (The Ascendent then coming by
Direction to the place of the (g) Moone with Latitude, the being Lady of the 8th (g) 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
Nativit thereof.
This Dialogue is there placed among the Anonymi, in regard I then knew not the Author, but afterwards I met with the intire (i) Works, and found it to be that of Ripler's, which is called the Mistory of Alchymists, and that this Fragment was but drawn out of it, only dreft up with another Tyles; 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 Dimmes of the Taper will be excused where there was no cleerer light to be found. For though (like the Sun) they may seeme to have some Spots, yet the candid Peruer must confesse 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 disparagement, or goe out of them without some Dangers: and from my discoveries draught thence, I am well assured I might have more contented the Reader, could I have satisfied my Self better. However, I durs not adventure to Rechifice what I found amisse; but thought it better to leave it to the Judgement of each that takes the paines to study them, then obtrude my owne Sense, lest what I judge an Emendation, others may senfure as a Groffe fault: and withall ever remembering the strict Charge the generality of Philosophers have continually given, not to meddle or alter any of their Works; I, even in what I feare are manifest Imperfections, dare not but most inviolably obsever 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 Charite and for the Lords sake,
Let no man from my writing take
One word, or add thereto,
For ceretainly is that he do,
He shall have malice fro which I am free.
Meaning Truth and not subtily.
This Crafts brouught by wey of hinde,
So that there is no failace in.

And againe,
The Science of himselfe is rew,
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 betwixt 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 Pint) a (u) noble and learned Man, Gaflrido forè per omnia similem; quique eundem prorufus habitam omnium studiorum suorum propositionem 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 endeavours was to refine and polis their Mother Tongue, that there might appeare the expresse footsteps of the Roman Eloquence in our English Speech.

This appears by Chaucer's sending to Gower his Troylus and Cresida after he had finisht it, for his perusall and amendments.

o) O Mosaic Gower, this Booke I direct
To the, and to the Philosophicall Strove
To vouchsafe, ther neede is, to cozeer,
Of your Benignettes and Zeles good.

And surely these two added to much of splendour and ornament to our English Idome, as never any the like before them: for they set foote to foote, and lovingly contended, whether should bring most honour to his Country both endeavouring to overcome, and to be overcome each of other, they being not only the Remembrancers but Imitators of him,

Quod lingua Catonis & Enni,
Sermonem patrium diavertis, & nova rerum
Nomina proculeris.

p) Stow Margens in, that he was no Knight; yet we have it (q) from Bale (p) Surv. s. 450. that he was Vir Equestris Ordinis, of the Order of Knighthood, and Leland sayes (r) Century 7. 5. 14. that Abillustri flemmate originem duxit, that he had his Originall from an Illustrious Pedigre.

He (r) built a great part of St. Mary Overies Church in Southwark, and (s) Stow. Ann. when death had snatched out of his bosome his deare Companion Geoffry Chau-
er, he then prepared a resting place for his owne Body in the Chapell of Saint John in the said Church where he founded a Chambry. He was very old and blind when he dyed and lived but two yeres after Chaucer. He had a stately Monument erected, wherein was his whole Portraiture cut in Stone in the Wall on the North.
North side of the said Chapel. The Haire 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 foure Roses, a habit of Purple, (Mr. Speght sayes Greenish) Damask downe to his feete, a Collar of Esses of Gold about his Neck, the Ornaments of Knighthood, under his head the likenesse 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 Confessio Amanis, pen'd in English, which last was printed the 12. of March An. 1554. His Armes were these, Argent, a Chevoron 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 fertubi tutum,
Reddibit immolatum morti generale tributum,
Spiritus Scutum se gaudeat esse solutum,
Et ubi birtatum Regnum sine laboDatutum.

--- Deus nobis hæc 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 Anno domini 1702
# A Table of

The severall Treatises, with their Authors Names, contained in this WORKE.

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Richard Carpenter's Worke. pag. 275.
Sir Edward Kelley's Worke. pag. 324.
Sir Edward Kelley to G. S. Gent. pag. 332.
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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><strong>A Table above.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Baine, Bathes.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Certes, undoubtedly.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Absayde, arose, recovered, up-</strong></td>
<td><strong>Bale, sorrow.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Cheefe, chufhe.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>kark.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Baine, Bainea Maria.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Cheepe, sheepe.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Agone, gone, fled.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Behife, or Behoote, promise.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Cheke, thrive.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Aiconomie, Alchemie, Chemiftrie.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Behine, anon.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Chole, slave, clowne.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Algates, Notwithstanding, ever, for-</strong></td>
<td><strong>Ben, bpn, be.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Chryftis Christ his.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>footh, even, altogether.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Bepet, begotten.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Chyre, chireth.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Allleviate, Elevate, lift up.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Blent, blind, turned back.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Clateret, brable.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mile, all.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Blite, quickly, gladly.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Clapp, prate.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Mis, also, as well.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Bloe, blew.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Clot leave, Bardana, or great Bur-</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Ana, of each, a like quantity.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Blynde, ease.</strong></td>
<td><strong>dock leave.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Broder, another.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Boote, helpe.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Clype, Eclipfes.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Anneller, secular.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Bawne, ready.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Coart, inforce.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Appeale, decay.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Bawne, Botare, or Bawne.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Conveniable, Convenient.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Appearance, appearing.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Boote, helpe.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Coude, could.</strong></td>
</tr>
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<td><strong>Appetible, desireable.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Bawne, ready.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Couthe perfectly, know.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Askauence, as though, as if, aside.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Boote, helpe.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Cowyle, Monkes hoods.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Askys, athes.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Bawne, ready.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Crop, topp.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Bawne, ready.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Croflets, Crucibles.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Debonair, Humane, civil, meeke, humble</strong></td>
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humble, gente.
Delen, deale.
Dempd, demeth, Judged.
Denigrate, make black.
Depurso, clenfed.
Derke, darke.
Discover, spend.
Dight, made ready, handled, used.
Dole, grieve, sorrow.
Done, doth.
Donce, douce, sweet.
Draft, filth.

E
Empriife, interprife, fashion, order.
Englutting, flopping.
Engine, wit, device.
Er, until.
Erbe, Hearbe.
Erb, earneft.
Euell, Viniger.
Every edge, every one.
Eyre, wrath.

F
Fader, Father.
Fagg and faine, close and flatter.
Fals false.
Fallacie, Deceipt.
Fancis, fanes.
Falsely, firmly.
Faute, want, lack.
Fay, truth.
Fayme, glad.
Febis, Phæbus.
Fecis, dreggs.
Federis, fethers.
Fet, fetched.
Fende, Devil.
Ferde, Strange.
Feynne, faineth.
Flewne, phlegme.
Fomen, Enemies.
Folish, sullie, sully.
Folps,fooles.
Forboun, plenty.
Frape, Company, a rable.
Fright, fruit.
Felt, first.
Froze, frozen.
Fruitous, fruitfull.
Fychyes, Fishes.

G
Gafe, gave.
Gayer, Gaudier, Braver.
Geason, strange, rare.
Goude, good.
Gowndes, gownes.
Gistre, white.
Goodcach, kinde, respective.
Growth, growth.
Guerdon, reward.
Gyfe, manner.
Gynne, snares.

H
Halfe, Neck.
Hallow, hollow.
Haunt, use.
Haufe, imbrace.
Hauhbergeon, a Coate of Male.
Height, called.
Hem, them.
Hende, gentle.
Henting, catching.
Herry deed, rout a
Hermes, vallies, corners.
Hert, Hart.
Hosts, wills, promises, commandments.
Hyle, health.
Heyne, labourer, drudge.
Hing, hang together.
Hole, whole.
Ho, who so.
Hyr, their.
Hyt, it.

I
Iape, Jeft, yet by abuse drawne into a more wanton sence.
I cleped, called.
Ich, I.
I deale, meddle.
Jfctfe, device.
Like, same.
Lyke, like.
Engine, wit, devise.
I now, enough.
I not, I know not.
Intercite, handle.
Interdite, prohibited.
Iron.
I take, taken.
I wys, verily.

eyfe, if.

K.
Kesse, coole.
Keeppe, care.
Ken, know.
Kid, made knowne.
Hidges, Kindles, i.e. fæus, young ones.
Hythe, made known, shew,acquaint.

L.
Latt, let, binder.
Lamb, praise.
Laver, rather.
Laurer, lawrell.
Lay, law, fong.
Cease your Lay, hold your Tongue.
Laypr, leisure.
Leave, learne.
Leaings, ies.
Leete, loofe.
Levb, Chirurgeon.
Lefe, left.
Lefe, deare.
Leman, Concubine.
Lente, gentle.
Letterre, a Booke of learning.
Lewde, ignorant.
Leypo, leaves.
Leper, Elixir.
Lyken, affect.
Lutt, little.
Lys, soft, plyable.
Longryth, belongeth.

M.
Mayden, made.
Matison, curse.
Maugre, despite.
Maber, a broad drinking-bowle.
Mede, mete, reward, help.
Medled, mingle.
Meder, leane.
Meie, meddle.
Menge, mingle.
Herds, Turds.
Here, merry.
Nebth, moveth.
Micle, much.
Mo, more.
Mover, Mother.
Mollock, Earth, Dung.
Mo, must goe.
Mought, movte, might.

N.
Nas, was not.
Nathlesse, nevertheless.
Ne, nor.
Here, were not.
Nemene, name.
Nethe, Tender.
Wilde Nepe, Carmine.
Nis, is not.
Nones, condition, purpose.
No, nase, could not.
Nebbeffon, Rose noble.
Nowther, neither.
Nye, is not.
Nythe, neere.

S. F. 3
O

Oder, odther, other.

Off rythys, oughtest.

Ouycyne, Onix.

Dynte, decked.

Durwyn, depart, separete.

Dwthys, oughtest.

P

Pante, pitfall.

Perde, truly.

Partite, perfect.

Pawkner, purses.

Piscance, delight.

Plyte, condition.

Plyght, turned, catched.

Pome-iggy, dalpe-grey.

Porpheries, Marble mingled with

Poperes, Poets.

Prae, subjection.

Psefe, prove, prooste.

Pdecked, ridden fast.

Prettie, secret.

Pole, to prole after a thing.

Pawe, profit, honour.

Plyght, cast, setled, propped.

Q

Dueinte, strange.

Quall, dash, destroy.

Quyte, require.

R

Rache, a little cur Dog.

Rad, reade.

Ragounce, a kinde of precious stone.

Rath, quickly.

Recorden, recordeth.

Recure, recover.

Rede, meaning.

Webe, help, advice, speche, arte.

By Rede, in order.

Rhaunder, baundry.

In lightfull, Just.

We, ugly, blodily.

Ne, whisper.

Rure, red.

Bumbled, made a noyse.

Ruth, lamentacion.

Rype, frequent.

Rype, rendre.

S

Salew, honour.

Samles, forts.

Saus peere, without Fellow.

Sauter, PSalter.

Scolys, schooles.

Sclalt, shalc.

Sche, she.

Schoold, should.

Schebye, sherve.

Scuche, such.

Schech, seeken, seeke.

Sercee, secret.

Scrib, seldom.

Sembly, like.

Semen, followes.

Shene, shine, shining.

Shent, harmed, infecteed.

Shrewes, Infortunes.

Shrap, scrape.

Sith, by and by.

Sotlyche, slovenly.

Sipper, burnifhed.

Someule, somewhat, something.

Soot, sweete.

Soothfastly, insooth, truly, crush.

Sourspring.

Spyay, sprig, bough.

Spyrred, enquire.

Squares, tales.

Stabull, stable.

Stante, stand.

Steven, Steven, fond, also time.

Stilatoxe, Alembick.

Stounde, time, moment, dumpe.

Strande, a banke.

Stop, ceafe, flacke.

Substray, substract.

Succended, inflamed.

Suffren, suffer.

Suffer, filler.

Sweyte, sweete.

Swom, some.
Then, walk.
Wanke, worke.
Wastie bree, libellae sine Cinnell.
Wex, Wex increase.
Wetrich, waterich.
Wrench, thought, doub't.
Weening, thinking.
Wellid, riseth, springeth.
Wende, goe.
Wit, understanding.
Werne, were.
Whilome, ere while, sometines.
Wile, decei'd:
Wilt, knowne.
Wail, will.
Warme, wombe.
Wanne, dwell plenty.
Woode, made.
Woosche, wooschen, worke.
Wolthe, thinking, judging.
Wolfe, was.
Wautiben, would.
Wrench, w'ake, revenge, wrath.
Wrenches, trapps.
Righten, written.
Thy, which.

Thyse, borne.
Yoo, stayed.
Yef, Yeave, gge, give.
Yefet, fetched.
Yerm, Iron.
Yillumine, enlighten.'
Ynastre, sufficient.
Ynde, Indie.
Yode, yede, went.
Yre, erewhile.
Ythe, thrive.
Yvec, apaid.

FINIS.
It will concerne the Studious Reader to Correct the faults escaped in this Work, The most materiall whereof follow.

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