

# English alchemical verse

English alchemical verse from Elias Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*. Transcribed by Justin von Bujdoss.

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## Description of the *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*:-

**Ashmole, Elias.** *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*. Containing Severall Poetical 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, London, Printed by J. Grismond for Nath: Brooke, at the Angel in Cornhill. MDCLII. 1652.

xvi + 486 + viii pages.

p i [Title.]

p iii-xvi [Prolegomena] To All Ingeniously Elaborate Students, In the most Divine Mysteries of Hermetique Learning.

p1-106 The Ordinall of Alchimy. Written by Thomas Norton of Bristoll.

p107-193 The Compound of Alchymie. A most excellent, learned, and worthy worke, written by Sir George Ripley, Chanon of Bridlington in Yorkeshire, Containing twelve Gates.

p194-209 Liber patris sapientiae.

p211 [Verse beginning] "In the name of the holy Triniti".

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p227-256 The Tale of the Chanans Yeoman. Written by our Ancient and famous English Poet, Geoffry Chaucer.

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p427-428 In some Coppies I have found these Verses placed before Pearce the Black Monk, upon the Elixir.  
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## **AEnigma 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 unfixid fixt.

D.D. W. Bedman.

## The Work of John Dastin

Not yet full sleping, nor yet full waking,  
But betweene twayne lying in a traunce;  
Halfe closed mine Eyne in my slumbering,  
Like a Man rapt of all cheer & countenance;  
By a manner of weninge & Rememberance  
Towards Aurora, ere Phoebus uprose,  
I dreamed one came to me to doe me pleasance  
That brought me a Boke with seven seals close.

2. Following upon I had a wonerfull dreame,  
As semed unto my inward thought,  
The face of him shone as the Sun-beame:  
Which unto me thys hevenly Boke brought,  
Of so greate Riches that yt may not be bought,  
In order set by Dame Philosophie,  
The Capitall and the flowrishing wrought  
By a wife 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 rge seven Gods in the hevenly Consistory:  
And in Mercuries litle Oratory,  
Groweth all the fruite in breese of thys Science,  
Who can expresse hem and have of hem Victory,  
May clayme the tryumph of his Minerall prudence.

4. Of this matter above betweene Starrs seaven,  
By Gods and Godessess all of one assent,  
Was Sent Caducifer to Erth downe from Heaven:  
Saturnus as Bedell by great advisment;  
For to summon a general Parliament,  
By concord of all both old and young of age,  
To say in Breife their Councell most prudent:  
For Common proffit to knit up a Marriage.

5. Betweene twaine Borne of the Imperiall blood,  
And descended from Jupiters 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 frowardnes they be not indurate.

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

7. These be the two Mercuries cheife of Philosophers,  
Revived againe with the Spirit of lyfe,  
Richer then Rubies or Pearles shut in Cofeurs;  
Washed and Baptized in waters vegetative,  
The body dissevered with heate nutritive:  
By moderate moysture of Putrefaccion;  
So that there is no excesse nor no strife  
Of the foure Elements in their Coniunccion.

8. The graine of Wheate which on the ground doth fall,  
But it be dead it may not fructifie,  
If it be hole the vertue doth appayle;  
And in no wise it may not Multiplie,  
The increase doth begin when it doth Putrefie;  
Of good Grafts commeth Fuites 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 Wheate,  
For as such a Ploughman traveleth in vain,  
To fruitfull 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 censed of their Complexions.

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

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

12. And there it was to be pitiously complained,  
That men to 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 seene,  
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 ceife chosen of seaven:  
Equal with Phoebus shone 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 seeme.

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

15. Certaine Brethren I found he had in Number,  
and of one Mother they were borne every each one:  
But a Sicknes did them fore cumber,  
That none was whole on his feete to gone,  
Hoarse of language, cleere voice hed they none:  
For with a scabb that was contagious,  
They were infected, hole was their none;  
For ever exiled because they were Leaprous.

16. The said King rose up in his Royall fee,  
Seeing this mischeife cast his Eye downe,  
And of his mercy, and fraternall pittye,  
Surprized in heart, full of Compassion:  
And began to complaine of their Infeccion,  
Alas quoth he how came this adventure,  
Under what froward or false Constelacion;  
Or in what howre had yee your ingendure.

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

18. The which Liquor most wholesome is and good,  
Against leprous humors and false infeccions,  
When from a veyne taken is the blood;  
Cleansing each part from all corrupcions,  
The Originall taken from generacions:  
Which is descended downe from stock ryall,  
Nourished with Milke of Pure complexion;  
With menstrous which are not superficiall.

19. But when the Brethren of this worthy King  
Heard the Language, they fell in full great dread,  
Full sore [fore] weeping and said in Complaining

That none of them was able to bleede,  
Because their blood was infeccious indeede,  
And corrupt blood made is now Sacrifice,  
Wherefore alas there is noe way to speede,  
That we can finde, to help us in any wise.

20. Of our Birth and of our Originall,  
Cleerely and truly to make mencion;  
Excuse is there none in parte nor in all;  
In sin was our first conception:  
Our bringing forth and generation,  
Fulfilled was in sorrowe and wickednesse,  
And our Mother in a short conclusion  
With Corrupt milke us fostred in distresse.

21. For who may make that seede to be cleane,  
That first was conceived in uncleanes,  
For cancred rust may naver I meane,  
By noe crafte shew forth perfect brightness:  
Now let us all at once our Course addres;  
And goe unto our Mother to ask by and by,  
The finall cause of our Corrupt sickness;  
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 Godesses being everyone present.  
To tell them truly and in noe parte to faine,  
Why their nature was corrupt and shent [fhent];  
That caused them evermore to weepe and complaine.

23. To whom the Mother full bright of face and hew,  
Gave this answer remembered in Scripture,  
First when I was wedded a new,  
I conceived by prosses of true Nature:  
A Child of Seede that was most cleane and pure,  
Undefiled, most orient, faire and bright,  
Of all the P L A N E T S cheife of ingendure:  
Which now in Heaven giveth so cleere a light.

24. Whose Complexion is most temperate,  
In heate and cold and in humidity,  
In Erth also that there is noe debate,  
Nor noe repugnaunce by noe quallity:  
Nor none occasion of none infirmity,  
That among them there may be none discord,  
So well proportioned every-each in his degree,  
Each however and space they be of so tru accord.

25. Whose Nature is so imperiall,  
That fire so burning doth him no distresse:  
His royall kinde id so celestially,  
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 Corrupcion.

26. His Heavenly helth death may not assayle,  
He dreadeth noe venome, nor needeth no treacle,  
Winde Tempest ne Wether against him may prevaile,  
Soe high in Heaven is his Tabernacle,  
In Erth he worked 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 Shepard must dye for his Sheepe,  
Without grudging to speak his words plaine,  
And semblable take hereof good keepe,  
Your Brother must dye and newe be borne againe,  
Though he be old, of hereof well certaine;  
To youth againe he must be renewd,  
And suffer passion or else all were vaine,  
Then rising againe right fresh and well hewd.

29. Old Aeson was made young by Medea,  
With her drinks and 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 plainely to expresse;  
Yee shalbe purged from all infeccions:  
And your foule 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 is old;  
Then said his Mother by reason manifold:  
But if the Gospell thus doth meane,  
In Water and Spirit be renovate hott and cold,  
That he shall never plainely come into Heaven.

31. The King was trifty and heavy of cheere,  
Upon his Knees meekly kneeled downe,  
Prayed his Father in full low manner,  
To translate the Challice of his passion,  
But for he thought the redempcion  
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 cleere example of who so looketh right,  
Heavy things from their Circumference,  
Must up assend and after be made light,  
And things light ready to the flight  
Must descend to the Center downe,  
By interchaunging of natures might,  
As they be moved by meane of Revolucion.

33. So as Jupiter in a Cloud of Gold,  
Chaunged himselfe by transformacion,  
And descended from his heavenly hold  
Like a Golden dewe unto Danae downe,  
And she conceived as made is mencion,  
By influence of his power divine;  
Right so shall Phoebus 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 warr or strife,  
The bright Moone 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 mdday Spheare.

35. And at this feast were the Godes all,  
Saturne from blackness was turned to white;  
And Jupiter let his mantle fall,  
Full pale and meager of great delight,  
Clothed in Lylies that in 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 Solemnity.

36. Mars forgot there his sturdy black hardines,  
Cast off his Habergeon fret with old rust;  
Venus foresooke her minerall redness,  
Took Gold for green and she again also for lust,  
Because she had in Phoebus such a trust,  
That he should this feast hold of most noblenes:  
Of brotherly pittie needs as he must,  
Give her a mantle of Orientall brightness.

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

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

39. I must passe by water and by Fire,  
The burnt abide and there from not decline,  
To save my brethren I have so greate desire,  
With new light their darkness 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 entred in his bed royall,  
The Queene conceived under a Sun bright;  
Under her feete a mount like Christall,  
Which hed devoured her husband anon right,  
Dead of defire and in the Maidens fight;  
Lost all the Collour of his fresh face,  
Thus was he dead, the Maidens feeble of mighr  
Dispaired, slept in the same place.

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

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

43. The full Moone halfe shaddowed the Sun,  
To putt away the burning of his light;  
Black shaddowed first the skyes were to dunn,  
The Ravens bill began who looketh right,  
Blacker than 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 approached of Childing,  
The Child of Nature was ready to fly,

Passage was there to his out going:  
He spread his wings and found no liberty;  
Of nyne Virgins he devoured three,  
The other six most excellent and faire,  
Fearfull 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 no violence:  
Save that men say which have experience,  
He drank such plenty of the Water of the well,  
That his six sisters made noe resistance;  
But would have devowred; Dasten can you tell.

46. Sometymes black, sometymes was he redd,  
Now like ashes, now Citrine of Colour:  
Now of Safforne hew, now Sanguine was his head,  
Now white as a lylie he shewed him in his bower,  
The Moone gave nourishment to him in his labour;  
And with all their dorce did their buisnes,  
To cloath him fresher then any flowre,  
With a mantle of everlasting whitnes.

## **A Discription of the Stone.**

Though Daphne fly from Phoebus 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;  
Phoebus a fixed God of might,  
And red as blood is he.  
Daphne is a Water Nymph,  
And hath of Moysture store,  
Which Phoebus doth consume with heate,  
And dryes her very sore.  
They being dryed into one,  
Of christall flood must drinke,  
Till they be brought to a white Stone:  
Which wash with Virgins milke,  
So longe untill they flow as wax,  
And no fume you can see,  
Then have you all you neede to aske,  
Praise God and thankfull be.

## The Hunting of the Greene Lyon.

ALL haile to the noble Companie  
Of true Students in holy Alchimie,  
Whose noble practice doth hem teach  
To vaile ther secrets with mistie speach;  
Mought yt please your worshipfulnes  
To heare my silly soothfastnes,  
Of that practise which I have seene,  
In hunting of the Lyon Greene:  
And because you may be apaid,  
That ys truth, that I have said;  
And that you may for surety weene,  
That I know well this Lyon Greene:  
I pray your patience to attend  
Till you see my short writt end,  
Wherein Ile keepe my noble Masters rede,  
Who while he lived stodee me in steede;  
At his death he made me sweare hym to,  
That all the secrets I schould never undoe  
To no one Man, but even Spread a Cloude  
Over my words and writes, and so it shroude,  
That they which do this Art desire,  
Should first know well to rule their Fyre:  
For with good reason yt doth stand,  
Swords to keep fro mad Mens hand:  
Least th'one shoul, kill th'other burne,  
Or either doe some fore shroud turne:  
As some have done that I have seene,  
As they did hunt thys Lyon Greene.  
Whose collour doubtles ys not soe,  
And that your wisdomes well doe know;  
For no man lives that each hath seens  
Upon foure feete a Lyon colloured Greene:  
But our Lyon wanting maturity,  
Is called greene for unripenes trust me,  
And yet full quickly he can 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 wything he hath such heate,  
That whan he hath the Sun up eate,  
He bringeth hym to more perfection,  
Than ever he had by Natures direccion.  
This Lyon maketh the Sun sith [fith] soone  
To be joined 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 Lyon ys the Preist, and the Sun and Moone the wedd,  
Yet they were both borene 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 plainley out,  
But for my fealty I must keepe aye,  
Ile turn my pen another way,  
To speake under Benedicite  
Of thys noble Company:  
Wych now perceives by thys,  
That I know what our Lyon ys.  
Although in Science I am noe Clerke,  
Yet I have 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 find here in evidence,  
Of the truth, and to men that be Lay,  
I skill not greatly what they say.  
For they weene that our Lyon ys  
Common Quicksilver, but truly they miss:  
And of thys purpose evermore shall fayle,  
And spent hys Thrift to ltle availe,  
That weeneth to warke hys wyll thereby,  
Because he doth soe readely flie;  
Therefore leave off ere thou begin,  
Till thou know better what we meane;  
Whych whan thou doest than wilt thou say  
That I have tought thee a good lay,  
In that whych I have said of thee before,  
Wherefore lysten and marke well my lore.  
Whan thou hast they Lyon with Sol and Luna well fedd,  
And layd them clenly in their Bedd;  
An easie heate they may not misse,  
Till each the other well can kisse;  
And that they shroude them in a skin,  
Such as an Egg yelke lyeth in:  
Than mus 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 be the King fedd,  
When he ys risen from the dead:  
But longe tyme it wilbe,  
Or ere his death appear to thee;  
And many a sleepe thou must lack,

Or thow hym see of Collour black.  
Take heede yow move hym not with yre,  
But keepe hym in an easy fyre;  
Untill you see hym separate,  
From hys vile Erth vituperate;  
Wych wilbe black and light withall,  
Much like the substance of a fusball:  
Your magnet in the midst wilbe,  
Of Collour faire and white trust me;  
Then whan you see all thys thing,  
Your fire one degree increasing;  
Untill yow well may se thereby,  
Your matter to grow very dry:  
The yt ys fit wythout delay,  
The excrements be tane away;  
Prepare a Bed most bryght and shine  
For to lodge this young Chylde in:  
And therein let hym alone lye,  
Till he be thoughtly dry;  
Than ys tyme as I doe thinke,  
After such drouth to give him drinke:  
But thereof the truth to shew,  
Is greate secret wekk I know;  
For Philosophers of tyme old,  
The secret of Imbibition never out tould;  
To create Magnesia they made no care,  
In their Bookes largely to declare;  
But how to order it after hys creacion,  
The 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 subtill 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 shitt;  
A portion of your Lyons sweate  
Must be given it for to eate:  
And they must be grounded so well together,  
That each fro other will flee now whither;  
Then must you seale up your Glasse,  
And in hys Furnace where he was,  
You must set them there to dry.  
Which being done then truly,  
You must prepare like a good Phisitian,  
For another Imbibition:  
But evermore looke that you dry  
Up all hys drinke, that none lye by,  
For if yow make hym drink 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 overmoyst and too much rost [roft];  
Six tymes thy Imbibtions 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 Glasse up seale,  
And let him stand six weeks each deale:  
With his heate tempered so right,  
That Blackness passed 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 prifitt;  
For I assure thee thow needest not dred,  
To procede with fire till all be Redd;  
Than must thow procede as did Philosophers old  
To prepaire thy Ferment of peure Gold,  
Which how to doe though secret that it be,  
Yet will I truly teach it thee.  
In the next Chapter as erst I did say,  
That soe the truth finde yow may,  
Therefore of Charity and for our Lords sake,  
Let noe man from my writings take  
One word, nor add thereto,  
For certainly if that he doe,  
He shall shew malice fro the which I am free,  
Meaning truth and not subtilty;  
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 begynning;  
And if thow doe progresse aright  
Whan thow 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 thow didst in the begining,  
And of three didst make one thing,  
Orderly yeilding forth right,  
Till thy Magnet schew full whyte;  
Soe must thow 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 thow wilt follow my lore,  
Set in thy Ferment the same houere,  
Of Sol for Redd, of Luna for White,  
Each by himself let worke tight;  
Soe shall thy Ferment be ready edress,

To feed the King with a good mess  
Of meates that fitt for his digestion,  
And well agreeing to his Complexion;  
If he be of Collour White,  
Feed hym than with Luna bright;  
If his flesh be perfect Red,  
Than with the Sun he must be fedd,  
Your Ferment one fourth parte must be,  
Into your Magnet made evenly,  
And joyne hem warme and not cold,  
For raw to ripe you may be bold  
Have disagreement soe have heate and cold:  
Therefore put hem warme into thy Glasse,  
Then seale it up even as it was:  
And Circle all till yt be wonne,  
By passing degrees every each one:  
Both black and whyte, and also redd,  
Than of the Fire heere have noe dread;  
For he will never 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 Firmentation:  
And sure far it will be exalted at the last,  
And in Projeccion ren full fast:  
Therefor in the fyre keepe Firment alway,  
That thy Medicine augment mayst aye;  
For yf the maid doe not her leaven save, (crave;  
Then of her Neighbours sche must needs goe  
Or sche must stay till sche can make more,  
Remember the Proverbe that store is no sore:  
Thus have I tought thee a lesson, full of truth,  
If thow be wicked therefore my heart is reuth:  
Remember God hys blessing he can take,  
Whan he hath given it, if abuse any you make,  
For surely if thow be a Clerke,  
Thow wilt finde trewth in thys werke:  
But if so be that thow be lay,  
And understond not what I say,  
Keepe Councell then and leve thy Toy,  
For it befitts no Lymmer loy,  
To medle with such grete secresie:  
As ys thys hygh Phylosophy.  
My Councell take, for thow schalt finde it true,  
Leave of seeking thys Lyon to pursue,  
For hym to hunt that ys a prety wyle,  
Yet by hys Craft he doth most Folke beguile,  
And hem devour and leave hem full of care,  
Wherefore I bidd thee to beware.  
And Councell give thee as my frend,  
And so my Hunting here I end.  
Praying God that made us we may not myss  
To dwell with hym in hys Hevenly blyss.





## Hermes Bird.

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

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

3. And sembleabil Poyetes laureat,  
By derke parables full convenient;  
Feynein that Birdis and Bests of estate,  
As rial Egeles and Lyons by assent,  
Sent owte writtes to hole a Parlement;  
And made degrees brevely for to sey,  
Sum to have Lordschip and sum to Obey.

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

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

6. Thys Tale wych y make of mencion,  
In gros reherseth playnely to declare,  
Thre Proverbys payed for raunsome  
Of a fayre Byrde that was take in a snare,  
Wonder desirus to scape owte of hir care:  
Of myne Auctor followyng the prosses,  
So as it fel in Order y schall expres.

7. Whilom ther was in a small vilage,  
As my Auctor maketh rehesal;  
A Chorle the wich had lust and gret corage,  
Within hymselfe by hys deligent travel,  
To array hys Garden with notabil reparel:

Oflenght and brede y lyche square and long,  
Heggyd and dychyd to make yt sure and strong.

8. All the Aleys made playne with Sande,  
Benches coverid with new Turves grene,  
Set Erbes with Condites at the ende;  
That wellid up agen the Sun schene,  
Lyke Silver stremys as any cristal clene:  
The burbely Waves up ther on boylyng,  
Rownde as Beral theyr bemys owte chedyng.

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

10. Esperus enforced hyr corage,  
Towerd evyn when Phebus went to nest;  
Amonges the braunches to hir avauntage:  
To syng hir complyn as yt was best,  
And at the rysyng to the Quene Alcest  
To syng ageyne as hit was to hir dew,  
Erly on the morrow 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 noyse rong:  
Tyll on a morow that Tytan schone ful cler,  
The Byrd was trapped and cawt in a Panter.

12. The Chorle was glad that he thys Byrd hath take  
Mere of cher loke and of visage:  
And in all hast he cast for to make  
Within hys howse a lytil prati Cage,  
And with hir songto rejoyce hys corage:  
And with at the last the sely Byrd abrayede,  
And sobirly to the Chorle sche sayde:

13. I am now take and stond under daunger,  
Hold streyte that y may not fle;  
Adew my song and al my notes cler,  
Now that y have lost my liberte,  
Now y am thrall and sumtyme was fre:  
And trust wel y stand in distres,  
Y can nat syng ne make no gladnes.

14. And thogh my Cage forged were of Gold  
And the penacles of Beral and Cristal:  
Y remember a Proverbe sayde of olde;  
Who lisit hys fredom in sooth he ys in thral,  
For me had laver upon a brance smale,

Merle to syng amonge the wodis grene,  
Than in a Cage of Golde bryght and chene.

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

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

17. If thow wilt rejoyce the of my syngyng,  
Let me go fleen fre fro dawnger:  
And everyday in the mornyng  
Y will repayre to thy Lawrer,  
And fressely to syng with notis cler;  
Under thi Chaumber or afore thy Hal,  
Every season when thow lyst me cal.

18. To be schut and pyned under drede,  
No thyng acordyng to my nature:  
Though I were fed with Mylke and Wastelbrede;  
And swete Crudis brought to my pasture,  
Yet had y lever do my bese cure:  
Erly in the morow to scrape in the Vale,  
To fynde my dener amongs the Wormys smale.

19. The Laborer ys gladder at hys Plough,  
Erly on the morrow to fede hym on bakon:  
Then sum ben that have tresour y nowgh;  
And no fredom with hys pocession;  
To go at large but as Bere at the stake,  
To pas hys bonde but yf he leve take.

20. Take thys answer ful for conclusion,  
To syng in prison thow schalt not me constreyne:  
Tyll y have fredom in woddis up and downe:  
To fle at large on bowys both rough and plaine,  
And of reson thow schuldest not disdeyn:  
Of my desyre but laugh and have good game,  
But who ys a Chorle wold every man wer the same.

21. Well quod the Chorle sith hit woll not be,  
That y dsyre by my talkyng;  
Magre thy wyll thow schalt chefe on of thre:  
Within a Cage merele to syng,  
Or to the Kychyn y schall thy bode brynge:  
Pul thy federis that byn so bryght and clere,

And after rost or bake the to my dynere.

22. The quod the Byrde to resson y sey not ney,  
Towching my song a ful answer thow hast:  
And when my federis pulled byn away,  
If y be rosted or bake in a past,  
Thow schalt of me hve a smal repaste:  
But yf thow wylt werke by my councel,  
Thow mayst by me have gret avayle.

23. If thow wolt to my rede assent,  
And suffer me go frele fro Preson:  
Witowte raansom or any oder rent;  
Y schall the gyf a notabil grete gwerdon,  
The thre grete Wysdoms acording to reson;  
Mor of valew, take hede what y profer,  
Than al the Gold that ys shet in thy Cofer.

24. Trust me wel y schal the not deceyve.  
Well quod the Chorle tel and let se:  
Nay quod the Byrde a forne conseyye;  
Who schal teche of Reson he most go fre,  
Hit fitteth a Master to have his Liberte:  
And at large to teche hys lesson,  
Hafe me not suspecte y mene no treson.

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

26. He ys a Fole that schaped ys daungere,  
That broke hys fetteris and fled ys fro Preson,  
For to resort agene: for brente childe dredys fyre:  
Eche man bewar of Wisdom and reson,  
Of suger strawed that hideth false poyson;  
Ther ys no venom so perilus in scherpnes,  
As whan yt hath triakcle of lyknes.

27. Who dredeth no perell in perell he schal falle,  
Smothe Waters byn of fithes depe:  
The Quayle pipe can most falsely calle;  
Tyl the Quayle under the net doth crepe;  
A bleryed Fowler trust not thogh he wepe:  
Exchew hys thumble, of weping take no hede,  
That small Byrds can nyp by the hede.

28. And now that y such a 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 asyde,  
There perel ys perel to abyde:  
Com ner thow Chorle, take hede to my speche;

Of thre Wysdomys that y schal the teche.

29. Yes not of Wysdom to hasty credness,  
To every Tale nor eche tyding:  
But consyder of Reson and Prudens;  
Among Talys ys many a grete lesyng,  
Hasty credens hath cawsed 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 Raansom,  
Lerne the second grownded of scripture:  
Desyre thow not by no condicion  
Thyng that ys ympossybyl to recure,  
Worldly desyres stante alle in a venture:  
And who desyreth to soare hygh a lofte,  
Oft tyme by foden turne he falleth on softe.

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

32. Aftur thys Lesson the Byrde began a songe,  
Of hyr ascape gretely rejoycyng  
And sche remembered hyr alleso of the wronge  
Don by the Chorle, fyrst at hyr takyng,  
And of the affray, and of hyr impresonyng:  
Glad that sche was a large and owte of drede,  
Seyde unto hym hoveryng above hys hede,

33. Thow were quod sche a very natural Fole  
To suffer me departe of thy lewdnes:  
Throw owthtys of right to complaine and make dole,  
And in thy hert have gret hevenes,  
That thow hast lost so passyng grete riches:  
Wych myght suffice by valed in rekeyng  
To pay the raansom of a mighty Kyng.

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

35. Who hath thys in possession,  
Schal suffer no Povert ne non Indygens:  
But of Tresour have plente and foyson,  
And every Man schal don hym reverence,  
And non Enemy schal don hym non offence;  
But from thi hondes now that I am gone,

Pleyne gyf thow wilt for thy parte ys none.

36. As y the abrayde her before,  
Of a stone now that I had:  
The wych now thow hast forelore;  
Be all refon thow schuld ys ben sad,  
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 Fagownce:  
And of hys vertuis with hys smel;  
That ben so swete and so odferus,  
Wyth Ennock and Ely hath be my servis:  
My swete songe that sowndeth so scherpe,  
Wyth Angelles voyse that passeth eny harpe.

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

39. Hyt ys for none Chorle to have schuch tresour,  
That exsedeth 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 [sory];  
Now very Chorle thow passeth 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 threst,  
And of all stonys yt was y lest;  
Soche stonys in place few ben y brought,  
Sorrowful ys the Chorle and heavy in hys thowte.

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 syde,  
Hose me myght have in hys covertowr,  
He wer rychcher than eny Emperowr.

42. Elysawnder the conquerowr my Ston smot downe  
Upon hys helme whan hyt pyght:  
No mor then a pese that ys so rownde,  
Hyt was ther to no manys fyght,  
That leyde fo pleyne the manly Knyght;  
Now y tel the wyth melde Stevyn,

Thys myghty grace cam owte fro hevyn.

43. Hit cawseth Love and maketh man Gracius,  
And favorabel in ever mannes fyght:  
Hit maketh acorde of two Folks envyus;  
Comforteth Sorowful and maketh hevvy herts lyght,  
Lyke passyng of colour Sunny bright:  
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 Rubeyes, Saferys, and odther Stonys ynde;  
Emeraudys, nor rownde Perlys whyte,  
Byfore rude Swyne that love draffe of kinde:  
For a Sowe delyteth hyr as y fynde  
Mor in fowle draffe hyr Pygges for to glad,  
Than al the Perry that comes owte of Granade.

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

46. That thow haddest thow getyst no more,  
Thi Lyme twygyges and Panters y defie;  
To let me gon thow were fowle over seen,  
To lese the richches only of [solye]:  
Y am now fre to syng man to fle  
Wher that my list: and he is a Fole at all  
That goth at large, and maketh hymselfe thrall.

47. To here of Wisdome thi neres be halfe defe,  
Like a [Nasse] that lysteth upon a Harpe;  
Thow must go pype in a Ive leffe:  
Better ys to me to syng on Thornes scharpe,  
Than in a Cage wyth a Chorle to carpe:  
For hyt was seyde of Folks many yere agone,  
A Chorles Chorle is oft woe be gone.

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,  
As Chepys Croke to the ys better than a Launce:  
Adew now Globbe wyth herte fore,  
In Chorles clowchys com y never more.

49. The Chorle felt hys herte part in twenyne,  
For very sorow and in sunder ryve:  
Alas quod he y may wel wepe and pleyne;  
As a wreche never lyke to thryve,  
But for to indure in povert all my lyve:  
For of foly and wylfulness,



Y have now lost all holy my ryches.

50. I was a Lorde y crye owte on Fortune,  
And had grete Tresor late in my keeping;  
Wych myght heve made me long to continue;  
Wyth that ilke Stone to have levyd a Kyng,  
Yf y had set hyt in a Ryng:  
Borne it upon me y had gode y nowe,  
Than schuld y no mor have gon to the plowe.

51. Whan the Byrde saw the Chorle thus morne,  
That he was hevy of hys cherem  
Sche take her flyght and agayne return:  
Towards hym and sayd as ye schal here,  
O dull Chorle wisdom for to lere;  
That y the taute all ys lefe behynde,  
Reysed away and clene owte of thy meynde.

52. Taw tey the not thys Wysdome in sentens,  
To every tale brought up of new,  
Not to hastyle gyf not ther to credens;  
Unto tyme thow know hit be trew,  
All ys not Gold that scheweth Goldys hew:  
Nor stonys all by nature as y finde,  
Byn not Saferus that schewyth colour ynde.

53. In thys Doctryne y lost my labour,  
To teche the such Proverbys of substaunce;  
Now mayst thow see thy lewd blynde error;  
For all my body poysed in Balans,  
Weyth not a nounce lewdw ys thi remembraunce;  
Yet have y mor poyse 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 ston:  
That poyseth mor than doth a grete Fagounce:  
Thy brayne ys dull thi witte almost gon,  
Of hre Wysdoms thow hast lost on;  
Thow schulds not after my sentence,  
To every tale gese to hastyly credence.

55. I badde also bewar both even and morrowe,  
For thyng lost by suden adventur;  
Thow schulds not make to moche sorow;  
Whan thow seyst thow mayst not hit recover,  
Her thow sayest wych doth thy besy cure;  
In the snare to catch me agayne,  
Thow art a Fole thy labor ys in vayne.

56. In the thyrde aslo thow dost rave,  
Y bad thow schulds in no manner wise  
Covet thyng the wych thow mayst not have,  
In wych thow hast fogetyn myne empryse,  
Thaty may say playnly to devyse,  
Thow hast in madnes forget yn all thre,

Notabyl Wysdomys that y taute the.

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

58. And semeblably in Apryll and in May,  
Whan gentyl Byrds most make melody;  
But the Cockow can syng butoo lay;  
In odthir tewnyys sche hath no fantasy:  
Thus every thyng as Clerks do specify;  
As Frute on the Trees, and Folke of every age,  
Fro whense they come they have a tallage.

59. The Wynter tetryth of hys Welsom wyndys,  
Of the gentyll Frute bostys the Gardener;  
The Fysher castyth hys hokys and hys lynys,  
To catche Fysshe in the fresh Revyr,  
Of tyllyth of Londe tetryth the powre;  
The Gentyلمان tetryth of Gentry,  
The Chorle delytith to speke rebawdry.

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

61. The Folke that schall thys Fabyll se and rede,  
New Forged Talys y councel them to fle  
For lesse of Good take not to grete hede,  
But not Sorowfull for noon adversyte;  
Covet not thyng that may not be,  
And remember wher ye goan,  
A Chorlys Chorle ys ofte wo begon.

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

63. Go lytyl Quiar and rcommaunde me  
To my Mayster wyth humbyl affeccyon,  
Be sekyng hym lowly of mersy and pete  
Of thys rude makyng to ha compassion:  
And towchyng thys Translacyon  
Owte of the Frenshe, how so ever the Englyshe be,

All thyng ys sayd under correccyon,  
Wyth supportation of yowr benygnite.

Finis.

## The Hermet's Tale.

In Pilgrimage one onely thing I found  
Of worth in Lemnes nere to Vulcan's shopp,  
A Christall founteine runnig under ground,  
Between a Vally and a Mounsteins topp.  
Pleas'd with this sight, I bid a Hermite tell  
The story of the place, who there did dwell.

Within this Vale a hallowe dusky Cave  
There is (quoth he) of greate Antiquity,  
Where plumes of Mars blew greene and red you have:  
Torne from his crest for his Iniquity.  
The Troope of Smiths, as he for Venus lay,  
Supris'd and tooke him, yett he gett away.

For as the Cyclops him in tryumph brought,  
To halting Vulcan to receive his doome,  
They lifted up his beaver, and found nought  
But vacant place and Armour in the roome.  
Of th'armour then they thought they had good prize,  
But working it they found itt scyndarize.

The Smiths amaz'd finding themselves deluded,  
Satt all in Counsaile in their Masters Denne,  
Deliberating well, at length concluded,  
There is no equall War twixt Godds and men,  
Lett's finde the Angry God and pardon crave,  
Lett's give him Venus our poore selves to save.

They sought 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 Christall Well.  
Thither they wen, and found two Gods alone,  
Sitting within a darke, but glittering throne.

Down fell old Vulcan on his crooked knee,  
And said forgive, O mighty God of Warr,  
My servants and my selfe (once God as yee)  
Then use thy will with Venus my faire starr.  
Saturne (quoth Mars) and I must not yet part,  
Though shee for whom th'art pard'ned hath my heart.

With this the Cuckold with his sweaty Troope  
Went to 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,  
Iove seeing this, meaning the Smith to right,  
Sent downe a winged God, he trusted well,  
Disguis'd in habitt of a shineing light,

Which to the Vally from the Hill's high topp,  
Affrighted all the Smiths in Vulcans shopp.

A voyce was heard from Ioves Embassadour,  
To summon Mars t'appeare before the Gods:  
With Saturne forth came Venus Paramour:  
Thinkeing with might to gett of right the odds:  
Downward came he 9 myles, they upward fower,  
All mett in mist, he fledd, they nere went lower.

Vulcan came hobling up to se what's done,  
He findes nor light, nor Gods, but other shape;  
To witsesse of this fact he calles the Sonne,  
Who streght cryes Murther, and made hast to scape:  
Sme 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 streyght 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 voice were spent,  
Come sweete Apollo, soe itt downwards went.

Vulcan went to his Forge, the Sonne to bed,  
But both were up betimes to meete againe;  
Next morne after the storme a pale foule 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 does this Creature good.

He spake the word, and Vulcan sawe itt done,  
Looke Sol (said he) I see itt changeth hue,  
Fewe Gods have vertue like to thee o Sonne,  
From pale itt is become a ruddy blue;  
Vulcan (quoth Phoebus) 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 stuff and cloath'd it round about,  
And made the Stone as hott as ere itt would.

Thus fourteene dayes itt sickly did indure,  
The Sonne came every day to se the cure.

As itt grewe well the Colours went and came,  
Blew, Blacke, White, Redd, as by the warmth & heate,  
The humours moved were within the same,  
Then Phoebus bid him put it in a sweate;  
Which Vulcan plyed soe well, it grue all Red,  
Then was itt found, and cald for drinke and bread.

Stay (quoth Apollo) though itt call for meate,  
Digestion yett is weake, 'twill breede relapse,  
By surfett, therefore eye you lett itt eate,  
Some little exercise were good perhapps,  
Yett had itt broath alowde the strength to keep,  
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 sickness he did so appease,  
Health made the Patyent seeke to make amense;  
Who went away three weekes, then brought a Stone,  
That in projection yeilded ten for one.

This did he lay down att Apollo's feete,  
And said by cureing one th'hast saved three:  
Which three in this one present joyntly meete,  
Offring 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; Loe here (quoth he)  
Could'st thou but stay, and truly understand  
What thou now seest, thou knowst this Mystery.  
I stayd, I saw, I tryd, and understood,  
A Heav'n on Earth, and everlasting good.

## The Magistry

Through want of Skill and Reasons light  
Men stumble at Noone day;  
Whilst buisily our Stone they seeke,  
That lyeth in the way.

Who thus do seeke they know not what  
Is't likely they should finde?  
Or hitt the Marke whereat they ayme  
Better then can the Blinde?

No, Hermes Sonns for Wisdome aske  
Your footesteps shee'le direct:  
Shee'le Natures way and secret Cave  
And Tree of lyfe detect.

Sun and Moone in Hermes Vessell  
Learne how the Collours shew,  
The nature of the Elements,  
And how the Daisies grow.

Greate Python how Appollo flew,  
Cadmus his hollow-Oake:  
His new rais'd army, and Iason how  
The Fiery Steeres did yoke.

The Eagle which aloft doth fly  
See that thou bring to ground;  
And give unto the Snake some wings,  
Which in the Earth is found.

Then in one Roome sure binde them both,  
To fight till they be dead;  
And that a Prince of Kingdomes three  
Of both them shalbe bred,

Which from the Cradle to his Crowne,  
Is fed with his owne blood;  
And though to some it seemeth strange,  
He hath no other Foode.

Into his Virgin-Mothers wombe,  
Againe he enter must;  
Soe shall the King by his new-byrth,  
Be ten times stronger just.

And able is his foes to foile,  
The dead he will revive:  
Oh happy man that understands  
This Medicen to atchive!

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





## **The Mistery of Alchymists,**

**Composed by Sir Geo: Ripley  
Chanon of Bridlington.**

When Sol in Aries and Phoebus shines bright,  
The Elements reviving the new Year springing  
The Son by his Vertue gives Nature & Light,  
And moysture refresheth all things growing:  
In the season of the Yeare when the Sun waxeth warme,  
Freshly and fragrante the Flowers doe grow,  
Of Natures subtill working we cannot discerne,  
Nor yet by our Reason we can it not know,  
In foure Elements is comprehended things Three,  
Animalls, Vegetabills, Mineralls must be,  
Of this is our Principle that we make our Stone,  
Quality and Quantity is unknowne to many one.  
Quality (Father) would I faine know, Son.  
Of what nature it is and what it hath in his kinde.  
As Colours divers which on the ground do grow, Father.  
Keep well this secret (Son) and marke it in thy minde.  
Without Proportion (Father) how should I it know, Son.  
This working now is far from my minde  
Nature and kinde (Son) together do grow, Father.  
Quality by waight (Son) shalt thou never finde.  
To Separate Elements (Father) I must needes know, Son.  
Either in Proportion which be more or less.  
Out of our Principle foure Elements thou shalt draw, Father.  
Thou shalt neede nothing else that needefull is;  
Our Principle in quality is so perfectly mixed,  
By vertue of the Son and his quality,  
So equally Joyned, so well mixed may be.  
This Principle (Father) is but one thing, Son.  
Good (Father) tel me where it doth grow.  
In every place (Son) you shall him well finde; Father.  
By Tast and by Colour thou shalt him well know;  
Fowle 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 he 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 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 Thank ye God the Chyld is borne.  
This Chyld is both King and Emperour,  
Through his region both far and neere;  
All the World doth him honour,  
By the vertue he hath taken of the Fire:  
His first Vertue is White and pure,  
As any Christall shining cleere,  
Of White tincture then be you sure;  
By vertue taken of our Fire,  
His first Vesture that is so White,  
Betokeneth his Virginitie,  
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 Sone 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 Vessel bright shining,  
A Daidem set on his head,  
Richer than 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 our Fire.  
My beloved Son I command thee,  
As thou wilt have my love and blessing,  
That unto God kneele on thy knee,  
Unto him give laude and thankeing;  
For theis guifts 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 shall shew thee my Son a hid Secret,  
Beacause thou art vertuous in thy living,  
Of me else shouldst thou never it weat,  
And for thou art wife 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 releevd,  
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,  
Oh hem thou hast never thy desire,  
Till he be bloe as any Lead,  
After all this he doth revive,  
That in his Vessel before was dead;  
I can no better in my reason contrive,

Then to figure him to the greate God head.  
For as there dyedno more then One,  
Howbeit that there be persons Three,  
The Father, The Sone by might is one:  
The holy Ghost make full our 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 lyfe,  
Many (my Son) with him do rife,  
The holy Gospell therein is expert,  
The number of my reason cannot contrive,  
Multum & quantum fructum adsert:  
I liken our Sulphur to the Adamant Stone,  
That Steele drawes to him naturally,  
So doth our Sulphur the woman,  
When she from her husband would flye.  
I muse greatly (Father) and mervaile in minde, Son.  
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, Father.  
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, Son.  
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 keep this in minde, Father.  
For there he will appear as white as snow.  
Gramarcy Father to me ye be full kinde, Son.  
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, Father.  
Now hast thou all thy desire,  
Keepe well this secret and close it in thy minde,  
His tincture and growing is by vertue of our Fire,  
For in our Fire our Stone will grow,  
And there his riches he doth 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 sith 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? Son.  
Is he in all, or in any one?  
In all (Son) he needes must be, Father.  
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? Son.  
Our Stone else my Son will never be Redd; Father.  
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 oure Stone rich and coloring,  
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. Son.  
In soft heates my (Son) Elements will meete, Father.  
Hast not to fast whilst they be rawe,  
In the Vessell (Son) the better thou shalt him keepe,  
Rule well the Fire and beware of the Lawe,  
Shut well the Vessell 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 tht Vessell Water cleare,  
And set it in Fire full forty dayes,  
And then in the Vessell blackness will appeare,

When that he is black he will change tye,  
Many Colers in him then will appeare,  
From coulour to colour till it be white,  
The it is tyme Son to change the Fire,  
And melt the heat to your desire,  
And if you will have him White still,  
Then must you your Medicine apply,  
A dry Fire put him till,  
And a moyst Fire naturally,  
Till he be made fixed,  
For to take Mercury before his flight,  
As he is by nature privily mixed,  
Of fusion then he shalbe light,  
And if you to his proportion take,  
Fine Luna then will he make,  
So micle of piercing will he be,  
Both fluxible with penetrabilitie;  
And (Son) if thou wilt have thy Medicine Red,  
In a dry Fire thou shalt him keepe,  
Ever still in one steed,  
That never your Vessell come to wet.  
So hard, so heavy and so peircing, Son.  
(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 than any King, Father.  
He is so rich Son in his working,  
Gould and Silver men would faine have,  
Poore and rich for it do crave,  
Thay that of it have most aboundance,  
Of the people have most obaisance,  
To serve them both day and night,  
And in the feeld will for it fight,  
Therefore Son upon my blessing,  
Keepe secretly this precious cunning,  
Of thy Councell make neither King nor Knight,  
If they knew they would set it light;  
For when they have what they will,  
God's curse wil come they say the untill,  
For had I wist and had I wend,  
That commeth evermore behinde,  
Our Mercury my (Son) is white and thin,  
In our Vessell shining bright and cleere,  
Our Sulphur is in him within,  
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,  
The years 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, Son.

Or is it the 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 cleaving,  
He may not be departed by any fire,  
I tell thee the throath in this thing.  
By no fire (Father) how may that be? Son.  
Fire he is ever brenning, Father.  
Our Sulphur is made of the Sun and such humidity  
That in the Fire he is ever during.  
The tyme of our working would I know, Son.  
In what space might be made our Stone,  
By Corne and Frut (Son) thou maist it wel know.  
Once in a yeare it is afore thee done;  
The Sun in the Zodiak about doth gonne,  
Though the twelve Signes once in a yeare,  
Soe long it is ere we can make our Stone.  
Haste not too fast but rule well thy Fire, Father.  
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.

## Pearce the Black Monke upon the Elixir.

Take 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 Elixer yf 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 schynnyng bryght:  
And do hem togeder anon ryght,  
Thre dayes than let hem lye,  
And than depart hem pryvyly and flye,  
Than shall be browght Watur schynnyng,  
And in that Watur ys a foule reynynge,  
Invisble and hyd and unseen,  
A marvelous matter yt ys to weene.  
Than depart them by dystillynge,  
And you schalle see an Erth apperinge,  
Hevie as metal schalle yt be;  
In the wych is hyd grete prevety,  
Destil that Erth in grene hewe,  
Three days during well and trew;  
And do hem in a body of glass,  
In the wych never no warke was.  
In a Furnas he must be sett,  
And on hys hede a good lymbeck;  
And draw fro hym a Watur clere  
The wych Watur hath no peere,  
And aftur macke your Fyer stronger,  
And there on thy 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 to 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 howre 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 you mete and mycke 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 own powre and dignite,  
And this ys the making of owre Stone,  
The trewth here ys towlde yow evereech one.  
For all that taketh any other wey,  
Mouch they looseth and mouch they may,  
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 seeken;  
A thyng 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 fyghte.  
All Saltes and Sulphures far and nere,  
I interdite hem alle in fere,  
Alle Corosive waters, Blood and Hayre,  
Pyss, Hornes, Worms and Saudiver,  
Alume, Atriment, Alle I suspende,  
Rasalger [Rafalger] and Arsnick I defende,  
Calx vive, and Calx mort hys Brother,  
I suspende them both, one and other,  
For of alle things I wyll no moe,  
But sowre 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 lvyng.  
And he that wyll come thereby,  
Must be meeke, and full of mercy:  
Both in Spyrit and in Countenannace,  
Full of Chereti and good Governauce;  
And evermore full of almes deede,  
Symple and pewaterly hys lyf to leade:  
Wyth Prayers, Pennaunces, and Piety,  
And ever to God a lover be,  
And alle the ryches that he ys sped,  
To do God wrschyppe wyth Almes deede.  
In Arsenyck sublymed there ys a way streight,  
Wyth Mercury calcyned nyne tymes hys weight  
And grownde together with Water of myght  
That bereth ingression lye and lyght,  
And anon as they togyther byne,



Alle runnyth to Water bryght and shene,  
Upon thys Fyre they grow togethyr,  
Tyll they be fast and flee no whythyr;  
But than feede hem fowrth wyth thy hond,  
Wyth mylke and meate tyle they be stringe,  
And thow schalt have there a good Stone,  
Whereof and Ounc on fowrty wyll gone:  
Upon Venus or on Mercury,  
Thys Medicyn wyll make thee merry.  
And yow that have fowght mani a day,  
Leave worke, take yowre Beades and pray,  
For the longer that yow seeken,  
The longer yt ys or yow meeten;  
And he that now sayne would be sped,  
Lysten 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;  
I am sours of Sol, Luna, and Mars,  
I am genderer of Iovis, many be my snares:  
I am setler of Saturne, and sours of Venus,  
I am Empresse, Pryncestes and Regall of Queenes,  
I am Mother of Myrrour, and maker of lyght,  
I am head and hyghest and fayrest in syght:  
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 werking,  
For in my Daughter there byne hydd,  
Fowre thyngs Commonly I kydd:  
A Golden seede, and a spearme rych,  
And a Silver seede none hym lich;  
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 Scyence yf thow lyst to leare.  
Thys Water reduceth every thyng,  
To tendernes and to fyxing:  
It burgeneth growyth and gyveth fryght and lyght,  
Ingression lyfe and lastyng in syght:  
Alle ryghteous werkes sooth to say,  
It helpeth and bryngyth in a good way:  
Thys ys the Water that ys most worthy,  
Aqua perfectissima & flos mundi:  
For alle werks thys Water makyth whyte,  
Reducyng and schyning as Sylver bryght:  
And of the Oyle greate marvell there ys,  
For all thyngs yt bryngyth to rednes:  
As Cytrine gold he ys full high,  
None ye so redd nor none ys so worthy:  
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 seaven,  
Blessed be Almyghty God of Heven:  
One Ounce of thys Medicine worthy  
Cast upon two hundred ownces of Mercury:  
Schall make Gold most royall,  
And ever enduring to holde tryall;  
Fyre and Hammer Tuch and Test,  
And all essayes most and least.  
And yt ys Medycen above common Gold,  
To mans body as God yt would.  
For Gold that cometh from Oare,  
Is nourished with fowle Sulphur:  
And Engendered upon Mercury he ys,  
And nourished by Erth and Sulphur I wys,  
And our Gold ys made of the pewer soules,  
In the wych ys now Corrupcyon foule:  
But purged pewre as clene as Chrystall,  
Body and Spyryt and Sowle wyth all;  
And so they grow into a stone,  
In the wych Corrupcyon there ys none;  
And than cast hym upon Mercury,  
And he schalbe Gold most worthy,  
Now have you heard the makynge of our Stone,  
The begynyng and endyng ys all one.

## **Thomas Robinonus De Lapide Philosophorum.**

The Heavens, the Earth, and all that in them is,  
Were in six Dayes perfected from Abisse:  
From One sprung foure; from foure a second One;  
This last a Gritt; that first the Corner Stone.  
Without the First the Last may not be had;  
Yet to the First the Last is too too bad.  
When from the Earth the Heavens were seperated,  
Were not the Heavens with Earth first Cohobated:  
And when the Heavens, and the Earth and all were not;  
Were onely Heavens create; and Earth forgott?  
No: Heavens, and Earth sprung all from one at first:  
Then who can say of Heavens, or Earth is worst?  
Is not the Earth the Mother of them all?  
And what the Heavens, but Earths essentiall?  
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 knowe 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 swear there is noe other truth but this  
Of that great Stone; which many seeke and misse.

Finis.

## **Testamentum Johannis Dee Philosophi Summi ad Johannem Gwynn, transmissum 1568.**

This Letter third and last I minde to make,  
At your request for very vertues sake;  
Your written panges, and methods set aside,  
From that I byd, looke that you never slide.  
Cut that in Three, which Nature hath made One,  
Then strengthen hyt, even by it self alone,  
Wherewith then Cutte the poudred Sonne in twayne,  
By length of tyme, and heale the woonde againe.  
The self same Sunne twys yet more, ye must wounde,  
Still with new Knives, of the same kinde, and grounde;  
Our Monas trewe thus use by natures Law,  
Both binde and lewse, only with rype and rawe,  
And ay thanke God who only is our Guyde,  
All is ynugh, no more then at this Tyde.

Take Heavy, Soft, Cold, and Drye;  
Clense him, and to Calx grind him subtilly:  
Dissolve him in Water of the Wood;  
If thou can do any good  
Thereof, take a Tincture  
And Earthly Calx good and pure.  
Of this maist thou have with thy travaile,  
Both Mercury, Water, and Oyle;  
Out of the Ayre with Flames great,  
Fire into the Earth doth Creepe;  
In this Worke if thou wilt winn,  
Take heed wherewith thou dost begin,  
And in what manner thou dost work,  
For loosing thy way in the darke;  
And where, with what, and how, thy matter shal end;  
I tell and Councell thee as my Frend:  
Make Water of Earth, and Earth of Water;  
Then art thou well onward in the matter.  
For thou shalt find hid in the myre,  
Both Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire:  
I tell thee my Brother, I will not flatter,  
Of our Earth is made our Water:  
The which is cleere white as Snow;  
And makes our Earth Calcine and growe.  
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 whitnes be brought:  
Make the Body fluxible, and flowing;  
With the Earth, perfect, and teyning.  
Then after Ferment is once done;  
Whither thou wilt with Sunne or Moone,  
Dissolve him with the Water of life,  
Ycalled Mercury withouten strife:  
Put the Soule with the Body, and Spirite  
Together in one that they may meete  
In his Dammes belly till he wax great,  
With giving Drinke of his owne sweate:  
For the Milke of a Cow to a Child my brother  
Is not so sweete as the Milke of his Mother:  
This Child that is so marveilously wrought,  
Unto his Heritage must be brought:  
His livelyhood is so worthy a thing,  
Of abilitye to spend with a King:  
He that beareth all this in minde,  
And understandeth these Parables all;  
With Seperation he may finde,  
Poore and Rich, great and small;  
With our Sulphur we make our Antimony, White and Red;  
And thereof we make our Mercury quick, and dead.  
This is a Mettall that I speake of one of the seaven,  
If thou be a Clerk read what I meane.  
There is no Plannet of six neither great nor small,  
But if he be put to them, he will Calcine them all.  
Unto red blood he must be brought;  
Else of him thou gettest right nought:

Reach him then with the Wood Water,  
Man, and Woman Clothed under one hatter,  
In and of them is conceived a Child  
Lovely of beauty, meeke and mild;  
Out of the Earth with dropps stronge,  
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 hast the Mastery wonn.  
The beginning of this Worke, if thou wilt crave,  
In holly Writ thou shalt it have:  
Both in Masse Booke and in Psalter  
Yea wrighten before the Preest at the Alter:  
And what is Antimony that thou shalt worke,  
I have written to thee if thou be a Clerke;  
Looke about before if thou canst finde  
Plainely written, which maketh men blind:  
Our Werke is bringing againe our Mercury,  
And that Philosophers call Solucion;  
And if thou loose not the uncleane body,  
Thou werkest without discretion;  
The Inbibition 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 Werke is to bring,  
Earth and Water to Congealing;  
The cleansing of the Third is another  
Unto Whiteness; 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 hast 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.

## THE WORKE OF RICH: CARPENTER.

OF Titan Magnasia take the cler light,  
The rede Gumme that ys so bryght,  
Of Philosofris the Sulfer vife,  
I called Gold wythouten stryfe:  
Of hem drawe owte a Tincture,  
And make a matrimony pure:  
Betweene the husband and the wyfe,  
I spoused wyth the Water of lyfe:  
And so that none dyvysion  
Be there, in the conjenccion  
Of the Moone and of the Sonne,  
After the marriage ys begonne;  
And that Mercury the planete,  
On loes make hem fo 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 Chrystall bryght schynyng.  
Drawen out of bodyes fyxed,  
By Nature prively mixed  
Within a vessal depured clene,  
Of Philosofris bright and schene;  
Beware the Fume escape the nowght,  
And alleso marked well in thy thowght;  
That of the Fire the quallitee,  
Equal to Phebez bemes be;  
In the moneth of June and Jule,  
Understand me be not dulle;  
For thou schalt see marveles grete,  
Colures spring oute 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 syght:  
Whenne the spiryt ys refreyned,  
And wyth the Bodie so constrayned,  
That hem asounder maye nothyng parte,  
So Nature hem doth there so coart,  
In matrise whenne they both ben knyte,  
Lett never thy Vessel be unshytte;  
Tyl thys ingendred have a stone,  
That in thys world ys not suche on:  
For hyt ys called Anymal,  
Richer then the Mineral.  
Wyche ys founden in every plase,  
Who foundeth hyt myght have grase:  
In the and me and over alle  
Both Vegetables and Sophisticall:  
On Hilles hye and Valeys lowe,  
He groweth who cowde hyt know,  
Take thys for an informacion,  
In Caryt and in 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 thys tresour,  
I mene owre Stone of such valour;  
And yet who coude well understonde,  
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 coud hym take:  
Vertues of Erbes vegetyff,  
And soules of Bestes sensytyff:  
Reyson of Angels that doth discerne,  
Goude and Yeul Man to governe,  
All bryngs to thyn house  
Thys Noble Ston so precious,  
And Soverente of alle thys Werke,  
Both to Lewd and to Clerke:  
This lyth alle by discrecion,  
In Fyre, and in Decoccion:  
The craft recordeth yif he can rede,  
How all and sume who shal spede;  
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 percying,  
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 suster to Moysez:  
But who hyt be 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:  
Advyse the well er thow begene,  
Or else lytel schalt thow wyne.

## JOHN GOWER CONCERNING the PHILOSOPHERS STONE.

AND also with great diligence,  
Thei fonde thilke Experience:  
Which cleped is Alconomie,  
Whereof the Silver multiplie;  
Thei made, and eke the Gold also.  
And for to telle howe itt is so:  
Of bodies seven in Speciall,  
With fowre Spirites joynt withall;  
Stant the substance of this matere,  
The bodies which I speke of here,  
Of the Plannets ben begonne,  
The Gold is titled to the Sonne:  
The Moone of Silver hath hi part,  
And Iron that stonde uppon Mart:  
The Leed after Saturne groweth,  
And Jupiter the Brasse 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 be proclymed,  
And the Spirite which is seconde,  
In Sal Armoniake is founde:  
The third Spirite Sulphur is,  
The fourth Sewende after this,  
Arcennium by name is hotte  
With blowyng, and with fires hote:  
In these things which I say,  
Thei worchen by divers waye.  
For as the Philosopher tolde,  
Of Gold and Sylver thei ben holde,  
Two Principall extremittees,  
To which all other by degrees,  
Of the mettals ben accordant,  
And so through kinde resemblant:  
That what man couth awaie take,  
The rust, of which they waxen blake,  
And And the favour of the hardnes;  
Thei shulden take the likeness;  
Of Gold or Silver perfectly,  
Bot for to worche it sykerly;  
Between the Corps and the Spirite,  
Er that the Metall be parfite,  
In seven forms 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 Arte was founde,  
To every poynt a certayne bounde,  
Ordeinen that a man may finde,  
This Craft is wrought by wey of kinde;



So that there is no fallace in;  
But what man that this werke begyn;  
He mote awaite at every tyde,  
So that nothyng be left asyde.  
Fyrst of Distillacion,  
Forth with the Cogelacion,  
Solucion, Disscencion,  
And kepe in his entencion,  
The poynt of Sublimacion,  
And forthwith Calcinacion,  
Of very Approbacion,  
So that there be Fixacion,  
With temperate hetes of fyer,  
Tyll he the perfite Elixer,  
Of thilke Philosophers Stone,  
Maie gette, of which that many one  
Of Philosophers, whilome write,  
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 wise,  
By wey of kynde in sondry wise;  
Thre Stones made through Clergie,  
The fyrst I shall specifie,  
Was cleped Vegetabilis;  
Of which the proper vertue is,  
To mans heale to serve,  
As for to keepe, and to preserve,  
The body fro sickness 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 tast, in his degree,  
And for to feele and for to goe,  
Itt helpeth a man of both two:  
The witts five he undersongeth  
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 away,  
Of Rust, of Stynke, and of Hardnes:  
And when they ben of such clenness,  
This minerall so as I fynde,  
Transformeth all the fyrst kynde,  
And maketh hem able to conceive,  
Through his vertue and receive  
Both in substance and in figure,  
Of Gold and Silver the nature.  
For thei two ben the extremittees,

To which after the propertees,  
Hath every mettall his desire,  
With helpe and comferte of the fyre.  
Forth with this Stone as it is said,  
Which to the Sonne and Moone is laide:  
For to the Red, and to the White,  
This Stone hath power to profite;  
It maketh Multiplicacion  
Of Gold and the fixacion,  
It causeth and of this babite,  
He doth the werke to be parfite:  
Of thilke Elixer which me call  
Alconomy, as is befalle  
To hem, that whilome were wise;  
But now it stant all otherwise:  
Thei speken fast of thilke Stone,  
But how to make it now wote none.  
After the sooth 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 povertie and Dette;  
To hem that rich were to fore,  
The Losse is had the Lucre is lore:  
To gette a pound thei spendeth 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 ast 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 fame goth all about,  
To such as soughten besines,  
Of vertue and 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 plainlie as thei stonde,  
Uppon this Craft few understonde.  
But yet to put hem in assay,  
There be full manie now a day,  
That knowen litle 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 Auctoritee,  
That thei firste founden out the wey,  
Of all that thou hast herd me sey,  
Whereof the Cronicke of her Lore,  
Shall stonde in price for evermore.

# **THE BREVIARY OF NATURALL PHILOSOPHY.**

**Compiled by the unlettered Scholar  
T H O M A S C H A R N O C K.**

**Student in the most worthy Scyence of  
Astronomy and Philosophy. The first of Ianuary  
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 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.**

Goe forth little Booke in volume but small,  
Yet hast thou in thee that is not in them All,  
For satisfying the mindes of the Students in this Arte,  
Then art thou worth as many Bookes, as will lye in a Cart:  
Glad may he be that hath thee in his keeping,  
For he may find through diligent seeking,  
All things in thee which shall be necessary,  
As Vessells and Instruments belonging to Alchimy;  
Which would set many a Mans heart on fire,  
To have the same knowledge they have so great desire.  
And no mervaile though they be glad and faine,  
For they have spent many a pound in vain;  
In making of Vessells of many divers sorts,  
And have brought them out of many strange Ports:  
Because the 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 so wrestled so long in our Warke?  
Yes some should spend all the money in their pouch,  
If they new but this or half so much.  
Wherefore of pittie I will nolonger refraine,  
But declare all things their purpose to attaine.  
Wherefore if you do not happen upon my Booke,  
Either by casualty, Hooke, or by Crooke:  
Yet I pray for my Soule when I am dead and rotten,  
That of Alchimy Scyence the dore hath let open;  
Sufficient for the 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 seene;  
Whether that thy Vessels be made to thy minde,  
Stand by while he worketh more surety to finde,  
And shew him what to do by some sign of similitude,  
And if his witts be not dull or rude,  
He will understand what thou dost meane,  
For I thinke few Potters in the Realme  
Have made at any tyme such cunning ware,  
As we for our Scyence doth fashion and prepaire;  
And when he hath formed them unto thy purpose,  
For what occaision 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 plaine without wrinkle or hem,  
One within another, it is a pretty feate,  
The third without them to guide up the heate:  
Then say unto him to satisfie his minde,  
That ye have a Father which is somewhat blinde,  
Who if it please God you will indeavor,  
To stil a water his blindnes to diffever:  
Which is the Elixir of lyfe as wise men say,  
And in this doing God send me my pray;  
The will he will 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 has made an end,  
Then with a Joyner thou must Condescend,  
Who also must have this Councell and writt,  
To make a Tabernacle the Vessell to fitt;  
Which wilbe also in greate doubt,  
For what purpose it will serve about;  
In that he never made nor framed none such,

Although it be made like to a Hutch:  
Then tell him a Tale of a roasted Horse,  
Unto the which he will have no remorse:  
And laugh and say it is a Borrough for a Fox,  
Although it be made sure with Keys and locke,  
And thus with a Joyner thou hast made an end,  
Whithout thou set it on fire as I did mine.  
As for Glassemakers they be scant in this land,  
Yet one there is as I doe understand:  
And in Sussex is his habitacion,  
At Chiddensfold he workes of his Occupation:  
To go to him it is necessary and meete,  
Or send a servant that is discrete:  
And disire him in a most humble wise  
to 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 though hadst a number in to store,  
It is the better, for Store is no fore.

## **The Second Chapter.**

Now LORD of thy grace I beseech thee suffer me,  
To finish my pretence in this rude Studie:  
For this nor ought else without thy help can be done,  
As neither the Conjunction 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 the helpe of him:  
Tha he bring our doings to effect,  
Which must be done very Circumspect:  
Wherefore if you thinke to obtaine your intent,  
Feare God and keepe his Comandment:  
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 feed him which is hungry,  
And give him drinke which is thirsty.  
Give liberally I say as riches doe arise,  
And from thirsty body turn 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 ease;  
And we are now ready to the Sea prest,  
Where we must abide thee moneths at the least;  
All which tyme to Land we shall not passe,

No although our Ship be made of Glasse,  
But all tempest of the Aire we must abide,  
And in dangerous roades many tymes to ride;  
Bread we shall have none, nor yet other foode,  
But only faire water descending from a Cloude:  
The Moone shall us burn 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 sould,  
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 think.

### **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 doest now,  
I fell to practice by God I vowe:  
I was never troubled in all my lyfe beforene,  
As intending to my Fire both Midday Eve and Morne:  
And all to kepe it at an even stay;  
It hath wrought me woe moe then I will say.  
Yet one thing of truth I will thee tell,  
What a greate mishap unto my Worke befell;  
It was upon a Newyeares day at Noone,  
My Tabernacle caught fire, it was soone done:  
For within an houre it was right well,  
And streight of fire I had a smell.  
I ran up to my worke right,  
And when I cam it was on 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 work and made me his Heire,  
Wherefore alwaies he shall have my prayer:  
I obteyned his grace the date herefro not to varie,  
In the first and second yeare of King Phillip & Queene Mary.  
Yet lewdly I lost it as I have you tould,  
And so I began the new and forgot the old,  
Yet many a night after I could not sleepe in Bed

For ever that mischance troubled my head,  
And feare thereof I would not abide againe;  
No though I shoulde 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 me attendence,  
Yet often tymes he did me displeasaunce,  
And would sleepe so long till the Fire went out,  
Then would the Knave that whorson Lout,  
Cast in Tallow to make the fire burne quicker,  
Which when I knew made me more sicker;  
And thus was I cumbred with a drunken sott,  
That with his hasty fire made my Worke too hott;  
And with his sloth againe he set my worke behinde;  
For remedy thereof to quiet my Minde,  
I thrust him out of dores, and took 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 saith Solomon let him be unto thee,  
As tyme owne heart in each degree.  
For it is precious a faithfull servant to finde,  
Esteeme him above treasure if he be to thy minde;  
Not wretchles, but sober, wise, and quiet,  
Such a one were even for my dyet:  
Thus having warn'd thee of an ill servant sufficient,  
But a good servant is for our intent.

### **The fourth Chapter.**

When my Man was gone I began it anewe,  
And old troubles then in my minde did renew;  
As to break sleepe oftentimes in the night,  
For feare that my Worke went not aright;  
And oftentimes I was in greate doubt,  
Least that in the night, my fire should go out:  
Or that it should give to much heate,  
The pensiveness thereof made me to breake sleepe;  
And also in the day least it should miscary,  
It hath made my minde oftentimes to varie;  
Wherefore if thou wilt follow my reade,  
See thy fire safe when thou goest to Bed:  
At Midnight also when thou dost arise,  
And in so doing I judge thee to be wise:  
Beware that thy Fire do no man harme,  
For thou knowest many a mans House and Barne  
Have byne set on fire by mischance,  
And specially when a Foole hath the governance;  
Our Fire is chargeable, and will amount  
Above 3 pound a weeke, who hath list 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,  
Haec 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 indeed I begun when all things were deare,  
Both Tallow, Candle, Wood, Coale and Fire:  
Which charges to beare sometymes I have sold,  
Now a Jewell, and then a ring of Gold:  
And when I was within a Moneths reckoning,  
Warrs were proclaimed against the French King.  
Then a Gentleman that ought me greate mallice,  
Caused me to be prest to goe serve at Callys:  
When I saw there was noone 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 caunce,  
To speake with my good Master or that I dye;  
Master I. S. his name is truly:  
Nighe the City 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:  
Gerber, 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 whome Ile speak 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 the could not reape the fruit of my gaines:  
I thought to my selfe, so to set out this Warke,  
That others by fortune may hit right the Marke.

### **The fifth Chapter.**

I am sorry I have nothing to requite my Masters gentleness,  
But only this Boke a little short Treatise;  
Which I dare say shall as welcome be to him,  
As if I had sent him a Couple of Milch Kine:  
And heere for his sake I will disclose unto thee,

A greater seacret which by God and the Trinity,  
Since that our Lord this wold first began,  
Was it not so opened I dare lay my hand,  
No, all the Philosophers which were before this day,  
Never knew this secret I dare boldly say.  
And now to obteyne thy purpose more rathe  
Let thy Fire be as temperate as the Bath of the Bathe.  
Oh what a goodly and profitable Instrument,  
Is the Bath of the Bathe for our firey intent!  
To seeke all the World throughout I should not finde,  
For profit and liberty a Fire more fitt to my minde.  
Goe or ride where you 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,  
Beacuse 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 though he should be frenzie,  
And a Toy tooke him in the head to run such a race,  
That many yeare after he had no setling place;  
And more he is darke and cannot see,  
But hath a Boy to leade him through the Country.  
I hapned to come on a day whereas he was,  
And by a word or two that he let passe,  
I understood streight he was a Philosopher,  
For the which cause I drew to him neare;  
And when the Company was all gone,  
And none but his Boy and he and I alone,  
Master quoth I for the love of God and Charity,  
Teach me the seacrets of Naturall Philosophy.  
No Son, quoth he, I know not what thou art,  
And shall I reveale to thee such a preciuos Arte?  
No man by me shall get such gaines,  
No not my Boy which taketh with me such paines,  
That 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 same greate mistery:  
Yet one there is about the City of Salisbury,  
A young man of the age Eight and Twenty,  
Charnock is his name of Tennes that Isle,  
His praise and Comendacions soundeth many a Mile;  
For that Younge man he is toward and apt,  
In all the seaven liberall Scyences set none apart:  
But of each of them he hath much or litle,  
Whereof in out Scyence he may claime a title:  
His praise spreads also for his goof indighting,  
And of some of his doings I have heard the reciting,  
Both of Prose 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 Charnocke upon whome you treat;  
But this which you say to me is a greate wonder,  
For these quallities and I am far assunder;  
I am no such Man as you have made reckoning,  
But you shall speake for me when I go a wiving:  
Your praise will make me speede, though it be not true,  
Nor yet my substance worth an old horse shooe.  
Is your name Charnocke, and the same Man?  
Yes Sir quoth I: then stumbled he to give me his hand:  
And talked an howre with me in the Philosophers speache,  
And heard that no no question I was to seeche,  
My Son quoth he let me have thy prayer,  
For this Science I will make thee myne heire;  
Boy quoth he lead me into some secreet place,  
And then departe for a certaine space,  
Untill 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 Sacrement,  
Upon this Oath that 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 speech;  
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,  
Under the Covering of Philosophie before this world yee depart.  
What answer will you give me: let me heare?  
Master quoth I, I grant your desire.  
The Son quoth he keepe thys Oath I charge thee well  
As thinkest to be saved from the pitt of Hell.  
The next day we went to Church, and after our devocion  
A Preist of his Gentleness heard both our Confessions;  
Which being done, to Masse streight we went,  
And he ministered to us the holy Sacrement;  
But he never wist what we meant therein:  
For with a contrary reason I did him blinde,  
And so home to dinner we went with our hoast,  
All which refeccion I paid for the Cost.  
When dinner was done I walked in the field,  
And when we were in the midds, Boy quoth he go pick a Thsitle  
And come not againe before I for whistle.  
Now Master quoth I the Coast from hearers is cleare,  
The quoth he my Sonn hearken in thyne Eare;  
And within three or foure words he revealed unto me,  
Of Minerall prudence the greate Misterie.  
Whic when I heard my Spirits were ravished for Joy,  
The Grecians were never gladder for the wyning of Troy:

As I was then remembering 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 forever I goe;  
Son quoth he Gods blessing goe with thee and thyne,  
And if thou speede well, let me heare of thee againe.

### **The sixt Chapter.**

WHen I was gone a mile or two abroade,  
With fervent prayer I praised the Lord:  
Giveing him thanks 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 mencion,  
Then would I write to my Master with a better invencion,  
O Lord quoth I what a solemne Oath was this given!  
Surely in sheetes of Brasse 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 doubt truly I might understand.  
I thought it not much to goe backe with all speede,  
To seeke him out, & to the house where I left him I yed,  
And there in a Chamber anone I founde him out,  
Praying upon his Beades very devout:  
Father quoth I a word with you I doe beseech:  
Who is that quoth he? my Son Charnocke 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 yout Tutor,  
And of that Seacret to you the Revealer?  
Marry quoth he and speake it with harty Joy,  
Forsooth it was Ripley the Canon his Boy:  
Then I remembered my good Master againe,  
Which told 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 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 heart;  
But that mirth was shortly turn'd to care,  
For as I tould you so my Worke did fare.  
Once I set it on fyre which did me much woe,  
And after my Man hindered me a Moneth or two;

Yet the Gentleman did me more spight then the rest,  
As when he made me from my work to be prest,  
Then Bedlam could not hold me I was to fret,  
But sowst at my worke with a greate Hatchett;  
Rathing my Potts and my Glasses altogether,  
I wisse they cost me more or I gott them thither:  
The ashes with my stur flew all about,  
One Fire I split 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 the back;  
And forth I went to serve a Soldiers rome  
And surely quoth I, there shall come the day of Dome;  
Before I practise againe to be a Philosopher,  
Wherefore have me Commended to my good Master.  
And now my students in this Art, my promise I have kept justly,  
And that you shall finde true when you understand me truly;  
Which before that day never thinke to speede  
For a plainer Boke then this never desire to reade:  
And true it is also yf you can pick it out,  
But it is not for every Cart slave or Loute;  
This to understand, no though his witts were fyne,  
For it shalbe harde enough for a very good Divine  
To Conster 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 THOMAS CHARNOCK, student  
in the most worthy Scyence of ASTRONOMY  
and PHYLOSOPHY.

## **A Dialogue betwixt the FATHER and the SONNE, Concerning the two Principles of the BLESSED STONE.**

Father

My Sonne if that Sulphur be absent away,  
Our worke is reprov'd whatever they say,  
And it is our Water & Fire as tru as your Creed  
Which constraineth a Body till it be dead:  
Of him shalt thou never have your desire,  
Till he be blew as Lead through his owne Fire,  
I do liken our Sulphur to the magnet Stone,  
That still draweth to her Naturally,  
So with our Sulphur the firey Woman Mercury,  
When she would from he husband flye.

Son

Father I pray you for Charity,  
Where shall I this Sulphur finde?  
For I never did him se with Eye;  
Nor never knew him in his kinde.

Father

In our Water my Sonne keepe it in your minde,  
Where he will appeare so white as any snow,  
Son

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.

Father

The White and Red be both of one kinde,  
Now hast 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 dost 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 the vertues of the Planets seaven  
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.

Son

In what Element Father is our Sulphur bright?  
Is it in all, or is it in one?

Father

In all Sonne he must need be of right,  
For Seperacion of Elements we make none:

And yett in them we can it not see,  
For sensuall matter he is none,  
But equallitie only intellectuall,  
Without which our Stone never fixt be shall.  
Qualitie Sonne alsoe groweth in the fire;  
Betwixt the White Stone and the Read,  
For Colours many to you shall appeare,  
Untill the tyme the Woman be dead:  
The which things if ye shall not see,  
Red 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 deuoure our qualitie,  
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 alteracions all due to his kinde;  
When Oyle in him is coagulate,  
Then is our Stone body made liquefact:  
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 he so strong.  
Son  
Father how to make our Stone,  
Fayne would I knowe that have we done;  
Father  
My Sonne with lent and easie heate,  
The Elements togeather will kindly meate:  
Haste not to fast while they be rawe,  
Keep well the Fier, beware of the lowe.  
Shutt well the Vessell 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 you 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 chainge colour till it be White,  
There you may cease and further proceede,  
By mendinge the heate to your measure indeed;  
And there withall now will I end,  
And to God onely thee Commend.

## ANONYMI.

I Shew you here a short Conclusion,  
To understand it if ye have grace,  
Wrighten without any delusion;  
Comprehended in a litle space.  
All that is in this Booke wrighten is,  
In the place comprehended is,  
How Nature worketh in her kinde,  
Keepe well this Lesson in your minde:  
I have declared micle 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 sworne I may not tell.  
In this Booke I shew to you in wrighting,  
As my Brethren doe each one,  
A similitude of every like thing,  
Of which we make our Stone.  
Our Stone is made of a 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 or Fier.  
Now have yee Elements foure of might,  
And yet there appeareth but two in sight;  
Water and Earth ye may well see,  
Fier and Aer in them as quality:  
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 workes be full busie,  
But yet thay have but little increse,  
The writings to them is so 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 rhen may you tell:  
By suddain mooving of Elements Nature may be letted,  
And wher lacks Decoction 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 infirmities to be releevd,  
This healeth Nature and prolongeth lyfe eak;  
This Medicine of Elements being perfectly wrought,  
Receypts of the Potecary we neede not to buy,  
Their Druggs and Dragms we set at nought,  
With quid pro quo they make many aly.  
Our Aurum potable Nature will increase,  
Of Philosophers Gold if it be perfectly wrought,  
The Phisitians with Minerall pureth him in prese:  
Litle it availeth or else right nought.  
This Scyence shall ye finde in the old boke of Turb;  
How perfectly this Medicine Philosophers have wrought,  
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 receipts of the Potecary truly we have none.  
A hundred Ounces of Saturne [Lead] 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 Subtillant;  
Encreasing of our Medicine els have we nought.  
Joy eternall and everlasting blisse,  
Be to Almyghty God that never schal miss.

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

Earth out of Earth clensed pure,  
By Earth of himselfe through his nature,  
Rectified by his Milke who can it tye,  
And afterward united with Water of lyfe truly:  
A Dragon lying in his deepe denne,  
Rotting in Water to Putrefie then:  
Leprouse huge and terrible in sight,  
By bathing and balning the Dragon cometh to light;  
Evermor drowned in th bottome of his Well,  
Tyl all his Leprousie will no longer dwell,  
In his owne Nature he altereth claene  
Into a pure substance, ye wat what I meane.  
I shew you here a short Conclusion, &c.

## **ANONYMI.**

I Schal yow tel wyth hert mode,  
Of three Kynggys that ben so goude,

And how thaye came to God almyght,  
The wich was ther a sweet syght.

---

I figure now howr bessel [blessed] Stone,  
Fro Heven wase send downe to Solomon:

By an Angele bothe goude and styllle,  
The wych wase than Christis wylle.

The present of hem in Bedlem than,  
To Cryst brwght Aurum Tus & Myrham.

Owre Sol and Sulphir wyth his Mercuri,  
Both Bodi and Soule wyth oure Luneyre.

Aurum betokeneth heer, owre Bodi than,  
The wych was brwght 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 Phylosofeers Stone.

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

How sende he wase out of Heven,  
By an Angele wyth mylde Stefyn.

And by hys fygure thow mayst se  
That hyt ys lyke to personis Thre.

To Fader and Sonne and holi Gost,  
The wych was and ys of mytis most;

Into hys blyse now come wee,  
Amen goud Lord for cheyte.

## **ANONYMI.**

Her ys an Erbe men call 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 sote,  
Flowrys to bere in that stede,  
Swm ben Whyte, and swm ben Red:  
Hys Lewys [Leaves] 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;

Frist at the Rote I wolle begynne,  
That cawsyth alle things for to sprynge;  
A growyth a pon a Mowntayne brym,  
Where Febis hath grete dominacion:  
The Sunne 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 [Leaves] be rownd, as a Nowbel son,  
And wexsyth and wanyth as the Mon:  
In the meddes a marke the brede of a peni,  
Lo thys is lyke to owre sweght Lunayre:  
Hys Flowyrs schynith, fayre and cler,  
In all the Worlde thaye have non pere,  
He ys not fownde in no manner wise,  
But of a Schepeherd in Godis servyse:  
The good Schepeherd that I her mene,  
Ys he that keepeth hys Sowle clene:  
Hys Flowyrs ben gret and sum ben small,  
Lyke to hem that growyth in Dale;  
With many a vertue 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 blese that wee maye come,  
Byth the help of Marys Sonne:  
And of hys Moder that ys so fre,  
Amen good Lord for cherite.

## **Ænigma ad Alchimiam.**

---

When vii. tymes xxvi. had run their rase,  
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 rialltie,  
And made Blacke and White away to fle:  
Me thought he was a Prince off honoure,  
For he was all in Golden armoure;  
And on his head a Crowne off Golde  
That for no riches it might be solde:  
Which tyll I saw my hartte was colde  
To thinke at length who should wyne the filde  
Tyll Blacke and White to Red dyd yelde;  
Then hartely to God did I pray  
That ever I saw that joyfull day.

1572. T. Charnocke.

## **Ænigma ad Alchimiae.**

When vii. tymes xxvi. had runne their rase,  
Then Nature discoved his blacke face.  
But whith an C. and L. came in with great blost  
And made Blacke nye to flye the Coste:  
Yet one came after and brought 30 off greate might,  
Which made Blacke and White to flee quite;  
Me though he was a Prince off honor,  
For he was all in Golden Armoure,  
And one his head a Crowne off Golde:  
That for no riches it myght be solde,  
And trewly with no Philosopher I do mocke;  
For I did it my sellffe Thomas Charnocke:  
Therefore God coomforte in thy warke  
For all our wrettinges are verye darke,  
Despyse all Bookes and them defye,  
Wherein 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 or Stone:  
And that a Pryste in the Close off Salesburie,  
God rest his Soll in heven full myrie.

1572.

T. CHARNOCKE.

## 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  
Who 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 World began,  
Such cry, such clamour as was than  
Heard never any earthly Man.

Experience that Princesse 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 gesse,  
Were Children to that great Goddesse:  
Their Princely port, their Comly grace,  
Their pierles featur'd hand and face  
Did schew them of Noble race:  
But of their prudent skill to tell,  
In Artes where in they did excell,  
No earthly Tounge can do it well.

And as I gazed thus upon that strange and dreadfull sight,  
I saw how that Experience did teach these Ladies right,  
The Seven Artes Divine,  
With desent discipline,  
By divers rules and orders grave,  
As she thought good for them to have.  
But for to see how diligent  
And buisily their time they spent  
To learne those Artes most excellent,  
The endlesse travells that they tooke  
From place to place, from booke to booke,  
Amazed me on them to looke.

For some in divers Languages did reason dispute,  
And others some did sing and play on Organ, Harpe and Flute;  
And some with Compasses found  
All Measures square and round:  
And some by Cyphering could tell  
Infinite Summes and Numbers well:  
And somes with Eloquence began  
As Poets and Orators to scan  
The Causes between Man and Man:  
And some upon the Stars did gaze,  
And other some sat in a Maze,  
To judge of Seacrets that there was.

Soe that nothing created was under the Firmament,  
That hath a Being or Life by any Element,

No Simple nor Compound  
In all the World is found  
Under the Sky, or Clouds that fly,  
But they sought out the privity:  
This Rocky Earth, this heavy Masse,  
This Articke Virgin, this let not passe  
To seeke the thing that therein was:  
But put themselves in presse to creepe  
Into the Center of the Deepe,  
Where sundry Soules and Spirits doe sleepe.

This thing Experience gan prudently to debate,  
With cheerfull looke and voyce full mylde, as it seemed to her state,  
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 shee  
A Lady grave of greate 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 thou Influence;  
Thy wondrous workes records full well  
In wordell of wordels where thou doest dwell,  
In Earth, in Heaven, and in Hell;  
That thou art now the very same,  
That of Nothing All things did frame,  
Wherefor now blessed be thy Name.

Wherewith the Heavens opened, and fiery flames did fall  
Downe from the Throne of endles Joy and feate imperiall,  
Where Angels infinite  
Like glistering Starrs did fitt:  
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 E X P E R I E N C E.

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 most of might,  
In worde of lyfe and eke in light.  
I am Mercy and Judgement right,  
The Depth is myne so is the Hight:  
The Cold, the Hot, the Moyst, the Dry,  
Where All in All is there am I.

What thing can tell when I began, or when I make an end?  
Wherewith I wrought, and what I mought, or what I did intend?  
To doe when I had done  
The worke I had begun.  
For when my Being was alone  
One thing I made when there was none,  
A Masse confused darkly 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 Qualities 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.

Respecting these divided things so created by me,  
Their light and lively spreading forth of them in their degree;  
Retourning to the Masse,  
Where there beginning was,  
And saw the refuse of the same,  
How Voyd and Empty it became,  
All darke, and nothing to remaine,  
I put with wrath and great disdaine,  
My only Curse therefor was no 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 which I made is still,  
And so schalbe unto the end, only to worke my will:  
One thing was first imployd,  
And shall not be destroid,  
It compasseth the World so round,  
A Matter easy to be found:  
And yet most hardest 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 travells 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 to prick;  
Of Cankered 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 Compeare:  
And unto it looke thou direct  
My seaven Children long elect,  
That all things else they might reject.

A Child begetting his owne Father, and bearing his Mother,  
Killing himselfe to give lyfe, and light to all other:  
Is yt that I do meane,  
Most myld and most extreame.  
Did not the Word that dwelt in me  
Take forme and walked visibly;  
And did not I then dwell in it,  
That dwelt in me for to unite  
Three powers in one seate to sit?  
And the Experience did say  
Now knowest thou all, heers lyes the Key,  
And then she vanisht cleane away.

There with arose Phylosophy 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,  
Whereon Experience did tread;  
And oft she cast he 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.



## **LIBER PATRIS SAPIENTIAE.**

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

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

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

4. And yf thow wylt not to hys wordys take hede,  
Thow schalt stand here oft in gret feare and dread.  
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 Sonne be thow not a know  
To Lerner nor to Leud, to Hygh nor to Low:  
Neyther to Young nor Old, Rych nor Poore,  
Unto them thow tech nothyng my Lore.

6. Also to scuche men that hold themselves wise,  
And so 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.

7. Therefor my Somm 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.

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

9. 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.

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

11. For then thow and thys Science were for ever lost,

If thou make thereof any manner of boast,  
To any Man or Woman, Old or Young,  
Beware of thy selfe for feare of discovering.

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

13. For yf God sends thee grace and understanding  
Wyth thys Scyence thou mayst have good lving:  
But beware of speach of Women liberall,  
And of the voice and fight of Children generall.

14. Sonn in thyne owne howse thou maist well gett  
A good Morsell of meat they mouth to sweet,  
Both Pheasant, Partridge, Plover and Leveret,  
Though thou cry yt not owte in the common Market.

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

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

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

18. Alsoe 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 living.

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

20. Now my deare Son to the I wyll declare,  
More of thys Warke which schalbe thy welfaire;  
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 thou thereat noe greate disdaine.  
Till thou hast proved my words in deede and in thought,  
Iwatt it well it schalbe set at nought.

22. Therefor of all Bodyes and Spyrits more or lesse,  
Mercury is called Flos Florum and worthiest Prynnesse:

For her Birth and marvelous dealing,  
Sche ys most worthiest 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 are made,  
Ingendered in the Erth with divers Colours cladd:  
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 mixed,  
Save he ys soft of fusion, and hys Sulphur nothing fixed.

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

27. Mars ys a white Body most of unclean Mercury in the Erth y'made,  
And he ys hardest of fusion with Sulphur Erthly cladd;  
To blackness and rednes he will soonest consume,  
By heate or by corrosive when the Spirit beginneth to fume.

28. Sol is the purest from what red & is made of clene Mercury & Sulphur fixed,  
Ingendered with clere red Sulphur, in the Erth well mixed,  
And therefore he ys without defalt and lacketh no degree;  
For he ys almost hardest of Fusion and heviest in ponderossity.

29. Venus ys a Body more red of pure Mercury made in hys substance,  
Most of red Sulphur and greene and therein is great variance:  
In the Erth ingendered with Corrosive and bitter substance,  
Well fixed and hard of fusion, rude in governance.

30. Mercury ys a Body if he be with a Substance moved,  
Mixing one kinde with his kinde, so schall he be loved;  
On Spirit received wyth another, the which of them be maine,  
Is casue of ingeneration of every body Mettalyne.

31. Luna ys a pure white Body of clene Mercury & Sulphur white ingendered  
And sche is a litle hard of fusion & almost well fixed  
And sche is next cleanest in Tincture of whitenes,  
Of Ponderosity light, of Jupiter bearing his whitenes.

32. And soe after the Colour of that Erth ys Sulphuri and receptuall,  
Some men do say ys engendered every Metall;  
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 must the artificiall Medicine, be or else it ys nought.

34. Now will I declare the worthiness of Mercury in speciall,  
How sche ys the notalest Spirit that ys mynerall,  
Most marvelous in working and in degree,  
Sche is called the Matter principallest of the three.

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

36. My Son Mercury ys called the mightiest Flos florum,  
And most royall, and richest of all the Singulorum;  
Sche ys very Patron and Princes most royall,  
And sche ys very Mother of every Mettall.

37. Sche ys Vegitable, Animalle and Minerall,  
Sche ys Foure in kinde, and One in generall:  
Sche is Erth, Aire, Water and Fyre,  
Among all other sche hath no Peere.

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

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

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

41. Sche will deale with no manner of wight,  
But with her Husbande as it ys greate right:  
With him sche will bear much fruit,  
For he ys by her nature of her selfe same sute.

42. My Son of hem Fooles have much dispight,  
And therein 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 naturall foode and goode keeping,  
They schall increase fruit by dede,  
Very red and white, King and Queene.

44. My Son in thys Scyence 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, Vitrial, Auripigmentum and Haire,  
Gold, Silver, Alkaly and Sandiver;  
Honey, Wax, and Oyles or Calx else,  
Gumms, Galls, and also Egg shells.

46. Also I defie Antimony, Berrall, and Christall,  
Rosinm Pitch, also Amber, Jett and Corral;  
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 thy worke in generall.

48. My Son many fooles to me have sought,  
Good with them and I accord right nought;  
I leave them there as I them finde,  
And as Fooles I make them blinde.

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

50. Yet my deare Son be thow 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 speciall Love both life and deare.

51. For he yse 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 our 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 therefor if there com Silver or Gold in at thy Gate,  
The which men use in coyne 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 Coldness and Moistnes sche ys acloyd:  
Put them never so close togeder 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 sought,  
For in all other things finde yee right nought.

58. As I said in the 32. Chapter unto my Conclusion,  
How I schould informe the truth after another fashion,  
And to perform thys Scyence both in word and deede,  
In making of our Medicine God must us 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 maist him well gett ever all.

61. My Son thow schalt 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 togeder thow maist 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 mightiest:  
Then hast thow 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 joynd in the Element lightest,  
The which ys more bigger, and bigger hott and dry,  
And therein they will both kiss togeder & neither weepe nor cry.

64. For when Erth and Water ys well mixed,  
By the vertue of the lightest Element well hardend 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 theyr bed they schall make a perpetuall Conjunction,  
After the feeding of the light Element and of their proportion;  
Soe schould they be decoct, having the parfait fixascion,  
In the likenes of a body on fusion having hys fashion.

66. But as the first in their Bed they may indure no greate heate,  
Soe as they may well labour in their Bed for sweate:  
Att the first if there be in their Chamber overmuch red Colour,  
Hastily 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 subtill dry Substance,  
The which warke schall thee greatly avauce.

68. Therefor their Nest must be made of a strong kinde,

Of the most hardest and cleerest Body, that they not out winde;  
For if it so be that their Chamber or Nest begin to break,  
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 thow mayest not be negligent and hasty, but out of the bed be sure,  
Without it be hard stuff and clere it will not indure.

70. And if thow wil at the first hand give suddaine heate,  
It will unto thy Warke be nothing meete;  
And if thow let him have any suddaine greate Cold,  
All thys schall breke thy warke, then art thow to bold.

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

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

73. Also be sure that thow put in their Bed no other thing,  
Then thereof thow schalt have no greate winnyng,  
If thow do thys it schall be to thee for the best  
To keepe them close from flying and warme in their Nest.

74. First with soft fyre her Nest must be warmed,  
With a litle bigger Fyre with overmuch they schalbe harmed,  
Under thy Chamber flowre 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 Nest wilbe in sport and play.

76. Behold the uppermost of their Nest what there commeth out,  
The sweting of their Bodys labouring round aboute,  
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 schalbe some above and some beneath:  
There thou schalt see a Stone as it were grey pouthier,  
Which schalbe to the[e] a ryght 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 thow hast in of Colour and Ponderostiy,  
Put to him as much Flos florum greatest in dignity.

79. That ys the same Spirit that thow hadst before,  
And so medle them togeder and leare them the same lore;

Altogeder in another Bed and in their Chamber they must be,  
For a marvelous warke thereof thou shalt understand and see.

80. And thus so oft thou must 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 thou well what wark they make there:  
If they begin to sing any manner of voyce,  
Give them more heate till thou heare no noyce.

82. And thus give them more heate in their Chamber and Bed also,  
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 may 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 heate till their Nest be red,  
And so bring the downe low and have no feare nor dread.

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

85. Of Grey and White ys all hys cheife Colour,  
For then he ys past all hys greate Dolour:  
I swere by Almighty God that all hath wrought,  
Thou hast found out that many other Men hath sought.

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

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

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

89. Then thou 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. & hys Bed, he must all thys while be  
Till thou hast turn'd and brought him to another manner of glee:  
Thys Red Elixer if thou 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 hast thow perfectly thys worke in conclusion.

93. Thus he must continue in thys greate heate of Firing,  
Till he be full fixed that he be not running nor flying:  
Then he will give tincture without Number running like wax,  
Unto hys like of fusion he will both joyne and mix.

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

95. For if thow warke by good measure and parfect 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 Projection,  
Therein lyeth all the greate prafetnes with the Conclusion:  
To leade an imparfect Body to hys greate parfectnesse,  
In joyning that like to hys like thow standest in no distres.

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

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

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

100. Then take part of the Red Elixer that ys the precious Stone,  
And cast him upon that body that ys blood running anon:  
And whan thow hast thus perfectly thys warke wrought,  
It schalbe turned into parfect Sol with litle labour or nought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

107. And leave all blind warkes that thou has seene or heard of Conclusions  
Or proved by Sublimations, Preperations, Distillations, or Dissolutions;  
Of such manner of things greate Bokes do greatly specifie  
And all those contrary sayings in this Craft I do plainly deny.

108. Also my Son remember how thou art mortall,  
Abiding but a while in thys World which ys terrestriall:  
Thow wottest not how long nor hence how soone,  
That death schall thee visitt 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 beware of flattering and glosing People,  
Of Boasters and Crackers for they will thee beguile:  
Of thy precious Cunning behinde or before,  
And when they have their intent they will give thee a scorne.

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

112. 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Explicit Liber dictus Pater Sapientiae.