

TO THE WORLD.



East I fall vnder the *Character* of the vaine-glorious Man, in some opinions, by thrusting so much of my industrie in Prints; I would all knew, how little fame I hope for, that way: when beside his, for, and to whom they are, I laym'd at no mans suffrage in the making; though I might præsume, that could not but please others, which I was contented had pleased him. But, as it is the errour, and misfortune of young Children, oftentimes to stray, and loosing their dwellings be taken vp by strangers; and there lou'd and own'd: So these, by running abroad hauing got them false Parents; and some, that, to my face, would challenge them; I had beene a most vnnaturall Father, if I had not corrected such impudence, and by a publique declaration of them to be mine (when other meanes abandon'd me) acknowledg'd kind. This is all the glory I affected, to doe an act of Nature and Iustice. For their seale, they had it in the Mint, or not at all: Howsoeuer, if they want it, I will eate my selfe the vice of commendation.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.

TO MY EXCELLENT FRIEND, ALFONSO FERRABOSCO.

WHEN we doe giue, *Alfonso*, to the light
A worke of ours, we part with our owne right.
For then, all mouthes will iudge; and their owne way:
The Learn'd haue no more priuiledge, then the Lay.
And, though we could all men, all censures heare,
We ought not giue them taste, we had an eare:
For, if the humerous World will talke, at large,
They should be fooles, for me, at their owne charge.
Say, this, or that man they to thee preferre;
Euen those, for whom they doe this, know they erre:
And would (being ask'd the truth) ashamed say,
They were not to be nam'd, on the same day.
Then stand vnto thy selfe, nor seeke without
For Fame, with breath soone kindled, soone blowne out.

Ben: Iouson.

In lode dell'arte, & dell'Authore, SONETTO.

*S'Ogni arte tanto piu da noi s'apprezza,
Quanto ha piu nobil senso per oggetto,
& quanto n'è piu degno il soggetto,
Vince l'altre arti harmonica dolcezza.
Quella a dar gusto & contento s'amezza
Al nostro udir, de sensi il piu perfetto,
Per soggetto h' a numero uguale, & resto,
& di bella aria, & suoni la vaghezza.
Questa arte dunque essendo di tal merto,
Alfonso mio, chi d' Orpheo porti il vanto,
Connien pregiarti, & questi tuoi concenti,
Tanto piu ch'essi con doppin concerto,
A gl'istromenti attando il dolce canto,
Di piacer doppio ne appagan le menti.*

Gual: Quin.