The marrow of alchemy: being an experimental treatise, discovering the secret and most hidden mystery of the philosophers elixer: divided into two parts, the first containing four books chiefly illu...

Philalethes, Eirenaeus

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The Marrow of Alchemy, Being an Experimental Treatise, Discovering The secret and most hidden Mystery of the Philosophers Elixer.

Divided into two Parts: The first Containing Four Books chiefly Illustrating the Theory. The other Containing Three Books, Elucidating the Practique of the Art: In which, The Art is so plainly disclosed as never any before did for the benefit of young Practitioners, And the convincing those who are in Errors Labbyard.

By Eireneas Philopono Philalethes.

London, Printed by A. M. for Edw. Brewster at the Signe of the Crane in Pauls Church-yard 1654.
To the
Courteous and Studious
READER.

Courteous Reader,
That moved me to put to publick View these hidden curiosities of Nature, I shall inform thee briefly, and in it shall give thee an account partly of the Author and partly of my self: For the Author he was an eye-witnesse of the great secret, as he doth testifie of himself; nor that only, but had by gift a portion of that precious Jewell so sought for by many but found of few: Which portion although he did for the most part lose it in hopes of multiplication of it (which he could not attain, being of the white not the Red powder) yet
by diligent search and industry he attained the preparation of the Philosophers Mercury, and by it to the preparation of the Elixir of the first order, which is indeed but of small vertue compared to what it may be advanced to: This although it be but small profit; Yet is it an infinite satisfaction to a Sonne of Art, to see a Medicine which will tinge or any imperfe & mettall into although not exceeding the proportion of one upon an hundred: For my own part, I am one who have for many years been one of Gebers Cooks, roasting my thrife in vain, until it was my good fortune to be acquainted with this Author, who demonstratively convinced me of my former errours, and let me in a right path. I found I say the errours I had been in in re ying upon the Books of those who wrote their bare thoughts, without experience, or else were envious and wrote knottily on purpose to entangle the unwary. He shewed me several Tr. &ates written by him who gave him the powder, hitherto ne ver published; Of which the Names were, Ars metallorum Metamorphoseos, Intreitus a pertus ad osculsum Regis palatium, Brevis
manuductus ad Rubinum Coelestem, Fons Chemicæ Philosophiae, Opus Elixeris Aurifici et Argentifici, Brevis via ad vitam longam; with a large Comment upon Ripley his twelve gates, and the Epistle to King Edward; Also a Commentary on Arnalds Ultimum Testamentum, and lastly his Cabala Sapientum, or An Exposition of the Hieroglyphicks of the Magi: These Books I confess of all that ever I read or had seen were the fullest, plainest, and most perspicuous; With much ado I obtained Copies of them, but no commission to shew them to any body: I asked this my Friend why he did not cast in his Calculus into the Treasury of Philosophers, especially seeing he had been so farre successful, he told me that indeed till he had accomplished the perfection of the Red, which he hitherto had not, he was unwilling to write: I told him of the Author of the Rosary who wrote that excellent Book, and yet faith, Hæc ego vidi in diebus nostris usque ad Leonem, Descripsam ad complementum licet non viderim, at last he was perfwaded by me to write this Treatise, which he performed in seven Books, and another in Latin, entituled.
Breve manuductorium ad Campum Sophie, which concerns chiefly Paracelsus liquor Alchabest, in which he clearly, plainly, and fully shews the difference between it and the Mercury of the Philosophers: And lastly, a Treatise called Elenchus errorum in Arte Chemica deviantium, which indeed is so plain, so full, and so convincing a Book, that more cannot be desired: By these and the before-mentioned Books, I soon attained the mystery of the Mercury, and by it the first Whiteness, and hope ere long to see the Redness, in which the Author would not instruct me, being by Solemn Vow obliged to the contrary, neither to effect it himself, nor teach others for such a number of years, on which Condition he received that from a Master, which (having the Mercury) he might else have received from God by industry; At last I had liberty of him to communicate these Manuscripts with some Friends, whom I heartily pitied, to see in what a state they were through the misleading of divers Sophisticall Authors and Receipts, who coveting the Copies...
Copies, did so wearily entreat me, that from the time I first began to communicate them, I could never keep them at home; whereupon partly, and partly by the earnest persuasion of such who wanted Ariadnes threed in the Labyrinth of Alchemy, but chiefly aiming at the glory of God in it, I did by much entreaty at last prevail with my Friend, from whom I had them (if I would) to make them publike, that others (whom God hath elected to so great a mercy) may reap the fruit by them that I cannot but with much thankfulness to God acknowledge my self to have received, who have at least seen an ocular demonstration of the truth in my own work (although I have not yet perfected the mastery) which will recompence my pains, travell, and charge in search, as the first doth satisfy my minde and judgement; for verily my work did not exceed the virtue of one upon; 6. which advising with my Friend I had a satisfactory Reason, namely, that the white being not the utmost period, the work in the fire will move beyond it, and it is not easie to discern (but by long and oft
experience) when it is come just to the height of the whitenesse, for before it comes to that passe it will look very glorious, that a man would say, this is the highest white, and yet it is not; so that if taken a little too soon, or let stand a little too long, it doth not tinge what it would do if taken just in time. It would require a large Treatise to tell you what scruples have caused me to stumble between the white and the red now twice, which I hope in not many trials to amend; but in a word, it is my error in Imbibition, Cibation, and Fermentation, in which my Friend will not help me, but hath rather put me out, which I confide he doth, not for envy, but in scruple of his Vow, for my success should be equal to his if he should effect it himself, yet he tells me, that he doth truly instruct me (per ambages) which ambages I not understanding have twice concluded wrong to the non-plus of my skill and ruine of my work. I might here make a large discourse of the Adepti and their Elias, but shall refer the Reader to the Treatises forementioned, being unwilling my self to fly to writing before my wings be fledged with more experience. These
These Treatises, Reader, thou shalt have in order, I began with this first, of which I would only send out the first part at present, that Artists may ex ungue leonem. The second part is wholly practical, which I keep by me till I see how the first will be accepted; if it be as courteously accepted as it was candidly pend, expect the others shortly. And I am soliciting for an Elenchus Autorum potissimorum in Arte Chemica, with a Clavis Chemica to open their Cabinets, that so Students may have a censure of the true and more perspicuous Authors from a Sonne of Art, and so need not read in their Tyrocinium such Labyrinthian Authors who either through gross ignorance or pure envy mislead the unwary. Farewel, and if thou get good by these lines, let him have thy well-wishes in his operations, who is so studious to serve thee in thine,

Anonymus Philochemicus,

Anagrammatizomenos,

Egregius Christo.
Programma.

Inveni, accepti, purgavi, pondere justo
Composui, inclusi fatum, debitoque calore
Fovi, Exceptavi, signa haeque in tempore vidi.
Mox amplexa virum mulier, sua membra repensi
Itu disjunxit, sic sunt facta omnia pulvis.
Obscuro tinctus sua membra divempta calore
Turgidus Exudat, volitatuque per Aëra sumus.
Qui Condensatus generat nigredine Corvum.
Sape fluit liquidus, nec non durescit, & omnes
Induit in toto quotquot sunt orbe colores
Hunc putrem aspersi Lymphato ore, lavando,
Dum color albescent visus magis Ense coruscans.
Conducit ad vices septem, laps hic Paradysi,
In Lunam tingens impurins omne metallum.
Non tamen hic finis non hab mea metalaborum:
Invictus pergo, debitum retinendo Calorem.
Sanguineus quoadusque color, cum Sole metalli
Insima sex aquans, vera hae tinctura Sophorum.

Soli Deo Gloria.

The
The Introduction.

The First Book.

1. Alas! I here invoke thee to my aid,
To lead in lofty strains my rustic quill;
Nymphs of the Muses, let it now be said,
That to your lovers you repay good will,
Assist me jointly Phoebus with thy rays,
Appear now as thou didst in Hermes' days.

2. Thou also who by hidden central heat,
Dost in the earth metallic bodies bake
By long decoction, thou who hast thy seat
In kingdoms three, do thou likewise awake:
Gentle Minerva, do not now disdain,
To me thy secret workings to explain.

3. There is a substance homogeneall,
Which object lies unto the vulgar view,
Whence are produced bodies mineral,
For it of them is the only matter true;
This substance altered is by long digestion,
To sundry kinds which differ in perfection.

4. Likewise.
4. Likewise an art there is which most admire,  
   But few believe, he's rare who doth it know,  
   That fixeth mettals which would fly the fire,  
   And makes them to abide all blasts that blow;  
   This transmutation is (as Sages told)  
   Of five to silver, six to perfect Gold.

5. It is a wonder that of Copper base,  
   Tin, Lead, or Iron, should by Art be made,  
   (In shorter time then half an hours space)  
   Most perfect silver which will never fade;  
   Such is the virtue of this stone divine,  
   Nor only this, but to make gold most fine.

6. I doubt not but you gladly news would hear  
   Of this rare Art, whose virtue is so strange,  
   Yet may not every one to whom 'tis dear  
   This Science reach, and able be to change  
   Imperfect mettals from state of Corruption,  
   And free the sick from danger of destruction.

7. Since then all to this Art have not a right,  
   But such alone whom God above doth choose  
   Are heirs thereto, the rest for want of light  
   May grope so long themselves until they lose,  
   Therefore most learned men this Art deride,  
   And all its searchers they severely chide.

8. Yet know for all that it is surely true,  
   Its principles on Nature do depend.
Yea though its Carpers many be, and few
Are found who dare stand up it to defend;
This Science ne'retheless shall still remain
Immoveable, which no reproach can stain.

What though some varlets of this Art do boast,
Who know therein no more then doth an Ape?
They swear, they swagger, as they rul’d the roast,
Alluring such who after wealth do gape,
To trust their oaths and lies, and to disburse
Upon their skill what ere they have in purse.

And when from them their moneys they have
In fine it proves their Art is but a cheat,
For what they vaunted, wretches! they have not,
Their Skill is founded upon errors Seat;
Then are their greedy Creditors asham’d,
And curse their craft, yet both are to be blam’d:

The one, sith what they know not they pretend;
And so deceive the hasty credulous;
The other who so ready is to spend
His goods upon pretences fabulous:
Let all beware henceforth left that they rush
To lose a bird in hand for two i’th bush.

But yet for all this may we not conclude;
Because of false men that the Art is not;
Though Lawyers do their Clients oft delude,
The Law is just and free from stain or blot;
So is this Science, let the offenders bear 
Deserved blame, the Art itself is clear.

13 First then I shall by Reasons very plain, 
And also by examples make appear, 
Against opposers who this skill disdain, 
That it on nature grounded is, no fear: 
When this is prov’d the hardest work is done; 
The means it to attain you’ll finde anon.

14 Fie on such Judges rash who will condemn 
That which they know not, nor yet can discern; 
Shall colours censur’d be by sightlesse men? 
Or those of learning judge who ne’re did learn? 
’Tis true, still was, and ever will be found, 
Save fools, Art hath no foes upon the ground.

15 We say then and affirm, that Alchemy, 
Its Basis hath so near on Nature laid, 
That it is not the proudest Enemy, 
Of its defence shall make me once afraid: 
And ere I leave I’ll make it evident, 
To men of Reason by sound Argument.

16 And first it’s no small evidence to us, 
That many witnesses of it are found, 
Of credit good, who if it were not thus, 
Must all be adjudged false, nor is it found 
To censur’d those who have the Art affirm’d, 
As false, that so they may be juglers term’d.

17 For
17 For by this rule there is not any thing
May Credence gain but what our selves do know,
This would the world into confusion bring,
From such a root in consequence would grow:
They who so hard are to believe would think
Full ill, if they of the same cup should drink.

18 Methinks if I a thing affirm’d should read or hear from one, against whom there doth lie
No just exception, were a shameful deed,
To tax the truth of what I hear, for why?
If I would credit finde, should I not trust?
Do as thou wouldst be done by, this is just.

19 But more then this, we have not only here
Two or three Witnesses and blamelesse men,
As to the point which makes ones word to bear
Weight of belief, but also from the pen
Of many hundreds is the thing affirm’d,
And daily is by many more confirm’d.

20 All Ages, Countreys, Nations eke afford
Us store of testimonies, men of worth
For skill and learning, so that their bare word
Might seem enough this truth for to hold forth.
But yet besides with solemn vows they have
Asserted it when going to the grave.

21 So that the Word and Oath of honest men
And such who have been noble for renown,
Whil't living, yea, and after, even then,
When to the earth they were just going down;
If it prove nothing I am much forgot,
A true mans dying words are doubted not.

22 For can we dream such persons as they were,
Who with most sacred Protestations did
This Art affirm, so great a blot would bear
For ever, as to be when death had hid
Their eyes, reputed for deceitful men,
Beguiling honest Students with their pen.

23 Of those who of this Art do bear a Name,
First Noble Hermes comes upon the Stage,
A Royal Prince and of deserved Fame,
His Peer was not afforded in his Age;
He Alchemy renown'd as he was able,
Comprising 't in his brief Smaragdine Table:

24 In which whoever listeth for to reade,
Shall finde it true and free from any lye,
That things above a Symphony did leade
With those things seated underneath the sky,
From whence proceedeth adaptation strange,
Of One thing marvellous: I need nor range

25 Through other of his writings, which do all
But Eccho to the truth which there is couched,
A word sufficeth wise men, he that shall
Take pains his works to reade, let be avouched,
That he shall finde sufficient evidence
To clear the thing from sound experience.

26 Geber and Haly with calid ancient Kings
Attestants are with many others moe,
Whose names a Book would fill, the world it rings
With testimonies of them, so that no
Pretence may be the Art for to deny,
Except one will these Authours vilifie.

27 Bernard of Tresne Marquess, great in skill,
A modern writer, doth avow the fame,
Who after Errors long, of meer good-will
A Treatise wrote, both Sophisters to blame,
And also Searchers deviant to leade, (tread
'Twere strange if he condemned paths should

28 The Noble Polack Authour of New light,
Flammel also of worthy memory,
Esraguet likewise, these with all their might
Do grace the secret Art of Alchemy.
To whom these named Authors wont suffice,
Say what he lift he is more nice then wise.

29 Admit I for a thing no ground can see,
'Twere folly in me straight for to conclude
The negative, since many things there be
In which I have no skill, there's none that's rude
In any thing, but it to him appears
Impossible, which yet its Reason bears.
30 And what I cannot with my wit perceive,
Because they are removed from my Sphear,
Another knows, then shall I not beleive
A knowing man, nor deign to give an ear,
Because his words are quite above my reach,
Because I cannot learn can he not teach?

31 Moreover divers who did not pretend,
Unto this Art, have yet convinced been,
Of its undoubted truth, and to defend
It from aspersions on the Stage are seen;
Learn'd Hoghland if you lift for to peruse,
You need not fear lest he should you abuse.

32 For why? the difficulties he relates
Of Alchemy, and from it all dissuades,
For which end he recounteth his sad fates,
Advising men to choose professed Trades,
And it forfake, since 'tis so hard to finde,
Yet it to blast he was not so unkinde.

33 Brave Helmont's Testimony I might cite,
To whom presented was a portion small
Of the Red powder, which was of the might
For to transmute, to hide the trials all
Of perfect gold, Unconstant Mercury,
Full nineteen thousand times its quantity.

34 Old Anselm here I on the Stage might bring,
Of this same Art an utter Enemy,
Convinced first and brought to wondering,  
By an Experiment which himself did try,  
Of a small powder in an Old Book found,  
Which tinged Argent vive to gold most found.

35 At which amaz'd the thing he did relate  
Unto a Goldsmith his entire friend,  
Whom to confirm after he told his fate,  
That which remained he did freely spend,  
And thus a double witness was created,  
Of whom one formerly the Art had hated.

36 Yet all (perhaps) these testimonies clear;  
Not scarce the tithe of what we could produce  
Will serve a Caviller, who will not fear  
For to reproach, where wisdom might induce  
His judgement to suspect, and not to throw  
Standal on what 'tis least he doth not know.

37 We therefore the Ingenious to serve  
In what we may, shall prove by reasons firm,  
That th'Art is possible, though many swerve  
In seeking it, the truth that doth not harm,  
Let them look to it who the work begin,  
How they proceed if ere they mean to win.

38 For a first ground I hope you understand,  
The qualities of that which we would finde,  
Else you're unfit such things to take in hand,  
Unless you know how kinde produceth kinde.
This God hath set to Nature for a Law, (draw.
That from its like each thing its form should

39 T’encr ease and multiply he did command
All Herbs and Trees, all birds and sorts of beasts,
The Fishes eke, and men who understand
What Reason to them from his works suggests,
Yet all in kinde their own kinde must encrease,
By propagation which shall never cease.

40 This propagation for to bring about
Each thing he blest with vertue seminal,
Which Herbs and Trees into the Air bring out,
But hidden lies in the Reins animal;
The only question which is now to prove,
Is, if that Minerals from God above

41 Were blessed with a seed to multiply,
And to encrease their kinde like other things;
This once if clear’d no scruple then can lie,
But that the vertue seminal which brings
All things to light, it self may multiply,
In mettals, as in all things under sky.

42 This for to clear to the Ingenuous,
The generation I shall here relate
Of Metals, which by Sulphur unctuous
Engendred are which doth coagulate,
And fix a fluent moisture mineral,
Which Mercury Philosophers do call.

43 This
43 This Mercury a dry humidity
Is, which doth flow, yet wetteth not the hand,
In it a mighty force doth hidden lie,
Th’attempts of Artificits it can well withstand,
Disdaining to be sever’d by the fire,
Its parts so firmly knit scorn to retire.

44 Of water it the progeny is known,
Yet water it doth far in weight exceed,
Therefore a hidden vertue we must own,
Whence such a condensation should proceed,
This vertue is the seed in nature plac’t
By God alone, and never yet defac’t.

45 For can one be so stupid as to think
That water of its own accord should cause,
Within it self so great a change, and link
Sulphur and Mercury with so firm Laws,
Its own dimensions to penetrate,
So many times a metall to create.

46 No there must be an inward agent granted
Else would a thing unchanged still remain,
This Agent is the form that water wanted,
While it its proper nature did retain;
This form is light the source of Central heat,
Which cloth’d with matter doth a seed beget.

47 The Seed no sooner is product’t, but soon
Assays to bring the matter to a change,
On it it stamps its Character, which done,
The matter lives, and that which may seem strange,
Co-worketh with the Form t'attain the end,
To which the seed implanted doth intend.

Nor may this seem a fable to the wise,
For all things live according to their kindes,
Their life is light which in them hidden lies,
Discerned by the eyes of soaring mindes;
To them discovered is true Natures Map,
By whom produced nothing is by hap.

No, the her secret Agent doth possesse,
Which in the Universe is only one,
But is distinct through species numberlesse
According to their seeds, which God alone
In the beginning did produce, and then
Set them their Law found out by mental men.

The seed is then the mean that doth unite
The form unto its matter, and doth raise
An appetite i'th patient, and invite
The active vertue to its work, and laies
This Law on all its actions, that it shall
To its own end direct its motions all.

The end attained once, this life is bid,
And hedged in with senses corporall,
Where it preserves its body, but doth bid
Adieu to future working, till it shall

Revived
Revived be, and ferment new receive,
New operations in't then you'l perceive.

52 It therefore is an error very great,
To think 'cause metals are so firmly knit
Their principles together, that the seat
Wherein their seed resides is so up shit,
That by the eye it cannot be discern'd,
Therefore it is not; No man that is learn'd

53 Can such conclusion make; For why, 'tis plain,
All things in Natures Kingdomes which are found
A hidden spirit in them do contain,
In which Celestial qualities abound,
The hider is a body visible,
The hidden but a spirit invisible.

54 Yet Concretes all in Kingdoms three do dwell,
Of which the animal and vegetable
Enclos'd are with a lesse enduring shell,
Them to defend from change which is not able,
They daily therefore move from state to state,
Until a new form doth the old abate.

55 But in the Kingdom mineral there are
Bodies of such a perfect composition,
That they the wasting flames know to out-dare,
Nor all consuming time from their condition
May change them, for th'are homogeneal,
In matter and in form, and therefore shall

B 4  56 Change-
56 Changelesse abide in their integrity,
If not resolv’d by Agent prevalent
To their component principles which lie
Closely contain’d, so close, that their intent
Many do lose who seek them to untie,
And yet their Art cannot ascend so high.

57 The meanest metall, Lead, although sublim’d
To vapour, and this work though oft repeated,
Or though to Litharge turn’d, or else calcin’d
To Cerufe, sugar, or Glasse, yet defeated
Shall be his pains, who thinks ’tis then untied,
For notwithstanding Lead it doth abide,

58 And may be easie Art and soon be brought,
Its former shape again to re-assume,
Such labours to this end availeth nought;
If Lead then be so firm, we may presume
More perfect metals are more permanent,
And more delude fond Artists weak intent.

59 Conclude we then and that on certain ground,
That metals do possess metalline seed,
Which though retired far may yet be found,
By such who search the right way for to speed:
Else could they not engendred be, nor kept,
In this their Being, of Seed alone the effect.

60 But now the place wherein it doth abide,
May be of use to let you understand,
Since
Since it so secretly itself doth hide,
Nor open lies unto each searchers hand;
The seat is water homogeneal,
Even as it is in other Concretes all.

61 For seed the vital spirit is which doth,
In water only of its kinde remain,
It lives when water lives, and showth
In it an active force, when this is slain
By over-pow'ring might of congelation,
It lies perdue, passive in Contemplation.

62 Yet though suppress, its life is not extinct,
But may by Art be quickened again,
And to new motion stirred up, and linkt
Unto a substance new that may contain
Such vertue in a parcel very small
As may transcend its Concrete mineral.

63 For why, the life itself seeks to encrease,
Where e're its freed from its imprisoned thrall
Much like to fire which kindled doth not cease
It self to multiply, nor ever shall
An end be found of its encreasing might,
If fed with fuel new, since it of light

64 The offpring is from whence all form doth flow
And from it seed doth its beginning take,
Whose nature is still more and more to grow,
Nor of encreasing any end will make,
So long as matter new is still supplied,
Which ceasing straight, this life itself doth hide.

65 But why it is so rare a thing to see,
In bodies metalline this wondrous might,
Which vegetables all possess, that he
Which it denies, is blinde, also the sight
Can reach to see this seed in Animals,
Which yet most secret is in Minerals.

66 The Reason is, for that the former kindes
Both vegetall and animall are made
Of parts dissimlar, there is withall
Of principles unlikenesse, which to fade
Are all inclin’d, and oft their old form lose,
Nor long enjoy the new which late they chose.

67 But metals and metalline bodies all,
Engendred are from a most stable root,
This root is Mercury, whose bulk though small
Is wondrous weighty, neither hand nor foot,
Or head or eye in it is there distinct,
But its entirely one to Sulphur linkt.

68 Which Sulphur is not vulgar, but indeed
Unto the Mercury’s essentiall,
Each doth the other hold, and each do need
Of either help and vertue mutual,
These are conjoin’d so that no force can
Them sever, for that Art is hid from man.
Therefore because the Atome least of gold hide, is gold, and hath of it the form intire, its Elements together so do hold, and all its parts so firmly do conspire, The seed of it is therefore by no Art, from its own body to be made to part.

So then its seed in truth is nothing else but its own water, which in fetters lies so chain'd within its center where it dwels, that it is not apparent to the eyes, nor to the minde, but of a mental man who knows a Key this lock which open can.

But now of Seed my Muse is brought to sing, I shall its vertue heavenly declare, from which doth rise on earth each being thing, from which all concretes eke engendred are; 'tis Natures darling, Heavens Progeny, Framed by God all things to multiply.

In bodies all it is, yet corporall, 'tis not, it worketh visibly, yet is invisible, it freely acts, yet all its operations are enforc'd to this, That out of kinde nothing engender may, For God and Nature never go astray.

So then although I said that Mercury Golds water was its seed, yet understand...
My meaning not to conter literally,  
Which is an error, but on th’other hand,  
Know that this Mercury the seed is nam’d,  
Because in it ’tis next of all contain’d.

74 So then the body is the waters nest  
In which it doth reside, the water eke  
The Spirits habitacle, where doth rest  
This heavenly off-spring which so many seek,  
Yet finde it nor, because they mis-conceive  
Their work, and therefore do themselves deceive.

75 Behold a man who in his reins contains,  
Of mankinde the true matter masculine,  
Which mixt in matrix due, in time attains  
The Parents form, which by a soul divine  
Compleated is into a perfect man,  
In time his likeness propagate which can.

76 This feed or sperm which to the outward eye  
Is visible, is not the vital fire,  
But that a spirit is, which to descry  
A mental man Natures light doth inspire,  
For sense doth teach the substance soon may lose  
The life which it to motion did dispose.

77 Behold an Egg which when the Sun returns,  
In Spring the hen doth lay, how it by heat,  
From thing to thing by constant motion turns,  
Of it till time a chicken doth beger,
Yet shake this Egge till you the matter hear
Within to jog, 'twill not hatch in a year.

78 Observe a Seed which growing things do bear,
And which within the earth a life receives,
To spring and grow, its branches far and near
Spreading, which are adorn'd with pleasant leaves,
And yet this seed if in an Oven heated,
Its vegetative vertue is defeated.

79 So then by these examples it appears,
The substance or the sperm is not the seed,
Which is indeed a life of light, which bears
The nature, which the Heavens only feed,
It acts in bodies as they are dispos'd,
Which disposition n'is to fools disclos'd.

80 For as an Egge on which a hen hath set
Some days, if suffered to wax through cold,
Becomes incapable to generate
A chick, but putrifies, whence to be bold
You may, that seed of matter, ne of weight
Partakes, whose death of neither doth abate.

81 Or if you rather lift it for to name,
Of Concrete things the vertue seminall,
Which in each Kingdom doth its likenesse frame
In matter due dispos'd, and therewithall
Doth in the Compound daily motions cause,
All which are bounded by their proper Laws.

82 There-
82. Therefore a matter duly fitted, then
According unto nature well dispos'd,
And govern'd rightly, doth from secret den
A contrall fire stir up, which being los'd,
Unceffantly its task doth never cease,
Unlesse some error Nature doth displease.

83. And thus no doubt I have made to appear
That Alchemy is not a feigned Art
But reali, which its grounds hath firm, that bear
Themselves on Nature, of which but a part
I have produc't, and those more generall,
In due place other Reasons finde you shall.

The End of the First Book.
THE SECOND BOOK.

1. The Noble Art of secret Alchemy,
We undertaken have to vindicate,
And have defi'd the stoutest enemy,
With reason it for to calumniate,
And for this cause we have by argument,
To prove its possibility our forces bent.

2. Its witnesses almost innumerable
Of such who Artists were, and not a few,
Who to attain the skill were never able,
Have by the eye convinc't been that its true,
And not as some rash censors it esteem,
Who groundlessly it for a fancy deem.

3. And for that Argument doth most convince,
Which from experience for proof is brought,
I by the same this truth can well evince
Unto my self, for it is not bare thought,
But witness of the eye doth me engage,
Which to deny is nothing else then rage.

4. An Artist once I said, I knew him well,
And oft and long with him I did converse,
He in this skill did many men excell,
Of whom I from my knowledge can rehearse,
That he had both Elixer white and red,
So much as would all credit far exceed.
5 Of the white medicine to me a part, He freely gave two ounces weight and more, Which was of vertue truly to convert, Into pure silver, finer then from Oar, Is ever melted (without any lye) Full sixscore thousand times its quantity.

6 But since so far I have disclos’d, because It may be danger if I should conceal, How that I spent it most, for me the Laws Of covetise so bound, that all that deal I fondly spent; The Saddle for to win, I lost the Horie; Thus for a silly pin

7 I many pounds did lose, which you shall hear, For so the giver did his gifts betlow, That self might self intrap, who without fear Attempted things to work I did not know; Yet what I bring this for, by it is proved, Unless my faith to question you be moved.

8 But be that as it will, I do protest, That divers hundred ounces I have seen Of silver, true for goodnesse to the best Equal, which by my hands have tinged been, By bare projecting of this substance small, Of Mercury, which staight it tincted all.

9 For do not think that it doth only fever, That which is perfect from that which is crude, But
But tingeth all, and fixeth, so that never
It shall from fire fly, nor doth exclude
Ought from partaking of perfections type,
But what is heterogeneous, not unripe.

Of Mercury a pound its weight will be
Of Silver pure, within a scruples losse,
Lead little more with waste, but tin to see (dross
Would make one wonder, whence although a
Were burnt, yet will its weight in fire encrease,
Though fire to waste by nature doth not cease.

The reason is for that in Tin an Air,
Is visibly contain’d, as Theophrast,
And Helmont well observe, which being rare
The substance unto which it is made fast,
Makes lighter then it self, so Ice doth lack
Of its own weight to water when brought back.

On Copper, and on Iron, yea, on Brass,
And Pewter I my medicine did assay,
On Spelter eke, Soder, yea on Tinglass,
And Regulus of Antimony, and may say
With truth it conquers all mettalline things,
And with it all to perfection brings.

I nothing found which was to it of kin;
But it would tinge it into Silver pure,
Yea perfect gold by fire it entred in,
And to a white plate turn’d it, which t’endure
All trials would teach other metals base,
But then this Lune which had of Lune the face
14 Would like to gold abide in Aqua fortis,
And would like gold passe Antimony, yea,
In weight it equal’d Sol, so that report
Hath told me it was white gold by th’assay,
The reason was because the tincture white
With red earth was fermented, either Light

15 Did therefore shew its vertue in projection,
Which did produce gold of a Lunar hue,
Or Luna which Sol equal’d in perfection,
Only of Sol it wanted colour due,
If I had known this working when I had
More of my medicine, I had been made.

16 For why this Lune is gold indeed, and will
For gold be sold at more then half the rate,
At which that Sol which tincted hath its fill,
And in all trials when examinate
Will be allow’d, this knew I not till that
Twice forty ounces went at Lunar rate.

17 But if with Silver pure your medicine
You melt, you shall have a most pure glasse,
Like to a new flipt sword which bright will shine,
In which the owner may behold his face,
Yet is its vertue not a whit encreast,
(But only further spread) ne yet decreast.

18 This man who gave this gift to me possesst
Both red and white, his Name shall not be known,
For living he’s I hope, long be he blest
With happy daies, for his life as mine own
I do
I do esteem, he was so sure a friend
To me, and will be so unto the end.

19 His present place in which he doth abide
I know not, for the world he walks about,
Of which he is a Citizen, this Tide,
He is to visit Artists, and seek out
Antiquities on voyage gone, and will
Return, when he of Travell hath his fill.

20 By Nation an Englishman, of note
His Family is in the place where he
Was born, his Fortunes good, and eke his Coat
Of Arms is of a great Antiquity,
His Learning rare, his years scarce thirty three;
Further description get you not from me.

21 Acquaintance with him very strangely came
To me beyond my expectation far,
His love to me was cordial, the same
I must and will acknowledge, nor a bar
I hope hereafter may the same divert,
Though it to purchase I do want deserv;

22 Full long I knew that he a Master was,
And oft had seen it by experiment,
Ere he would so far me vouchsafe to grace
With any portion of it, his intent
I hoped was at last me so to bless,
Which yet I durst not over-boldly presse.
23 And what if worthy he shall finde by proof
Me to continue? I my self assure
He further will bestow, this shall me move
To be so faithfull to him, that t'assure
Me to do ought unto his prejudice,
No favour shall prevail in any wise.

24 When then on me he freely did conferre
The foresaid blessing, also he did adde
A portion of his Mercury, and there
Assumed me, that I a Treasure had
Matchlesse, if God my eyes would please to ope,
Or else I blindly might be left to grope.

25 This Mercury was that with which he did
Ris Redstone multiply exceedingly,
This was the Menstrue with such cunning hid,
By all the Masters of this mystery,
Nor this of faith from him I barely had,
But I had seen by him experiment made.

26 I saw him put his red stone in by weight,
In that same 9, which then digested
Dissolved it, and also made it freight
Colour to change, and from that time ne rested,
Nor day nor night, till in three daies it was
Red perfect, but first black and white did passe

27 I thought (O fool) I thought that if the red
And white were both multiplicable, then
One progresse linear to either led,
Which was a false ground, this my errour ten
Of twelve parts quite destroyed, and yet unwise,
So many losses might me not suffice.

28 Those two parts then I mixt with Luna pure,
Ten other times its weight, and then anew
I fell to work again, hoping that sure,
Once right might nineteen errors lose renew,
Yet when my fire was almost out, I thought
Upon the reason of the thing I sought.

29 I then began to think of Authors saws,
And them in minde I very oft revolv’d,
My operations judg’d by Natures Laws,
At length by Meditation I resolv’d,
That each thing hath its proper disposition,
And each thing’s ordered after its condition.

30 I found my medicine which for the white
Is either Atomes, as the Artist findes it
After that Nature hath it fixt, when bright
Of the black created, then who mindes it,
T’encrease in vertue or in quantity,
Must order his working accordingly.

If to encrease its pondes he intend,
He then may it imbibe, not being cold
With milk made warm, the glass then shut t’attend
His fire let him be sure, nor be he bold
To give it milk so largely it to glut,
Nor then forget of meat to it to put.
32. But if his glasse have once been cooled, then He must ferment his white-work warily, 
Observing its proportion due, for when A man ferments, he may too moist or dry His Compound make, which then requires a cure Of which to misse a stranger will be sure.

33. I knew at last the Red was like the fire. The white more like the Air, the first with water Mixed as in the first work doth desire The same heat, and produceth signs thereafter, Although in shorter time the work succeed, Because the matter nothing lesse doth need.

34. But the white stone which is lesse fire, more air, If it have such a quantity of milk, Will drowned be, nor will the drynesse bear Sufficient force, to powder soft as silk, To re-congeal more then a fourth of water, Then must another fourth part follow after.

35. Thus must it be by turns imbib'de until It be brought to a courage sturdy bold, Then must all be close-sealed, and it will A somewhat stronger fire expect, and hold Thee afterwards in blacknesse fourty daies, And then will thew white Phæbe's splendent raies.

36. This when I well had weigh'd, my hand I held, And what I had of my white medicine left, I kept, resolving I would not compel'd With Gods assistance be wholly bereft
Of that so great a secret for to live,
But keep it for his sake who did it give.

So that few grains excepted I did waste
All what I had bestowed on me, hoping
To hit at length upon the right, and place
My thoughts so on it, that thus madly grooping
I rob'd my self thus of a twofold treasure,
The losse of which I may repent at leisure.

My fire nigh out, I forced was to spend
Some of what did remain to serve expence,
Till that I found I soon should see an end
Of all, if thus I did go on, and thence
I did conclude with vow the rest to keep
Unspent, unseen, until I slept deaths sleep.

With solemn vow I therefore did reserve
Some few grains (very few) nor of the force
As it was given first, yet to preserve
My life on urgent need, without remorse,
I might make use of what I had, yet so
That beyond need I would in spending go.

And need since that inforced me to use
Some little of a little, so that now
The rest I was compel'd (ne could I choose)
To mix with Luna fine, or else I trow
I soon a grain might lose which was my store,
This then I mixt with other ten grains more.

Thus
41 Thus have I told a Story very true,
Not what I heard by hearsay or by fame,
But what myself beheld, which thing but few
Have seen, yet this on credit of my Name
I do averre, and know no cause, but why
Another may believe not judge a lie.

42 Now for the 2 which did remain
A many trials perdy I did prove
On gold which by this 2 is slain,
Corrupts and loseth form, so great the love
Is which between him and his Sister is,
That in her arms his soul returns with blisse.

43 Then she her garment like Pearl orient
Doth stain with colours till at length the black
Eclipse both Sun and Moon in Firmament,
And both of them all spark of light do lack;
The Earth then water doth become, and so
The water thickened into earth doth grow.

44 This I did try, and saw, and after black,
The colours of the Rainbow did appear
The Peacocks-Tayl, and when all these did slack,
The Crescent Moon appeared very clear,
I saw until the Earth like Heaven shone,
And all became like a celestial Throne.

45 This for the season of the year was still,
And hurred not unto the latter fire,
And for I was afraid it for to spill
After perfection, which was my desire.
To try, that I might see a work begun, (Sun.
And brought unto the Moon though not the

46 This then on & I did project,
Being with D first of all allai’d,
It tinged fifty parts, I did direct
My course this to imbibe, but it affai’d
In vain, for why? I had it cooled, so
To Imbibition foolishly did go.

47 And so who thought the red to have attain’d
Without least doubt, yet found by proof I was
Unskil’d in this, though Nature not disdain’d
To bring me to the Black, which I did passe,
And after colours gay the white admir’d,
Yet fell short far of what I most desir’d.

48 Thus with my trials oft my Mercury,
Was now to nothing brought or very little,
I then considered how fondly I
Had wasted that which might have built a spittle,
And with my menstrue all my Art was lost,
Of whose skill since I may full truly boast.

49 Then God I praised with most thankful minde,
That he had shewn me by a demonstration
Infallible, which none can be so blinde
As not for to beleeeve, a Consolation
In all my losses this to me remained,
That I had seen what here I have explained.
At last my good friend once again I met,
And what had happened I did not hide,
I prayed him my folly to forget,
And hop'd anew from him to be supply'd,
But this also my hope was much deluded,
Nor did it so fall out as I concluded.

For when he understood what I had tri'd,
And what at last God prospered me to see,
He saw if that he me anew supply'd,
That I could go to the Hesperian Tree,
And pluck the Apples at my lift, and then
Might do much mischief unto honest men.

Thus therefore said, Friend, if that God hath
You to the Art, he will in time bestow
(chose
The same, but if he in his wisdom knows
You are unfit, or that you'll mischief do,
Accursed shall that man be who shall arm
A mad man, to do thousand others harm.

When you were rude a gift I gave you great,
A gift but such as might it self destroy
If Heavens so ordain'd, nor is it meet
I see for you at present it t'enjoy;
What Heavens have deny'd may I not grant,
Or else I shall be guilty of your Rant.

This lesson of so much divinity,
At the same time I heartily confess
Did nothing please me, for my hopes did lie
On him, which this his answer did distress,

For
For said he, fates to you have knowledge granted,
But yet the thing by you must now be wanted.

Then straight I gave him for to understand
How God had of the water taught the skill,
By which said I in time I may command
What you deny, which therefore try I will,
Nay then, quoth he, attend to what I say,
It will be good, and you may bless this day:

Know then that we are so severely bound
By strongest vows never for to supply
Any man by our Art, who may confound
The world, if he at will it held, for why?
What ill soe’re he act upon this score,
It all shall lie before the Tellers dore.

Now then consider what a prize you had,
Both of the Stone and of the Mercury,
Would any one have thought a man not mad,
So much would lose without a reason why?
Had reason guided you you might ere now,
Of what I gave have had enough I trow.

For had you taken gold most perfect pure,
And added but a grain of this your Stone
To it in fusion, it would have been sure
To have united, then might you have gone
About the work with that your Mercury,
With which this gold had mixed speedily.
Your work had then been shortened very much,
Which you might well have governed to the red,
Where when 'twas come you saw how I with such
Sulphur and Mercury new gold did wed,
You saw the _pondus_ and the Time, and heat,
What more could you have wished the Art to get?

But also seeing now you know the Art
How to prepare this fiery Mercury,
You might have been so stored for your part,
That few should more have had, do not you spy,
How God is adverse to your work to cause
You thus to spill the same? his holy Laws

Perhaps he sees that you would lewdly break,
Or do some wrongfull deed, and therefore he
The Knowledge hath imparted, yet doth speak
Thus by his providence, I plainly see
That he will have you for some years without
The enjoyment of what you'd misuse no doubt.

Now know that if this Art you do assay
Without a ferment, then you must beware
Left oft you err, and from the right path stray,
And often shall you err for all your care,
Nay and perhaps you may not while you live
This treasure win, which God alone must give.

For why? if you the straitest course do take
A year shall run before that you shall finde
The perfect period, but if you take
Wrong waeis, you ofttimes shall be set behinde
Sometimes a year, and must your charge renew
And pains, or else your folly you may rue.

64. In which time if your minde cannot be free
But be incumbred with distracting care,
A thousand perils you shall surely see,
And much shall lose which you can hardly spare,
Attend therefore unto my counself, so
You shall conditionally this secret know.

65. You here before the mighty God shall swear,
That you for such a time your self shall keep
From it attempting, which I shall declare,
Nor shall you in that time (though you shold sleep
Deaths sleep) reveal some points which I disclose,
Which therefore I make known under the rose.

66. I sware, and so his minde he did unlock,
And did to me the secret all declare,
And to assure me that he did not mock,
I with mine eyes beheld those sights most rare;
Of which I now full honestly shall treat,
Nor ought shall hide but what to tell nis meet.

67. My oath I shall inviolate preserve,
And so I may, for there’s no Son of Art,
But by what I discover, the reserve
May finde out, if he seek with upright heart,
And it attempt, not without judgement found,
The want of which doth searchers rash confound.
68 I shall not need examples more to bring,
The Art is true and sure, though hard to finde,
Not to be bought with riches of a King,
Nor yet abhorring from a vulgar mind;
If fates thee call then follow me into
A Royal Palace whither few do go.

The End of the Second Book.

THE THIRD BOOK.

1 Sing th' adventures for the golden Fleece,
A Noble Subject fit to employ the Quill
Of the most flowing wits that ever Greece
Did breed, would I might climbe the Muses hill
Thence to bring down the pleasant measures, we
This Subject might adorn with fluent speech.

2 The Indies with it may not once compare,
It is a gift of all things temporal
Most to be prized, he that hath a share
In this most secret Art, admire he shall
In creatures the Creators excellence,
Who still above all hath preeminence.

3 This is the sith that with one stroke cuts down
All covetise, of evil all the root,
This who possesseth fears not fortunes frown,
Things momentany casts he at his foot;
His work is only his God to behold,
Counting as rubbish, silver, Gems, and Gold.

4 This
4. This is the Tree of Life which doth preserve
From sickness humane body, and renew
The youth, it suffereth Nature not to swerve,
But it doth keep entire; this good accrues
By this rare Art, riches, with length of days,
Freedom from sickness, which men most dispair.

5. Only the destiny of death which all
Are subject to cannot avoided be,
But yet to live in health, and therewithall
Whatever this life craves to have, that he
Need never want to fear, how great a blisse
I need not tell to him whose lot it is.

6. But over and besides for to enjoy
Power whatever good one list to do,
How happy estate it is, when to employ
Ones self the poor to succour, and bestow
On pious uses what the minde suggets
No mean is wanting, what estate more blest?

7. Then brake my Muse into a joyful strain,
Sing out aloud, and eke thy spirits raise,
This Art to celebrate, in lofty vein
Let all thy Notes be carried, no praise
Too great, oh happy they who it do know,
Whose secrets these few lines do fully shew.

8. Let Croesus hide his head, let Midas treasure
No more remembred be, for why 'tis sure,
That their vast wealth was bounded with a measure
Nor could their wealth their fading bodies cure.
Lo here a Spring of Wealth, a Tree of Life,
No wealth so great, no sicknells here is rise.

9. Here in a Map thou seest the creatures all
Abridged, and reduc't to their perfection,
For this worlds miseries a full protection;
Rejoyces and give to God alone the glory,
And now proceed we to this pleasant Story.

Gold sits as Prince supreme and head of all,
The Bodies which in Kingdom mineral
Contained are, whose body no force shall
Destroy, the fiercest fire may nought appall.
His courage, he doth in the flame abide,
Which from it only foulness doth divide.

The Sun terrestrial he named is,
To whom the next in dignity is plac't,
The Moon a goodly body which doth misse
Some part of Sol's perfection, yet is grac't,
With permanency to abide the flame,
All other metals do avoid the same.

The other four, Mars, Venus, Jupiter,
With Saturn hold so much of crudity,
That they are vile esteem'd, yet to averre
I shall be bold that he who can descry
The inward virtue of the planets nam'd,
Shall finde them all of Sol's true matter fram'd.
Mars is the stout and valiant God of War,
His body vile, and little is esteem'd,
He's fierce of courage, conquering near and far
All sturdy opposites, and may be deem'd,
That his rough outside hidden doth inclose,
A spirit whole ful vertue no man knows.

Venus a Planet fair the God of Love,
Whose beauty the stout God of War allures,
Her Central Salt, who so hath wit to prove
Shall finde a key all secrets which assures
The owner for to finde, I say no more,
For this by none disclos'd hath been before.

Propitious Jupiter a Planet bright,
And so benign, that of all the gods
There's none more glorious if so thy sight,
Can our true love behold, great is the oddes
Betwixt the vulgar, and what we call ours
Which from old Saturn doth derive his course.

This Melancholy God a stone devour'd,
Thinking that he had eaten love, but then
He found himself deceiv'd, at which he lour'd,
Ne would he comfort take, for straightway when
This stone Abadir in his bowels came,
It chang'd the Eater to another frame.

Old Aberipe, his childr'n which did eat,
Had of this Stone a Son begotten, who
In his Sire's stomack prov'd such uncouth meat
That he forthwith did melancholy grow,
And from this Son as I have heard them sain, Engendred was most noble Abrettane.

Beside these six nam’d Planets, there is one Remaining of a Nature wonderful, His name is *Mercury*, for he alone Is of the Gods the messenger, but dull He is until a life he doth receive, Till then fond Artists he will aye deceive.

And thus the gods in order I have nam’d, I now shall shew of each the pedegree, Their lineage, habit, and how they are fram’d In manners, also their whole dignity I shall rehearse, for this to our intent Makes much, and therefore Reader be attent.

The matter first of metals *Mercury*, A moisture is which wetteth not the hand, Yet flows, and therefore ’tis nam’d water dry, The vulgar is at every one’s command, But this is not the water we desire, For in our water is our secret fire.

This matter while its life it did retain, Was apt all metals for to procreate, The life when gone then dead it doth remain, Till a new soul shall it re-animate, This matter is to metals all of kin, All which do hide a *Mercury* within.'
22 But nearest it is unto gold allide
To Luna next, and then to Jupiter,
To Saturn after him as hath been tried
By many who this Art have fought, but there
Is less affinity with brave red, Venus,
And least with Mars who scorns with it to wed.

23 With gold that it hath most affinity
May hence appear, first by their equal weight,
And next by their components constancy,
For neither it nor gold by any sleight,
Will suffer any one for to divide
Their principles which may not be untied.

24 Except by one only humidity
Which them divides in way of generation,
And doth their Elements sweetly untie
Them after knitting thus to propagation
Enabling them, and by one liquor strange
All Concretes, which doth from their nature change.

25 And them dissolve unto their matter first,
Dividing all their principles asunder,
These two excepted, there is none that durst
Assay these to destroy therefore no wonder,
If Artists old by rule most firm decreed,
That its most hard it unlock this secret seed.

26 He then who knows the parts of Mercury,
And can its superfluities decrease,
And with true Sulphur it can vivifie
For dead it is, though (fluent) he with ease

May
May gold unlock, and after recongeal,  
Both to an essence which all griefs can heal.

27 O Mercury, thou wonder of the world,  
How strange thy nature is, and how compact  
A body doth possess, which doth infold  
A spirit unexpressible, to act  
Our mysteries, this only we desire,  
This is our water, this our secret fire.

28 For Argent vive is gold essential  
Only unripe, which if thou canst prepare  
By art, it gives the secret menstrual  
The mother of our stone which is so rare,  
Our oyl, our unguent, and our marchalite  
Which we do name, also our fountain bright.

29 O Christal fountain, which from fourfold spring  
Runs down the valleys with its perled drops  
Distilling, with the which our Noble King,  
Is wash'd, and carri'd to the mountain tops,  
Where he the vertue of the Heav'ns receives,  
Which never after him when fixed leaves.

30 This is our Maydew which our Earth doth move  
To bring forth fruit, which fruit is perfect gold,  
This is our Eve whom Adam doth so love,  
That in her Arms his soul (strange to be told)  
He doth receive, who erst as dead was seen,  
And quickned first appears in colour green.
31. Next unto Mercury in first degree,  
   Of metalline digestion is found,  
   Old Saturn, who though vile and base to see,  
   Yet is he of our secrets all the ground.  
   Thus then in essence Mercury is gold,  
   In form Saturnine, earthly, moist and cold.

32. I mean the Mercury which doth present  
    It self at first unto each Artist's eye,  
    And vulgar it is cal'd, to our intent  
    Unserviceable quite, the reason why  
    If you desire, this for an answer take,  
    No dead thing can a dead thing living make.

33. Nor can that which is in its substance soul  
    And filthy, cause transcendant purity,  
    Ne yet can that which is without a soul  
    A body fixed cause aloft to fly,  
    No there must be a near affinity,  
    Or else in vain you shall your fancies try.

34. How then? Ev'n thus, in Saturn there is hid  
    A soul immortal which in prison lies,  
    Untie its letter, which do it forbid,  
    To sight for to appear, then shall arise,  
    A vapour shining like pearl orient,  
    Which is our Moon and sparkling Firmament.

35. To Saturn, Mars, with bonds of love is t'ld  
    Who is by him devour'd of mighty force,  
    Whose
Whose spirit Saturns body doth divide,
And both combining yeeld a secret source,
From whence doth flow a water wondrous bright
In which the Sun doth set and lose its light.

36 Dame Venus a most shining Star to see
To Mars espoused is by him embrac't;
Their influences must united be,
For she alone the only mean is plac't,
Betwixt the Sun and our true Argent vive
Them to unite, that they may never strive.

37 The generation of the metals all
If I should here declare, it would require
A Volume large, at present then I shall
Content my self and answer your desire,
Omitting these and many other things,
Which to our secret Art lesse knowledge bring.

38 And shall proceed to teach the certain ground,
On which an Artist may with hope rely,
Nor trouble him with things which might confound
Him in his search, for I intend to fly
All darkness, also all ambiguous words,
That handling most which to us most accords.

39 And first I shall lay down the definition
Of that rare substance we so highly prize,
Which causeth metals change their own condition,
And turns imperfect bodies, that to eyes,
To touch, to test, and in each trial they
Are perfect prov'd, which erst would fly away.

A substance it metalline is, for why,
With metals else it could no wise agree,
And of Sols essence, else to dignity,
Of gold it could not tinge crude Mercury,
Saturn, and all the metals, as it doth,
Adding fixation and pondus both.

But yet golds simple vertue it exceeds,
Else could it not the least communicate
Of its own tincture, but its self must needs
Embased be, since nought can graduate
An unripe matter to its own degree,
Unlesse in it transcendent ripeness be.

Of Nature spiritual it is beside,
Else bodies it could never penetrate,
Betwixt the pure and impure to divide,
And cause them when they are examinate
By flame of bellows stoutly to endure,
Which to perform requires a perfect cure.

And yet besides its penetrative might,
It must contain a wondrous fixity,
Since what it wants nothing can give by right,
Nor can that which inured is to fly,
Retained be but by an Agent fixt,
Where Spirit and body are together mixt.
So then in brief all this to recollect,
Our stone is nought but the essence true of gold,
Which that it might what we do seek effect,
Its spirit doth the body surely hold,
And both together make a substance new,
A real spirit yet a body true.

Like the Suns Atomes 'tis a powder fine,
White for the white, and red for red projection,
The metals by it tein'd, exceed the Mine
In purity, and such is its perfection,
That he who hath it in an hours space
And lesse may command in any place.

At first it is of vertue very small,
Compared with the might it doth attain
By oft reiteration, who so shall
It oft dissolve, and then congeal again,
Shall finde a medicine that will translate
Innumerable parts to Sol's estate.

'Tis ponderous and yet in grains divided,
That powder all appears as soft as silk;
On metall it like wax in flux is guided
To enter to the center just as milk,
Is penetrated by the Renrit four,
And curdled in the minute of an hour.

For look how boiling oyl doth straitway soak,
And pierceth through thinking paper, to
Our stone it etheth metals without smoke.
When they by force of fire are made to flow,
Or else reduced to a glowing heat,
If they of harder flux bide fire great.

Or if an Argent vive you lift to cast
Your essence then it must in fire stand,
Till it begin to fly, whose flying haste
To stay you suddenly shall countermand,
By throwing in one little grain or more,
Which fixeth what was fugitive before.

This medicine is best thus to project,
First on a portion of that metall pure,
Which of the powder is to be the effect,
As red on gold, on silver eke be sure,
The white to throw one part of this your stone
On four of metal, or else five to one.

Then brittle like to glass that mass will be,
Of colour bright, and shining very clear,
Yet not transparent, also thou shalt see
Its vertue lessened which will appear
To view most glittering like a Rubie fair,
Then upon Argent vive cast this with care.

On ten parts one so long project until
The tincture to decrease thou shalt perceive,
Which being done, thou soon shalt at thy will
Most perfect Sol or Lune from fire receive;
Thus guide thy operation and be sure,
The effect will prove both gold and silver pure.

53 And if thou lift thy essence to augment
In goodness or in weight, thou so must work,
That never shall thy stock with use be spent,
So great a power in this stone doth lurk,
That it like fire is apt to multiply
It self in weight as eke in dignity.

54 A portion once I saw and found by proof,
That which a man's belief might far exceed
Of the Red medicine, which for behoof
Of such who to this Science may proceed
I shall declare, by which may well appear,
That useless it is not as many fear.

55 For some, who though the Art they not deny,
Compel'd by reason and by witness plain,
Of such whom 'twere unjust to vilifie,
Yet of the Art they cease not to complain,
Mistaking all our operations true,
Those following which we warn to eschew.

56 For thus they think that we of gold the soul
Extract, which from a maaffe a substance small
Is had, though it tinge without control,
Yet scarce so much to abide the trials all
Of fire and test of gold there will proceed,
As first was us'd to yeeld that tinging seed.
57 So then if labour once to losse redound,  
Whatever pleasure in the work appear,  
It cannot choose but make mens want abound,  
And so their skill is purchased full dear.  
This is th'objection which is often cast  
In the Artists drifh, his Art and him to blast.

58 But I who oft these secrets have beheld  
And have observ'd with curiosity,  
Their progrifse and their reason are compel'd  
To stand up for to clear their dignity,  
Nor shall the cavils of the vulgar cause  
Me to condemn Natures most Noble Laws.

59 I faw then as I faid a powder fo  
Encreaf't in vertue (scarce to be beleev'd)  
That fo small quantity as scarce would shew  
In bulk a grain, nor weigh'd much more indeed,  
Which yet to gold fo great a quantity  
Could well tranfmute, as may be deem'd a lye.

60 No man by Art its number eould attain,  
So great it was, yet was the tincture found,  
For on an ounce projected was that grain,  
In which perfection did fo abound,  
That all was effence made, of which one grain  
Was cast upon ten times as much again.

61 That is one ounce in ten, and these likewise,  
On ten times more, which yet was med'cine made.
Ten more to one of these would not suffice
To metall it to bring, nor was't allaid,
So with these oft projections made before,
But one at last ting'd ninety thousand more.

62 Now cease rash censors henceforth to reproach
This Noble Art so useful and so just,
'Tis not this skill which Sophistrys doth broach,
No, it is only such which seek their lust
For to maintain, who doth the world abuse,
Whose errors all this Treatise fully shews.

63 But thou of Truth a lover, be advis'd,
Beware, and be not easily seduc't,
For be thou sure that all that is devis'd
By such, this Art to treat who were induc't
By envy, is not true, nay very little
In some books, and in some scarce any tittle.

64 For know this Art a virgin pure remains,
Though many Lovers do her fondly sue,
She scorns a Sophister, and still disdains
A breast for to inhabit that's untrue,
Yet many press to win the golden fleece,
'Tis that they gape for as the masterpiece.

65 But a true Son of Art doth wisdom prize
Beyond all earthly good, and his desire
To it is bent, he fondly doth devise
By riches to ambition to aspire:
His studies all to knowledge are inclin'd,  
Prizing alone the riches of the minde.

66 To such alone these labours I intend  
To them I write, but others I exclude,  
Advising them their folly to amend,  
And to forsake those fancies which delude  
Them, and destroy their works, for why its sure,  
No error can a secret true procure.

67 Our Art therefore which we so much esteem  
Is not as many men do misconceive,  
For toyl ne yet for charge, what ere fools deem  
So hard, but that it may with Natures leave  
Be perfected as after may appear  
Unto the red in lesse space then a year. (minde

68 And who that time would grudge that in his  
Shall call how that the waiting husbandman,  
No lessee space expects his crop to finde, (began,  
Whose seed though sow’d when Autumn first  
Yet is not reapt and threfht, and fit to eat (yet  
Till that time twelvemoneth scare so soon, and

69 His patience is not weary, but doth wait  
Till Autumn and the Winter both be past  
In Vere the early rains, and when the heat  
Of Summer parches, latter rains, and laft  
Of all his harvest he expecting stales,  
Nor is impatient of these long delaies.
Yet is his profit scarcely fix for one,
His labour hard, and chances that may fall
Innumerable, insomuch that none
Can promise good success, and yet for all
These hardships, hazards, and these long delays,
The sweet expected all this sorrow all that.

The charge if any one desire to know,
The wise men's resolution I shall give,
By this a man that in this way would go
May try his skill, and without doubt believe,
That if his charge five pieces price exceed,
He may be sure he is not like to speed.

His heat indeed constant expense doth crave,
But with one heat so many works he may
Effect, that if he list he soon may save
The worth in other works which by the way
He to deceive the time may daily try,
Of which I shall discourse now by and by.

But if one glass, one furnace, and no more
He shall employ, yet ten pounds may excuse
His total charge, and yet he shall have store
Enough while he doth live, though he should use
As much as any Monarch in the world,
Since it encreaseth may be so manifold.

Yet he who prizeth knowledge natural,
Cannot so barren be of science true
As not to know some secret wherewithall
A fire for to employ, nor are there few
Whom curiosity invites to try,
A many pleasant knobs in Chemistry.

Such may their furnace so contrived have,
That with one fire they may both putrifie,
Digest, ferment, distill, and so may save
The toy of many Furnaces, for why?
So many heats thou maist from hence obtain,
And yet thy secret work no whit refrain.

But what if twenty pieces were the cost?
Of which the half may serve if order’d right,
And though sometimes the work hap to be lost,
Yet can the losse be no waies great, nor might
The hazard with the profit once compare,
Though he who it attains is very rare.

For though one glasse, one furnace, and one
One rule, one fire, the whole work do compleat,
Yet may one many glasses with ease bring,
With one fire to perfection, since the seat
Or nest, which doth one eegge contain, with Art
May so be made to more heat to impart.

And it sufficeth in one glasse to put
So much of Composition as may cost
The price of half an ounce of gold, which shut
With Hermes Seal, no fear it should be lost.

Except
Except some error be committed, which How to avoid I faithfully shall teach.

79 Also because our matter which we take Into our hands for this our secret Art Is Gold and Mercury, which we do bake Till neither of them from the other part, The principles their form do keep untill The fire by putrefaction doth them kill.

80 Which whomsoever God so far doth grace To see, he cannot but by uncouth hap His work destroy before it run its race; Since then to erre there scarce is left a gap, At least unto an operator wise, Who will not carelessly lose such a prize?

81 And if his work proceed not in due course, His time he only loseth and his fire, Which will not prove to him a pinching losse, Since soon he may his work at his desire Renew, the gold is as it was before, And so the g nor lesse nor more.

82 Thus have I brought you so far on your way, And farther yet I shall you friendly leade, Proceed discreetly, marking what I say, For I shall shew the true way how to speed, Of God desire with me that he would guide Both you and me that neither step aside.

The End of the third Book.
THE FOURTH BOOK.

OF Alchemy our Muse hath founded forth, The praise, and worthy may the subject seem So noble 'tis and of such matchless worth, That rightly many it divine esteem, But now the only thing to be explain'd, Is how and by what means it is attain'd.

For many who most painfully have sought, With vast expense of money and of time, Save beggary they have attained nought; For they could never to this science clime; Since then that fatal prov'd to many one, Most men it deem a feigned Art or none.

Who hath not heard the sad complaints of many Who by this search reduc't to penury Have liv'd forlorn? but who hath heard of any, That by this skill his wealth did multiply? Therefore say some the thing is but a fable: Which to maintain the Artists are not able.

I shall not now the task of handling all, The Schemes of errors undertake, because From thence the Reader would reap profit small Who rather farre would study Nature's Laws Then undergo the trouble to review The Sophistries of all the erring crew.
Yet here and there the errors I shall tax,
Of Artists deviant from the true way,
Who nature mold like to a lump of wax
To rare Chimeras, which when they assay,
By proof they finde they labour out of kind,
And wander like a feather in the winde.

The matter first which for our work we take
Is only gold and with it Mercury,
Which we decoct till neither will forfake
The other, in which work they both do die
And rot by putrefaction, after that
Both are in glory then regenerate,

Nor do we mean as fools our words expound
By gold I know not what of substance vile,
For with such notions many do confound
Themselves, not recollecting all the while,
That what in Art they for one gold do take,
A silver payment would to no man make.

For all in word this truth will needs confess
Because the Magi all have it decreed
To be the only matter, netherlesse
These subjects to explain do so proceed,
That they for gold thus to avoid expence
Will be content with a Sirreverence.

One doth his body order with such diet,
That what he eats and drinks is all by weight,
At set hours exerciseth, and is quiet
Precisely at his time, nor will abate
One hour from his wonted time of sleep,
And all his body wholesome for to keep.

Thus when his temper is most exquisite,
He doth his easement in a chosen place,
Which straight he closeth up, and this in spight
OfNature must be gold, which he doth grace
So far as it to keep with monstrous care,
Still hoping thus to finde the stone most rare.

And lest his hope should seem on sandy ground
For to be built, he citeth Morian,
Thus speaking that our stone is only found
Upon a dunghil, and whoever can
It thence extract shall surely it finde,
But who so elsewhere seeks concludes him blinde?

This dunghil what doth it denote faith he
But humane ordure since the same doth say
To Calid, that if he would lift to see
Within himself, he should without a nay
The true mine of our secret stone esp'y,
Nor need he elsewhere for the same to try.

To this another addeth Urine, this
(Saith he) is Mercury which wise men hide,
For want of which so many hap to make
The mark, and very fondly slip aside,
This he with essence of the purest wine
Doth mix by this to catch our store divine.

14. Some seek in Herbs, and some in simple water
Such as from clouds is caught, and some in dew,
Some choose the juice of Toads for their true
With Arsnick it preparing, nor a few
In flame attempt our hidden stone to finde,
In Sunbeams eke to powder dry calcin’d.

15. The influence of the Moon some earnestly
Desire, which with a glasse they hope to catch,
Some also would the influx of the sky
In some thing fix, and after it would hatch,
Thus doting for to get our prized stone,
Which thus they seek but never hit thereon.

16. Others Saltpeter do the matter judge,
And for it doting hunt for dead mens bones,
Their mouldred carkases they take, and drudge
About this work to finde the choice of stones,
Some do affirm and will not stick to swear,
That in Marle is found, so fond they are.

17. Yet reason with them on their work, and they
Will tell you of a monstrous uncouth Sperm
Panispermion called, this without a nay
Must be the Chaos for to use their term,
Of this is made each thing that in the Earth,
Is found, out of it all things are brought forth.
18 It hath no proper form, yet being hath
'Tis non-specificated, therefore apt
All things to procreate, such is their faith
That as if they were in a vision wrapt,
They see in fancy such a thing as this,
And yet alas they know not where it is.

19 This is their living gold, their Mercury,
This is their Limbus, this their secret fire,
But yet grosse lots they cannot yet espie
The vanity of this which they desire,
For had they such a Devil as this is
Clo'd in a glass, the stone they sure would mis.

20 For what in weight a metall equals not,
In flux will never enter it, how then
Hath Nature her strict Laws so much forgot,
To please the fancies of those doting men:
The pooreft Metallurgist knoweth well,
Nought but metalline may with metals dwell.

21 This is the reason that the feces crude
In unripe metals, to their central part
Are not united, there is none so rude
In Alchemy but knows that if by Art
These feces may be severed, then 'tis sure,
That they distinct are from the substance pure.

22 What then? 'tis thus, if that a sperm there be
From whence ingredred may be animals
And
And vegetables which were strange to see,  
Yet could it not produce us minerals,  
The Reason's plain, for it should penetrate  
It self ten times a mettall to create.

23 Since gold doth water sixteen times exceed  
In weight, and water is the only food  
That doth encrease the vegetable seed,  
And Animals hence grow, nor is in wood  
And flesh much difference in weight, and yet  
One sperm will never either streight beget.

24 Though in the general there doth appear  
In matter more remote affinity,  
Hence may a carkasse cause a Tree to bear  
Its fruit (if dung’d therewith) abundantly,  
And fruit and corn do living creatures feed,  
Which doth from some affinity proceed.

25 But gold, or gems, or Stones, or such like things  
To man or beast so far remote from food  
Appear, they nought aswage fierce hungers stinging,  
For nourishment they are in no wise good,  
This is because the distance is so great  
*Twixt thing and thing, that they will never meet.

26 For 'twixt things which assimilated are  
By transmutation, there must intercede  
Precedent likenessse, else no mortal care  
Can cause an Union, thus metals feed  
Of

Of
Of their own moisture, and not out of kinde,
Consider this and weigh it in thy minde.

27 True, Nature knows of water how to make
A body metalline, when once the seed
Of metals it inhabiting doth take
Occasion to work, yet 'tis decreed,
That Nature's self throughout her total race,
Shall be confin'd unto her proper place.

28 Thus humane seed in man alone resides,
And so of beast the like is to be seen,
Nay and moreover there's a Spirit guides
Each thing according to its rule, so even
That nothing in its course may step aside,
This spirit eke a body grosse doth hide.

29 Why seek you then blinde fools from subjects
To reap our secret stone of gold, which may
To weight and fixity crude metals change,
Think you this vertue doth lie hid in clay,
In Nitre, Urine, Ordure, or in dew?
Cease timely, and learn operations true.

30 Gold then the subject of our Art alone,
We must conclude, since gold by it we seek,
There's not an Artist in this hath hath gone
But doth averre the same, and reason eke,
Confirms their sentence, this the certain base
Of all our secrets is, this is its place.
And now to unfold the riddles of the wise,  
Who on this subject very strangely write,  
I shall not need since many did devise,  
By all means for to hide (moved with spite)  
The truth which yet they promise to unfold,  
And some knew nothing, yet to write were bold.

Yet Moriana Noble Sonne of Art  
I must confess, yet darkly did express  
The truth, but did not with deceitful heart  
Delusions feign, yet in a hidden dress.  
His whole discourse which Calid he dispos'd,  
Not minding all should therein be disclos'd.

Whereas the King he warned to descend  
Into himself the matter for to finde  
Of this our stone, he only did intend  
This to point out how kinde begetteth kinde,  
As then himself his likenesse did beget,  
So gold must gold, this Law's to nature set.

Yet God alone is only perfect, but  
Of that perfection no part can spare  
Without embasing, whatsoe're is put  
To it in mixture can receive no share,  
Only it doth debase it for a time,  
Nor doth it ought above its baseness cline.

One Reason is that which I gave before,  
Another is its Corporality,
By reason of the same it can no more
But mix infusion confusedly,
Both still retaining their own qualities
Distinct, although conjoin'd to the eyes.

Therefore he wisely addes, that sure unlesse
He in a dunghill finde our secret stone,
That is, gold must be brought to putredness,
Compared to a dunghill, else there's none
By any work may perfect his desire
Of fixing metals which do fly the fire.

The Allegories which the Magi use
By things well known hid secrets to declare,
He fondly doth their meaning much abuse
That them interprets literally, there are
No men but only fools who madly dote
Would hope to have a Horse and buy a Goat.

But others though on gold they ground their
And seek to have it rot and putrifie,
Yet to gold vulgar they can have no will,
But it reject, in words disdainfully,
For all (say they) do with one mouth conclude,
That he who vulgar gold doth take is rude.

For Authors all do with one mouth profess,
Our gold from common differs very much,
The one is dead, the other doth possess,
A vital spirit, vulgar only such,
Do choose who erre from Natures trodden way
They therefore in their work needs go astray.

But he who well considers Natures Law,
Shall finde and gold is only one,
No other substance which the Sun ere saw
With it may be compar’d, this is our stone
Which we digest into an essence pure,
That may both tinge and teach fire to endure,

For what is gold but of the metals all
The purest, fixedst, and of greatest weight,
There is no metal ne yet mineral,
That can be brought by any humane sleight
The properties of gold to shew, but then
‘Tis real gold confess by learned men.

How then? Ev’n thus, Gold is the noble seed,
Of this our Art which yet is straitly lockt.
Thus is it dead, for it by Art doth need
to be unloosed, else they shall be mockt
Who work on gold which must to water go,
Before its active vertue it can shew.

Observe a grain of wheat in which doth lie
An active and multiplicative might,
Yet in the Earth it must be sown and die,
And rotting pass through dark corruptions night,
And can it not be truly called seed,
But corn on which both man and beast may feed.
44 Should a mad Husbandman his grain to fire Commit and hope, from thence to reap a crop, Would any wonder if his fond desire, Should fruitless prove, whose madness for to stop, A man may say and that without a lye, The grain is not that which doth multiply.

45 For why each thing unto its disposition Doth fitly answer with a sure effect, Thus operations change a things condition, To which an Artist should have due respect, Wheat ground to flower n'tis seed, but of bread The matter, for its vital force is dead.

46 If malted it makes beer for bread unfit, Prepar'd for starch, to neither it doth serve, Fermented gives good wine, or else if it By fire calcined be, it then will swerve From all the other operations nam'd, Yeelding a fixed salt, thus may be fram'd,

47 A thousand things and more of that which is But one intire substance, whence tis clear, That who so doth right disposition misse, Though on the subject right he work, yet nere The end he will attain which he propounds Because he seeks on inconsistent grounds.

48 Apply this to our purpose, and suppose A man take gold and vulgar Mercury,
And them Amalgam, this though fit for those
Who labour to guild superficially,
Yet 'tis not of our Art the matter true,
For we such disposition do eschew.

Or grant this mixture to digest be set
In circulating heat, I well admit
'Twill give precipitate, when all the sweat
Of Mercury shall be, but yet
This differs from our hidden secret stone,
To which this work was but a foolish one.

But when that gold with its humidity
Is temper'd and within a fit glasse closed,
And in due heat digested, by and by
It doth begin to act, for thus disposed
'Tis like to good feed into good ground cast,
Which will augment it self in kinde at laft.

What should I adde? it is most evident
From Reason and from Testimonies eke,
Our matter it is gold which must be blent
With our true water which so many seek,
Few finde, and then in vessell due dispos'd,
Which with all caution must be surely clos'd.

This then in a due nest must settled be,
And with due fire to motion inclin'd,
The fire immortal for to keep thou see,
Neither too great nor so small, and then I bine.
(67)

My faith, and eke the credit of my name,
That the success thy work shall never blame.

53 Gold then is gold, if stamp'd it's coyn, if fram'd
In its due form becomes a Ring, or if else
Corroded with a water which is nam'd
Chrysalca, which each vulgar Chemist finds,
And then with Lye of Tartar made to fall
To bottome, gives a powder which men call

54 Gold Scopetant, which fires with a touch,
And thunders with a monstrous fearful crack,
Rending by downward force, its might is such
As scarce may be believ'd, this as a knack,
Hath by the proof of many oft been found
And divers other changes.

55 So then as gold is used it is made
Matter for one or for another end,
But ours it is not, until by retrograde
Motion to resolution it intend,
Then is it our Sunne and our Marchasite
Joyn'd with our Moon, our Crystal Fountain (bright.

56 As then each earth for each seed is not fit,
So each metalline water for our Art
Is not to be desired, they who hit
On our true water have the hidden part
Of our rare stone, which if they can espouse
And with the Sun digest, in its due house

57 With
57 With a due fire, I may be bold to say;
That they may go to the Hesperian tree,
And pluck its apples, these are such as may
Advance gold corporal to such degree,
That it all metals which imperfect are,
May enter, tinge, and fix to gold most rare.

58 But of this Mercury if you desire
The secret for to learn, attend to me,
For this a water is which yet is fire,
Which bodies conquers from their first degree,
And makes them fly much like a spirit pure;
This after fixing all flame to endure.

59 This water it doth flow from fourfold spring,
Which is but three, which two, and which but one;
This is the only bath to bathe our King,
This is our Maydew, this our flying stone,
Our Bird of Hermes in the mountains flying,
And without voice or note is always crying.

60 *Tis Saturn's offspring who a well doth keep,
In which came Mars for to be drowned, then
Let Saturn in this Well behold his face,
Which will seem fresh, and young, and tender, when
The souls of both are thus together blended
For each by other need to be amended;

61 Then lo, a Star into this Well shall fall,
And with its lustrous rays the earth will shine,
Let Venus adde her influetice withall,
For she is Nurse of this our stone divine,
   The bond of all Crystalline Mercury,
This is the Spring in which our Sun must die.

62 This is our Lunar juyce, this is our Moon,
This is th’Hesperian garden, happy they
Who know it to prepare, for they estoone
May climbe the Mountain tops whereever day
Darkneffe doth banifh and obscenity,
   Of which the Art you fhal with hear by and by.

63 Take thou that fubftance which is Saturns childe
This is the Serpent which fhall see devour
Cadmus with his companions, though defil’d
It be, yet thou fhalt with a gentle fhowr
Wash off its blackneffe till the Moon appear,
Shining moft bright, know then the day is near.

64 A caraffe thou fhalt fee anatomized,
Which is our Toad in muddy places feeding,
Most venemous, of us yet highly prized,
This cause to lose its venome, which by bleeding
May be attain’d, the blood preserve with care,
I have disclosed all that here I dare.

65 Let seven Eagles carry this aloft,
For air with air will eafily ascend,
   And to the Earth let it descend as oft,
For Earth to it its influence muft lend.

Remove
Remove the feces with a gentle fire,
And lo the substance we so much desire,

66. This is a water shining very bright,
Mix this with $Sol$ in due proportion, next
To learn the due heat fail not, then thy sight
Shall teach the rest the Lion being next
Shall with the Eagles make a bloody fight,
And all shall end in a most dismal night.

67. But oh beware impatience do not cause
Thee, though an itch of minde for to be bold,
In this thy work to transgress Nature's Laws,
For no man sooner erres through heat or cold,
Then he who through impatience of minde,
Cannot expect its time which he would finde.

68. Move not thy glasse ne open, else thou wilt
Endamage nay destroy thy work, beside
Encr ease not fire rashly, lest that spilt
Thy work thou see, there's nothing all the Tide
That this thy work doth stand, so much of fear,
As too much fire one hour will cost thee dear.

69. The practique part (if this accepted prove,
And finde its welcome as it doth deserve,)
Shall follow in three Books, which I for love,
And for desire the Studious to serve
Shall after publish: This for present take,
Reade and accept it for the givers sake.

$Sic$ Explicit pars prima Theorica.