

Renascence Editions

Return to
[Renascence Editions](#)

A Looking-Glasse of the World.

Anonymous

Note on the e-text: this [Renascence Editions](#) text was transcribed in November 2001 by [Richard Bear](#), University of Oregon Library, from the 1644 edition. Content unique to this presentation is copyright © 2001 The University of Oregon. For nonprofit and educational uses only. Send comments and corrections to the [Publisher](#).

A
LOOKING-GLASSE
OF THE
WORLD,
OR,
The Plundred Man in
IRELAND.

His voyage, his observation of the
Beasts of the Field, of the Fishes of the Sea, of
the Fowls of the Aire, of the severall Pro-
fessions of Men &c.

:X:X:X:X:X:X:X:
:X:X:X:X:X:X:X:

L O N D O N:
Printed by *F.N.* 1 6 4 4.

THE COMPLAINT.



*Ho can that heares or sees but bear a part,
To help to bewail our grievous smart?
Being lately blessed with perfect health,
And also indued with store of wealth.
Nothing afraid our happie state
Should change by any untimely fate:*

*Our people from the fields come runne,
To bring us news we were undone.
The Countrey up against us rise,
Making our goods their lawfull prise;
Often we trotted from Market to Faire,
And for the good beast no money we spare.
To adde to our food, our herd, and our flock,
That now we were come into a brave stock;
Each yeer great droves we could well affoard,
Of fatted good Beeves to send a Ship-board.
First went our fat, and after the leane,
Next at our selves they draw their Skeene;
Our Market being spoiled thus on the Land,
And troubles increase as thick as the sand.
Some catcheth the pickax for the hard ground,
Some shoule and spade to make the trench round;
Some constrained to carry the barrow,
While other the house top watch with the sparrow.
To tell all our grief I mean not here,
Fearing lest some should let fall a teare;
Yet to think upon our setled place,
Whence we were thrust with foule disgrace:
This makes our heart with sorrow spring,
That have heard their mocks and libels sing.
But give such leave in height of their pride
Vnto their own ruine fast to ride.
And all that doth against Gods truth stand,
May fall as shipwrackt on the sand.
God end these troubles, and send peace,*

*That our estates and friends may increase;
Happily to live, comfortably to die,
On the wings of Faith to God to flie.*

A Looking-Glasse of the World:
O R,
The plundred Mans voiage.



He Earth is made both firm and sure,
To Man and his heirs for to endure;
With all things moving in wood or field,
Their service unto man doth yeeld.
The stately Horse both swift and strong,
Is guided with a leather thong:

In warre, in peace, seek the world round,
A more usefull creature is not found.
The Cow I can hardly raise,
How in few words I her should praise;
Of her we find meat for babes and men,
God grant we should neuer want her then.
The Sheep for profit not the least,
But may compare with any beast,
For every yeer a fleece doth spring,
Makes Spinners and Carders merrily sing.
The Goat doth crop the tender tree,
Wherefore keep from thy Nurserie:
Yet good is both their flesh and milk,
Their skin for gloues well sowe with silk.
The Hogges delight is in the mire,
Bestowe on him a ring of wire,
That he may weare it in his nose,
And will not be proud thereof I suppose.
The Dogge waits at his master heels
When he doth walk abroad the fields:
And when that honest men do rest,
He takes a thief then by the brest.
The Cat doth watch by the wheat mow,
To keep away those we not allow;
As Rat and Mouse with their vermin breed,
That destroys our corn for bread and seed.

The Lyon of all beasts is the king,
His fearfull roaring like thundering:
Men praiseth him for his bold heart,
Kept close prisoner, lest some he make smart.
The Unicorn doth stately weare
A horn of vertue that is most rare;
Which many be very glad to haue.
To buy, to borrow, to begge, or craue.
The Bear, and Woolf, both fierce and wilde,
Whose nature is not to be milde,
We watch and ward with Bowe and Bill,
Lest they our flocks and herds should spill.
The Fox an enemy to the young lambe,
And subtle enough to deceive the dam:
They are very bad that no good can,
The Fox being good to the palsie man.
The Hare would faint, but by cunning trace
She lives in hope to win the race;
Yet many a huntsman to death follow,
With making sport to whoop and hollow.
The Monkey, and the Jackanapes tricks
Deserves sometimes a rod of sticks;
Yet for nimblenesse they farre exceed
Most beasts that on the earth do feed.
On the mightie oake the Squerill leaps,
Thence to the heasle-tree retreats,
To gather, and hurd what she doth lack,
Nuts for her diet, which she will crack.
The Rabbet clothed all in furre
Being taken by a lurching curre;
Those that do quake to feel the cold,
On the Rabets skin doth lay fast hold.
The Buck and Cowe in forrest wide,
Are oft-times forst their heads to hide:
The threatnings of the horn and hound
The woods with eccows do rebound.
The Hedgehogge weapons never doth lack,
He carrieth still a bundle ats back:
And when he supecteth any harm,
He presently therewith round doth arm.
The Mould doth digge without any thanks,
And maketh many little banks;
To throw them down they may that please,
Her selfe resolves not to live at ease.

Into our orchard the Snail doth creep,
And climbs into the trees are steep;
But little welcome there to haue,
Before it be ripe fruit to crave.
The Frogge that lives in meadow green,
Sometimes more black then yellow seen:
Though the Frog alters with the weather
Let not mens minds change with a feather.
The swelling Toad each man doth fear,
His poysoning breath for to come neer:
But if the Toad be dead and drie,
In the head a pearl more saies then I.
The Spider to make threed doth use,
And sets her web in the light to chuse:
Her living chiefly herein lies,
By catching of the heedlesse flies.
Of all the kind of wormes that be,
The Silk-worme chiefest in degree:
For Kings and Queens do think no scorn,
Their work upon them to be worn.
The Louce the quick eye doth espie,
Where he lies couchant secretly:
By chance makes many a stout man shugge,
Well as the begger cloth'd in a patch'd rugge.
The Moth spares not our scarlet red,
But eats it too and through the threed:
If such a small creature can us annoy,
What have we secure here to injoy?
In the raging Seas and restlesse floods,
God hath provided for our goods;
Such great varieties of fish,
As any heart of man can wish.
The Oyster without bone or claw,
Commonly we eat them raw;
And chuse them for a breakfast fine,
Being well washt with a cup of wine.
The Crab and Lobster with many feet,
Upon the ground not accounted fleet;
Yet at feasting tables comes in the crowd,
And for daintie dishes are allow'd.
The Sturgeon, Saman, and the Ling.
The Flounder, Plaise, and the Whiting;
These after the Fisher-boat doth dance,
And into *England, Spaine, and France.*

With the Whale what creature can compare,
For greatnesse in earth, water, or aire?
Man unto man wondring tels
What monsters in the Sea there dwels.
The Sprat and Herring in number great,
We do provide for speciall meat,
Against the Spring, and time of Lent;
For to eat flesh some have been shent.
The Pike, the Breame, the Roach, the Dace,
The Ele the mud is his chief place;
These are deceived by baited hooks,
Beware Youth of wanton womens looks.
The Otter or the water-dogge,
That lives in rivers, ponds, and bogge,
His tyrannie many a fish doth feel,
For himself is provided a trap of steel.
GODs blessing be upon the Aire,
Whereof all things living takes a share:
Wherein Fowls delight of every kind,
Some lives in peace, some to warre inclin'd.
THE Eagle is more strong to fight,
Then the Hawk, Buzzard, or the Kight:
Yet all of them do live by prey,
And smaller birds they much to fray.
The Raven in want when he doth cry,
God sends him food he may not die:
Then comforts man, who is of more price
Then all the Ravens, and tell them twice.
But little good of the Crow do say,
Hang one to fray the other away:
Ill members fills the world with care,
And brings the Judge into his Chaire.
The Jackdaw some do keep him tame,
Though his fosterer sometimes doth shame;
By stealing when he lies in need,
Himselfe, and little ones to feed.
The Goose doth bear the common quill,
With which we use to make our Will,
And Covenants strong as iron chaine,
That we, nor our heires, can break in twaine.
Of the Swan I have heard this Proverb told,
Before her death to sing is bold:
Being dead, through her wing feathers flowe,

All sorts of Wines in Sellers lowe.
The Duck in water doth delight;
The Spaniel turns her joy to fright:
Into the waters with haste doth pack,
To keep her feathers on her back.
In the night, the crowing of the Cock,
If we do mark, as good as a clock:
And though his stature be not high,
Yet will he fight untill he die.
The Hen doth cackle when she doth lay,
As I have heard some huswives say:
If we talk much of our good deed,
Smels of vain-glory that stinking weed.
The Turkey, and the Peacock gay,
Jetting with their feathers play;
Turning their colours to and fro,
Like a Souldier to meet his foe.
The Phesant, Pateridge, and the Quail,
The Woodcock, Snipe, Curlew, and Rail,
On the rich mans table down do fall,
By the silver load-stone with a call.
The Plover green is much in fear,
When man unto her nest comes near;
With flying up and down doth cry,
Her young in secret still may lye.
The daintie gray Plover on the ground,
He that will winne doth compasse round:
But he that hastily comes run,
Prevents the benefit of his gunne.
The Pigeon bestows all her pains
For house-roume in breeding, and gives her gains;
She loves to flie abroad at large,
And not to eat all at her masters charge.
The Owl that flieth in the night,
And in the day comes least in sight:
Desarts, and unquiet woods are fit
For this strange Bird therein to get.
The Bat although but very small,
Yet of Birds, and Fowls, reckon them all,
Theres none that can in any weather,
Flie like the Bat without a feather.
The Swallow, and the Martin spie
How to us they may be neighbours nigh;
They build their house upon our wals,

As if they were free of some of our Hals.
The Sparrow sits chirping on the house top,
About the corn-reek he useth to hop;
In sommer contentious with his own kind,
In field by the eares we many may find.
The Parrat, he is learned to talk,
To honest men say, walk knave walk:
But rather then we would do any wrong,
Should cut our tongue if it grow too long.
Within the airie singing queare,
All silence gives with lissening eare
Unto the Nightingals trebble sound,
When the sad night with darknesse bound.
Another bird doth take his time,
When that the earth is in full prime:
Yet nothing but Cuckow is his note,
Though oft with egges he scoures his throat.
The Veldenere, Blackbird, and Thrush,
Makes Musick upon every bush:
They sing as well to the churle, or clown,
As he that weares a velvet gowne.
The Lark with joy when it is day,
Up towards Heaven doth take her way:
So should our thoughts first in the morning,
For sleep is but to death a warning.
The prettie innocent Turtle-dove,
Highly commended for her love,
That she unto her Mate doth owe,
One hurt, causing the others woe.
The Robin-red-breast comes at some hole,
When we are warming at a coal:
Within some roome craves little stay.
To help drive cold winter away.
VVhat commendation with us men,
VVhich do destroy the little VVren,
Making a sport their lives to spill,
VVhen they are free from doing ill.
The Bee a diligent servant is,
In time to work she will not misse:
If this be true, do this for her,
That none do harme, molest, or stir.
The Waspe loves sweet things as his life,
Yet oft deare byes it with great strife:
The Bee sometimes in fight overcomes,

Robs Orchards and Shops of Pears and Plums.

The Butterfly in the hot weather,
As gay as those deckt with a feather:
In Winter sleeping, eating no crum,
And will not be waked by Fife and Drum.
The Fly comes singing for her meat,
The Butcher and Cook sometimes her beat:
Shes a guest comes whether they will or no,
Behaves her self like to a great fo.

THE Bud and Blossome on the tree,
So come into the world do we;
By Gods all-disposing power,
Some in tent, and some in tower.

THE Gentleman that lives by his Lands,
And sets to work many poore mens hands:
Churlish conditions, he hates them all,
He is courteous, kind, and liberall.
The valiant Souldier haste to come,
At sound of Trumpet, and the Drum:
His honoured deeds farre do ring,
And makes a Common-wealth to sing.
The Marchant stayes for winde and tide,
Upon the loftie waves to ride;
In hope the golden fleece to sweep,
He ventures the hazard of the deep.
The Husbandman provides good seed,
And carefully his fields doth weed:
His Plough and Harrow, with Sickle sharp,
He loveth better than the Harp.
The Carpenter his Art houses to reare
From the levell'd ground into the aire,
Wherein we sing, we laugh, we crie,
And wherein commonly we die.
The Joyner mustereth up his tools,
For to make tables, chaires, and stools;
The young man may rest his wearie knee,
And old man sit comely to see.
The Mason makes the Castle wall,
Not thrown down by a tennis-ball;
Nor thundring shot as thick as hail,
Can make the battlements to fail.
The Taylor doth not cast his head
To pinch a garment, and save a threed:

From antick shapes he turns his sheeres,
And keeps civill customes as appeares.
The Miller keeps not his toll-dish to deep,
But each mans meal together doth sweep:
Wonder he steals not; reason why,
Conscience his clack stands alwayes by.
The Butcher with his mastie dogge,
Kils the ox, the Sheep, the gruntling hogge:
He keeps the meat cleanly to show,
Without deceit to puffe or blow.
The Smith cold Iron gives a heat,
With blowing and beating himself doth sweat:
He riseth more early unto his hard task,
Then those that vainly dance in a mask.
The Goldsmith of all the vessels he makes,
The Ring is excellent for Lovers sakes:
True love hath no end, the Ring made round,
Ingraven'd with posies pretily found.
Good huswives follow the Weavers march,
As needful, they say, as to wash and starch:
To clothe their houshold each girle and lad,
Others neglect of ragges are they glad.
The Draper hath readie both Ell and Yeard,
To look they be sealed, and just, hath regard:
He giveth good words in prentiship taught,
And good words of all are easily bought.
The Turner maketh wooden ware,
Of seasoned wood he need not sweare,
To curse and sweare in common use,
A custome of the heathens abuse.
The Tanner taketh time enough
To tanne his leather to the prooffe;
He well considereth in his mind,
A generall good all shall it find.
The Shoomaker fits the Ladies foot,
As well as the Carter with a boot:
And three sould shooes, with the single pump
He makes light to run, to leap, or jump.
The Cobler that sits under a stall,
Not likely to catch any great fall:
Though some look not lowe him to espie.
Sets many a man right, treading awrie.
The Dyer makes his colours in grain,
That quickly will not change or stain:

Be our coat what colour we will,
So pride our heart it do not spill.
The Gardener doth clip and pare,
To trim his walkes and borders square:
He raiseth pleasant mounts we find,
And seated Arbours coverd with Woodbind.
Through hollow vaults in dungeon deep,
Where vapering Damps their tydes do keep;
Thence culls the Miner gold friends may lend,
And Lead the token foe to foe send.
The Fisher to the salt Seas setteth sale,
We desire he may have a happie gale;
By him on the Land we live in more plentie,
If he do not thrive, our table more emptie.
The Fowlers horse and dogge well taught,
His Peece the best that can be bought;
Though Fowl be raised where they lie,
He can command them as they flie.
The Uphoulster to furnish the Bed,
For rest when sleep is in thy head:
Much sluggishnesse but duls the mind,
But livelinese becomes mankind.
The Colliar lest we fire should lack,
Doth bring us coals upon his back:
That wnen our house is beset with snow,
He may not see our nails to blowe.
The Shepherds care over their flocks,
To keep the bushes from their locks,
And to lead them into pastures drie,
If need require, the tar-bottle nigh.
The Grosser for out-landish spice,
With Figs, and Almonds, Dates, and Rice:
If poore folk to much Sugar their taste,
I fear their small wealth too soon will waste.
The Cook for bakt meats, boyl'd, and roste,
Sends to the table hot as a toste:
To please with sawce both stomack and taste,
Without excesse of making waste.
The Alehouse-keeper sets his signe,
The stranger may both sup and dine:
If any stayes to carowse and talk,
He tels them plainly, my friends go walk.
The Maltman here and there doth place,
And up and down his house doth chase:

His Malt to keep from akerspire,
And after dries it with soft fire.
The Brewer his strong Ale and Beere,
Many drooping hearts doth merrily cheer:
His smaller Beere for weaker braines,
Where quarrels and distempers raignes.
Many gives eare to the Bakers knock,
Unbarring their gates, and doores unlock:
Bread being ordain'd the chief staffe of life,
For man, his children, and his wife.
The Hatter with his Beaver trim,
And good strong Felt both crown and brim:
Of newest fashion the Hat-band wrote,
For to please chidren to be bought.
The Glover dresseth soft his leather,
To keep your hands from winde and weather:
And makes a Purse to keep your pence,
Think on the poore in time of expence.
The Inne keeper he looks not coy,
But entertains his guesse with joy:
Chaberlain, and Hostler at a call,
To answer unto great and small.
The Tapster I had like to Forgot,
While he went to wash the glasse and pot;
But travellers that are athirst,
Desires to talk with the Tapster first.
The Carrier travels up and down,
From Citie unto the Countrey town,
He useth not to ride poste or speed,
But faire and softly taking heed.
The many flowers and hearbs of fame,
The Apothecary can call by name:
Great cost and care takes to preserve,
From biting Winter them would starve.
The Physitian prayes health may stand,
If sicknesse come, send him horse well man'd:
No age so healthy but some must needs die,
And some recovered by Physicks reply.
The Chirurgion joyneth heart and hand,
To the cure of the wounded man:
And more that doth increase his fame,
He makes to walk the cripple, lame.
The Chandlour when the darksome night
Doth barre from us the comfortable light;

Then appears his Candles set in frames,
For guides in the streets his Torches flames.
The Musitian[s] heavenly voice,
Delights the eares, the heart rejoyce:
He turns and winds with curious straine,
Leaues idle songs to fellows vain.
The Imbroyderer works gold and pearl,
Fit for the Noble Lord, and Earl:
The meaner sort a golden praise,
To see them in good Countrey grayse.
The Labourer that works by the day,
Sleepeth more soundly then they that play:
Content with what he eats and drinks,
As them worth thousands as merrily thinks.
The Brasier, and the Pewterer,
Early and late themselues bestir,
To help house-keepers new and old,
With things needfull as siluer and gold.
The Tinker seeing others to work fall,
And he hauing none, aloud doth call:
Or on a Pan a peal doth ring,
That work unto him some would bring.
The Plaisterer and Painter rare,
Shapeth the Lyon, with Bull and Beare,
With other objects of delight,
For exercising of the sight.
The Glasier his glasse so clear,
The glorious Sunshine doth appear,
A welcome to our house we showe,
But blustering winds without to blowe.
The Chimney-sweeper with holly bush,
From top to bottom down doth brush;
The fiery sparks that turns to ashes,
Bred colly black with smokie flashes.
The Barbar with his washball sweet,
With Bason, Towell, and all things meet;
He cuts, and shaves with skilfull aime,
No cause to crie, fie, fie, fie for shame.
The Vintners treasure lies deep in ground,
Being well fenced and buckled round:
Neere to it sets a watch in a Bar,
To see what goes to the Sun and the Star.
The Sadler them that please to ride,
Of men or women that ride aside:

Provideth furniture good and strong,
They may ride easie, and the horse not wrong.
The Cutler makes the well tempred blade,
Both back and edge he learn'd well his trade.
He that will be angry at a straw,
Give him a wooden sword to weare and draw.
The Pedler comes with his pack ats back,
Saying, Dame what now do you lack?
See choice of Needles, Pins, Points, and Laces,
And for your little girles I have Bongraces.
The Servingman we may espie,
Diligent to his Master, tis no lie:
And if by chance a thief bid stand,
He strive, to vanquish that proud command.
The Printer paper and Inke he finds,
To print the thoughts of many minds:
One age to let another know,
What things hath hapned here belowe.
The Lawyer marks well the poore mans case,
Lest wrong should force right to give place;
His organ voice in the Judges eare rings,
While the adverse part full fore he stings.
The reverend Divine and grave,
Fights with Gods Word gainst the devils slave;
And humbly crave if this they see,
That no offence they take at me.
Now comes three Sergeants to arrest our bones,
And carrie them between hard stones:
Age, Sicknesse, Death, with his sting,
Remember alwayes of this thing.

FINIS.



Renascence Editions