

Apologie.

Plutarch in his Booke of
Musicke saith, that *Pherecrates* the Comickall
 Poet presented *Musicke* in forme and habite
 of a Woman, her body pitteously scourged
 and mangled; *Iustice* demaunding the reason,
 she in her complaint made answere, that *Me-*
lanipides, *Cynesias*, *Phrynis*, and *Timotheus*
 had through certaine *uncertaine Opinions* and
Changes, wrought her so much woe.

If *Pherecrates* had now liued, well and truely might he haue
 presented her * *Pannis annis q̄, obstitam*, with scarce *Ligatures* left to
 preserue the compacture of her *Body*, so much is she wrong'd, dila-
 cerated, dismembred, and disioynted in these our daies; she scarcely
 hath *Forme* or *Habite* left, but e'ne as a *Skeleton*, retaines onely a
 shape, or shadowe, of what she was in her former purity. * *Tercena.*

Now may she fit complayning, O woe is me, that was ordain'd
 for the welfare of all vertue in *Man*; O woe is me, that to whome I
 brought so much goodnesse, by him I should be vilified, and so ill
 intreated; O woe is me, that for whome, and for whose best good I
 ordain'd *Lawes* and *Precepts*, by him, and onely him, I should
 be thus abus'd, my *Lawes* violated, my *Precepts* reiected, and my
 selfe made a laughing stocke; O woe is me, that e're I was, or did
 so much good for *him* that sets so light by *me*.

And (if euer) this braine-sicke *Age* wherein we liue, may best
 testifie her misery; for neither *Her selfe*, nor her *Lawes* are regarded
 euen of her *Children*, but most led by their stragling passions runne
 after their owne rebellious Imaginations; which doth breed a mi-
 sery of miseries vnto *Her*, great grieffe and sorrow to her true borne
Children, and to all, a base wretched *Estimation*, aswell amongst
 those who know her *Eminencie*, as those who neuer knew *Her*, nor
 any other vertue.

And if we shall finde (as certainly finde we shall) in one mem-
 ber of *Her*, in one little part of her *Precepts*, so many erroneous and
 repugnant *Absurdities* committed, what should we meete with, if
 we did search into her whole *Body*? surely such a contumelious *In-*
surrection, that either for Ignorance or shame in so much wronging
Her, we must stand obstinate, and set *Her* at defiance, or with peace-
 able vnderstanding submit our selues to *Her Censure*, checking our
 wisfull