
To my deare Friend M^rister
T H O M A S R A V E N S C R O F T,
vpon this *Work*.

I Propheſie (deare Friend) that thou which giu'ſt
The Dead deſerued Bayes, ſhalt while thou liu'ſt
Neuer want Garlands of that Sacred Tree
To Crowne thee in *Eternall* memorie :
Thou that haſt made the dying Coales to Glowe
Of oul'd Ed: Piers his name; which now ſhall growe
('Gainſt all that enuious or malicious bee)
In high Opinion 'mongſt Poſteritie;
Nor ſhall they touch Worth without Reuerence,
In whome once dwelt ſuch perfect Excellence
In Heauenly Muſicke ; I may call it ſo,
If oul'd Pythagoras ſaid truly, who
Affirm'd that the Sphæres *Celeſtia*'l
Are in their Motion truly Muſicall:
And Man, in whome is found a humane Minde,
(Then Whome, (Angells except) who'e're could finde
A Nobler Creature) ſome affirme conſiſteth
Onely of Harmony, wherein exiſteth
The Soule of Muſicke; and yet (but for Thee)
This Man had dy'd to all mens memorie;
Whoſe Name (now cleau'd from ruſt) this *Work* of thine
(While there are Times or Men) I doe deuine
Shall keepe Aliue; nor ſhall thy owne Name die,
But by this *Work* liue to *Eternitie* :
And from it men hereafter ſhall pull out
Scourges, to laſh the baſe Mechanicke Rout
Of Mercenary Miniſtrels, who haue made
(To their owne ſcorne) this Noble Art, a Trade.

T H O : P I E R S .