Genius

Let not your gloryes darken to beholde
The place nor mee her Genius here so sad
Who in a vision have been lately told
That I must change the loved Lord I had
And hee now in the twilight of sere age
Beginne to seeke an habitation new
And all his fortunes, and himselfe engage
Vnto a Seate his father never knew
And I uncertaine what I must endure
Since al ye endes of Destiny are obscure.

Mercury. Despayre not Genius thou shalt know thy fate.
Genius. What sight is this so straunge and full of state?
Mercury. Daughters of night and Secrecy attend
You that draw out ye chayne of Destiny
vpon whose threeds both lives and times depend
and all the periods of mortality
The will of Jove is that you straight do looke
the change and fate vnto this house decreede
And speaking from your Adamantine booke
Vnto ye Genius of ye house it reede.
That hee may know and knowing blesse his lott
that such a grace beyond his hop
es hath gott.

Clotho. When vnderneath thy roofe is seene
The greatest King and fayrest Queene
Wth Princes an vnmatched payre
One hope of all the earth (theire heyre)
The other borne a Prince of Lorrayne
(their) blood and sprung of Charlemayne
That all these gloryes jointly shine
and fill thee wth a heate devine.

As if ye beames of every face
were drawne wthin one concave glasse
And these reflected do beget
A splendent Sunne yt nere shall sett.
But here shine fixed to affright
All after hopes of following night.
Then Genius is thy period come
To change thy Lord so fates do doom.
Mercury. That’s now.
Genius. But is my Patrone wth his lott content
So to forsake his fathers monument
Or is it gayne or els necessity
Or will to rayse some house of better frame
That makes him shut forth his posterity
out of his patrimony wth his name

Mercury. Nor gayne nor neede much lesse a vayne desire
to frame new roofes or build his dwelling higher
hee hath wth mortar busied bene too muche
that his affection should continue suche.

Genius. Doe men take joy in labours not t’enjoy?
Or doth theire busines all their liking spende?
have they more pleasure in a tedious way?
Then to repose them at theire journeys ende?

Mercury. Genius obey and not expostulate.
it is your vertue and such powers as you
Should make religion of offending fate.
Whose doomes are certayne and whose causes true.
Attend the rest.

Lachesis. The person for whose Royall sake
Thou must a change so happy make
is hee that governes wth his smyle
The lesser world this greatest Isle

[fol. 42]

The next to Godhead, who of grace
So oft hath changd thy masters name
and added honor to this place
by him vnlookd for till they came.
His Ladyses servant thou must bee
Whose second would great nature see
Or Fortune after all their payne
They might despayre to make againe.

Atropos Shee is the grace of all yt are
And as Elysa now a Starre
Vnto her lasting Crown & prayse
Thy humbler wallses at first did rayse
By vertue of her best aspect
Só shall Bell-Anna them protect
And this is all the fates can say
Wch first beleeve and then obey.

Genius. Mourn’d I before? could I commit a sinne
So much gainst kind or knowldg to protract
A joy, to wch I should have ravisht bene
And never shalbe happy till I act.
Vouchsafe fayre queene my patrons Zeale, in mee
Who fly wth fervour as my fate commandes
To yeld these keyes, and wish yt you could see
My hart as open to you as my handes.
There should you reade my faith my thought but
my joyes like waves each other overcome
and gladnes drowns where it begins to flow
Some greater powers speake out for myne are dombe

[fol. 42v]

O blessed change
And no lesse strange
where wee yt lose have wonne
And for a beame receave a sunne
So little sparkes become great fires
And highe rewardes crowne low desires
Was ever blisse [more]
more full and cleere then this
The present mon’th of may
nere look’d so fresh as doth this day
So gentle winde[.] breed happy springs
And duty thrives by breath of Kings.
But thankes yt Queene
Whose bounty it hath bene
Such liking first to take
And [And] of our Cell her Pallace make
So prosper still those happy walles
That are not raysiaed by others falles
Ioy then fayre place
Ioy in thy present grace
Ioy in thine innocence
Ioy in thy founders good expence
So this great day shall still to thee
In reverence kept holy bee