

6. *The upper World shall Rule,
While Stars will run their race:
The nether World obey,
While People keep their place.*

The Clench.

I*F any of these come out
So long's the World do last
Then credit not a word
Of what is said and past.*

E R R A T A AT NON CORRIGENDA.

NOW I come to rub over my work, I find five or six things like faults, which would be mended or commended, I know not well which, nor greatly care.

1. For *Levity*, read *Lepidity*, ——— and that a very little, and that very necessary, if not unavoidable.

*Misce stultitiam Consilij's brevem
---Dulce est desipere in loco. Horat.*

To speak to light heads with heavy words, were to break their Necks: to cloathe Summer matter, with Winter Rugg, would make the Reader sweat. It is Musick to me, to hear every Dity speak its spirit in its apt tune: every breast, to sing its proper part, and every Creature, to express it self in its natural Note: should I hear a Mouse roar like a Bear, a Cat lowgh like an Ox, or a Horse whistle like a Red-breast, it would scare — me.

*The World's a well strung fiddle, mans tongue the quill,
That fills the World with fumble for want of skill,
When things and words in tune and tone do meet,
The universal Song goes smooth and sweet.*

2. For *audacity*, read *veracity*, or *Verum Gallice non libenter audis*. Mart. Flattery never doth well, but when it is whispered through a pair of lisping teeth; Truth best, when it is
spoken