



THE Aierie *Sanguine*, in whose youthfull cheeke,
The *Pestane Rose*, and *Lilly* doe contend:
By nature is benigne, and gentlie meeke,
To Musick, and all merriment a friend;
As seemeth by his flowers, and girdondes gay,
Wherewith he dightes him, all the merry May.

And by him browsing, of the climbing vine,
The lustfull *Goate* is seene, which may import,
His pronenes both to women, and to wine,
Bold, bounteous, friend vnto the learned sort;
For studies fit, best louing, and belou'd,
Faire-spoken, bashfull, seld in anger mou'd.



NEXT *Choller* standes, resembling most the fire,
Of swarthie yeallow, and a meager face;
With Sword a late, vnfeathed in his Ire:
Neere whome, there lies, within a litle space,
A sterne ei'de Lion, and by him a sheild,
Charg'd with a flame, vpon a crimson feild.

We paint him young, to shew that passions raigne,
The most in heedles, and vnstaied youth:
That Lion shoves, he seldome can refraine,
From cruell deede, deuoide of gentle ruth:
Or hath perhaps, this beast to him assign'd,
As bearing most, the braue and bounteous mind.



T 2.

Phlegma.



HEERE *Melancholly* musing in his fits,
Pale visag'd, of complexion cold and drie,
Allsolitarie, at his studie sits,
Within a wood, deuoide of companie:
Saue Madge the Owle, and melancholly Puffe,
Light-loathing Creatures, hatefull, ominous.

His mouth, in signe of silence, vp is bound,
For *Melancholly* loues not many wordes:
One foote on Cube is fixt vpon the ground,
The which him plodding *Constancie* affordes:
A sealed Purse he beares, to shew no vice,
So proper is to him, as *Avarice*.



HEERE *Phlegme* sits coughing on a Marble seate,
As Citie-vsurers before their dore:
Of Bodie grosse, not through excesse of meate,
But of a Drop sic, he had got of yore:
His slothfull hand, in's bosome still he keeps,
Drinckes, spits, or nodding, in the Chimney sleeps.

Beneath his feete, there doth a *Tortoise* crall,
For slowe pace, Sloth's Hieroglyphick here,
For Phlegmatique, hates Labour most of all,
As by his course araiment, may appeare:
Nor is he better furnished I find,
With Science, or the virtues of the mind.

