The Phoenix nest.

The Cheffe Play.
Very aptly devise by N. B. Gent.

A Secret many yeeres vnseene,
In play at Cheffe, who knowes the game,
First of the King, and then the Queene,
Knight, Bishop, Rook, and so by name,
Of euery Pawne I will deferre,
The nature with the qualitie.

The King.

The King himselfe is haughtie Care,
Which overlooketh all his men,
And when he seeth how they fare,
He steps among them now and then,
Whom, when his foe presumes to chekke,
His servaunts stand, to give the necke.

The Queene.

The Queene is quaint, and quicke Conceit,
Which makes his walke which way the lift,
And rootes them vp, that lie in wait
To worke his treason, ere the wift:
Hir force is such against his foes,
That whom she meetes, she overthrowes.

The Knight.

The Knight is knowledge how to fight
Against his Princes enimies,
He never makes his walke outright,
But leaps and skips, in wilie wife,
To take by sleight a traitrous foe,
Might filolie secke their overthrowe.

The