

The Humors

①

The Sanguin gamesome is, and nothing nice [i.e., not shy].
Loves wine and women, and all recreation,
Likes pleasant tales, and newes, playes cardes and dice.
Fit for all company, and every fashion:
Though bold, not apt to take offence, nor irefull,
But bountifull and kind, and looking chearfull:
Inclining to be fat, and prone to latter,
Loves myrth, and Musicke, and cares not what comes after.

The Humors

③

Sharpe Choller is an humour most pernitious,
All violent, and fierce, and full of fire,
Of quick conceit, and therewithal ambitious,
Their thoughts to greater fortunes still aspyre,
Proud, Bountifull enough, yet oft malicious,
A right bold speaker, and as bold a lyer.
On little cause to anger great inclined,
Much eating still, yet ever looking pined;
In younger years they used to grow apace,
In elder hayry on their breast and face.

The Humors

②

The Melancholie from the rest do vary,
Both sport and ease, and company refusing,
Exceeding studious, ever solitary,
Inclining pensive still to bee, and musing.
A secret hate to other apt to carry,
Most constant in his choise, tho long a choosing,
Extream in love sometime, yet seldom lustfull,
Suspicious in his nature, and mistrustfull,
A wary wit, a hand much given to sparing,
A heavy look, a spirit little daring.

The Humors

④

The Flematique are most of no great growth,
Inclining rather to be fat and square,
Given much unto their ease, to rest and sloth,
Content in knowledge to take little share,
To put themselves in paine most loth,
So dead their spirits, so dull their senses are:
Still either sitting, to avoid the flegme,
One quality doth yet these harmes repayre,
That for the most part the Flegmatiques are fayre.