

# Verse on the Threefold Sophic Fire

This poem in praise of the threefold sophic fire is included in William Y-Worth, *The Compleat Distiller...*, London 1705.

In Laudem Trium Sophicorum Ignium.

Heat, that produces many things, must prepare  
Their Bodies, and disclose what Forms they wear,  
By Fire, the Sovereign Element, we thence  
A Vinegar derive, no Friend to Sence,  
Nor flatt'r'er of the Palate, 'tis compos'd  
Of Earth and Water, amicably clos'd;  
Thence it dissolves to Water, and the white  
Sublimate Sal-Armoniack, which unite  
Into Earths White and red, and Mercur,  
To form the Prior Body does comply,  
And Tripple Vessel of Philosophy:  
The Blood, that fiery Dragon qualifies,  
And makes the the Mercurial Vessel rise;  
And thence the Female Dragon does proceed,  
Who to the Male must afterwards recede:  
As Nature in the Orb does circulate  
By sending (order'd by the Laws of Fate)  
The Spermy Doses to the Earth, which sink,  
And thence the Sun does rising moisture drink;  
And leaves the multiplying Sperm, which does  
Proceed on Bodies; 'tis the way that's chose  
By Nature, and her Circulation shows.  
Three Eagles do resemble it, and shew  
The Compound Vinegar's free Medium there,  
By which the Blood and Body strengthen'd are;  
The one its Central Spirit does allow,  
The other does its vital Life bestow;  
And both combine together to produce  
Our Second Fire of Philosophick use;  
Thence the Third Fire, the Mountain's Floody sperm  
Is freed; and this we Artfully affirm;  
Unvail'd, unbound, from Earthly Chains set free,  
This third most sacred Fire the Sophi see;  
Which Azoth some, but others do it name  
The Lyon Green, well known in Rolls of Fame;  
By which they do their Sun and Moon conjoyn,  
And Nature thus with Nature do Combine:  
By this are clip'd the swift Cyllenian Wings;  
The Body this to Dissolution brings;  
By this moist Heat the Sun and Moon descend,  
And all their Vertues downward it attend;  
These downward drawn afford a lovely sight,  
While in the Blood and Body they unite;  
And under these two Forms when they come near,  
Far stronger than before they then appear;  
Since in the Triune Fountain we behold

What e'er in Mystick Fable we are told,  
Of that fierce fiery Colchian Beast,  
Within whose Bowels Treasures hid do rest;  
Who doth the Magi's Chalybs there conceal,  
Which worthy is of Wisdom to reveal:  
Th' Elixir gives our Second Fire compleat,  
The Volatile is fixed by its Heat;  
Nor of Addition is here any need,  
Besides it can produce a living Seed;  
The living Seed of Metals here does lye,  
Not dead, discover'd by the Artists Eye;  
This is that Gur, that noble Lunar Oyl,  
For which so many vainly rove and toyl;  
This Fire it is which made Pontanus wise,  
The Fire, which made Artephius so to rise.  
In Years, and all the living Weights excel;  
For nothing can its mighty force repel:  
From Sulphur is its Birth; but make not hast,  
If you wou'd not your Time and Labour wast;  
Since from the Matter this you must not take,  
For it's a Sulphur of another make:  
But when the Blood and Mercury you have found,  
And it by dextrous hidden Art have bound;  
Then Nature learn sweetly to imitate,  
As she will teach you how to circulate;  
In her Circulations your Pattern see  
Always; and from this Pattern never flee:  
This now to animate and fortifie,  
Eagles, be sure, you must seven more let fly;  
By every flight the Light begets a day,  
While Darkness from the Light makes hast away;  
In every one a Separation's made,  
The vanquish'd Darkness now can't make afraid;  
For see, behold the Splendour that appears;  
See the bright Nymph, that here her Head uprears;  
A living Splendent Fountain now doth run,  
With a Transcendent Brightness, as the Sun,  
Shining and streaming Vertue all a-round,  
By which it penetrates whole Nature's Ground;  
This, as the Azoth true, our living Spring,  
The Body to Perfection soon will bring:  
Here Laton, melted, open'd and calcin'd,  
By this Mercurial Fire is refin'd;  
Laton, our Gold, here many times baptize,  
We do imbibe and wash, till to its size  
And Standard true, it do at last arrive,  
For which it will be worth our while to strive;  
Nor is there loss of any other part,  
But all remains, not touch'd, nor chang'd by Art:  
For this Immortal Fiery Liquor's such,  
As nought can ever change, or ever touch;  
This with the Matter cannot alter'd be;  
By it the Matter alter'd we shall see;  
So as thereby to be transparent quite,  
And thus made almost of a radiant white;  
Which to the Nature of a Spirit turns,

While it in Spirit unconsumed burns:  
The Spirit with the Body thus conjoyn'd,  
We thence a most excelling Creature find;  
In which a Trine of Principles doth lye,  
Pure Salt, pure Sulphur and pure Mercury;  
These Art can separate, and then unite;  
That Art of which the hidden Sophi write,  
But none besides, none but Dame Nature's Art,  
This wondrous Secret ever did impart:  
Within this Mine two Stones of old were found,  
Whence this the Antients called Holy Ground;  
Who knew their Value, Power and Extent,  
And Nature how with Nature to Ferment  
For these if you Ferment with Nat'ral Gold  
Or Silver, their hid Treasures they unfold,  
According to their Natures then proceed,  
And take care properly each one to feed;  
Imbibe, Multiply, and when you project,  
Then shall be seen the wonderful Effect;  
Which may indeed the ignorant amaze,  
Not so the Wise, who will not vainly gaze;  
But falling prostrate down will God adore  
And joyful offer up to him their Store.