

# POEMS

OF

## GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

### FLOWERS.

#### THE ANATOMY OF A LOUER.

**T**O make a louër knowne, by plaine Anatomie,  
You louers all that list beware, loe here behold  
you me. [might moue,  
Who though mine onely lookes, your pittie wel  
Yet every part shall playe his part, to paint the  
pages of loue.  
If first my feeble head, haue so much matter left,  
If fantasies raging force haue not, his feeble skill  
bereft. [dazled eyes,  
These lockes that hang vnkempt, these hollowe  
These chattering teeth, this trebling tongue, well  
teued with carefull cries.  
These wan and wrinkled cheekes, wel washt with  
waues of woe, [carkasse goe.  
Maye stand for patternes of a ghost, where so this  
These shoulders they sustaine, the yokes of heauy  
care, [I beare.  
And on my brusèd broken backe, the burdeu must  
These armes quite braunfaine are, with beating on  
my brest, [craunth rest:  
This right hand weary is to write, this left hand  
These sides enclose the forge, where sorrowe playes  
the smith, [mettall with.  
And hote desire, hath kindled fire, to worke this  
The Anuile is my heart, my thoughtes they strike  
the stroake, [sighes ascend for smoake.  
My lights and lunges like bellowes blow, and  
My secreete partes are so with secreete sorrowoken,  
As for the secreete shame thereof, deserves not to  
be spoken, [my feete,  
My thighes, my knees, my legges, and last of all  
To serue a louers turne, are so vnable and vneste,  
That scarce they sustaine vp, this restlesse body  
well, [doth dwell,  
Unless it be to see the boare, wherein my loue  
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And there by sight oftsoone, to feede my gazing  
eye,  
And so content my hungrie corps, tyll dollours  
doe me dye:  
Yet for a iust reward of loue so dearly bought,  
I pray you saye, loe this was he, whome loue had  
worne to nought.

*Exit or return.*

#### THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOUER.

As Beautyes barre as I dyd stande,  
When false suspect accused mee,  
George (quod the Judge) holde vp thy hands,  
Thou art arraignde of Flatterye:  
Tell therefore howe thou wylt bee tryde:  
Whose iudgement here wylt thou abyde,

My Lorde (quod I) this Lady here,  
Whome I esteeme about the rest,  
Doth knowe my guiltie if any were:  
Wherefore hir doome shall please me best  
Let hir bee Judge and Jurour boathe,  
To trye mee guiltlesse by myne oathe.

Quod Beantie, no, it fitteth not,  
A Prince hir selfe to iudge the cause:  
Wyll is our Justice well you wot,  
Appointed to discusse our Lawes:  
If you wyll guiltlesse seeme to goe,  
God and your countrey quite you so.

Then crafte the cryer cal'd a quest,  
Of whome was falshoode formost feere,  
A pack of pickethankes were the rest,  
Which came false witnessse for to beare,  
The Jurye suche, the Judge vniust,  
Sentence was sayde I should be trust.

Jelous the Jayler bound mee fast,  
To heare the verditte of the byll,  
George (quod the Judge) nowe thou art cast,  
Thou must goe hence to heaue hill,  
And there be hangde all but the head,  
God rest thy soule when thou art dead.

Downe fell I then vpon my knee,  
All flatte before Dame Beauties face,  
And cryed, good Ladye pardon mee,  
Which here appeale vnto your grace,  
You knowe if I haue beene vntrue,  
It was in too much praying you.

And though this Judge doe make suche haste,  
To shead with shame my guiltlesse blood:  
Yet let your pittie first bee plaste,  
To saue the man that meant you good,  
So shall you shewe your selfe a Quene,  
And I maye bee your seruaunt scene.

(Quod Beautie) well: because I guesse,  
What thou dost meane henceforth to bee,  
Although thy faultes deserue no lesse,  
Than Justice here hath iudged thee,  
Wylt thou be bounde to stynt all strife,  
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe?

Yea Madame (quod I) that I shall,  
Loe sayth and trusth my suerties<sup>1</sup>:  
Why then (quod shee) come when I call,  
I aske no better warrantise.  
Thus am I Beauties bounden thrall,  
At hir commaunde when shee doth call.

*Ever or neuer.*

### THE PASSION OF A LOUER.

I **SMYLE** sometimes although my griebe be great,  
To heare and see these louers paint their paine,  
And how they can in pleasaunt rimes repeate,  
The passing pang, which they in fancies faine.  
But if I had such skylt to frame a verse,  
I could more paine than all their panges rehearse

Some says they finde nor peace, nor power to  
fight,  
Which seemeth strange: but stranger is my state:  
I dwell in dole, yet sojorne with delight,  
Reposde in reste, yet weryed with debate.  
For flatte repaile, might well appease my wyl,  
But fancie fightes, to trye my fortunes styll.

Some other says they hope, yet lye in dread,  
They friese, they flame, they die aloft, they fall,  
But I, nor hope with happe to raise my braid,  
Nor feare to sloupe, for why, my gate is small.  
Nor can I friese, with cold to kyl my heart,  
Nor yet so flame, as might consume my smart.

How lye I then, which thus drawe fourth my  
dayes?  
Or tell me howe, I found this feuer first?  
What fit I feele? what distance? what delayes?  
What griebe? what ease? what lyke I best? what  
worst? [paine]  
These thinges they tell, which seeke redresse of  
And so wyl I, although I coumpt it vaine.

<sup>1</sup> Common Bayll.

I lye in loue, euen so I lye to lye,  
(Oh happie state, twise happie be that findes it)  
But loue to life this cognisance doth geue,  
This badge this marke, to euery man that findes it,  
Loue lendeth life, which (dying) cannot dye,  
Nor lyeing lye: and such a life leade I.

The Sunny dayes which gladdes the saddest  
wightes,

Yet neuer shine to cleare my misty moone:  
No quiet sleepe, amide the mooneshine nightes,  
Can close mine eyes, when I am woe begone.  
Into such shades my peeuish sorrowe shrowdes,  
That Saune and Moone are still to me in clowdes.

And feuerlike I feede my fancie styll,  
With such repast, as most empaires my health,  
Which feuer first I caught by wanton wyl,  
When opes of kind dyd stirre my blood by stealth:  
And gazing eyes, in bewtie put such trust,  
That loue enflamd my liuer al with lust.

My fits are lyk the furer Ectick fits,  
Which oue daye quakes within and burnes without,  
The next day heate within the boosoms sits,  
And shivering colde the body goes about,  
So is my heart most hote when hope is colde,  
And quaketh most when I most heate behold.

Tormented thus without delayes I stand,  
All wayes in one and euermore shalbe,  
In greatest griebe when helpe is nearest hand,  
And best at ease if death might make me free:  
Delighting most in that which hurtes my heart,  
And hating change which might relieue my smart.

### LENDOWE.

Yet you deare dame: to whome this cure pertaynes,  
Deuise by times some drammes for my disease,  
A noble name shall be your greatest gaines,  
Whereof be sure, if you wyl worke mine ease.  
And though fond foules set forth their fits so fast,  
Yet graunt with me that my strange passion past,  
*Ever or neuer.*

### A STRAUNGE PASSION OF A LOUER.

Amid my Bale I bath in blisse,  
I swim in heauen, I siake in hell:  
I find amends for euery misse,  
And yet my moane no tongue can tell.  
I lye and loue, what wold you more:  
As neuer louer liu'd before.

I laugh sometimes with little lust,  
So iest I oft and feele no ioye:  
Myne ease is huilded all on trust:  
And yit mistrust breeds myne anye.  
I lye and lacke; I lacke and haue:  
I haue and misse the tbing I craue.

These thinges seeme strange, yet are they trew.  
Behene me sweete my state is such,  
One pleasure which I wold eschew,  
Both slakes my grief and breeds my gutch.  
So doth one paine which I wold shoon,  
Renew my ioyes where grief begoon.

Then like the lark that past the night,  
In heary sleepe with cares opprest:  
Yit when shee spies the pleasaunt light,  
She sends sweete notes from out hir breast.

<sup>1</sup> There is indeede suche a kinde of feuer.

So sing I now because I thinke  
How ioyes approche, when sorrowes shrinke.

And as fayre Philomene againe,  
Can watch and singe when other sleepe:  
And taketh pleasure in hir payne,  
To wray the woo that makes hir weepe.  
So sing I now for to bewray  
The lothsome life I lead away.

The which to thee (*deare manche*) I write,  
That know'st my mirth, but not my moane:  
I praye God graunt thee deepe delight,  
To liue in ioyes when I am gone.  
I cannot liue, it wyll not bee:  
I dye to thinke to parte from thee.  
*Friedrich Naher.*

THE DIUORCE OF A LOUER.

DIUORCE me nowe good death, from loue and  
lingring life, [was my wife,  
That one hath been my concubine, that other  
In youth I lined with loue, she had my lastye  
dayes, [widering waies,  
In age I thought with lingering life, to stay my  
But now abuse by both, I come for to complaine,  
To thee good death, in whom my helpe doth wholly  
now remain,

My libell loe behold: wherein I doe protest,  
The procease of my plaint is true, in which my  
griefe doth rest. [trimme,

First loue my concubine (whome I haue kept so  
Euen she for whome I second of yore, in seas of  
ioy to swimme:

To whom I dare awoe, that I haue serued as well,  
And played my part as gallantly, as he that beares  
the bell)

She cast me of long since, and holdes me in  
disdaine, [is but vaine.

I cannot pranke to please hir nowe, my vaunting  
My writhed cheekes bewraye, that pride of heate  
is past, [ture fastest,

My staring steppes eke tell the truth, that na-  
My quaking crooked ioytes, are combed with  
the crumpe, [feede my lampe.

The boxe of oyle is wasted wel, which once dyd  
The greenesse of my yeares, doth wyther now so  
sore, [me no more,

That lusty loue leapes quite awaye, and lyketh  
And loue my lemman gone, what lyketh can I take?  
In lothsome lyfe that croked croone, although she  
be my make? [cold,

Shee cloyes me with the cough, hir comfort is but  
She bids me giue mine age for almes, wher first  
my youth was sold. [hrall,

No day can pase my head, but she beginsnes to  
No mery thoughts conceiued so fast, but she  
confounds them al. [still,

When I pretend to please, she ouerthwarts me  
When I would faynest part, with hir, she ouerwayes  
my will. [hand,

Be indge then gentle death, and take my cause in  
Consider euery circumstance, marke how the  
case doth stand. [none see,

Percease thou witte aledge, that cause thou canst  
But that I like not of that one, that other likes  
not me:

Such a sect there is that desire no longer lyfe  
than whiles they are in loue.

Yes gentle iudge giue care, and thou shalt see me  
proue,

My concubine incontinent, a common whore is loue.  
And in my wyfe I find, such discord and debate,  
As no man liuing can endure the tormetates of  
my state. [then both.

Wherefore thy sentence say, deuorce me from  
Since only thou mayst right my wronges, good  
death nowe be not loath.

But cast thy piercing dart, into my panting brest,  
That I may leaue both loue and life, and thereby  
purchase rest.

*Haud ictus sapio.*

THE LULLABIE OF A LOUER.

SING lullaby, as women doe,  
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,  
And lullaby can I sing to,  
As womanly as can the best,  
With lullaby they still the childe,  
And if I be not much beguild,  
Full many wanton babes haue I,  
Which must be stild with lullabie.

First lullaby my youthfull yeares,  
It is nowe time to go to bed,  
For crooked age and hoary heares,  
Haue wone the hauen with in my head:  
With Lullaby then youth be still,  
With Lullaby content thy will,  
Since courage quayles, and comnes behind,  
Go sleepe, and so beguile thy mlude.

Next Lullaby my gazing eyes,  
Which wouted were to glaunce aspace.  
For euery Glasse maye nowe suffice,  
To shewe the furrowes in my face:  
With Lullabye then winke awhile,  
With Lullabye your lookes beguile:  
Lette no fayre face, nor beautie brighte,  
Entice you este with vayne delighte.

And Lullaby my wanton will,  
Lette reasons rule, nowe reigne thy thought,  
Since all to late I finde by skylly,  
Howe deare I haue thy faasies bought:  
With Lullaby nowe tak thyne ease,  
With Lullaby thy doubtles appeare:  
For trust to this, if thou be styll,  
My body shall obey thy will.

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Thus Lullabye my youth, myne eyes,  
My will, my ware, and all that was,  
I can no mo delayes deuise,  
But welcome paync, let pleasure passe:  
With Lullaby now take your leaue,  
With Lullaby your dreames deceiue,  
And when you rise with waking eye,  
Remember then this Lullabye.

*Euer or Neuer.*

THE LAMENTATION OF A LOUER.

Now haue I found the waie, to weepe and wayle  
my fill, [my will.  
Now can I endie my dolfull dayes, and so content  
The way to weepe inough, for such as list to wayle,  
Is this: to go aboard the ship, whers pleasure  
beareth ayle.

And there to make the iestes, of every ioyfull  
wight,  
And with what winde and wane they feet, to  
nourish their delight.  
For as the striken Deare, that seeth his fellowes  
feede, [to bleede,  
Amid the iustie heard (vnhurt), and feeles himselfe  
Or as the seely byrd, that with the Bolte is brusd,  
And lieth aloofe among the leaues, of al hir  
pheares refusd, [reioyce,  
And heares them sing full shrill, yet cannot she  
Nor frame one warbling note to passe, out of hir  
mournfull voyce. [payne,  
Euen so I finde by prooffe, that pleasure dubleth  
Unto a wretched wounded hart, which doth in  
woe, remaine. [ioye,  
I passe where pleasure is, I heare some sing for  
I see som laugh, som other daunce, in spight of  
darke annoy.  
But out alas my mind, amends not by their myrth,  
I deeme al pleasurs to be paine, that dwell aboue  
the earth. [breath,  
Such heauy humors feede, the bloud that lendes me  
As mery medicus cannot serue, to keepe my corps  
from death.

*Spirata lamen visuat.*

Certaine verses written to a Gentlewoman whome  
hee liked very wel, and yet had neuer any  
opportunity to discover his affection, being al-  
wayes bridled by ielouse looks which attended  
them both, and therefore guessing by hir lokes,  
that she partly also liked him: he wrote in a  
booke of hirs as foloweth, being termed with  
the rest that follow

#### THE LOKES OF A LOUER ENAMOURED.

Thou with thy lokes on whom I loke full ofte,  
And find there in great cause of deepe delight:  
Thy face is fayre, thy skin is smoth and softe,  
Thy lippes are sweet, thine eyes are cleere and  
bright,  
And euery part seemes pleasant in my sight.  
Yet wote thou well, those lokes haue wrought my wo,  
Bicause I lone to looke vpon them so.

For first those lokes allurd mine eye to loke,  
And strayght mine eye stird vp my hart to loue:  
And cruell lous with deepe deceitfull booke,  
Chokt vp my mind whom fancie cannot moue,  
Nor hope releue, nor other helpe behoue:  
But still to loke, and though I loke to much,  
Nedes must I loke bicause I see none such.

Thus in thy lokes my lone and life haue bold,  
And with such life my death drawes on a pace:  
And for such death no medicine can be told,  
But loking still vpon thy louely face,  
Wherin are painted pittie, peace, and grace,  
Then though thy lokes should cause me for to dye,  
Nedes must I looke, bicause I liue therby.

Since then thy lokes my lyfe haue so in thrall,  
As I can like none other lokes but thine:  
Lo here I yeelde my lyfe, my loue, and all  
Into thy hands, and all things else resigne,  
But libertie to gaze vpon thyne eyes.  
Which when I doe, then think it were thy part,  
To loke again, and linke with me in hart.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

With these verses you shall iudge the quicke ca-  
pacitie of the Lady: for she wrote thereunder  
this short aunswere.

LOOKE aslong as you lyst, but surely ill take you  
looking, I will looke with you.

And for a further prooffe of this Dames quicke  
vnderstanding, you shall now vnderstande, that  
sone after this aunswere of hirs, the same Auc-  
thour chanced to be at a supper in hir company,  
where were also hir brother, hir husband, and  
an old louer of hirs by whom shee had bene long  
suspected. Nowe, although there wanted no  
delicate viandes to content them, yet their  
chiefe repast was by entreglancing of lokes. For  
the Aucthour being stong with hotte affection,  
coule none otherwyse relieue his passion but  
by gazing. And the Dame of a cartoons encli-  
nation deigned (nowe and then) to requite the  
same with glancing at him. Hir olde louer oc-  
cupied his eyes with watching: and her brother  
perceiuing all this coule not abstaine from  
winking, whereby hee might putte his Syster in  
remembraunce, least she should too much forget  
hir selfe. But most of all her husbände behold-  
ing the first, and being eoyll pleased with the  
seconde, scarce contented with the thirde, and  
misconstruing the fourth, was constraigned to  
playe the fifth part in frowarde frowning. This  
royall banquet thus passed ouer, the Aucthor  
knowing that after supper they should passe the  
tyme in propounding of Ryddles, and making  
of purposes: contrined all this conceipt in a  
Riddle as followeth. The which was no soner  
pronounced, but shee coule perfectly perceiue  
his intent, and draue out one wayle with another,  
as also ensuewth.

#### His Ryddle.

I CAST mine eye and sawe ten eyes at once,  
All seemelye set vpon one lonely face:  
Twoo gaz'd, twoo gianc'd, twoo watched for the  
nonce.  
Twoo winked wiles, twoo frownd with froward  
grace.  
Thus euerye eye was pitched in his place.  
And euerye eye which wrought eche others wo,  
Saide to it selfe, alas why lookt I so?  
And euerye eye for ielousie did pine,  
And sigh'd and sayde, I would that eye were mine.  
*Si fortunatus infelix.*

In all this lonelie company was not one that coule  
and would expound the meaning bereof. At  
last the Dame hir selfe answered on this wise.  
Syr, quod she, because your darke speach is  
much to curious for this simple company, I wyl  
bee so bolde as to quit one question with an-  
other. And when you haue answered mine, it  
maye fall out peradventure, that I shall some-  
what the better iudge of yours.

#### Hir Question.

WHAT thing is that which swimmes in blisse,  
And yet consumes in burning grieife:  
Which being plaste where pleasure is,  
Can yet recouer no reliefe.  
Which sees to sight, and sighes to see,  
All this is one, what maye it bee?

He held him selfe herewith contented: and afterwards when they were better acquainted, he chaunced once (groping in her pocket) to find a letter of hir olde louers: and thynking it were better to wincke than vtterlye to put out his eyes, seemed not to vnderstande this first offence: but soone after finding a lemman (the which he thought he sawe hir olde lemman put there) he deuised therof thus, and deliuered it vnto hir in writing.

I GROOPED in thy pocket pretty peate,  
And found a Lemman which I looked not:  
So founde I once (which nowe I must repeat)  
Both leaues and letters which I tyked not.  
Such hap haue I to finde and seeke it not,  
But since I see no faster meanes to bind them.  
I wyll (henceforth) take Lemmans as I finde them.

The dame within verie short space dyd aunswere it thus.

A LYMONNE (but no Lemmane) syr you found,  
For Lemmans beare their name to broade before:  
The which since it hath giuen you such a wound,  
That you seeme now offended very sore:  
Content your selfe you shall find (there) no more.  
But take your Lemmans henceforth where you lust,  
For I wyll shewe my letters where I trust.

#### THE LOOKES OF A LOUER FORSAKEN:

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEWOMAN WHO PASSED BY HIM WITH HER ARMES SET BRAGGING BY HER SIDES, AND LEFTE IT VFINISHED AS FOLLOWETH.

WERE my hart set on hoygh as thins is bent,  
Or in my hrest so braue and stout a will:  
Then (long ere this) I coulde haue bene content,  
With sharpe reueng thy carelesse corpes to kill.  
For why thou knowest (although thou know not all)

What rule, what raygne, what power, what segnory,  
Thy melting minde did yeeld to me (as thrall)  
When first I pleased thy wandring fantasie.  
What lingring lookes bewray'd thynne inward thought,

What panges were publishd by perplexicitis,  
Such reakes the rage of loue in thee had wrought  
And no gramercie for thy curtesie.  
I list not vaunt, but yet I dare anowe  
(Had bene my harmeslesse hart as harde as thine)  
I coulde haue bounde thee then for starting powe,  
In bondes of bale, in panges of deadly pynne.  
For why by prof the field is eath to win,  
Where as the chieftaynes yeeld them selues in chaynes;

The port or passage plaine to enter in,  
Where porters list to leaue the key for gaynes.  
But did I then deuise with crueltie,  
(As tyrants do) to kill the yeelding pray?  
Or did I bragge and boast triumphantly,  
As who should saye the field were mine that daye?  
Did I retire my selfe out of thy sight  
To beat afresh the bulwarkes of thy brest?  
Or did my mind in choyce of change delight,  
And render thee as refuse with the rest?  
No Tygre no, the lyon is not lewd,  
He shewes no force on seely wounded sheepe, &c.

Whiles he sat at the dore of his lodging, deuising these verses aboue rehersed, the same Gentlewoman passed by againe, and cast a longe looke towards him, whereby he left his former inuention and wrote thus.

HOWE long she lookt, that lookt at me of late,  
As who would say, hir lookes were all for lone:  
When God he knowes they came from deadly hate,

To pinch me yit with panges which I must proude.  
But since my lokes hir liking maye not moue,  
Looke where she likes, for lo this looke was cast,  
Not for my loue, but euen to see my last.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

ANOTHER SONET WRITTEN BY THE SAME GENTLEWOMAN, VPPON THE SAME OCCASION.

I LOOKT of late, and sawe thee loke ashanck,  
Upon my dore, to see if I satte there,  
As who should say: if he be there by chance,  
Yet maye he thinke I loke him enery where.  
No cruell no, thou knowest and I can tell,  
How for thy loue I layd my<sup>3</sup>lokes a side:  
Though thou (par case) hast lookt and liked wel,  
Some newe founde lookes amide this world so wide.  
But since thy lookes my loue hate  $\theta$  in chaynd  
That to my lokes, thy liking now is past:  
Loke where thou likest, and let thy hands be staynd,

In true loues bloud, which thou shalt lack at last,  
So looke, so lack, for in those toys thus lost,  
My lookes thy loue, thy lookes my life haue lost.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

TO THE SAME GENTLEWOMAN BECAUSE SHE CHALLENGED THE AUGHTOUR FOR HOLDING DOWNE HIS HEAD ALWAYNE, AND FOR THAT HER LOOKED NOT VPPON HIM IN WORTEDE MANNER.

You must not wonder though you thinke it strange,  
To see me holde my lowring head so lowe:  
And that myne eyes take no deliyght to rounge,  
About the gleames which on your face doe growe.  
The mouse which once hath broken out of trappe,  
Is sildome tised with the trustlesse bryte,  
But lyes aloofe for feare of more mishappe,  
And feedeth styll in doubte of deepe deceipte.  
The scorched eye which once hath scapt the flame,  
Wyll hardiye come to playe againe with fyre.  
Whereby I learne that greenous is the game,  
Which followes fantasie darled by desire,  
So that I wyne or else holde downe my head,  
Because your blazing eyes my bale haue bred.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

#### THE RECANTACION OF A LOUER.

Now must I needes recant the wordes which  
once I spoke,  
Fond fantasie fumes so nic my noose, I needes must  
small the smoke:  
And better were to beare a Faggot from the fire,  
Than wyfully to burne and blaze, in flames o  
vaine desire. [well  
You Judges then giue care, you people marke me  
I saye, both heauen and earth record the tale,  
which I shall tell.

And knowe that dread of death, nor hope of better  
hap,

Have forced or perswaded me to take my turning  
But euen that mighty loue, of his great clemencie,  
Hath ginen me grace at last to iudge, the trueth  
from heresie :

I saye then and professe, with free and faithfull  
That womēs vowes are nothing els, but snares of  
secret smart :

Their beauties blaze are hautes which seeme of  
pleasant taste,

But who deuoures the hidden hooke, eates poyson  
Their smyling is deceipt, their faire wordes traines  
of treason,

Their wit alwayes so full of wyles, it skorneth rules  
Percause some present here, haue heard my selfe of  
yore,

Both teach and preach the contrary, my fault was  
I graunt my workes were these, first one Anatomie,  
Wherein I painted euery pang of louers perplexitye:  
Next that I was arraignde, with George holde vp  
thy baud,

Whercin I yeelded Bewties thrall, at hir commaund  
Myne eyes so blinded were, (good people marke  
my tale)

That once I song, I Bathe in Blisse, amiddē my  
And many a frantike verse, then from my penne  
dyd passe,

In waues of wicked heresie, so deepe I drowned  
All which I nowe recant, and here before you  
burne

Those trifling bookes, from whose lewde lore my  
And henceforth wyl I write, howe mad is that  
mans minde,

Which is entist by any traine to trust in woman-  
I spare not wedlocke I, who lyat that state aduance,  
Aske Astolfe<sup>1</sup> king of Lumbardie, howe trim his  
dwarfe coulde daunce.

Wherefore sayre ladies you, that heare me what  
I saye,

If you hereafter see me dippe, or seeme to goe  
Or if my tongue reuolte from that which nowe it  
sayth,

Then plague me thus, Befeece it not, for this is nowe  
*Haed ichu sapie.*

#### IN PRAYSE OF BRIDGES, NOWE LADY SANDES.

In Court who so demaunders what Daine doth most  
excell,

For my conceyt I must needs say, faire Bridges  
Upon whose liuely obecke, to prooue my iudge-  
ment true,

The Rose and Lillie seeme to strive for equal changu  
And therewithall so well her graces all agree,  
No frowning obecke dare once presume in hir  
sweete face to bee.

Although some faulsh lippes, which like some  
Wyll saye the blenshis on hir browe disgraceth  
all the rest<sup>2</sup>.

Thereto I thus rephe, God wote they little know,  
The hidden cause of that mishap, nor how the  
burne dyd grow.

<sup>1</sup> Astolf being the goodliest personne in the  
worlde founde a dwarfe lying with his wife.

<sup>2</sup> She had a scar on her forehead. See Percy's  
Relics, vol. 2. p. 150. Edit. 1765. C.

For when Dame nature first had framde hir  
heauenly face,

And thoroughly bedecked it, with goodly gleames  
It lyked hir so well: Lo here (quod shee) a peece,  
For perfect shape that passeth all Apelles works  
in Greece.

This hayte may chance to catche the greatest  
Or mighty thundring loue himself that rules the  
roast above.

But out, alas, those wordes were vaunted all in  
And some vnseene were present there (poore  
Bridges) to thy pain.

For Cupide craftie boye, close in a corner stoode,  
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir, I gesse it dyd  
him good.

Yet when he felt the flame gan kindle in his brest,  
And hard dame nature bosat by hir, to breake him  
of his rest,

His hote nerve chosen lone, he changed into hate,  
And sodainly with mighty inace, gan rap hir on  
the pate.

It grieved Nature much to see the cruell deede:  
Me seemes I see hir how she wept, to see hir  
dearling bleda.

Well yet (quod she) this hurt shall haue some  
And quicke with skyn she couered it, that whiter  
is than-snowe.

Wherewith Dan Cupid fled, for feare of further  
Whē angel like he saw hir shine, whom he had  
smit with shame:

Lo thus was Bridges hurt, in cradel of hir kind,  
The coward Cupid brake hir brow, to wreke his  
wounded mind,

The skar styll there remains, no force, there let  
There is no clowde that can eclipse, so bright a  
sunne as she.

*Euer or neuer.*

#### IN PRAYSE OF ZOUCHE LATE THE LADY GREYE OF WILTON, WHOME THE AUC- TOR FOUND IN A HOMELY HOUSE.

THESE rustie walles whome cankred yeares deface,  
The comely corps of seemely Zouche vnlose,  
Whose auncient stocke deride from worthy men,  
Procures hir praise, where so the carkas goe:

Hir angels face declares hyr modest minde,  
Hir lowely lokes the gazing eyes assure,  
Hir deedes deserue some endlesse praye to finde,  
To blaze suche brute as euer might endure.

Wherfore my penne in trembling feare shall  
staye,

To write the thing that doth surmount my skill,  
And I will wish of God both night and daye,  
{Some worthier place to guide hir worthy will}

Where princes peeres hir due desertes maye see,  
And I content hir seruaut there to bee.

*Euer or neuer.*

#### GASCOIGNES PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESSE

THE hap which Paris had, as due for his desert,  
Who fauord Venus for hir face, and sturnde  
Menerous art:

May serue to warne the wise that they no more  
The glittering glosse of bewties blaz, than reason  
should it deme.

Dan Priams younger son, found out the fairest dame,  
That euer trode on Troyens mold, what folowed  
of the same?

I list not brut hir bale, let others spread it forth,  
But for his parte to speake my minde his choise  
was little worth, [shewe.

My meaning is but this, who makes the outward  
And neuer grops for grates of grace which in the  
mind should grow: [had,

May chance vpon such choise as trusty Troilus  
And dwel in dole as Paris did, when he would  
faime be glad. [finde,

How happie then am I whose happe hath bene to  
A mistresse first that doth excell in vertues of the  
mind. [suche grace,

And yet therewith hath ioynd, such fauoure and  
As Pandars niece if (she wer here) would quickly  
giue hir place. [to dwel,

With in whose worthy brest, Dame Bounty seekes  
And saith to beawty, yeeld to me, since I doe  
thee excell. [appeare,

Betweene whose heavenly eyes, doth right remorse  
And pitie placed by the same, doth mucbe amende  
hir cheere. [mee good,

Who in my daungers deepe, dyd deigne to doe  
Who did relieue my heauy heart, and sought to  
sane my blood. [my foees,

Who first increast my friendes, and ouerthrew  
Who loued al them that wisht me wel, and liked  
nose but those.

O Ladies giue me leaue, I prayse not hir to farre,  
Since she doth pas you al, as much, as Titus  
staines a starre. [serue,

You hold such seruantes deare, as able are to  
She held me deare, when I poore soule, could no  
good thing deserue.

You set by them that swim in all prosperitie,  
She set by me when as I was in great calamitie.  
You best esteeme the braue, and let the poorest  
passe. [as it was.

Shes best esteeme my poore good wyll, all naked  
But whether am I went? what humor guides my  
braine? [pepper grain.

I seeke to wey the wooll sack down, with one poore  
I seeme to penne hir praise, that doth surpasse  
my skill, [the hill.

I strue to rose against the tide, I hoppe against  
Then let these fewe suffice, shee Helene staines  
for hewe, [Thisbye true.

Dyde for grace, Cressyde for cheere, and is as  
Yet if you farder craue, to haue hir name displaide,  
Dame Faour is my mistres name, dame Fortaune  
is hir maid.

*Attamen ad solitum.*

### GASCOIGNES GOOD MORROW.

You that haue spent the silent night,  
In sleepe and quiet rest,  
And ioye to see the cheerefull lyght  
That ryseth in the East:  
Now cleare your voyce, now chere your hart,  
Come helpe me nowe to sing:  
Eche willing wight come beare a part,  
To prayse the heavenly King.

And you whose care in prison keepes,  
Or sicknes doth suppress,  
Or secret sorows breakes your sleepes,  
Or dolours doe distresse:

Yet beare a parte in dolefull wise,  
Yea thinke it good accorde,  
And exceptable sacrifice,  
Eche sprite to prayse the lord.

The dreadfull night with darknesomnesse,  
Had ouer spread the light,  
And sluggish sleepe with drowsynesse,  
Had ouer prest our might:  
A glasse wherin you may beholde,  
Eche storme that stopes our breath,  
Our bed the graue, our clothes lyke molde,  
And sleepe like dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly night did laste,  
But for a litle space,  
And heavenly daye nowe night is past,  
Doth shewe his pleasaunt face:  
So must we hope to see Gods face,  
At last in heauen on hie,  
When we haue chang'd this mortall place,  
For Immortalitie.

And of such happes and beauenly ioyes,  
As then we hope to holde,  
All earthly sightes and wordly toyes,  
Are tokens to beholde.  
The daye is like the daye of dooms,  
The sunne, the Sonne of man,  
The skyes the heauens, the earth the tombe  
Wherein we rest till than.

The Rainbowe bending in the skye,  
Bedeckte with sundrye heues,  
Is like the seats of God on hie,  
And seemes to tell these newes:  
That as thereby he promised,  
To drowne the world no more,  
So by the blood which Christ hath shed,  
He will our heith restore.

The mistie cloudes that fall sometime,  
And ouercast the skyes,  
Are like to troubles of our time,  
Which do but dymme our eyes:  
But as suche dowers are dried vp quite,  
When Phoebus shewes his face,  
So are such fancies put to flighte,  
Where God doth guide by grace.

The caryon Crowe, that lothsome beast,  
Which cries agaynst the rayne,  
Both for hir hewe and for the rust,  
The Demill resembleth playne:  
And as with gonnes we kill the crowe,  
For spoyling our releefe,  
The Demill so must we ouerthrowe,  
With gonshots of beleefe.

The litle byrde which sing so swete,  
Are like the angelles voyces,  
Which render God his prayes moete,  
And teache vs to reioyce:  
And as they more esteeme that myrth,  
Than dread the nightes anoy,  
So much we deeme our days on earth,  
But hell to heavenly ioye.

Unto which Joyes for to attayne  
God grout vs all his grace,  
And sende vs after worldly payne,  
In heauen to haue a place.

Where wee maye still enioye that light,  
Which neuer shall decaye:  
Lorde for thy mercy lend vs night,  
To see that ioyfull daye.

*Haec iclus scipio.*

### GASCOIGNES GOOD NIGHT.

WHEN thou hast spent the lingring day in pleasure and delight,  
Or after toyle and wearie waye, dost seeke to rest at night:

Unto thy paynes or pleasures part, adde this one labour yet, [God forget,

Ere sleepe close vp thyne eye to fast, do not thy But searche within thy secret thoughts, what deeds did thee befall: [call.

And if thou find amisse in ought, to God for mercy Yea though thou find nothing amisse, which thou canst cal to mynd, [behind:

Yet euer more remember this, there is the more And thinke how well so euer it be, that thou hast spent the daye, [waye.

It came of God, and not of thee, so to direct thy Thus if thou trie thy dayly deedes, and pleasure in this payne,

Thy life shall cleanse thy corne from weeds, and thinke shal be the gaine: [to winke,

But if thy sinfull sluggishe eye, will ventur for Before thy wading will may trye, how far thy soule maye sinke, [smooth is made,

Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft and May heape more harm vpon thy head, than blowes of cumies blade. [thou doest lye,

Thus if this paine procure thine ease, in bed as Perhaps it shall not God displease, to sing thus soberly;

I see that sleepe is lent me here, to ease my wearye bones, [greeuous groues.

As death at laste shall eke appeere, to ease my My dayly sportes, my panch full fed, haue caused my drouisie eye, [soule to dye:

As carelesse life in quiet led, might cause my The stretching armes, the yauning breath, which I to bedward vse, [me refuse:

Are patternes of the pangs of death, when life will And of my bed eche eundrye part in shaddowes doth resemble,

The stery shapes of deth, whose dart shal make my flesh to trable.

My bed it selfe is like the grane, my sheetes the winding sheete, [me most meete:

My clothes the mould which I must haue, to couer The hungry fleas which friske so freshe, to wormes I can compare, [the bones ful bare:

Which greedily shall gnaw my fleshe, and leaue The waking Cock that early crows to weare the night awaye, [the latter day.

Puts in my minde the trampe that blowes before And as I ryse vp lustily, when sluggishe sleepe is part, [last.

So hope I to rise ioyfully, to Judgement at the Thus wyl I wake, thus wyl I sleepe, thus wyl I hope to ryse, [godly wyse.

Thus wyl I neither waile nor weepe, but sing in My bones shall in this bed remaine, my soule in God shall trust,

By whome I hope to ryse againe from death and earthly dust.

*Haec iclus scipio.*

### THE INTRODUCTION TO THE PSALMES OF DEPROFUNDIS.

THE skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,  
When (as I rode alone by London waye,  
Cloaklesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say:  
Behold quoth I, bright Titan how he shroudes  
His head abacke, and yelds the raine his reach,  
Till in his wrath, Dau Ioue haue soust the soile,  
And washt me wretch which in his traualle toile.  
But holla (here) doth rudenesse me appeach,  
Since Ioue is Lord and king of mighty power,  
Which can commaund the Sunne to shewe his face,  
And (when him lyst) to giue the raine his place.  
Why doe not I my wery muses frame,  
(Although I bee well soused in this shoure,)  
To write some verse in honour of his name?

### GASCOIGNES DEPROFUNDIS.

FROM depth of doole wherein my woule doth dwell,

From heauy heart which harbours in my brest,  
From troubled sprite which sildome taketh rest.  
From hope of heauen, from dreade of darknesse hell.

O gracious God, to thee I crye and yell.  
My God, my Lorde, my lousely Lorde alone,  
To thee I call, to thee I make my moue.

And thou (good God) vouchsafe in gree to take,  
This woefull plaint,  
Wherein I faint,

Oh heare me then for thy great mercies sake.

Oh bende thine eares attentiuely to heare,  
Oh turpe thine eyes, behold me how I wayle,  
Oh hearken Lorde, giue care for mine sauile,  
O marke in minde the burdens that I beare:

See howe I sinke in sorrowes euerye where.  
Beholde and see what dollors I endure,  
Giue care and marke what plainates I put in vre.  
Bende wylling care: and pittie therewithall,  
My wayling voyce,  
Which hath no choyce.

But euermore vpon thy name to call.

If thou good Lorde shouldest take thy rod in hande,

If thou regard what sinnes are daylye done,  
If thou take holde where wee our workes begone,  
If thou decree in Judgement for to stande,  
And be extreme to see our scuses stande,  
If thou take note of euery thing amysse,  
And wryte in rowles howe frayle our nature is,  
O glorious God, O king; O Prince of power,  
What mortal wight,  
Maye then haue light,  
To feele thy frowne, if thou haue lyst to loue?

But thou art good, and hast of mercy store,  
Thou not deliyghet to see a sinner fall,  
Thou hearkenst first, before we come to call.  
Thine eares are set wyde open euermore,  
Before we knocke thou comest to the doore,  
Thou art more prest to heare a sinner crye,  
Then he is quicke to climbe to thee on hie.  
Thy mighty name bee praysed then alwaye,  
Let fayth and feare,  
True witness beare.  
Howe fast they stand which on thy mercy staye.



I looke for thee (my louelye Lord) therefore,  
 For thee I wayte, for thee I tarrye still,  
 Myne eyes doe long to gaze on thee my fyll.  
 For thee I watche, for thee I pry and pore.  
 My Soule for thee attendeth euermore.  
 My Soule doth thyrst to take of thee a taste,  
 My Soule desires with thee for to bee plasta.  
 And to thy worde (which can no man deceyue)  
 Myne onely trust,  
 My loue and lust.  
 In confidence continuallye shall cleaue.

Before the breake or dawning of the daye,  
 Before the lyght be seene in loftye Skyes,  
 Before the Sunne appeare in pleasaunt wyse,  
 Before the watche (before the watche I saye)  
 Before the warde that waytes therefore alwaye:  
 My soule, my sense, my secreete thought, my  
 sprite,  
 My wyll, my wishe, my ioye, and my delight:  
 Unto the Lord that sittes in heauen on highe,  
 With hastye wing,  
 From me doeth fling,  
 And stryeth still, vnto the Lorde to flye.

O Israell, O housholde of the Lorde,  
 O Abrahams Brattes, O broode of theese seede,  
 O chosen sheepe that loue the Lord in dedde:  
 O hungrye hartes, feede still vpon his worde,  
 And put your trust in him with one accorde.  
 For he hath mercye euermore at hande,  
 His fontaines flowe, his springes doe neuer stande.  
 And plenteouslye hee loueth to redeeme,  
 Such sinners all,  
 As on him call,  
 And faithfully his mercies most esteeme.

Hee wyll redeeme our deadly drowping state,  
 He wyll bring home the sheepe that goe astraye,  
 He wyll helpe them that hope in him alwaye:  
 He wyll appease our discorde and debate,  
 He wyll soone saue, though we repent vs late.  
 He wyll be ours if we continewe his,  
 He wyll bring bale to ioye and perfect blisse,  
 He wyll redeeme the flocke of his electe,  
 From all that is,  
 Or was amisse.  
 Since Abrahams leyres dyd first his Lawes reject.  
*SWEE OF REUER.*

### GASCOIGNES MEMORIES,

Written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in myddest  
 of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine  
 delights and to returne vnto Greyes Inne,  
 there to vndertake againe the studie of the  
 common Lawes. And being required by fise  
 sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat  
 worthy to bee remembred, before he entered  
 into their fellowshippe, hee compiled these fise  
 sundrie sortes of metre vpon fise sundrye  
 theames, whiche they deliuered vnto him, and  
 the first was at request of Franuico Kinwel-  
 marhe who deliuered him this theame. *Audson*  
*fortuna iurat.* And therevpon hee wrote this  
 Sonnete following.

If yelding feare, or cancred villanie,  
 In Cæsars haughtie heart had tane the charge,  
 The walles of Rome had not bene rearde so hye,  
 Nor yet the mighty Empire left so large.

If Menelaus could haue ruid his wyll,  
 With fowle reproche to loose his faire delight,  
 Then had the stately towres of Troy stooode  
 still,  
 And Greekes with grudge had dronke their owne  
 despyght.  
 If dread of drenching wanes or feare of fire,  
 Had stayde the wandring Prince amydde his  
 race,  
 Ascanius then, the fruite of his desire,  
 In Laune Lande had not possessed place.  
 But true it is, where lottes doe lyght by chance,  
 There Fortune helpes the holdest to aduance.  
*Sic iud.*

The nexte was at request of Antony Kinwel-  
 marhe, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis*  
*suffici,* and therevpon he wrote as foloweth.

THE vaine exesse of flattering fortunes giftes,  
 Enuenometh the minde with vanitye,  
 And beates the restlesse braine with endless  
 driftes,  
 To staye the staffe of worldly dignitie:  
 The begger standes in like extremite.  
 Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leaue the least,  
 I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

By too too much Dan Croesus caught his death,  
 And bought with bloud the price of glittering  
 gold,  
 By too too little many one lacks breath  
 And sterues in stretes a mirrore to beholde:  
 So pride for heate, and Pouertye pynes for colde.  
 Wherefore to lacke the most, and leaue the least,  
 I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

Store makes no sore: loe this seemes contrarye,  
 And mo the merier is a Prouerbe eke,  
 But store of sores maye make a maladye,  
 And one to many maketh some to seeke,  
 When two be mette that bankette with a leeke:  
 Wherefore to lacke the most and leaue the  
 least,  
 I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

The ryche man surfetteth by glottony,  
 Which feedeth still, and neuer standes content,  
 The poore agayne he pines for penurye,  
 Which liues with lacke when all and more is  
 spent:  
 So to much and to little bothe bee shente.  
 Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leaue the least,  
 I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

The conquerour with vncontented swaye,  
 Doth rayse vp rebelles by his auarice,  
 The recreant dothe yeeld himselfe a praye,  
 To forraigne spoyle by slouth and cowardyce:  
 So too much and to little both be vyce.  
 Wherefore to lacke the most, and leaue the least,  
 I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

If so thy wife be too too fayre of face:  
 It drawes one gest too many to thine inne:  
 If she be fowle, and foyled with disgrace,  
 In other pillowes pricket thou many a pinne:  
 So fowle poore fooles, and fayrer full to sinne,  
 Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leaue the least,  
 I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

And of enough, enough, and nowe no more,  
 Bycause my braynes no better can deuise,  
 When thinges be hadde, a small sosome maketh  
 store,

So of suche verse a fewe maye soone suffice:  
 Yet still to this my weary penne replyea.  
 That I sayde last, and though you like it least,  
 It is enough and as good as a feast.

*Sic tibi.*

John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum uacillat parcimonia*, wherevpon he wrote thus.

THE common speech is, spend and God will send  
 But what sendes be? a bottell and a bagge,  
 A staffe a wallet and a wofull ende,  
 For such as list in brauery so to bragge.  
 Then if thou count coyne enough to spend,  
 Learne first to spare thy budget at the brinke,  
 So shall the hottome be the faster bound:  
 But he that list with lanish hand to linke,  
 (In like expence) a pennye with a pound,  
 His chaunce at last to sitte a side and shrinke  
 His harbraind head with out dame dainties dore.  
 Hick, hobbe, and Dick, with clouts vpon their  
 knese,

Haue many times more gooehole grotes in store  
 And change of crownes more quicke at cal then  
 he,

Which let their lease and take their rent before.  
 For be that rapps a royall on his cappe,  
 Before he put one penny in his purse,  
 Had neede tarne quicke and broch a better tappe.  
 Or els his drinke may chaunge go downe the  
 wurse.

I not denie but some men haue good hap,  
 To climbe a lyste by scales of courtly grace,  
 And winne the world with liberalitee:  
 Yet he that yerks old angells out apace,  
 And hath no newe to purchase dignitee,  
 When orders fall, may chaunce to lacke his graces.  
 For haggard hawkes mislike an emptie hand:  
 So stiffely some sticke to the mercers stall,  
 Till outes of silke haue swet out all their land.  
 So ofte thy neighbours banquet in thy hall,  
 Till Dauid Debet in thy parlor stand,  
 And bids the welcome to thine owne decay.  
 I like a Lions lookes not worth a lecke  
 When eury Foxe beguiles him of his praye:  
 What sauce but sorrow serueth him a weeke.  
 Which all his cates consumeth in one daye?  
 First vse thy stomacke to a stand of ale,  
 Before thy Malmesey come in Marchantesbookes,  
 And rather were (for shifte) thy shirte of male,  
 Than teare thy silken shewes with teynter hokes,  
 Put feathers in thy pillowes great and small,  
 Lette them be princkt with plumes, that gape for  
 plummes,

Heape vp bothe golde and siluer safe in hooches,  
 Catche, snatche, and scratche for serplings and  
 for crommes

Before thou deckethy hatte (on high) with brooches.  
 Lette first thyue one hand hold faste all that commes,  
 Before that other learne his lettinge die:  
 Remember still that soft fire makes sweet malte,  
 No haste but good (who meanes to multiplye:)  
 Bought witte is deare, and drest with sower salte,  
 Repentaunce commes to late, and then saye I,

Who spares the first and keepes the last vespent,  
 Shall finde that sparing yeeldes a goodly rent.

*Sic tibi.*

Alexander Neulle deliuered him this theame. *Sunt cito, et sat bene*, wherevpon hee compiled these  
 seuen Sonets in sequence, therein bewraying his  
 owne *Nimis cito*: and therewith his *Vix bene*,  
 as foloweth.

IN haste poste haste, when first my wandring  
 minde,

Behelde the glistring Courta with gazing eye,  
 Suche deepe delights I secnde therein to finde,  
 As might boguile a grauer guest than I.  
 The stately pompe of Princes and their peeres,  
 Did seeme to swimme in foudles of beaten golde,  
 The wanton world of yong delightfull yeeres,  
 Was not vnylike a heauen for to behoude.  
 Wherein dyd swarme (for eury saint) a Dame,  
 So faire of hue, so freshe of their attire,  
 As might excell dame Cinthia for Fame,  
 Or conquer Cupid with his owne desire.  
 These and suche lyke were baytes that blazed  
 still

Before myne eye to feede my greedy will.

2. Before mine eye to feede my greedy will,  
 Gan muster eke mine olde acquainted mates,  
 Who helpt the dish (of vayne delighte) to fill  
 My empty mouth with daynty delicats:  
 And folishe boldnesse toke the whippe in hande,  
 To lashe my life into this trustlesse trace,  
 Till all in haste I leapte a loofe from lande,  
 And boyste vp soyle to catche a Courty grace:  
 Eche lingring daye did seeme a world of wo,  
 Till in that haplesse haueu my head was brought:  
 Waues of wanhope so tost me to and fro,  
 In deepe dispayre to drowne my dreadfull thought:  
 Eche houre a daye eche daye a yeare did seeme,  
 And eury yeare a worlde my will did deeme.

3. And eury yeare a worlde my will did deeme,  
 Till lo, at last, to Court nowe am I come,  
 A seemely swayne, that might the place beserue,  
 A gladsome guest embraste of all and some:  
 Not there contents with common dignitie,  
 My wandring eye in haste, (yea poste poste haste)  
 Behelde the blazing badge of brauerie,  
 For wante wherof, I thought my selfe disgraste:  
 Then peenish pride puffte vp my swelling harte,  
 To further forth so hotte an enterprise:  
 And comely cost beganne to playe his parte,  
 In praysing pattersnes of mine owne devise.  
 Thus all was good that might be got in haste,  
 To princke me vp, and make me higher plaste.

4. To princke me vp and make me higher plaste,  
 All came to late that taryed any tyme,  
 Pilles of prouision pleased not my taste,  
 They made my heeles to beaue for to climbe:  
 Mee thought it best that boughes of hoystrous oak,  
 Should first be shread to make my feathers gaye,  
 Tyll at the last a deadly dinting stroake,  
 Brought downe the halke with edgetooles of  
 decaye:

Of eury farme I then let flye a lease,  
 To feede the purse that payde for peuisnesse,  
 Till rente and all were false in such disease,  
 As scarce could serue to mayntayne cleauncesse

They bought, the bodie, fine, ferme, lease, and lande,

All were to little for the merchauntes hande.

5. All were to little for the merchauntes hande,  
 And yet my brauerye bigger than his booke:  
 But when this hotte accompte was coldly scande,  
 I thought highe time about me for to looke:  
 With heauie cheare I caste my head abacke,  
 To see the fountaine of my furious race.  
 Comparede my loss, my liuing, and my lacke,  
 In equall balance with my iolye grace.  
 And sawe expences grating on the grounde  
 Like lumps of lead to presse my purse full ofte,  
 When light rewarde and recompence were founde,  
 Fleeting like feathers in the winde alofte:  
 These thus comparede, I left the Courte at large,  
 For why? the gaines doth seeldome quitte the charge.

6. For why? the gaines doth seeldome quitte the charge,

And so saye I, by prooffe too dearely bought,  
 My haste mad wast, my braue and brainsicke barge,

Did float to fast, to catch a thing of nought:  
 With leasure, measure, meane, and many mo,  
 I mought haue kept a chayre of quiet state,  
 But haste heads can not bee settled so,  
 Till crouked Fortune giue a crabbed mate:  
 As busie braynes muste beate on tickle toyes,  
 As rasbe inuention breedes a rawe deuise,  
 So sodayne failes doe hinder hastie ioyes,  
 And as swifts baytes doe fleetest fyshe entice.  
 So haste makes wast, and therefore nowe I saye,  
 No haste but good, where wisdome makes the waye.

7. No haste but good where wisdome makes the waye,

For proff whereof, behold the simple snayle,  
 (Who sees the souldiers carrense caste a waye,  
 With hotte assaults the Castle to essaye.)  
 By line and leysure clymes the lofty wall,  
 And winnes the turrettes toppe more conningly,  
 Than doughtye Dick, who losse his life and all,  
 With hoysting vp his head to hastilye.  
 The swiftest hitche brings fourth the blyndest whelpes,

The hottest Feuers coldest crampes ensue,  
 The nakedest needs hathe ouer latest helpe:  
 With Neayle then I finde this prouerbe true,  
 That haste makes waste, and therefore still I saye,  
 No haste but good, where wisdome makes the waye.

Sic tibi.

Richard Courtop (the last of the flue) gaue him this theame, *Durum aeuum & miserabile aeuum*, and therevpon hee wrote in this wise.

When pesterilence Princes courtes were free from satterie,

The Justice from vsquall doome, the quest from The pillers of the state, from proude presumption,  
 The clearkes from heresie, the commones from rebellion:

Then right rewardes were giuen, by swaye of Them vertuous darlings might be plaste aloft to play their part:

Then might they count it true, that hath bene sayde of olde,

The children of those happie dayes, were borne And swaddled in the same: the Nurse that gaued them sucke.

Was wife to liberallitie, and lemman to good lucke. When Caesar woon the felde, his captiues taught the Townes,

And euery painful souldiours purse was crammed Licurgus for good Lawes, lost his owne libertie, And thought it better to preferre common com- moditie,

But nowe the times are turnde, it is not as it was, The golde is gone, the siluer sunke, and nothing left but brasse.

To see a King encroache, what wonder should it When, commons cannot be content, with countrie Dyadeeme?

The Prince maye dye a babe, trust vp by trecherie, Where vaine ambition doth moue trustlesse nobillitye.

Errors in pulpit preache, where faith in priest- Promotion (not deuotion) is cause why cleargie quales.

Thus is the stage stakt out, where all these partes And I the prologue should pronounce, but that I am affraide.

First Cayphas playes the Priest, and Herode sits Pylate the Judge, Iudas the Jurour verdict in doth bring,

Vaine tattling plaies the vice, well cladde in ritche And poore Tom Trooth is laught to skorne, with garments nothing gay.

The woman wantonnesse, shee comes with ticing Pride in hir pocket plaies bo peepe, and bawdry in hir braine.

Hir handmaides be deceptie, daunger, and dalli- Riot and Reuell follow hir, they be of hir alliance: Next these comes in Sim Swasbe, to see what sturre they keepe.

Clim of the Clough then takes his heeles, tis time for him to creepe:

To packe the pageaunt vp, comes Sorrow with He say these iestes can get no grotes, and al this geare goth wrong:

Fyrst pride without cause why, he singes the The meane hee mumbles out of tune, for lacke of life and hart:

Cost lost, the counter Tenor chanteth on space, Thus all in discords stands the cliffe, and beggyrie singes the base.

The players loose their paines, where so fewe Their garmets weare for lacke of gains, and frut for lack of furring.

When all is done and past, was no part plaide For enerye player plaide the foole, tyll all be spent, and gone.

And thus this foolishe iest, I put in dogrell rime, Because a froosher iest is best, for such a crooked time.

Sic tibi.

And thus an ende of these flue Theames, ad- mounting to the number of. CCLVIII. verses, deuided ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Journey; the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greys Inne: and there- fore called Gascoignes memories.

A GLOZE VPON THIS TEXT, DOMINUS  
EJUS OPUS HABET.

My recklesse race is runne, greene youth and  
pride be past, [as fast.  
My riper mellowed yeeres beginne to follow on  
My glancing lookes are gone, which wonted were  
to prie, [mine eie.  
In euerie gorgeous garishe glasse, that glistred in  
My sight is now so dimme, it can behold none  
such, [my fansie much.  
No mirroure but the merrie meane, can please  
And in that noble glasse, I take delight to weve,  
The fashions of the wonted world, compared by  
the newe. [selfe.  
For marke who lyst to looke, eche man is for him  
And beates his braine to hord and heape, this  
trashe and worldly pelfe.  
Our handes are closed vp, great giftes go not  
abroade, [gaine a load.  
Fewe men wyll lende a locke of heye, but for to  
Giue Gaue is a good man, what neede we lashe it  
out, [bids men doubt.  
The world is wondrous feareful nowe, for danger  
And aske how chaunceth this? or what meanes all  
this neede?  
Forsoothe the common answer is, because the  
Lord hath neede.  
A noble iest by gisse, I finde it in my glasse,  
The same freeholde our sauour Christ, conueyed  
to his asse. [fite.  
A texte to trie the truth, and for this time full  
o where should we our lessons learne, but out  
of holy writte? [roast.  
First marke our onely God, which ruleth all the  
He sets a side all pompe and pride, wherin fond  
wordlings boast.  
His trayne is not so great, as filthy Sathans hand,  
A smaller heard maye serue to feede, at our great  
masters hand. [we see,  
Next marke the heathens Gods, and by them shall  
They be not now so good fellows, as they were  
wont to be. [rest,  
Ioue, Mars, and Mercurie, Dame Venus and the  
They haquet not as they were wont, they know it  
were not best. [at large,  
So kinges and princes both, haue left their halles  
Their priue chambers cost enough, they cut off  
euery charge. [maye bee,  
And when an office falles, as chaunce sometimes  
First kepe it close a yere or twayne, then geld it  
by the fee.  
And giue it out at last, but yet with this prouiso,  
(A bridle for a brainsicke Jade) durante beneplacito.  
Some thinke these ladders low, to climbe alofte  
with speede: [Lord hath neede.  
Well let them creepe at leisure thē, for sure the  
Dukes Earles and Barons bold, haue learnt like  
lesson nowe,  
They breake vp house and come to courte, they lise  
not by the plowe,  
Percase their roomes be skant, not like their stately  
boure, [floure.  
A field bed in a coruer coucht, a pallid on the  
But what for that? no force, they make thereof no  
boast, [princes cost.  
They feede them selues with delycates, and at the  
And as for all their men, their pages and their  
swaynes,  
They choke thē vp with chynes of beefe, to multi-  
ply their gaines.

Themselues lie more to looke, when any leashe  
doth fall,  
Such cromes were wont to feede poor grones, but  
nowe the Lords licke at.  
And why? oh sir, because, both dukes and lords  
haue neede, [creede.  
I mocke not I, my text is true, beleue it as your  
Our Prelates and our Priests, can tell this text  
with mee, [no leashe go free.  
They can hold fast their fattest fermes, and let  
They haue both wife and childe, which maye not  
be forgot, [fore blame them not.  
The scriptures say the Lord hath neede, and there-  
Then come a little lower, vnto the contrye knight,  
The squire and the gentleman, they leaue the  
contrye quite, [to long,  
Their Halles were all to large, their tables were  
The clouded shoes came in so faste, they kepte to  
great a throng, [feede,  
And at the porters lodge, where lubbers wout to  
The porter learne to answer now, hence hence  
the Lord hath neede, [great,  
His gestic came in to thicke, their diet was to  
Their horses este vp all the hey, which should  
haue fed his neate: [and souse,  
Their teeth were furre to fine, to feede on porke  
Fyue flocks of sheepe could scarce maintaine good  
mutton for his house. [here,  
And when this count was cast, it was no biding  
Unto the good towne is he gonne, to make his  
friends good cheere. [howe:  
And welcome there that will, but shall I tell you.  
At his owne dish be feedeth them, that is the  
fashion nowe,  
Side boris be layed aside, the tables ende is gonne,  
His cooke shall make yon noble cheery, but  
hostler hath he none. [to eate,  
The chargers now be change, wherin he wout  
An olde frutedish is bigge ynough to hold a ioynt  
of meate,  
A sallad or a sauce, to last your cates with all,  
Som strig denise to feede ma's eie, ma's stomacks  
now be small. [tera reat,  
And when the tenants come to paie their quar-  
They bringe some fowls at Midsommer, a dish of  
Fish in Lent,  
At Christmase a capon, at Mighelmasse a goose:  
And somewhat else at Newyeres tide, for feare  
their lease shal loose: [groates,  
Good reason by my troth, when Gentlemen lacke  
Let Plowmen pinche it out for pence, and patch  
their russet coats:  
For better Fermers fast, than Manner houses fall,  
The Lord hath neede, than says the text, bring old  
Asse, colt and all.  
Well lowest nowe at last, let see the contrye loute,  
And marke how he doth swink and sweat, to  
bring this gear about:  
His feastinges be but fewe, cast whipstookes clout  
his shoone, [doone:  
The wheaten loafe is locked vp as sone as dinne is  
And where he wout to kepe a lubber, two or thre,  
Now hath he leard to kepe no more, but Sim his  
sonne and he, [the carte,  
His wife and Mawde his mayd, a boye to pitch  
And turne him vp at Mollontide, to feede the  
winter smarte: [meale,  
Dame Alyson his wife doth knowe the price of  
Hir bride cakes he not halfe so bigge as she was  
wont to steale:

She weares no silber hookes, she is content with  
 worse, [hir purse.  
 Hir pendants and hir siluer pinnes she putteth in  
 Thus heare I by my glaue, that merrie meane is  
 best,  
 And he most wise that finds the meane, to keepe  
 himselfe at rest.  
 Perchance some open mouth will mutter now  
 and than,  
 And at the market tell his mate, our landlordes a  
 sore man:  
 He racketh vp our rentes, and keeps the best in  
 hand,  
 He makes a wondrous deale of good out of his  
 own meane land:  
 Yes let suche pedlers prate, sainte Needam be  
 their speade,  
 We neede no text to answer them, hnt this, The  
 Lord hath nede.  
 Euer or near.

AN EPITAPH VPON CAPTAINE BOUR-  
 CHER

LATE SLAINE IN THE WARRS IN ISLANDE, THE  
 WHICH HATH BENE TERMED THE TALE OF A  
 STONE AS FOLOWETH.

FIVE captaines be, your tongues are tyed to close,  
 Your souldiours eke by silence purchase shame:  
 Can no man penne in metre nor in prose,  
 The lyfe, the death, the vailiant actes, the fame,  
 The birth, behauiour, nor the noble name,  
 Of such a feere as you in fight haue lost:  
 Alas such paines would quickly quite the cost.

Bourcher is dead, whome eche of you dyd knowe,  
 Yet no man writes one worde to paint his praise,  
 His sprite on hight, his carkease here belowe,  
 Doth both condemne your doting ydle dayes:  
 Yet ceasse they not to sounde his worthy wayes,  
 Who liued to dye, and dyed againe to line,  
 With death deere bought, he dyd his death forgine.

He might for byrth haue boasted noble race,  
 Yet were his manners meeke and alwayes milde,  
 Who gaue a gesse by gazing on his face,  
 And iudgde thereby, might quickly be beguilde,  
 In fielde a Lion, and in Towne a Child,  
 Pierre to his foe, but courtesous to his friende,  
 Alas the while, his life so soone should ende?

To serue his Prince his life was quer prest,  
 To serue his God, his death he thought but dew,  
 In all attempts as forwarde as the best,  
 And all to forewardes, which we all may rew,  
 His life so shewed, his death eke tried it true:  
 For where his foes in thickest prease dyd stande,  
 Bourcher caught bane with bloodie sworde in  
 hande.

And marke the courage of a noble heart,  
 When he in bed laye wounded wondrous sore,  
 And heard allarme, he soone forgot his smart  
 And calde for armes to shewe his seruice more:  
 I wyll to fielde (quod he) and God before,  
 Which sayde, he sailde into more quiet coast,  
 Styll praying God, and so gaue vp the ghost.

\* In the old editions of our poet this gloze is  
 printed also among his Hearbes. C.

Nowe muse not reader though we stones can  
 speake,  
 Or write sometimes the deedes of worthy ones,  
 I could not holde although my heart should breake,  
 (Because here by me buried are his bones.)  
 But I must tell this tale thus for the nones  
 When men crye mumme and keepe such silence  
 long, (haue wrong,  
 Then stones must speake, else dead men shaft  
 Flaie quod Marmalato Marblestone.

A DEUISE OF A MASKE FOR THE RIGHT  
 HONORABLE VISCOUNT MOUNTA-  
 CUTE,

Written vpon this occasion, when the sayde L.  
 had prepared to solemnize twoo marriages be-  
 twene his soune and heyre, and the Daughter  
 of syr William Dormer Knight, and betweene  
 the sonne and heyre of syr William Dormer,  
 and the Daughter of the said L. Mountacute:  
 there were eight Gentlemen (all of blood or  
 alliance to the sayd L. Mountacute) which  
 had determined to present a Maske at the  
 daye appointed for the sayde marriages, and  
 so farre they had proceeded therein, that  
 they had alreadye bought furniture of Silkes,  
 &c. and had caused their garmentes to bee  
 cut of the Venetian fashion. Nowe then they  
 began to imagine that (without some speciall  
 demonstration) it would seeme somewhat ob-  
 scure to haue Venetians presented rather than  
 other countrymen. Wherevpon they entreated  
 the Authour to deuise some verses to bee vt-  
 tered by an Actor wherein might be some dis-  
 course conuenient to render a good cause of  
 the Venetians presence. The Authour calling  
 to minde that there is a noble house of the  
 Mountacutes in Italie, and therewithall that the  
 L. Mountacute here doth quarter the coate of  
 an auncient English Gentleman called Moun-  
 therner, and hath the inheritance of the sayde  
 house, dyd therevpon deuise to bring in a Boye  
 of the age of twelue or xiiii. yeeres, who should  
 fame that he was a Mountnermer by the fa-  
 thers side, and a Mountacute by the mothers  
 side, and that his father being slaine at the last  
 warres against the Turke, and he there taken,  
 hee was recouered by the Venetians in their  
 last victorie, and with them saying towardes  
 Venice, they were driuen by tempest vpon  
 these coastes, and so came to the matiage  
 vpon report as followeth, and the sayde Boye  
 pronounced the deuise in this sort.

WHAT wonder you my Lordes? why gaze you gen-  
 tlemen?

And wherefore maruaile you Mez Dames, I praye  
 you tell mee then?

Is it so rare a sight, or yet so straunge a toye,  
 Amongst so many noobile peeres, to see one Pöer  
 Boye? [age,

Why? boyes haue bene allowed in euerye kinde of  
 As Ganymede that pretye boye, in Heaue is Ioue  
 his page.

Cupid that mighty God although his force be fearse,  
 Yet is he but a naked Boye, as Poets doe rehearse,  
 And many a prettye boye a mighty man hath  
 proued, [bee loued,

And serued his Prince at all assayes deserring to

Percease my strange attire my glittering golden  
 gite, [you with delicate.  
 Doth eyther make you maruaile thus, or moue  
 Yet wonder not my Lordes for if your honours  
 please, [doubtes appease.  
 But euen to giue me care a while, I wyll your  
 And you shall knowe the cause, wherefore these  
 robes are worne, [like borne.  
 And why I goe outlandishe lyke, yet being Eng-  
 And why I thus presume to presse into this place,  
 And why I (simple boye) am bolde to looke such  
 men in face.  
 Fyrst then you must perstande, I am no straunger I,  
 But English boye, in England borne, and bred but  
 euen hereby. [name,  
 My father was a knight, Mount Herner was his  
 My mother of the Mountacutes, a house of worthy  
 fame.  
 My father from his youth was trained vp in field,  
 And alwayes toke his chiefe delight, in helmet  
 speare and shielde.  
 Soldado for his life, and in his happie dayes,  
 Soldado like hath lost his life, to his immortall  
 prayse. [worlde so wyde,  
 The thundering fame which blew about the  
 Howe that the Christian enemye, the Turke that  
 Prince of pride, [seas,  
 Addressed had his power, to swarme vpon the  
 With Gallies, foists, and such like ships, well  
 armed at all assaies. [glut,  
 And that he made his vaunt, the greedy fishe to  
 With gobs of Christian carkasses, in cruell peeces  
 cut. [eares,  
 These newes of this report, did pearce my fathers  
 But neuer touched his noble heart, with any  
 sparke of feares. [warres,  
 For well he knewe the trade of all the Turkishe  
 And had amongst them shed his blood, at many  
 cruell iarres. [man,  
 In Rhodes his race begonne, a stender tale yong  
 Where he by many martiall feats, his spurres of  
 knighthood wan. [styl,  
 Yea though the pecece was lost, yet won he honour  
 And enermore against the Turkes he warred by  
 his wyll.  
 At Chios many knowe, how hardly be fought,  
 And howe with streames of stryuing blood, his  
 honoure deare hee bought.  
 At length enforst to yeeld with many captaines  
 mo, [goodes ago,  
 He bought his libertie with Landes, and let his  
 Zechines<sup>1</sup> of glistering golde, two thousand was  
 his price, [he were vnwise.  
 The which to paye his landes must leape, for else  
 Beleue me nowe my Lordes although the losse be  
 mine, [to pine,  
 Yet I confesse them better solde, than lyke a slaue  
 "For landes maye come againe, but lybertie once  
 lost, [the cost."  
 Can neuer finde such recompence as counterailes  
 My selfe now know the case, who lyke my fathers  
 lot, [wot.  
 Was lyke of late for to haue lost my libertie God  
 My father (as I saye) enforste to leaue his lande,  
 In mortgage to my mothers kinne, for ready  
 coysse in hande, [rehearme,  
 Can nowe vpon these newes, which eare I dyd  
 Prepare himselfe to saue his pawne, or else to  
 leaue his pearce.

<sup>1</sup> A pecece of gold like the Crusade.

And first his ransome payde, with that which  
 dyd remaine, [Britains.  
 He rigged vp a proper Barke, was called Leffort  
 And lyke a venturer (besides him seemely selfe)  
 Determined for to venture me and all his worldly  
 peffe. [minde,  
 Perhappes some hope of gaine perwaded so his  
 For sure hisauty heart was bent, some greates  
 exploite to finde. [sailes,  
 Howe so it were, the windes nowe hooysted vp our  
 Wee furring in the foming floodes, to take  
 our best auails.  
 Now hearken to my wordes, and marke you well  
 the saine, [hyther came.  
 For nowe I wyll declare the cause, wherefore I  
 My father (as I saye) had set vp all his rest,  
 And tost on seas both daye and night, disdayning  
 ydle rest, [France,  
 We left our forelandes ende, we past the coast of  
 We reacht the cape of Finis Terre our course for  
 to aduance. [descried,  
 We past Marroochus streightes, and at the last  
 The fertile coastes of Cyprus soile, which I my  
 selfe first spyed. [plant,  
 My selfe (a forward boye) on highest top was  
 And there I saw the Cyprian shoare, whereto we  
 sayd in haste.  
 Which when I had declared vnto the masters mate,  
 He lepte for ioye and thanked God, of that our  
 happy state. [long I  
 "But what remains to man, that can contioine  
 What sunne can shine so cleare and bright but  
 cloudes may ryse among?"  
 Which sentence soone was proued, by our vn-  
 happy hap, [light in enemies lap.  
 We thought our selues full neere our friends, and  
 The Turke the Tirant he, with siege had girt the  
 walles, [them thrakes.  
 Of famous Famagosta<sup>2</sup> then and sought to make  
 And as he laye by lande, in strong and stately  
 trenches, [to drench.  
 So was his power prest by Sea, his Christian foes  
 Vpon the waltring waues, his Foistes and Gallies  
 fleets, [meets,  
 More Forrest like than orderly, for such a man most  
 This heauy sight one scene, we turnde our course  
 aspece, [furie place.  
 And set vp all our sailes in haste, to giue suche  
 But out alas, our willes, and windes were con-  
 trarie, [enemie.  
 For raging blastes did blowe vs still vpon our  
 My father seeing then, whereto he needes must go,  
 And that the mighty hand of God, had it ap-  
 pointed so. [death)  
 Most like a worthy knight (though certaine of his  
 Can cleane forget all wayling wordes, as lauishe  
 of his breath. [he told,  
 And to his Christian crewe, this (too shorte) tale  
 To comfort them which seemede to faint, and make  
 the coward bold, [the charge,  
 "Fellowes in armes, quod hee, although I beare  
 And take vpon mee chieftainnes name, of this vn-  
 happy barge,  
 Yet are you all my pheares, and as one companie,  
 Wee must like true companions, together liue  
 and die, [hand,  
 You see quod hee our foes, with furious force at  
 And in whose handes our handfull beere, vnable is  
 to stand,

<sup>2</sup> The chiefe citie in Cyprus.

What resteth then to doe, should we vnto them  
yeeld? [cannot weld.

And wfully receive that yoke, which Christians  
No sure, hereof be sure, our liues were so vnture,  
And though we liue, yet so to liue, as better  
death eadure. [plemie,

To heare those bellifhe fliendes in raging blas-  
Defye our onely Sauour, were this no miserie?  
To see the foule abuse of boyes in tender yeeres,  
The which I knowe must needs abhorre all honest  
Christians cares. [feare,

To see maides rauished, Wines, Women forst by  
And much more mischiefe than this time can let  
me vtter here.

Alas, quod he, I tell not all, my tongue is tyde,  
But all the slauieries on the earth, we should with  
them abide. [wise,

How much were better than, to dye in worthy  
And so to make our carkasses, a wyllyng Sacrifice.  
So shall we paye the debt, which vnto God is due,  
So shall you die in his defence, who deind to die  
for you. [can quell,

And who with hardy hand, most Turkish likes  
Let him accompt in consciencie, to please his  
maker well. [on mee,

You see, quod he, my sonne, wherewith haec looke  
Whome but a babe, yet haue I brought, my  
partaer here to bee. [nowe,

For, him I must confesse, my heart is peniue  
To leaue him lyuing thus in youth, to die I know  
not how.

But since it pleaseth God, I may not murmur I,  
If God had pleased we both should liue, and as  
God wyll we dye."

Thus with a braying sigh, his noble tongue he  
stayde. [laide,

Commanding all the ordinaunce, in order to be  
And placing all his men in order for to fight,  
Fell groueling styll vpon his face, before them all  
in sight.

And when in secreete so, he whispered had a while,  
He raise his head with cheerefull looke, his sor-  
rowes to beguile: [hie,

And with the rest he prayde, to God in heauen on  
Which ended thus, Thou onely Lord, canst helpe  
in miserie. [about,

This sayd (behold) the Turkes enclose vs round  
And seemde to wonder that we durst resist so  
great a rout. [was slender,

Wherat they doubt not long, for though our power  
We sent them signes by Canon shot, that we  
ment not to render.

Then might we see them chafe, then might we  
heare them rage, [silly cage,

And all at once they bent their force, about our  
Our ordinaunce bestowed, our men them selues  
defend, [long contend,

On every side so thicke beset, they might not  
But as their captaine wilde, eche man his force,  
did strayne, [hellishe trayne,

To sende a Turke (some two or three) vnto the  
And he him selfe which saue, he might no more  
abide, [honour died,

Did thrust a mide the thickest throng, and so with  
With him there dyed like wise, his best aproned  
men, [courage then,

The rest did yeeld as men amound, they had no  
Amongst the which my selfe, was tane by  
Turkes alas, [must I passe,

And with the Turkes a turkische life, in Turkis

I was not done to death for so I often crade, ●  
But like a slaue before the Gattes, of Famagosta  
saude. [oyced,

That peece once put to sacke, I thither was con-  
And vnder assegard euermore, I silly boye was  
stayd. [pricke,

There dyd I see such sightes, as yet my heart do  
I sawe the noble Bragadine<sup>3</sup>, when he was fleyd  
quicke.

First like a plane enforst to beare to euery breach,  
Two baskets laden full with earth Mustaffa<sup>4</sup> dyd  
him teach. [grounde,

By whome he might not passe before he kyst the  
These cruell tormentes (yet with mo) that worthy  
souldior found. [chayre,

His cares cut from his head, they set him in a  
And from a maine yard hoisted him aloft into the  
ayre, [spight,

That so he might be shewed with cruellie and  
Vnto vs all, whose weeping eyes dyd much ab-  
horre the sight.

Alas why do I thus with woefull words rehearse,  
These verry newes which all our hearties with  
pittie needes must pearce?

Well then to tell you forth, I styll a slaue re-  
maind, [styll enchaind,

To one, which Prelibassa hight, who held me  
With him I went to Seas into the gulfe of Pant,  
With many christians captiues mo, which dyd  
their freedom wat. [to stave,

There with the Turkishe traine we were enforst  
With waltring styll vpon the waues, dyd waite  
for furder preya.

For why? they had aduise, that the Venetian flecte,  
Dyd floete in Argostelly then, with whomes they  
hoppe to meete.

And as they walterd thus with tides and billowes  
tost, [to their cost,

Their hope had hap, for at the last they met them  
As in October last vpon the seuenth days,  
They found the force of christian knightes adrest  
in good aray. [course,

And shall I trie my tong to tell the whole dis-  
And howe they did encounter first, and howe they  
ioynd in force?

Then harken nowe my lords, for sure my memorye,  
Doth yet recorde the very plot of all this victorie,  
The christian crew came on, in forme of battayle  
pight, [to fight,

And like a cressent cast them selues preparing for  
On other side the Turkes, which trusted power to  
much, [was such,

Disorderly did spread their force, the will of God  
Well at the last they met, and first with cannoones  
thunder, [ships in sunder,

Eache other sought with furious force to slit their  
The barkes are battered sore, the gallies gald with  
shot, [his lot,

The hulks are hit, and euery man must staid vnto  
The powder sendes his smoke into the cruddy  
skies, [fume offends our eyes,

The smoulder stops our nose with stench, the  
The pots of lime vnaleakt, from highest top are  
cast, [slip as fast,

The parched pease are not forgot to make them  
The wilde fire works are wrought and cast in foe-  
mens face, [are pusht a pace,

The grappling hooks are stretched forth, the pikas

<sup>3</sup> The general of the Turkes.

<sup>4</sup> The gouernour of Famagosta.

The halberts heve on hed, the browne billes bruse  
the bones,

The harquebush doth spit his spight, with pretty  
persing stones.

The drummes crie dub a dub, the braying trum-  
pets blow,

The whistling fifes are seldom herd, these sounds  
do drowne thē so. [fayot,

The voyce of warlike wights, to comfort them that  
The pitious plaints of golden Harts, which were  
with feares attaint. [breath,

The groning of such ghosts as gasped nowe for  
The praers of the better sort, prepared vnto death.  
And to be short, eachē grieffe which on the earth  
maye growe, [to flowe.

Was eath and easie to be found, vpon these floudes  
If any sight on earth, maye vnto hell resemble,  
Then sure this was a bellishe sighte, it makes me  
yet to tremble: [spent,

And in this bloudie fight, when halfe the daye was  
It pleased God to helpe his flocke, which thus in  
poūd was pent.

The generall of Spayne, gan gald that galley sore,  
Where in my Prely Bassa was, and grieude it more  
and more: [flame,

Vpon that other side, with force of sworde and  
The good Venetian Generall dyd charge vpon the  
same. [pride,

At length they came aboorde, and in his raging  
Stroke of this Turkish captains head, which blas-  
phemd as it didē:

Oh howe I feele the bloud now trickles in my brest,  
To thinke what ioye then pierst my heart, and  
how I thought me blest.

To see that cruell Turke which held me as his  
slauē, [to haue:

By bappie hand of Christians, his painment thas  
His head from shoulders cut, vpon a Pike dyd  
stand, [triumphant hand,

The which Don John of Austrye, helde in his  
The boldest Bassa then, that dyd in life remaine,  
Can tremble at the sight hereof, for priuy grieffe  
and paine. [vntyl night,

Thus when these fierce had fought, from morning  
Christ gaue his flocke the victory, and put his  
foes to flight: [Galleys tane,

And of the Turkishe traine, were eyght score  
Fifteene sunke, fue and twenty burnt, and brought  
vnto their bane, [sand soules,

Of Christians set at large were fourteene thou-  
Turkes twentie thousand registred in Belzebub his  
rolles. [their fight,

Thus haue you nowe my Lordes, the summe of all  
And trust it all for true I tell, for I was styll in  
sight: [to cleare,

But when the Seas were calme, and skies began  
When foes were all or dead or dead, and victors  
dyd appeare. [friende,

Then every Christian sought amongst vs for his  
His kinsman or companion, some succour them to  
leude:

And as they ransakte so, loe God his wyl it was,  
A noble wise Venetian, by me dyd chaurke to  
passe: [well,

Who gazing on my face, dyd seeme to lyke me  
And what my name, and whence I was, com-  
mandmed me to tel:

I now which waxed bolde, as one that scaped had,  
From deepest hell to highest heauen, began for to  
be glad:

And with a liuely sprite; began to please my eare,  
And hid not from this worthy man, mye amirant  
worthy race: [seemd,

And tolde my fathers name, and howe I dyd de-  
From Mountacutes by Mothers side, nor then  
my tale dyd ende.

But furthermore I tolde my Fathers late exploit,  
And how he left his lands, goodes and life, to py  
son Dieu son droit.

Nor of my selfe I craued so credited to bee,  
For lo there were remaining yet, These foure whom  
here you see<sup>5</sup>. [not lyst,

Which all were Engliabe borne, and knewe I had  
And were my fathers soldiaryr eke, and sawe him  
how he dyed.

This graue Venetian who heard the famous name,  
Of Mountacutes persherd there, which long had  
bene of fame.

In Italy, and he of selfe same worthy race,  
Gan straight with many carteous words in mee  
me to imbrace. [cheere,

And kyssed me on cheske, and bad me make good  
And thank the mighty hand of God, for that  
which happed there,

Confessing that he was him selfe a Mountacut,  
And bare the selfe same armes that I dyd quarter  
in my scute:

And for a further prooffe, he shewed in his hat,  
This token<sup>6</sup> which the Mountacutes dyd beare  
alwaies, for that, [passe,

They couet to be knowne from Capela where they  
For auncient grutch which lōg ago, were these  
two houses was.

Then tooke me by the hand, and ledde me to  
aboorde,

His Galley: where there were yfeare, full many  
a comely Lorde: [passe,

Of whome eyght Mountacutes dyd sitte in highest  
To whome this first declared first my name, and  
then my race: [bloud,

Lo Lordings here (quod he) a babe of our owne  
Whō Turke had tane, his father steice, with loas  
of lands and goods: [passe,

See how God fauours vs, that I should find him  
I strange to him, be strange to mee, we met I  
know not howe.

But sure when I him saw, and gazed in his face,  
Me thought he was a Mountacute, I chow him by  
his grace. [decide,

Herewith he dyd rehearse my Fathers valiant  
For loas of whome eche Mountacute, did seeke  
in heart to bleede. [may see,

They all embrast me then, and straight as you  
In comely garments trimde me vp, as brace as  
braue may bee:

I was in sackcloth I, nowe am I cladde in Golde,  
And weare such robes, as I my selfe take plea-  
sure to beholde. [gane,

Amongst their other giftes, this token<sup>7</sup> they me  
And bad me lyke a Mountacute<sup>8</sup>, my selfe alway  
beaue.

<sup>5</sup> The foure torch bearers, that came in with  
the Actor.

<sup>6</sup> The Actor had a token in his cap like to the  
Mountacutes of Italie.

<sup>7</sup> The token that he dyd weare in his cappe.

<sup>8</sup> The Mountacutes and capats in Italye do weare  
tokens in their cappes to be knowen one from  
another.



Nowe hearken then my Lordes, I staying on the  
Sea. [and with ease,

In consort of these lovely Lordes, with comfort  
Determined with them in Italie to dwell,  
And there by traine of youthfull yeeres in know-  
ledge to excell.

That so I might at last reedifye the walles,  
Which my good father had decaide by tossing  
fortunes ballies.

And while they slice the Seas to their desired shore,  
Beholde a litle gale began, encreasing more and  
more. [dyd blowe,

At last with raging blast, which from Southeast  
Gan sende our sailes vpon these shores, which I  
ful wel did knowe.

I spied the Chalkie Clyues vpon the Kentishe coast,  
Whereby our Lande light Albyon, as Brutus once  
dyd boast.

Which I no sooner sawe, but to the rest I sayde,  
Siate di buona voglia, my Lordes be well spaide;  
I see by certaine signes these Tempestes haue vs  
cast. [at last:

Vpon my native country coastes with happy hap  
And if your honours please this honour me to doo,  
In Englishe hauens to harbour you, and see our  
Citties too: [would bee,

Lo London is not farre, whereas my friendes  
Right glad, with fauour to requite your fauour  
shewed to mee: [strand,

Vouchsafe my Lordes (quod I) to stay vpon this  
And whiles your Barkes berigged new, remains with  
me on land. [slaine,

Who though I bee a Boye, my Father dead and  
Yet shall you see I haue some friendes which wyl  
you entertaine.

These Noble men which are, the flowre of curtesie,  
Dyd not disdaine this my request, but tooke it  
thankfullie. [be cast,

And from their battered Barkes commaunded to  
Some Gondalues<sup>s</sup>, wherein vpon our pleasant  
streames they past. [port,

Into the mouth of Thames, thus dyd I them trans-  
And to London at the last, whereas I heard report,  
Euen as we landed first, of this twise happie day,  
To thinke whereon I leapt for ioye, as I both must  
and may.

And to these lovely Lordes, which are Magnificoes,  
I dyd declare the whole discourse in order as it rose:  
That you my Lordes who are the chiefest Mounta-  
cutes, [staye impute,

And he whome Englishe Mountacutes their onely  
Had found the meanes this daye to match your  
sonne and heire, [fresh andf aire,

In marriage with a worthy dame, which is both  
And (as reportes are spread) of goodly qualitties,  
A virgin trayned from hir youth in godly exercise,  
Whose brother had like wise your daughter tane  
to wife. [louers life:

And so by double lynkes enchainde themselues in  
These noble Mountacutes which were from Vraice  
drouen, [had strouen,

By tempest (as I tolde before) wherewith they long  
Gan nowe giue thanks to God which so did them  
conuay, [day,

To see suche honours of their kinne in such a happie  
And straight they mee intreat, whom they might  
wel commaund, [recommaund.

That I should come to you my Lord, first them to

And then this boone to craue, that vnder your  
protection, [suspicion.

They might be holde to enter here, deuoyd of all  
And so in friendly wise for to conselebrate, (state,  
This happie match solemnized, according to your  
Lo this is all they craue, the which I can not doubt,  
But that your Lordship soone will graunt, with  
more, if more ye mought:

Yea were it for no more, but for the Curtesie,  
Which as I saye they shewde to me in greate ex-  
tremitye:

They are Venetians, and though from Venice rest,  
They come in such Venecian robes, as they on  
seas had left: [too by blood,

And since they be your friendes, and kinsmen  
I trust your entretainment will be to them right  
good: [drumme,

They will not tarry long, lo nowe I heare their  
Behold, lo nowe I see them here, in order howe  
they come, [wayes,

Receiue them well my lord, so shall I praye all  
That God vouchsafe to blesse this house with many  
happie days.

After the masks was done, the Actor tooke master  
Tho. Bro. by the hand and brought him to the  
Venetians, with these words:

GVARDATE Signori my lovely Lordes behold,  
This is another Mountacute, herooft you may bee  
bold. [cute,

Of such our patrone here, The viscont Mounta-  
Hath many comely sequences, well sorted all in  
sute.

But as I spied him first, I could not let him passe,  
I tooke the card that likt me best, in order as it  
was.

And here to you my lords, I do present the same,  
Make much of him, I pray you then, for he is of  
your name. [man bee,

For whome I dare aduante, he may your Trough-  
Your herald and ambassadour, let him play all  
for vs.

Then the Venetians embraced and receiued the  
same maister Tho. Browne, and after they had  
a while whispered with him, he turned to the  
Bridegroomes and Brides, saying thus.

BROTHER, these noblemen to you nowe haue me  
sent, [their intent

As for their Troughman to expound the effect of  
They bid me tell you then, they like your worthy  
choyce, [and reioyce,

And that they cannot choose therein but triumph  
As farre as gease may giue, they seeme to praise  
it well, [fitezza dwell.

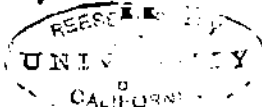
They saye betwene your Ladyes eyes, both Gen-  
I terme it as they doe, their Englishe is but weake,  
And I (God knowes) am al to yong, beyond sea  
speach to speake.

And you my sister eke they seeme for to commend,  
With such good workes as may beseme a cosin  
and a friend. [your sake,

They lyke maye chosen pheare, so praye they for  
That he maye alwayes be to you, staythfull louing  
make.

This in effect is all, but that they craue aboone,  
That you will giue them licence yet, to come and  
see you soone.

? Venetian notes.



Then will they speake them selues, such english  
 as they can, [english man  
 I feare much better then I speeke, that am an  
 Lo nowe they take their leaues of you and of your  
 dames, [by their nama.  
 Here after shal you see their face and knowe them

Then when they had taken their leaues the Actor  
 did make an ende thus.

And I your Seruidore, vibascio le mani,  
 These wordes I learnt amongst them yet, although  
 I learnt not many.

Haud ictus apio.

### THE REFUSAL OF A LOUER,

Written to a gentlewoman who had refused him  
 and chosen a husband (as he thought) much  
 inferior to himselfe, both in knowledge, birth, and  
 parsonage, wherein he bewraith both their  
 names in cloudes, and how she was won from  
 him with swete gloues, and broken rings.

I CANNOT wish thy grieffe, although thou worke  
 my woore, [foe:

Since I profest to be thy friend, I cannot be thy  
 But if things done and past, might well be cald  
 sayne, [haue spent in vayne:

Then would I wishe the wasted wordes, which I  
 Were yet vntold to thee, in earnest or in game,  
 And that my doubtfull musing mind, had neuer  
 thought the same. [spent:

For whiles I thee beheld, in careful thoughtes I  
 My liking lust, my luckelasse loue which euer  
 truly ment.

And whiles I sought a meane, by pittie to procure,  
 Too lattie I found that gorged haukes, do not  
 esteeme the lure.

This vantage hast thou then, thou mayest wel  
 brag and boast. [with the most:

Thou mightest haue had a lustye lad of stature  
 And eke of noble mind, his vertues nothing base,  
 Do well declare that be descendes of auncient wor-  
 thy race. [tell:

Haue that I not his name, and though I could it  
 My friendly pen shall let it passe, because I looe  
 him well.

And thou hast chosen one of meane parentage,  
 Of stature small and therewithall, vnequall for  
 thine age. [desire:

His thewes<sup>1</sup> vnlke the first, yet hast thou bote  
 To play thee in his fitting flames, God graunt  
 they proue not fire. [bee:

Him holdest thou as deare, and be thy Lord shall  
 (Too late alas) thou louest him, that neuer loued  
 thee.

And for iust profe hereof, marke what I tell is true,  
 Some dismoild daye shall change his minde, and  
 make him seeke a new. [in haste:

Then wylt thou much repent, thy bargaine made  
 And much lament those perfum'd Gloues, which  
 yeeld such sower taste.

And eke the falsed faith, which lurkes in broken  
 rings, [know such things:

Though hand in hand say otherwise, yet do I  
 Then shalt thou sing and saye, farewell my trusty  
 sayer, [inst desire:

Would God my mind had yeelded once, vnto thy

<sup>1</sup> Know not.

<sup>2</sup> Good qualities.

Thus shalt thou wayle my want, and I thy great  
 vnrest, [broken breast:

Which cruel Cupid knifed hath, within thy  
 Thus shalt thou find it grieffe, which eurt thou  
 thoughtest game, [ing hane:

And I shall heare the wearie newes, by true report:  
 Lamenting thy mishap, in souce of swelling teares,  
 Harding my heart with cruell care, which from  
 fansie beares. [moore:

And though my iust desert, thy pittie could not  
 Yet wyl I washe in wayling wordes, thy cruell  
 childishe loue. [more:

And saye as Troilus sayde, since that I can no  
 Thy wanton wyl dyd water once, and wee is us  
 therefore.

Si fortunatus infelix.

### PRIDE IN COURT,

Written by a Gentlewoman in Court, who (when  
 shee was there placed) seemed to disdain him,  
 contrarie to a former profession.

When danger keepes the doore, of Ladye be-  
 ties bowre, [strigest towe:

Whē ielouse toyes haue chased Trust out of hir  
 Then faith and trooth maye dye, then falshood  
 winnes the field,

Then feeble naked faultlesse heartes, for lacke of  
 fence must yeeld. [wyl:

And then preuailes as much to hoppe against the  
 As seeke by suite for to appease a froward Ladies  
 wyl. [in vain:

For oathes and solemne vowes, are wasted then  
 And truth is compted but a toye, when such had  
 fancies raigne. [Judge:

The sentence none is sayde, when will it selfe is  
 And quickly is the quarrell pickt, when Ladies list  
 to grudge. [song:

This sing I for my selfe, (which wrote this wooy  
 Who iustly may complaine my case, if euer man  
 had wrong.

A Lady haue I seru'd, a Lady haue I lou'd,  
 A Ladies good wyl once I had, hir yll wyl lets  
 I prou'd. [caught hir:

In country first I knewe hir, in country first I  
 And out of country nowe in Court, to my cost  
 haue I sought hir.

In Court where Princes raigne, hir place is now  
 assignde, [not valinde:

And well were worthy for the roome, if she were  
 There I (in wonted wise) dyd shewe my selfe of  
 late,

And found that as the soile was chang'd, so looe  
 was turnd to hate.

But why? God knowes, not I: saue as I sayde  
 before, [keeps the doore:

Pitie is put from porters place, and danger  
 If courting then haue skill, to change good Ladies  
 so, [of my like w:

God send eche wilful Dame in Court, some word  
 That with a troubled head, she may both tane  
 and tosse, [of ioue the loue:

In restless bed when she should sleepe and feele  
 And I (since porters put me from my wonted  
 place) [me out of grace:

And deepe deceepte had wrought a wyle to wreat  
 Wyl home againe to cart, as fitter were for mee,  
 Then thus in court to serue and starme, where  
 such prude porters bee.

Si fortunatus infelix.

THIS QUESTION BEING PROPOUNDED BY A DAME  
VNTO THE AUCTHORE, TO WITTE, WHY HE  
SHOULD WRITE,

*SPRETA TAMEN VIUNT,*

HE ANSWERETH THUS.

**D**RIPPED things may liue, although they pine  
in payne: [rise againe.  
And things ofte trodden vnder foote, may once yet  
The stone that lieth full lowe, may cline at last  
full hie: [euery eye.  
And stand a loft, on stately tow'r's, in sight of  
The cruell Axe which felle the tree that grew  
full straight: [vp on height.  
Is worne with rust, when it renewes, and springeth  
The roales of rottan reedes in swelling seas are  
scene:  
And when ebbe tide hath tost his worst, they grow  
againe ful greene.  
Thus much to please my selfe, vnpleasantly I  
sing. [of enuies sting.  
And strich to ease my morning minde, in spite  
I am nowe set full light, who earst was dearely  
lou'd:  
Some new food choise is more esteemd, than that  
which wel was prou'd.  
Some Diomede is crept into Dams Cressides hart:  
And trustie Troilus nowe is taught in vaine to  
playne his part.  
What resteth then for me? but thus to wade in wo:  
And hang in hope of better chaunce, when chaunge  
appointeth so.  
I see no sight on earth, but it to Change enclines:  
As litle cloudes oft ouercast, the brightest Sunne  
that shines.  
No Flower is so freshe, but frost can it deface:  
No man so sure in any seate, but he may leese  
his place. [mind)  
So that I stand content (though much against my  
To take in worth this lothsome lot, which luck to  
me asynd, [am vp:  
And trust to see the time, when they that nowe  
May feele the whirle of fortunes wheele, and tast  
of sorrowes cup. [mee):  
God knoweth I wishe it not, it had bene bet for  
Styll to haue kept my quiet chayre in hap of high  
degree. [must raigne):  
But since without recure, Dame Change in looe  
I now wish chaunge that sought no chaüge, but  
constat did remaine.  
And if suche chaunge to chaunce, I vowe to clasp  
my hands, [my fanie standes.  
And laugh at them which laught at me: so thus  
Spreta tamen viuunt.

*IN TRUST IS TREASON,*

WRITTEN BY A LOUER, LEANING ONELYE TO HIS  
LADIES PROMISES, AND FINDING THEM TO  
FAYLE.

**T**HE straightest Tree that growes vpon one onely  
roote: [do it boote.  
If that roote fayle, wyll quickly fade, no props can  
I am that fading plant, which on thy graee dyd  
growe, [all in woe.  
Thy grace is gone wherefore I mone, and wither  
The tallest ship that sailes, if shee to Ancors trust:  
When Ancors slip and Cables breake, her helpe  
lyes in the dust.

I am the ship my selfe, mine Ancor was thy faith:  
Which now is fled, thy promise broke, and I am  
driven to death. [bowe):  
Who climeth oft on hie, and trusts the rotten  
If that bow breake may catch a fall, such state  
stand I in now. [sure):  
Me thought I was a loft, and yet my seate full  
Thy heart dyd seeme to be a rock which quer  
might endure.  
And see, it was but sand, whome seas of subtiltie:  
Haue soked so with wanton waues, that faith was  
forst to flye.  
The flooddes of fickleness haue vndermined so,  
The first foundation of my ioy, that wyrtth is  
ebb'd to wo. [my time):  
Yet at lowe water markes, I lye and wate my  
To mend the breach, but all in vaine, it cannot  
passe the prime. [rage begoon):  
For when the prime flood comes, which all this  
Then waues of wyll do worke so fast, my piles  
are ouer roon.  
Dutie and diligence which are my workmen there,  
Are glad to take vp tooles in haste, and run away  
for feare.  
For fanie hath such force, it overfloweth all,  
And whispering tales do blow the blasts, that make  
it rye and fall. [stand):  
Thus in these tempests tost, my restles life doth  
Because I builded on thy wordes, as I was borne  
in hand. [stay):  
Thou weart that only stake, whereby I ment to  
Ais, alas, thou stoodst so weake, the hedge is  
borne away.  
By thee I thought to liue, by thee now must I dye:  
I made thee my Phisicion, thou art my mallady.  
For thee I longde to liue, for thee nowe welcome  
death:  
And welcome be that happie pang, that stopps my  
gasping breath.  
Twice happie were that axe, would cut my rotes  
downe right:  
And sacred were that swelling sea, which would  
consume me quight.  
Blest were that bowe would breake to bring downe  
climbing youth,  
Which craks aloft, and quakes full oft, for feare of  
thine vntutth.  
Ferenda Natura.

*THE CONSTANCIE OF A LOUER*

HATH THOU SOMETIMES BEEN BRIEFLY DE-  
CLAIMED.

**T**HAT selfe same tonge which first did thee entreat  
To linke thy liking with my lucky looe:  
That trustie tonge must nowe these wordes repente,  
I loue thee still, my faulcie cannot winge.  
That dreadlesse hart which durst attempt the  
thought  
To win thy will with mine for to consent,  
Maintaines that vow which loue in me first wrought,  
I loue thee still, and neuer shall repent.  
That happie hande which hardely did touch,  
Thy tender body to my deepe delight:  
Shall serue with sword to proue my passion such,  
As loue thee still, much more than it can write.  
Thus loue I still with tongue, hand, hart and'all,  
And when I chaunge, let vengeance on me fall.  
Ferenda Natura.

## THE FRUITE OF FOES

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEWOMAN, WHO BLAMED  
HIM FOR WAITING HIS FRIENDLY ADUISE IN  
VERSE VNTO ANOTHER LOUER OF HIME.

The cruell hate which boyles within thy burning  
brest; [loue thee best;  
And seekes to shape a sharpe reuenge, on them that  
May warne all faithfull friends, in case of leop-  
parchie,

Howe they shall put their harmlesse hands, be-  
tweene the bark and tree.  
And I among the rest, which wrote this weary song,  
Must needs alledge in my defence, that thou hast  
done me wrong. [name,

For if in simple verse, I chaunc'd to touch thy  
Aod toucht the same without reproch, was I  
therefore to blame?

And if (of great good will) I gaue my best aduise,  
Then thus to blame without cause why, me thinkes  
thou art not wise,

Amongst olde written tales, this one I beare in  
mind, [pent find,

A simple soule much like my selfe, dyd once a ser-  
Which (almost dead for colde) lay moyling in the  
myre,

When he for pittie tooke it vp, and brought it to  
the fyre.

No sooner was the Snake, recured of hir griefe,  
But straight shew sought to hurt the man, that lent  
hir such reliefe.

Such Serpent seemest thou, such simple soule am I,  
That for the weight of my good wil, am blam'd  
without cause why.

But as it best beemes, the harmlesse gentle hart,  
Rather to take an open wrong, than for to pialne  
his part:

I must and will endure, thy spite without repent,  
The blame is mine, the triumph thine, and I am  
well content.

Meritum petere, graue.

## A LOUER OFTEN WARNED,

AND ONCE AGAINE DROUEN INTO FANTASTICALL  
FLAMES BY THE CHASE OF COMPANY, BOTH  
THUS BEWAYLE HIS MISFORTUNE.

I THAT my face of youthfull yeere had rooe,  
Alwayes vntyed, and not (but once) in thrall,  
Euen I which had the fields of freedom woe.  
Aod liu'd at large, and playde with pleasure ball:  
Lo nowe at last am tane agayne and taught,  
To tast such sorowes, as I neuer sought.

I loue, I looe, alas I loue indeede,  
I drie alas but no man pities me:  
My woundes are wide, yet seme they not to bleed,  
And hidden woundes are hardly heald we see.  
Such is my lucke to catch a sodain clappe,  
Of great mischaunce in seeking my good happe.

My morning minde which dwelt and dyed in  
Sought company for solace of the same: [dole,  
My cares were cold, and craued comforts coule,  
To warme my will with flakes of friendly flame.  
I sodgnt and found, I crand and did obtaine,  
I woe my wish, and yet I got no gaine.

For whiles I sought the cheare of company,  
Fayre fellowship did wouted woes reuiue:  
And crauing medicine for my maladie,  
Dane pleasures piasters proov'd a corosiu.  
So that by myrth, I reapt no fruite but moore,  
Much worse I fere, than when I was alone.

The cause is this, my lot did light to late,  
The Byrdes were flown before I found the nest:  
The steede was stolen before I shut the gate,  
The cates consaznd, before I smelt the feast.  
And I fond fooles with emptie hand must call,  
The gorged Hauke, which likes no lure at all.

Thus still I toyle, to till the barren land,  
And grope for grapes among the bramble briere:  
I strue to saile and yet I sticks on sand,  
I deeme to liue, yet drowne in deepe desires.  
These lottes of loue, are fitte for wanton will,  
Which findes too much, yet must be seeking still.  
Meritum petere graue.

THE LOUER ENCOURAGED BY FORMER  
EXAMPLES, DETERMINETH TO MAKE  
VERTUE OF NECESSITIE.

WHEN I record with io my musing mind,  
The noble names of wightes bewicht in looe:  
Such solace for my selfe therin I finde,  
As nothing maye my fired fantasie moue:  
But patiently I will endure my wo,  
Because I see the heaues ordayne it so.

For whiles I read and ryse their estates,  
In eery tale I note mine owne cates:  
But whiles I marke the meanings of their mates,  
I seeme to swimme in such a sugred ioye,  
As did (parcase) entise them to delight,  
Though turnd at last, to drugges of sower despite.

Peruse (who list) Dan Davids perfect deede,  
There shall he find the blot of Berabe,  
Wheron to thinke, my heauy hart I bleede,  
When I compare my loue like hir to be:  
Vrias wife before mine eyes that shines,  
And David I, from dutie that declines.

Then Salomon this princely Prophetes soone,  
Did Pharaos daughter make him fall or no?  
Yes, yea, perdie his wisdom coule not shoone,  
Hir subtil snares, nor from hir counsell go.  
I nam: (as hee) the wisest wight of all,  
But well I wot, a woman holdes me thrall.

So am I lyke the proude Assirian knight,  
Which blasphem'd God, and all the world defied:  
Yet coule a woman ouer come his might,  
And daunt his force in all his Pompe and Pride.  
I Holiferne, and drunken brought to head,  
By lone lyke Iudith, cutting of my head.

If I were strong, as some haue made account,  
Whose force is like to that which Sampson had:  
If I be bolde, whose courage can surmount,  
The heart of Hercules, which nothing drad?  
Yet Dalils, and Deyanyraes loue, [proue,  
Dyd teach them both, such panges as I must

Am not,

Well let these passe, and thinke on Nasoes name,  
Whose skillfull verse dyd flowe in learned style:  
Dyd hee (thinke you) not dote vpon his Dame?  
Corinna sayre, dyd shee not him beguile?  
Yes God he knowes, forverse nor pleasaunt rymes,  
Can constant keepe, the key of Cressides crimes.

So that to ende my tale as I began,  
I see the good, the wise, the stouthe, the bolde:  
The strongest champion and the learnedst man,  
Haue bene and bee, by lust of loue controulede.  
Which when to thinke, I hold me well content,  
To liue in loue, and neuer to repent.  
Meritum petore, graue.

THE DELECTABLE HISTORY OF SUNDRY ADVENTURES  
FARMED BY  
DAN BARTHOLMEW OF BATHE,  
THE REPORTER.

To tell a tale without authoritye,  
Or Payne a fable by inuencion,  
That one proceedes of quicke capacitie,  
That other proues but small discretion,  
Yet haue both one and other oft bene done.  
And if I were a Poet as some be,  
You might perhaps here some such tale of me.

But far I fynde my feeble skyl to faynt,  
To faise in figures as the learned can,  
And yet my tongue is tyde by due constraint,  
To tell nothing but truth of every man:  
I will assay euen as I first began,  
To tell you nowe a tale and that of truth,  
Which I my selfe sawe proued in my youth.

I neede not seeke so farre in costes abroad,  
As some men do, which write strange histories,  
For whiles at home I made my cheefe abode  
And sawe our louers talle their Tragedyes,  
I found enough which seemed to suffice,  
To set on worke farre finer wittes than mine,  
In paynting out the punga which make them pine.

Amongst the rest I most remember one  
Which was to me a deere familiar friend,  
Whose doting dayes since they be paste and gone,  
And his annoye (neare) come vnto an ende,  
Although he seeme his angry brow to bend,  
I will be bold (by his leaue) for to tell,  
The restlesse state wherein he long dyd dwell.

Learned he was, and that became him best,  
For though by birth he came of worthy race,  
Yet beutie, byrth, brane personage, and the rest,  
In every choyce, must needes giue learning place:  
And as for him he had so hard a grace,  
That by aspect he seemed a simple man,  
And yet by learning much renowne he wau.

His name I hide, and yet for this discourse,  
Let call his name Dan Bartholmew of Bathe,  
Since in the ende he thither had recourse,  
And (as he sayd) dyd skamble there in skathe:  
In deede the rage which wrong him there, was rather,  
As by this tale I thinke your selfe will gesse,  
And then (with me) his lothsome lyfe confesse.

For though he had in all his learned lore,  
Both redde good rules to bridle fantasiae,  
And all good anthonrs taugh him euenmore,

To loue the meane, and leaue extremitie,  
Yet kind hath lent him such a qualitie,  
That at the last he quite forgot his bookes,  
And fastned fassie with the fairest lookes.

For prooffe, when greene youth lept out of his  
eye,  
And left him now a man of middle age,  
His happe was yet with wandring lookes to apie,  
A fayre yong impe of proper personage,  
Eke borne (as he) of honest parentage:  
And truth to tell, my skill it cannot serue,  
To praise hir bertie as it dyd deserue.

First for hir head, the beeres were not of Gold,  
But of some other metall farre more fine,  
Whereof eache crinet seemed to behold,  
Like glistring wiers against the Sunne that shine,  
And there withall the blazing of hir eyes,  
Was like the beames of Titan, truth to tell,  
Which glads vs all that in this world do dwell.

Upon hir cheekes the Lillie and the Rose,  
Did entremete, with equall change of hewe,  
And in hir giftes no lacks I can suppose,  
But that at last (alas) she was vtroise,  
Which flinging fault, because it is not new,  
Nor seldome scene in kits of Cressides kind,  
I maruaile not, nor beare it much in mind.

Dame Natures fruits, wherewith hir face was  
frught,  
Were so frost bitten with the cold of craft,  
That all (same such as Cupides snares had caught)  
Might soone espie the fetters of his shaft:  
But Bartholmew his wits did so bedaft,  
That all seemd good which might of hir be gotten,  
Although it proude so sooner tipe than rotten.

That mouth of hers which seemed to flowe with  
In speeche, in voice, in tender touch, in tast, (mell,  
That dympled chin wherein delight dyd dwell,  
That ruddy lippe wherein was pleasure plast,  
Those well shapt hands, fine armes and slender  
wast,  
With all the giftes which gaue hir any grace,  
Woresmiling baibes which caught fond foolen space.

Why strue I then to paint hir name with  
praise?  
Since forme and fruites were found so farre vnlyke,  
Since of hir cage Inconstance kept the keyes,  
And Change had cast hir honoure downe in dikes:  
Since sickle kind in hir the stroke did strike,  
I may no prayse vnto a knife bequeath,  
With rust yfret, though paynted be the sheath.

But since I must a name to hir assigne,  
Let call hir now Ferenda Natura,  
And if therat she seeme for to repine,  
No force at all, for hereof am I sure a,  
That since hir pranks were for the most vapours a,  
I can appoint hir well no better name,  
Than this where in dame Nature beare the blame.

And thus I say, when Bartholmew had spent  
His pride of youth (vtide in linkes of loue)  
Behold how happe contrary to intant,  
(Or destenies ordained from aboue,  
From which no wight on earth maye well remove)  
Presented to his vew this ferie dame,  
To kinde coles whers earst had bene no flame.

Whome when he sawe to shine in seemely grace,  
And therewithall gan marke hir tender youth,  
He thought not like, that ynder such affaice  
She could conuey the treason of vntruth:  
Wherby he vowed (alas the more his ruth)  
To serue this saynt for terme of all his life,  
Lo here both roote and rind of all his strife.

I cannot nowe in louing termes displaye  
His suite, his seruice, nor his sorie fare:  
His obseruances, nor his queynt aray,  
His skalding sighes, nor yet his cooling care,  
His wayting still to snatch himselfe in snare,  
I can not write what was his sweetest soure,  
For I thy selfe was neuer Paramoure.

But to conclude, much worth in litle writte,  
The highest flying hauke will stoupe at laste,  
The wildest beast is drawne with hungrie hitte,  
To eate a homlye bayte some times in hast.  
The pricke of kinde can neuer be vnplaste,  
And so it seemed by this dayntie dame,  
Whome he at last with labour did reclame.

And when he had with mickel payne procured  
The calme content of hir vnweldie will,  
When he had hir hyfaith and troth assured,  
To like him beste, and aye to loue him still,  
When fancies had of flatterie fedde his ill,  
I not discernie to tell my tale aright,  
What man but he had euer such delight?

The lingring dayes he spent in trifling toyes,  
To whette the tooles which caused his contante:  
The poasting nightes he past in pleasing ioyes,  
Wearing the webbe which looe to him had lente:  
In such a pinfolde were his pleasures pent  
That selde he could hir company eschewe,  
Or leaue such lookes as might his sport renewe.

But if by force heferred were to parte,  
Then mighte you see howe fancies fedde his minde,  
Then all alone he mused on his matter.  
All company seemed then (but hire) vnkind:  
Then sent he tokens true looe for to bind,  
Then wrote he letters, lines and louing layes,  
So to beguile his absent dolefull dayes.

And since I know as others eake can tell,  
What shyl' he had, and howe he could endite,  
Me thinkes I cannot better doe than well,  
To set downe here, his ditties of delight,  
For so at least I maye my selfe acquite,  
And want to shewe some verses yet vnknowne,  
Well worthy praye though some of them myne owne.

No force for that, take you them as they be,  
Since mine emprice is but to make report:  
Imagine then, before you that you see  
A wight bewitcht in many a subtle sort,  
A Louer lodgd in pleasures princely port,  
Vaunting in verse what ioyes he dyd possess,  
His triumphes here I thinke wyll shewe no lesse.

DAN BARTHOLOMEW HIS FIRST TRIUMPH.

RESIGNE king Priams soules, that princes were  
in Troy, [more of ioy:  
Resigne to me your happy dayes, and boast no  
Lacke.

Syr Paris first sturd forth make sumawere for thy  
pleare,

And if thou canst defende hir cause, whome Troy  
did bye so deare: [beare some blame,  
What? biesh not man, be bidd, although thou  
Tell troth at last, and so be saire to serue thy selfe  
from shame.

Then gentle Sthenplamard say: what madnesse dyd  
thee moue, [for thy looe?  
To choose of all the flowers in Greece, foule Holesse  
Needs must I coumpit hir foule, whose first frutte  
were forlorne?

Although she soide hir seconde chaffe, about the  
price of corne.

Alas, shee made of thee, a noddye for the nonce,  
For Menelaus lost hir twice, though thou hir  
foundst but once. [peece,  
But yet if in thine eye, shee seemde a peerlesse.  
Aske Theseus the mighty Duke, what towne she  
knew in Greece? [sire,  
Aske him what made hir leaue hir wofull aged  
And steale to Athens gyglet like: what? what but  
foule desire?

Alas poore Paris thou didst nothing else but glasse,  
The parched eares which he cast by, when he had  
resped cleaue:

He slide the gentle slippe, which could both twit  
and twind, [came behind,

And growing left the broken braunch, for tht that  
Yet hast thou filld the world with brute, (the more  
thy blame,) [stately dame,

And sayest, that Hellenis bewty past each other  
For profie thou canst killede the tast of ten years  
warre, [Greece and Troy to lare

And how hir blazing beames first brought both  
No no, thou art deceiued, the dray of foule despite,  
Did worke in Menelaus will, not losse of such de-  
lighte, [daie,

Not loue, but bothsome hate, not dolour, but dis-  
Did make him selfe a sharpe reudge, til both his  
foes were slain,

Thy brother Troylus eke, that gemme of gentle  
deedes, [bleedes:

To thinke howe he abused was, alas my heart  
He bet about the beshe, whiles other caught the  
birds,

Whome crafty Cresside mockt to muche, yet fele  
him still with words. [sprong rose,  
And god he knoweth not I, who pluckt hir first  
Since Lollias and Chaucer both, make doubt vpon  
that glose.

But this I knowe to well, and he to farre it felte,  
How Diomedes vndid his knots, and caught both  
brooch and belt,

And how she chose to change, and how she changed  
still, [will,

And how she dyed leaper like, against hir looue  
Content you then good knightes, your triumphe to  
resigne,

Confesse your starres bath dimme and darke,  
wheras my sunne doth shine:

For this I dare avow, without want be it told,  
My derling is more faire than she, for whose proud  
Troy was solde, [coy,

More constant to conteyne, than Cresside to be  
No Calcas can contriue the craft, to traîne hir out  
of Troye,

No Diomedes can drawe hir settled harte to change,  
No madding moode can moue hir mind, nor make  
hir thoughtes to rage,

For hir alone it is, that Cupide blindfold goes,  
And dare not looke for feare least he his libertie  
should loose:

At hir dame Venus chafes, and pines in iolowais,  
Least bloody Mars should hir espie, and chang  
his fantasie,

Of hir the Quene of Heauen doth stand in dread-  
full doubt, [find hir out.

Least Ioue should mette in drops of gold, if puce be  
Oh that my tonge had skill, to tell hir prayse  
aright,

Or that my pen hir due deserues, in worthy verse  
could write: [ceine,

Or that my minde could muse, or happie heart con-  
some words that might resound hir worth, by high  
Minerua leua. [drest,

Oh how the blooming Ioyes, do blossom in my  
To think within my secret thought, how far she  
steines the rest.

Me thinks I heare hir speake, me thinks I see  
hir still, [hir will.

Me thinks I feele hir feelingly, me thinks I know  
Me thinks I see the states which sue to hir for  
grace, [all space,

Me thinks I see one looke of hers repulse them  
Me thinks that heare is yet, and euermore shall  
be, [face to see:

Wherein my happie heppe was first, hir beauenly  
Wherein I spide the writte, which woud betwene  
hir syne, [thine.

And sayd behold, be bold, for I, am borne to be but  
Me thinks I feele the Ioyes, which neuer yet were  
felt,

Whome flame before yet neuer toucht, me thinks  
I feele them melt.

One word and there an end, me thinks she is the  
spone, [world were done.

Which only shineth now a daies, she dead, the  
The rest are twinkling starres, or Mooones which  
borow light,

To comfort other carefull soules, which wander in  
the night. [bee,

And night God knowes it is, where other Ladies  
For sure my dame adorns the day, there is no  
sunne but shee. [strange,

Then louers by your leaue, and thinke it nothing  
Although I seeme with calme content, in seas of  
Ioyes to rage:

For why, my sailes haue found both wind and  
waues at wyll, [trauell styl.

And depthes of all delightes in hir, with whome I  
And ancors being wayed, I leaue you all at large,  
To steare this seemelye Shippe my selfe, wache is  
my mistresse charge.

Fato non fortuna.

#### DAN BARTHOLMEW HIS SECOND TRIUMPH.

Eye pleasure fye, thou cloyest me with delight.  
Thou fyst my mouth with sweete meates ouer-  
much.

I wallowe styll in Ioye both daye and night.

I deeme, I dreame, I doe, I taste, I touch:

No thing but all that smelles of perfect blisse,

Eye pleasure fye, I cannot like of this.

To taste (sometimes) a baite of hytter gall,  
To drinke a draught of sower Ale (some season)  
To eate browne bread with homely handes in Hall,  
Both much increase mans appetites by reason:

And makes the sweete more sugred that enswees,  
Since mindes of men do styll seeke after newes.

The pamperd horse is seldom seen in breath,  
Whose maunger makes his grace (oftimes) to  
melt,

The crammed Fowle comes quickly to his death.  
Such coldes they catche in hottest happee that  
swelt.

And I (much like) in pleasure scawled styll,  
Doe feare to starue although I feede my fill.

It might suffice that Ioue hath built his bowre,  
Betwene my Ladies liuely shyning eyes,  
It were inough that Bowntie fading floure:  
Growes euer freshe with her in heauenly wise.  
It had bene well that shee were faire of face,  
And yet not robbe all other Dames of grace.

To muse in minde, how wise, how faire, how  
good, [true,  
How braue, hows franke, how courteous, and how  
My Lady is: doth but inflame my blood,  
With humors such, as byd my health adue.  
Since happee alwaies when it is clombe on hye,  
Doth fall full lowe, though carst it reache the  
Skye.

Lo pleasure lo, lo thus I leade a life,  
That laughs for Ioye, and trembleth oft for dread,  
Thy panges are such as call for changes knife,  
To cut the twist, or else to stretch the thread.  
Which holdes yfeere the bondell of my blisse,  
Eye pleasure fye, I dare not trust to thia.  
Fato non fortuna.

#### DAN BARTHOLMEW HIS THIRD TRIUMPH.

Yf euer man yet found the bathe of perfect blisse,  
Then swimme I now amid the seas where nought  
but pleasure is.

I loue and am beloued, without vaunt he it tolde,  
Of one more faire then she of Greece, for whom  
proud Troy was solde.

As bountifull and good as Cleopatra Sueene,  
As constant as Penelope, vnto her make was scene.  
What would you more? my penne, vnable is to  
write,

The least desert that seemes to shine within this  
worthy wight. [on hye.

So that (for nowe) I cease with handes belde vp  
And craue of God that when I change, I may he  
form to dye.

Fato non Fortuna.

#### THE REPORTER.

THESE vaunting verses with a many mo,  
(To his mishap) haue come vnto my handes,  
Whereof the rest (because he sayled so,  
In braggers boate which set it selfe on sandes,  
And brought him eke fast bound in follyes bands)  
Of curtesie I keepe them from your sight,  
Let these suffice which of my selfe I write.

The highest tree that euer yet could growe,  
Although full fayre it flourish for a season,  
Founde yet at last some fall to bring it lowe,  
This olde sayd sawe is (God be knoweth) not  
reason: [son.  
For when things passe the reach and bounds of rea-  
They fall at last, although they stand a time,  
And bruse the more, the higher that they climbe.

So Bartholmew vnto his paine dyd proue,  
For when he thought his hap to be most hye,  
And that he onely reapt the fruites of loue,  
And that he swelt in all prosperitie,  
His comfort chaunged to calamitie:  
And though I doe him wrong to tell the same,  
Yet reade it you, and let me beare the blame.

The Saint he seru'd became a craftie deuill,  
His goddesse to an Idoll seemde to change,  
Thus all his good transformed into euill,  
And euery ioy to raging griefe dyd raunge:  
Which Metamorphosis was maruels strange:  
Yet shall you seildome otherwise it proue,  
Where wicked Lust doth beare the name of Loue.

This sodaine change when he began to spye,  
And colde suspect into his minde had crept,  
He bounst and bet his head tormentingly,  
And from all company him selfe he kept,  
Wherby so farre in stormes of strife he stept,  
That nowe he seemed an Image not a man,  
His eyes so dead, his colour wart so wan.

And I which alwayes heare him great good wyl,  
(Although I knew the cause of all his griefe,  
And what had traunde and tyed him theretyll,  
And plaine to speake, what moued his mischief)  
Yet since I sought to ease him with reliefe:  
I dyd become importunate to knowe, [growe.  
The secreete cause wheroun this grudge should

At last with much ado, his trembling tonge,  
Bewrayde the effect of his vnwilling wyl,  
Which here to tell since it were all to longe,  
And I therewith too barren am of skyll,  
And trouble you with tedious tydinges styll,  
Content you now to heare himselfe rehearse.  
His strange affectes in his lamcuting verse.

Which verse he wrote at Bathe (as earst was  
said)

And there I sawe him when he wrote the same,  
I sawe him there with many moanes dismaide,  
I sawe him there both fryse and flashe in flame,  
I sawe him green'd when others made good game:  
And so appereth by his darke discourse,  
The which to reade I craue your iust remorse.

#### DAN BARTHOLMEWE'S DOLEFOUS DISCOURSES.

I HAUE entreated care to cut the thread,  
Which all to long hath held my lingring life,  
And here aloofe nowe haue I hyd my head,  
From company thereby to stint my strife.  
This solitarye place doth please me best,  
Where I may weare my willing mind with moue,  
And where the signes which boyle out of my brest,  
May skaid my heart, and yet the cause vnknowne,  
All this I doe, for thee my sweetest sowe,  
For whome (of yore) I counted out of care,  
For whome with hungrie iawes I dyd deuoure,  
The secreete baitte which lurked in the soare:  
For whome I thought all forreine pleasures paine,  
For whome againe, all paine dyd pleasure seeme,  
But onely thine, I found all fancies vaine,  
But onely thine, I dyd no dolours deeme.  
Such was the rage, that whilome dyd possesse,  
The priue corners of my mazed mind:  
When hate desire, dyd compt those tormentes lesse,  
Which gaird the gaze that dyd my freedome bind.  
And now (with care) I can record those da yes,  
And call to mind the quiet tyfe I led,

Before I first beheld thy golden rayes,  
When thine vntrueth yet troubled not my bed,  
Remember thou, as I can not forget,  
Howe I had layde, both ioc, and lust aside,  
And bowe I had my fixed fancie set,  
In constant vowe, for euer to abide.  
The bitter proofe of panges in pleasure past,  
The costlye tead, of hony mixt with gall:  
The painted heauen, which turnde to hell at last.  
The freedome faunde, which brought me but to thrall.

The lingring sate, well fed with freshe delays,  
The wanted vowe which fled with euery wine:  
The restlesse nightes, to purchase pleasing dayes,  
The toyling daies to please my restlesse minde.  
All these (with mo) had brused so my brest,  
And graft such greife within my growning heart,  
That had I left Dame fantasie and the rest.  
To greener yeeres, which might endure the smart.  
My wearie bones did beare away the akarres,  
Of many a wound receiued by disdaine:  
So that I found the fruites of all those warres,  
To be nought else but panges of vnknown paine.  
And nowe mine eyes were shut from such delight,  
By fantasie faint, my bote desires were colde,  
When cruell hap, presented to my sight.  
The maydens face, in yeeres which were not old.  
I thinke the Goddess of rourage deuide,  
So to bee wrackt on my rebelling wyl,  
Bicause I had in youthfull yeeres dispiade,  
To taste the baites, which tyste my fantasie styll.  
Howe so it were, God knowes, I cannot tell:  
But if I lye, you Heaueus, the plague be mine,  
I sawe no sooner, how delight dyd dwell  
Betwene those litle infants eyes of thine,  
But straight a sparkling cole of quicke desire,  
Dyd kinde flame within my frozen heart,  
And yelding fantasie softly blew the fire,  
Which since hath bene the cause of all my smart.  
What neede I say? thy selfe for me can sweare,  
Howe much I tendred thee in tender yeeres:  
Thy life was then to me (God knowes) full deare,  
My life to thee is light, as nowe appears.  
I loued the first, and shall do to my last,  
Thou flatteredst first, and so thou wouldest do styll:  
For loue of thee full many paines I past,  
For deadly hate thou seekest me to kyll.  
I cannot nowe, with manly tongue rehearse,  
Howe some that melting mind of thine dyd yelde,  
I shame to write, in this waymenting verse,  
With howe small fight, I vanquish thee in filds:  
But Caesar be, which all the world subdude,  
Was neuer yet so proude of Victorie,  
Nor Hanyball, with martiall feates endode.  
Dyd so much please himselfe in pollicie,  
As I (poore I) dyd seeme to triumphe then,  
When first I got the Bulwarke of thy brest,  
With hate Alarmes I comforted my mee,  
In formost ranke I stooode before the rest,  
And shooke my flagge, not all to shewe my feat,  
But that that thou mightst thereby perceiue my minde:  
Askaunces \* lo, nowe coulde I kyll thy coroe,  
And yet my life is vnto thee resinde.  
Well let this passe, and thinke vpon the ioye,  
The mutual loue, the confidence, the trust,  
Wherby we both abandoned annoye,  
And fed our mindes with fruites of iouely lust.  
Thinke on the Tythe, of kywes got by stealth,

\* As who should say.



Of sweete embracings shortened by feare.  
Remember that which did maintaine our heath,  
Alas alas why should I name it here.  
And in the midst of all those happie dayes,  
Do not forget the changes of my chaunce,  
When in the depth of many wayward wayes,  
I onely sought, what might thy state aduance.  
Thou must confesse how much I carde for thee,  
When of my selfe, I carde not for my selfe,  
And when my hap was in mishappes to be,  
Esteemd thee more, than al the worldly selfe.  
Mine absent thoughtes did beate on thee alone,  
When thou hadst found afond and newfound  
choise:

For lacke of thee I sunke in endless mose,  
When thou in change didst tumble and recyoe.  
O mighty goddes needes must I honor you,  
Needes must I iudge your iudgements to be iust,  
Because she did for sake him that was true,  
And with false looe, did cloke a fained luste.  
By high decreas, you ordayned the change,  
To light on such, as she must needes mislike,  
A moete rewarde for such as like to raiuge,  
When fancies force, their feeble fleshe doth strike.  
But did I then giue brydle to thy fall,  
Thou had strong thou accuse me if thou can?  
Did I not hazard lose yea life and all,  
To wards thy will, from that unworthy man?  
And when by toyle I trauiayled to finde,  
The secrete causes of thy madding moodie,  
I found naught else but tricks of Cressides kinde,  
Which playnly proude, that thou wert of hir blood.  
I found that absent Troylus was forgot,  
When Dyomede had got both brooch and belt,  
Both gloue and hand, yea harte and all god wot,  
When absent Troylus did in sorowes swell.  
These tricks (with me) thou knowst thy self I  
found,

Which nowe are needlesse here for to rehearse,  
Unless it were to touche a tender wound,  
With corosines my painting heart to perse.  
But as the Hounde is counted little worth,  
Which giueth oer for a loose or twaine,  
And cannot finde the meanes to single forth.  
The stricken Deare which doth in heard remaine:  
Or as the kindly Spaniel which hath sprong  
The pretty Partriche, for the Falcons sight,  
Doth neuer spare but thrusts the thornes among,  
To bring this byrd yet once againe to sight,  
And though he knowe by prooffe (yea dearely  
bought)

That selde or neuer, for his owne auails,  
This wearie worke of his in vaine is wrought,  
Yet spares he not but labors tooth and nayle.  
So labor I to saue thy wandring shippe,  
Which recklesse then, was running on the rockes,  
And though I saw thee seeme to hang the lyppe.  
And yet my great good will, as light as flockes:  
Yet bauld I in, the mayne sheate of the minde,  
And stayd thy course by ancors of aduice,  
I wooed thy wyll into a better winde,  
To saue thy ware, which was of precious price.  
And when I had so harbored thy Barke,  
In happy bagen, which safer was than Doser,  
The Admirall, which knewe it by the marks,  
Straight challengeid all, and sayd thou wert a  
Then was I forst in thy behalfe to pleade, [rouer.  
Yea so I dyd, the Judge can saye no lease,  
And whiles in toyle, this lothsome life I leade,  
Camest thou thy selfe the fensles for to confesse,

And downe on knee before thy cruell foe,  
Dydt pardon craue, accusing me for all,  
And sayd: I was the cause, that thou didst so,  
And that I spoone the thred of all thy thrall.  
Not so content, thou furthermore didst sweare  
That of thy selfe thou neuer ment to sweare,  
For prooffe wherof thou didst the colours weare,  
Which might bewray, what saint thou ment to  
And that thy blood was sacrificed eke, [serue].  
To manifest thy stedfast martyrd mynde,  
Till I perforce, constraynd thee for to seeke,  
These raging seas, aduentures thereto finde.  
Alas, alas, and out alas for me,  
Who am enforced, thus for to repeat  
The false reports and cloked guyles of thee,  
Wherof (to oft) my restlesse thoughtes do beate.  
But thus it was, and thus God knowes it is.  
Which when I founde by playne and perfect prooffe,  
My musing minde then thought it not amisse,  
To shrinke aside, lamenting all aloofe.  
And so to beate my simple shiftlesse brayne,  
For some deice, that might redeeme thy state,  
Lo here the cause, for why I take this payne,  
Lo how I loue the wight which me doth hate:  
Lo thus I lye, and restlesse rest in Bathe,  
Whereas I bathe not now in blisse hardie,  
But boyle in Bale and skamble thus in skathe,  
Bycause I thinke on thine vnconscience.  
And wylt thou knowe howe here I spend my time,  
And howe I drawe my dayes in dolours styll?  
Then staye a while: giue eare vnto my rime,  
So shalt thou know the weight of all my wyll.  
When Titan is constrained to forsake,  
His Lemans couche, and clymeth to his carte,  
Then I begin to languishe for thy sake,  
And with a signe, which maye bewray my smarte.  
I cleare mine eyes whome gumme of teares had  
And vp on foote I set my ghostly course, [glewed,  
And when the stony walles haue oft renewed,  
My pittous plaintes, with Echoes of remorce,  
Then doe I crye and call vpon thy name,  
And thus I saye, thou curst and cruell bothe,  
Beholde the man, which taketh grieffe for game,  
And loueth them, which most his name doe lothe.  
Behold the man which ouer truly ment,  
And yet accusde as aucthour of thine yll,  
Behold the man, which all his life hath spent.  
To serue thy selfe, and aye to worke thy wyll:  
Behold the man, which onely for thy looe,  
Dydt loue himselfe, whome else he set but light:  
Behold the man, whose blood (for thy behoues)  
Was ever prest to shed it selfe outright.  
And canst thou nowe condemne his loyallic:  
And canst thou craft to flatter such a friend?  
And canst thou see him sincke in ioperdia?  
And canst thou seeke to bring his life to ande?  
Is this the right reward for such desert?  
Is this the fruite of seede so timely sowne?  
Is this the price, appointed for his part?  
Shall truth be thus by treason oerthrowne?  
Then farewell faith, thou art no womans phrasse:  
And with that word I staye my tongue in time,  
With rolling eyes I loke about eache where,  
Least any man should heare my railing rime.  
And all in rage, enragd as I am,  
I take my sheete, my slippers and my Gowne,  
And in the Bathe from whence but late I came,  
I cast my selfe in-dollours there to drowne.

‡ These things are mytical and not to bee vnderstoode but by Thauthour him selfe.

There all alone I can my selfe conceale,  
 Into some corner where I sit vnscene,  
 And to my selfe (there naked) can I saye, [beare.  
 Behold these braunceline armes which once haue  
 But large and lustie, able for to fight, [knowes  
 Nowe are they weake, and wearishe God he  
 Unable now to daunt the fowle despight,  
 Which is presented by my cruel foe.  
 My thighe is thin, my body lank and leane,  
 It hath no bombast now, but skin and bones:  
 And on mine Elbowe as I lye and leane,  
 I see a trustie token for the none.<sup>4</sup>  
 I spie a bracelet bounde about mine arme,  
 Which to my shaddowe seemeth thus to saye,  
 "Beleeue not me: for I was but a Charme,"  
 To make thee sleepe, when others went to playe.  
 And as I gaze thus galled all with griefe,  
 I fide it faded almost quite in sunder,  
 Then thinke I thus: thus wasteth my reliefe,  
 And though I fide, yet to the world, no wonder.  
 For as this face, by leysure leaues to weare,  
 So must I faim, euen as the Candle wasteth,  
 These thoughts (deere sweet) within my brest I  
 beare,

And to my long borne, thus my life it hansteth.  
 Herewith I taste the droppes of sweeking sence,  
 Which trickle downe my face, enforced so,  
 And in my body feele I lye: vnto me beate,  
 A burning heart which tosseth too and fro.  
 Thus all in flames I sinderlyke consume,  
 And were it not that wanhope lendes me wynde,  
 Soone might I fret my fayres all in fume,  
 And lyke a Ghost my ghost his graue might finde.  
 But frysing hope doth blowe sui in my face,  
 And colde of cares becommes my cordiall,  
 So that I styll endure that yrksome place,  
 Where sorrowe seethes to akalde my skinnes withal.  
 And when from thence or company me driues,  
 Or weary woes do make me charge my seate,  
 Then in my bod my restlesse paines reuiues,  
 Until my fellowes call me downe to meate.  
 And when I ryse, my corpe for to araye,  
 I take the glasse, sometimes (but not for pride,  
 For God he knowes my minde is not so gaye)  
 But for I would in comelynesse abyde:  
 I take the glasse, wherein I seeme to see,  
 Such wythred wrinkles and so fowle disgrace,  
 That lytle maruaile seemeth it to mee,  
 Though thou so well dydst like the noble face.<sup>4</sup>  
 The noble face was faire and freshe of hewe,  
 My wrinkled face is fewle and faded fast:  
 The noble face was vnto thee but nere,  
 My wrinkled face is olde and cleane outcast:  
 The noble face might moue thee with delight,  
 My wrinkled face could neuer please thine eye:  
 Loe thus of crime I couet thee to quite.  
 And styll seeme my selfe of Sarcandyry:  
 As one that am vnworthy to enioye,  
 The lasting fruite of such a tose as thine,  
 Thus am I tickled styll with every toy,  
 And when my Fellowes call me downe to dyne,  
 No change of meate prouokes mine appetite,  
 Nor sauce can serue to taste my sweetnes withall,  
 Then I deuise the iuyce of grapes to dight,  
 For Sugar and for Sinsamon I call,  
 For Ginger, Orzines, and for othe other spice,  
 Wherewith I mixe the noble Wine space,  
 My Fellowes prays the depth of my deuise,  
 And saye it is as good as Ippocrate.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Another misterie.

As Ippocrate saye I? and then I swell,  
 My fayingt lymmes straight fall into a swell,  
 Before the taste of Ippocrate is felt,  
 The naked name in dolours doth mee drowe,  
 For then I call vnto my troubled mynde,  
 That Ippocrate hath bene thy daylye drinke,  
 That Ippocrate hath walkt with euerie wiude,  
 In bottels that were fylled to the brinke.  
 With Ippocrate thou banquetedst full ofte,  
 With Ippocrate thou madst thy selfe full merye,  
 Such cheere hath set thy new lous so alofte,  
 That olde lous nowe was scarcely worth a cherry.  
 And then againe I fall into a traunce,  
 But when my breth returns against my wyll,  
 Before my tongue can tell my wofull chauce,  
 I heare my fellowes how they whisper still.  
 One sayth that Ippocrate is contrary,  
 Vnto my nature and complexion,  
 Whereby they iudge that all my maldyde,  
 Was long of that by alteration.  
 An other sayth, no, no this man is weake,  
 And for such weake, so bothe thinges are not best.  
 Then at the last I heare my lyar speake,  
 But one which knowes the cause of mine vntrest,  
 And sayth, this man is (for my life) in lose,  
 He hath receiued repalse, or dronke dishaies.  
 Alas crye I: and ere I can requere,  
 Into a soune I some returns againe.  
 Thus driue I forth, my doolefull dyming time,  
 And trouble others with my troubles styll,  
 But when I here, the Bell hath passed prime,  
 Into the Bathe I wallowe by my wyll, [gride,  
 That there my teares (vnscene) might ease my  
 For though I starme yet here I fed my fill,  
 In priue panges I count my best reliefe.  
 And still I striue in weary woes to drench,  
 But when I plouge, than woe is at an ebbe,  
 My glowing coles are all to quick to quecke,  
 And I (so warme) am wrapped in the wobble,  
 Which makes me swim against the wished weale.  
 Lo thus (deare venche) I leade a lothsome life,  
 And greedely I seeke the greedy graue,  
 To make an ende of all these sturmes and strife,  
 But death is deafe, and heares not my desire,  
 So that my dayes continuely styll in dole,  
 And in my nightes I feele the secreete fire,  
 Which close in embers, conebeth lyke a cole.  
 And in the daye hath bene but raked vp,  
 With couering ashes of my company,  
 Now breakes it out, and boyles the careful cuppe,  
 Which in my heart doth hang full heauily.  
 I melt in teares, I sweite in chilling sweat,  
 My swelling heart, breakes with delay of paine,  
 I freeze in hope, yet burne in haste of leane,  
 I wishe for death, and yet in life remaine.  
 And when dead sleepe doth close my dazzled eye,  
 Then dreadful dreames my colours do obscure,  
 Me thinke I lie awake in wofull wise.  
 And see thee come, my sorrowes for to cease,  
 Me seemes thou saist (my good) what meanest thou?  
 What ayles thee thus to languish and lament?  
 How can it be that bathing all in blisse:  
 Such cause vnknowe disquiet thy content?  
 Thou deest me wrong to keepe so close from me  
 The grudge or griefe, which gripeth now thy heart,  
 For well thou knowest, I must thy partner be,  
 In hale, in blisse, in solace, and in smart.  
 Alas, alas, these things I deeme in dreames,  
 But when mine eyes are open and awake,  
 I see not thee: where with thy flowing stream,  
 Of brimsh teares their wouted floods do make.

Thus as thou seest I spend both nightes and dayes,  
and for I find the world did fudge me once,  
A writlesse wyter of these louers layes,  
take my pen and paper for the nonce.  
Lay aside this foolish ryding rime,  
And as my troubled head can bring to passe,  
I thus herway the tormentes of my time:  
Bears with my Muse, it is not as it was.  
Fato non fortuna.

## THE EXTREMITIE OF HIS FASHION.

AMONG the toys which tease my braine,  
and rease my mind from quiet rest,  
This one I fnde, doth there remaine,  
to breede debate within my brest.  
When wo would work, to wound my wyl,  
I cannot weepe, nor waile my fyll.

My tongue hath not the skill to tell,  
the smallest grieft which gripes my heart,  
Mine eyes haue not the power to swell,  
into such seas of secret smart,  
That will might melt to wanes of woe,  
and I might weell in sorrowes so.

Yet shod mine eyes no trickling teares,  
but scouddes which flowe abundantly,  
Whose fountaine first enforst by feares,  
found out the gappe of ielousie,  
And by that breache, it soeth so,  
that all my face, is styll on flowe.

My voice is like the raging wind,  
which roareth still, and neuer staies,  
The thoughtes which tumble in my minde,  
are like the wheele which whirles alwayes,  
Nowe here, nowe there, nowe vp, nowe downe,  
in depth of waues, yet cannot drowne.

The sighes which boyle out of my brest,  
are not lyke those, which others vse,  
For louers sighes, sometimes take rest,  
And lend their mindes, a leaue to muse.  
But mine are like the surging Seas,  
whome calme nor quiet can appease.

And yet they be but sorrowes smoke,  
my brest the forge where furie playes,  
My panting heart, yt strikes the strooke,  
my fancie blowes the flame alwaies,  
The coles are kindled by desire,  
and Cupide warms him by the fire.

Thus can I neyther drowne in dole,  
nor burne to ashes though I waste,  
Mine eyes can neyther quenche the cole,  
which warms my heart in all this haste.  
Nor yet my fancie make such flame,  
that I may smoulder in the same.

Wherefore I come to seeke out Care,  
beseeching him of curtesie,  
To cut the thread which cannot weare,  
by panges of such perplexitie,  
And but he graunt this boome of mine,  
thus must I liue and euer pine.  
Fato non fortuna.

Lo thus (deere heart) I force my franticke Muse,  
To frame a verse in spite of my despight,  
But whiles I doo these mirthlesse meesters vse,  
This rask conceits doth rease me from delight.

I call to minde howe many louing layes,  
Howe many Sonets, and how many songes,  
I dyd deuise within those happie dayes,  
When yet my wyl, had not receiued wronges.  
All which were euermore regarded so,  
That litle fruit I seemd thereby to reape,  
But rather when I had bewrayed my woe,  
Thy loue was light, and husted styll to leape.  
The rimes which pleased thee were all in print,  
And mine were ragged, hard for to be read.  
Lo deere: this dagger dubbes me with this dint,  
And leaue this wound within my ielous head.  
But since I haue confessed vnto Care,  
That now I stand vpon his curtesie,  
And that the bale, which in my brest I bare,  
Hath not the skill to kyl me cunningly,  
Therefore with all my whole deuotion,  
To Care I make this supplication.  
Fato non fortuna.

## HIS LIKELL OF REQUEST EXHIBITED TO CARE.

O CURTIOUS Care, whome others (cruell) call,  
And railt vpon thine honourable name,  
O knife that canst cut of the thread of thrall,  
O sheare that shreadst the seamerent sheete of  
shame.

O happye ende of euery greuous game:  
Vouchsafe O Prince, thy vasaall to behold,  
Who loues thee more, than can with tongue be  
And nowe vouchsafe to pittie this his plaint, [told  
Whose teares bewray,  
His truth alway,  
Although his feeble tongue be forst to faint.

I must confesse O noble king to thee,  
That I haue beene a Rebel in my youth,  
I preast alwaies in pleasures court to bee,  
I fled from that, which Cupide still catcheth,  
I fled from Care, lo now I tell the truth,  
And in delights, I loued so to dwell.  
Thy beaueuly house dyd seeme to me but hail.  
Such was my rage, the which I now repent,  
And pardon crase,  
My soule to wane,  
Before the webbe of weary life be spent.

But marke what fruites dyd grow on such a tree,  
What crop dyd rise vpon so rashe sowne seede,  
For when I thought my selfe in heauen to bee,  
In depth of hell I thrownd was in deede:  
Whereon to thinke my beaueuly hart doth blende:  
Me thought I swumme in Seas of all delight,  
When as I sunke in puddles of despight,  
Alas alas I thought my selfe below'd,  
When deadly bate,  
Did play checke mate, [provd,  
With me poore pawne, that no such pranks had

This when I tryed (ay me) to be true,  
I wept for woe, I pined all for paine,  
I tare my heere, I often chaunged bewe,  
I left delight, with doulours to complaine.  
I shoud each place where pleasure dyd remaine,  
I eride, I calde on euery kinde of death,  
I stroue eache way to stop my fainting breath.  
Short tale to make, I stept so farre in strife,  
That still I sought,  
With all my thought,  
Some happie helpe to leaue my lothed life.

Another misteria.

But hope<sup>6</sup> was he that hold my hande abacke,  
From quicke dispatch of all my griping griefe,  
When beate of hate had burnt my will to wracke,  
Then hope was colde, and lent my life relief,  
In every choice hope challenge to be chiefe.  
When coldest crampes had cleane overcome my  
heart,

Then hope was hote, and wrande my weary smart,  
Then heart was hardie, hope was still in dread,  
When heart was faint,  
(With feares attaint,)  
Then hardie hope held vp my fearefull head.

Thus when I found that neither flowing teares,  
Could drowne my heart in waues of wery wo,  
Nor hardy hand could overcome my feares,  
To cut the sacke of all my sorrowes so,  
Nor death would come, nor I to death could go.  
And yet I felt great droppes of secretes smart,  
Distilling styll within my dying heart:  
I then perceiue that onely care was he,  
Which as my friend,  
Might make an end,  
Of all these paines, and set my fantasie free.

Wherefore (oh Care) graunt thou my iust re-  
quest,

Oh kyll my corpe, oh quickly kyll me nowe,  
Oh make an onde and bring my bones to rest,  
Oh cut my thread (good Care) I care not howe,  
Oh Care be kinde: and here I make a vowe,  
That when my life out of my brust shall part,  
I wyll present thee with my faithfull hart:  
And send it to thee as a Sacrifice,  
Because thou hast,  
Vouchsaf at last,  
To ende my faries in this friendly wise.

Fato non Fortuna.

WHAT greater glory can a Keyzar gaine,  
If made moode moue his subiectes to rebell,  
Than that at last (when all the traytors traine,  
Hane trode the path, of deepe repentance well,  
And naked neede with Cold and Hunger both,  
Hath bitten them abrode in foren land,  
Whereby they may their lewde deuises loth,  
(When hairbrained haste, with cold aduise is scande)  
If then at last, they come vpon their knee,  
And pardon craue with due submission:  
And for this cause, I thinke that Care of me,  
Was moued most, to take compassion.  
For now I find, that pittie prickes his mind,  
To see me plunged still in endless paine,  
And right remove, his princely heart doth bind,  
To rule the rage wherein I do remaine.  
I feele my teares doe now begin to stay,  
For Care from them their swelling springs doth  
I feele my sighes their labours now allaye, [soke,  
For Care hath quencht the coles that made the  
I feele my panting heart begins to rest, [unsmoke.  
For Care hath staide the hammers of my head,  
I feele the flame which blazed in my breast,  
Is nowe with carefull ashes ouerspread,  
And gentle Care, hath whet his karuing knife,  
To cut in twaine the thread of all my thrall,  
Deared death howe ouercommeth life,  
And wo still workes to helpe in haste with all.  
But since I feele these panges approaching so,  
And lothed life begin to take his leaue,  
Me thinks it meete, to giue before I go,  
Such laudes, and goodes, as I behind me leaue.

<sup>6</sup> Hope is ever contrary to a louers Passion.

To discharge my troubled conscience,  
And eke to set an other for my heyre,  
Who might (perhaps) be put to great expens,  
To sue for that, which I bequeath him here.  
Wherefore (deere wenche) with all my full intent,  
I thus begin to make my Testament.  
Fato non fortuna.

#### HIS LAST WYLL AND TESTAMENT.

In Iose his mighty name, this eight and twenti  
day,  
Of frosted bearded Januar, the enemy to May:  
Since Adam was create, five thousand years I  
gess,  
Five hundred, forty more and five, as stories  
I being whole of minde, (immortall Gods kin  
praise) [paine alwaye,  
Though in my body languishing with pang  
Do thus ordaine my wyll which long in woes has  
wepte,  
Beseeching mine executours to see it duly kept.  
Fyrst I bequeath my soule on Charons bote to  
tende, [luckye cut,  
Untill thy life (my lone) at last may light  
That there it may awaite, to wryte vpon thy gloe,  
Whē thou hast quite and cleane forgot what paine  
now please thee most.  
So shall it well be seene whose lone is like to mine:  
For so I meane to trye my truth, and there tyll  
than to pine.  
My body be embalme, and closad vp in chest,  
With oynments and with spiceries of eery reast  
the best:  
And so preserued styll vntill the day do come,  
That death diuorce my lone from life, and trow  
hir vp in tombe.  
Then I bequeath my corpe to couche beneath her  
bone, [for the none,  
And there to feede the greedy wormes that liue  
To frette vpon her fleashe, which is to fine there-  
fore, [most.  
This seruice may it doe hir yet, although it do to  
My heart (as heretofore) I must bequeathe to Care,  
And God he knowes, I thinke the gift to simple for  
his share.  
But that he may perceiue, I meane to pay my dew,  
I will it shall be taken quicke, and borne his  
bleeding new,  
As for my funerals, I leaue that toy to large,  
To be as mine executours wyll giue thesto to  
charge. [desire,  
Yet if my goodes will stretche vnto my straung  
Then let this order be obser'd, mine heyre shall  
pay the price:  
First let the torch bearers be wrypte in needes of  
woe, [it is,  
Let all their lightes be virgin waxe, because I lothe  
And care not though the twist be coarse that leach  
them light.  
If fantasie fume, and freewill flacke, then must they  
needs burne bright, [dolefull song,  
Next them let come the quier, with paines and  
Recording all my rough repulse and wraying all  
my wrong. [about,  
And when the deakant singes, in trouble tunes  
Then let fa burden say, (by lone) I ha'd and dyde  
for kuse: [hane,  
About my heavy hearse, some mourners would I  
Who might the same accompany and stand about  
the graue,

But let them be such men, as maye confesse with  
me,

How contrary the lots of loue, to all true loners  
bee. [concept,

Let Patience be the Priest, the Clarke be Close  
The Sextin be simplicitie, which meaneth no dis-  
cept. [doore,

Let almes of Loue be delt, euen at the Chaunsell  
And feede them there with freabe delayses, as I  
haue bene of yore:

Then let the yongest sort, be set to ring Loues  
Bels, [nothing else,

And pay Repentance for their paines, but giue the  
Thus when the Dirge is done, let euery man de-  
part, [full hart,

And learne by me what harme it is to haue a faith-  
Those litle handes I haue, mine heyre must needes  
possesse,

His name is Lust, the handes be losse, few loners  
scape with lease. [bearse,

The rest of all my goodes, which I not here re-  
Giue learned Poets for their paines, to decke my  
Tombe with verse:

And let them write these wordes vpon my carefull  
chest, [best,

Lo here he lies, that was as true (in loue) as is the  
Alas I had forgot the Parsons dewe to paye,  
And so my soule in Purgatorye, might remaine  
alway. [stealth,

Then for my priuie Tytbes, as kyasas caught by  
Sweete collinges and such other knuckes as multi-  
plied my wealth:

I giue the Wicker here, to please his greedie wyll,  
A deipric diabe of anger soppes, but saust with  
sorrow stil: [dishe,

And twice a weeke at least, let dight them for his  
On Fridayes and on Wednesdayes, to saup ex-  
pence of fishe.

Nowe haue I much bequeathed and litle left be-  
hinde, [vnkinde,

And others mo must yet be serued or else I were  
Wet eyes and wayling wordes, Executoours I make,  
And for their paines ten pound of teares let either  
of them take.

Let sorrow at the last my Suprauisor be,  
And stedfastnesse my surest steade, I giue him for  
his fee.

Yet in his pattent place this Sentence of prouiso,  
That be which loueth stedfastly, shall want no  
saucce of sorrow.

Thus now I make an ende, of this my wearie wyll,  
And signe it with my simple hand, and set my  
seale there tyll. [be in rime,

And you which reade my wordes, although they  
Yet reason may perswade you eke, Thus loners  
dote sometime.

#### THE SUBSCRIPTION AND SEALE.

My mausion house was Mone: from Dolours  
dale I came, [name:

I Fate: Non Fortuna, hight, lo now you know my  
My seale is sorrowes sythe, within a field of flame,  
Which cuts in twaine a carefull heart, the sweltreth  
in the same.

Fate non Fortuna.

ALAS, lo now I heare the passing Bell,  
Which Core sppointeth carefullye to knowle,  
And in my brest, I feele my heart now swell,  
To bpsake the stringes, which ioynde it to my soule,

The Crystall yae, which lent mine eyes their light,  
Doth now ware dym, and dazeled all with dread,  
My senses all, wyll now forsake me quite,

And hope of health abandoneth my head,  
My wearie tongue can talke no longer now,  
My trembling hand nowe leaues my penne to hold,

My ioyns nowe stretch, my body cannot bowe,  
My skinnes lookes pale, my blood now waxeth cold,  
And are not these, the very pangas of death?

Yes sure (sweete heart) I know them so to bee,  
They be the pangas, which strue to stop my  
breath,

They be the pangas, which part my loue from thee.  
What sayd I? Loue? Nay life: but not my loue,  
My life departes, my loue continues styll:

My lothed lyfe may from my corpe remoue,  
My loing Loue shall alwayes worke thy wyll.  
It was thy wyll enen thus to trye my truth,

Thou hast thy wyll, my truth may now be sene,  
It was thy wyll, that I should dye in youth,  
Thou hast thy wyll my yeeres are yet but grene.

Thy penance was that I should piue in paine,  
I haue performde thy penancee all in wo,  
Thy pleasure was that I should bere remaine,

I haue bene glad to please thy fansie so.  
Nowe since I haue performde euery part  
Of thy commaunde, as neare as tongue can tell,

Content thee yet before my muse depart,  
To take this Sonet for my last farewell.  
Fate non fortuna.

#### HIS FAREWELL.

FAREWELL deere Loue whome I haue loved and  
shall,

Both in this world, and in the world to come,  
For prooffe whereof my sprite is Charons thral,  
And yet my corpe attendant on thy toome.

Farewell deere sweete, whose wanton wyll to please  
Eche taste of trouble seemed mell to me,  
Farewell sweete deare, whose doubtles for to ap-  
I was contented thus in bale to be. [pease,

Farewell my lyfe, farewell for and my death,  
For thee I lyu'd for thee nowe must I dye,  
Farewell from Bathe, wheras I feele my breath

Forsake my brest in great perplexitie,  
Alas how welcome were this death of mine,  
If I had dyde betweene those armes of thine?

Fate non Fortuna.

#### THE REPORTERS CONCLUSION.

WHERE might I now find floodes of flowing  
teares,

So to suffice the swelling of mine eyes.  
How might my brest vnloide the bale it beares?  
Alas alas how might my tongue deuise  
To tell this weary tale in wofull wise?

To tell I saye these tydinges nowe of truth,  
Which may prouoke the craggy rockes to ruth?

In depth of dole would God that I were drownde,  
Where flattering ioyes might neuer flude me out,  
Or graued so within the greedy gronde,

As false delights might neuer breede my doubt,  
Nor guilefull loue hir purpose bring about:  
Whose trustlesse traines in colours for to paint,  
I find by prooffe my wittes are all to faint.

I was that man whome destinies ordeine,  
To beare eche griefe that groweth on the mold,  
I was that man which proued to my paine,  
More pangas at once than can with tongue be told,

I was that man (hereof you maye be bold)  
Whome heauen and earth did frame to scoffe and  
I, I was he which to that end was borne. [scorne]

Sufficed not my selfe to taste the fruits,  
Of sugred sowres which growe in gadding yeares,  
But that I must with paine of lyke pursuite,  
Perceiue such panges by paterne of my peares,  
And feele how fanciesfume could foond my pbeares?  
Alas I find all fates against me beat,  
For nothing else I lyue but to lament.

The force of friendship bound by holy othe,  
Dyd drawe my wyll into these croked wayes,  
For with my friend I went to Bathe (though loth)  
To lend some comfort in his dollie dayes,  
The stedfast friend stiches fast at all assayes:  
Yet was I loth such time to spend in vaine,  
The cause whereof, to here I tell you playne.

By prooffe I found as you may well perceiue,  
That all good counsell was but worne in wast,  
Such painted paines his passions did deceiue.  
That bitter gall was mell to him in tast,  
Within his will: such rootes of mine plant,  
As grafes of griefes were only giuen to growe,  
Where youth did plant and rash conceits did sowe.

I sawe at first his eares were open aye  
To eery tale which fed him with some hope,  
As fast againe I sawe him turne away  
From graue aduise, which might his conscience  
From reasons rule his fancie lightly lope, [grope,  
He only gaue his mind to get that gaine,  
Which most he wisht and least could yet attaine.

Not I alone, but many mo with me,  
Had found what sicklenesse his Idoll veed,  
And how she claimed Cressides heire to be,  
He how she had his great good will abused,  
And how she was of many men refused,  
Who tride hir tricks and knew hir by the kinde,  
Sawe only him she made no louer blinde.

But what for this? whose face is plainer scene,  
Than be which thinkes he walketh in a net?  
(Or who in hale hath euer deeper bene,  
Than he which thought his state might not be bet.  
In such a iollitye these louers iet,  
That weale to them dooth seeme to bee but wo,  
And griefe seemes ioye, they feede theyr fancies  
so.

Tell him that reason ought to be his rule,  
And he allowed no reason but his owne,  
Tell him that best were quicklye to recule,  
Before all force by feares were ouerthrowne,  
And that his bale were better ouerblowne,  
Then thus to pine remedylesse in griefe,  
And he would saye that griefe was his reliefe.

Short tale to make so long he lyued thus,  
Tyll at the last he gan in deede to dye,  
Beleone me Lordes (and by him that dyed for vs)  
I sawe him giue to close his dying eye,  
I sawe him stryue and strangle passingly.  
And such a griefe I tooke, that yet I not,  
If be or I had then more griefe ygot.

But who hath scene a Lampe bagyn to fade,  
Which lacketh oyle to feede his lyngring lyght,  
And then againe who so hath scene it made?

With oyle and wecke to leat the longynge night:  
Let him conceyue that I sawe such a sight.  
Whereof to thinke (although I sighde erewhile)  
Loe sawe I laughes my sorrowes to beguile.

Upon the stones a trampling steede we heard,  
Which came full straight vnto our lodging doore,  
And straight therwith we heard how one enquirede,  
If such a Knight (as I describde before)  
Were lodged there: the Hoast withouten more,  
Sayd yea forsooth, and God he knowes (quod he)  
He is as sicke as any man maye bee.

The messenger sware by no bagges I trowe,  
But bad our hoast to bring him where he laye,  
(Sood I to Bartholmew) I heare by lowe,  
A voice which seemes somewhat of you to saye:  
And care that past not full a furlong waye,  
Behold the man came stowping in at doore,  
And truth to tell he syked wondrous sore.

At last from out his bosome dyd he take,  
A Letter sealde yfolded fayre and well,  
And kissing it (I thinke for Mistresse sake)  
He sayd to Bartholmew: Syr Knight be well,  
Nuwe reade these lines the which I neede not tell,  
From whence they come: but make an ende of  
mone,  
For you are sicke, and she is woe begone.

The theefe condemnde and gone to gallowe tree,  
(If one crye Grace: to here a Pardon prest)  
Doth dye sometimes, when most he seemde to be,  
From death redeemd, such bronts may breede in  
brest, [prest,  
Twyxt sodaine ioye, and thoughts which paine op-  
The Romaine Widdowe dyed when she beheld,  
Hir Sunne (whome earst) She compted aiaie in  
feld.

So Bartholmew tweene griefe and sodaine ioye,  
Laye styll in traunce, me thinkes I see him yet,  
And out of doubt it gaue me such anoye,  
To see him so, him selfe in fancies fret,  
That sure I though his eyes in head were set.  
And that he laye (as some saye) drawing on,  
Untill his breath and all were past and gone.

But high degrees of heauen which had ordaind,  
(For his decaye) a freshe delays of paine,  
Reuited him: yet from his eyes downe raine,  
Such rewfull teares as moued me to plaine,  
The dolefull plight wherein he dyd remaine.  
For trust me now, to see him sorrowe so,  
It might haue made a stone to melt in wo.

Thrise dyd his tongue beginne to tell his thought,  
And thrise (alas) it foltred in his mouth,  
With stopping sobbes and stakling sighs be  
To vtter that which was to me vnouth. [sought,  
So stais the streamer, when furiously it flouth,  
And fills the dikes where it had wont to swimme,  
Untill by force it breakes about the brimme.

At last (with paine) the first word that he spake,  
Was this: Alas, and therwithall he stayed,  
His feeble Jawes and hollowe voyce could make,  
None other sounde, his thougthes were all dismayed,  
His hearye head full lowe in bosome layed.  
Yet when he sawe me marke what he would saye,  
He cryed right out Alas and weleawaye.

Alas (quod he) deare friend behold this bloude,  
 And with that word he gan ugaire to sorrowne:  
 The messenger which in a studdye stodee,  
 Awakt at last: and in mine eare dyd rowne,  
 Saying: those lines which I haue there throwen  
 downe,  
 Were written all with blood of hir owne haude,  
 For whome he nowe is this distresse doth stande.

And since (quod he) She hath vouchsafed so,  
 To shedd hir blood in witness of hir griefe,  
 Me thinks he rather should relieue hir wo:  
 Then thus deny to send hir some reliefe.  
 Alas alas (quod he) she holdes him chiefe.  
 And well wote I (what ere his fansie bee)  
 There sits no man so neere hir heart as hee.

Therewith he raysde his heauy head alight,  
 Askaunces Ha? in deede and thinkst thou so?  
 But out alas his weake and weary sprit,  
 Forbad his tongue in farder termes to go. [Ho.  
 His thought sayd Haight, his sillie speache cryd  
 And thus he layen dounpes and dolefull trance,  
 Tyll darkeome night dyd sousewbat change his  
 chaunce.

For when the light of day began to fade,  
 And courtips round about his bed were drawne,  
 A golden slomber dyd his lymnes invade,  
 And beld him husht tyll daye againe gan dawne,  
 Whereby Dame quiet put him in a pawne,  
 To set his thoughts (which strided earnest) at one,  
 And had debate be packing to be gone.

Percase sweete looe dyd iull him so on sleepe,  
 Perhaps Dame fansie rockt the Cradell too,  
 How so it were I take thereof no keepe,  
 With such conceits bane I nothing to doo,  
 But when he wakt he asked plainly who,  
 Had brought him so from rage to quiet rest,  
 And who had borne the torments from his brest?

(Quod I) my friend: here is a letter lo,  
 Behold it here and be all hole againe,  
 What man were he that wyther would in wo,  
 Which thus might prosper in despite of puise?  
 Were he not worse then mad which would com-  
 plaine,  
 On such a friend as this to me doth seeme?  
 Which (for thy health) hir blood doth not esteeme?

Thus much I sayd to comfort him God knowes,  
 (But what I thought that keepe I cloose in hold)  
 Sometimes a man must flatter with his foes.  
 And sometimes saye that brasse is bright as Gold:  
 For he that hath not all things as he would,  
 Must winke sometimes, as though he dyd not see,  
 And seeme to thinke thinges are not as they bee.

Dan Bartholmew gan take the briefe in hand,  
 And brake the seale, but when he saw the blood,  
 Good Lord how bolt vpright his heere dyd stand?  
 For though the friendly wordes therein were good,  
 Yet many a thought they moued in his moode.  
 As well appeared by his flecked cheekes,  
 Nowe cherye redde, nowe pale and greene as leekes.

I dremt (quod he) that I was done to death,  
 And that I laye full colde in earth and claye,  
 But that I was restored vnto breath,  
 By one that seemde lyke Pellycane to playe,  
 Who shed his blood to giue me foode awayne,

And made me liue in spite of sorrowe styl,  
 See how my dreame agrees now with this byll?

His feebled wittes forgotten had there whyle,  
 By whome and howe he had this letter first,  
 But when he spyde the man, then gan he smile,  
 For secreete ioye his heart dyd seeme to burst,  
 Now thought he best that (earst) he compted  
 And louingly he dyd the man embrace, (woret,  
 And askt howe farde the roote of all his grace?)

See sodaine change, see subtle sweete disceipte,  
 Behold how looe can make his subiectes blinde,  
 Let all men marke hereby what guilefull baite,  
 Dan Cupide layeth to tyse the lousers minde:  
 Alsake alacke a slender thread may binde,  
 That prysoner fast, which memes to tarrye styl,  
 A lytle rood correctes a roady wyll.

The briefe was writte and blotted all with gore,  
 And thus it sayde: Behold howe stedfast looe,  
 Hath made me hardy (thanneke looe be therefore)  
 To write these wordes thy doubtis for to remoue,  
 With mine owne blood: and yf for thy behoue,  
 These bloody lynes do not thy Carer conuert:  
 I vowe the next shall bleede out of my heart.

I dwell to long vpon this shrillese tale,  
 For Bartholmew was well appease hereby,  
 And feelingly he banished his bale,  
 Taking herein a tast of remedy,  
 By lyte and lyte he fites away gan flye,  
 And in short space he dyd recouer strenght,  
 To stand on foote and take his horse at length.

So that we came to London both yfere,  
 And there his Goddesse tarryed tyll we came,  
 I am to blame to call hir Goddesse here,  
 Since she deserude in deede no Goddesse name,  
 But sure I thinke (and you may iudge the same)  
 She was to him a Goddesse in his thought,  
 Although perhaps hir Shriues was ouerbought.

I maye not write what words betwene them past,  
 Howe teares of griefe were turnde to teares of ioye,  
 Nor how their dole became delight at last,  
 Nor how they made great myrth of much annoy,  
 Nor how content was coynd out of coye,  
 But what I sawe and what I well maye write,  
 That (as I maye) I meane for to endite.

In lonely London looe gan nowe renew,  
 This bloodye Letter made it battle much,  
 And all the doubtis which he in fansies drew,  
 Were done away as there had bene none such,  
 (But to him selfe) he bare no body grutch.  
 Him selfe (he sayde) was cause of all this wo,  
 Withouten cause that hir suspected so.

O louing Youthes this glasse was made for you,  
 And in the same you may your selues behold,  
 Beleene me nowe not one in all your crew,  
 Which (where he loues) hath courage to be bold,  
 Your Cressides elines are alwayes vncontroll.  
 You dare not saye the Sunne is cleare and bright,  
 You dare not sweare that darkeosome is the night.

Terrence was wise which taught by Pamphilus,  
 Howe courage qualles where looe behinde the  
 sense,  
 Though prooue of times makes lousers quarrelous,  
 Yet small excuse serues looe for iust defence.

These Courtisanes have power by pretence,  
To make a Swan of that which was a Crowe,  
As though blacke pitche were turned into Snowe.

Perende, She whome heaven and earth had  
framed,

For his decaye and to bewitche his wittes,  
Made him nowe thinke him selfe was to be Blamde,  
Which causeles thus would fret himselve in fittes,  
Shee made him thinke that sorrowe sildome sities,  
Where trust is tyed in fast and faithfull knottes,  
Shee sayd Mistrust was meete for simple sotties.

What wyl you more shee made him to beleue,  
That she first loved although she younger were,  
She made him thinke that his distresse dyd greue,  
Hir guiltlesse minde: and (that it might appeare,  
Howe these conceiptes could ioyne or hang yfere)  
Shee dyd confesse howe soone shee yielded his,  
Such force (quod she) in learned men there is.

Shee furder sayde that all to true it was,  
Howe youthfull yeares (and lacke of him alone)  
Had made hir once to choose out brittle glasse,  
For perfect Gold: Shee dyd confesse (with mone)  
That youthfully shee bytte a worthlesse bone.  
But that therein she tasted deepe delight,  
That sayde shee not, nor I presume to write.

Shee sware (and that I heare full well in minde)  
Howe Dyomede had neuer Troylus place,  
Shee sayd and sware (howe euer sate the winde)  
That Admirals dyd neuer know hir case,  
Shee sayd againe that neuer Noble Face,  
Dyd please hir eye nor moued hir to change,  
Shee sayd hir minde was neuer geuen to range.

Shee sayd and sayd that Bracelettes were ybound,  
To hold him fast (but not to charme his thought)  
Shee wynt therewith that she were deeply drownd,  
In Ippocrace: if euer she had sought,  
Or dronke, or smelt, or tane, or found, or bought,  
Such Nectar droppes as shee with him had dronke,  
(But this were true) shee wisht hir soule were  
sooke.

And to conclude, shee sayde no printed rymes,  
Could please hir so as his braue Triumphes dyd:  
Why wander I? Shee coured all hir crimes,  
With deepe disceipt, and all hir guiles shee hyd,  
With fained teares, and Bartholmew shee ryd,  
With double gyrrthes, shee byt and whyned both,  
And made him loue where hee had cause to loth.

These be the fruittes which grow on such desire,  
These are the gaines ygot by such an art,  
To late comes he that seekes to quanche the fire,  
When flames possess the house in euery part,  
Who lyst in peace to keepe a quiet hart.  
Flye loue betimes, for if hee once oretake him,  
Then soeld or neuer shall hee well forsake him.

If once thou take him Tenaunt to thy breast,  
No wrytte nor force can serue to plucke him  
thence,  
No pylls can purge his humour lyke the rest,  
Ha bydes in bones, and there takes residence,  
Against his blowes no bucklar makes defeuce.  
And though (with paine) thou put him from thy  
house,  
Yet lurkes hee styll in cornars lyke a Mouse.

At euey hole hee creepeth in by steth,  
And priuilye hee feedeth on thy crommes,  
With spoiles vnseene hee wasteth all thy weith,  
Hee plays boe peepe when any body comes,  
And dastardlik hee seemes to dread the drommes,  
Although in deede in Embushe hee awaytes,  
To take thee stragling yf thou passe his straites.

So seemed now by Bartholmews successe,  
Who yielded some vnto this second charge,  
Accusing styll him selfe for his distresse,  
And that hee had so languished at large,  
Short worke to make: hee had none other charge,  
To beare lounes blowes, but styll to trust hir tale,  
And pardon craue because hee bread hir bale.

And thus hee lyude contented styll with craft,  
Mistrusting most, that gaue least cause of doubt,  
Hee fledde mishappe and helde it by the haft,  
Hee banisht bale and bare it styll about,  
Hee let in loue and thought to hold him out.  
Hee seemde to bathe in perfect blisse againe,  
When (God hee knowes) hee fostred prinic paine.

For as the Tree which crooked growes by kinde,  
(Although it be with propping vndernet)  
In tract of time to crooked course wyl twinde,  
So could Perenda neuer more forget,  
The lease at large where shee hir stinges head set.  
But range againe, and to hir byas fell,  
Such changes chance where lust (for loue) doth  
dwell.

And as it hapt (and God his wyl it was)  
Dan Bartholmew perceyude it very plaine,  
So that perforce hee let his pleasures passe,  
And straued no more against the streame in vaine,  
Rut therewithall hee purchasid such paine,  
As yet I shrinke in minde thereof to moue,  
And maruaile more howe hee the same could vce.

His lustlesse limmes which wonted were to syt,  
In quiet chaire, with pen and paper prest,  
Were armed nowe with helme and harness fyt,  
To seeke aduentures boldly with the best,  
Hee went to warres that went to line in rest.  
And warres in deede hee made withouten blowes,  
For why his friendes were nowe become his foes.

Such was his hap to warre both night and daye,  
To wathe and warde at euery time and tyde,  
Though foes were farre yet skowled hee alwaye,  
And when they came hee must their brontes abide,  
Who euer fled hee would his head not hyde.  
For sure dispayre his corpe so close had armed,  
That by deathes darts hee could no whit be harmed.

In his Ensigne these collours gan hee chuse,  
Blacke, white, and greene, first blacke for morning  
mone,  
Then white for chaste, because hee did refuse,  
(Thenceforth) to thinke but euen of hir alone.  
A bende of greene: for though his ioyes were gone,  
Yet should it seeme hee hoped for a daye,  
And in that bende his name hee dyd displaye.

That selfe same name which in his will hee wrote,  
(You knowe my minde) when hee was out of tune a,  
When hee subscribe (which may not be forgote)  
Howe that his name was Fato Non Fortuna.  
And as I gesse because his loue was Vna,  
That played hir pranckes according to hir kinde,  
Hee wrote these wordes hir best excuse to finde.



As who should saye, lo destenies me drie,  
 And hadde could not haue oerthrowen me thus:  
 I constraue this because I do beleeeue,  
 That once againe he wyll bee amorous,  
 I fere it muche by him that dyed for vs,  
 And who so doubteth that causeles thus I faint.  
 Let him but reade the greene Knights heauy plaint.

Bartello he which writeth ryding tales,  
 Bringes in a Knight which cydde was all in greene,  
 That sighed sore amidde his greuous gales,  
 And was in hold as Bartholmew hath beene.  
 But (for a placke) it maye therein be scene,  
 That, that same Knight which there his griefes  
 begonned,  
 Is Batts owne Fathers sisters brothers Sonne.

Well since my borrell braine is all to bloont,  
 To giue a gesse what ende this man shall haue,  
 And since he rageth not as he was woont,  
 Although sometimes he seeme (elite) to craue,  
 Yet wyll I not his doinges so depraue,  
 As for to iudge (before I see his ende)  
 What harder hadde his angrie starres can sende,

And therewithall my wearye muse desires,  
 To take her rest: and pardon craues also,  
 That shee presume to bring hir selfe in bryers,  
 By penning thus this true report of wo:  
 With silly grace these sorye rimes maye go,  
 In such a rancke as Bartholmew hath plaid,  
 So that shee feares hir cunsaing is disgrat.

But take them yet in gree as they be ment,  
 And wayle with mee the losse of such a man:  
 I count him lost because I see him bent,  
 To yeld againe where first his greefe began,  
 And though I cannot write as others can.  
 Some mournfull verse to moue you moue his fall,  
 Yet weepe (with mee) you faythfull louers all.  
 Finis. quod Dixit & Dixit.

## LEMOYE.

Syr Salamanke to thee this tale is tolde,  
 Peruse it well and call vnto thy minde,  
 The pleasaunt place where thou dydst first behold  
 The rewfull rymes: remember how the Winde  
 Dyd calmylye blowe: and made me leane behinde,  
 Some leaues thereof: whyles I sate reading styll,  
 And thou then seemdst to hearken with good wyll

Beleeeue me nowe, hadst thou not seemd to lyke  
 The wofull wordes of Bartholmews discourse,  
 They should haue lyen styll drowned in the dyke,  
 Lyke Sybylls leaues which flye with lytle force,  
 But for thou seemdst to take therein remorce.  
 I sought againe in corners of my brest,  
 To finde them out and place them with the rest.

Such skylt thou hast to make me (foole) beleeeue,  
 My babies are as braue as any bee,  
 Well since it is so, let it mener greoue  
 Thy friendly minde this worthlessse verse to see  
 In print at last: for trust thou vnto mee,  
 Thine oonly prayse dyd make me venture forth,  
 To set in shewe a thing sq litle worth.

Thus vnto thee these leaues I recommend,  
 To reade, to raze, to view, and to correct,  
 Vouchsafe (my friend) therein for to amend  
 That is amisse, remember that our sect,  
 Is sure to bee with floates alwayes infect.

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And since most mockes wyll light vpon my moss,  
 Vouchsafe (my friend) her faultes for to peruse.  
 Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

## THE FRUITES OF WARRE,

Written vpon this theame, *Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*  
 and it was written by peecemeale at sundrye  
 tymes; as the Authour had vacaunt leysures  
 from seruiue, being begun at Delfe in Hollande,  
 and dyrected to the ryght honourable the Lord  
 Greye of Wylton as appeareth by the Epitlie  
 Dedicatory next following.

To the Ryght honorable and mine especiall good  
 Lonke, the Lorde Greys of Wylton.

My Singular good Lords: I am of opinion that  
 long before this time your honour hath thoroughly  
 perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent  
 vnto you somewhat before my coming hither,  
 and therewithall I doe lykewise coniectour that  
 you haue founde therein iust cause to laugh at  
 my follies forepassed. So that I am partly in  
 doubt whether I were more ouerseene in my first  
 devising, or in my last dyrecting of the same? But  
 as fantasticall humours are common Imperfections  
 in greene vnmellowed braines: So hope I yet that  
 your good Lordshippe wyll rather winke at my  
 weakenesse in generallitie, than reprove my rash-  
 nesse in particularitie. And because I would bee  
 glad, to drawe your Lordshippe into forgetfulness  
 thereof, by freshe recorde of some more martiall  
 matter, as also for that I would haue your Honour  
 perceane that in these lyngering bryales, I doe  
 not altogether passe ouer my time in ydlenesse:  
 I haue therefore thought meete nowe to present  
 you with this Pamphlete written by steith at  
 such times as we Loytered from seruiue. And  
 the sobiect thereof being waife, I could not more  
 conuenientlye address the same vnto any Mar-  
 shiall man, then vnto your good Lordshippe: Whome  
 I haue heard to be an vniuersall patrone of all  
 Souldiours, and haue found to bee an exceeding  
 fauourour of mee your vaworthy follower. The  
 verse is rough. And a good reason, sithence it  
 treateth of rough matters, but if the sence be  
 good then haue I hyt the marke which I shote at:  
 Knowing that your Lordshippe can winne Honny  
 out of the Thistle. And such as it is, I dyrect it  
 vnto your Honour. Beseeching the same, to take  
 it in gree, and to perceane that I am and euer wyll  
 continue.

Your Lordships  
 most bounden and assured.  
 GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

To write of Warre and wote not what it is,  
 Nor euer yet could march where War was made,  
 May well be thought a worke begonne amis,  
 A rash attempt, in woorthlesse verse to wade,  
 To tell the triall, knowing not the trade:  
 Yet such a vaine euen nowe doth feede my Muse,  
 That in this theame I must some labor vse.

<sup>1</sup> This dedication is omitted in the edition of  
 1587. C.

9 And herewithal I cannot but confesse,  
Howe vnexpert I am in feates of warre:  
For more than wryting doth the same expresse,  
I may not boast of any cruell iarre,  
Nor vaunt to see full valiant facts from farre:  
I haue nor bene in Turkie, Denmarke, Greece,  
Ne yet in Colich, to winne a Golden fleece.

3 But nathelless I some what reade in writte,  
Of high exploits by Martiall men ydone,  
And therevpon I haue presumed yet,  
To take in hande this Poeme now begonne:  
Wherin I meane to tell what race they ronne,  
Who followe Drummes before they knowe the  
dubbe,  
And bragge of Mars before they feele his clubbe.

4 Which talk to tell, let first with penne de-  
clare<sup>2</sup>  
What thing warre is, and whereof it proceeds,  
What be the fruites that fall vnto their share  
That gape for honor by those haughtie deeds,  
\* What bloudie broyles in euery state it breeds:  
A weaty worke yneths I shall it write,  
Yet (as I may) I must the same endite.

5 The Poets olde in their fonde fables faime,  
That mightie Mars is god of Warre and Strife,  
These astronomers<sup>3</sup> thinke, where Mars doth raigne,  
That all debate and discorde must be rife,  
Some thinke Bellous goddesse of that life:  
So that some one, and some another iudge,  
To be the cause of euery greuous grudge.

6 Among the rest that Painter<sup>4</sup> had some skill,  
Which thus in armes did once set out the same,  
A field of Geules, and on a Golden hill  
A stately towne consumed all with flame,  
On cheafe of Sable (taken from the dame)  
\* A sucking babe (oh) borne to bide myschaunce,  
Megoarde with blood, and peeced with a launce.

7 On high the Helme, I beare it well in minde,  
The Wreath was Silver pouderd all with shot,  
About the which (*goutte du sang*) did twinde  
A roll of Sable, blacke and foule bebiot,  
The Crest two handes, which may not be forgot,  
For in the Right a trenchand blade did stande,  
And in the Left a frie burning brande.

8 Thus Poets, Painters, and Astronomers,  
Haue giuen their gesse this subject to define,  
Yet are those three, and with them trauellers,  
Not best betrust among the Worthies nine,  
Their wordes and workes are deemed not so diuine:  
But why? God knowes (my matter not so marre),  
Unlesse it be because they faime to farre.

9 Well then, let see what sayth the common  
voic<sup>5</sup>, [say]  
These olde sayde sawes, of warre what can they  
Who list to barken to their whisping noise,  
May heare them talke and tattle day by day,  
\* That Princes pryde is cause of warre alway:  
Pientie brings pryde, pryde plea, plea plus, pine  
peace,  
Peace pientie, and so (say they) they neuer cease.

<sup>2</sup> A definitio. <sup>3</sup> Poet's and Astronomers definition.

<sup>4</sup> Painters description. <sup>5</sup> Common peoples opinion.

10 And though it haue bene thought as true as  
steele,  
Which people prate, and preach about the rest,  
Yet could I neuer any reason feele,  
To thinke *Vox populi vox Dei est*,  
As for my skill, I compt him but a beast,  
Which trusteth truth to dwell in common speeche,  
Where eery horder will become a leech.

11 Then what is warre? define it right at last,  
And let vs set all olde sayde sawes aside,  
Let Poets lie, let Painters faime as fast,  
Astronomers let marke how starres do glide,  
And let these Trauellers tell wonders wide:  
But let vs tell by trustie proufe of truth,  
What thing is warre which raiseth all this ruth.

12 And for my parte my fansie for to wright<sup>6</sup>,  
I say that warre is euen the scourge of God,  
Tormenting such as dwell in princelie plight,  
Yet not regarde the reaching of his route,  
Whose deedes and duties often times are odd,  
Who raunge at randon resting at the iust,  
As though they raignde to do euen what they  
lust

13 Whome neither plague can pull into re-  
morde,  
Nor death can draw to mende that is amisse,  
Within whose hearts no pitie findeth force,  
Nor right can rule to iudge what reason is,  
Whome sickness salueth not, nor bale brings  
blisse:  
Yet can high loue by waste of bloudie warre,  
Sende scholemaisters to teach them what they  
are.

14 Then since the case so plaine by proufe doth  
stande,  
That warre is such, and such alwayes it was,  
Howe chaunceth then that many take in hande  
To ioy in warre, whiles greater pleasures passe?  
Who compt the quiet Burgher but an Asse,  
That liues at ease contented with his owne,  
Whiles they seeke more and yet are ouerthrowne.

15 If Mars mooue warre, as Starcoonnere can  
tel,  
And Poets eke in fables vse to faime,  
Or if Bellous cause meenes heartes to swell  
By deadly grudge, by rancor or dysdaine,  
Then what delight may in that life remaine?  
Where anger, wrath, teene, mischief and debate,  
Do still vpholde the pillars of the State?

16 If Painters craft haue truly warre dysplayd,  
Then is it worse (and badde it is at best)  
Where townes destroyde, and fields with blood  
benayde,  
Yong children slaine, olde widowes foule oppres,  
Maydes rauished, both men and wiues distrust:  
Short tale to make, where sworde and cindres  
flame  
Consume as much as earth and ayre may frame.

17 If pryde make warre (as common peop<sup>6</sup>  
prate)  
Then is it good (no doubt) as good may bee,  
For pryde is roots of euill in sacrie state,

<sup>6</sup> The Authors definition.

The sowres of sinne, the very feend his see,  
The head of Hell, the bough, the branch, the  
tree,  
From which do spring and sproute such fleshlie  
seedes,  
As nothing else but moane and myschiefe breeder.

18 But if warre be (as I haue sayde before)  
Gods scourge, which doth both Prince and people  
tame,

Then warne the wiser sorte by learned lore,  
To flee from that which bringeth naught but blame,  
And let men corupt it grieffe and not a gainne,  
To feele the burden of Gods mightie hande,  
When he concludes in iudgement for to stande.

19 Oh Prince<sup>1</sup> be pleasse with thine owne dia-  
dem<sup>2</sup>,

Confine thy countries with their common boundes,  
Enlarge no lande, ne stretch thou not thy streame,  
Fenne vp thy pleasure in Repentance poundes,  
Least thine owne sworde be cause of all thy  
woundes:

Claime nought by warre where title is not good,  
It is Gods scourge, then Prince beware thy bloud.

20 Oh Dukes, oh Earls, oh Barons, Knights and  
squires<sup>3</sup>,

Kepe you content with that which is your owne,  
Let brauerie neuer bring you in his briers,  
Seekte not to mowe where you no seede haue sowne,  
Let not your neighbors house be ouerthrowne,  
To make your garden straight, round, euen and  
square,

For that is warre, (Gods scourge) then Lordes be-  
ware.

21 Oh bishops, deacons, prelates, priests and  
all<sup>4</sup>,

Striue not for tythes, for glebelande, nor for fees,  
For polling Peter pens, for popish Fall,  
For proud pluralities, nor newe degrees,  
And though you thinke it lubberlike to leese,  
Yet shoulde you leude that one halfe of your  
cote:

Then Priests leaue warre, and learne to sing that  
note.

22 Oh lawlesse Lawyers,<sup>5</sup> stoppe your too long  
nose,

Wherwith you smell your needie neighbors lacke,  
Which can pretende a title to suppose,  
And in your rules vplandish louter can racke,  
Till you haue brought their wealth vnto the wracke:  
This is plaine warre, although you terme it strife,  
Which God will scourge, then Lawyers leaue this  
life.

23 Oh Merchants<sup>6</sup> make more conscience in  
an oth,

Sell not your Silkes by danger nor deceyts,  
Breake not your bankes with coine and credits  
bothe,

Hepe not your hoodes by wilnesse of weyght,  
Set not to sale your subtilties by sleight,  
Breede no debate by bargayning for dayes,  
For God will skourge such gailles tenne thousand  
wayes.

<sup>1</sup> Prince.    <sup>2</sup> Nobilitie.    <sup>3</sup> Prelacie.

<sup>4</sup> Lawyers.    <sup>5</sup> Merchants.

24 Oh countrie clownes,<sup>7</sup> your closes see you  
keepe,

With hedge, and ditches, and marke your meads  
with meares,

Let not dame flatterie in your bosome creepe,  
To tell a stonem. in your Landlordes eares,  
And say the ground is his as playne appears.  
Where you hut set the bounders forth to farre:  
Plie you the plough and be no cause of warre.

25 Oh common people<sup>8</sup> clayme nothing but  
right,

And cease to seeke that you haue neuer lost,  
Striue not for trifles: make not all your might  
To put your neighbours purse to needeless cost,  
When your owneguilt is spent, then farewell frosts:  
The Lawyer gaynes, and leades a Lordly lyfe,  
Whiles you leese all and begge to stinte you  
stryfe.

26 Knew Kings and Princes what a payne it  
were,

To winne mo realmes than any wittle can weelde,  
To pine in hope, to fret as fast for feare,  
To see their subjects murdered in the field,  
To loose at last, and then themselves to yeald,  
To breake sounde sleepe with carke and inward  
care,    [fara.]

They would loue peace, and bidde warre well to

27 [If noble men and gentle bloodes yhorne,  
Wist what it were to haue a widdowes curse,  
Knew they the skourge of God (which wrogs doth  
skorne) ]

Who sees the poore still wronged to the worse,  
Yet staves reuenge till he it list disburse:  
Wist they what were to catche Gods after  
clappes,

Then would they not oppresse somuch perhappes.

28 These spiritual Pastors, say these spitefull  
Popes,

Which ought to tende a lanterne to the rest,  
Had they themselves but light to see the ropes,  
And snares of Hell which for their feete are drest,  
Bicause they pill and pole, bycause they weat.  
Bycause they couet more than borrell men,  
(Harde be their hartas) yet would they tremble  
then.

29 Lawyers and Marchants put them both  
yfeare,

Could they foresee how fast they heyres lashe out,  
If they in minde this old Prouerbe could beare,  
*De bonis malepartis vix* (through out)  
*Gaudebit tertius horres* out of doubt,  
They would percase more peace than plea pro-  
cure,  
Since goods ill got, so little time endure

30 Whiles Pierce the Plowmā hopes to picke a  
thāke,

By moing boundes (which got skarce graze his  
goose)

His Landlord lawes so long to winne that banke,  
Till at the last the Ferme and all flies loose,  
Then farewell Pierce the man proues but a mouee,  
And seekes a cottage if he could one get,  
So fayre he figh by moing mischief yet,

<sup>7</sup> Husbandmen.

<sup>8</sup> Cōmunaltie.

31 If common people could foresee the fine,  
Which lights at last by lashing out at law,  
Then who best loves this question, Myneor Thyne,  
Would neuer grease the greedy sergeants pawe,  
But sit at home and learne this old sayde sawe,  
Had I reuenged bene of euery harme,  
My coate had neuer kept me halfe so warme.

32 But whether now? my wittes are went awrie,  
I haue presume to preache to long God wote.  
Where mine empyrre was well to testifie  
How sweet warre is to such as knowe it not,  
I haue but toucht their yll luck and their lot,  
Which are the cause why strife and warres begin,  
Nought haue I sayd of such as serue therein.

33 And therewithal I termed haue all strife,  
All quessella, contecks, and all cruell iarres,  
Oppressions, bryberes, and all greedy life,  
To be (*in genere*) no bet than warres,  
Wherby my theame is stretcht beyond the starres,  
And I am entred in a field so large,  
As to much matter doth my Muse surcharge.

34 But as the hawke which soareth in the skie,  
And clymbes aloft for soillace of hir wing,  
The greater gate she getteth vp on highe,  
The truer stoupe she makes at any thing:  
So shall you see my Muse by wandering,  
Finde out at last the right and ready way,  
And kepe it sure though carat it went astray.

35 My promise was, and I recorde it so,  
To write in verse (God wot though lytle worth)  
That warre seemes sweete to such as little knowe  
What commeth therby, what frutes it bringeth forth:  
Who knowes none euil his minde no bad abhorth,  
But such as once haue fealt the skorching fire,  
Will seldome (effe) to play with flame desire.

36 Then warre is badde: and so it is in deede,  
Yet are three sortes which therin lake delight,  
But who they be slow herken and take heede,  
For (as I may) I meane their names to wright.  
The first hight Haughtie harte, a man of might,  
The second Greedy munde most men do call,  
And Miser (be the morne) comes last of all.

37 As for the first<sup>14</sup>, three sparkes of mighty  
moode  
Desire of fame, disdayne of Idlenessse,  
And hope of honor, so inflame his blood,  
That he hinkts warre to winne but worthinesse,  
His doughty deedes alwayes declare no lesse:  
For whyles most men for gaines or malice fight,  
He gapes for glory setting lyfe but light.

38 O noble mind: alas and who could thinke,  
So good a hart so hard a happe should haue?  
A sweete perfume to fall into a sinke,  
A costly iewell in a swelling waue,  
Is happe as harde as if in greedy graue,  
The lustiest lyfe shoud shryned be perforce,  
Before dyre deathe gyue sentence of diuorce.

39 And such I counte the happe of Haughty  
hart,  
Which hunts (nought els) but honor for to get,  
Wheretreason, malyce, sicknesse, sore and smarte,

With many myschieues mee his purpose let,  
And he meane while (which might haue spent it  
bet)

But loseth time, or doth the same mispend,  
Such gourdons giues the wicked warre at end.

40 I set aside to tell the restlesse toyle,  
The mangled corps, the lamed limbes at last,  
The shortned yeares by fret of feners foyle,  
The smootheest skinned with skabbes and skarres  
disgrat,

The frolicke fanour frount and foule defart,  
The broken sleepes, the dreadfull dreames, the  
woe,  
Which woude with warre and cannot from him  
goe.

41 I list not write (for it becommes me not)  
The secret wrath which God doth kinde oft,  
To see the sucklings put vnto the pot,  
To beare their ~~gillous broode~~ and cries alofte,  
And call for vengeance vnto him, but softe  
The Souldiours they commit those heynous actes,  
Yet Kings and Captaynes answer for such factes.

42 What neede me now at large for to re-  
beare,

The force of Fortune, when she list to frowne?  
Why should I heere display in barreyne verse,  
How realmes are turned topsie turnie downe,  
How Kings and Keyars loose both clayme and  
croune?

Whose haughty harte to hent all honour haunte,  
Till high mishaps their doughtiest deedes do daunte.

43 All these with mo my penne shall ouerpass,  
Since Haughty harte hath first his fansie thus,  
Let chance (sayeth he) be fickle as it was,  
*Sit bonus (in re mala) Animus,*  
*Nam omne scilum viro fortis Ius.*  
And he (sayeth he) for goods or filthie gaine,  
I gape for glorie, all the rest is vayne.

44 Vayne is the rest, and that most vayne of  
all,

A smouldring smoke which sieth with euery winde,  
A tickell treasure, like a trendlyng ball,  
A passing pleasure mocking but the minde,  
A fickle fee as fansie well can finde.  
A sommers fruite whiche long can neuer last,  
But ripeneth soone, and rottes againe as fast.

45 And tell me Haughtie harte, confesse a truth,  
What man was eue so saie in Glories porte?  
But traynes of treason (oh the more the ruth)  
Could vndermine the Bulwarkes of this forte,  
And raze his ramparts downe in soudrie sorte?  
Seache all thy bookes, and thou shalt finde  
thecht,  
That honour is more harde to holde than wine.

46 Aske Iulius Caesar<sup>15</sup> if this tale be true,  
The man that conquered all the world so wide,  
Whose onely words commaunded all the crue,  
Of Romayne Knights at many a time and tide,  
Whose pompe was thought so great it could not  
glide.

At last with bodkins dubd and doust to death,  
And all his glorie banisht with his breath.

<sup>14</sup> Haughty harte.

<sup>15</sup> Caesar.

47 Of malice more what should I make discourse,

Than thy foule fall proude Pompey<sup>16</sup> by thy name,  
Whose swelling harte enuyng Cæsars force,  
Did boyle and burne in will and wicked flame,  
By his downe fall thy fonder clyme to frame,  
Till thine owne head bebathed with enmies teares,  
Did ende thy glorie with thy youthfull yeares.

48 Alas alas how many may we reade,  
Whome sicknesses sith the hath cut as greene as  
grasse? [leade?

Whome colde in Campes hath changed as pale as  
Whose greace hath molt all cuffed as it was,  
With charges giuen, with skarmouching in chassee?  
Some lamed with goute (soone gotten in the field)  
Some forst by fluxe all glorie vp to yeeld.

49 Of sodayne sores, or clappes caught vnaware,  
By swordes, by shotte, by mischief, or by mine,  
What neede I more examples to declare,  
Then Montacute<sup>17</sup> which died by doome deuine?  
For when he had all France defayct, in fine,  
From lofty towre discombering of his foes,  
A Cannons clappe did all his glorie lose.

50 I had forgot (wherein I was to blame)  
Of bolde braue Bourbon<sup>18</sup> somewhat for to say  
That Haughty hartz whome neuer Prince could  
tame, [way,

Whome neyther towne could stoppe nor wall let  
Nor king nor Keyser could his iorney stay:  
His Epitaph downe set vpon his Tombe  
Declares no lesae: I leaue it to your doome.

*Devicto Gallo, Aucto Imperio, Pontificis obitu, I  
superata,*

*Roma capta, Borbonij hoc marmor habet cœteris<sup>19</sup>.*

51 Oh glorious title ringing out renowne,  
Oh Epitaph of honor and high happe,  
Who reades the same as it is there set downe,  
Would thinke that Borbon sate in fortunes lappe,  
And could not fall by chance of other clappe:  
Yet he that wrote this thundering flatering verse,  
Left out one thing which I must needes rehearse.

52 For when he had his king by warre foredone:  
Enlarge the Empyre and besiege the Pope,  
Tooe Rome, and Italy had ouerronne,  
Yet was he forst, alwayes from lawes to lope,  
And trudge from triall so to scape the rope:  
Yea more than that a banisht man he serued,  
Least loued of them whose thanks he most de-  
serued.

53 Lo lordings here a lesson for the nones,  
Behold this glasse and see yourselfes therein,  
This Epitaph was writte for worthy ones,  
For Haughty hartz which honour hunt to winne,  
Beware beware, what boyles you do beguie,  
For smiling lucke hath oft times *Finem duram*,  
And therefore thinke possit *victoria Curam*.

54 And yet if glory do your harts inflame,  
Or hote desire a haughty name to haue,  
Or if you thirst for high renowne or fame,  
To blase such brutē as time might not deprauē,  
You leese the labour that you might well saue:  
For many a prayse in that meane while you past,  
Which (bet than warre) might make your name  
to last.

55 As first (percase) you skipt Phylosophie,  
That noble skill which doth surmount the rest,  
Wherto if you had tied your memorie,  
Then brutes of warre had neuer braude your breast,  
Yet had our name bene blazde, and you bene blest:  
Aske Aristotle<sup>20</sup> if I speake amis,  
Newe Souldiers fame can greater be than his.

56 Next Rethowke, that hoornie harmellose artes  
Which conquers moe than warre can well subdue,  
You past it by, and therefore loose your parte  
Of glories great, which therevnto are due,  
And might by right your names for aye renewe:  
Such glory loe did Cicero<sup>21</sup> attaine,  
Which longer lasts, than other glories vaine.

57 Of Physike speake for me king Auicen<sup>22</sup>,  
Who more esteeme the meane to saue himselfe,  
Than lessons leude of proude ambitious men,  
Which make debate for mucke and worldly pelfe:  
Yet was his glory neuer set on shelve,  
Nor neuer shal, whyles any worlde may stande,  
Where men haue minde to take good bookes in  
hande. |

58 What shoulde I stretch into Astronomie?  
Or maruels make of Musike sugred sounde?  
Or beate my braynes about Geometrie?  
Or in Arithmetike of artes the grounde?  
Since euermore it is and hath bene founde,  
That who excels in any of the same,  
Is sure to winne an euerlasting fame.

59 My meaning is no more but to declare,  
That Haughty hartes do spende their time in vaine,  
Which followe warres, and bring themselves in  
snare,

Of sundrie vills, and many a pinching paine,  
Whiles if they list to occupie their braiue,  
In other seats with lesser toile ygot,  
They might haue fame when as they haue it not.

60 Well, Greedie minde<sup>23</sup> is of another moode,  
That man was framde out of some other molde,  
He followes warres for wealth and worldlie good,  
To fill his purse with grottes and glistering golde,  
He hopes to buie that Haughtie harte hath solde:  
He is as hote as any man at spoile,  
But at a breach he keepeth no such coyle.

61 Alas good Greedie minde, and caust thou  
finde  
No better trade, to fill thy boystrous baggs?  
Is witte nowe wente so wandering from thy minde?  
Are all thy points so voide of Reasons taggs?  
Well so mayst thou come roysting home in raggs,  
And lose thy time as Haughtie harte doth eke,  
Whiles like a dole thou wealth in warre dost seke.

62 O blearyde foole, are both thine eyes be-  
blast? [mend thee,  
Canst thou not see? looke vp (what man?) Ood  
Looke at these Lawyers howe they purchase fast,  
Marke wel these Marchants (better minde God  
send thee) [ther,  
See howe the sutes of silke that they would leade  
And many mo so fine in fashion stande,  
Till at the last they pay for vtubrifies lande.

<sup>16</sup> Pompey      <sup>17</sup> Montacute Earle of Salisbury.  
<sup>18</sup> Borbon.      <sup>19</sup> Borbons epitaph.

<sup>20</sup> Aristotle.      <sup>21</sup> Cicero.      <sup>22</sup> Auicene.  
<sup>23</sup> Greedy minde.

63 The Grasier gets by feeding fatte his neate,  
The Clothier coynes by carding locks of wool,  
The Butcher huildes by cutting out of meate,  
The Tanners hydes do fill his budget full,  
The Sheep maister his olde cast croones can cull,  
The Shoemaker can shift by shaping shoeses,  
The Craftie bowde can liue by keeping stewes.

64 The gorgeous Goldesmith gets the Diuell  
and all,  
The Haberdasher beapeth wealth by hattes,  
The Barber liues by handling of his balfe,  
The Coupers house is beelde by hooping fattes,  
The Roge rubbes out by poysoning of Rates,  
The Chanell raker liueth by his fee,  
Yet compt I him more worthie prayse than thee.

65 To rake vp rytches euermore by wrong,  
To multiplie by moouing of myschiefe,  
To liue by spoile which seeldome lasteth long,  
To hoorde vp heapes whiles others lacke reliefe,  
To winne all wealth by playing of the sheefe,  
If wof so good a gaine I dare snowe,  
As his that liues by toyling at the plowe.

66 And yet the drudge that delueth in the  
grounde,  
The poorest peasant and the homeliest hinde,  
The meanest man that euer yet was founde,  
Lives more at rest and hath more ease of minde,  
Than any page that liues by Mars his fees.

67 Ne will I yet affray the doubtfull hartes  
Of such as seeke for wealth in warre to fal,  
By thundring out the sundrie sudaine smartes  
Which daily chaunce as fortune trilles the hall:  
Suffiseth this to prouue my theame withall,  
That euery bullet hath a lighting place,  
Though Greedie minde forseeeth not that dis-  
grace.

68 The myst of More would haue, doth blesse  
his eyes,  
So is he armed with auarice alway,  
And as he couets more than may suffice,  
So is he blinde and dazled day by day,  
For whiles he ventres for a double pay,  
He quite forgets the pay that payes for all,  
Til Leade (for Golde) do glut his greedie gal.

69 Yea though he gaine and cram his purse  
with crounes,  
And therewith scape the foemens force in feilde,  
He nought foresaith what treasons dwells in  
Townes,  
Ne what mishappes his yll got goods may yeelde:  
For so may chaunce (and senee it is not seelde)  
His owne companions can contriue a meane,  
To cutte his throate and rinse his budgets cleane.

70 But if he wist, or had the wittle to knowe,  
What dangers dwell, where might beares right  
adowne,  
What hwarde griefes to quiet mindes may growe  
By greedie thyrst of ryches or reuowne,  
Where wrong of warre oft times erects the crowne,  
He would percase confesse among the rest,  
That *Dulce bellum inexpertis est.*

71 So that I say as earst I sayde before,  
That euen as Haughtie harte doth hunt in vaine,  
Which seekes to winne most honor euermore,  
By haunting warres: so can I see no gaine,  
(With calme content) to feede that others vaine:  
Wherefore my worde is still (I change it not)  
That Warre seemes sweete to such as raunge is  
not.

72 Well then, let see what reason or what rale  
Can Miser<sup>64</sup> moue, to march among the rest:  
I meane not Miser he that sterues his Mule  
For lacke of meate: no that were but a iest:  
My Miser is as braue (sometimes) as best,  
Where if he were a spudge to spare a groate,  
Then Greedie minde and he might weare one  
coate.

73 But I by Miser meane the very man,  
Which is enforst by chyn of any chaunce,  
To scrape aside and wander now and than,  
Till lowring lucke may pipe some other danne,  
And in meane while yet doth to aduance  
His staylesse state, by aworde, by speare, by  
shiele,  
Such bulwarikes (loe) my Misers braiue doth builde.

74 The forlorne hope, which haue set vp their  
rest  
By rash expence, and knowe not howe to liue,  
The busie braine that medleth with the best,  
And gets dysgrace his rashnesse to repressure,  
The man that slewe the wight that thought to  
theewe,  
Such and such moe which see the Catchpols fast,  
I compt them Misers, though the Queene it wist.

75 And yet forsooth these loue to liue in warre,  
When (God he knowes) they wote not what it  
meanes,  
Where if they sawe how much deceyued they are,  
Whiles they be brought into mine vnles beanes,  
And hoppe in hazarde by their headie meanes:  
Then woulde they learne and loue to liue at home,  
Much rather yet than wide in warres to rounne.

76 The unthrift he that selles a roode of lande,  
For Flemish stickes of Silkes and such like wares<sup>65</sup>,  
Weenes yet at last to make a happie hande  
By bloudie warre, and hopes to shredde such  
shares,  
In goods yll got to counteruaile his cares,  
That he may once recouer his estate,  
To royst againe in spite of Catchpols pate.

77 The restlesse tong that tattleth still at large,  
Till iust correction cause it to be still<sup>66</sup>,  
Is banisht oft, and sits in Misers barge,  
To brydle so the wandring of his will:  
Yet when he heares a trumpet sounding shrill,  
He followes fast, and to himselfe he sayes,  
Nowe can I keepe me out of Catchpols wayes.

78 The bloudie murderr and the craftie theefe<sup>67</sup>,  
Which haue by force or fraude done what offence,  
To creepe in corners, oh they thinke it leafe,  
Though Miser there do pay for their expence:  
But when they heare a pay proclaimed for peace,

<sup>64</sup> Miser.<sup>65</sup> Unthrifts.<sup>66</sup> Pralers.<sup>67</sup> Felons.

Loe then they trudge, and gape to get such wealth,  
As may discharge their heads from hangmans  
health.

79 Of these three sortes full many haue I seene,  
Some hate the streates, because the stones were  
hot, (our Queene)  
Some shunde the Court (and though they lorde  
Yet in the Counsellors wayes they stumbled not,  
Some might not drinke of Justice Griffyns pot:  
But all and some had rather fight with foes,  
Than once to light within the lappes of those.

80 As for the first what neede I much to wright?  
Since now adays the Sunne so hote doth shine,  
That fewe yong blouds (vnlesse it be by night)  
Can byde the streates: no, narrow lanes be  
fine,

Where eury abate may serue them for a shrine:  
But in Cheapeide the Sunne so scaldes the streete,  
That eury pauing stone would partch their feete.

81 So of the seconde somewhat could I say,  
Howe tattling tungs and busie bytyng penes,  
Haue fledde from Court long sithens many a day,  
And bene full gladd to lurke in Misers dennes,  
Some for their owne speech, some for other mennes,  
Some for their bookes because they wrote too  
much,

Yea some for rymes, but sure I knowe none such.

82 And for the thirde, I cannot blame them I,  
If they at barre haue once helde vp their hande,  
And smelt the smoke which might haue made  
them frise,

Or learnde the leape out of their native lande,  
Me thinke if then their cause be rightly scaude,  
That they should more delight to follow drummes,  
Than hyde at home to come in hangmans thumbes.

83 But holla yet, and lay a strawe thereby,  
For whyles they scape for one offence or twaine,  
They goe so long to schole with felonie,  
And learne such lessons in the Soldiers traine,  
That all delays are dalied but in vaine:  
For commonly at their home come they pay,  
The debt which hangman claunde earst many a  
day.

84 How much were better then, with contrue  
harte

First to repent, and then to make amendes?  
And therewithall to learne by troubles smarte,  
What sweete repose the lawfull life vs lendes:  
For when such plagues the mightie God vs scendes,  
They come aswell to scourge offences past,  
As eke to teache a better traile at last.

85 And eke how much were better for the first,  
To heare lowe sayle, beginne the worlde anewe,  
And stande content to muster with the worst,  
Till God conuey them to some hetter crewe,  
It better were to bylde all pryde adieu,  
And stoupe betimes in hope to ryse againe,  
Than still to striue against the streams in vaine.

86 So were more meete for mealy mouthed  
men,

And busie medlers with their Princes mates,  
Wryters and rimers for to turne their penne  
In bumble style vnto the loftie states,  
And eke with tongue attending at their gates,

In lowly wise their fauour to beseeche,  
Than still to stande in stoute and sturdie speech.

87 But mighty Mars hath many men in store,  
Which wayte alwayes to keepe his kingdome vp,  
Of whome no one doth shewe his seruice more,  
Than lingring Hope which still doth beare his  
cuppe,  
And flatteringly lendes eury man a suppe,  
Which haunts his courtes or in his progresse  
posse,  
Hope brings the boll whereon they all must quasse,

88 Th' ambitious Prince doth hope to conquer  
all,  
The Dukes, Earles, Lords, and Knights hope to be  
kinge,

The Prelates hope to pushe for Popish pall,  
The Lawyers hope to purchase wonderous thinge,  
The Merchants hope for no lesse reckenings,  
The peasant hopes to get a Ferme at least,  
All men are gueses where Hope doth holde the  
feast<sup>er</sup>.

89 Amongst the rest poore Miser is so drie,  
And thirsteth so to taste of some good chaunge  
That he in haste to Hope runnes by and by.  
And drinkes so deepe (although the taste be  
strange,)  
That madding moode doth make his wittes to  
raunge,

And he runnes on were Hope doth leade the way,  
Most commonly (God knowes) to his decaye.

90 So that for companie he sings the same,  
Which Haughty harte and Greedy minde do sing,  
He saith that Bellum breedeth grief of game:  
And though at first it seeme a pleasant thing  
At last (sayeth he) it striketh with a sting,  
And leaues a skarre although the wound be heald,  
Which giues disgrace and cannot be conceald.

91 To proue this true how many in my dayes,  
(And if for one) might be reheard here,  
Who after proofe of diuers wandring wayes,  
Haue bene constreynd to sit with sorie cheere,  
Close in a corner fumbled vp for feare?  
Till fro such dennes, drummes dubbe hath calld  
the forth,  
To chaunge their chauce for lottes (oft) little  
worth.

92 But here (me thinke) I heare some carping  
tong,  
That barkes apace and killes me with his crie,  
One thinke he sayes that all this geare goeth  
wrong,

When workes of warre are wrotte by such as I,  
Me thinke I heare him still this text applie,  
That euill may those presume to teache a trade,  
Which may themselues in Schollers roome did wade,

93 And for bycause my selfe confessed haue,  
That (more than might by writte expressed be)  
I may not seeme about my skill to braue,  
Since yet mine eyes the warres did neuer see:  
Therefore (say some) how fonde a foole is he,  
That takes in hande to write of worthy warre,  
Which neuer yet hath come in any iarre?

94 Hope is cupbearer to war.

94 No iarre (good air) yes yes and many iarres,  
For though my penns of cortisie did putte,  
A difference twixt broyles and bloudie warres,  
Yet haue I shot at maister Bellumshutte,  
And thrown his ball although I toucht no tutte:  
I haue percase as deeply dealt the dole,  
As he that hit the marke and gat the gols.

95 For I haue seeme full many a *Flusbyng fraye*<sup>20</sup>,  
And fleem in *Flounders* eke among the rest,  
The bragge of *Bruges*, where was I that daye?  
Before the walles good air as braue as best,  
And though I marcht all armide withouten rest,  
From *Aerdenburgh* and back againe that night,  
Yet madde were he that would haue made me  
knight.

96 So was I one forsooth that kept the towne,  
Of *Aerdenburgh*<sup>21</sup> (withouten any walles)  
From all the force that could be dressed downe,  
By Alha Duke for all his cries and colles,  
A high exploit. Wee held the *Fleuings* thralles,  
Seuen dayes and more without or bragge or  
blowes,  
For all that while we neuer herd of foes.

97 I was againe in trench before *Tergoes*<sup>22</sup>,  
(I dare not say in siege for bothe mine eares)  
For looke as oft as euer Hell brake lose,  
I meane as often as the Spanish peares;  
Made salue forth (I speak this to my pheares)  
It was no more but which Cock for a groate,  
Such troupes we were to keepe them vp in coate.

98 Yet surely this withouten bragge or boast,  
Our English bloudes did there full many a deede,  
Which may be Chronicled in euery coaste,  
For bolde attempts, and well it was agreed,  
That had their heades bene rulle by warie heede,  
Some other feate had bene attempted then,  
To shew their force like worthy English men.

99 Since that sieg raysde I romed haue about,  
In Zeeland, Holland, Waterland, and all,  
By sea, by land, by ayre, and all throughout,  
As leaping lottes, and chance did seeme to call,  
Now here, now there, as fortune trilde the ball,  
Whers good Guyllam of *Nassau*<sup>23</sup> hadde me be,  
There needed I none other guyde but he.

100 Percase sometimes S. Gyptians pilgrymage,  
Did carie me a moneth (yea sometimes more)  
To brake the Bowres, and racke them in a rage,  
Bicause they had no better cheere in store,  
Beefe, Mutton, Capon, Plouer, Pidgeons, Bore,  
All this was naught, and for no Souldiours  
toothe, [soothe.  
Were these no iarres? (speake now Sir) yes for-

101 And by my troth to speake euen as it is,  
Such pranks were playde by Souldiours dayly  
there,  
And though my self did not therein amisse,  
(As God he knowes and men can witness beare,)  
Yet since I had a charge, I am not cleare,  
For seldome climes that Capitaine to renouue,  
Whose Souldiours faults so plucke his honour  
downe.

<sup>20</sup> Flusbyng frayes and fleesing of Flounders.

<sup>21</sup> Aerdenburgh. <sup>22</sup> Tergoes. <sup>23</sup> The Prince  
of Orange his name is Guyllam of Nassau.

102 Well let that passe I was in rolling trench,  
At *Ramykins*<sup>24</sup>, where little shotte was spent,  
For gold and groates their matches still did  
quenche,  
Which kept the Forte, and forth at last they went,  
So pinde for hunger (almost teune dayes pent)  
That men could see no wricles in their faces,  
Their powder packt in caues and priue places.

103 Next that I serude by night and eke by  
daie,  
By Sea, by lande, at euery time and tide,  
Against Moundragon<sup>25</sup> whiles he did as-aie,  
To laude his men along the salt sea side,  
For well he wist that *Ramykins* went wide,  
And therefore sought with victuall to supplie,  
Poore *Myddelburgh* which then in suddes did lie.

104 And there I sawe full many a bold at-  
tempt,  
By seelie soules best executed aye,  
And brauest bragges (the foemens force to tempt)  
Accomplished but coldly many a daye,  
The Souldiour charge, the leader lope away,  
The willing drumme a lustie marche to sounde,  
Whiles ranke retyrers gaue their eimies ground.

105 Againe at Sea the Souldiour forward still,  
When Mariners had little lust to fight,  
And whiles we staid twixt faynte and forward  
will,  
Our enemies prepare themselves to fight,  
They hoyste vp saile (o wearie worde to wright)  
They hoyste vp saile that lacke both streame and  
windes,  
And we stand still so forst by frowarde mindes.

106 O victorie: (whome Haughty hartes do  
hunte)  
O spoyle and praye (which greedy mindes desire)  
O golden heapes (for whom these Misers wouste  
To follow Hope which setteth all hartes on fire)  
O gayne, O golde, who list to you aspyre,  
And glorie eke, by bolde attempts to winne,  
There was a day to take your prisoners in.

107 The shippes retyre with riches full yfraught,  
The Souldiours marche (meane while) into the  
towne, [naught,  
The tide skarce good, the winde stark staning  
The haste so hoate that (eare they sinke the  
sownde) [adowne:  
They came on ground, and strike all mytes  
While we (say me) by backward saylers lodde,  
Take vp the worst when all the best are fledde.

108 Such trifles chance where such Lieuten-  
ants rule,  
Where will commaundes when skill is out of towne,  
Where boldest bloudes are forced to roule,  
By Simme the boteswayne when he list to frowne,  
Where Captaynes crouch, and fishers wear the  
Crowne.  
Such happes which happen in such haplessewarres,  
Make me to tearme them broyles and beastly  
iarrea.

109 And in these broyles (a beastly broyle to  
wryte,)

My Colonell, and I fell at debate,  
So that I left both charge and office quite,  
A Captaynes charge and eke a Martials state,  
Whereby I proued (perhap- though all to late)

<sup>24</sup> Ramykins. <sup>25</sup> A coronel of the kings side.



Howe soone they fall whiche leane to rotten  
bowes, [vowes]  
Such faith finde they, that trust to some mens

110 My harte was high, I could not seeme to  
serue,

In regiment where no good rules remaine,  
Where officers and such as well deserue,  
Shall be abused by euery page and swayne,  
Where discipline shall be but deemed vayne,  
Where blockes are stridde by stumblers at a strawe,  
And where selfe will must stande for martiall  
lawe.

111 These things (with mo) I could not seeme  
to beare,

And therewith I crackt my staffe in two,  
Yet stayde I still though out of pay I were,  
And learne to lise as priuate Souldiours do,  
I liued yet, by God and lacked too:  
Till at the last when *Beauois* fledde amayne,  
Our campe remoude to streine the lande was  
*Sraynes*<sup>31</sup>.

112 When *Beauois*<sup>32</sup> fledde, *Moustragon* came  
to towne,

And like a Souldiour *Middelburg* he kept,  
But courage now was coldly come adowne,  
On either side: and quietly they slept,  
So that my self from *Zeland* lightly leapt,  
With fall intent to taste our *Eoglish* ale,  
Yet first I went to tell the Prince my tale.

113 For though the warres waxt colde in euery  
place,

And small experience was there to be scene,  
Yet thought I not to parte in such disgrace,  
Although I longed much to see our *Soene*:  
For he that once a hyred man hath bene,  
Must take his Maisters leaue before he goe,  
Unless he meane to make his friend his foe.

114 Then went I straight to *Delfe*<sup>33</sup>, a pleasant  
towne,

Unto that Prince, whose passing vertues shine,  
And vnto him I came on knees adowne,  
Beseeching that his excellence in line,  
Would graunt me leaue to see this countrey mine:  
Not that I wearie was in warres to serue,  
Nor that I lackt what so I did deserue.

115 But for I found some contecke and debate,  
In regiment where I was wont to rule,  
And for I founde the staie of their estate,  
Was forced now in townes for to recule,  
I craued leaue no longer but till *Yule*<sup>34</sup>,  
And promist then to come againe *Sau* *style*,  
To spende my blood where it might him anayle.

116 The noble Prince gaue graunt to my re-  
quest,

And made me passeporte signed with his scale,  
But when I was with baggs and baggage prest,  
The Prince began to ring another peale,  
And sent for me, (desiring for my weale)  
That I would stay a day or two, to see,  
What was the cause he sent againe for mee.

<sup>33</sup> An Island so called which was sore spoyled by  
our countrymen.

<sup>34</sup> A coronel of the kings side whiche was gover-  
nour of *Middelburgh* next before *Moustragon*.

<sup>31</sup> A towne in Holland. <sup>33</sup> Christmas.

117 My Colonell was nowe come to the Courte,  
With whome the Prince had many things to treat,  
And for he hoapte, in good and godlie sorte,  
Tweene him and me to worke a friendlie feast,  
He like a gracious Prince his braines did beate,  
To set accorde betweene vs if he might,  
Such paynes he toke to bring the wrong to right.

118 O noble Prince, there are too fewe like  
thee,

If Vertue wake, she watcheth in thy will,  
If Justice lise, then surely thou art hee,  
If Grace do growe, it groweth with thee still,  
O worthy Prince would God I had the skill,  
To write thy worth that men thereby might see,  
How much they erre that speake amisse of thee.

119 The simple Sottes do counte thee simple  
too,

Whose like for witts our age hath seldom bredded,  
The rayling rogues mistrust thou darrest not do,  
As Hector did for whom the Gracians fledde,  
Although thou yet werst neuer scene to dredde,  
The skandrous tongues do say thou drinkst to  
much,  
When God he knowes thy custome is not such.

120 But why do I in worthlesse verse, devise,  
To write his prayse that doth exceed so farre?  
He heard our greenes himself in gracious wise,  
And mildly ment to foynce our angry iarre,  
He ment to make that we beganne to marre:  
But wicked wrath had some so farre enraged,  
As by no meanes they malice could be swaged.

121 In this meane while the Spaniards came  
so neare

That *Delfe* was girt with siege on euery side,  
And though men might take shipping euery  
where;  
And so be gone at any time or tide,  
Yet truth to tell (I speake it for no pryde)  
I could not leaue that Prince in such distresse,  
Which cared for me and yet the cause much lesse.

122 But see mishappe how craftely it creepes  
Whiles fawning fortune feareth full in face,  
My heauie harte within my bellie weepes,  
To reckon here a droppe of darke disgrace,  
Which fell vpon my pleasant plight aspace,  
And brought a packe of doubts and dumps to  
passe,

Whiles I with Prince in loue and fauour was.

123 A worthie dame whose prayse my penne  
shal write

(My sworde shall eke hir honour still defende)  
A louing letter to me did endight,  
And from the Campe the same to me did sende,  
I meane from Campe where foes their force did  
bende:

She sent a brief vnto me by hir mayde,  
Which at the gates of *Delfe* was stoutly stayde.

124 This letter tane, I was mistrusted much,  
And thought a man that were not for to truste<sup>35</sup>,  
The Burgheers streight began to beare me grutch,  
And cast a snare to make my necke be trust,  
For when they had this letter well discust:

<sup>35</sup> The frute of fanisie.

They sent it me by hir that brought it so,  
To trie if I would keepe it close or no.

125 I redde the lines, and knowing whence they  
came,  
My harmelasse harte began to pant apace,  
Wel to be playne. I thought that neuer Dame,  
Should make me deale in any doubtfull case,  
Or do the thing might make me hide my face:  
So that vnto the Prince I went forthwith,  
And shewed to him of all this packe the pith.

126 The thing God knowes was of no great  
emport,  
Some frendly lines the vertuous Lady wrote  
To me hir freend: and for my safe passeporte,  
The Camepomaster Valdes his hand was gotte,  
And seale therewith, that I might safely traufte,  
Unto the *Haghe*<sup>40</sup> a stately pleassant place,  
Whereas remaynd this worthy womans grace.

127 And here I set in open verse to shewe,  
The whole effect wherof this work was wrought,  
She had of mine (wherof few folkes did knowe)  
A counterfayte, a thing to me deare bought,  
Which thing to haue I many times had sought  
And when she knew how much I did esteeme it  
Shee vowedethat none but I should thence redeeme  
it.

128 Lo here the cause of all this secrete flight,  
I sweare by loud that nothing els was ment,  
The noble Prince (who sawe that no deceipt,  
Was practised) gaue trust to mine entent:  
And leaue to write from whence the same was  
sent,  
Yet still the Bowgers (Burghers should I saye)  
Encreast their doubttes and watcht me day by day.

129 At euery porte it was (forsooth) belast<sup>41</sup>,  
That I (*di groene Hopman*<sup>42</sup>) might not go out,  
But when their foes came skirmishing full fast,  
Then with the rest the Greene knight for them  
fought,  
Then might he go without mistrust or doubt:  
O drunken plompes, I playne without cause why,  
For all cardes tolde there was no foolè but I.

130 I was the foolè to fight in your defence,  
Which know no freende, nor yet your selues full  
well,  
Yet thus you see how paye proclaymed for pence,  
Pulles needie soules in steade of heauen to hell,  
And makes men hope to beare away the hell.  
Whereas they hang in ropes that neuer rotte,  
Yet warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.

131 Well thus I dwelt in *Delfe* a winters tyde,  
In *Delfe* (I say) without one pennie pay:  
My men and I did colde and hunger bide,  
To shew our truth, and yet was neuer day,  
Wherein the Spanyard came to make vs play,  
But that the Greene knight was amongst the rest,  
Like Iohn Greyes birde that ventred with the best<sup>43</sup>.

<sup>40</sup> The pleassantest village (as I thinke) that is  
in Europe.

<sup>41</sup> Forbidden.

<sup>42</sup> The Greens captaine.

<sup>43</sup> A prowerbe.

132 At last the Prince to Zeland came him-  
selfe,

To hunger Middleburgh, or make it yeeld,  
And I that neuer yet was set on shelf,  
When any sayld, or winde, or waues could weeld,  
Went after him to shew my selfe in field.  
The selfe same man which earst I vowed to be,  
A trustie man to such a Prince as he.

133 The force of *Flanaders*, *Brabant*, *Geldres*,  
*Fryse*,  
*Hennault*, *Artoys*, *Lysgeland*, and *Luxembrough*,  
Were all ybent, to bring in new supplies  
To *Middelburgh*: and little all enough,  
For why the *Gauls*<sup>44</sup> would neyther bend nor  
bough.  
But one of force must breake and come to nought,  
All *Walkers*<sup>45</sup> theirs, or *Flushing* dearly bought.

134 There once agayne I serued vpon seas,  
And for to tell the cause and how it fell,  
It did one day the Prince (my chieffayne) please,  
To aske me thus: *Gascoigne* (quoth he) you  
dwell  
Amongst vs still: and thereby seemeth well,  
That to our side you beare a faithfull harre,  
For else long since we should haue secue you  
starre,

135 But are (sayde he) your Souldiours by your  
side?  
O Prince (quoth I) full many dayes he past,  
Since that my charge did with my Cronell glyde:  
Yet byde I here, and meane to be with last:  
And for full prooffe that this is not a blast  
Of glorious talke: I craue some fisher boate,  
To shew my force among this furious floate.

136 The Prince gan like my fayth and forward  
will,  
Euyppyt a Hoye<sup>46</sup> and set hir vnder mayle,  
Wherein I serued according to my skill,  
My minde was such, my canning could not  
quayle,  
Without bragge of those that did assayle  
The loemens fleet which came in good aray,  
I put my selfe in formost ranke alway.

137 Three dayes wee fought, as long as water  
serued,  
And came to ancor neyghbourlike yfeere,  
The Prince himselve to see who best deserued,  
Stoode euery day attending on the peere,  
And might behold what barke went formost there:  
Ill harte had he that would not stoutely fight,  
When as his Prince is present still in sight.

138 At last our foes had tidings ouer lande,  
That neare to *Bergh*<sup>47</sup> their fellowes went to wrack,  
On *Scheld*<sup>48</sup> they mette by *Rymerssael* a bande  
Of *Edelblacks*<sup>49</sup>, who put their force abacke,  
*Lecoes de Bognolt*<sup>50</sup> did put them there to sacke,  
And lost an eye, because he would resemble  
*Don Iuliane*<sup>51</sup>, whome (there) he made to tremble.

<sup>44</sup> Protestants. <sup>45</sup> The Band wherein Flushing  
doth stand.

<sup>46</sup> Rigged vp and fully furnished. <sup>47</sup> A Towne.

<sup>48</sup> A River. <sup>49</sup> Lusty gallants. <sup>50</sup> The admi-  
ral of Flushing. <sup>51</sup> Iulian de Romero.

139 When this was knowne *Sancio de Auila*<sup>54</sup>,  
Who had the charge of those that fought with vs,  
Went vp the *Hont*<sup>55</sup> and tooke the ready way,  
To *Anwerpe* towne: leauing in daunger thus,  
Poore *Middelburgh* which now wart dolorous,  
To see all hope of succour shrinke away, [day,  
Whiles they lackt bread and had done many a

140 And when *Mountdragon* might no more  
endure,  
He came to talke and rendred all at last,  
With whom I was within the Cittie sure,  
Before he went, and on his promise past,  
Such trust I had to thinke his faith was fast:  
I dinde, and supt, and laye within the towne,  
A daye before he was from thence ybowne.

141 Thus *Middleburgh*, *Armeu*, and all the rest,  
Of *Walkers Ile* became the Princes pray,  
Who gaue to me bycause I was so prest,  
At such a pinche, and on a dismal day,  
Three hundred gilderns good about my pay.  
And bad me bide till his abilitie,  
Might better gwerdon my fidelitie.

142 I will not lie, these Gilderns pleased me well,  
And much the more bycause they came vncraued,  
Though not vnneeded as my fortune fell,  
But yet thereby my credite still was mued,  
My skores were payde, and with the best I braued,  
Till (to) at last, an English newe relief,  
Came ouer seas, and Chester was their chief.

143 Of these the Prince perswaded me to take,  
A band in charge with Coronels consent,  
At whose requests I there did undertake,  
To make mine ensigne once againe full bent,  
And sooth to say, it was my full intent,  
To loose the saddle or the horse to winne,  
Such haplesse hope the Prince had brought me in.

144 Souldiours behold and Captaynes marke it well,  
How hope is harbenger of all mishappe<sup>54</sup>,  
Some hope in hono<sup>r</sup> for to beare the bell,  
Some hope for gaine and ventures many a clappe,  
Some hope for trust and light in treasons lappe.  
Hope leades the way our lodging to prepare,  
Where high mishap (ofte) keeps an l<sup>o</sup>ne of care.

145 I hoapt to shew such force agaynst our foes,  
That those of *Delf* might see how true I was,  
I hoapt in deede for to be one of those [passe,  
Whome fame should follow, where my feete should  
I hoapt for gaynes and founde great losse alas:  
I hoapt to winne a worthy Souldiours name,  
And light on lucke which brought me still to blame.

146 In *Vallenburgk* (a fort but new begonne)  
With others moe I was ordeynde to be,  
And farre before the worke were half way done,  
Our foes set forth our sorie seate to see,  
They came in time, but cursed time for mee,  
They came before the courtine rayned were,  
Que onely foote above the trenches there.

147 What should we do, foure enignes lately  
prest,  
Five hundred men were all the bulke we bare,  
Our enimies three thousand at the least,  
And somuch more they might alwayes prepare:  
But that most was, the truth for to declare,  
We had no store of pouder, nor of pece,  
Nor meate to eate, nor meane to make defence.

148 Here some may say that we were much to blame,  
Which would presume in such a place to hyde,  
And not foresee (how ener went the game)  
Of meate and shotte our souldiours to prouide:  
Who so do say haue reason on their side,  
Yet prouce it still (though ours may be the blot)  
That warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.

149 For had our forte bene fully fortified,  
Two thousand men had bene but few enow,  
To man it once, and had the truth bene tried,  
We could not see by any reason how,  
The Prince could send vs any succour now,  
Which was constreynd in townes himself to shield,  
And had no power to shew his force in field.

150 Herewith we had nor powder packt in store,  
Nor flesh, nor fishe, in poudering tabbes yput,  
Nor meale, nor malt, nor meane (what would you  
more:)  
To get such geare if once we should be shut.  
And God he knowes, the English Souldiours gut,  
Must haue his fill of victualles once a day,  
Or els he will but homely earne his pay.

151 To seuse ourselues, and Coronell withall,  
We did foretell the Prince of all these needes,  
Who promised alwayes to be our wall,  
And badde vs trust as truly as our credes,  
That all good wordes should be performd with  
deedes,  
And that before our foes could come so neare,  
He would both send vs men and merrie cheare.

152 Yea Robyn Hoode, our foes came downe  
space,  
And first they charge another Forte likewise,  
*Alphen* I meane, which was a stronger place,  
And yet to weake to keepe in warlike wise,  
Five other bandes of English Fanteries<sup>56</sup>,  
Were therein set for to defend the same,  
And them they charge for to beginne the game.

153 This Forte fro ours was distant ten good  
miles, &  
I meane such myles as English measure makes,  
Betweene vs both stode *Leyden* towne therewithles, <sup>the</sup> *Podal!*  
Which euerie day with fayre wordes vndertakes,  
To feede vs fat and cramme vs vp with cakes,  
It made vs hope it would supplie our neede,  
For we (to it) two Bulwarkes were in deede.

154 But when it came vnto the very pinche,  
*Leyden* farewell, we might for *Leyden* sterue,  
I like him well that promiseth an inche,  
And payes an ell, but what may be deserue  
That flatters much and can no fayth obserue?  
And old sayd sawe, that fayre wordes make foules  
fayne,  
Which prouerbe true we proued to our payne.

<sup>54</sup> The castellane of Auwerp. <sup>55</sup> A river.

<sup>56</sup> Hope is the herbenger of mishappe.

<sup>56</sup> Footemen.

155 A conference among our selues we call,  
Of Officers and Captaynes all yfeere,  
For truth (to tell) the Souldiours were apald,  
And when we askt, nowe mates what merie cheere?  
Their answer was: it is no biding here.  
So that perforce we must from thence be gone,  
Unless we went to keepe the place alone.

156 Herewith we thought that if in time we went,  
Before all streights were stopt and taken vp,  
We might (perhaps) our enimies present,  
And teach them eke to taste of sorowes cuppe,  
At *Masland Shyre*, wee hoped for to suppe,  
A place whereas we might good seruice do,  
To keepe them out which took it after too.

157 Whiles thus we talke, a messenger behold,  
From *Alphen* came, and told vs heauy newes,  
Captaynes (quod he) hereof you may be holde,  
Not one poore soule of all your fellowes crewes,  
Can scape aliué, they haue no choise to chuse:  
They sent me thus to bidde you shifte in time,  
Els looke (like them) to sticke in Spanish lime.

158 Thus tale once tolde none other speech  
premylde,  
But packe and trudge, al leysure was to long,  
To mende the marte, or watche (which neuer  
Descried our foes which marchd all along, [faylde]  
And towards vs began in hast to throng,  
So that before our laste could passe the porte,  
The foremost foes were now within the Forte.

159 I promest once and did performe it too,  
To bide therein as long as any would,  
What bootet that? or what could Captaynes doo,  
When common sorte would tarfe for no gould?  
To speake a troth, the good did what they could,  
To keepe the badde in ranke and good araye,  
But labour lost to hold that will away.

160 It needelesse were to tell what deedes were  
donne,  
Nor who did best, nor who did worst that day,  
Nor who made head, nor who began to runne,  
Nor in retreat what chief was last alway,  
But Souldiour like we held our enimies play:  
And euery Captayne straued to do his best,  
To stay his owne and so to stay the rest.

161 In this retyre three English miles we trodde,  
With to face foes and shot as thicke as hayle,  
Of whose choycé men full fiftie soules and oddé,  
We layed on ground, this is withouten fayle,  
Yet of our owne, we lost but three by tale:  
Our foes themselues confest they bought full deere,  
The hote pursute whiche they attempted there.

162 Thus came we late at last to *Leyden* walles,  
Too late, too soone, and so may we well say,  
For notwithstanding all our cries and calles,  
They shut their gates and turnd their eares away:  
In fine they did forsake vs euery way,  
And badde vs shifte to saue ourselues space,  
For vnto them were foule to trust for grace.

163 They neither gaue vs meate to feede vpon,  
Nor drinke, nor powder, pickar, toole nor spode,  
So might we sterue, like misers woe begone,  
And fend our foes, with blowes of English blade,

For shotte was shronke, and shift could none be  
made:

Yea more than this, wee stooede in open felde,  
Without defense from shotte our selues to shielde.

164 This thus wel weyed, whē weary night was  
past, [dronnes,  
And day gan peepe, wee heard the Spanissh  
Which stroke a marche about vs round to cast,  
And fourth withall their Ensignes quickly cōmes,  
At sight whereof, our Souldiours bitte their thōmes:  
For well they wist it was no boote to fle,  
And biding there, there was no boote but die.

165 So that we sent a drumme to summons  
talke,  
And came to *Parles* middle way betwene,  
*Monsieur de Liques*, and *Mario* did walke,  
From foemens side, and from our side were scene,  
My self, that matche for *Mario* might bene:  
And Captayne *Sheffield* borne of noble race,  
To matche de *Liques*, which there was chief in  
place.

166 Thus met we talkt, and stooede vpon our  
toes, [best,  
With great demanndes whome little might cou-  
We craued not onely freedome from our foes,  
But shippyng eke with sayles and all full bent,  
To come againe from whence we first were went:  
I meane to come, into our English coast,  
Which soyle was sure, and might content vs most.

167 An old sayde sawe, (and ofte seene) that  
wheras,  
Thou comst to craue, and doubtst for to obtayne,  
*Iniquus p̄ta* (then) *vt equum ferus*,  
This had I heard, and sure I was full fayne,  
To proue what profite we thereby might gayne:  
But at the last when time was stolen away,  
We were full gladdé to play another play.

168 We rendred then with safetie for our liues,  
Our Ensignes splayed, and mannyng our armes,  
With furdur fayth, that from all kinde of giues,  
Our souldiours should remayne withouten harmes:  
And sooth to say, these were no false alarmes,  
For why? they were within twelue dayes dis-  
charged,  
And sent away from pryson quite enlarged.

169 They were sent home, and we remayned  
In pryson pent, but yet right gently used, [still,  
To take our liues, it was not *Liques* will,  
(That noble blood, which neuer man abused,)  
Nor euer yet was for his faith accused,  
Would God I had the skill to write his prayse,  
Which lent me comfort in my dolefull dayes.

170 We bode behind, foure moneths or little  
lesse,  
But wheremyon that God he knowes not I,  
Yet if I might be holde to giue a gesse,  
Then would I say it was for to espie,  
What ransome we would pay contentedly:  
Or els to know how much we were esteemde,  
In England here, and for what men ydecmed.

171 Now so it were, at last we were dispatcht,  
And homis we came as children come from schoole,  
As gladdé, as fishe which were but lately catcht,  
And straight againe were cast into the poole:

For by my fay I coumpt him but a foole,  
Which would not rather poorly liue at large,  
Than rest in pryson fedde with costly charge.

172 Now haue I tolde a tedious tale in rime,  
Of my mishappes, and what ill lucke I had,  
Yet some may say, that all to lowde I chime,  
Since that in warres my fortune was not badde,  
And many a man in pryson would be gladde,  
To fare no worse, and lodge no worse than wee,  
And eke at last to scape and go so free.

173 I must confesse that both we were well vsed,  
And promise kept according to contract,  
And that nor wee, nor Souldiours were abused,  
No rigour shewed, nor lowly dealing lackt:  
I must confesse that we were neuer rackt,  
Nor fort to do, nor speake agaynst our will,  
And yet I coumpt it foward fortune still.

174 A truth it is (since warres are ledde by  
chaunce,  
And none so stoute but that sometimes may fall,)  
No man on earth his honour might aduance,  
To render better (if he once were thrall)  
Why who could wishe more comforte at his call,  
Than for to yeeld with enigne full displayde,  
And all armes borne in warlike wise for ayde?

175 Or who could wishe dispatche with greater  
speede,  
Than souldiours had which taried so few dayes?  
Or who could wishe, more succour at his neede,  
Than need was to them at all assayes?  
Bread, meate, and drinke, yea wagons in their  
wayes,  
To ease the sicke and hurte which could not go,  
All tane in warres, are seldome vsed so.

176 Or who could wishe (to ease his captiue  
dayes)  
More libertie than on his fayth to rest?  
To eate and drinke at Barons borde alwayes,  
To lie on downe, to banquet with the best,  
To haue all things, at euery iust request,  
To borowe coyne, when any seemde to lacke,  
To haue his owne, away with him to packe?

177 All this and more I must confesse we had,  
God saue (say I) our noble Queene therfore,  
Him: *ille lacrimis*, there lays the padde,  
Which made the strawe suspected be the more,  
For trust me true, they coueted full sore,  
To keepe our Queene and countrie fast their  
friends,  
Till all their warres might grow to luckie endes.

178 But were that once to happy ende ybrought,  
And all stray sheepe come home agayne to folde,  
Then looke to dore: and thinke the cat is nought,  
Although she let the mouse from out hir holde:  
Beleue me now, me thinkes I dare be bolde,  
To thinke that if they once were freendes againe,  
We might soone sell, all freendship found in  
Spaine.

179 Well these are woordes and ferre beynd  
my reach,  
Yet by the way receyue them well in worth,  
And by the way, let neuer *Liques* appeach  
My rayling penne, for thoughte my minde abhorreth,  
All Spanish pranks: yet must I thunder forth

His worthy prayse, who held his fayth vnstayned,  
And enermore to vs a freend remayned.

180 Why sayed I then, that warre is full of  
woes?

Or soure of taste, to them that know it best?  
Who so demaundes, I will my minde disclose,  
And then iudge you the burdens of my brest:  
Marke well my wordes and you shall finde him  
blest,

That melleth least with warres in any wise,  
But quiet liues, and all debate desys.

181 For though we did with truth and honour  
Yet yeelding is alwayes a great disgrace, [yeeld,  
And though we made a braue retyre in field,  
Yet who retyres, doth alwayes yeeld his place:  
And though we neuer did our selues embasse,  
But were alwayes at Barons table fedde,  
Yet better were at home with Barlie breade.

182 I leaue to tell what losse we did sustaine,  
In pens, in pay, in wares, and readie wealth,  
Since all such trash may gotten be againe,  
Or wasted well at home by priuie stealth:  
Small losse hath he which all his liuing seth,  
To saue his life, when other helpe is none,  
Cast vp the saddle when the horse is gone.

183 But what I sayde, I say and sweare againe,  
For first we were in Hollande sore suspect,  
The states did thinke, that with some filthie gaine  
The Spanish peeres vs Captaines had infect,  
They thought we ment our ensignes to erect  
In Kings behalfe: and eke the common sorte,  
Thought priuie pay had made vs leaue our forts.

184 Againe, the Kings men (onely *Liques*  
except,  
And good *Verdugo*<sup>56</sup>) thought we were too well,  
And that we were but playde with in respect,  
When as their men in great distresse did dwell:  
So that with hate their burning hartes did swell,  
And had hang vp or drowne vs euerychone,  
These bones we had alway to byte vpon.

185 This sause we had vnto our costly fare,  
And euery day we threatned were in deede,  
So that on both sides we must byde the care,  
And be mistrust of euery wicked deede,  
And be reuilde, and must our selues yet feede  
With lingring Hope, to get away at last,  
That selfe same Hope which tyed vs there so fast.

186 To make vp all, our owne men playde their  
parte,  
And rang a peale to make vs more mistrust,  
For when they should away from vs departe,  
And saue vs byde, they thought we stayed for lust,  
And sent them so in secreete to be trust: [solde  
They thought and sayde, thus haue our Captaines  
Us silly soules, for groates and glistring golde.

187 Yes, when they were to England safely  
brought,  
Yet talke they still euen as they did before:  
For slaudrous tongues, if once they tattle ought,  
With mickell paye will change their wicked lore:  
It hath bene proued full many dayes of yore,  
That he which once in slander takes delight,  
Will seldome frame his woordes to sounde aright.

<sup>56</sup> A counsell of the kings side.

188 Strange tale to tell, we that had set them free,

And set ourselves on sandes for their expence,  
We that remaynd in daunger of the tree,  
When they were safe, we that were their defence,  
With armes, with court, with deedes, with eloquence:  
We that assed such, as knew not where to flie,  
Were now by them accuade of trecherie.

189 These fruits (I say) in wicked warres I founde,

Which make me wryte much more than else I  
For losse of life, or dread of deadly wounde,  
Shall neuer make me blame it though I could,  
Since death doth dwell on euerie kinde of mould:  
And who in warre hath caught a fatal clappe,  
Might chance at home to haue no better happe.

190 So losse of goodes shall neuer trouble me,  
Since God which giues can take when pleaseth him,  
But losse of fame or slaudered so to be,  
That makes my wittes to breake about their  
brimme,

And frettes thy harte, and lames me euery limbe:  
For Noble mindes their honour more esteeme,  
Than worldly wights, or wealth, or life can deeme.

191 And yet in warres, such graffes of grudge  
do growe,

Such lewdnesse lurkes, such malice makes mischief,  
Such enuie boyles, such falshood fire doth blowe,  
That Bountie burnes, and truth is called thief,  
And good desertes are brought into such brief,  
That Slaunderer snuffe which swears the matter out,  
Brings oftentimes the noblest names in doubt.

192 Then whether I be one of Haughty harte,  
Or Greedy minde, or Miser in decay,  
I sayde and say that for mine owne poore parte,  
I may confesse that Bellum euery way,  
Is Sweete: but how? (beare well my wordes  
Forsooth, to such as neuer did it trie, [away])  
This is my Theame I cannot change it I.

#### PERORATIO.

193 O noble Queenes<sup>7</sup>, whose high foresight  
prouides,  
That wast of warre, your realmes doth not  
destroye,

But pleasant peace, and quiet concord glydes,  
In euery coast, to driue out darke anye,  
O vertuous dame, I say *Pardones moy*,  
That I presume in worthless verse to warne,  
Thambitious Prince, his duties to descerne.

194 Your skilfull minde (O Queene without  
compare)

Can soone conceyue that cause constraynes me so,  
Since wicked warres haue bredde such cruell care,  
In Flaunders, Fraunce, in Spaine and many mo,  
Which reape thereby none other worth but wo:  
Whiles you (meane while) enjoy the fruites of  
peace,  
Still praying God, whose bounties neuer cease.

199 If you (my liege) vouchsafe in grations wise,  
To pardon that which passeth from my Muse,  
Then care I not what other kings devise,  
In warres defense: nor though they me accuse,  
And say that I their bloudie deedes abuse:

<sup>7</sup> Prince.

Your onely grace my soueraigne Lady be,  
Let other Kings thinke what they list of me.

196 And you my Lordes<sup>8</sup> to whome I foeties out,  
And beare such loue as best becommeth me,  
First Earle of Bedford, whome I right well know,  
To honour armes: and woorthie Warwyke be,  
In whose good grace I couet sore to be:  
Then Layster next, (Sussex not set beside)  
And worthy Essex men of noble minde.

197 Yong Ozenford as toward as the best,  
Northumberland, and Ormount woorthy praye,  
Lyncolne, Kildare, and Worster with the rest  
Of noble Earles, which hold your happy daye  
In high renowme, as men of warre alwaye:  
With others mo to many to recite,  
Vouchsafe my Lordes to pardone that I writ.

198 Of Wilton Grey (to whome these times I  
With all the Barons bold of English soyle, [wrote])  
I humbly craue that it may be forgotte,  
Although my Muse haue seende to keepe a coyle  
With mighty men which put the weak to foyle:  
I ment not you since, by your deedes appeare,  
You rule with right, like wise and worthy peere

199 Right reuerend, of Canterbury chief,  
London, and Lincoln, Bishoppes by your name,<sup>9</sup>  
Good Deane of Pawles (which lend a great relief,  
To naked neede) and all the rest of fame,  
In pastors place: with whome I were too blasse,  
If Neuysonne my maister were not plasse,  
Since by his helpe I learning first embrasse.

200 Beare with my verse, and thinke I ment  
not you,  
Whereas I spake of pride in Prelacie,  
But let it bid euen there where first it grew,  
Till God vouchsafe to quench hypocricie,  
Which by pretence to pishish heresie, [breaks,  
Doth conquire realmes, and common concord  
You know my mind, I neede no playner speake.

201 You gemmes of Justice, chiefs of eith  
bench<sup>10</sup>,  
And he that keeps hir Maiesties great scale,  
Good Queenes attorney, he whose pittie quench  
(I say sometimes) the rigour of his zeale,  
When miserie, to mercy must appeale,  
And Sergeant Louelace, many ways my friend,  
As I haue found (yet let me there not end.)

202 But hold my tale to Ragge and all the rest  
Of good Grayes lunc, where honest Yeldertoe,  
And I Perre sometimes yfeere did rest,  
When amitie first in our breasts begonne,  
Which shall endure as long as any Sunne  
May shine on earth, or water swimme in Sea,  
Let not my verse your lawlike minds displeas.

203 For well wot you, our master Christ him-  
selfe,  
Which had but twelue Apostles in his trayne,  
Had Iudas yet, which solde for worldly payne  
Our Sauour: this text is true and playne:  
And when so many Lawyers do remayne,  
There may be some although that you be none,  
Which breede debate and loue to cast a bone.

<sup>8</sup> Nobilitie.

<sup>9</sup> Prelacie.

<sup>10</sup> Layens.

204 In Chancerie I neede no man suspect,  
 Since conscience, in that court beareth sway,  
 Yet in the same I may no wayes neglect,  
 Nor worthy Powle, nor Cordell by the way,  
 Of whome that one, is of my keepe the keye,  
 That other ounce did lende me such aduise,  
 As was both sounde and good, had I bene wise.

205 He tolde me once, (I beare it well in minde,  
 And shall it nay forget whyles lyfe doth last)  
 That harde it is a noble name to finde,  
 In such attempts as then in seruice past:  
 Beleue me now I founde his wordes no blast,  
 Wherfors I pray both him and his compeers,  
 To beare with that which I haue written beere.

206 And as for Merchants<sup>st</sup>, though I finde the  
 root

Hard harted men and compting cunningly,  
 Yet Albany shall thinke I do not boast  
 In rayling wise: for sure his curtisie,  
 Constraynes me now to prayse him worthely.  
 And gentle Rowe with Luntlye<sup>st</sup> make mesay, [may.  
 That many Merchants beare euen what they

207 But to conclude, I meane no more but this,  
 In all estates some one may treade awrye,  
 And he that list my verses to discusse,  
 Shall see I ment no more, but modestly  
 To warne the wise, that they such faults do fie  
 As put downe peace by conioie or debate,  
 Since warre and strife bring wq to every state.  
 Finis.

## L'ENVOIE.

Oo little Booke, God graunt thou none offende,  
 For so meant hee which sought to set thee fourth,  
 And when thou comment where Soldiars seeme to  
 wend,

Submit thy selfe as writte but little worth:  
 Confesse withall, that thou hast bene too bolde,  
 To speak so plaine of Haughtie hartes in place,  
 And say that he which wrote thee coulde haue tolde  
 Full many a tale, of blouds that were not base:  
 He coulde haue writte Dan Dudleyes noble deedes,  
 Whose like hath since bene harde on earth to finde,  
 Although his Vertue shewes it selfe in Seedes,  
 Which treade his tracks, and come not farre be-  
 hinde.

He might haue sung of Grey the woorthie prayse,  
 Whose offspring holdes the honor of his sire:  
 He coulde declare what Wallop was alwayes,  
 What Awdelie seemde, what Randell did require.  
 He coulde say what deserues Drewris he,  
 In Resde, in Bryckwell, and a meany moe:  
 But bashfulnesse did make him blush, least he  
 should but eclipse their fames by singing so.  
 Suffeeth this, that still he honors those  
 Which wade in warres to get a woorthie name,  
 And least esteemes the greedie snudge, which goes  
 To gayne good goide, without respects of fame.  
 And for the thirde sorte, those that in dystresse  
 Do drine their dayes, till drummes do draw them  
 ont,

He compts him selfe to bee nor more nor lesse,  
 But seyn the same: for sure withouten doubt,

<sup>st</sup> Merchants.

If drummes once sounde a lustie march in deede,  
 Then farewell hookes, for he will trudge with  
 speede.

FINIS.

*Tam Marti quam Mercurio.*  
 correcte, perfected, and finished.

Who soeuer is desirous to reade this proposition  
 more at large and cunningly handled, let him but  
 peruse the Prooerbe or adage it selfe in the first  
 Centurian of the fourth *Chylypske* of that famousse  
 Clarke *Erasmus Roterdamus*: the whiche is there  
 also Entituled: *Dulce bellum inexpertis*;

## HEARBES.

## THE FRUTE OF RECONCILIATION,

WRITTEN VPPON A RECONCILIATION BETWEENE  
 TWO FREENDES.

THE hatefull man that heapeth in his mynde,  
 Cruell reuenge of wronges forepast and done,  
 May not (with ease) the pleasaunt pathway finde,  
 Of friendly verse which I haue now begone,  
 Unless at first his angry brest vntwinde,  
 The crooked knot which cackred chollier knit,  
 And then recule with reconciled grace.  
 Likewise I finde it sayde in holy write,  
 If thou entend to turne thy fearefull face,  
 To God aboue: make thyne agreement yet,  
 First with thy Brother whom thou didst abuse,  
 Confesse thy faultes, thy frowardnesse and all,  
 So that the Lord thy prayer not refuse.  
 When I consider this, and then the brail,  
 Which raging youth (I will not me excuse)  
 Did whilome breede in mine ransellowd brayns,  
 I thought it meete before I did amay,  
 To write in ryme the double golden gayne,  
 Of amitie: first yet to take away,  
 The grutch of grief, as thou doest me constrayne.  
 By due desert whereto I now must yeeld,  
 And drowne for aye in depth of Lethes lake,  
 Disdaynefull moodes whom frendship cannot  
 weelde:

Pleading for peace which for my parte I make  
 Of former strife, and henceforth let vs write  
 The pleasaunt fruites of faythfull friends delight.

*Si foris manas infelix.*

Two gentlemen did run three courses at the Ring  
 for one kisse to be take of a fair gentlewoman  
 being then present, with this condition, that the  
 winner should haue the kisse, and the loser be  
 bound to write some verses vpon the gayne or  
 losse therof. Now it fortunued that the winner  
 triumphed, saying, he much lamented that in  
 youth he had not seen the warre. Wherevpon  
 the loser complied these following, in discharge  
 of the condition aboue rehearsed.

THIS vaine ansile which thou by Mars hast woonne,  
 Should not allure thy fitting minde to feele,  
 Where sturdie steeds in depth of dangers roonne,  
 By guttes wel gnawen by clappet that Canons  
 yeelde.

Where faithlesse friends by warfare waxen ware,  
 And raine to him that giueth best reward:  
 No feare of lawes can cause them for to care,  
 But robbe and reuue, and steale without regarde,  
 The fathers coate, the brothers steede from stall:  
 The deare friendes purse shall picked be for peace,  
 The native soile, the parentes left and all,  
 With *Tant tra tant*, the Campe is marching hence.  
 But when bare beggie bids them to beware,  
 And late repentance rules them to retire,  
 Like hinclesse Bees thy wander here and there,  
 And hang on them who (earst) did dreede their ire.  
 This cut throte life (me seemes) thou shouldst not  
 like,

And shunne the happie haue of meane estate:  
 High Ioue (perdy) may sende what thou doest  
 seeke,

And heape vp poundes within thy quiet gate.  
 Nor yet I would that thou shouldst spende thy dayes  
 in idleness to teare a golden time: [praise,  
 Like countrey loutes, which comt none other  
 But grease a sheepe, and learne to serue the swine.  
 In vaine were then the giftes which nature lent,  
 If Pan so presse to passe dame Pallas lore:  
 But my good friends, let thus thy youth be spent,  
 Serue God thy Lord, and prayse him euermore.  
 Search out the skill which learned bookes do teach,  
 And serue in feild when shadowes make thee sure:  
 Hold with the head, and row not past thy reach.  
 But plead for peace which plenty may procure.  
 And (for my life) if thou canst run this race,  
 Thy bagges of coyne will multiply apace.  
*Si fortunatus infelix.*

Not long after writing herof: he departed from  
 the company of his sayd friend (whom he en-  
 tirely loued) into the west of England, and feel-  
 ing himselfe so consumed by womens craft that  
 he doubted of a safe returne: wrote before his  
 departure as followeth.

THE feeble thred which *Lochenis* hath sponne,  
 To drawe my dayes in short abode with thee,  
 Hath wrought a webbe which now (welneare) is  
 donne,

The wale is worne: and (all to late) I see  
 That lingring life doth dally but in vaine,  
 For *Atropos* will cut the twist in twaine.

I not diserne what life but lothsome were,  
 When faithfull friends are kept in twayne by want:  
 Nor yet perceiue what pleasure doth appeere,  
 To deepe desires where good successe is skant.  
 Such spight yet shoves dame fortune (if she  
 frowne,

The haughty harts in high mishaps to drowne.

Hot be the flames which boyle in friendly mindes,  
 Cruell the care and dreadfull is the doome:  
 Slipper the knot which tract of time vntwynds,  
 Hatefull the life and welcome were the toome.  
 Blest were the day which might deuours such  
 youth, [truneth.  
 And curst the want that seekes to choke such

This wayling verse I bathe in flowing teares,  
 And would my life might end with these my lines:  
 Yer strue I not to force into thine eares,  
 Such fayned plaints as *Sckell* faith resignes.

But high foresight in dreames hath stopt my breath,  
 And caused the Swanne to sing before his death.

For lo these naked walles do well declare,  
 My latest Ieas of thee I taken haue:  
 And vnknown coartes which I most seeke with  
 Do well disaue that there shalbe my grame: [case  
 There shall my death make many for to moone,  
 Scarce knowne to them, well knowne to thee alone.

This bourn of thee (as last request) I crave,  
 When true report shall sounde my death with  
 Vouchsafe yet then to go vnto my grame, [fame:  
 And there first write my byrth and then my grame:  
 And how my life was shortned many yeares,  
 By womens wyles as to the world appeares.

And in reward of graunt to this request,  
 Permit O God my toung these wordes to tell:  
 (When as his pen shall write vpon my chest)  
 With shriking voyce mine owne deare friend fore-  
 No care on earth did seeme so much to me, [well:  
 As when my corpa was first to part from thee.  
*Si fortunatus infelix.*

He wrote to the same friend from Excester, this  
 Sonet following.

A HUNDRETH sonnes (in course but not in kind)  
 Can witness well that I possess no ioye:  
 The feare of death which fretteth in my mind  
 Consumes my hart with dread of darke annoy.  
 And for eche sonne a thousand broken sleepes  
 Deuide my dreames with fresh recourse of cares:  
 The youngest sister sharpe hir sheare she keepes,  
 To cut my thred, and thus my life it weares.  
 Yet let such daies, such thousand restless nights,  
 Spit forth their spite, let fates eke shoue their  
 force:

Deaths daunting dart where so his buffet lights,  
 Shall shape no change within my friendly course:  
 Bot dead or liue, in heauen, in earth, in hell  
 I wilbe thine where so my carcase dwell.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

He wrote to the same friend from Fountaine belle  
 eall in France, this Sonnet in commendation  
 of the said house of Fountaine bel'eaü.

Nor stately *Troye* though *Prism* yet did liue,  
 Could now compare *Fountaine bel'eaü* to passe:  
 Nor *Syrian* towers, whose loftie steppes did striae,  
 To climbe the throne where angry *Saturne* was.  
 For outward shew the ports are of such price,  
 As skorne the cost which *Cesar* spilt in Rhome:  
 Such works within as stayne the rare deuse,  
 Which whilome he *Apelles* wrought on toome.  
 Swift *Tiber* floud which fed the *Romyne* pooles,  
 Puddle to this where *Christall* melts in streames,  
 The pleasant place where *Muses* kept their  
 schooles,

(Not parcht with *Phoebe*, nor hanisht from his  
 beames)

Yeeld to those Dames, nor sight, nor fruite, nor  
 smell,

Which may be thought these gardens to excell.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*



He wrote vnto a Scottish Dame whom he chose for  
his Mistresse in the French Court, as followeth.

LADY receyue, receiue in gracious wise,  
This ragged verse, these rude ill skribled lines:  
Too base an object for your heavenly eyes,  
For he that writes his freedom (to) resignes  
Into your handes: and freely yeelds as thrall  
His sturdy necke (eas't subject to no yoke)  
But bending now, and headlong prest to fall,  
Before your feete, such force hath beauties stroke.  
Since then mine eyes (which skord our English)

dames

In forrayne courtes haue chosen you for fayre,  
Let be this verse true token of my flames,  
And do not drench your owne in deepe dispayre.  
Onely I craue (as I will change for new)  
That you vouchsafe to thinke your seruaunt trew.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

### A SONET

WRITTEN IN PRAISE OF THE BROWNE BEAUTIE,  
COMPILED FOR THE LOVE OF MISTRESSE E. P.  
AS FOLLOWEETH.

THE thrilles thred which pampred beauty spinnes,  
In thraldom binds the foolish gazing eyes:  
As cruell Spiders with their crafty ginnes,  
In wightlesse webbes doe snare the simple Flies.  
The garments gay, the glittering golden gite,  
The tusing talk which flows from Pallas pooles:  
The painted pale, the (too much) redmade white,  
Are smiling baytes to flabe for louing fooles.  
But lo, when eid in toothlesse mouth appeares,  
And hoary heares in steede of beauties blaze:  
Then had I wist, both teach repenting yeares,  
The tickle track of craftie Cupides maze.  
Twixt faire and foule therefore, twixt great and  
A lovely nutbrowne face is best of all. [small,

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

NOW TO BEGIN WITH ANOTHER MAN, TAKE  
THREE VERSES WRITTEN TO BE SENT WITH A  
RYNG, WHEREIN WERE ENGRAUED A PAR-  
TRICH IN A MERLINES FOOTE.

THE Partridge in the pretie Merlines foote,  
Who feelles hir force suppress with fearfulnessse,  
And findes that strength nor strife can do hir  
boote,

To scape the danger of hir deepe distresse:  
These wofull wordes may seeme for to rehorse  
Which I must write in this waymenting verse.

What helpeth now (sayeth she) dame natoures  
To die my feathers like the dustie ground? [skill,  
Or what preayles to lend me winges at will  
Which in the ayre can make my bodie bound?  
Since from the earth the dogges me draue perforce,  
And now aloft the Hauke hath caught my corse.

If change of colours, could not me conuey,  
Yet mought my wings haue scapt the dogges des-  
And if my wings did sayle to die away, [spite:  
Yet mought my strength resist the Merlines might.  
But nature made the Merline mee to kill,  
And me to yeeld vnto the Merlines will.

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My lot is like (deere Dame) beloue me wch,  
The quiet life which I full closely kept,  
Was not content in happie state to dwell,  
But forth in hast to gaze on thee it left.  
Desire thy dogge did spring me vp in hast, [fast.  
Thou wert the Hauke, whose talents caught me

What should I then, seeke meanes to die away?  
Or strue by force, to breake out of thy feete?  
No, no, perdie, I may no strength assay,  
To strue with thee ywis, it were not meete.  
Thou art that Hauke, whom nature made to heat  
me,  
And I the Byrd, that must therewith content me.

And since Dame nature hath ordayned so,  
Hir happie hest I gladly shall embrace:  
I yeeld my will, although it were to wo,  
I stand content to take my grieue for grace:  
And seale it vp within my secrete hart,  
Which seale receiue, as token of my smart.

*Spirata tamen circum.*

A LOUING LADY BEING WOUNDED IN THE SPRING  
TIME, AND NOW CALLED KEPTONES WITH THE  
REMEMBRANCE OF THE SPRING, DOTM THERE-  
FORE THUS BEWAYLE.

THIS tenth of March when *Arist* recey'd  
Dame *Phabus* rayes, into his horned head:  
And I my selfe, by learned lore percey'd,  
That *Ver* approach, and frostie winter fled.  
I crost the *Thames*, to take the cherefull ayre,  
In open feeldes, the weather was so fayre.

And as I rowed, fast by the further shore,  
I heard a voyce, which seemed to lament:  
Wherat I stay'd, and by a stately flore,  
I left my Boate, and vp on land I went:  
Till at the last by lasting paine I found,  
The wofull wight, which made this dolefull sound.

In pleasant garden (placed all alone)  
I sawe a Dame, who sat in weary wise,  
With scalding sighes, she vtterd all hir moene,  
The ruefull teares, downe rayned from hir eyes:  
Hir lowring head, full towe on hand she layed,  
On knee hir armes: and thus this Lady sayed.

Alas (quod she) behold eche pleasaunt greene,  
Will now renew, his sommers liuery,  
The fragrant flowers, which haue not long bene  
Will flourish now, (ere long) in brauery: [scene,  
The tender budde, whom colde hath long kept in,  
Will spring and sproute, as they do now begin.

But I (alas) within whose mourning minde,  
The graffes of grief, are onely giuen to growe,  
Cannot enioy the spring which others finde,  
But still my will, must wither all in woe:  
The cold of care, so nippes my ioyes at roote,  
No sunne doth shine, that well can do them boote.

The lustie *Ver*, which whitome might exchange  
My grieue to ioy, and then my ioyes ceasse,  
Springs now else where, and shoues to me but  
strange,  
My winters woe, therefore can neuer cease:  
In other coasts, his sunne full cleare doth shine  
And comforts lends to eu'ry mould but mine.

¶ ¶

What plant can spring, that feels no force of  
V<sup>er</sup>?

What floure can flourish, where no sunne doth shine?  
These Rales (quod she) within my breast I beare,  
To breake my barke, and make my pith to pine:  
Neeedes must I fall, I fade both roote and rinde,  
My branches bowe at blast of eou'ry winde.

This sayed: shee cast a glance and spied my  
face,

By sight whereof, Lord how she changed hew?  
So that for shame, I turned hacke apace  
And to my home, my selfe in hast I drew:  
And as I could hir wofull wordes rehearse,  
I set them downe in this waymenting verse.

Now Ladies you, that know by whom I sing,  
And feele the winter, of such frozen wills:  
Of cortesie, yet cause this noble spring,  
To send his sunne, aboue the highest hills:  
And so to shyne, vpon hir fading sprayes,  
Which now in woe, do wyther thus alwayes.  
*Sprata tamen vivunt.*

#### AN ABSENT DAME THUS COMPLAINETH.

MUCH like the seely Byrd, which close in Cage is  
pent, [deepe lament.

So sing I now, not notes of ioye, but layes of  
And as the hooded Hauke, which heares the Par-  
trich spring,  
Who though she feele hir self fast tied, yet beate  
hir bating wing:

So strue I now to shewe, my feeble forward will,  
Although I know my labour lost, to hop against  
the Hill. [my hart,

The droppes of darke disdayne, did neuer drench  
For well I know I am belou'd, if that might ease  
my smart.

Ne yet the priuy coales, of glowing iellosie,  
Could euer kinde needlesse feare, within my  
fantasie.

The rigor of repulse, doth not renew my playnt,  
Nor choyce of change doth moue my moue, nor  
force me thus to faint. [rest,

Onely that pang of payne, which passeth all the  
And cankerlike doth fret the hart, within the gilt-  
lesse brest.

Which is if any bee, most like the pangues of death,  
That present grief now gripeth me, and strues to  
stop my breath.

When friendes in mind may meete, and hart in  
hart embrace,

And absent yet are faine to playne, for lacke of  
time and place: [is sowed,

Then may I compt their loue, like seede that soone  
Yet lacking droppes of beaulty daw, with weedes  
is ouergrowe.

The Greyhound is agreeu'd, although he see his  
game,

If stil in slippe he must be stayde, when he would  
chase the same.

So fares it now by me, who know my selfe belou'd  
Of one the best, in eche respect, that euer yet was  
prou'd.

But since my lucklesse lot, forbids me now to taste,  
This dulcet fruites of my delight, therefore in woes  
I was.

And Swallow like I sing, as one enforced so,  
Since others reape the gainefull crop, which I with  
pain did sow. [voyce,

Yet you that marke my song, excuse my Swallowes  
And beare with hir vnplesant tunes, which can-  
not wel reioyce.

Had I or lucke in loue, or lease of libertie,  
Then should you heare some sweeter notes, so  
cleere my throte would be.

But take it thus in gree, and marke my playnsong  
well, [absence dwell  
No hart feeles so much hurt, as that, which doth in  
*Sprata tamen vivunt.*

Now I must desire you with patieoe to hearken  
vnto the works of another writer, who though he  
may not compare with the rest passed, yit such  
things as he wrote vpon sadrie occasions, I  
will rehearse, beginning with this

#### PRAYSE OF A COUNTESSE<sup>1</sup>.

DESIRE of Fame would force my feeble skill,  
To prayse a Countesse by hir dew desert:  
But dread of blame holds backe my forward will,  
And quencht the coales which kindled in my hart.  
Thus am I plongd twene dread and drepe desire,  
To pay the dew which dutie doth require.

And when I call the mighty Gods in myd  
To further forth some fine inuention:  
My bashfull spirits be fall ill afrayd:  
To purchase payne by my presumption.  
Such malice reignes (sometimes) in heauenly  
To punish him that prayseth as he finds. [minds,

For *Pallas* first, whose filed flowing skill, [write,  
Should gyde my pen some pleasant words to  
With angry mood hath fram'd a froward will,  
To dash deuse as oft as I endite.  
For why? if once my Ladies gifts were knowne,  
*Pallas* should loose the prayses of hir owne.

And bloody *Mars* by change of his delight  
Hath made *Joues* daughter now mine enemy:  
In whose conceipt my Countesse shines so bright,  
That *Venus* pines for burning iellosie:  
She may go home to *Vulcane* now agayne,  
For *Mars* is sworne to be my Ladies swayne.

Of hir bright beames *Dan Phoebe* stands in  
dread,  
And shames to shine within our Horizon:  
Dame *Cynthia* holds in hir horned head,  
For feare to loose by like comparison:  
Lo thus shee liues, and laughes them all to shame,  
Countesse on earth, in beauen a Goddess borne.

And I sometimes hir seruant, now hir friend,  
Whom heauen and earth for hir (thus) hate and  
blame:

Haue yit presumed in friendly wise to spend,  
This ragged vcrse, in honor of hir name:  
A simple gift compared by the skill,  
Yet what may seeme so deere as such good will.  
*Merito patere, gratia.*

<sup>1</sup> In the edition of 1587 this introduction is  
omitted. C.

**THE LOUER DECLARETH HIS AFFECTION, TOGETHER WITH THE CAUSE THEREOF.**

When first I thee beheld in colours black and white,  
 Thy face in forme wel framde with fauor blooming  
 My burning brest in cares did choose his chief delight,  
 With pen to painte thy prayse, contrary to my  
 Whose worthinesse compar'd with this my rude deuise,  
 I blush and am abasht, this worke to enterprise.

But when I call to mind thy sundry gifts of grace,  
 Full fraught with maners meeke in happy quiet  
 My hasty hand forthwith doth scribble on apace,  
 Least willing hart might thinke, it ment to come behind:  
 Thus do both hand and hart these carefull meetrees  
 Twixt hope and trembling feare, my duetie to excuse.

Wherefore accept these lines, and benish darke dayne,  
 Be sure they come from one that loueth thee in  
 And guerdon me thy friend in like with loue agayne,  
 So shalt thou well be sure to yeeld me such relief,  
 As onely may redresse my sorrowes and my smart:  
 For prooffe whereof I pledge (deare Dame) to thee  
 my hart.

*Meritum petere, graue.*

**A LADY BEING BOTH WRONGED BY FALSE SUSPECT, AND ALSO WOUNDED BY THE DURANCE OF HER HUSBAND, DOETH THUS BEWRAV HER GRIEF.**

Giue me my Lute in bed now as I lie,  
 And lock the doores of mine vnluckie bower:  
 So shall my voyce in mournefull verse discricie  
 The secrete smart which causeth me to lower:  
 Resound you wailles an Echo to my mone,  
 And thou cold bed wherein I lie alone,  
 Beare witnesse yet what rest thy Lady takes,  
 When other sleepe which may enjoy their makes.

In prime of youth when Cupide kindled fire,  
 And warmd my will with flames of feruent loue:  
 To further forth the fruites of my desire,  
 My freends deuise this meane for my behoue.  
 They made a match according to my mind,  
 And cast a snare my fansie for to blind:  
 Short tale to make: the deede was almost donne,  
 Before I knew which way the worke begonne.

And with this lot I did my selfe content,  
 I lent a liking to my parents choyse:  
 With hand and hart I gaue my free consent,  
 And hung in hope for euer to reioyce.  
 I liu'd and lou'd long time in greater ioy,  
 Than shee which held king *Primus* some of *Troy*:  
 But three lewd lots haue chang'd my heauen to hell  
 And those be these, giue care and marke them well.

First slaunders he, which alwayes beareth hate,  
 To happy harts in beauenly state that bide:  
 Can play his part to stirre vp some debate,  
 Whereby suspect into my choyse might glide.

And by his meanes the stime of false suspect,  
 Did (as I feare) my dearest friend infect.  
 Thus by these twayn long was I plungd in paine,  
 Yet in good hope my hart did still remaine.

But now (aye me) the greatest grief of all,  
 (Sound loud my Lute, and tel it out my tongue)  
 The hardest hap that euer might befall,  
 The onely cause wherefore this song is song,  
 Is this alas: my loue, my Lord, my Roy,  
 My chosen pbeare, my gemme, and all my ioye,  
 Is kept perforce out of my dayly sight,  
 Whereby I lacke the stay of my delight.

In loftie walles, in strong and stately towers,  
 (With troubled minde in solitary sorte.)  
 My louely Lord doth spend his dayes and howers,  
 A weary life deuoide of all disport,  
 And I poore soule must lie here all alone,  
 To tyre my truth, and wound my will with mone:  
 Such is my hop to shake my blooming time,  
 With winters blastes before it passe the prime.

Now haue you heard the summe of all my grief,  
 Whereof to tell my hart (oh) rends in twayne:  
 Good Ladies yet lend you me some relief,  
 And beare a parte to ease me of my payne.  
 My sortes are such, that waying well my truth,  
 They might prouoke the craggy rocks to rueth,  
 And moue these wailles with teares for to lament,  
 The loothsome life wherein my youth is spent.

But thou my Lute, be still, now take thy rest,  
 Repose thy bones vpon this bed of downe:  
 Thou hast dischargd some burden from my brest,  
 Wherefore take thou my place, here lie thee  
 downe.

And let me walke to trye my restlesse minde,  
 Untill I may entreate some curteous winde  
 To blow these wordes vnto my noble make,  
 That he may see I sorow for his sake.

*Meritum petere, graue.*

**A RIDDLE.**

A LADY once did aske of me,  
 This prettie thing in prinitie:  
 Good sir (quod she) faine would I craue,  
 One thing which you your selfe not haue:  
 Nor neuer had yet in times past,  
 Nor neuer shall while life doth last.  
 And if you seeke to find it out,  
 You loose your labour out of doubt:  
 Yet if you loue me as you say,  
 Then giue it me, for sure you may.

*Meritum petere, graue.*

**THE SHIELD OF LOUE, &c.**

L'ESCI D'AMOUR, the shield of perfect loue,  
 The shield of loue, the force of stedfast faith,  
 The force of faith which neuer will remoue,  
 But standeth fast, to bide the broonts of death:  
 That trustie targe, hath long borne off the  
 And broke the thrusts, which absend  
 throwes.

In dolefull dayes I lead an absent life,  
 And wound my will with many a weary thought:  
 I plead for peace, yet starue in stormes of strife,  
 I find debate, where quiet rest was sought.  
 These panges with me, vnto my paine I proue,  
 Yet beare I all vpon my shield of loue.

In colder cares are my conceipts consumed,  
 Than *Diad* felt when false *Æneas* fled:  
 In farre more heat, than trusty *Troilus* funde,  
 When craftie *Cressida* dwelt with *Diomed*:  
 My hope such frost, my hot desire such flame,  
 That I both fryse, and amoulder in the same.

So that I liue, and die in one degree,  
 Healed by hope, and hurt againe with dread:  
 Fast bound by faith when fansie would be free,  
 Untied by trust, though thoughts enthrall my head:  
 Reui'd by ioyes, when hope doth most abound,  
 And yet with grief, in depth of dolours drown'd.

In these assaults I feele my feebled force  
 Begins to faint, thus wariel still in woes:  
 And scarcely can my thus consumed corse,  
 Hold vp this Buckler to beare of these blowes:  
 So that I craue, or presence for relief,  
 Or some supplie, to ease mine absent grief.

LENGOIE.

To you (deare Dame) this dolefull plaint I  
 make,  
 Whose onely sight may soone redresse my smart:  
 Then shew your selfe, and for your seruauents sake,  
 Make bast port bast, to heipe a faithfull harte:  
 Mine owne poore shield hath me defended long,  
 Now lend me yours, for elles you do me wrong.  
*Meritum patris, gratia.*

COUNCELL TO DUGLASSE DIUE

Written vpon this occasion. She had a booke  
 wherein she had collected sundry good ditties  
 of diuers mens doings, in whiche booke she  
 would needes entreate the aucthor to write some  
 verses. And therevpon he wrote as followeth.

To binde a hushe of thornes amongst sweete smell-  
 ing floures,  
 May make the poesie seeme the worse, and yet the  
 fault is ours:  
 For throw away the thorne, and marke what will  
 enew? [freshe of hew.  
 The poesie then will shew it selfe, sweete, faire, and  
 A puttocke set on perch, fast by a falcons side,  
 Will quickly shew it selfe a kight, as time hath  
 often tride.  
 And in my musing minde, I feare to finde like fall,  
 As iust reward to recompence my rash attempts  
 withall. [write,  
 Thou bidst, and I must bowe, thou wilt that I shall  
 Thou canst commend my very muse some verses  
 to endite. [verse,  
 And yet perdie, thy booke is fraught with learned  
 Such skill as in my musing minde I can none like  
 reberae.  
 What followes then for me? but if I must needes  
 write, [kight,  
 To set downe by the falcons side, my selfe a sillie

And yet the sillie kight, well weyed in each degree,  
 May serue sometimes (as in his kinde) for man  
 commoditie.  
 The kight can weede the worthe, from corne and  
 costly seedes,  
 The kight can kill the mowldwarpe, in pleasant  
 meada the breeds: [sic,  
 Out of the stately streetes, the kight can cleanse the  
 As mē can cisse the worthless weedes, fro fustial  
 fallowed tilth.  
 And onely set aside the heennes poore prognost,  
 I cannot see who can accuse the kight for fellow.  
 The falcon, she most feede on partridge, and a  
 quayle,  
 On pigeon, plover, ducke and drake, bearse, lap-  
 wing, teal, and rail, [sic,  
 Hir hungrie throte deuours both goodes and deuis  
 Whereby I take occasion, thus boldly to compare  
 And as a sillie kight, (not falcon like that fie,  
 Nor yet presume to hoose by mount Hallyuon's  
 bie)  
 I friendly yet presume, vpon my friends report,  
 In barreine verse to shew my skill, then take it  
 for the best. [kight,  
 And Dooty Douglass thou, that art of falcons  
 Giue willing care yet to the kight, and beare in  
 words in minde. [sorrow,  
 Serue thou first God thy Lord, and praye his  
 Obey thy Prince and loue thy make, by him at  
 greatest stowe,  
 Thy Parents follow next, for honor and for we,  
 Thy friends vse alwayes faithfully, for so command  
 the lawe.  
 Thy seemely selfe at last, thou shalt like wise  
 regard, [reward,  
 And of thy selfe this lesson learne, and take it as  
 That looke how farre deserts, may soome in this  
 to shine, [peach or chise,  
 So farre thou maist set out thy selfe, without as-  
 For this I dare auow, without selfe looe (alight)  
 It can scarce be that vertue dwell, in any earthy  
 wight. [fere,  
 But if in such selfe looe, thou seeme to wide so  
 As fall to foule presumption, and iudge thy selfe  
 starre,  
 Beware betimes and thinke in our Etymologie,  
 Such faults are plainly called pryde, and in tract  
*Sarcophage*;  
 Lo thus can I pore kight, aduenture for to tread  
 The falcon flie, and yet forewarne, she run at  
 past hir reach.  
 Thus can I weede the worthe, which seeketh to  
 deuoure [thee eury howe  
 The seeds of vertue, which might grow within  
 Thus can I kill the mowle, which else would con-  
 throw [blow,  
 The good foundation of thy fame, with every blie  
 And thus can I couery, out of thy counsey best,  
 The slottish heapes of peeuish pride, which might  
 defile the rest.  
 Perchance some falcons flie, which will not greatly  
 grutch, [looe to match,  
 To learne thee first to loue thy selfe, and then to  
 But I am none of those, I list not so to range,  
 I haue mis meate enough at home, what need I  
 the socke change.

<sup>1</sup> The Hill where poetes flyne that the Muse  
 sleepe.  
<sup>2</sup> A true exposition.      <sup>3</sup> Overweening.

I am no peacocks I: my feathers be not gay,  
And though they were, I see my feete such fonde  
affectes to stay,

I list not set to sale a thing so litle worth,  
I rather could kepe close my creast, than seeke to  
set it forth. [to flowe,

Wherefore if in this verse, which thou commandst  
Thou chauce to fall on construing, whereby some  
doubtes may grow,

Yet graut this onely boone, peruse it twice or  
thrice, [deuise.

Digest it well ere thou condemne the depth of my  
And vse it like the nut, first cracke the outward  
shell, [thee well.

Then trie the kirnell by the tast, and it may please  
Do not as barbers do, which wash beards curiously,  
Then cut them off, then cast them out, in open  
streets to lie.

Remember therewithall, my muze is tied in chaines,  
The goosshot of calamitie hath battered 'all my  
braynes. [no marke,

And though this verse scape out, take thou thereat  
It is-but like a hellesse sie, that tumbledh in the  
darke.

It was thine owne request, remember so it was,  
Wherefore if thou dislike the same, then licence  
it to passe

Into my brest againe, from whence it flew in hast,  
Full like a kight which not deserves by falcons to  
be phat: [to serue,

And like a stubbed thorne, which may not seeme  
To stid with such sweete smelling floures, like  
praises to deserue.

Yet take this harmlesse thorne, to picke thy teeth  
withall, [be but small.

A tooth picke serues some vse perdie, although it  
And when thy teeth therewith, be pikid faire and  
cleane,

Then bend thy tong no worse to me, than mine to  
thee hath bene.

*Euer or Neuer.*

**COUNCELL GIUEN TO MASTER BAR-  
THOLMEW WITHIPOLL A LITTLE  
BEFORE HIS LATTER IOURNEY TO  
GEANE. 1579.**

Myne owne good Bat, before thou hoys vp saile,  
To make a furrowe in the foming seas,  
Content thy selfe to heare for thine auail,  
Such harmlesse words, as ought thee not displease.  
First in thy iourney, ispe not ouer much,  
What? laughst thou Batte, because I write so  
plaine?

Belesus me now it is a friendly touch,  
To vse fewe words where friendship doth remaine.  
And for I finde, that fault hath runne to fast,  
Both in thy flesh, and fancie too sometime,  
Me thinks plaine dealing biddeth me to cast  
This bone at first amid my dogrell rime.  
But shall I say, to giue thee graue aduise?  
(Which in my head is (God he knowes full)  
geazon)?

Then marke me well, and though I be not wise,  
Yet in my rime, thou maist perhaps find reason.  
First every day, beseech thy God on knee,  
So to direct thy staggering steppes alway,  
That he which every secrete thought doth see  
May holde thee in, when thou wouldst goe astray:

And that he deigne to sende thee safe retourne,  
And quicke dispatche of that which is thy due:  
Lette this (my Batte) be bothe thy prime and  
Wherin also commend to Nostrre Dieu, [hoore,  
Thy good Companion and my verie frend,  
To whom I shoulde (but time woulde not permitte)  
Haue taken paine some ragged ryme to sende  
In trustie token, that I not forget

His curtesie: but this is debte to thee,  
I promysed it, and now I meane to pay:  
What was I saying? sirra, will you see

How soone my wittes were wandering astraye?  
I saye, praye thou for thee and for thy mate,  
So shipmen sing, and though the note be playne,  
Yet sure the musike is in heauenly state,  
When frends sing so, and know not how to fayre.  
The nexte to GOD, thy Prince haue still in mynde  
Tby countreys honor, and the common wealth:  
And seee from them, which fled with euery wynde  
From natue soyle, to forraine coastes by stealth:  
Theyr traynes are trustlesse, tending still to treason,  
Theyr smoothed tongues are lyned all with guyle,  
Theyr power slender, scarcely worthe two peason,  
Their malice much, their wittes are full of wyle:  
Eachue them then, and when thou seest them, say,  
Da, da, sir K, I may not come at you,  
You cast a snare your countrey to betraye,  
And woulde you haue me trust you now for true?  
Remember Batte the foolish blink eyed boye  
Which was at Rome, thou knowest whome I meane,<sup>2</sup>  
Remember eke the preatic beardlesse toye,  
Whereby thou foundst a safe returne to Geane,  
Doe so againe: (God shielde thou shouldst haue  
neede,)

But rather so, than to forswear thy selfe:  
A loyall hearte, (beleuee this as thy Creede)  
Is euermore more worth than worldly pelfe.  
And for one lesson, take this more of mee,  
There are three Ps almost in every place,  
From whiche I counsell thee alwayes to flee,  
And take good hede of them in any case,  
The first is poysson, perillous in deede  
To such as traually with a heauie pursae:  
And thou my Batte beware, for thou hast neede,  
Thy pursae is lynde with paper, which is worse:  
Thy billes of credite wil not they thinkst thou,  
Be hayte to sette Italian hands on worke?  
Yes by my fays, and neuer worse than nowe,  
When euery knaue hath leysure for to lurke,  
And knoweth thou commest for the shelles of  
Christe:

Beware therefore where euer that thou go,  
It may fall out that thou shalt be entise  
To suppe sometimes with a *Magnifico*,  
And haue a *Foo* foysted in the disbe,  
Bycasse thou shouldst digeste thy meate the  
better:

Be ware therefore, and rather feede on fabe,  
Than learne to spell fyne fleshe with such a Letter.  
Some may present thee with a pounce or twaine  
Of Spanishe soape to washe thy lynnes white:  
Beware therefore, and thynke it were small gayne,  
To moe thy shirte, and cast thy skincse off quite:  
Some cunning man maye teache thee for to ryde,  
And stuffe thy saddle all with Spanishe wooll,  
Or in thy stirrops haue a toye so tyde,  
As both thy legges may swell thy buskins full:

<sup>1</sup> There are to many of them in every country.

<sup>2</sup> Misteric.

Beware therefore, and beare a noble porte,  
 Drynke not for thyrste before an other taste:  
 Lette none outlandishe Tylour take disporte  
 To stuffe thy doubtie full of such Humbaste,  
 As it may cast thee in vnkindely sweate,  
 And cause thy haire per companie to glyde,  
 Straungers are syne in many a propre feate:  
 Beware therefore, the seconde P. is Pryde,  
 More perillous than was the first by farre,  
 For that infects but bloud and leaues the bones,  
 This povours all, and mindes of men doth marre,  
 It sudeth nookes to creepe in for the nones:  
 First from the minde it makes the heart to swell,  
 From thence the flesh is pampered every parte,  
 The skine is taught in Dyers shoppes to dwell,  
 The haire is curle or frised vp by arte:  
 Beleeue mee Batte, our Countrymen of late  
 Haue caughte such knackes abroad in forayne  
 lande,

That most men call them Devils incarnate,  
 So singular in theyr conceites they stande:  
 Nowe sir, if I shall see your maistershippe  
 Come home disguysed and cladde in queynt araye,  
 As with a piketoothe byting on your lippe,  
 Your braue Mustachyos turnde the Turkey waye,  
 A Coptanckt hatte made on a Flemnish blocke,  
 A nightgowne cloake downe trayling to your toes,  
 A slender sloppe close couched to your docke.  
 A curtd slipper, and a shorte silke hose:  
 Bearing your Rapier pointe about the hitte,  
 And looking bigge like Marquise of all Beefe,  
 Then shall I coumpte your toyle and trausyle  
 spilte,

Becaus my seconde P, with you is cheefe.  
 But forwardes nowe, although I stayde a while,  
 My hindmost P, is worse than bothe these two,  
 For it both bones and bodie doth defile,  
 With fouler blots than bothe those other doo.  
 Shorte tale to make, this P, can beare no blockes,  
 (God shielde me Batte, should beare it in his  
 breast)

And with a dashe it spellet piles and pokes  
 A perious P, and woorse than bothe the reste:  
 Now though I finde no cause for to suspect  
 My Batte in this, because he hath bene tryde,  
 Yet since such Spanish buttons can infect  
 Kings, Emperours, Princes and the world so wide.  
 And since those sunnes do mellowe men so fast  
 As most that trausyle come home very ripe  
 Although (by sweate) they learne to liue and  
 last

When they haue daunced after Guydoes pype:  
 Therefore I thought it meete to warne my frende  
 Of this foule P, and so an ende of Ps.  
 Now for thy diet marke my tale to ende,  
 And thanke me then, for that is all my fees.  
 See thou exceede not in three double Vs,  
 Te first is Wine, which may enflame thy blood,  
 The second Women, such as haunte the stewes,  
 The thirde is Wilfulnesse, which dooth no good.  
 These three exclude, or temper them alwayes:  
 So shall my Batte prolong his youthfull yeeres,  
 And see long George againe, with happie dayes,  
 Who if he bee as faithfull to his feeres,  
 As hee was wout, will dayly pray for Batte,  
 And for Pencoyde: and if it fall out so,  
 That James a Parrye doo but make good that,  
 Which he hath sayde: and if he bee (no, no)

§ Sir William Morgan of Pencoyde.

The best companion that long George can finde,  
 Then at the Spawe I promise for to bee  
 In Auguste nexte, if God turne not my minde,  
 Where as I would bee glad thy selfe to see:  
 Till then farewell, and thus I ende my song,  
 Take it in gree, for eise thou dost mee wrong.  
*Hand icetus sapio.*

### GASCOIGNES WOODMANSHIP

Written to the L. Grey of Wilton vpon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delighting (amongst many other good qualities) in chasing of his winter deare, and killing the same with his bowe, did furnishe the Aucthor with a crossebowe *con peritacur* and vouchsawed to see his company in the said exercise, calling him one of his woodmen. Now the Aucthor shooting very often, could neuer hitte any deare, yea and oftentimes he let the heard passe by as though he had not seene thē. Whereat when this noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skill in choosing, and readinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse it in verbe.

My worthy Lord, I pray you wonder not,  
 To see your woodman shoote so ofte awrie,  
 Nor that he stands amazed like a sot,  
 And lets the harmlesse deare (vnhurt) go by.  
 Or if he strike a Doe which is but carren,  
 Laugh not good Lord, but fauoure such a fault,  
 Take will in worth, he would faine hit the barren,  
 But though his harte be good, his happe is naught:  
 And therefore now I craue your Lordships leaue,  
 To tell you plaine what is the cause of this:  
 First if it please your honour to perceyue,  
 What makes your woodman shoote so ofte amisse,  
 Beleeue me L. the case is nothing strange,  
 He shootes awrie almost at euery marke,  
 His eyes haue bene so used for to range,  
 That now God knowes they be both dimme and  
 darke.

For prooffe he beares the note of follie now,  
 Who shotte sometimes to hit Philosophie,  
 And aske you why? forsooth I make aow,  
 Bicause his wanton wittes went all awrie.  
 Next that, he shot to be a man of lawe,  
 And spent sometime with learned Liltton,  
 Yet in the end, he proued but a dawe,  
 For lawe was darke and he had quickly done.  
 Then could he wish Fitzbarbert such a braine,  
 As Tully had, to write the lawe by arte,  
 So that with pleasure, or with litle paine,  
 He might perhaps, haue caught a trewants parte.  
 But all to late, he most mislikte the thing,  
 Which most might helpe to guide his arrow  
 streight:

He winked wrong, and so let slippe the string,  
 Which cast him wide, for all his queint conceit.  
 From thence he shotte to catch a courtly grace,  
 And thought euen there to wield the world at  
 But out alas he much mistooke the place, [wilt,  
 And shot awrie at euery rouer still,  
 The blasing baits which drawe the gazing eye,  
 Unfethered there his first affection,  
 No wonder then although he shot awrie,  
 Wanting the feathers of discretion.

Yet more than them, the marks of dignitie,  
 He much mistooke and shot the wronger way,  
 Thinking the purse of prodigalitie,  
 Had bene best meane to purchase such a pray.  
 He thought the flattering face which feareth still,  
 Had bene full fraught with all fidelitie,  
 And that such wordes as courtiers vse at will,  
 Could not haue varied from the veritie.  
 But when his bouet buttened with gold,  
 His comelle cape bearded all with gay,  
 His humbast hose, with linings manifold,  
 His knit silke stocks and all his queint aray,  
 Had pickt his purse of all the Peter pence,  
 Which might haue paid for his promotion,  
 Then (all to late) he found that light expence,  
 Had quite quencht out the courts deuotion.  
 So that since then the tast of miserie,  
 Hath bene alwayes full bitter in his bit,  
 And why? forsooth because he shot awrie,  
 Mistaking still the markes which others hit.  
 But now behold what marke the man doth find,  
 He shootes to be a souldier in his age,  
 Mistrusting all the vertues of the minde,  
 He trusts the power of his personage.  
 As though long limmes led by a lusty hart,  
 Might yet suffice to make him rich againe,  
 But Flushing fraies haue taught him such a parle,  
 That now he thinks the warres yeeld on such  
 gaine.

And sure I feare, vnlesse your lordship deigne,  
 To traine him yet into some better trade,  
 It will be long before he hit the veine,  
 Whereby he may a richer man be made.  
 He cannot climbe as other catchers can.  
 To leade a charge before himselve be led,  
 He cannot spoile the simple sakeles man,  
 Which is content to feede him with his bread.  
 He cannot pinch the painefull souldiers pay,  
 And shere him out his share in ragged sheetes,  
 He cannot stoupe to take a greedy pray  
 Upon his fellowes groveling in the streetes.  
 He cannot pull the spoyle from such as pill,  
 And seeme full angrie at such foule offence,  
 Although the gayne content his greedie will,  
 Under the cloeke of contrarie pretence:  
 And now adayes, the man that shootes not so,  
 May shoote amisse, euen as your Woodman  
 dothe:

But then you maruell why I lette them go,  
 And neuer shoote, but saye farewell forsooth:  
 Alas my Lord, while I doe muse hereon,  
 And call to minde my youthfull yeares mysente,  
 They giue mee such a boane to gnawe vpon,  
 That all my senses are in silence pente.  
 My minde is rapte in contemplation,  
 Wherein my dazeled eyes onely beholde,  
 The blacke houre of my constellation,  
 Which framed mee so lucklesse on the molde:  
 Yet therewithall I can not but confesse,  
 That vayne presumption makes my heart to swell,  
 For thus I thinke, not all the worlde (I guesse,)  
 Shootes bet<sup>4</sup> than I, may some shootes not so well.  
 In Aristotle somewhat did I learne,  
 To guyde my manners all by comelynesse,  
 And Tullie taught me somewhat to discern  
 Betwene sweete speeche and barbarous rudenesse.  
 Olde Parkyns, Rastall, and Dan Bractens kookes,  
 Did lende mee somewhat of the lawlesse Lawe,  
 The craftie Courtiers with their guylefull lookes,  
 Must needes put some experience in my nauie:

<sup>4</sup> Better.

Yet can not these with many maystries mo,  
 Make me shoote streyght at any gaynfull pricke,  
 Where some that neuer handled such a bow,  
 Can hit the white, or touch it neare the quicke,  
 Who can not speake, nor write in pleasant wise,  
 Nor leade their life by Aristotles rule,  
 Nor argue well on questions that arise,  
 Nor pleade a case more than my Lord Mairs mule,  
 Yet can they hit the marks that I do misse,  
 And winne the meane which may the man main-  
 teyne.

Now when my minde doth mumble vpon this,  
 No wonder then although I pine for payne:  
 And while mine eyes beholde this mirror thus,  
 The hearde gneth by, and farewell gentle doe:  
 So that your Lordship quickly may discusse  
 What blindes mine eyes so ofte (as I suppose.)  
 But since my Muse can to my Lorde reherse  
 What makes me misse, and why I doe not shoote,  
 Let me imagine in this woorthlesse verse,  
 If right before mee, at my standingr foote  
 There stooode a Doe, and I should strike hir  
 deade,

And then shee proue a carrian carka too,  
 What figure might I finde within my head,  
 To scuse the rage which rulde mee so to doo?  
 Some myght interpret by playne paraphrase,  
 That lacke of skill or fortune ledde the chauce,  
 But I must otherwise expounde the case,  
 I say Iehoua did this Doe aduance,  
 And made hir bolde to stande before mee so,  
 Till I had thrust mine arrowe to hir harte,  
 That by the sodaine of hir ouerthrowe,  
 I myght endeuour to amende my parte.  
 And turne mync eyes that they no more beholde,  
 Such guylefull markes as seeme more than they be:  
 And though they glisten outwardly like golde,  
 Are inwardly but brassc, as men may see:  
 And when I see the milke hang in hir teate,  
 Me thinks it sayth, olde babe now learne to sucke,  
 Who in thy youth couldst neuer learne the feate  
 To hitte the whytes whiche liue with all good  
 lucke.

Thus haue I tolde my Lorde, (God graunt in sea-  
 A tedious tale in time, but little reason. [son])  
*Haud ictus sapio.*

### GASCOIGNES GARDNINGS,

WHEREOF WERE WRITTEN IN ONE END OF A  
 CLOSE WALLE WHICH HE HATH IN HIS  
 GARDEN, THIS DISCOURSE FOLLOWING.

THE figure of this world I can compare,  
 To Garden plots, and such like pleasant places,  
 The world breedes men of sundry shape and share,  
 As beartes in gardens, grow of sundry graces:  
 Some good, some bad, some amiable faces,  
 Some foule, some gentle, some of froward mind,  
 Subiect like bloome, to blast of euery wind.

And as you see the floures most fresh of hew,  
 That they proue not alwayes the holdest,  
 So fayrest men are not alwayes found true:  
 But euen as withred weedes fall from the rest,  
 So flatterers fall naked from their neat:  
 When truth bath tried, their painting tising tale,  
 They loose their glosse, and all their iests seeme  
 stale.

Yet some do present pleasure most esteeme,  
Till beames of brauerie wither all their welth,  
And some agayne there be can rightly deeme,  
Those herbes for best, which may mainteine their  
helth.

Considering well, that age draws on by steth,  
And when the fayrest floure is shronke and gone,  
A well growne roote, will stand and shifte for one.

Then thus the restless life which men here  
May be resembled to the tender plant, [leade,  
In spring it sprouts, as babes in cradle breede,  
Flourish in May, like youthe that wisdom want,  
In Autumne ripen and rootes, lest store waxe  
skauke

In winter shrinks and shrowdes enery blast,  
Like crooked age when lusty youth is past.

And as the grounde or grace whereon it grewe,  
Was fatte or leane, euen so by it appeares,  
If barreyn soyle, why then it chaungeth hewe,  
It fadeth faste, it flits to fumbling yeares,  
But if he gathered roote amongst his ferres,  
And light on lande that was well muckte in doede,  
Then standes it still, or leaues increase of seede.

As for the reate, full sundrie wayes (God wot)  
Some faynt lyke froathe at euery little pufte,  
Some smarte by swoorde, like hearbes that serue  
the pot,

And some be weeded from the finer stuffe,  
Some stande by proppas to maynteyne all their  
ruffe:

And thus (vnder correction bee it tolde)  
Hath Gascoigne gathered in his Garden molde.  
*Haud ictus sapio.*

In that other ende of his sayde close walke, were  
written these toyes in ryme.

If any floure that here is growne,  
Or any hearbe may ease your payne,  
Take and accompte it as your owne,  
But recompence the lyke agayne:  
For some and some is honest playe,  
And so my wyfe taughte me to saye.

If here to walke you take delight,  
Why come, and welcome when you will:  
If I hidde you snppe here this night,  
Bidde me an other time, and still  
Thinke some and some is honest playe,  
For so my wife taughte me to saye.

Thus if you suppe or dine with mee,  
If you walke here, or sitte at ease,  
If you desire the thing you see,  
And haue the same your minde to please,  
Thinke some and some is honest playe,  
And so my wife taughte me to saye.  
*Haud ictus sapio.*

In a chayre in the same Garden was written this  
following.

If thou sitte here to viewe this pleasant garden  
place,  
Think thus: at last will come a frost, and all these  
floures deface:

But if thou sitte at ease to rest thy wearie bowen,  
Remember death brings final rest to all our  
greauous groves.

So whether for delight, or here thou sitte for ease,  
Thinke still vpon the latter day, so shalt thou God  
best please.

*Haud ictus sapio.*

Vpon a stone in the wall of his Garden he had  
written the yeare wherein he did the copie of  
these deuises, and therewithall this poeme in  
Latine.

*SCOTIAM etiam humiliatos, amorem  
delectant.*

### GASCOIGNE'S VOYAGE INTO HOLLANDE An. 1572.

WRITTEN TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE  
LORDE GREY OF WILTON<sup>1</sup>.

A STRANGE conceyte, a vayne of newe delight,  
Twixt weale and woe, twixt ioy and bitter griefe,  
Hath prickd fourth my hastie penne to write  
This worthlesse verse in bazarde of reproofe:  
And to mine *Aldermost*<sup>2</sup> Lorde I must endite  
A wofull case, a chippe of sorie chaunce,  
A tipe of beauen, a lively bew of hell,  
A feare to fall, a hope of high aduance,  
A life, a death, a drearie tale to tell.  
But since I know the pith of my pastauce  
Shall most consist in telling of a truth,  
Vouchsafe my Lord (*en bon gré*<sup>3</sup>) for to take  
This trustie tale the storie of my youth,  
This Chronicle which of my selfe I make,  
To shew my Lord what he please happe enenth,  
When heddy youth will gad without a guide,  
And raunge vntide in leas of libertie,  
Or when bare neede a starting hole hath spide  
To peepe abroad from mother Miseric,  
And buildeth Castels in the Welkin wide,  
In hope thereby to dwell with weale and ease.  
But he the Lord (whome my good Lord doth  
know)

Can bind or lose, as best to him shall please,  
Can saue or spill, raise vp or ouerthrowe,  
Can gauld with griefe, and yet the payne appeare.

<sup>1</sup> "There is an old kinde of Rithme called Ver-  
layen, derived (as I haue redde) of this word Verd,  
which betokeneth Greene, and Laye which be-  
tokeneth a Song, as if you would say Greene  
Songs: but I must tell you by the way, that I  
neuer redde any verse which I saw by auctoritie  
called Verlay, but one, and that was a long dis-  
course in verses of tenne syllables, whereof the  
four first did ryme across, and the fifth did an-  
swere to the first and thirde, breaking off there,  
and so going on to another termination. Of this  
I could shewe example of imitation in mine own  
verses written to the right honorable the Lord  
Grey of Wilton, &c."

Gascoigne's "Certain Notes of Instruction con-  
cerning the making of verse or rhyime in English."  
C.

<sup>2</sup> Best beloved.

<sup>3</sup> In good worth.



Which thing to proue if so my L. take time,  
 When greater cares his head shall not possess)  
 To sitte and reade this raunging ragged rime,  
 I doubt not then but that he will confesse,  
 What failes I found when last I leapt to oline.  
 In March it was, that cannot I forget,  
 In this last March vpon the nineteenth day,  
 When from Grauesend in boate I gan to iette  
 To boorde our slippe in Seimborough that lay,  
 From whence the very twentieth day we act  
 Our sayles abrode to slice the Salt sea fume,  
 And anours wayde gan trust the trustlesse foud:  
 That day and night amid the waues we rone  
 To seeke the coast of Holland where it fouds,  
 And on the next when we were farre from home,  
 And neare the haues whereto we sought to sayle,  
 A fearely chance: (whereon alone to thinke)  
 My hande now quakes, and all my senses fayle)  
 Gan vs befall: the Pylot gan to shrinke,  
 And all agasts his courage seems to quayle.  
 Whereat amared, the Maister and his mate  
 Gan aske the cause of his so sodayne change.  
 And from alofte the Stewarde of our state,  
 (The sounding plambe) in haste poste hast must  
 range,

To trye the depth and goodnesse of our gate.  
 Mee thinks (euen yet) I heare his heauie voyce,  
 Fadome three<sup>4</sup>, foure, foote more, foote lesse, that  
 cride:

Me thinks I beare the fearefull whispering noyse,  
 Of such as mayde full softly (me besida)  
 God graunte this iourney cause vs to reioyce,  
 When I poore soule, which close in cabin laye,  
 And there had reacht till gault was weincare burst  
 With giddie head, my stumbling stepes must stay  
 To looke abroade as boldly as I durst.  
 And whyles I hearken what the Saylers saye,  
 The sounder sings, faime two full no more.  
 Aloofe, aloofe, then cried the Maister out,  
 The Steeresmate strues to sende vs from the shore,  
 And trustes the streame, wherof wee earst had  
 doubt,

Tweens two extreme thus were we tossed sore,  
 And went to Hull<sup>5</sup>, vntill we leysure had  
 To talke at large, and eke to know the cause  
 What moode had made our Pylot looke so sad.  
 At last the Dutche with butterbitten iawes,  
 (For so he was a Dutche, a Deuill, a swadde,  
 A foole, a drunke, or a traytour tone)  
 Gan answer thus: *Ghy silt te wroegh<sup>6</sup>* here come,  
*Tu niet gort tūt?* and standing all alone,  
 Can preache to vs, which fooles were all and some  
 To trust him foole, in whom there skill was none.  
 Or what knew wee if Albaes subtilt brayne  
 (So to prevent our enterpryse by treason)  
 Had him sorborde to tice vs to this trayne  
 And so him selfe (per *Compagnie* and season)  
 For spite, for hate, or else for hope of gayne.  
 This must we thinke that Alba<sup>7</sup> would not spare  
 To give out gold for such a sinfull deede:  
 And glistring gold can oftentimes ensnare,  
 More perfect wits than Holland soyle doth breede.  
 But let that passe, and let vs now compare  
 Our oore fond fact with this his foule offence.  
 We knew him not, nor where he woud that time,  
 Nor if he had Pylots experience,

Or Pylots craft, to cleare him selfe from crime.  
 Yea more than that (how voyde were we of sense)  
 We had small smacks of any tale he tolde,  
 He powde out Dutch to drowne vs all in drinke,  
 And we (wise men) vppon his words were bolde,  
 To runne on head: but let me now bethinke  
 The masters speech: and let me so vnfold  
 The depth of all this foolish oversight.  
 The master spake euen like a skilfull rase,  
 And sayde I sayle the Seas both day and night,  
 I know the tidos as well as other can,  
 From pole to pole I can the courses plight:  
 I know France, Spaine, Greece, Denmarke, Dettik  
 and all,  
 Frize, Flaunders, Holland, euery coast I know,  
 But truth to tell, it sekdome doth befall,  
 That English merchants euer bend their bowe  
 To shoote at Breyll, where now our flight should  
 fall,

They send their shafts farder for greater gayne.  
 So that this hazen is yet (quoth he) vnkou<sup>8</sup>,  
 And God graunt now that England may attayne  
 Such gaine by Breyll, (a gospell on that mouth)  
 As is desired: thus spake the master playne.  
 And since (saide he) my selfe knew not the sowne,  
 How could I well a better Pylot fynde,  
 Than this (which first) did saye he dwelt in towne,  
 And knew the way where euer mat the wyade?  
 While we thus talke, all sayles are taken downe,  
 And we to Hull (as earst I sayd) gan wend,  
 Till full two houres and somewhat more were past,  
 Our guyde then spake in Dutch and bad vs bend  
 All sayles againe: fur now quod he (at last)  
*Die tijt is gort, dat heb ick moel beherd<sup>10</sup>*.  
 Why stays I long to ende a wofull tale?  
 We trust his Dutch, and vp the foresayle goes,  
 We fall on knees amyd the happy gale,  
 (Which by Gods will full kynd, and calmly  
 blowes)

And vnto him we there vnfolde our hale,  
 Whereon to thinke I wryte and weepe for ioye,  
 That pleasant song the hundreth and seuenth  
 Psalme,

There dyd we reade to comfort our annoye,  
 Which to my soule (me thought) was sweete as  
 balme,

Yea farre more sweete than any worldly toye.  
 And when he had with prayers prayd the Lord,  
 Our *Edele Bloets<sup>11</sup>*, gan fall to eate and drinke,  
 And for their sauce, at takyng vp the borde  
 The shippe so strake (as all we thought to sinke)  
 Against the ground. Then all with one accord  
 We fell againe on knees to pray space,  
 And therewithall euen at the second blowe,  
 (The number cannot from my minde outpace)  
 Our helme strake of, and we must fleete and flowe,  
 Where winde and waues would guide vs by their  
 grace.

The winde waxt calme as I haue sayde before,  
 (O mightie God so didst thou swage our woe)  
 The selly shippe was soust and smitten sore,  
 With counter buffetts, blowes and double blowe.  
 At last the keele which might endure no more,  
 Gan reade in twayne and suckt the water in:  
 Then might you see pale lookes and wofull cheare,  
 Then might you heare loude cries and deadly  
 Well noble minds in perils best appeare, (dinne:  
 And boldest harts in bale will neuer blinne.

<sup>4</sup> Fadom and a half, three bo.

<sup>5</sup> When all sayles are takē downe.

<sup>6</sup> You be to soone. <sup>7</sup> It is not good tide.

<sup>8</sup> The Duke.

<sup>9</sup> Vnknown. <sup>10</sup> It is good tide that know I well.

<sup>11</sup> Lusty gallants.

For there were some (of whom I will not say  
That I was one) which neuer changed bew,  
But pumpt space, and labord enery way  
To saue themselves, and all their louely crew,  
Which cast the best freight ouerboorde away,  
Both corne and cloth, and all that was of weight,  
Which halde and pulde at euery helping corde,  
Which prayed to God and made their consciences  
straight.

As for my self: I here protest my Lorde,  
My words were these: O God in heauen on height,  
Behold me not as now a wicked wight,  
A sacke of sinne, a wretch ywrapt in wroth,  
Let no fault past (O Lord) offends thy sight,  
But weye my will which now those faults doth  
And of thy mercy pittie this our plight. [Iothe,  
Euen thou good God which of thy grace didst saye  
That for one good, thou wouldst all Sodome saue,  
Behold vs all: thy shyning beames displaye,  
Some here (I trust) thy goodnesse shall engraued,  
To be chast vessels vnto thee alwaye,  
And so to liue in honour of thy name:  
Beleue me Lord, thus to the Lord I sayde.  
But there were some (alas the more their blame)  
Which in the pompe their onely comfort layde,  
And trusted that to turne our grieue to game.  
Alas (quod I) our pompe good God must be,  
Our sayle, our sterne, our tackling, and our trust.  
Some other cried to cleare the shipboate free,  
To saue the chiefe and leaue the rest in dust.  
Which word once spoke (a wondrous thing to see)  
All hast past hast, was made to haue it doue:  
And vp it commes in hast much more than speede.  
There did I see a wofull worke begonne, {bleede,  
Which now (euen now) doth make my hart to  
Some made such hast that in the boate they wonne,  
Before it was about the hatches brought.  
Straunge tale to tell, what hast some men shall  
make

To find their death before the same be sought.  
Some twist the boate and shippe their banes do  
take, {crusht out.  
Both drown and slayne with braynes for hast  
At last the boat halfe frighted in the aire  
Is boyat alofte, and on the seas downe set,  
When I that yet in God could not dispaire,  
Still plide the pompe, and patiently did let  
All such take boate as thither made repaire.  
And herewithall I safely may protest  
I might haue wonne the boate as wel as one,  
And had that seemed a safetie for the rest  
I should percase euen with the first haue gone.  
But when I saw the boate was ouer prest  
And pested full with more than it might beare,  
And therewithall with cheerefull looke might see  
My chiefe companions<sup>19</sup> whom I held most deare  
(Whose companie had thither trained me)  
Abiding still aboarde our shippe yfear:  
Nay then (quoth I) good God thy will be done,  
For with my feeres I will both liue and dye.  
And care the boate farre from our sight was gon  
The waues so wrought, that they (which thought to  
see

And so to scope) with waues were ouerronne.  
Lo how he strues in vaine that strues with God  
For there we lost the floure of the band,  
And of our crew full twentie soules and pnde,  
The Sea sucks vp, whils we on hatches stand  
In startung feare to feele that selfe same rodde.

<sup>19</sup> Yorke and Herle.

Well on (as yet) our battred barke did passe,  
And brought the rest within a myle of lande,  
Then thought I sure now neede not I to passe,  
For I can swymme and so escape this sande.  
Thus dyd I deeme all carelesse like an Asse,  
When sudaynely the wynde our foresayle tooke,  
And todard about and brought vs eft to Seas.  
Then cryed we all, cast out the ancor booke,  
And here let hyde such helpe as god may please:  
Which ancor cast, we soone the same forsooke,  
And cut it off, for feare leasht therevpon  
Our shippe should bowge, then callde we fast for  
fire,

And so discharge our great gunnes euerychonse,  
To warne the towne thereby of our desire:  
But all in vayne, for succor sent they none.  
At last a Hoy from Sea came fling fast,  
And towards vs helde course as straight as lync.  
Then might you see our hands to heauen vp cast  
To render thanks vnto the power detaind,  
That so vouchsafte to saue vs yet at last:  
But when this Hoy gan (welneere) boorde our  
barke,

And might perceiue what peryll we were in,  
It turnd away and left vs still in carke<sup>23</sup>,  
This tale is true (for now to lie were sin)  
It lefte vs there in dreade and daungers darke.  
It lefte vs so, and that within the sight  
And hearing both of all the peare at Breyll.  
Now ply thee pen, and paint the foule despite  
Of drunken Dutchmen standing there euen still,  
For whom we came in their cause for to fight,  
For whom we came their state for to defende,  
For whom we came as friends to grieue their foes,  
They now disdaynd (in this distresse) to lead  
One helping boate for to assuage our wotes:  
They sawe our harmes the which they would not  
mend,

And bad not bene that God euen then did reyse  
Some instruments to succor vs at neede,  
We had bene sunk and swallowed all in Seas.  
But Gods will was (in way of our good speede)  
That on the peare (lamenting our mysseas)  
Some englishe were, whose naked swordes did  
force

The drunken dutch, the cankred churlies to come,  
And so at last (not mood by remorse,  
But forst by feare) they sent vs succor some:  
Some must I say: and for to tell the course,  
They sent vs succor saust with sorre despite,  
They saued our liues and spoylde vs of the rest,  
They stole our goods by day and eke by night,  
They shewed the worst and closely kept the best  
And in this time (this treason must I wryte)  
Our Pylot fled, but how? not emptie handed:  
He fled from vs, and with him did conueye  
A Hoy full fraught (whiles we meane while were  
landed)

With ponder, shotte, and all our best araye:  
This skill he had, for all he set vs sanded.  
And now my Lord, declares your noble mynde,  
Was this a Pylot, or a Pilate iudge?  
Or rather was he not of Iudas kynde:  
Which left vs thus and close away could trudge?  
Well, at the Breyll to tell you what we finde,  
The Governour was all bedewed with drinke,  
His truls and he were all layde downe to sleepe,  
And we must shift, and of our selues must thinke

<sup>23</sup> Care.

What means was best, and how we best might  
keepe

That yet remaynd: the rest was close in clinke.  
Well, on our knees with trickling teares of ioye,  
We gaue God thanks: and as we might, did learne  
What might be founde in euery pynke<sup>14</sup> and boye.  
And thus my Lord, your honour may deserue  
Dur perils past, and how in anye  
God saued me (your Lordshippes bound for euer)  
Who else should not be able now to tell,  
The state wherein this country doth perseuer,  
Se how they seeme in carelesse mindes to dwell.  
So did they earst and so they will do euer)  
And to my Lord for to bewray my minde  
He thinks they be a race of Bulbeefe borne,  
Whose hartes their Butter mollieth by kinde,  
And so the force of beefe is cleane outworne:  
And eke their braines with double beere are lynde:  
So that they march bumbast with buttrid beere,  
Like soppes of browesse puffed vp with froth,  
Where inwardly they be but hollowe geere,  
Is weake as winde, which with one puffe vp goeth:  
And yet they bragge, and thinke they haue no  
Icouse Harlem hath hiterto belde out, [peere,  
Although in deed (as they haue suffred Spayne)  
The ende thereof euen now doth rest in doubt.  
Well, as for that, let it (for me) remaine [out,  
In God his hands, whose band hath brought me  
To tell my Lord this tale nowe tane in hande,  
As howe they traine their trezons all in drinke,  
And when them selues for drunk can scarcely  
stande,

Let sucke out secretes (as them selues do thinke)  
From guests. The best (almost) in all their lande,  
I name no man, for that were brode before)  
Will (as men say) enure the same sometime,  
But surely this (or I mistake him sore)  
Or else he can (but let it passe in rime)  
Dissemble deepe, and mocke sometimes the more:  
Well, drunkenness is here good companie,  
And therewithall *per consequens* it fallies  
That whordome is accompord iollitie:  
A gentle state, where two such Tennisballes  
Are tossed still and better bowles let lie.  
I cannot herewith from my Lord conceale,  
How God and Mammon here do dwell yfeare,  
And how the Masse is cloked vnder veale  
Of pollicie, till all the coast be cleare.  
So can I chuse, but I must ring a peale,  
To tell what hypocrytes the Nunnes here be:  
And how the olde Nunnes be content to go,  
Before a man in streates like mother B,  
Till they come wheras there dwels a Ho,  
Receyue that halfe, and let the rest go free)  
Here can they poynt with finger as they passe,  
'Ea sir, sometimes they can come in thenselue,  
To strike the bergaine twene a wanton lasse,  
And *Edel bloets*: nowe is not this good pelfe?  
As for the yong Nunnes, they be bright as glasse,  
And chaste forsooth, *met v:* and *anders niet*:  
What sayde I? what? that is a misterie,  
May no verse of such a thearne endite,  
'ong Rowlande Yorke may tell it bet than I:  
'et to my Lorde this little will I write,  
'hat though I haue (my selfe) no skill at all,  
To take the countenance of a Coloneil,  
And I a good Lieutenant general,  
A good Iohn Zuche whereuer that he dwel,

<sup>14</sup> A Small bot.

Or else Ned Denoye (faire mought him befall)  
I coulede haue brought a noble regiment  
Of smugskinnde Nunnes into my countrye soyle:  
But farewell they as things impertinent,  
Let them (for me) go dwell with master Moyle,  
Who hath behight to place them well in Kent.  
And I shall well my sillie selfe content,  
To come alone vnto my louely Lorde,  
And vnto him (when riming sporte is spent)  
To tel some sadde and reasonable worde,  
Of Hollandes state, the which I will present,  
In Cartes, in Mappes, and eke in Models made,  
If God of heauen my purpose not prevent.  
And in meane while although my wits do wade  
In ranging rime, and finge some follie forth,  
I trust my Lorde will take it well in woorth.

*Haud ictus rapio.*

## WEEDES.

### THE FRUITE OF FETTERS:

WITH THE COMPLAINT OF THE GREENE KNIGHT,  
AND HIS FAREWELL TO FANSIE.

GREAT be the greeces which bruze the boldest  
bresta,  
And al to seelede we see such burdens borne,  
For cruell care (which reaueth quiet rests)  
Hath oftentimes the woorthiest willes foreworne,  
And layed such weight vpon a noble barte,  
That wit and will haue both giuen place to smarte.

For prooffe wherof I tel this woful tale,  
(Giue care that list, I force no frolicke mindes)  
But such as can abide to heare of bale,  
And rather rue the rage which Fansie findes,  
Than scorne the pangs which may procure their  
pine,  
Let them giue eare vnto these rimes of mine.

I teare my time (ay me) in prison pent,  
Wherin the floure of my consuming yeares,  
With secret grief my reason doth torment,  
And frets it self (perhaps) with needlesse feares:  
For whyles I strue against the streame too fast,  
My forces faile, and I must downe at last.

The hastie Vine for sample might me serue,  
Which climbs too high about the loftie tree,  
But when the twist his tender iointes doth serue,  
Then fades he fast, that sought full fresh to be:  
He fades and faintes before his fellowes faile,  
Which lay full lowe, and neuer hoyst vp saile.

Ay me, the dayes which I in dole consume,  
Alas, the nightes which witness well my woe,  
O wrongful world which maket my fansie fume,  
Fie fickle Fortune, fie thou arte my foe,  
Out and alas, so frowarde is my chance,  
No dayes nor nightes, nor worldes can me ad-  
uaunce.

In recklesse youth, the common plague of Loue  
Infected me (al day) with carelesse minde,  
Entising dames my patience still did proue,  
And blearde mine eyes, till I became so blinde

That seeing not what furie brought mee fourth,  
I followed most (alwayes) that least was woorth.

In middle yeeres, the reache of Reasons reims  
No sooner gan to bridle in my will,  
Nor naked neede no sooner gan constraime  
My rash decay to breake my sleepes by skill,  
But straight therewith hope set my heart on flame,  
To winne againe both wealth and woorthy name.

And thence procedes my most consuming  
griefe,  
For whyles the hope of mine vnyolden harte  
In endlesse toyles did labor for reliefe, [marte:  
Came crabbed Chance and marde my merry  
Yes, not content with one fowle ouerthrowe,  
So tied me fast for tempting any mo.

She tied me fast (alas) in golden chaines,  
Wherein I dwell, not free, nor fully thral,  
Where guilefull love in double doubt remaines,  
Nor honie sweet, nor bitter yet as gall:  
For every day a patterne I beholde [coldc.  
Of scorching flame, which makes my heart full

And every night, the rage of restless thought  
Doth raise me vp, my hope for to renewe,  
My quiet bed which I for solace sought,  
Doth yrke mine eares, when still the warlike crewe  
With sounde of drummes, and trumpets braying  
shrill  
Relieue their watch, yet I in thraldome still.

The common ioy, the cheere of companie,  
Twixt mirth and moane doth plundge me euer.  
For pleasant talke, or Musicks melodie, [more:  
Yield no such value vnto my secret sore,  
But that therewith this corsive come me too,  
Why liue not I at large as others doo?

Lo thus I liue in spite of cruell death,  
And die as fast in spite of lingring life,  
Fedde still with hope which doth prolong my  
breath, [strife,  
But choakte with feare, and strangled still with  
Starke staring blinde because I see too much,  
Yet gasing still because I see none such.

Amid these pangs (O subtil Cordial)  
Those of farre fet alghes which most mens mindes  
eschewe,  
Recomforte me, and make the furie fall,  
Which fedde the roote from whence my fits renewe:  
They comforte me (ah wretched doubtfull clause)  
They helpe the harme, and yet they kill the cause.

Where might I then my carefull corpse conuay  
From companie, which worketh all my woe?  
How might I winke or hide mine eyes away,  
Which gaze on that wherof my griefe doth growe?  
How might I stoppe mine eares, which hearken  
still,  
To euery ioy, which can but wounde my will?

How should I seeme my sighes for to suppress,  
Which helpe the heart that else would swell in  
sunder? [lesse?  
Which hurt the helpe that makes my torment  
Which helpe and hurte (oh wofull wearie wonder)  
One seely hartie thus taste twixt helpe and harme,  
How should I seeme, such sighes in tyme to  
sharme?

How? how but thus? in solitarie wise  
To steppe aside, and make high way to moane:  
To make two fountaines of my dashed eies,  
To sigh my fill till breath and all be gone:  
So sigbed the knight of whome Bartolomeo writes,  
All cladde in Greene, yet banisht from delights.

And since the storye is both new and true,  
A dreary tale much like these lottes of mine  
I will alwaye my muze for to renewe,  
By ryming out his frowarde fatall fine.  
A dolefull speecbe becomes a dumpish moan,  
So semde by him, for thus his tale begane.

#### THE COMPLAINT OF THE GREENE KNIGHT.

Why liue I wretch (quoth he) alas and wellaway,  
Or why beholde my heuy eies, this gladsome  
sunny day? [advancer,  
Since neuer sunne yet shone, that could my state  
Why liue I wretche (alas quoth he) in hope of  
better chance? [take,  
Or wherfore telles my toung, this drearye dolefull  
That euery eare might heare my griefe and in  
bemone my bale?

Since eare was neuer yet, that barkened to my  
playnte,

Why liue I wretch (alas quoth he) my pangs in  
vaine to paine?  
Or wherfore dotes desire, that doth his wish de-  
close,

And shewes the sore that aekes recure, thereby to  
ease my woes? [dwell,

Since yet he neuer found, the hart where pyttie  
Why liue I wretch (alas quoth he) alone in we  
to weilt? [the hill,

Why strue I with the streame, or hoppe against  
Or search that neuer can be founde, or loose my  
labor still?

Since destenies decreed, must alwaye be obeyde,  
Why liue I wretch alas (quoth he) with locke thus  
ouerlyde? [trust?

Why feedes my heart on hope? why tyze I still on  
Why doth my minde still rouse on mirth? why  
leanes my life on lust?

Since hope had neuer hap, and trust alwaye found  
treason, [luck is geason?

Why liue I wretch alas (quoth he) where all good  
The fatal Sisters three, which span my slender  
twine,

Knew wel how rotten was the yarne, frō whence  
they drew their line:

Yet haue they wonen the web, with care so mani-  
folde, [bolde:

(Alas I wofull wretch the while) as any cloth can  
Yea though the threads be cowse, and such as  
others lothe, [body both;

Yet must I wrap alwaye therein, my bones and  
And weare it out at length, which lasteth but too  
long.

O weaner weaner work no more, thy warp hath  
done me wrong:

For therein haue I lapt my light and lustie yeeres,  
And therein haplesse haue I lapt, mine age and  
hoarie beares:

Yet neuer found I wreath, by letting in thy raggs,  
Nor neuer can I weare them out, although they  
rende like raggs. [time

The May-moone of mine age, I meane the gallant  
When coales of kinde first kindled leue, and plea-  
sure was in prime,

If bitter was the fruit, which still I reaped then,  
and little was the gaine I got, comparde by other  
men. [for grace,

'care-thirstie were the Dames, to whome I sued  
ome stonie stomackt, other some, of high dis-  
dainful mee.

but all vnconstant (ay) and (that to thinke) I die,  
'he guerdon which Cosmana gaue, can witness if  
I lie.

Cosmana was the wight to whome I wished well,  
'o serue Cosmana did I seeeme, in loue to heare  
the bell:

Cosmana was my god, Cosmana was my ioy,  
'y me, Cosmana turnde my mirth, to dole and  
dark enoy:

Leaueage it Madamant, if I be found to lie, [die,  
or if I alsauder hir at all, condemne me thou to  
'thou knowst I honored hir, no more 'but all too  
much, [no grutch.

Alas thou knowst she cast me off, when I deservde  
she dead (I dying yet) ay me my teares were-dried,  
and teath of time gnaw out the grief, which at to  
long I tried, [molde,

'et from hir ashes sprung, or from such subtle  
'erenda she, whome enerie eye, did iudge more  
bright than golde.

'erenda then I sawe, Ferenda I behelde,  
'erenda seruide I faithfully, in towne and eke in  
felde: [trew,

'erenda coulde not say, the greene knight was vn-  
but out alas, the greene knight sayde, Ferenda  
obange for new:

'erenda did hir kinde: then was she to be borne,  
she did but weare Cosmanes cloutes, which she in  
spite had torne:

And yet betwene them both they waare the threads  
so nere, [not holde yfere,

As were they not of steels or stone, they coulde  
but now Ferenda mipe, a little by thy leaue:  
What moued thee to madding moode? why didst  
thou me deceaue?

Wilt I was al thine, thy selfe can say no lesse,  
and for thy fall, I bathed oft in many a deepe  
distresse: [race,

and yet to do thee right, I neyther blame thy  
'thy shining selfe, the golden gleames that glistred  
on thy face,

for yet thy fickle faith, shall neuer beare the  
blame, [in enerie game:

but I, whome kinde hath framd to finde, a grieue  
'the high decrees of heauen, haue limited my life,  
to linger still wher Lone doth lodge, yet there to  
sterue in strife.

for prooff, who list to know what makes me nowe  
complainer,

gine care vnto the greene Knights tale: for now  
begins his paine.

When rash vnbridled youth had run his reck-  
lesse race,

and caried me with carresse course, to many a  
great disgrace, [their trade,

Then riper mellowed yeares, thought good to turne  
and had Repentance holds the ruines, to rule the  
brainicke iade:

to that with much to doo, the brydle helde him  
backe, [better smacke:

And Reason made him byte on bit, which had a  
and for I felte my selfe, by feeblenesse fordoonne,  
had panting still for lack of breath, as one much  
ouerquene.

Therefore I toke aduise, to walke him first awhile  
And so at length to set him vp, his traucyles to  
beguile: [trimme,

Yes when he caried was, and dusted slicke and  
I causide both he y and proouender to be allowde for  
him:

Wherat (als to thinke) he gathered flesh so fast,  
Thet still he playd his coltish pranks, when as I  
thought the past:

He winched still alwayes, and whisked with his  
taille, [prouaisie

And leaping ouer hedge and ditch, I sawe it not  
To pamper him so proude: Wherfore I thought  
it best, [him rest.

To trauaile him (not as I woont) yet nay to gins  
Thus well resouled then, I kept him still in harte,  
And founde a pretie prouender appointed for his  
parte,

Which once a day, no more, he might a little tast:  
And by this diet, made I youth a gentle iade at  
last: [pace,

And fourth I might him ride, an easie journeyng  
He neuer straued with middle age, but gently gaue  
him place: [hande,

Then middle age stept in, and toke the helme in  
To guide my Barke by better skill, into some  
better lande.

And as eke noble heart is euermore most bent,  
To high exploitos and woorthie deedes, wher  
honor may be hent:

So mine vnwolden minde, by Armes gan seeke re-  
nouer, [rashly thbled downe,

And sought to rayse, that recklesse youth had  
With swordes and trustie targe, then sought I for  
to carue

For middle age and hoarie haire, and both their  
turnes to sarue: [cuttes,

And in my Caruers roome, I gan to cut suche  
And made suche morseis for their monthes, as well  
might fill their guttes,

Beside some ocerplus, (which being kept in stowe)  
Might serue to welcome al their friends, with fasson  
euermore:

I meane no more but this: my hand gan finde  
such happe, [in hir lappe:

As made me thinke, that Fortune ment, to play me  
And hope therewithed beauid, my heart to be so hie,  
That still I hoapt, by force of armes, to climbe  
about the Skie:

I bathed still in Blisse, I ledde a lordelic life,  
My Soldiers lordes and fearde me both, I neuer  
dreaded strife: [coot,

My boord was furnisht still, with cates of dainty  
My back wel clad, my purse wel wynde, my woont-  
ed lark was lost,

My bags began to fill, my debtes for to discharge,  
My state so stoude, as sure I seemde to swim in  
good-lucks barge: [not paine?

But out and well away, what pleasure breeds  
What sun cā shine without a cloud, what thuder  
brings not rain?

Such is the life of man, such was the luck of me,  
To fall so fast from hiest hap, wher sure I seemde  
to be. [scarcely serue,

Fine hundred sundrie runnes (and more) coulde  
By sweat of browes to win a roome, wherin my  
knife might carue:

One onely dymall day, sufficed (with despise)  
To take me from my caruers place, and from the  
table quite.

Five hundred broken sleepes, had busied all my  
brayne, [crease my gaynes:  
To find (at last) some worthy trade, that might in-  
One blacke vnluckie houre, my trade hath ouer-  
throwen,  
And marrde my warte, and broke my bank, and  
all my blisse [of my wite]  
To wrappe vp all in woe, I am in prison pent,  
My gaires possessed by my foes, my friends  
against me bent:  
And all the heauy baps, that euer age yet bare,  
Assembled are within my breast, to charge me vp  
with care. [Iust,  
My modest middle age, which lacks of youth the  
Can beare no such gret hurdes now, but throwes  
them in the dust:  
Yet in this piteous plight, beholde me Louers all,  
And rewe my grieues, leas't you your selues do  
light on such a fal.  
I am that wearie wretch, whom loue always hath  
tyred, [man desired,  
And fed me with such strange conceytes, as neuer  
For now (euen now) ay me: I loue and cannot  
chuse, [mindes to musc.  
So strangely yet, as wel may moue the wisest  
No blasing beautie bright, hath set my hart on  
fire, [desire,  
No ticing talke, no gorgeous gyte, tormenteth my  
No bodie finely framde, no haggarde Falcons eie,  
No ruddie lip, no golden locks, hath drawne my  
minde awrie:  
No teeth of shining pearle, no gallant rosie biew,  
No dimpled chinne, no pit in cheeke, presented to  
my view:  
In fine, no such delights, as louers oft allure,  
Are cause why thus I do lament, or put my plaintes  
in vre:  
But such a strange affect, as both I shame to tell,  
And all the world may wonder much, how first  
therin I fell. [griefe,  
Yet since I haue begoune (quoth he) to tell my  
I wil nought hide, although I hope to finde no  
great reliefe. [ioyes  
And thus (quoth he) it is: Amongst the sundrie  
Which I conceiue in feates of warte, and all my  
Martiall loyes,  
My chaunce was late to haue a peerlesse firelock  
peece, [in Greece:  
That to my wittes was nay the like, in Turkie nor  
A peece so cleanly framde, so streight, so light, so  
fine, [diuine:  
So tempered and so polished, as seemeth worke  
A peece whose locke yet past, for why it neuer  
failde, [nesse neuer quailde:  
And though I bent it night and day, the quick-  
A peece as well renfort, as euer yet was wrought,  
The bravest peece-for breech and bore, that euer  
yet was bought:  
The mounture so well made, and for my pitch so  
fit, [as it:  
As though I see faire peeces moe, yet fewe so fine  
A peece which shot so well, so gently and so  
streight, [ouerweight,  
It neyther bruzed with recule, nor wroong with  
In fine and to conclude, I know no fault thereby,  
That eyther might be thought in minde, or wel  
discernde with ey.  
This peece then late I had, and therin tooke del-  
ight, [wight.  
As much as euer proper peece did please a warlike

Nowe though it be not lost, nor rendred with the  
rest, [me blest?  
Yet being shut from sight therof, how can I thinke  
Or which way should I hope, that such a iewell  
rare, [shooters are?  
Can passe vnseen in any campe where councing  
And therewith am I sure, that being once espied,  
It neuer can escape their hands, but that it will be  
tried: [me,  
And being once but proued, then farewell frost for  
My peece, my locks, and all is lost, and I shall  
neuer see  
The like againe on earth. Nowe Louers speake  
your minde. [such a kinde?  
Was euer man so strangely stroke, or caught in  
Was euer man so fonde? was euer man so mad?  
Was euer man so woe begone? or in such care  
yclad? [but,  
For restless thus I rest, the wretchedst man on  
And when I thinke vpon this peece, then still my  
woes reuiue,  
Nor euer can I finde good plaister for my paine.  
Unless my lucke might be so good, to finde that  
peece againe. [pise,  
To make my mourning more, where I in prison  
I daily see a pretie peece, much like that peece of  
mine, [strawe,  
Which helps my hurt, much like vnto a broken  
That when it heales, begins to ytch, and then rabs  
off the skinne.  
Thus liue I still in loue, alas and euer shall,  
As well content to loose my peece, as gladde to  
finde my fall:  
A wonder to the world, a griefto friendlie mindes,  
A mocking stocke to Momus race, and al such  
scornefull hindes, [scene,  
A loue (that thinke I sure) whose like was neuer  
Nor neuer warlike wight shal be in loue as I haue  
beene: [Dames,  
So that in sooth (quoth he) I cannot blame the  
Whome I in youth did moste esteeme, I list not  
foile their fames,  
But there to lay the fault, from whence it first did  
flowe: [griefe did grow.  
I say my Fortune is the root, whence all these  
Since Fortune then (quoth he) hath turnde to me  
hir backe, [my self in blacke?  
Shall I go yeeld to mourning moane, and cloath  
No no, for noble mindes can beare no thraldome  
so, [wade in wa.  
But rather shew a merrie cheere, when most they  
And so will I in greene, my careful corpse aray,  
To set a bragge amongst the best, as though my  
heart were gay: [ioy,  
Not greene because I hope, nor greene because I  
Nor greene, because I can delight in any youthfull  
toy:  
But greene, because my greenes are alway fresh  
and greene, [is scene.  
Whose roote is such it cannot rot, as by the frute  
Thus sayde, he gaue a groane, as though his heart  
had broke, [sighes like snake:  
And from the furnace of his breast, sent scalding  
And sighing so, he sate in solitarie wise,  
Conueying floods of brynish teares, by conduct of  
his eyes.  
What ende he had God knoweth, Battello writes  
it not,  
Or if he do, my wittes are aburt, for I haue it  
forgot.

THE CONTINUANCE OF THE AUTHOR, VPON THE  
FRUITE OF FETTERS.

Thus haue you heard the green Knight make  
his mone,  
Which wel might mone the hardest heart to melt:  
but what he ment, that knewe himselfe alone,  
for such a cause, in weerie woes to swelt:  
And yet hy like, some peerlesse peece it was,  
that brought him so in raging stormes to passe.

I haue heard tell, and read it therewithall,  
that neare the Alpes a kinde of people bee,  
Which serue with shot, wherof the very ball  
a bigge of bulke, the peece but abort to see:  
but yet it shootes as farre, and eke as fast,  
as those which are yframde of longer last.

The cause (say some) consisteth in the locke,  
some other iudge, because they be so strong,  
tenforced well, and breeched like a brocke,  
stiffe, straight, and stout, which though they be  
not long,  
yet spit they forth their pellets such a pace,  
and with such force, as seemes a wooddrous case.

Some other thinke, the mettall maketh all,  
Which tempered is both rounde and smooth to  
see:

And sure me thinkes, the bignesse of the ball,  
Ne yet the locke, should make it shoote so free,  
but euen the breech of metall good and sounde,  
Which makes the ball with greater force to bounde.

For this we see, the stiffe and strongest arme,  
Which giues a ierke, and hath a cunning loose,  
shootes furdest still, and doth alway most harme,  
For be his flights yfeathered from the goose,  
Or Peacocks quilles, or Rauens, or Swanne, or  
Crowe,  
His shafts go swifte, when others flie but slowe.

How so it be, the men that vse to shoote  
in these short gunnes, are prayed for the best:  
And Princes seeke such shotte for to promote  
as perfectest and better than the rest:  
so that (by like) their peeces beare the sway,  
Else other men could shoote as farre as they.

Their peeces then are called Petronels,  
and they themselues by suudrie names are calld:  
As Baudolliers, for who in mountaynes dwels,  
a troupe and bandes, ofte times is stoutly stald:  
Or of the Stone wherwith the locke doth strike,  
Petronelliers, they called are by like.

And so percase this peerlesse peece of his  
for which he mournde and made such ruefull  
mone,  
Was one of those: and therefore all his blisse,  
Was turnd to hale when as that peece was gone:  
Since Martial men do set their chief delight,  
in armes which are both free and sayre in sight.

My selfe haue seene some peece of such a pryce,  
as woorthy were to be esteemed well:  
for this you know in any strange deuise,  
such things as seeme for goodnesse to excell,  
are holden deare, and for great Jewels deemed,  
because they be both rare and much esteemd.

But now to turne my tale from whence I came,  
I sale his lottes and mine were not vnlke:  
He spent his youth (as I did) out of frame,  
He came at last (like me) to trayle the pike.  
He pynde in pryson pinchte with priuie payne,  
And I likewise in pryson still remayae.

Yet some good fruite in fetters can I finde,  
As vertue rules in euery kinde of vice:  
First pryson brings repentaunce to the minde,  
Which wandred earst in lust and lewde deuice.  
For hardest hartes by troubles yet are taught,  
That God is good when all the worlde is naught.

If thou haue ledde a carelesse lyfe at large,  
Without regard what libertie was worth:  
And then come downe to crnell Gaylours charge,  
Which keepes thee close and neuer letteth thee  
forth:  
Learne then this fruite in Fetters by thy selfe,  
That libertie is worth all worldly pelfe.

Whose happe is such to yeelde himself in warre,  
Remember then that peace in pleasure dwelles:  
Whose hartes are high and know not what they  
are.  
Let such but marke the gingling of their belles:  
When fetters frette their ankles as they goe,  
Since none so high but that may come as lowe.

To tell a truth and therein to be shorte,  
Prysons are plagues that fal for mans offence,  
Which maketh some in good and godly sorte,  
With contrite harte to grope their conscience.  
Repentaunce then steppes in and pardon craues,  
These frutes (with me) are found in darksome  
caues.

If thou haue friends, there shalt thou know  
them right,  
Since fastest friends in troubles shew their fayth:  
If thou haue foes, there shalt thou see their spight  
For all to true it is that Prouerbe sayth:  
Where hedge is lowe, there euery man treads  
downe,  
And friendship failes when Fortune list to frowne.

Patience is founde in prison (though perforce)  
And Temprance taught where none exccesse doth  
dwell,  
Exercise calles, least slouth should kill thy course:  
Diligence driues thy busie braines to swell,  
For some deuise which may redeeme thy state,  
These frutes I found in fetters all too late.

And with these frutes another fruite I found,  
A strange conceyt, and yet a trustie truth:  
I found by proufe, there is no kinde of ground,  
That yeeldes a better croppre to retchlesse youth,  
Than that same moide where fetters serue for  
mucke,  
And wit stil workes to digge vp better lucke.

For if the seede of grace will euer growe,  
Then sure such soile will serue to beare it best,  
And if Gods mercie therewithall do flowe,  
Then springs it high, and ruffles with the rest:  
Of that same seene such seede in prison cast,  
Which long kept close, and prospred yet at last.

But therewithall there springs a kinde of Tares,  
Which are vile weedes, and must be rooted out,  
They choake vp grace, and lap it fast in snares,  
Which oftentimes do drawe it deepe in doubt,  
And hinders plantes which else would growe full  
Yet is this weede an easie thing to spie. [hie,

Men call it Fansie, sure a woorthlesse weede,  
And of the same full many sortes are found,  
Some fancies are, which thinke a lawfull deede  
To scape away, though faith full fast he bound:  
Some thinke by loue, (say lust in cloke of loue)  
From fetters fast their selues for to remoue.

Some be, that meane by murder to preuaile,  
And some by fraude, as fansie ruines the thought:  
Sometimes such frighter mens fancies do assaile,  
(That when they see their freedom must be  
bought)

They vowe to take a stande on Shooters hill,  
Till rents come in to please their wicked will.

Some fancies hopes by lies to come on floate,  
As for to tell their friends and kinne great tales,  
What wealth they lost in coyne, and many a  
cote,  
What powder packt in coffers and in males,  
What they must pay, and what their charge will  
Wherin they meane to saue themselves a fee. [be,

Some fancies eke forecast what life to wealde,  
When libertie shall graunted be at last,  
And in the aire such castles gao they builde,  
That many times they fall againe as fast:  
For Fansie hinders Grace from glories crowne,  
As Tares and Byrdes can plucke good graine  
adowne.

Who list therefore by Felters frowe to haue,  
Take Fansie first out of his priuy thought,  
And when thou hast him, cast him in the waue  
Of Lethe lake: for sure his seede is nought.  
The Greene Knight he, of whome I late did tell,  
(Mine Authour sayth) badde Fansie thus farewell.

#### THE GREENE KNIGHTS FAREWELL TO FANSIE.

FANSIE (quoth he) farewell, whose badge I long  
did beare, [I weare:  
And in my hat full barebrayedly, thy flowers did  
To late I finde (at last), thy frutes are nothing  
worth,  
Thy blossomes fall and fade full fast, though  
brauerie bring thē forth:  
By thee I heapt alwayes, in deepe delights to dwell,  
But since I finde thy ficklenesse, Fansie (quoth he)  
farewell.

Thou madeste me liue in loue, which wisdome  
biddes me hate,  
Thou bearded mine eyes and madeste me thinke,  
the faith was mine by fate:  
By thee thou bitter sweete, did please my taste  
alway, [was but a play:  
By thee I thought that loue was light, and payne  
I thought that Bewties blase, was meete to beare  
the bell, [he) farewell.  
And since I finde my selfe deceyued, Fansie (quoth

The glosse of gorgeous courtes, by thee did  
please mine eye,  
A stinky right mee thought it was, to see the braue  
go by:

To see their feathers faunte, to marke thū  
straunge deuise, [it nic:  
To lie along in Ladies lappes, to lispe and make  
To fawne and flatter both, I liked sometimes well,  
But since I see how wayne it is, Fansie (quoth he)  
farewell.

When court had cast me off, I toyled at the  
plowe [wote not how:  
My fansie stode in straunge conceits, to thrine I  
By mile, by making malte, by sheepe and etc by  
swyne,  
By ducke and drake, by pigge and goose, by calue  
and keeping kine:  
By feeding bullockes fat, when pryce at market  
fell,  
But since my swaines eat vp my gaines, Fansie  
(quoth he) farewell.

In hunting of the deare, my fansie took delight,  
All forests knew my folly still, the mooncalkin  
was my light:  
In frosts I felt no cold, a sunneburnt hew was bent,  
I sweate and was in temper still, my watching  
seemed rest:  
What daungers deepe I past, it follie were to tell,  
And since I sigh to thinke thereon, Fansie (quoth  
he) farewell.

A fansie fedde me once, to wryte in verse and  
rime, [my crime:  
To wray my grieffe, to craue reward, to couer still  
To frame a long discourse, on stirring of a straw,  
To rumble rime in raffe and ruffe, yet all not  
worth an hawe: [so well,  
To heare it sayde there goeth, the Man that writes  
But since I see, what Poeses bee, Fansie (quoth he)  
farewell.

At Musickes sacred sounde, my fancies eke  
beganne, [of vncomen:  
In concordes, discordes, notes and cliffes, in tunes  
In Hierarchies and straynes, in restes, in rule and  
space, [vnder bass:  
In monacordes and moouing moodes, in Burdes  
in decants and in chaunts, I streined many a yere,  
But since Musicians be so madde, Fansie (quoth  
he) farewell.

To plant straunge countrie frutes, to sow such  
seedes likewise,  
To digge and delue for new fodd rootes, where old  
might wel suffice: [trun,  
To pryne the water bowes, to picke the mossie  
(Oh how it pleasd my fansie ones) to kneele vpon  
my knees, [swell:  
To griffe a pippine stocke, when appe begins to  
But since the gaynes scarce quite the cost, Fansie  
(quoth he) farewell.

Fansie (quoth he) farewell, which made me fel-  
low drommes,  
Where powdered bullets serues for sapce, to eury  
dish that comes:  
Where treason lurkes in trust, where Hope all  
hartes beguiles, [friendly smiles:  
Where mischief lieth still in wayte, when fortune  
Where one dayes prison proves, that all such  
bonnors are hell,  
And such I feele the frutes thereof, Fansie (quoth  
he) farewell.



If reason rule my thoughts, and God vouchsafe  
me grace  
Then comfort of Philosophie, shall make me  
change my race:  
And fonde I shall it finde, that Fancie settes to  
shoue, [grace by low:  
For weakely stiffs that building still, which lacketh  
But since I must accept, my fortunes as they fell,  
I say God send me better speede, and Fancie now  
farewell.

EPILOGISMUS.

SEE sweete deceit, that can it self beguile,  
Beholde selfe loue, which walketh in a net:  
And seemes vncare, yet shewes it selfe therewith,  
before such eyes, as are in science set.  
The Greene knight here, leaues out his firelocke  
That Fancie hath not yet his last farewell. [peece  
When Foxes preach, good folke beware your geese,  
but holla here, my muse to farre doth mell:  
Who list to marke, what leaured preacher sayeth,  
Must learne withall, for to beleue his lore:  
but what be doth, that toucheth nomans fayth,  
Though words with workes, (agreed) persuaide the  
more,  
The mounting kite, oft lights on homely pray  
And wisest wittes, may sometimes go astray.

FINIS.

Tom Marti, qudm Mercurio.

A PRAISE OF A GENTLEWOMAN WHO THOUGH  
SHE WERE NOT VERVE FAYRE, YET WAS SHE  
AS HARDE FAVOURD AS MIGHT BE.

If men may credite give, to true reported fames,  
Who doubts but stately Rome had stoore of  
lusty louing Dames?  
Whose eares haue bene so deafe, as neuer yet  
heard tell, [excel.  
How far the freshe Pompeia, for beautie dyd  
and golden Marcus ha, that awaide the Romaine  
sword,  
bare witness of Boemia, by credite of his word.  
What neede I no rehearse? since all the world  
dyd know,  
How high the floods of beauties blaze, within those  
walkes dyd flowe.  
And yet in all that choyse a worthy Romaine  
Knight, [might.  
Antonius who conquered prowde Egypt by his  
Not al to please his eye, but most to ease his  
minde, [behind.  
Those Cleopatra for his loue, and left the rest  
A wondrous thing to reade, in all his victorie,  
As snapt but hir for his owne share, to please his  
fantasie.  
She was not fayre: God wot, the countrey breades  
none bright,  
Well maye we iudge hir skinne the foyle, because  
hyr teeth were white.  
Perceas hyr loelye lookes, some prayes dyd de-  
serue, [soyle did serue.  
But browne I dare be holde shee was, for so the  
And could Antonius forsake the fayra in Rome?  
To loue his murtherous Ladye best, was this an  
equall doome?

She was an Egyptian.

I dare well say dames there, did beare him deadly  
grudge, [had bene iudge.  
His sentence had bene shortly sayde, if Faustine  
For this I dare arow, (without vaunt he it spoke)  
So braue a knight as Anthony, held al their necks  
in yoke:  
I leaue not Lucrece out, beleue in hir who lyst,  
I thinke she would haue lik'd his lure, and stooped  
to his fist. [liking thus?  
What mou'd the chieftain then, to lincke his  
I would some Romaine dame were here, the ques-  
tion to discusse.  
But that I read her life, do finde therein by fame,  
How cleare hir curtesie dyd shine, in honour of  
hir name.  
Hir bountie did excell, hir trust had neuer pare,  
Hir louely lokes, hir pleasant speech, hir lusty  
louing chere. [found,  
And all the worthy giftes, that euer yet were  
Within this good Egyptian Queene, dyd seeme for  
to abound.  
Wherefore he worthy was, to win the golden seece,  
Which scorn'd the blasing starres in Rome, to con-  
quere such a peece. [death,  
And shee to quite his loue, in spite of dreadfull  
Enshrinde with Snakes within his Tombe, did yeeld  
hir parting breath.

ALLEGORIA.

If fortune fauord him, then may that man re-  
loyce, [choice.  
And thinke himself a happy man by hap of happy  
Who loues and is belou'd of one as good, as true,  
As kind as Cleopatra was, and yet more bright of  
hewe. [mylike,  
Hir eyes as greye as glasse, hir teeth as white as  
A ruddy lippe, a dimpled chyn, a skyn as smoth  
as silke.  
A wight what could you more, that may content  
mannes minde,  
And hath supplies for eu'ry want, that any man  
can finde. [passe,  
And may him selfe assure, when hence his life shall  
She wil be stong to death with snakes, as Cleopa-  
tra was.

Si fortunatus in folia.

THE PRAISE OF PHILIP SPARROW.

Oy all the byrds that I doo know,  
Philip my Sparrow hath no peere:  
For sit she high, or lye she low,  
Be she far off, or be she neere,  
There is no byrd so faire, so fine,  
Nor yet so fresh as this of mine.  
Come in a morning merrily,  
When Philip hath bean lately fed,  
Or in an evening soberly,  
When Philip list to go to bed:  
It is a heauen to heare my Phip,  
How she can chirpe with cherry lip.  
She neuer wanders far abroad,  
But is at hand when I doo call,  
If I command she layes on lode,  
With lips, with teeth, with toong and all:  
She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheere,  
That I beleue she hath no peere

And yet besides all this good sport,  
My Philip can both sing and dance,  
With new found toys of sundry sort,  
My Philip can both pecke and prance:  
As if you say but fend out phip,  
Lord how the peat will turne and skip.

Hir fethers are so fresh of hew,  
And so well prooued every day,  
She lacks none oile, I warrant you,  
To trim hir taile both trickes and gay:  
And though hir mouth be somewhat wide,  
Hir tongue is sweete and short beside.

And for the rest I dare compare,  
She is both tender, sweete and soft:  
She never lacketh dainty fare,  
But is well fed and feedeth oft:  
For if my Phip haue best to cate,  
I warrant you Phip lacks no meate.

And then if that her meate be good,  
And such as like do loue alway:  
She will lay lips thereon by rood,  
And see that none be cast away:  
For when she once hath felt a fit,  
Philip will cry still yet, yet, yet.

And to tell truth he were to blame,  
Which had so fine a bird as she.  
To make him all this goodly game,  
Without suspect or jellousie:  
He were a churll and knewe no good,  
Would see her faint for lacke of food.

Wherefore I sing and ever shall,  
To prayse as I have often prou'd,  
There is no byrd amongst them all,  
So worthy for to be belou'd,  
Let other prayse what byrd they will,  
Sweet Phillip shall be my byrd still.  
Si fortunatus infelix.

#### FAREWEL WITH A MISCHIEFE.

Written by a Louer being disdainfullie abiected by  
a dame of high calling, who had chosen in his  
place a plaiefelowe of baser condition, and there-  
fore he determined to steppe aside, and before  
his departing geveth her this Farewel in verse.

Thy byrth, thy beuty, nor thy braue attyre  
(Disdainful dame, which doest me double wrong)  
Thy high estate which sets thy heart on fire,  
Or new found choyce which cannot serue thee long  
Shal make me dread with pen for to rehearse,  
Thy skittish deedes in thys my parting verse.

For why thou knowest, and I my self can tell  
By many voves how thou to me were bound,  
And how for joye thy heart dyd seeme to swell,  
And in delight how thy desires were drownde,  
When of thy wyl the walles I did essayle,  
Wherein fond fancie fought for myne avayle.

And though my mynde haue small delight to  
vaunt,  
Yet must I vowe my heart to thee was true:  
My hand was able always for to daunt {mewe,  
Thy slaudrous loes, and keepe their tongues in

My head (though dull) was yet of such device.  
As might have kept thy name always in price.

• • • • •

For thou hast caught a proper paragon,  
A theefe, a coward, and a peacocke foote,  
An asse, a milkesop, and a minion,  
Which bath no oile thy furious flames to coole;  
Such one is he, a pheare for thee most fit,  
A wandring geest, to please thy wauering wit.

A theefe I count him because he robs vs both,  
Thes of thy name, and me of my delight:  
A coward is he noted where he goeth,  
Since every child is match to him in might:  
And for his pride no more but marke his plumes,  
The which to pranke, he dayes and nights coo  
sumes.

The rest thy selfe in secret sort can iudge,  
He rides not me, thou knowest his saddle best:  
And though these tricks of thise might make a  
grudge,  
And kindle wrath in my reuenging brest,  
Yet I my selfe, and not to please thy maid,  
I stand content, my rage in rule to bind.

And far from thee now must I take my flight,  
Where toonges may tell (and I not see) thy fall:  
Where I may drinke these drugs of thy despight,  
To purge my melancholike mind withall.  
In secret so, my stomach will I sterue,  
Wishing thee better than thou dost deserue.  
*Sperda lomen vnaud.*

#### THE DOLE OF DISDAINE,

WRITTEN BY A LOUER DISDAINEFULLIE ABIECTED  
CONTRARY TO FORMER PROMISE.

THE deadly dreps of dark disdaine,  
Which daily fall on my desert:  
The lingring sate long spent in vaine,  
Whereof I feele no froite but smart,  
Enforce me now these words to write  
Not all for loue, but more for spite.

The which to thia I must rehearse,  
Whom I dyd honour, serue and trust.  
And though the musicke of toy verse,  
Be plainsong tune both true and iust:  
Content thee yet to here my song,  
For els thou doest me doobble wrong.

I must alledge, and thou canst tell  
How faithfully I vowed to serue,  
And howe thou seemest to like me well:  
And how thou saydest I did deserue,  
To be thy Lord, thy Knight, thy King,  
And how much more I list not sing.

And canst thou now (thou crackt one)  
Condemne desert to deepe dyspayre?  
Is all thy promise part and gone?  
Is fayth so fad into the ayre?  
If that be so, what rests for me?  
But thus in song to saye to thee.

If *Cressides* name were not so known,  
And written wide on easy wall:  
If brate of pryde were not so blown,  
Upon *Angelica*<sup>1</sup> withall:  
For haunt disdayne thou mightst be she,  
Or *Cresside* for inconstancie.

And in reward of thy desert,  
I hope at last to see thee payd:  
With deepe repentance for thy part,  
Which thou hast now so lewdly playd.  
*Medoro* bee must bee thy make,  
Since thou *Orlando* doest for sake.

Such is the fruite that groweth alwaies,  
Upon the roote of ripe disdaine:  
Such kindly wages *Cupide* payet,  
Where constant hearts cannot remaine,  
I hope to see thee in such bandes,  
When I may laugh and clappe my handes.

But yet for thee I must protest,  
But sure the faulte is none of thine,  
Thou art as true as is the best,  
That ever came of *Cressides* lynce:  
For constant yet was neuer none,  
But in vncostancie alone.

*Meritum peiere, graue.*

**MARS IN DESPITE OF VULCANE**

WRITTEN FOR AN ABSENT LOUER (PARTED FROM HIS LADY BY SEA.)

Both deepe and dreadfull were the Seas,  
Which held *Leander* from his loue,  
Yet could no doubtes his mind appease,  
Nor save his life for hir behoue:  
But guiltlesse blond it selfe would spill,  
To please the wanes and worke his wyll.

O greedy gulfe, O wretched waies,  
O cruell foods, O sinke of shames,  
You bolde true louers bound like slanes,  
And keepe them from their worthy Dames:  
Your open mouth gapes enermore,  
Tyll one or both be drowned therefore.

For prooffe whereof my selfe maye sing,  
And shrich to pearce the lofty skies,  
Whose Lady left me languishing,  
Uppon the shoare in woofull wise.  
And crost the Seas out of my sight,  
Wherby I lost my chiefe delight.

She sayd that no such trustlesse food,  
Should keepe our loues (long time) in twayne:  
She aware no bread shoulde doe hyr good,  
Till she might see my selfe agayne.  
She sayd and swore these wordes and mo.  
But now I finde them nothing so.

What resteth then for me to doo,  
Thou saltz sea foame come saye thy mind?  
Should I come downe within thee to,  
That am of true *Leanders* kind?  
And headlong cast this corpes of mine,  
Into this greedy guttes of thine.

<sup>1</sup> *Angelica* refusing the most famous knights in the whole worlde, chose at last *Medoro* a poore serving man.

No cruel, but in spite of thee,  
I will make Seas where earst were none,  
My teares shall flowe in full degree,  
Tyll all my myrth may ebbe to none.  
Into such droppes I meane to melt,  
And in such Seas my selfe to swelt.

LENUOIR.

Yet you deere Dame for whome I fade,  
Thus staring still in wretched state:  
Remember once your promise made,  
Performe it now though all to late.  
Come home to Mars who may you please,  
Let *Vulcane* bide beyond the Seas.  
*Meritum peiere, graue.*

**PATIENCE PERFORCE,**

WHEREIN AN ABSENT LOUER DOTH THUS ENCOURAGE HIS LADY TO CONTINUE CONSTANT.

CONTENT thy selfe with patience perforce:  
And queneche no loue with droppes of darcke mistrust:

Let absence haue no power to disorce,  
Thy faithfull friend which meaneth to be iust.  
Beare but a while thy constance to declare,  
For when I come one ynche shall breake no square.

I must confesse that promise dyd me binde,  
For to haue sent thy seemely selfe ere now:  
And if thou knowest what grieues did gaulle my minde,  
Because I coulde not keepe that faithfull vowe.  
My iust excuse, I can my selfe assure,  
With litle paine thy pardon might procure.

But call to minde how long *Uliesses* was,  
In lingring absence, from his louing make:  
And how she daigned then hir dayes to passe,  
In solitary silence for his sake.  
Be thou a true *Penelope* to me,  
And thou shalt see thine owne *Uliesses* see.

What sayd I? some? yea some I saye againe,  
I wyll come some and soner if I maye:  
Beleue me nowe it is a piuching payne,  
To thinke of loue, when loers are awaye.  
Such thoughts I haue, and when I thinke on thee,  
My thoughtes are there, whereas my bones would bee.

The longing lust which *Primates* sonne of *Troye*,  
Had for to see his *Cresside* come againe:  
Could not exceede the depth of mine anoye,  
Nor seeme to passe the patterne of my payne.  
I frye in hope, I thaw in hate desire,  
Farre from the flame, and yet I burne like fire.

Wherefore deare friend, thinke on the pleasures part,  
And let my teares, for both our paines suffice:  
The lingring ioyes, when as they come at last,  
Are het then those, which passe in posting wise,  
And I my selfe, to prooue this tale is true,  
In hast, post hast, thy comfort will renew:  
*Meritum peiere, graue.*

A LETTER DEUISED FOR A YONG  
LOUER.

RECEIUE you worthy Dame, this rude and ragged  
verse, [nowe rehearse.  
Lend wylling eare vnto the tale, which I shall  
And though my witlese woordes might moue you  
for to smile, [my stile.  
Yet trust to that which I shal tel, and neuer marke  
Amongst fise hundreth Dames, presented to my  
view, [you.  
I find most cause by due desert, to like the best of  
I see your beautie such, as seemeth to suffice,  
To binde my heart in linkes of loue, by iudgement  
of myns eyes. [desire,  
And but your bounty quench, the coales of quicke  
I feare that face of yours wyll set, ten thousand  
hearts on fire.  
But bounty so aboundes, aboue al my desert,  
As that I quake and shrinke for feare, to shewe you  
of my smart. [repent,  
Yet since mine eye made choise, my hart shal not  
But yeeld it self vnto your wyl, and therewith stand  
content. [not much,  
God knowth I am not great, my power it is  
The greater glorye shall you gaine, to shew your  
fauour ruche.  
And what I am or haue, all that I yeeld to you,  
My hande and sworde shall serue alwayes, to  
proue my tongue is true.  
Then take me for your owne, and so I wyl be still,  
Beleeue me nowe, I make this vowe, in hope of  
your good wyl. [change,  
Whicp if I may obtaine, God leaue me when I  
This is the tale I meant to tell, good Lady be not  
strange.

*Meritum petere graue.*

DAUIDS SALUTACIONS TO BERZABE

Wherein are three sonets in sequence, written  
vpon this occasion. The deuiser hereof amongst  
other friends had named a gentlewoman his  
Berzabe, and she was content to call him his  
Dauid. The man presented his Lady with a  
booke of the Golden Asse, written by Lucius  
Apuleius, and in the beginning of the booke  
wrote this sequence. You must conferre it  
with the Historie of Apuleius, for else it wyl  
haue small grace.

THIS Apuleius was in Affricke borne,  
And tooke delight to trauaile Thesaly,  
As one that helde his ontie soyle in skorne,  
In foraine coastes to feede his fantasie.  
And such againe as wandring wits find out,  
This yonker wound by wyl and weary toyle,  
A youth mispent, a doting age in doubt,  
A body brusd with many a beastly bryle,  
A presant pleasure passing on a pare,  
And paynting plaine the path of penitence,  
A frolicke fauour foyld with fowle disgrace,  
When hoary heares should claime their reuerence.  
Such is the fruite that growes on gadding trees,  
Such kynd of mell most moueth busie Bees.

*For Lucius he,*

Esteeming more one ounce of present sport,  
Than elders doe a pound of perfect wit:  
First to the bowre of beautie doth resort,  
And there in pleasure passed many a fitte,

His worthie race he (recklesse) doth forget,  
With small regarde in great affaires be relesse,  
No counsell graue, nor good aduise can set  
His braynes in brake that whirled still on wheelles.  
For if Verhena coulde haue helde him backe,  
From Venus court where he nowe nused was,  
His lustie limmes had neuer founde the lacke  
Of manlie shape: the figure of an Asse,  
Had not bene blazed on his blood and bones,  
To wound his will with tormentes all attones.

*But Petus she,*

Who sawe this Lording whittled with the cup  
Of vaine delight, wherof he gau to tast:  
Poured out apace, and fillde the Mazar vp,  
With drunken hole: yea after that in hast,  
She greazde this guest with sause of Sorcerie,  
And fedde his minde with knacks both queint and  
Lo here the treason and the trecherie [strange:  
Of gadding gyles, when they delight to range.  
For Lucius thinking to become a foule,  
Became a foole, yea more than that, an Asse,  
A hobbing blocke, a beating stocke, an owle,  
Well woondred at in place where he did passe:  
And spent his time, his trauaile and his cost,  
To purchase payne and all his labor lost.

*Yet I part I,*

Who make of thee my Foly and my frende,  
In like delight my youthfull yeares to spend:  
Do hope thou wilt from such soure sause defend,  
*Dauid thy King.*

*Meritum petere graue.*

SOONE ACQUAINTED, SOONE FORGOTTEN.

AS APPEARETH HERE BY AN VRCOURTIOUS  
FAREWEL TO AN INCONSTANT DAME.

If what you want, you (wanton) had at will,  
A stedfast minde, a faythfull loaing heart:  
If what you speake you woulde performe it still,  
If from your worde your deede did not reuerter:  
If youthfull yeares your thoughtes did not so rule,  
As elder dayes may scorne your friendship fraile,  
Your doubled fansie woulde not thus reule,  
For peeuish pryde which nowe I must bewaile.  
For Cresside faire did Troilus neuer loue,  
More deare than I esteemde your freamed cheare,  
Whose wauering wayes (since nowe I do them  
proue)

By true reporte this witness with me beare:  
That if your friendship be not to deare bought,  
The price is great that nothing giues for nought.

*Meritum petere graue.*

THE STEELE GLAS

A SATYRE COMPILED BY GEORGE GASCOIGNE  
ESQUIRE TOGETHER WITH THE COMPLAINT  
OF PHYLOMENE. AN ELEGIE DEUISED BY THE  
SAME AUTHOR.

To the Right honorable his singuler good Lord,  
the L. Graye of Wilton, Knight of the most  
honorable order of the Garter, George Gas-  
coigne Esquire wisheth long life, with increase  
of honour, according to his great worthinesse.

Right honorable, noble, and my singuler good  
Lord: if mine abilitie were any way correspond-

out to the just desires of my hart, I should yet thinke all the same vnable to deserue the least part of your goodnesse: in that you haue alwayes deygnoed with chearfull looke to regard me, with assyblitie to heare me, with exceeding courtesye to see me, with graue aduice to direct me, with apparant loue to care for me, and with assured assistance to protect me all which when I do remember, yet it stirreth in mee an exceeding zeale to deserue it: and that same begetteth bashfull drede to performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet those dolours reuied the very same affection, which first moued in me the desire to honour and esteeme you. For whiles I bewaile mine owne vnworthynesse, and therewithal do set before mine eyes the lost time of my youth mispent, I seeme to see a farre off (for my comfort) the bighe and triumphant vertue called *Magnanimitie* accompanied with industrious diligence. The first doth encourage my fainting harte, and the seconde doth begin (already) to employ my vnderstanding, for (alas my good Lord) were not the cordial of these two precious spices, the carosyue of care would quickly confounde me.

I haue misgouerned my youth I confes it: what shal I doe then? shall I yeld to miserie as iust plague appointed for my portion? Magnanimitie saith no, and industry seemeth to be of the verie same opinion. I am derided, suspected, accused, and condemned, yea more then that, I am rigorously reiected when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therefore dispaire? Shall I yeld vnto jellousie? or drowne my daies in idleness because their beginning was bathed in wantonnes? Surelie my Lord, the magnanimitie of a noble mind will not suffer me, and the delightfulnes of diligence doth vtterlie forbid me.

Shal I grudge to be reprinted for that which I haue done in deede, when the sting of Emulation spared not to touche the worthis Scipio with most vtrose surinises? Yea Themistocles when he had deliuered all Greece from the huge host of Xerxes, was yet by his vnkinde Citizens of Athens expelled from his owne, and constrained to seek fauor in the sight of his late professed enemy. But the magnanimitie of their minds was such, as neither could aduersitie ouercome them, nor yet the iniurious dealing of other men coulde kinde in their breastes anie least sparke of desire to seeke an vnhonorable reuenge. I haue loitered my L. I confesse, I haue lien streaking me like a lubber, when the sunne did shine, and now I striue all in vaine to lode the cart when it raineth. I regarded not my comelines in the Maimone of my youth and yet now I staude prinking mee in the glasse, when the Crowes foote is growen vnder mine eye. But what?

Aristotle spent his youth verie riotously, and Plato (by your leave) in twenty of his youthful yerres, was no leas addicted to delight in amorous verse, then he was after in his age painefull to write good precepts of moral Philosophie. What should I speake of Cato, who was old before he learned Latin letters, and yet became one of the greater Orators of his time? These examples are sufficient to proue that by Industrie and diligence anie perfection maie be attained, and by true magnanimitie all aduernities are easie to be endured. And to that end (my verie good L.) I doe here presume thus rudelie to rehearse them.

For as I can be content to confesse the lightnes wherwith I haue bin in times past worthis to be burdened, so would I be gladd, if now when I am otherwise bent, my better intentions might be accepted. But alas, I am not onlie enforced still to carie on my shoulders the crosse of my carefules, but therewithal I am also put to the plonge, to prouide new weapons wherwith I maie defend al heauie frownes, deep suspects, and dangerous detractions. And I finde my selfe so feeble, and so vnable to endure that combat, as (were not the cordials before rehearsed) I should either cast downe mine armour, and hide my selfe like a recreant, or els (of a malicious stubburne) should busie my braines with some stratagem for to execute an enulous reuenge vpon mine aduersaries. But neither will magnanimitie suffer me to become vn honest, nor yet can Industry see me sinke in idleness. For I haue learned in sacred scriptures to heape coles vpon the heads of mine enemies by honest dealing, and our Sauour himself hath encouraged me saying I shal lacke nether worke nor seruaice, although it were noone daies before I came into the Market place.

These things I saie (my singular good L.) doe reue in my troubled mind the same affection which first moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that your fauourable eyes will roughsafe to behold me as I am, and neuer be so curious as to inquire what I haue bene. And in full hope thereof I haue presumed to present your honor with this satyre written without time, but I trust not without reason. And whatsoever it be I humble dedicate it to your honorable name, beseeching the same to accept it with as gracious regard, as you haue in times past bin accustomed to behold my trauels. And my good L. though the skornful doe mock me for a time, yet in the end I hope to geue them all a rib of roste for their paines. And when the vertuous shal perceiue in deede how I am occupied, then shal detraction be no lesse ashamed to haue falselie accused me, then light credence shal haue cause to repent his rash conceits: and grauntie the Judge shall not be abashed to cancel the sentence vnjustlie pronounced in my condemnation. In mean while I remaine amongst my bookes at my house here at Walkamstow, where I praie daile for the speedie aduancement, and continual prosperitie of your good Lordship. Written the 15th of April, 1576.

By your Honors most bounden and wel assured,  
GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

N. R. IN COMMEMORATION OF THE AUTHOR, AND HIS WORKES.

In rousing verse of Maours bloodie raigne,  
The famous Greeke, and Maro did excel,  
Grave Senec did surmount for tragic vaine  
Quick Epigrams Catullus wrote as wel.  
Argilogns did for Iambics passe,  
For commicke verse stil Plautus peereles was.

In Elegies and wanton loue writ laies,  
Sauce peere were Naso and Tibullius derzde,  
In Satyres sharpe as men of mickle praise,  
Lucilius and Horace were esteemde,  
Thus diuers men with diuers veines did write,  
But Gascoigne doeth in euerie veine lode.

And what performance he thereof doth make  
I list not vaunt, his works for me shal saie,  
In praising him Tinantes trade I take,  
Who when he should the woful cheare displease  
Duke Agamemnon had when he did waile  
His daughters death with teares of small aunle.

Not skilde to countershups his mournful grace  
That men might deeme what art could not supplie,  
Deuide with painted vaile to shroude his face  
Like sort my pen shal Gascoignes praise discric,  
Which wanting grace his graces to reherse,  
Doth shroude and claude them thus in silent verse.

WALTER RAWELIE OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, IN  
COMMENDATION OF THE STEELE GLAS.

SWEET were the sauce would please each kind of  
tast

The life likewise were pure that neuer swerned,  
For spiteful tongues in cankerd stomachs plast,  
Deem worst of things, which best percase deseru-  
ed,

But what for that? this medicine maie suffice,  
To scorne the rest, and seeke to please the wise.

Though sundrie mindes in sundrie sort doe deeme,  
Yet worthiest wights yelde praise for euerie paine,  
But eniuous braines doe nought (or light) esteeme,  
Such statelie steps as they cannot attaine:  
For who so reapee recognoue about the rest,  
With heapes of bate, shall surelie be oppress.

Wherefore to write my censure of this booke,  
This Glasse of Steele vnpartiallie doth shewe,  
Abuses all to such as in it looke,  
From prince to poore, from high estate to lowe,  
As for the verse, who list like trade to trie,  
I feare me much shall hardlie reach so bie.

NICHOLAS BOWYER IN COMMENDATION OF THIS  
WORKE.

FROM laies of loue to Satyres sadde and sage,  
Our Poet turnes the trouaile of his time,  
And as he please, the veine of youthful age,  
With pleasant pen, emploide in louing rime:  
So now he seekes the grauest to delight,  
With works of worth much better than they shew.  
This glas of steele if it be markt aright  
Discrices the faults as wel of his as lowe,  
And Philomelas fourfold iust complaint  
In sugred sound doth shroud a solemn sence  
Gainst those whom iust or murder doth staint  
Loe this we see is Gascoignes good pretence,  
To please al sorts with his praiseworthy skill,  
Then yeld him thanks in signe of like good will.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

To vaunt were vaine, and flatter were a fault  
But truth to tell there is a sort of Fame  
The which I seeke by science to assault,  
And so to leaue remembrance of my name,  
The waie wherof are wondrous hard to clime  
And much too his for ladders made of rime.

Then since I see that rimes can seldom reach  
Vnto the top of such a statelie towre,  
By reasons force I mean to make some breach  
Which yet maie help my feble fainting power  
That so at last my Muse maie enter in,  
And reason rule, that rime could neuer win.

Such hatring tire this pamphlet here bewaikes  
In rimeles verse which thundreth mighty thraets  
And where it finds that vice the wall decaies,  
Even there amaine with sharpe rebukes it beates  
The work think I deserues an honest name,  
If not, I faile to winne this sort of Fame.

Tom Marti, quon Moxora.

THE STEELE GLAS.

THE Nightingale, whose happy noble hart,  
No dols can daunt, nor fearful force affright,  
Whose chereful voice, doth comfort saddect wights,  
When she hir self, bath little cause to sing,  
Whom louers loue, because she plaines their greues,  
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their paynes,  
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes esteemed much,  
And grauest yeares, haue not disdaide his notes:  
(Only that king prouf Tereus by his name  
With murdering knife, did carue hir pleasant tong,  
To couer so, his owne foule filthy fault)  
This worthy bird, bath taught my weary Muse,  
To sing a song, in spight of their despight,  
Which worke my woe, withouten cause or crime,  
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,  
By slaundrous steppes, and stayres of tickle talke  
To clime the throne, wherin my self should sitte.  
O Philomene, then help me now to chuant:  
And if dead beastes, or liuing hyrdes haue ghosts,  
Which can conceiue the cause of careful moone,  
When wrong triumphes, and right is ouertrode,  
Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle blood,  
In barrayne verse, to tell a frutefull tale,  
A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes  
Of learned men, and graue Philosophers.

And you my Lord (whose happe hath heretofore  
Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,  
And yet haue deigade, with fauor to forget  
The faults of youth, which past my hasty pen:  
And therwithall, haue graciously vouchsafte,  
To yeld the rest, much more than they deserued)  
Vouchsafte (so now) to reade and to peruse, [mind.  
This rimeles verse, which flows from troubled  
Synce that the line, of that false caytife king,  
(Which rauished sayre Phylomene for lost,  
And then cut out, her trustie tong for hate)  
Lies yet (my Lord) which words I weepe to write.  
They liue, they liue, (alss the worse my lucke)  
Whose greedy lust, vnbridled from their brest,  
Bath rauaged long about the world so wyde  
To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,  
And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)  
Whose harmlesse hart, perceiue not this deccit.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderstand,  
The mysteries, of all that I do meane,  
I am not he whom slaundrous tongues haue tolde,  
(False tongues in dede, and craftie subtle braines)  
To be the man, which went a common spoyke  
Of iouing dames, whose eares wold beare my words  
Or trust the tales deuised by my pen.

[I'm a man as some do thinke I am,  
Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,  
Or at the least, a right Hermaphrodite:  
And who desires, at large to knowe my name,  
My birth, my line, and enery circumstance,  
Lo reade it here, Playne dealing was my Syre,  
And he begat me by Simplicite<sup>1</sup>,  
A paire of twinnes at one selfe burden borne,  
My Sist<sup>r</sup> and I, into this world were sent,  
My Systers name, was pleassant Poesys  
And I my selfe had Satyra to name<sup>2</sup>,  
Whose happe was such, that in the prime of youth,  
A lusty ladde, a stately man to see,  
Brought vp in place, where pleasures did abound,  
(I dare not say, in court for both myne eares)  
Beganne to woo my sister, not for wealth,  
But for hir face was lovely to beholde,  
And therewithall, hir speeche was pleassant still.  
This Nobles name, was called Vayne Delight<sup>3</sup>,  
And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe  
Of guylefull wights: False semblant was the first,  
The second man was, Pleasing flattery,  
(Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)  
Then followed them, Detraction and Deceite,  
Syrn Swash did beare a buckler for the first,  
False witness was the second sternly page  
And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,  
This Galant came, vnto my fathers courts,  
And wooed my sister, for she elder was,  
And sayrer eke, but out of doubt (at least)  
Hir pleassant speech surpassed mine so much,  
That Vayne Delight, to hir address his sute,  
Short tale to make, she gaue a free consent,  
And forth she goeth, to be his wedded mates,  
Entyrt porcaile, with glaasse of gorgeous shewe,  
(Or else perhappes, perswaded by his peeres)  
That constant looe had herbord in his brest,  
Such errors growe where suche false Prophets  
preach.

How so it were, my Syster like him wel,  
And forth she goeth, in Court with him to dwel,  
Where when she had some yeeres ysoiorned,  
And saw the world, and marked eche mans minde,  
A deepe Desire hir louing hart enflamde,  
To see me sit by hir in seemely wise,  
That company might comfort hir sometimes,  
And sound advice might ease hir wearie thoughtes:  
And forth with speede, (euen at hir first request)  
Doth Vayne Delight, his hasty course direct,  
To seeke me out his sayles are fully bent,  
And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,  
Whereas she laye, that mourned days and nights  
To see hir selfe, so matchte and so deceivde,  
And when the wretch (I cannot terme him bet)  
Had me on seas ful farre from friendly help,  
A sparke of lust, did kinde in his brest,  
And had him harke, to songs of Satyra.  
I selly soule (which thought no body harme)  
Gan cleere my throte and strau to sing my best,  
Which pleasse him so, and so enflamde his hart,

<sup>1</sup> Not ignorant simplicitie but a thought free from deceite.

<sup>2</sup> Satyricall poetrye may rightly be called the daughter of such simplicitie.

<sup>3</sup> Where may be commonly found a mester wor for pleassant poetry than vayne Delight?

<sup>4</sup> Such men do many tymes attend vpon vayne Delight.

<sup>5</sup> Poetrie married to vaine Delight.

That he forgot my sister Poesys.  
And ravisht me, to please his wanton minde<sup>4</sup>,  
Not so content: when this foule fact was done,  
(Y fraught with feare, least that I should disclose  
His incest: and his doting darke desire)  
He caude straight wayes, the foremost of his crew<sup>5</sup>  
With his compeare, to trie me with their tongues:  
And when their guiles, could not preuaile to winne  
My simple mynde, from tracke of trustie truth,  
Nor yet deceyt could beare mine eyes through  
fraud,

Came Slander then, accusing me, and sayde,  
That I ontist Delyght, to lone and luste. [none il.  
Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought  
And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,  
They clapt me faste, in cage of Myserie.  
And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,  
Vntil this theefe, this traytor vaine Delight,  
Cut out my tong, with Rayson of Restrainte,  
Least I should wraie, this bloody deede of his.

And thus (my Lord) I liue a weary life<sup>6</sup>,  
Not as I seemd, a man sometimes of might,  
But womanlike, whose teares must venge her harme.  
And yet, euen as the mighty gods disdaine  
For Philomele, that thoughte hir tong were cutte,  
Yet should she sing a pleassant note sometimes:  
So haue they deignd, by their deuine decrees,  
That with the stumps of my reproued tong,  
I may sometimes, Reproters deedes reprove,  
And sing a verse, to make them see themselues.

Then thus I sing, this selly song by night  
Like Philomene, since that the shining Sunne  
Is now eclypsed, which wont to lend me light,  
And thus I sing, in corner closely cowcht  
Like Philomene, since that the stately courts,  
Are now no place, for such poore byrds as I.  
And thus I sing, with pricke against my brest  
Like Philomene, since that the priuy worme,  
Which makes me see my reckles youth mispent,  
May well suffice, to keep me waking still.

And thus I sing, when pleassant spring begins,  
Like Philomene, since euery tangling byrd,  
Which squeaketh loude, shall beuer triumph so,  
As though my muse were mute and durst not sing.

And thus I sing, with harmeless true intent,  
Like Philomene, when as perasse (meane while)  
The Cuckowe suckes mine eggs by foule deceit,  
And lickes the sweet, which might have fed me  
first.

And thus I moane, in mournfull wise to sing,  
A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde)  
A trustie tune, from auncient clyffes couueyed,  
A playne song note, which cannot warble well.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world<sup>7</sup>,  
Wherin I see, howe euery kind of man  
Can flatter still, and yet deceiues himselfe,  
I seeme to muse, from whence such error springs,

<sup>6</sup> Satyricall Poetry is sometimes ranshed by vayne Delight.

<sup>7</sup> False semblant and flatterie can seldom be guile satirical Poetrye.

<sup>8</sup> The reward of busy meddling is Miserie.

<sup>9</sup> Note now and compare this allegory to the story of Progne and Philomele.

<sup>10</sup> Here the substance of them beginneth.

Such grosse conceits, such mists of darke mistake,  
Such Surreuydry<sup>11</sup>, such weening ower well,  
And yet in dede, such dealings too too badde.  
And as I stretch my weary wittes, to weighe  
The cause therof, and whence it should proceele,  
My battered braynes, (which now be shrewdly  
brused

With cannon shot, of much misgouernment)  
Can spye no cause, but onely one conceite,  
Which makes me thinke, the world goeth stil awry.

I see and sigh, (bycause it makes me sadde)  
That perishe pryde, doth at the world possesse,  
And every wight, will haue a looking glasse  
To see himselfe, yet so he seeth him not:  
Yea shal I say? a glasse of common glasse,  
Which glieth bright, and shewes a seemely  
Is not enough, the days are past and gon, {shew,  
That Berrai glasse, with foyles of louely brown,  
Might serue to show, a seemely fauord face.  
That age is deadde, and vanisht long ago, [true  
Which thought that steecie, both trusty was and  
And needed not, a foyle of contraries,  
But shewde al things, euen as they were in dedde.  
(In stede whereof, our curious yeares can finde  
The christal glas, which glimseth braue and bright,  
And shewes the thing, moch better farr than it,  
Beauylde with foyles, of sundry subtil sighte,  
So that they seeme, and conet not to be.

This is the cause (beleue me now my Lorde)  
That Realmes do reue, from high prosperity.  
That kings decline, from princely gouernment,  
That Loris do lacke, their uncestors good wil,  
That knights consume, their patrimonie still,  
That gentlemen, do make the merchant rise,  
That plowmen begge, and craftesmen cannot  
thriue,

That clergie quayles, and hath smal reuerence,  
That laymen lue, by mouing mischief still,  
That courtiers thriue, at letter Lammas day,  
That officers, can scarce enrich their heyres,  
That Soldiours sturre, or prech at Tiborne crosse,  
That lawyers buye, and purchase deadly hate,  
That mercabnts clyme, and fal againe as fast,  
That roysters brag, aboue their betters come,  
That sicophants, are counted idly guests,  
That Lais leades a Ladies life alofte,  
And Lucrece lurkes, with sobre bashful grace.

This is the cause (or else my Muse mistakes)  
That things are thought, which neuer yet were  
And castels buyit, aboue in lofty skies, [wrought  
Which neuer yet, had good foundation,  
And that the same may seme no feined dreme,  
But words of worth, and wortby to be wayed,  
I haue presume, my Lord for to present  
With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,  
And came to me, by wil and testament  
Of one that was, a Glassemaker in dedde.

Lucilius<sup>12</sup>, this worthy man was namde,  
Who at his death, bequeathd the christel glasse,  
To such as loue, to seme but not to be,  
And vnto those, that loue to see themselues,  
Now foule or fayre, soeuer that they are,  
He gan bequeath a glasse of trustie Steele,  
Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,

<sup>11</sup> Overweening conceit, from the French. C.

<sup>12</sup> A famous old satyricall Poete,

Bycause it shewes, all things in their degre.  
And since myselfe (now pride of youth is past)  
Do loue to be, and let al seeming passe,  
Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,  
N<sup>o</sup> what I would, but what I am or should,  
Therefore I like this trustie glasse of Steele.

Wherin I see, a frolike fauor frouast<sup>13</sup>  
With foule abuse, of lawlesse lust in youth:  
Wherein I see, a Sampsons grim regarde<sup>14</sup>  
Disgraced yet with Alexanders bearded<sup>15</sup>:  
Wherein I see, a corps of comely shape  
(And such as might beseme the courte full wel)  
Is cast at heele, by courting al to soone:  
Wherein I see, a quick capacite<sup>15</sup>,  
Berayed with biots of hight Inconstancie:  
An age suspect, bycause of youtbes misdeedes  
A poets brayne, possesse with layes of loue:  
A Casars minde, and yet a Codrus might,  
A Souldiours hart, suppress with fearful doomes  
A Philosopher, foolishly fortone.  
And to be playne, I see my selfe so playne,  
And yet so much vnlike that most I seemde,  
As it were not, that Reason ruleth me,  
I should in rage, this face of mine deface,  
And cast this corps, downe headlong in dispaire,  
Bycause it is, so farre vnlike it selfe.

And therewithal, to comfort me againe,  
I see a world, of worthy gouernment,  
A common welth, with policy so rude,  
As neither lawes are sold, nor iustice bought,  
Nor riches sought, unlesse it be by right,  
No crueltie, nor tyrannie can raigne,  
No right reuenge, doth rayse rebellion,  
No spoyles are tane, although the sword preuaile,  
No iyt spends, the coyue of common welth,  
No rulers hoard, the countries treasure vp,  
No man growes riche, by subtilty nor sleight:  
All people greade, the magistrates decree,  
And al men feare, the scourge of mighty looe.  
Lo this (my lord) may wel deserue the name,  
Of such a land, as milke and hony flowes.  
And this I see, within my glasse of Steel,  
Set forth euen so, by Solon (worthy wight)  
Who taught king Croesus, what it is to seme,  
And what to be, by proofe of bappie end.  
The like Lycurgus, Lacedemon king,  
Did set to shew, by viewe of this my glasse,  
And left the same, a mirroure to behold,  
To every prince, of his posterity.

But now (aye me) the glasing christal glasse [rych,  
Doth make us thinke, that realmes and townces are  
Where fauor sways, the sentence of the law,  
Where al is fishe, that cometh to the net,  
Where mighty power, doth ower rule the right,  
Where iniuries, do foster secret grudge,  
Where bloody sword, makes every booty prize,  
Where banquetting, is compted comly cost,  
Where officers grow rich by princes pens,  
Where purchase comes by couin and deceit,  
And no man dreads, but be that cannot shift,  
Nor none serue God, but only tonge tide men.  
Againe I see, within my glasse of Steele,  
But some estates, to serue eche country soyle,

<sup>13</sup> The aucthor himselfe.

<sup>14</sup> Alexander Magnus had but a small beard.

<sup>15</sup> He which will rebuke other mens faults, shal  
doe wel not to forget hys owne imperfections.



The King, the Knight, the Peasant, and the Priest.  
 The King should care for all the subjects still,  
 The Knight should fight, for to defende the same,  
 The Peasant he, should labour for their ease,  
 And Priests should pray, for them and for themselves.

But out alas, such mists do bleare our eyes,  
 And Christal glasse, doth glister so therewith,  
 That Kings conceine, their care is wonderous great  
 When as they beat, their busie restles braynes,  
 To maintaine pompe, and high triumphant sights,  
 To fede their fill, of daintie delicates,  
 To glad their barts, with sight of pleasant sportes,  
 To fill their eares, with sound of instruments,  
 To breake with bit, the hot coreigious horse, [gold,  
 To deck their handes, with sumptuous cloth of  
 To cloth themselves, with silkes of straunge deuise,  
 To search the rocks, for pearles and pretious stones,  
 To delue the ground, for mines of glistering gold:  
 And neuer care, to mainteine peace and rest,  
 To yeld reliefe, where needly lacke appears,  
 To stop one care, vntill the poore man speake,  
 To seme to sleepe, when Iustice still doth wake,  
 To gard their lands, from sodaine sword and fier  
 To feare the cries of gillies suckling babes, [blood,  
 Whose ghosts may cal, for vengeance on their  
 And stirre the wrath, of mightie thundring Ioue.

I speake not this, by any englishe king,  
 Nor by our Quene, whose high foresight prouids,  
 That dyre debate, is fledde to foraine Realmes,  
 Whiles we enjoy the golden fleece of peace.  
 But there to turn my tale, from whence it came,  
 In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,  
 Who sawe themselves in glasse of trusty Steele)  
 Contented were, with pompes of little pryce,  
 And set their thoughts, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did flourish most,  
 That no man might triumph in stately wise,  
 But such as had, with blowes of bloody blade  
 Five thousand foes in foughten field foredone<sup>16</sup>.  
 For he that likes, to loke in Christal glasse,  
 Say see proud pomp, in high triumphant wise,  
 Where neuer blowe, was delt with enemie.

When Sergius, deuised first the meane  
 To pen up fish, within the swelling flood,  
 And so content his mouth with daintie fare,  
 Then followed fast, excesse on Princes borders,  
 And every dish, was charge with new conceits,  
 To please the taste, of vncontented mindes.  
 But had he seene, the strein of straunge deuise,  
 Which Epicures, do now adayes inuent,  
 To yeld good smaeke, vnto their daintie tongues:  
 Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is fille  
 With secret cause, of sicknesse (oft) vnseene,  
 Whiles lust desires, much more than nature craves,  
 When would he say, that all the Romane cost  
 Was common trash, compar'd to aundrie Sauce  
 Which princes vse, to pamper Appetite.

Christal Glasse, thou settest things to shew,  
 Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.  
 I eyes behold, with eagre deep desire,  
 He Faulcon flye, the greyhoulderunne his course,  
 He bayted Bul, the Beare at stately stake,  
 Hee Enterluds, these new Italian sportes,  
 And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man:

<sup>16</sup> Val. Max. lib. 2. cap. 3.

But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke  
 And fewe beholde, by contemplation,  
 The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel,  
 Few loke to lawe, but all men gaze on lust.

A swete consent, of Musicks sacred sound,  
 Doth rayse our mindes (as rapt) all vp on high,  
 But sweeter soundes, of concorde, peace, and loue,  
 Are out of tune, and iarre in euery stoppe.

To tosse and turne, the stardie trampling stede.  
 To bridle him, and make him meete to serue,  
 Deserues (no doubt) great commendation.  
 But such as haue, their stables full yfraught,  
 With pampr'd Iades, ought therewithal to wey,  
 What great excesse, vpon them may be spent,  
 How many pore, (which neede nor brake nor bit)  
 Might therewith all, in godly wise be fedde,  
 And kings ought not, so many horse to haue.

The sumptuous house, declares the princes state,  
 But vaine excesse, bewrayes a princes fault.

Our bambast hose, our treble double ruffes,  
 Our rutes of Silke, our comely garded capes,  
 Our knit silke stockes, and spanish lether shoes,  
 (Yea velvet serues, oft times to trample in)  
 Our plumes, our spangs, and all our queit aray,  
 Are pricking spurres, prouoking filthy pride,  
 And snares (vnseen) which leade a man to hel.

How line the Moores, which spurue at glistering  
 perle,

And scorne the costs, which we do hold so deare?  
 How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle  
 Of peerlesse truth, amongst them published,  
 (Which we enjoy, and neuer wey the worth.)  
 They would not then, the same (like vs) despise,  
 Which (though they lacke) they liue in better wise  
 Than we, which holde, the worthless pearle so deare.  
 But glittering gold, which many yeares lay hidde,  
 Till greedy mindes, gan search the very guts  
 Of earth and clay, to finde out sundrie moulds  
 (As redde and white, which are by melting made  
 Bright gold and siluer, metalls of mischiefe)  
 Hath now enflamde, the noblest Princes barts  
 With fouleat fire, of filthy Auarice,  
 And seldome seene, that kings can be contente  
 To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left  
 What causeth this, but greedy gold to get?  
 Euen gold, which is, the very cause of warres,  
 The nest of strife, and nourice of debate,  
 The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

But is this strange? when Lords when Knights  
 and Squires

(Which ought defende, the state of common welth)  
 Are not afrayd to couet like a King?  
 O blinde desire: oh high aspiring hart.  
 The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight,  
 The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke,  
 The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,  
 And none content, with that which is his own.  
 Yet none of these, can see in Christal glasse  
 (Which glistereth bright, and beares their gasing  
 eyes)

How euery life, beares with him his disease.  
 But in my glasse, which is of trustie Steele.  
 I can perceiue, how kingdomes breede but care,  
 How Lordship liues, with lots of lesse delight,  
 (Though cappe and knee, do seeme a reuerence,

And courtlike life, is thought an other heauen)  
Than common people finde in euery coast.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe  
A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherlesse,  
With pig and goose, with mutton, beefe and veale,  
(Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)  
Wil breake vp house, and dwell in market townes,  
A loytring life, and like an Epicure.

But who (meane while) defends the common  
welth?  
Who rules the flocke, when shepherds are so fled?  
Who stayes the staff, which should vphold the  
state?

Forsoth, good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,  
Nay rather leapes, both ouer hedge and ditch,  
And rules the rost, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,  
You were not borne, al onely for your selues:  
Your countrie claymes, some part of al your  
paines.

There should you liue, and therein should you  
To hold vpright, and banish cruel wrong,  
To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,  
To punish vice, and vertue to aduance,  
To see God seruede, and Belzebub suppress.  
You should not trust, lieftenaunts in your rome,  
And let them sway, the sceptre of your charge,  
Whiles you (meane while) know scarcely what is  
don,

Nor yet can yield, accompt if you were callide.

The stately lord, which woonted was to kepe  
A courte at home, is now come vp to courtes,  
And leaues the country for a common prey,  
To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit:  
(Al which his presence might haue pacified,  
Or else haue made offenders smel the smoke.)  
And now the youth which might haue serued him,  
In comely wise, with countrie clothes yclad,  
And yet therby bin able to preferre  
Vnto the prince, and there to seeke aduance:  
Is faine to sell, his landes for courtly cloutes,  
Or else sits still, and liueth like a loutie.  
(Yet of these two, the last fault is the lease:)  
And so those imps which might in time haue  
sprong

Alofte (good lord) and seruede to shielde the state,  
Are either nipt, with such vntimely frosts,  
Or else growe crookt, bycause they be not proynd.

These be the Knights, which shold defend the  
land,

And these be they, which leaue the land at large.  
Yet here percase, it wil be thought I roue  
And runne astray, besides the kings high way,  
Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell  
(And such as shew, most perfect is my glasse)  
Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours  
Whose skil in armes, and long experience  
Should still vphold the pillars of the worlde.  
Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,  
May comprehend, both Duke, Erie, Lorde, Knight,  
Squire,  
Yea gentlemen, and euery gentle borne.

But if you wil, constraime me for to speake  
What souldiours are, or what they ought to be  
(And I my selfe, of that profession)

I see a crew, which glister in my glasse,  
The brauest bande, that euer yet was seene:  
Behold behold, where Pompey comes before,  
Where Maenius, and Marius insue,  
Æmilius, and Curius I see,  
Palamedes, and Fabius Maximus,  
And eke their mate, Epaminondas loe,  
Protesilaus and Phocyan are not farre,  
Pericles stands, in rancke amongst the rest,  
Aristomenes, may not be forgot,  
Vnlesse the list, of good men be disgrast.

Behold (my lord) these souldiours can I spie  
Within my glasse, within my true Steele glasse.  
I see not one therin, which seekes to heape  
A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes  
And so beguiles, the prince in time of neede,  
When muster day, and foughten felde are odde.  
Since Pompey did, enrich the common beaps,  
And Paulus he, (Æmilius surnamed)  
Returude to Rome, no richer than he went,  
Although he had, so many lands subdued,  
And brought such treasura, to the common chests,  
The fourscore yeres, the state was (after) free  
From greuous taske, and imposition.  
Yea since againe, good Marcus Curius,  
Thought sacriledge, himselfe for to aduance,  
And see his souldiours, pore or liue in lacke.

I see not one, within this glasse of mine,  
Whose fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde,  
As though he were, al onely to be markt,  
When simple snakes, which go not halfe so gay,  
Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field:  
And when the pride, of all his peacocks plumes,  
Is daunted downe, with dastard dreadfulnessse.  
And yet in towne, he jetteth euery streete,  
As though the god of warres (euen Mars himself)  
Might wel (by him) be liuely counterfayte,  
Though much more like, the coward Constantise.  
I see none such (my Lorde) I see none such,  
Since Phocion, which was in deede a Mars  
And one which did, much more than he wold  
Contented was to be but homely clad. [vaunt,  
And Marius, (whose constant hart could bide  
The very vaines, of his forwearied legges  
To be both cut, and carued from his corps)  
Could neuer yet, contented be to spend,  
One idle groate, in clothing nor in eatas.

I see not one, (my Lord) I see not one  
Which stands so much, vpon his painted sheath  
(By cause he hath, perchance at Bolleyen bene  
And loytered, since then in idlenessse)  
That he accompts, no Soldiour but himselfe,  
Nor one that can, despise the learned brayce,  
Which joyneeth reading with experience.  
Since Palamedes, and Viisses both,  
Were much esteemed for their policie  
Although they were not thought long trained men.  
Epaminondas, eke was much esteemde,  
Whose Eloquence, was such in all respects,  
As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.  
And Fabius, surnamed Maximus,  
Could ioyne such learning, with experience,  
As made his name, more famous than the rest.

These bloody beasts, appeare not in my glasse,  
Which cannot rule, their sword in furious rage,  
Nor haue respects, to age nor yet to kinde:

lut downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand,  
Whose greedy harts so hungrie are to spoyle,  
That few regard, the vry wrath of God,  
Which greened is, at cries of gilltlesse blood,  
Pericles was, a famous man of warre,  
And victor eke, in nine great foughten fields,  
Whereof he was the general in charge,  
set at his death he rather did reioyce  
in clemencie, than bloody victorie.  
Be still (quoth he) you graue Athenians,  
(Who whispered, and tolde his valiant facts)  
You haue forgot, my greatest glorie got,  
For yet (by me, nor mine occasion)  
Was neuer sene, a mourning garment worne.  
O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.  
Belieue me (Lord) a soldiour cannot haue  
Too great regarde, wheron his knife should cut.

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,  
And shewe their scarres to euery commer by,  
Dare once be seene, within my glasse of Steele,  
For so the faults, of Thraso and his trayne,  
(Whom Terence told, to be but bragging brutes)  
Might some appenre, to euery skilful eye.  
Bolde Manlius, could close and wel conuey  
Ful thurtie wounds, (and three) vpon his head,  
Yet neuer made, nor bones nor bragges therof.

What should I speake of drunken Souldiours?  
Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy lust?  
Of whom that one, can sit and hybbe his fil,  
Consume his coyne (which might good corage yeld,  
To such as march, and moue at his commaunde)  
And makes himselfe, a worthy mocking stocke  
Which might deserue (by sobre life) great laude,  
That other dotes, and driueth forth his dayes  
In vaine delight, and foule concupiscence,  
When works of weight, might occupie his bedde.  
Yea therewithal, he puts his owne fonde heade  
Vnder the belt, of such as should him serue,  
And so becoms, example of much evil,  
Which should haue seruede, as lanterne of good life:  
And is controlde, wheras he should commaund.  
Augustus Caesar, he which might haue made  
Both feasts and banquetts brauely as the best,  
Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,  
And seldome drank his wine watered.  
Aristomenes, dayned to defende  
His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,  
And rather chose, to die in their defence,  
Then filthy men, should foyle their chastitie.  
This was a night, wel worthy fame and prayse.

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,  
Behold my glasse, and you shall see therein,  
Proud Crassus bagges, consume by coetise,  
Great Alexander, drounde in drunkenesse,  
Caesar and Pompey, spilt with priuy grudge,  
Brennus beguiled, with lightnesse of believe,  
Cleomenes, by ryot not regarded,  
Vespasian, disdayned for deceit,  
Demetrius, light set for by his lust,  
Wherby at last he dyed in prison pent.

Hereto percase, some one man will alledge,  
That Prioces peoce, are persued up so close,  
And faires do fall so seldome in a yeare,  
That when they come, prouision must be made  
To fede the frost, in hardest winter nights.

Indede I finde, within this glasse of mine,  
Justinian, that proude vngrateful prince,

Which made to hegge, bold Belisarius  
His trustie man, which had so stoutly fought  
In his defence, with euery enemy.  
And Scypio, condemnes the Romaine rule,  
Which suffred him (that had so truely serued)  
To leade pore life, at his (Lynternum) ferme,  
Which did deserue, such worthy recompence.  
Yea herewithal, moest Souldiours of our time,  
Belieue for truth, that proude Justinian  
Did neuer die, without good store of heyres.  
And Romanes race, cannot be rooted out,  
Such yasenec springs, of such vnpleasant budda.

But shal I say? this lesson learne of me,  
When drums are dumb, and sound not dub a dub,  
Then be thou eke, as mewt as a mayde  
(I preach this sermon but to souldiours)  
And learn to line, within thy bravries bounds.  
Let not the Mercer, pul thee by the sleewe  
For sutes of silke, when cloth may serue thy turne,  
Let not thy scores, come robbe thy needy purse,  
Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,  
Which will be glad, thy companie to haue,  
If manboode may, with manners well agree.  
Art thou a seruing man? then serue againe,  
And stint to steale as common souldiours do.

Art thou a craftsman? take thee to thine arte,  
And cast off slouth, which loytreth in the Campe.  
Art thou a plowman pressed for a shift?  
Then learne to clout, thine old cast cobled shoes,  
And rather hide, at home with barley bread,  
Than learne to spoyle, as thou hast seen some do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)  
Who lust, by warres to gather lawful welth,  
And so to get, a right renowned name,  
Must cast aside, al common trades of warre,  
And learne to liue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long,  
Becaus he bare, such compass in my glasse.  
High time were then, to turne my wery pen,  
Vnto the Peasant comming next in place,  
And here to write, the summe of my conceit,  
I do not meane, alonely husbandmen,  
Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow, and  
sowe, [snort]

Which swinke and sweate, whiles we do sleepe and  
And serch the guts of earth, for greedy gain,  
But he that labours any kind of way,  
To gather gaine, and to enrich himselfe,  
By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests,  
And al the rest, that liue in common welth,  
(So that his gaine, by greedy guyles he got)  
Him can I compt, a Peasant in his place.  
Al officers, all aduocates at lawe,  
Al men of arte, which get goodes greedily,  
Must be content, to take a Peasants roma.

A strange deuise, and sure my Lord wil laugh,  
To see it so, degested in degrees.  
But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,  
And craue of al, (although euen now a dayes,  
Most officers, commaund that should be cravde)  
He that can share from euery penitiou payde  
A Peeter peay weying halfe a pounce,  
He that can plucke, sir Bennet by the sleewe,  
And finde a fee, in his pluralitie,  
He that can winke at any foule abuse,

As long as gainer, come trauling in therwith,  
Shal such come see themselves in this my glasse?  
Or shal they gaze, as godly good men do?  
Yea let them come: but shal I tell you one thing?  
How ere their gownes, be gathered in the backe,  
With organe pipes, of old king Henries clampe,  
How ere their cappes, be fold'd with a flappe,  
How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,  
How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,  
I compt them worse, than harmless homely hindes,  
Which toyle in dede, to serue our common vae.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,  
And yet their one eye, sharpe as Linceus sight,  
That one eye winks, as though it were but blynd,  
That other pries and peekes in every place,  
Come naked neede? and chance to do amisse?  
He shal be sure, to drinke upon the whippe.  
But priue gaine, (that bribing busie wretch)  
Can finde the meanes, to creepe and couch so low,  
As officers, can neuer see him slyde,  
Nor heare the trampling of his stealing stepes.  
He comes (I thinke) vpon the blinde side stil.

These things (my Lord) my glasse now sets to  
show,

Whereas long since, all officers were seene  
To be men made, out of another moule.  
Framynond, of whom I spake before  
(Which was long time, an officer in Thebes).  
And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,  
Would neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.  
And thus he spake, to such as sought his helpe:  
If it be good, (quoth he) that you desire,  
Then wil I do it, for the vertues sake:  
If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte.  
If so it be, for this my common weale,  
Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both  
To see it done, withouten furder words.  
But if it be, vnprofitable thing,  
And might empaire, offende, or yeld any  
Vnto the state, which I pretende to stay,  
Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth  
Shal neuer tempt, my free consent thereto.

How many now, wil treade Zeleucus steps?  
Or who can byde, Cambyses cruel dome?  
Cruel? nay iust, (yea softe and peace good sir)  
For iustice sleepes, and Troth is iested out.  
O that al kings, would (Alexander like)  
Hold evermore, one finger straight stretcht out,  
To thrust in eyes, of all their master theues<sup>17</sup>.  
But Brutus died, without posteritie,  
And Marcus Crassus had none issue male,  
Cicero slypt, vsene out of this world,  
With many mo, which pleaded remaine pleas<sup>18</sup>,  
And were content, to vse their eloquence,  
In maintenance, of matters that were good.  
Demosthenes, in Athens vsde his arte,  
(Not for to heape, himselfe great hounds of gold  
But) stil to stay, the towne from deepe decaye  
Of Philips wyles, which had besieged it.  
Where shal we reade, that any of these foure  
Did euer pleade, as carelesse of the trial?  
Or who can say, they builded sumptuously?  
Or wronge the weak, out of his own by wyles?  
They were (I trowe) of noble houses borne,  
And yet content, to use their best deuoir,  
In furdering, eche honest harmelesse cause.

<sup>17</sup> False judges.

<sup>18</sup> Advocates.

They did not rowte (like rode vnringed swine)  
To roote nobilitie from heritage.  
They stoude content, with gaine of glorious laxe,  
(Bycause they had, respect to equitie)  
To leade a life, like true Philosophers.  
Of all the bristle bearded Aduocates  
That euer lorded their fees about the cause,  
I cannot see (scarce one) that is so bolde  
To shewe his face, and fayued Phisocmie  
In this my glasse: but if he do (my Lorde)  
He shewes himselfe, to be by uery kinde  
A man which meanes, at every time and tide,  
To do smal right, but sure to take no wrong.

And master Merchant, he whose traual ought  
Commodiously, to doe his countrie good,  
And by his toyle, the same for to enrich, e,  
Can finde the meane, to make Monopolyses  
Of every ware, that is accompted straunge.  
And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine desires  
Vntil the court, haue courtiers cast at heede,  
"Quia non habent vestes Nuptiales."

O painted foolles, whose hairbrainde heads must  
haue

More clothes attone, than might become a king:  
For whom the rocks, in forain realmes must spin,  
For whom they carde, for whom they weane their  
webbes

For whom no wool, appeareth fine enough,  
(I speake not this by english courtiers  
Since english wool, was euer thought most worth)  
For whom al seas, are tossed to and fro,  
For whom these purples come from Persia,  
The crimosine, and liuely red from Inde:  
For whom soft silks, do sayle from Sericane,  
And al queint costs, do come from fardest coasts:  
Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour,  
Which ruide the world, and had all welth at wil,  
Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,  
His daughters and, his nieces everybone,  
To spin and worke the clothes that he shuld weare,  
And neuer carde, for silks or sumptuous cost,  
For cloth of gold, or tinsel figurie,  
For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.  
He set the shippes, of merchantmen on worke,  
With bringing home, oyle, graine, and sarrie salt  
And such like wares, as serued common vae.

Yea for my life, those merchants were not wond  
To lend their wares, at reasonable rate,  
(To gaine no more, but Cento per cento)  
To teach yong men, the trade to sel browne paper,  
Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too sometimes,  
To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.  
To binde such babes, in father Derbies bands,  
To stay their steps, by statute Staples staffe,  
To rule yong royalters, with Recognisance,  
To read Arithmeticke once every day,  
In Woodstreet, Bredstreet, and in Pultery (house  
Where such schoolmisters keepe their counting  
To fede on bones, when flesh and fell is gon,  
To keepe their byrds, ful close in carytiues cage,  
(Who being brought, to libertie at large, [shine  
Might sing perchauce, abroad, when suare doth  
Of their mishape, and how their fetters fel)  
Vntil the canker may their corpes consume.

These knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde  
Bycause they shoue not in my glasse of Steele.  
But holla: here, I see a wondrous sight,

see a swarme, of Saints within my glasse:  
 behold, behold, I see a swarme in dedde  
 Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wise,  
 Not deckt in robes, nor garnished with gold,  
 But some vnsbod, yea some full thinly clothed,  
 And yet they seme, so heauenly for so see,  
 As if their eyes, were all of Diamonds,  
 Their face of Rubies, Saphires and Iacincts,  
 Their comly beards, and heare, of situer wiers.  
 And to be short, they seme Angelycoll.  
 What should they be, (my Lord) what should  
 they be?

O gracious God, I see now what they be.  
 These be my priests, which pray for evry state,  
 These be my priests, deuorced from the world,  
 And wedded yet, to heauen and holynesse,  
 Which are not proude, nor couet to be rich.  
 Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,  
 Which enue not, nor knowe what malice meane,  
 Which loth all leet, disdayning drunkenesse,  
 Which cannot faine, which hate hypocrisie,  
 Which neuer sawe, Sir Simonies deceite.  
 Which preach of peace, which carpe contentious  
 Which loyter not, but labour all the yeare,  
 Which thunder threts, of Gods most greuous wrath  
 And yet do teach, that mercie is in store.

Lo these (my Lord) be my good praying priests,  
 Descended from Melchisedec by line  
 Joens to Paule, to Peter, James, and John,  
 These be my priests, the searning of the earth  
 Which wil not leese, their sayrnesse, I trowe.  
 Not one of these (for twenty hundreth groats)  
 Wil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,  
 And yet be combred with a concubine.  
 Not one of these, wil reade the holy write  
 Which doth forbid, all greedy usurie,  
 And yet receiue, a shilling for a pounce.  
 Not one of these, wil preach of patience,  
 And yet be found, as angry as a waspe.  
 Not one of these, can be content to sit  
 In Taverns, Innes, or Alehouses all day,  
 but spends his time, deuotly at his booke.  
 Not one of these, wil rayle at rulers wrongs,  
 And yet be blotted, with extortion.  
 Not one of these, wil paint out worldly pride,  
 And he himselfe, as gallant as he dare.  
 Not one of these, rebuketh auarice,  
 And yet procureth, ploude pluralities,  
 Not one of these, reproveth vanitie  
 Whiles he himselfe, with hanke upon his fist  
 And boondes at heele) doth quite forget his text.  
 Not one of these, corrects contentions,  
 or trifling things: and yet wil sue for tythes.  
 Not one of these (not one of these my Lord)  
 Wil be ashamed, to do euen as he teacheth.  
 My priests haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,  
 and yet they trust not in their iylabour.  
 My priests can fast, and vse all abstinence,  
 from vice and sinne, and yet refuse no meate.  
 My priests can giue, in charitable wise,  
 and loue also, to do good almes dedes,  
 although they trust, not in their owne deserts.  
 My priests can place, all penance in the hart,  
 without regard, of outward ceremonies.  
 My priests can keepe, their temples vndefyled,  
 and yet defle, all Superstition.

Lo now my Lords, what thinke you by my  
 priests?

Although they were, the last that shewed them-  
 I said at first, their office was to pray, [selues,  
 And since the time, is such euen now a dayes,  
 As hath great nede, of prayers truly prayd,  
 Come forth my priests, and I wil bydde your  
 beades

I wil presume (although I be no priest)  
 To hidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to God him-  
 selfe,  
 That be vouchsafe, (euen for his Christes sake)  
 To giue his word, free passage here on earth,  
 And that his church (which now is Militant)  
 May soone be sene, triumphant ouer all,  
 And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,  
 Which walloweth stil, in Sinks of filthy sinne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,  
 Emperours, Monarks, Dukes and all estates,  
 Which sway the sworde, of royal government,  
 (Of whome our Queene, which liues without com-  
 pare

Must be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,  
 Else I deserue, to lese both beades and bones)  
 That God giue light, vnto their noble mindes,  
 To maintaine truth, and therewith stil to wey  
 That here they reigne, not onely for themselves,  
 And that they be but slaues to common welth,  
 Since at their toyles, and all their broken sleeps  
 Shal scant suffice, to hold it stil vpright. [closets,  
 Tell some (in Spaine) how close they kepe their  
 How selde the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,  
 While as (mene while) their sunburnt sutours  
 sterue

And pine before, their processe be preferred.  
 Then pray (my priests) that God wil giue his  
 grace,  
 To such a prince, his fault in time to mend.  
 Tell some (in France) how much they loue to  
 daunce,

While sutours daunce, attendaunce at the dore,  
 Yet pray (my priests) for prayers princes mende.  
 Tel some (in Portugale) how colde they be,  
 In setting forth, of right religion:  
 Which more exteme, the present, pleasures here,  
 Then stablishing, of God his holy worde.  
 And pray (my Priests) least God such princes spit,  
 And vomit them, out of his angry mouth.  
 Tel some (Italian) princes, how they winke  
 At stinking stewes, and say they are (farsooth)  
 A remedy, to quench foule filthy luste:  
 When as (in dede) they be the sinks of sinne.  
 And pray (my priests) that God wil not impute  
 Such wilful facts, vnto such princes charge,  
 When he himselfe, commaundeth eery man  
 To do none ill, that good may growe thereby.

And pray likewise, for all that rulers be  
 By kings commaundes, as their lieftnants bere,  
 All magistrats, all counsellours, and all  
 That sit in office or Authoritie.  
 Pray, pray, (my priests) that neither loue nor mede  
 Do sway their minds, from furduring of right,  
 That they be not, too saintish nor too sowre,  
 But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,  
 That stil they stoppe, one eare to heare him  
 Which is accused, absent as he is: [speake,  
 That euermore, they mark what moode doth moue  
 The mouth which makes, the information,  
 That faults forpuste (so that they be not huge,

Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)  
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,  
When as they see, repentance hold the reines  
Of beady youth, which wont to runne astray.  
That malice make, no mansion in their minds,  
Nor enuy frette, to see how vertue clymes.  
The greater Birth, the greater glory sure,  
If deeds mainteine, their ancestors degree.

Eke pray (my Priests) for them and for your-  
selues, [Priests.

For Bishops, Prelats, Archdeacons, Deanes, and  
And al that preach, or otherwise professe  
Gode holy word, and take the cure of soules.  
Pray pray that you, and euery one of you,  
May walke upright, in your vocation.  
And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,  
To kende a light, and lanterne to our feete.

Say therwithal, that some (I see them I  
Wheras they fling, in Flaunders all asfarre,  
For why my glasse, wil shew them as they be)  
Do neither care, for God nor yet for deuill,  
So libertie, may launch about at large.  
And some again (I see them wel enough [turke)  
And note their names, in Liezeland where they  
Vnder pretence, of holy humble hart  
Would plucke adowne, al princely Dyademe.  
Pray, pray (my priests) for these, they touch you  
neere.

Shrinke not to say, that some do (Romainlike)  
Esteeme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.  
And therefore pray (my priests) lest pride preuaile.  
Pray that the soules, of sundrie damned gosts,  
Do not come in, and bring good euidence  
Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,  
Of some whose welth, made them neglect their  
charge

Til secret sinnes (untoucht) infecte their flocks  
And bredde a scab, which brought the shep to  
bane.

Some other renne, before the greedy wolfe,  
And left the folde, vnfended from the fox [sares.  
Which durst nor barke, nor bawle for both theyr  
Then pray (my priests) that such no more do so.

Pray for the sources, of our noble Realme,  
I meane the worthy Vniuersities,  
(And Cantabridge, shal haue the dignitie,  
Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)  
That they bring vp their babes in decent wise:  
That Philosophy, smel no secret smoke,  
Which Magike makes, in wicked mysteries:  
That Logike leape, not ouer euery stile,  
Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,  
With curious Quids, to maintain argument.  
That Sophistrie, do not deceiue it selfe,  
That Cosmography keepe his compass wel,  
And such as be, Historiographers,  
Trust not to much, in euery talyng tong,  
Nor blynded be, by partialitie.  
That Phisicks, thrise not ouer fast by murder:  
That Numbring men, in al their euens and odds  
Do not forget, that only Vnitie  
Vnmeasurable, infinite and one.  
That Geometrie, measure not so long,  
Til all their measures out of measure be:  
That Musike with, his heauenly harmonie,  
Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,  
Nor set mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,

Til heauenly Hierarchies be quite forgotte  
That Rhetorick, learne not to ouerreache:  
That Poetrie, presume not for to preachbe,  
And bite mens faultes, with Satyres corrosiues,  
Yet pamper vp hir owne with pultesses:  
Or that she dote not vpon Erato,  
Wherin should inuoke the good Caliope:  
That Astrologie, looke not ouer high,  
And light (meane while) in euery podded pit:  
That Grammer grudge not at our english tong,  
Bycause it stands by Monosyllaba,  
And cannot be declind as others are.  
Pray thus (my priests) for vniuersities.  
And if I haue forgotten any Arte,  
Which hath bene taught, or exercised there,  
Pray you to God, the good be not absent,  
With glorious shewe, of ouerlodging skill.

Now these be past, (my priests) yet shal you  
For common people, echo in his degree, [pray  
That God vouchsafe to graunt them al his grace.  
Where should I now beginne to bidde my benedis?  
Or who shal first be put in common place?  
My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,  
I cannot see who best deserues the roome,  
Stand forth good Peerce, thou plowman by thy  
Yet so the Sayler saith I do him wrong: [same,  
That one contends, his paines are without peare,  
That other saith, that none be like to his,  
In dede they labour both exceedingly.  
But since I see no shipman that can liue  
Without the plough, and yet I many see  
Which liue by lande, that neuer saw the seas:  
Therefore I say, stand forth Peerce plowman first,  
Thou winst the roome, by verie worthinesse.

Behold him (priests) and though he stink of  
sweet

Disdaine him not: for shal I tel you what?  
Such clime to heauen, before the shauen crowne:  
But how? forsooth, with true humylitie.  
Not that they hoord, their grais when it is cheape,  
Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,  
Nor that they set, debate betwene their lords,  
By earing vp the balks, that part their boundes:  
Nor for because, they can both crouche and creep  
(The guilefulst men, that euer God yet made)  
When as they meane, most mischief and deceite,  
Nor that they can, crie out on landelordes lowde,  
And say they racke, their rents an ace to high.  
Whenthey themselues, do sel their landlords lambe  
For greater price than ewe was wont be worth.  
I see you Peerce, my glasse was lately scowrde.  
But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,  
Both King and Knight, and priests in cloyster  
Therefore I say, that sooner some of them [past:  
Shal scale the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,  
Than cornfed beasts, whose bellie is their God,  
Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my priests) pray you to God for  
Peerce,

As Peerce can pinch, it out for him and you.  
And if you haue a Paternoster spare  
Then shal you pray, for Saylers (God them send  
More mind of him, when as they come to lande,  
For towarde shipwracke, many men can pray)  
That they once learne, to speake without a lye,  
And meane good faith, without blaspheming othes:  
That they forget, to steale from euery freight,

And for to forge, false cockets, free to passe,  
That manners make them giue their betters place,  
And vse good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my priests begin to frowne,  
And say, that thus they shal be ouercharge,  
To pray for al, which seeme to do amisse:  
And one I heare, more saucie than the rest,  
Which asketh me, when shal our prayers end?

I tell thee (priest) when shoemakers make shoes,  
That are wel sowed, with neuer a stitch amisse,  
And vse no crafte, in vttring of the same:  
When Taylours steale, no stufte from gentlemen,  
When Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreede,  
And both so dresse their hydes, that we go dry:  
When Cutlers leaue, to sel old rustie blades,  
And hide no crackes, with soder nor deceit:  
When tinkers make, no more holes than they  
founde,

When thatchers thinke, their wages worth their  
When colliers put no dust into their sacks,  
When malternen make, vs drink no Brmentie,  
When Davie Diker diggs, and dallies not,  
When smithes shoo horses, as they would be shod,  
When millers, toll not with a golden thumbe,  
When bakers make, not barne beare price of  
wheat,

When brewers put, no bagage in their beere,  
When butchers blowe, not ooor al their fleshe,  
When horsecorers, beguile no friendes with Jaden,  
When weavers weight, is found in buswinnes web,  
(But why dwell I, so long among these lowts?)

When mercers make, more bones to swers and  
lye,

When vintners mix, no water with their wine,  
When printers passe, none errors in their bookes,  
When haters vse, to bye none olde cast robes,  
When goldsmithes get, no gaires by soderd  
crownes,

When vpholsters, sel fethers without dust,  
When pewterers, infect no tin with leade,  
When drapers draw, no gaires by giuing day,  
When parchmentiers, put in no ferret silke,  
When Sargoons heale, al wounds without delay,  
(Tush these are toys, but yet my glas sheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themselves,

When Takers, take no brybes, nor vse no brags,  
When customers, conceale no covine vnde,  
When Searchers see, al corners in a shippe,  
(And spie no pens by any sight they see)  
When shrives do serve, al processe as they ought,  
When haylifes strain, none other thing but strays,  
When auditors, their counters cannot change,  
When proude surreyours, take no parting pens,  
When siter sticks rot on the Tellers fingers,  
And when receivers, pay as they receiue,  
When al these folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.

(Agaime (my priests) a litle by your leaue)  
When Sicophants, can finde no place in courte,  
But are espied, for Echoes, as they are,  
When roysters ruffle not above their rule,  
Nor colour crafte, by swearing precious coles:  
When Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,  
A peece of breade, and therewithal a bobbe  
When Laie liues, not like a ladies pearre,  
Nor vaeth art, in dying of hir heare.  
When al these thinges, are ordred as they ought,  
And see themselves, within my glasse of steale,

Euen thou (my priests) may you make holyday  
And pray no more but ordinarie prayers.

And yet theria, I pray you (my good priests)  
Pray stil for me, and for my Glasse of steale  
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,  
Bycause we shew, all colours in their kinde,  
And pray for me, that (since my hap is such  
To see men so) I may perceiue my selfe.  
O worthy words, to end my worthless verse,  
Pray for me Priests, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

*Tom Marti, quam Mercurius.*

—  
EPILOGUS.

ALAS (my lord) my hat was al to hote  
I shut my glasse, before you gaude your fill,  
And at a glimpse, my seely selfe haue spied,  
A stranger trowpe, than any yet were seene:  
Behold (my lorde) what monsters muster here,  
With Angels face, and harmefull helish harts,  
With smyling lookes, and depe deceitfull thoughts,  
With tender skimes, and stony cruel mindes,  
With stealing steppes, yet forward feete to fraude.  
Behold, behold, they neuer stand content,  
With God, with kinde, with any help of Arte,  
But curie their locks, with bodkins and with braids,  
But dye their heare, with sundry subtil sleights,  
But paint and slicke, til fayrest face be foule,  
But bumbast, bolster, frisle, and perfume:  
They marre with muske, the balm which nature  
And dig for death, in delicatest dishes, [made,  
The yonger sorte, come pyping on space,  
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,  
Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they  
The elder sorte, go stately stalking on, [bryded,  
And on their backs, they beare both land and see,  
Castles and towres, renews and receipts,  
Lordships, and manours, fines, yea farmes and al.  
What should these be? (speake you my louely  
lord)

They be not men: for why? they haue no beards.  
They be no boyes, which weare such side long  
gownes.

They be no Gods, for al their gallant glasse.  
They be no diuels (I trow) which seeme so  
saintish.

What be they? women? masking in mans weeden  
With dutchkin dublets, and with ierkins iaggde?  
With Spanish spangs, and ruffes fet out of France,  
With high eopt hattes, and fethers saunt a saunt?  
They be so sure euen Wo to Men in dede,  
Nay then (my lorde) let shut the glasse apace,  
High time it were, for my pore Muse to winke,  
Since al the hands, al paper, pen, and inke,  
Which euer yet, this wretched world possest,  
Cannot describe, this Sex in colours dewe,  
No, no (my Lorde) we gased haue inough,  
(And I too much, God pardon me therefore)  
Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre:  
And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.  
But if my Glasse, do like my louely lorde,  
We wil espie, some sunny Sommers day,  
To loke againe, and see some seemely sights.  
Meane while, my Muse, right humbly doth beseech,  
That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verse,  
Vntil my braines; my better stuffe deuise.

FINIS.

*Tom Marti, quam Mercurius.*

## THE COMPLAINYNT OF PHYLOMENE.

An Elegye compyled by  
GEORGE GASCOIGNE

Requie

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

To the right honorable, my singuler good Lord,  
the L. Gray of Wilton, Knight of the most noble  
order of the Garter.

Ryght noble, when I had determined with my-  
self to write the Satire before recited (called the  
Steele Glasse) and had in mync Exordium (by  
allegorie) compared my case to that of fayre Phy-  
lomene, abused by the bloody king hir brother by  
lawe: I called to minde that twelue or thirtene  
yeres past, I had begonne an Elegye or sorrowfull  
song, called the Complaints of Phylomene, the  
which I began too deuise ridding by the high way  
between Chelmsford and London, and being over-  
taken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my  
copy, and stroke ouer into the *De Profundis* which  
is placed amongst my other Poesies, leauing the  
complaint of Phylomene vnfinished: and so it hath  
continued euer since vntil this present month of  
April 1575, when I begonne my Steele Glasse.  
And because I haue in mine Exordium to the  
Steele Glasse, begonne with the Nightingales  
notes: therefore I haue not thought amisse now to  
finish and pece up the said Complainy of Phylomene,  
observing neuertheless the same determinate  
inuentioun which I had propounded and be-  
gonne (as it is saide) twelue yeres now past.  
The which I presume with the rest to present vnto  
your honor, nothing doubting but the same wil  
accept my good entente therein. And I furdur beseeche  
that your lordship wil vntersaie in reading therof,  
to gesse (by change of style) where the renewing  
of the verse may bee most apparantly thought to  
begin. I wil no furdur trouble your honor with  
these rude lines, but beseech of the Almighty long  
to preserue you to his pleasure. From my pore  
house in Walkamstowe the sixtenth of April  
1575.

Your L. bounden and most assured  
George Gascoigne.

## PHILOMENE

In sweet April, the messenger to May  
When hoonie drops, do melt in golden showres,  
When euery byrde, records hir louers lay,  
And western windes, do foster forth our floures,  
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,  
To heare the descent of the Nightingale,  
And as I stoode, I heard hir make great moane,  
Waymenting much, and thus she tolde hir tale.  
These thriflicke birds (quoth she) which spend the  
day,  
In nedlesse notes, and chaunt withouten skill,  
Are costly kept, and finely fedde alway  
With daintie foode, wherof they feede their fill,  
But I which wot, the darke and dreadful night,  
In watch and ward, when those birds take their  
rest,  
Forpne my selfe, that Louers might delight,  
To heare the notes, which breake out of my breste.  
I leade a life, to please the Louers minde,  
(And though god wot, my foode be light of charge,  
Yet seely soule, that can no fauour finde)  
I begge my breade, and peke for seedes at large.

The Throste she, which makes the wood to ring  
With shryching lowde, that lothsome is to heare,  
Is costly kept, in case: (O wondrous thing)  
The Maus ckc, whose notes are nothing deare,  
Now in good sooth (quoth she) sometimes I reys  
To see Tom Tyttimouse, so much set by.  
The Finch, which singeth neuer a note but peep,  
Is fedde aswel, nay better fare than I.  
The Lennet and the Larke, they sing alofte,  
And coumpted are, as Lordes in high degre.  
The Brandiet saith, for singing sweete and soft,  
(In hir conceit) there is none such as she.  
Canara byrds, come in to beare the bell,  
And Goldfinches, do hope to get the gale:  
The tating Awbe doth please some fauic wd.  
And some like best, the byrde as Blacke as coke.  
And yet could I, if so it were my minde,  
For harmony, set at these babes to schole,  
And sing such notes, as might in euery kinde  
Disgrace them quight, and make their covey  
But should I so? no no so wil I not. [coke  
Let brutish beasts, heare such brute birds as those.  
(For like to like, the prouerbe saith I wot)  
And should I then, my cunning skill disclose?  
For such vaukinde, as let the cuckowe flye,  
To sucke mine eggs, whites I sit in the thicke?  
And rather praise, the chattering of a pye,  
Than hir that sings, with breast against a prickel  
Nay let them go, to marke the cuckowes tale,  
The iangling Jay, for that becomes them wd.  
And in the silent night then let them walke,  
To heare the Owle, how she doth shryche and yel.  
And from henceforth, I will no more constrain  
My pleasant voice, to sounde, at their request.  
But shrowd my selfe, in darkeste night and  
raine,

And learne to cowche, ful close upon my mat.  
Yet if I chance, at any time (percase)  
To sing a note, or twaine for my disporte,  
It shal be done, in some such secret place,  
That fewe or none, may therunto resort.  
These flatterers, (in loue) which faishold meane,  
Not once aproch, to heare my pleasant song  
But such as true, and stedfast louers bene,  
Let them come neare, for else they do me wrong.  
And as I gesse, not many miles from hence,  
There stands a squire, with pangis of sorrow prest,  
For whom I dare, snowe (in his defence)  
He is as true, (in Loue) as is the best.

Him wil I cheare, with chaunting at this night:  
And with that word, she gan to cleare hir throate.  
But such a liuely song (now by this light)  
Yet neuer hearde I such another note.  
It was (thought me) so pleasant and so plaise,  
Orpheus harpe, was neuer halfe so sweete,  
Terus, Terus, and thus she gan to pleine,  
Most piteously, which made my hart to greene.  
Hir second note, was fy, fy, fy, fy, fy,  
And that she did, in pleasant wise repeate,  
With sweete reports, of heauenlic harmonie,  
But yet it seemd, hir gripes of grieue were great.  
For when she had, so soong and taken breath,  
Then should you heare, hir heauy hart so throbbe,  
As though it had bene, ouercome with death,  
And yet alwayes, in euery sigh and sobbe,  
She shewed great skill, for times of enuious,  
Hir Jug, Jug, Jug, (in grieue) had such a grace.  
Then stinted she, as if her song were done.  
And ere that past, not ful a furlong space,



she gan againe, in melodie to melt,  
 And many a note, she warbled wondrous wel.  
 (et can I not (although my hart should swelt)  
 remember al, which hir sweete tong did tel.  
 but one strange note, I noted with the rest  
 and that said thus: Némesis, Némesis,  
 the which me thought, came boldly from hir  
 brest,

As though she blame, (therby) something amisse.  
 Short tale to make, hir singing sounded so,  
 And please mine eares, with such varietie,  
 That (quite forgetting all the wearie wo,  
 Which I my selfe felt in my fantasie)  
 stodee astoynde, and yet therwith content,  
 Fishing in hart that (since I might advaunte,  
 Of al hir speech to knowe the plaine content,  
 Which grace hirselfe, or else the Gods did graunt)  
 might therwith, one furdur favor craue,  
 to vnderstand, what hir sweete notes might meane.  
 And in that thought, (my whole desire to beare)  
 fell on sleepe, as I on staffe did leane.

And in my slomber, had I such a sight,  
 As yet to think thereon doth glad my minde.  
 Methought I sawe a derling of delight,  
 A stately Nymph, a dame of heauenly kinde,  
 Whose glittering gife, so glimmed in mine eyes,  
 As (yet) I not, what proper hew it bare,  
 Se therewithal, my wits can wel devise,  
 Wherem I might hir lowly lookes compare.  
 but trueth to tel, (for al hir smyling cheere)  
 she cast sometimes, a grievous frowning glance,  
 As who would say: by this it may appeare,  
 That iust reuenge, is prest for euery chance.  
 In hir right hand, (which to and fro did shake)  
 she bare a skourge, with many a knottie string,  
 And in her left, a snaffle Bit or brake,  
 bebest with gold, and many a gingling ring:  
 she came apace, and stately did she stay,  
 And whiles I seemd, amazed very much,  
 The courteous dame, these words to me did say:  
 Sir Squire (quoth she) since thy desire is such,  
 to vnderstande, the notes of Phylomene,  
 For so she hight, whom thou calat Nightingale)  
 And what the sound, of euery note might meane,  
 Give eare a while, and hearken to my tale.  
 The Gods are good, they heare the hartly prayers,  
 Of such as craue without a craftie wil,  
 With fauor eke, they furdur such affaires,  
 As tende to good, and meane to do none ill.  
 And since thy words, were grounded on desire,  
 Wherby much good, and little harme can growe,  
 They graunted beue, the thing thou didst require,  
 And louingly, haue sent me here by lowe,  
 To paraphrase, the piteous pleasant notes,  
 Which Phylomene, doth darkely spend in spring,  
 For he that wel, Dan Nasoes versus notes,  
 shal find my words to be no fained thing.  
 Give eare (Sir Squire quoth she) and I wil tel  
 both what she was, and how hir fortunes fel.

## THE FABLE OF PHLOMELA.

In Athens reigne sometimes  
 A king of worthy fame,  
 Who kept in courte a stately traine,  
 And yon was his name.

And had the Gods him giuen,  
 To holly breade of happe,  
 (I meane such fruts as make men thinke  
 They sit in fortunes lappe)

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Then had his golden giftes,  
 Lye dead with him in toombe  
 Ne but himselfe had none endure,  
 The daunger of his doome.

But smyling lucke, bewitcht,  
 This peerlesse Prince to thinke,  
 That poyson cannot be conueyde  
 In draughts of pleasant drinke.

And kinde became so kind,  
 That he two daughters had,  
 Of bewtie such and so well giuen,  
 As made their father gladde.

See: see: how highest harmes,  
 Do lurk in ripest joyes,  
 How courtly doth sorow shrowde,  
 In trymment worldly toyes.

These iewels of his ioy,  
 Became his cause of care,  
 And beawtie was the guileful bayte,  
 Which caught their liues in Snare.

For Tereus, Lord of Thrace,  
 Bycause he came of kings,  
 (So weddings made for worldly weith  
 Do seme triumphant things)

Was thought a worthy matche,  
 Pandions heire to wedde:  
 Whose eldest daughter chosen was,  
 To serue this king in bedde.

That virgine Progne hight,  
 And she by whom I meane,  
 To tell this woful Tragedie,  
 Was called Phylomene.

The wedding rytes performde,  
 The feasting done and past,  
 To Thrace with his new wedded sponse  
 He turneth at the last.

Where many dayes in mirth,  
 And iolytie they spent,  
 Both satisfied with deepe delight,  
 And cloyde with al content.

At last the dame desire  
 Hir sister for to see,  
 Such coles of kindly loue did seme  
 Within hir brest to be.

She praises hir Lorde, of grace,  
 He graunts to hir request,  
 And hoist vp saile, to seke the coaste,  
 Where Phylomene doth rest.

He past the foming seas,  
 And flodes the pleasant porte,  
 Of Athens towne, which guided him  
 To king Pandions court.

There, (louingly receiude,  
 And) welcome by the king,  
 He shewde the cause, which thither then  
 Did his ambassade bring.

His father him embrast,  
 His sister kist his cheeke,  
 In al the court his comming was  
 Reioyast of euerie Greeke.

O 2

Oh see the sweete deceit,  
Which blindeth worldly wits.  
How common peoples loue by lumpes,  
And fancie comes by fits.

The foe in friendly wise,  
Is many times embraste,  
And he which meanes most faith and troth  
By grudging is disgrast.

Fair Phylomene came forth  
In comely garments cladde,  
As one whom newes of sisters helth  
Had moued to be gladd.

Or womans wil (perhappes)  
Enflamde hir haughtie harte,  
To get more grace by crimes of cost,  
And prinake out hir parte.

Whom he no sooner sawe  
(I meane this Thracian prince)  
But streight therwith his fancies fume  
All reason did conuince.

And as the blazing bronde,  
Might kindle rotten reeds:  
Euen so hir looke a secret flame,  
Within his bosome breedas.

He thinks al leysure long  
Til he (with hir) were gone,  
And hir he makas to moue the mirth,  
Which after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent  
And if he craude too much,  
He then excusde him selfe, and saile  
That Progne's words were such.

His teares confirmed all  
Tearas: like to sisters tearas,  
As who shuld say by these few drops  
Thy sisters griefe appeares.

So finely could he faine,  
That wickednesse seemde wit,  
And by the lawde of his pretence,  
His lewdnesse was acquit.

Yea Phylomene set forth  
The force of his request,  
And cravde (with sighes) hir fathers leaue  
To be hir sisters guest.

And hoong about his necke  
And collingly him kist,  
And for hir weith did seke the woe  
Wherof she little wist.

Meane time stooode Tereus,  
Beholding their affectes,  
And made these pricks for his desire  
A spurre in all respects.

And wist himselfe hir sire,  
When she hir sire embrast,  
For neither kith nor kin could then  
Hau made his meaning chaast.

The Grecian king had not  
The powre for to deny,  
His own deare child, and sonne in lawe  
The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter failes,  
To thanke him on hir knees,  
Supposing that for good successas,  
Which hardest hadde must be.

But (least my tale seeme long)  
Their shipping is preparte:  
And to the shore this aged Greeke,  
Ful princely did them guard.

There (melting into mone)  
He vade this parting speech:  
Daughter (quoth he) you haue desire  
Your sisters court to seech.

Your sister seemes likewise,  
Your companie to craue,  
That craue you both, and Tereus here  
The selfe same thing would haue.

Ne coude I more withstande  
So many deere desires,  
But this (quoth he) remember al  
Your father you requires,

And thee (my sonne of Thrace)  
I constantly coniuere,  
By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,  
And all that seemeth sure,

That father like thou fende  
My daughter deare from scathe,  
And (since I counte al leasure long)  
Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou my Phylomene,  
(Quoth he) come soone againe,  
Thy sisters absence puts thy syre,  
To too much priuie paine.

Herewith he kist hir cheeke,  
And sent a second kisse  
For Progne's part, and (bathde with tearas)  
His daughter doth he blisse.

And tooke the Thraciana hand  
For token of his truth,  
Who rather haught his teares to scorn,  
Than wept with him for ruth.

The sayles are fully spredde,  
And winds did serue at will,  
And forth this traitour king conueies  
His praie in prison still.

Ne could the Bartrous bloud,  
Conceale his filthy fyre,  
Hey: Victorie (quoth he) my shippe  
Is fraught with my desire.

Wherewith he fixt his eyes,  
Vppon hir fearefull face,  
And stil behelde hir gestures all,  
And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a side  
But like the cruel catte  
Which gloating casteth many a glance  
Vpon the selly ratte.

Why hold I long discourse?  
They now are come on lande,  
And forth the ship the feareful wenche  
He leadeth by the hande

Vnto a selly shrowde,  
 sheepeccote closely huilt  
 Amid the woodds, where many a lamb  
 Their guiltlesse blood had spilt.

There (like a lambe) she stoode,  
 And askte with trimbling voice,  
 Where Progne was, who only sight  
 Might make hir to reioyce.

Wherewith this caytife king  
 His lust in lewdnesse lept,  
 And with his filthy fraude ful fast  
 This simple mayde entrapte.

And forth he floog the raines  
 Vnbridling blinde desire,  
 And ment of hir chast minde to make  
 A fewel for his fire.

And al alone (alone)  
 With force he hir suppress,  
 And made hir yeelde the wicked weede  
 Whose flowre he liked best.

What could the virgine doe?  
 She could not runne away,  
 Whose forward feete, his harmful hands  
 With furious force did stay.

Alas what should she fight?  
 Fewe women win by fight:  
 Hir weapons were but weake (God knows)  
 And he was much of might.

It booted not to crie,  
 Since helpe was not at hande,  
 And still before hir fearful face,  
 Hir cruel foe did stande.

And yet she (weeping cride)  
 Vpon her sisters name,  
 Hir fathers, and hir brothers, oh;  
 Who facte did foyle her fame.

And on the Gods she calde,  
 For helpe in hir distresse,  
 But al in vaine he wrought his wil  
 Whose lust was not the lesse.

The filthie facte once done,  
 He gaue hir leaue to greette,  
 And there she sat much like a birde  
 New scapte from falcons feete.

Whose blood embrues hir selfe,  
 And sitte in sorrie plight,  
 Ne dare she proune hir plumes again,  
 But feares a second flight.

At last when hart came home,  
 Discheveld as she sate,  
 With hands vphelde, she tried hir tongue,  
 To wreake hir woful state.

O Barbarous blood (quoth she)  
 By Barbarous deeds disgrast,  
 Could no kinde coale, nor pitties sparke,  
 Within thy brest be plaste?

Could not my fathers hests  
 Nor my most ruthful teares,  
 My maydenhoode, nor thine owne yoke,  
 Affright thy minde with feares?

Could not my sisters loce  
 Once quench thy filthy lust?  
 Thou foilst us al, and eke thy selfe,  
 We grieved, and thou vnjust.

By thee I haue defilde  
 My dearest sisters bedde  
 By thee I compe the life but lost,  
 Which too too long I ledde.

By thee (thou Bigamus)  
 Our fathers grieffe must growe,  
 Who daughters twain (and two too much)  
 Vpon thee did bestowe.

But since my fault, thy facts,  
 My fathers just offence,  
 My sisters wrong, with my reproche,  
 I cannot so dispence.

If any Gods be good  
 If right in heauen do raigne,  
 If right or wrong may make reuenge,  
 Thou shalt be paid againe.

And (wicked) do thy worst,  
 Thou canst no more but kil:  
 And oh that death (before this gilte)  
 Had overcome my wil.

Then might my soule beneath,  
 Haue triumpht yet and seide,  
 That though I died discontent,  
 I liue and dide a mayde.

Herewith hir swelling sobbes,  
 Did tie hir tong from talke,  
 Whiles yet the Thracian tyrant there  
 To beare these words did walke.

And skornefully he cast  
 At hir a frowning glaunce,  
 Which made the mayde to striue for spech,  
 And sterling from hir traunce,

I wil reuenge (quoth she)  
 For here I shake off shame,  
 And wil (my selfe) bewray this facte  
 Therby to foile thy fame.

Amidde the thickest throngs  
 (If I haue leaue to go)  
 I will pronounce this blondie deede,  
 And blotte thine honor so.

If I in deserts dwell,  
 The woods, my words shal heare,  
 The holts, the hilles, the craggie rocks,  
 Shall witnesse with me beare.

I wil so bli the ayre  
 With noyse of this thine acte,  
 That gods and men in heauen and earth  
 Shal note the naughtie facte.

These words amaze the king,  
 Conscience with choller strauce,  
 But rage so rackte his restles thought,  
 That now he gau to raue.

And from his sheath a knife  
 Ful despmptly he drawes,  
 Wherwith he cut the guiltlesse tong  
 Out of hir tender iawes.

The tong that ruble his gall,  
The tong that tolde but truths,  
The tong that moude him to be mad,  
And should have moued ruth.

And from his hand with spight  
This trustie tongue he cast,  
Whose route, and it (to wreake this wrong)  
Did wagge yet wondrous fast.

So stirres the serpenss taile  
When it is cut in twaine,  
And so it seemes that weakest willes,  
(By words) would ease their paine.

I blush to tell this tale,  
But sure best books say this:  
That yet the butcher did not blush  
Hir bloody mouth to kisse.

And ofte hir hulke embrast,  
And ofter quencht the fire,  
Which kindled had the furnace first,  
Within his foule desire.

Nor herewithal content,  
To Progne home he came,  
Who askt him streight of Philomene:  
He (faigning grieffe of game)

Burst out in bitter teares,  
And sayde the dame was dead,  
And falsly tolde what wery life  
Hir father (for hir) ledde.

The Thracian Queene cast off  
Hir gold, and gorgeous weede,  
And drest in dole, bewailde her death  
Whom she thought dead in deede.

A sepulchre she builds  
(But for a liuing corse)  
And praide the gods on sisters soule  
To take a iust remorse:

And ofred sacrifice,  
To all the powers aboute.  
Ah traiterous Thracian Tereus,  
This was true force of loue.

The heuens had whirle aboute  
Twelue yeeres in order due  
And twelue times euery flowre and plant,  
Their liueries did renew,

Whiles Philomene full close  
In shepote stil was clapt,  
Enfort to hide by stonie walles  
Which fast (in hold) hir kept.

And as those walles forbadde  
Hir feete by sight to scape,  
So was hir tong, by knife, restrainde,  
For to reueale this rape.

No remedie remaynde,  
But mely womens wille,  
Which sodainly in quaintest chance,  
Can best itseife acquit.

And Miserie amongst  
Tenne thousand mischieties moe,  
Learnes pollicie in practises,  
As prooffe makes men to knowe.

With curious needle worke,  
A garment gan she make,  
Wherin she wrote what bale she bode,  
And al for bewties sake.

This garment gan she giue  
To trustie seruants hande,  
Who streight conuoid it to the queene  
Of Thracian Tirants lande.

When Progne red the writ,  
(A wondrous tale to tell)  
She kept it close: though malice made  
Hir venging hart to swell.

And did deferre the deede,  
Til time and place might serue,  
But in hir minde a sharpe reuenge,  
She fully did reserue.

O silence seldome scene,  
The women counsell keepe,  
The cause was this, she wakt hir wits  
And lulde hir tong on sleepe.

I speake against my sex,  
So haue I done before,  
But truth is truth, and muste be tolde  
Though daunger keepe the dore.

The thirde yeres rytes renewd,  
Which Bacchus to belong,  
And in that night the queene prepares  
Reuenge for al hir wrongs.

She (girt in Bacchus gite)  
With sworde hir selfe doth arme,  
With wreathes of vines about hir browes  
And many a needles charme.

And forth in furie fings,  
Hir handmaidens following fast,  
Vntil with hastie steppes she founde  
The shepote at the last.

There howling out alonde,  
As Bacchus priests do crie,  
She brake the dore, and found the place  
Where Philomene did lye.

And toke hir out by force,  
And drest hir Bacchus like,  
And hid hir face with boughes and leaues  
For being knowne by like.

And brought hir to hir house,  
But when the wretch it knewe  
That now againe she was so neere  
To Tereus untrue,

She trembled off for dreade  
And lookt like asbes pale,  
But Progne (now in priuie place)  
Set silence al to sale.

And tooke the garments off,  
Discouering first hir face,  
And sister like did louingly  
Faire Phylomene embrace.

There she (by shame abaht)  
Held downe hir weeping eyes,  
As who should say: Thy right (by me)  
Is ruff in wrongful wise.

And down on ground she falles,  
Which ground she kist hir fill,  
As witness that the filthy facts  
Was done against hir wil.

And cast hir hands to heauen,  
In steede of tong to tell,  
What violence the lecher vade,  
And how hee did hir quell.

Wherewith the Queene brake off  
Hir piteous pearcing plainte,  
And sware with sworde (no teares) to venge  
For craft of this constraite.

Or if (quoth she) there bee  
Some other meane more sure,  
More stearne, more stouite, than naked sword  
Some mischief to procure,

I sweare by al the Gods,  
I shall the same embrace,  
To wreake this wrong with bloudie hande  
Vppon the king of Thrace.

Ne will I spare to spende  
My life in sisters cause,  
In sisters? ah what said I wretch?  
My wrong shall leud me laues.

I wil the pallace burne,  
With al the princes pelfe,  
And in the midst of flaming fire,  
Wil caste the king him selfe.

I wil scrat out those eyes,  
That taught him first to lust,  
Or teare his tong from traitors throte,  
Oh that reuenge were iust.

\* \* \* \* \*

Or sleeping let me seeke  
To sende the soule to hel  
Whose barbarous bones for filthy force,  
Did seeme to beare the bel.

These words and more in rage  
Pronounced by this dame,  
Hir little sonne came leaping in  
Which Itis had to name.

Whose presence, could not please  
For (vewing well his face)  
Ah wretch (quoth she) how like his groweth  
Vnto his fathers grace.

And therewithal resolve  
A rare reuenge in deede  
Wheron to thinke (withouten words)  
My woful hart doth bleede.

But when the lad lokt vp,  
And cherefully did smile,  
And hung about his mothers necke  
With easie weight therewithale,

And kist (as children vse)  
His angric mothers cheeke,  
Hir minde was movde to much remorse  
And mad became ful meeke.

Ne could she teares refrayne,  
But wept against hir will,  
Such tender rewth of innocencie,  
Hir cruell moodes did kill.

At last (so furie wrought)  
Within hir brest she felt,  
That too much pittie made hir minde  
Too womanlike to melt,

And saw hir sister sit,  
With beavy harte and cheere,  
And now on hir, and then on him,  
Full lowringly did leare,

Into these words she hurst  
(Quoth she) why flatters he?  
And why againe (with tong cut out)  
So sadly sitteth she?

He, mother, mother calles,  
She sister cannot say,  
The one in earnest doth lament,  
That other whines in plaie.

Pandions line (quoth she)  
Remember stil your race,  
And neuer marke the subtil shewes  
Of any soule in Thrace.

You should degenerate,  
If right reuenge you slake,  
More right reuenge can neuer bee,  
Than this reuenge to make.

Al ill that may be thought,  
Al mischief vnder skies,  
Were pietie compar'd to that  
Which Terens did deuise.

She holds no longer hande,  
But (Tygrellike) she toke  
The little boy ful boistrously  
Who now for terror quooke.

And (crauing mothers helpe)  
She (mother) toke a blade,  
And in hir sonnes small tender hart  
An open wound she made.

The cruel dede dispatch,  
Betwene the sisters twaine  
They tore in peces quarterly  
The corps which they had slaine.

Some part, they hong on hooks,  
The rest they laide to fire,  
And on the table caused it,  
Be set before the fire.

And counterfite a cause  
(As Grecians order then)  
That at such feasts (but onely one)  
They might abide no men.

He knowing not their craft,  
Sat downe alone to eate,  
And hungerly his owne warme bloud  
Devoured there for meate.

His oversight was such,  
That he for Itis sent,  
Whose murdered members in his maws,  
He priuily had pent.

No longer Progne then,  
Hir joy of griefe could hide,  
The thing thou seekst, O wretch, (quoth she)  
Within thee doth abide.

Wherwith (he waxing wroth,  
And searching for his sonne)  
Came forth at length, faire Philomene  
By whom the griefe begonne,

And (clokt in Bacchus copes,  
Wherwith she then was cladde)  
In fathers bosom cast the head  
Of this selly ladde:

Nor euer in hir life  
Had more desire to speeke,  
Than now: wherby, hir madding mood  
Might at hir malice wreake.

The Thracian prince stert vp,  
Whose hart did boyle in brest,  
To feele the food, and see the sawce,  
Which he could not digest.

And armed (as he was)  
He followed both the Greekes,  
On whom (by smarte of sword, and flame)  
A sharpe reuenge he takes.

Bot when the heavenly benche,  
These bloudie deedes did see,  
And found that bloud stil couits bloud  
And so none ende could be.

They then by their foresight  
Thought meete to stiate the strife,  
And so restrained the murdring king,  
From sister and from wife.

So that by their decree,  
The yongest daughter fledde  
Into the thicke, where couertly,  
A cloister life she ledde.

And yet to ease hir woe,  
She worthily can sing,  
And as thou hearst, can please the eares  
Of many men in spring.

The eldest dame and wife  
A Swallow was assigade,  
And builds in smoky chimney toppes  
And flies against the winde.

The king him selfe condemnde,  
A Lapwing for to be,  
Who for his yong ones cries alwas,  
Yet neuer can them see.

The lad a Pheasant cocke  
For his degree hath guind,  
Whose blouddie plumes declare the bloud  
Wherwith his face was staind.

But there to turne my tale,  
The which I came to tell,  
The yongest dame to forrests fled,  
And there is dampode to dwell.

And Nightingale now namde  
Which (Philomela hight)  
Delights for feare of force againe  
To sing alwayes by night.

But when the sunne to west,  
Doth bend his weerie course,  
Then Philomene records the rewth,  
Which craweth iust remorse.

And for hir foremost note,  
Terre, Terre, doth sing,  
Complaining stil vpon the name  
Of that false Thracian king.

Much like the childe at schole  
With hyrchen rodds sore beaten,  
If when he go to bed at night  
His maister chaunce to threaten,

In euery dreme he starts,  
And (O good maister) cries,  
Euen so this byrde vpon that name,  
Hir foremost note replies.

Or as the red breast byrde,  
Whome prettie Merlynes hold  
Ful fast in foote, by winters night  
To fende themselves from colde:

Though afterwards the backe,  
For pitie let them scape,  
Yet at that day, they fede in feare,  
And doubte a second rape.

And in the nexter night,  
Ful many times do crie,  
Remembering yet the ruthful plight  
Wherein they late did lye.

Euen so this selly byrde,  
Though now transformde in kinde,  
Yet euermore hir pauns forpast,  
She bearest stil in minde.

And in hir foremost note,  
She notes that cruel name,  
By whom she lost hir pleasant speech  
And foiled was in fame.

Hir second note is fye,  
In Greeke and Latine phy,  
In English fy, and euery tong  
That euer yet read i.

Which word declares diadaine,  
Or lothsome leying by  
Of any thing we tast, heare, touche,  
Smel, or beholde with eye.

In tast, phy sheweth some sowre,  
In hearing, some discorde,  
In touch, some foule or filthy toye,  
In smel, some sent abhorde.

In sight, some lothsome loke,  
And euery kind of wais,  
This byword phy betokneth bad,  
And thinge to cast away.

So that it seemes hir will,  
Phy, phy, phy, phy, to sing,  
Since phy befyteth him so well,  
In euery kind of thing.

Phy filthy lecher lewde,  
Phy false vnto thy wife,  
Phy coward phy, on womankinde,  
To vse thy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde,  
Phy fierce, and foule forsworne,  
Phy monster made of murdring mould  
Whose like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,  
Phy ouerthrowe of youth,  
Phy mirrour of mischeuousnesse,  
Phy, tipe of al vnt ruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,  
Phy forging fyne excuse,  
Phy periury, fy blasphemie,  
Phy bed of al abuse.

These phyces, and many moe,  
Poor Philomene may meane,  
And in hir selfe she findes percase,  
Some phy that was vnleane.

For though his fowle offence,  
May not defended bee,  
Hir sister yet, and she transgreat,  
Thou not so deepe as he.

His doome came by deserte,  
Their dedes grewe by disdaine,  
But men must leane reuenge to Gods,  
What wrong soener raigne.

Then Froge phy for thee,  
Which kildst thine only child,  
Phy on the cruel crabbed hart  
Which was not moude with milde.

Phy, phy, thou close conveydst  
A secret ill vsence,  
Where god to keepe in councei close  
Had putrifule thy spiene.

Phy on thy sisters facte,  
And phy hir selfe doth sing,  
Whose lack of tong nere toucht hir so  
As when it could not sing.

Phy on us both saith she,  
The father onely faulted,  
And we (the father free therewhile)  
The selly sonne assailed.

The next note to hir phy  
Is Jug, Jug, Jug, I gesse,  
That might I leaue to latynists  
By learning to expresse.

Some commentaries make  
About it much adoe:  
If it should only Jugum meane  
Or Jugulator too.

Some think that Jugum is  
The Jug, she ingleteth so,  
But Jugulator is the word  
That doublieth al hir woe.

For when she thinkes thereon,  
She beares them both in minde,  
Him breaker of his bonde in bed,  
Hir, killer of hir kinde.

As fast as furies force  
Hir thoughts on him to thinke,  
So fast hir conscience choks hir vp,  
And wo to wrong doth linke.

At last (by grieffe constrainde)  
It boldly breaketh out,  
And makes the hollow woods to ring  
With Echo round about.

Hir next most note (to note)  
I needs no helpe at al,  
For I my selfe the partie am  
On whom she then doth call.

She calls on Némesis  
And Némesis am I,  
The Goddess of al iust reuenge,  
Who let no blame go by.

This bridle bozt with gold,  
I beare in my left hande,  
To holde men backe in rashest rage,  
Vntil the cause be scand.

And such as like that bitte  
And beare it willingly,  
May scape this scourge in my right hand  
Although they trode awry.

But if they hold on head,  
And scorne to beare my yoke,  
Oft times they buy the roat ful deare,  
It smelleth of the smoke.

This is the cause (Sir Squire  
Quoth she) that Phylomene  
Doth cal so much vpon my name,  
She to my lawes doth leane:

She feesles a iust reuenge  
Of that which she hath done,  
Constraine to vse the day for night,  
And makes the moone hir sunne.

Ne can she now complaine,  
(Although she lost hir tong)  
For since that time, no yet before,  
No hyrde so swetely soong.

That gift we Gods hir gaue,  
To countervaille hir woe,  
I sat on bench in heauen my selfe  
When it was graunted so.

And though hir foe be fedde,  
But whither knowes not she,  
And like hir selfe transformed eke  
A selly hyrde to hee:

On him this sharpe reuenge  
The Gods and I did take,  
He neither can beholde his brats,  
Nor is belowe of make.

As soone as coles of kinde  
Haue warmed him to do  
The selly shift of dewties dole  
Which him belongeth to:

His hen straight way him hates,  
And fieth farre him froe,  
And close conueis hir eggs from him,  
As from hir mortal foe.

As soone as she hath hatcht,  
Hir little yong ones raunce,  
For feare their dame should serue them eke,  
As Froge had begonne.

And rounde about the fields  
The furious father flies,  
To seke bis soone, and filles the ayre  
With loude lamenting cries.

This loathsome life he leads,  
By our sumphtie dome,  
And thus sings she, where company  
But very seldome come.

Now let my faithful tale  
For fable should be taken,  
And thereupon my courtesie,  
By thee might be forsaken :

Remember al my words,  
And beare them wel in minde,  
And make thereof a metaphore,  
So shalt thou quickly finde,

Both profite and pastime,  
In al that I thine tel:  
I knowe thy skill wil serue therto,  
And so (quothe she) farewell.

Wherewith (methought) she song so fast away,  
That scarce I could, hir seemely shadow see.  
At last: my staffe (which was mine onely stay)  
Did slippe, and I, must needes awaked be,  
Against my wil did I (God knowes) awake,  
For willingly I could my selfe content,  
Seuen dayes to sleepe for Philomelas sake, [spent.  
So that my sleepe in such swete thoughts were  
But you my Lord which reade this ragged verse,  
Forgive the faults of my so sleepy muse,  
Let me the heast of Nemeses rehearse,  
For sure I see, much sence thereof ensues.  
I seeme to see (my Lord) that leechers lust, [ent,  
Procures the plague, and vengesaunce of the high-  
I may not say, hut God is good and iust,  
Although he scourge the furdest for the highest:  
The fathers fault lights sometime on the sonne,  
Yea farre descents it beares the burden stil,  
Whereby it failes (when vaine delight is done)  
That dole steppes in and wieldes the world at wil.  
O whoredome, whoredome, hope for no good happe,  
The best is bad that lights on lechery  
And (al wel weyed) he sits in Fortunes lappe,  
Which feelles no sharper scourge than beggery.  
You princes, peeres, you comely courting knights,  
Which vse al arte to marre the maidens mindes,  
Which win al dames with baite of fonde delighs,  
Which by wite force, to loose what bountie bindes:  
Think on the scourge that Nemesis doth beare,  
Remember this, that God (although he winkes)  
Doth see al sinnes that euer secret were.  
Vae vobis then which still in sinne do sinke.  
Gods mercy lends you brydles for desire,  
Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyte,  
The flesh may spurre to euerlasting fire,  
But sure, that horse which tyreth like a roile,  
And lothes the grieffe of his forged sides,  
Is better, much than is the hairbrainde colte  
Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,  
But hutes for sinne in euery hit and holte.  
He which is single, let him spare to spil  
The flowre of force, which makes a famous man:  
Lest when he comes to matrimonies will,  
His finest graine be burnt, and ful of brannet.  
He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,  
Be wel content with that which may suffice,  
And (were no God) yet feare of worldly strife  
Might make him lothe the bed where Lays lies:  
For though Pandions daughter Progne shee,  
Were so transformde into a fetthered fowle,  
Yet seemes she not withouten heires to be,

Who (wroongde like hir) ful angrely can scoole,  
And beare in brest a right reuenging mode,  
Til time and place, may serue to worke their will.  
Yea surely some, the best of al the broode  
(If they had might) with furious force would kil.  
But force them not, whose force is not to force.  
And way their words as blasts of blustering winde,  
Which comes ful calme, when stormes are past by  
course:

Yet God aboute that can both lose and bynde,  
Wil not so soone appeased be therefore,  
He makes the male, of female to be hated,  
He makes the sire go sighing wondrous sore,  
Because the sonne of such is seldome rated.  
I meane the sonnes of such rash sining aires,  
Are seldome sene to runne a ruly race.  
But plaqude (be like) by fathers foule desires  
Do gaddie abroad, and lack the guide of grace.  
Then (Lapwinglike) the father flies about,  
And howles and cries to see his children stray,  
Where he him selfe (and no man better) mought  
Hauce taught his bratts to take a better way-  
Thus men (my Lord) be Metamorphosd,  
From seemely shape, to byrds, and ougly beasts:  
Yea brauest dames (if they amisse ouce treade)  
Finde bitter sance, for al their pleasaunt feasts.  
They must in fine condemned be to dwell  
In thickes vnseene, in mewes for minyons made,  
Vntil at last (if they can hryde it wel)  
They may chop chalke, and take some better trade.  
Beare with me (Lord) my lusting dayes are done,  
Rayre Philomene forbad me fayre and flat  
To like such loue, as is with lust begonne.  
The lawful loue is best, and I like that.  
Then if you see, that (Lapwinglike) I chauce,  
To leape againe, beyond my lawful reache,  
(I take hard taske) or but to giue a glance,  
At bewties blase: for such a wifful breache,  
Of promise made, my Lord shal do no wrong,  
To say, George, thinke on Phylomelas song.

FINIS.

Tam Martin, quam Mercurio.

And thus my very good L. may se bow cobbler-  
like I haue clouted a new patch to an olde sole,  
beginning this complainte of Philomene, in April,  
1562, continuing it a little furdur in April 1573,  
and now thus finished this thirde day of April,  
1576. At which mine April showers are humbly  
sent vnto your good Lordship, for that I hope very  
shortly to see the May flowers of your fauour,  
which I desire, more than I can deserue. And yet  
rest

Your Lordships bownden and assured.

## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

[From Gascoigne's Prose Works, Dramas, &c.]

### CHORUSSES FROM JOCASTA.

CHORUS TO ACT. II.

O FERCE and furious Mars, whose barrowfull  
Reioyceth most to shed the guiltlesse blood, [harts,  
Whose headie wil doth all the world subuert,



And doth eenie the pleasant merry moode,  
Of our estate that erst in quiet stood.  
Why dost thou thus our harmeless towne annoy,  
Which mightie Bacchus governed in ioy?

Father of warre and death, that dost remove  
With wrathfull wrecke from wofull mothers breast,  
The trustie pledges of their tender loue,  
So graunt the Gods, that for our snall rest,  
Dams Venus pleasant lookes may please thee best,  
Wherby when thou shalt all amazed stand,  
The sword may fall out of thy trembling hand.

And thou maist proude some other way full well  
The bloudie prowess of thy mightie speare,  
Wherwith thou raisest from the depth of hell,  
The wrathfull spirits of all the furies there,  
Who when the wake, doe wander euery where,  
And neuer rest to range about the coastes,  
Tenriche that pit with spoile of damned ghostes.

And when thou hast our fieldes forsaken thus,  
Let cruell discorde beare thee companie,  
Engirt with snakes and serpents venomous,  
Euen shee that can with red virmillion dye  
The gladsome greene that florist pleasantly,  
And make the greedie ground a drinking cup,  
To sup the blood of murdered bodyes vp.

Yet thou returne O ioyes and pleasant peace,  
From whence thou didst against our will depart,  
Ne let thy worthie minde from trauell cease,  
To chase disdain out of the poysoned harte,  
That raised warre to all our paynes and smarte,  
Euen from the brest of Oelipus his sonne,  
Whose swelling pride hath all this iarre begonne.

And thou great God, that doest all things de-  
ceit,

And sitst on highe above the starrie skies,  
Thou chiefest cause of causes all that bee,  
Regard not his offence but heare our cries,  
And speedily redresse our miseries,  
For what cause we poore wofull wretches doe  
But craue thy aide, and onely cleaue therto?

## CHORUS TO ACT. III.

WHEN she that rules the rolling wheele of chauce,  
Doth turue aside hir angrie frowning face,  
On him, whom erst shee deigned to aduance,  
Shee neuer leaues to gaulde him with disgrace,  
To tosse and turue his state in euery place,  
Till at the last shee hurle him from on high  
And yeld him subiect vnto miserie:

And as the branche that from the roote is rest,  
Hee neuer winnes like life to that hee lefte:

Yea though hee do, yet can not tast of ioy  
Compare with pang that past in his annoy.

Well did the heauens ordaine for our behoofe  
Necessitie, and fates by them slowde,  
That when we see our high mishappes aloofe  
(As though our eyes were muffled with a cloude)

"In the favourite address to Mars (See Phœnix, page 140. edit. Barnea.) Gascoigne has totally deserted the rich imagery of Euripides, yet has found means to form an original ode, which is by no means destitute of pathos or imagination."

WARTON.

Our froward will doth shrinke it selfe and shrowde  
From our auaille wherwith we runne so farre:  
As none amends can make that we do marre:

Then drawes euill happe and strives to shew his  
strength,

And such as yeld vnto his might, at length  
He leades them by necessitie the way  
That destinie preparede for our decay.

The Mariner amidde the swelling seas  
Who seeth his barke with many a billowe beaten,  
Now here, now there, as wiud and waues best  
please,

When thundring Joue with tempest list to threaten,  
And dreads in deepest gulfe for to be eaten,  
Yet learneas a meane by mere necessitie  
To saue himselfe in such extremitie:

For when hee seeth no man hath witte nor powre  
To flie from fate when fortune list to lowre,  
His only hope on mightie Joue doth caste,  
Wherby hee winnes the wished beauen at last.

How fond is that man in his fantasie,  
Who thinks that Joue the maker of vs al,  
And hee that tempers all in heauen on high,  
The sunne, the mone, the starres celestiall,  
So that no leafe without his leaue can fall,  
Hath not in him omnipotence also

To guide and gouerne all things here below?  
O blinded eyes, O wretched mortall wights,  
O subiect slaues to euery ill that lights, [scorne,  
To scape such woe, such paine, such shame and  
Happie were hee that neuer had bin borne.

Well might duke Creon driuen by destinie,  
(If true it be that olde Tyresias saith)  
Redeme our citie from this miserie,  
By his consent vnto Meneceus death,  
Who of himselfe would faine haue lost his breath:  
"But euery man is loth for to fulfill  
The heauenly hest that pleaseth not his will.

That publique weale must needes to ruine go  
Where priuate profite is preferred so."

Yet mightie God, thy only aide we craue,  
This towne from siege, and vs from sorowe saue.

FROM THE ADVENTURES OF  
FERDINANDO IERONIMI.

Of thee deare Dame, three lessons would I learne:  
What reason first persuades the foolish Fly  
(As soone as shee a candle can discerne)  
To play with flame, till shee bee burnt thereby?  
Or what may mone the Mouse to byte the bayte  
Which strikes the trappe, that stops hir hungry  
breth?

What calles the bird, where snares of deepe deceit  
Are closely coucht to draw hir to hir death?  
Consider well, what is the cause of this,  
And though perchase thou wilt not so confesse,  
Yet deepe desire, to gayne a heauenly blisse,  
May drowne the minde in dole and dark distresse:  
Oft is it scene (wherere my hart may bleede)  
Foolles play so long till they be caught in deede.

And then  
It is a heauen to see them hop and skip,  
And seeke all shiftes to shake their shackles off:  
It is a world, to see them hang the lip,  
Who (earst) at loue, were wont to skorne and skoff.

But as the Mouse, once caught in crafty trap,  
 May bounce and beate' against the boorden wall,  
 Till shee haue brought hir head in such mishap,  
 That downe to death hir fainting lymbes must fall:  
 And as the Flie once singed in the flame,  
 Cannot commaund hir wings to wauae away:  
 But by the heele, shee hangeth in the same  
 Till cruell death hir hasty iourney stay:  
 So they that seeke to breake the linkes of loue  
 Striue with the streame, and this by paine I proue.

For when  
 I first beheld that heauenly hewe of thine,  
 Thy stately stature, and thy comly grace,  
 I must confesse these dazled eyes of mine  
 Did wincke for feare, when I first viewd thy face:  
 But bold desire did open them againe,  
 And bad mee looke till I had lookt to long,  
 I pittied them that did procure my paine,  
 And lou'd the lookes that wrought me all the wrong:  
 And as the byrd once caught (but woorks hir woe)  
 That strives to leaue the limed twigges behind:  
 Euen so the more I straued to parte thee fro,  
 The greater grief did growe within my minde:  
 Remediesse then must I yeeld to thee,  
 And craue no more, thy seruauant but to bee.

## SONNET.

Loue, hope, and death, do stirre in me such strife,  
 As neuer man but I led such a life.  
 First burning loue doth wound my hart to death,  
 And when death comes at call of inward griefe,  
 Coide lingering hope doth feede my fainting breath  
 Against my will, and yeeldes my wound reliefe:  
 So that I liue, but yet my life is such,  
 As death would neuer greue me halfe so much.  
 No comfort then but only this I tast,  
 To salue such sore, such hope will neuer want,  
 And with such hope, such life will euer last,  
 And with such life, such sorrowes are not skant.  
 Oh strange desire, O life with torments lost,  
 Through too much hope, mine onely hope is lost.

In prime of lustie yeares when Cupid caught me  
 in, [best begin:  
 And nature taught the waie to loue, how I might  
 To please my wandring eie, in beauties tickle trade,  
 To gaze on cache that passed by, a carelesse  
 sporte I made.

With sweete enticing baite, I fisht for manie  
 a dame, [the flame:  
 And warmed me by manie a fire, yet felt I not  
 But when at last I spied, that face that please  
 me most, [I began to tost.  
 The coales were quicke, the woods was drie, and

And smiling yet full oft, I haue behelde that face,  
 When in my hearte I might bewaile mine owne  
 vnluckie case: [griefe,  
 And oft againe with lokes that might bewraie my  
 i pleaded harde for iust rewarde, and sought to  
 finde reliefe.

What will you more? so oft my gazing eies did  
 seeke, [cheeke:  
 To see the rose and lillie striue vpon that liuelie  
 Till at the last I spied, and by good prooffe I founde,  
 That in that face was painted plaine, the pearcer  
 of my wound.

Then (all to late) agast, I did my foote retire,  
 And sought with secret signes to quenche my greedie  
 skalding fire  
 But lo, I did preuaile asmuche to guide my will,  
 As he that seeks with halting heele, to hop against  
 the hill.

Or as the feeble sight, woude searche the sunne's  
 beame, [the streame.  
 Euen so I founde but labour lost, to striue against  
 Then gan I thus resolute, since liking forced lose.  
 Should I mislike my happie choice, before I did a  
 proue?

And since none other ioye I had but her to see,  
 Shoulde I retire my deepe desire? no no it wou'd  
 not bee; [well deserue,  
 Though great the ductie were, that shee did  
 And I poore man, vnworthie am so worthie a sight  
 to serue.

Yet hope my comfort staide, that she would  
 haue regard, [for iust reward:  
 To my good will that nothing cran'd, but like  
 I see the faucon gent sometime will take delight,  
 To seeke the solace of hir wing, and dallie with a  
 kite.

The fairest Woulf will choose the foulest for hir  
 make, [hir make:  
 And why? because he doth indure most sorrow for  
 Euen so had I like hope, when dolefull daies were  
 spent  
 When wearie wordes were wasted well, to open  
 true entent.

When fluddes of flowing teares, had wastit my  
 weeping eies,  
 When trembling tongue had troubled hir, with  
 loud lamenting cries:  
 At last hir worthy will would pittie this my plaint,  
 And comfort me hir owne poore slauie, whom  
 feare had made so faint.

Wherefore I made a vowe, the stony rocke  
 should start,  
 Ere I presume, to let her slippe out of my faith-  
 full heart.

## LEQUOIR.

And when she sawe by prooffe, the pith of my  
 good will,  
 She tooke in worth this simple song, for want  
 of better skill:  
 And as my iust deserts, hir gentle hart did moue,  
 She was content to answere thus: I am content to  
 loue.

A CLOUD of care hath coured all my coste,  
 And stormes of strife doo threaten to appeare:  
 The waues of woe, which I mistrusted moete,  
 Haue broke the bankes wherein my life lay cleare:  
 Chippes of ill chauce, are fallen amyd my choyce,  
 To marre the mynd, that ment for to reioyce.

Before I sought, I founde the haue of hap,  
 Wherein (once found) I sought to shrowd my ship,  
 But lowering loue hath lifte me from hir lap,  
 And crabbed lot beginnes to hang the lip:  
 The proppes of darke mistrust do fall so thick,  
 They pearce my coate, and touch my skin at quick.

What may be said, where truth cannot per-  
suade?

What plea maie serue, where will it selfe is iudge?  
What reason rules, where right and reason faile?  
Remediesse thou must the guiltlesse trudge:  
And seeke out care, to be the caruing knife,  
To cut the thred that lingreth such a life.

## A MOONSHYNE.

DAME Cynthia her selfe (that shines so bright,  
And dayneth not to leaue hir loftie place:  
But onely then, when Phoebus shewes his face.  
Which is her brother borne and lendes hir light,  
Disdaind not yet to do my Lady right:  
To proue that in such heavenly wightes as she,  
It sitteth best that right and reason be,  
For when she spied my Ladies golden raies,  
Into the cloudes,  
Her head she shroudes, [plaies.  
And ashamed to shine where she hir beames dis-

Good reason yet, that to my simple skill,  
I should the name of Cynthia adore:  
By whose high helpe, I might beholde the more,  
My Ladies louely lookes at mine owne will,  
With deepe content, to gaze, and gaze my fill:  
Of courtesie and not of darcke disdaioe,  
Dame Cynthia discloode my Lady plaine.  
Shee did but lende hir light (as for a lite)  
With friendly grace,  
To shew hir face,  
That else would shew and shine in hir dispight.

Dan Phoebus hee with many a lowring looke,  
Had hir behelde in yore in angrie wise:  
And when he coulde none other meane deuise  
To staine hir name, this deepe deceit he tooke,  
To be the baite that best might hide his hooke:  
Into hir eyes his parching beames he cast,  
To skorche their skianes, that goz'd on hir full  
fast:

Whereby when many a man was sunne burnt so  
They thought my Zuesene,  
The sonne had beene.  
With skalding flames, which wrought them all  
that wo.

And that when many a looke had lookt so long,  
As that their eyes were dimme and dazaled both:  
Some fainting heartes that were both leude and  
loth

To looke agayne from whence that error sprong,  
Gan close thair eye for feare of farther wrong:  
And some againe once drawn into the maze,  
Gan leudly blame the beames of beauties blaze:  
But I with deepe foresight did soone espie,  
How Phoebus ment,  
By false intent,  
To slauder so ber name with crueltie.

Wherefore at better leasure thought I best,  
To trie the treason of his trecherie:  
And to exalt my Ladies dignitie  
When Phoebus fed and drew him downe to rest,  
Amid the waues that walter in the west,  
I gan behold this louely Ladies face.  
Whereon dame nature spent hir giftes of grace:

And found therein no parching heat at all,  
But such bright bew,  
As might renew,  
An Augels ioyes in raigne celestiall.

The courtesouse Moone that wist to do me  
good,  
Did shine to shew my dame more perfectly,  
But when she sawe hir passing iolittie,  
The Moone for shame, did blush as red as bloud,  
And shrounke aside and kept hir-hornes in boode:  
So that now when Dame Cynthia was gone,  
I might enioye my Ladies lokes alone,  
Yet honoured still the Moone with true intent,  
Who taught vs skill,  
To worke our will,  
And gaue vs place, till all the night was spent.

## A CHALLENGE TO BEAUTIE.

BEAUTIE shut vp thy shop, and trusse vp all thy  
trash,  
My Neill hath stolne thy finest stuffe, and left thee  
in the lish [wot,  
Thy market now is marde, thy gaires are gone god  
Thou hast no ware, that maie compare, with this  
that I haue got  
As for thy painted pale, and wrinkles surfed vp:  
Are deare ynough, for such as lust to drinke of  
euery cup: [bagges,  
Thy hodies bolstred out, with bumbact and with  
Thy rowles, thy ruffes, thy caules, thy coifes, thy  
Ierkins and thy Jaggies.  
Thy curling, and thy cost, thy friesling and thy  
fare,  
To court to court with al those tois, and there  
set forth such ware  
Before their hungrie eies, that gaze on euery gest,  
And choose the cheapest chaffaire still, to please  
their fancy best. [a glance,  
But I whose steadfast eies, coulde neuer cast  
With wandring loke, amid the presse, to take my  
choise by chaunce  
Haue wonne by due desert, a peece that hath no  
peere, [there:  
And left the rest as refuse all, to serue the market  
There let him chuse that list, there catche the  
best who can: [a gazing man.  
A painted blazing baite may serue, to choke  
But I haue blizt thy flower, that freshest is of  
bewe:  
I haue thy corne, goe sell thy chaffe, I list to seeke  
no new.  
The windowes of mine eies, are glaz'd with such  
delight, [in my sight:  
As eche new face seemes full of faulces, that biases  
And not without iust cause, I can compare her so,  
Loe here my gloue I challenge him, that cau, or  
dare say no.  
Let Theseus come with clubbe, or Paris bragge  
with brand, [the Grecian land:  
To proue howe faire their Hellen was, that skourg'd  
Let mighty Mars himselfe, come armed to the  
field:  
And vaunt dame Venus to defend, with helmet,  
speare, and shield. [embrace,  
This hand that had good hap, my Hellen to  
Shal haue like lucke to still hir foes, and daunt  
them with disgrace.

And cause them to confesse by verdict and by othe,  
How faire hir louelic lookes do steine, the beauties  
of them both.

And that my Hellen is more faire then Paris  
wife,

And doth deserue more famous praise, then Venus  
for hir life.

Which if I not performe, my life then let me leese,  
Or else be bound in chaines of change, to hegge  
for beauties feese.

## SONNET.

THE stately Dames of Rome, their Pearles did  
weare,

About their neckes to beautifie their name:

But she (whome I doe serue) hir pearles doth  
beare,

Close in hir mouth, and smiling shewe, the same.  
No wonder then, though eu'ry word she speakes,  
A Jewell seeme in iudgement of the wise,  
Since that hir sugred tongue the passage breakes,  
Betweene two rockes, bedeckt with pearles of  
price,

Hir haire of golde, hir front of luory,  
(A bloody heart within so white a breast)

Hir teeth of Pearle lippes Rubie, christall eye,

Needes must I honour hir about the rest:

Since she is fourmed of none other mould,

But Rubie, Christall, luory, Pearle, and Golde.

Ferdinando Ieronimy.

## IELOMBE.

WHAT state to man, so swete and pleasaunt  
weare,

As to be tyed, in linkes of worthy loue?

What life so bliss and happie might appeare,

As for to serue Cupid that god aboute?

If that our mindes were not sometimes infect,

With dread, with feare, with care, with cold sus-  
pect:

With deepe dispaire, with furious frenesie,

Handmaidens to her, whome we call Ielosie.

For eu'ry other sop of sower chauce,  
Which louers tast amid their sweete delight:

Encreaseth ioye, and doth their loue aduance,

In pleasures place, to haue more perfect plight.

The thirstie mouth thinkes water hath good taste,

The hungrie iawes, are pleas'd, with eche repaste:  
Who hath not prou'd what dearth by warres doth  
groe,

Cannot of peace the pleasaunt plenties knowe.

And though with eye, we see not eu'ry ioye,

Yet maie the minde, full well support the same,

And absent life long led in great annoye.

When presence comes, doth turne from griefe to  
game,

To serue without reward is thought great paine,

But if dispaire do not therewith remaine,

It may be borne for right rewardes at last,

Followe true seruice, though they come not fast.

Disdaines, repulses, snallie eche ill,

Eche smart, eche paine, of loue eche bitter tast,

To thinke on them gan frame the louers will,

To like eche ioye, the more that comes at last:

But this infernall plague if once it tutch,  
Or venome once the louers mind with grutch,  
All festes and ioyes that afterwards befall,  
The louer computes them light or nought at all.

This is that sore, this is that poisoned wound,  
The which to heale, nor salue, nor ointmentes  
serue,

Nor charme of wordes, nor Image can be founde,  
Nor obseruance of starres can it preserue,  
Nor all the art of Magicke can preuaile,  
Which Zoroastes found for our auaille,  
Oh cruell plague, aboue all sorrowes smart,  
With desperate death thou sleast the louers heart.

And me euen now, thy gall bath so infect,  
As all the ioyes which euer louer found,  
And all good lyps, that euer Troyles sent,  
Atchieued yet aboute the luckles ground:  
Can neuer sweeten once my mouth with mell,  
Nor bring my thoughtes, againe in rest to dwell.  
Of thy mad moodes, and of naught else I thinke,  
In such like seas, faire Bradamant did sincke

FROM THE PRINCELY PLEASURES AT  
KENELWORTH CASTLE.

## SONG.

COME Muses, come, and helpe me to lament,  
Come woods, come waues, come hills, come  
doleful dales

Since life and death are both against me bent,

Come Gods, come men, beare witnesse of my  
bales.

O heavenly Nymphs, come helpe my heauy heart:  
With sighes to see dame pleasure thus depart.

If death or dole, could daunt a deepe desire,

If priue pangs could counterpoise my plaint:

If tract of time, a true intent could tire,

Or cramps of care, a constant minde could taint,

O then might I, at will here liue and sterue:

Although my deedes did more delight deserue.

But out alas, no gripes of greefe suffice,

To breake in twaine this harmelesse heart of  
mine

For though delight be banisht from mine eyes,

Yet liues D-sire, whom paines can neuer pine.

O strauge effects, I liue which seeme to die

Yet die to see my deere delight go by.

Then farewell sweet, for whom I taste such sower

Farewell delight, for whom I dwell in dole:

Free will, farewell, farewell my fancies flower,

Farewell content whom cruell cares controule.

Oh farewell life, delightfull death farewell,

I dye in heauen, yet liue in darksome hell.

## FROM THE GLASSE OF GOVERNEMENT.

## CHORUS TO ACT I.

WHEN God ordeynd the restless life of man,  
And made him thrall to sundry greuous cares:  
The first borne griefe or sorrow that began,  
To shew it self, was this: to seeu from snares

The pleasant pledge, which God for vs prepares,  
I meane the seede, and offspring that he giues,  
To any wight which in this world here lyes.

Few see themselves, but each man seeth his  
chylde,

Such care for them, as care not for themselfe,  
We care for them, in youth when witte is wilde,  
We care for them, in age to gather pelf:  
We care for them, to keepe them from the shelf  
Of such quicke sands, as we our selues first founde,  
When headdy will, dyd sett our shippes on grounde.

The care which Christ dyd take to saue his  
sheepe,

Hath bene compar'd, to fathers care on child,  
And as the hen, her harmles chicks can keepe  
From cruell kyte: so must the father shyld  
His youthfull Sonnes, that they be not beguyld,  
By wicked world, by fleshy foule desire,  
Which serue the deuill, with fewell for his fire.

Fyrst parentes care, to bring their children forth,  
To breede them then, to bring them vp in youth,  
To match them eke, with wightes of greatest worth,  
To see them taught, the trosty tracks of truth:  
To braue excesse, from whence all sin ensueth.  
And yet to geue, enough for common neede,  
Least lothsome lacke make vice for vertue breede.

Let shame of sinne, thy Childrens bridle be,  
And spurre them forth, with bounty wysely used:  
That difference, each man may plainly see,  
Twene parentes care, and maisters boies abused:  
So Terence taught, whose lore is not refus'd,

But yet where youth is prone to follow ill,  
There spare the spurre, and use the brydell still.

Thus infinite, the cares of Parentes are.  
Some care to saue their children from myshappe,  
Some care for welth, and some for honours care,  
Whereby their Sonnes may sitte in fortunes  
lappe:

Yet they which cram them so with worldly pappe,  
And neuer care, to geue them heauenly crommes,  
Shall see them sterue, when happe of hunger  
comes.

Said Socrates; that man which careth more  
To leaue his chyld, much good and rych of rent:  
Then he forseeth, to furnish him with store  
Of vertues welth, which neuer can be spent:  
Shall make him lyke, the steed that styll is pent  
In stable close: which may be fayre in sight,  
But seldome serues, such horse in field to fight.

So Xenophon, his freend Das Tully told,  
And so do here, Phylpotes<sup>1</sup> and his pbeare  
Phylocalus<sup>1</sup>, that selfe same lesson hold:  
They rather loue to leaue their sonnes in fears  
Of God aboue: then wealth to wallow heare.  
Which godly care, O God, so deigne to blisse,  
That men may see how great thy glory is.

<sup>1</sup> Characters in the Glass of Governement, the object of which is to shew the errors of education. The other chorusses are much in the same strain. C.