

THE
POEMS
OF
JOHN SKELTON.

Salve plus decies quot sunt momenta dierum,
Quot generum species, quot res quot domina rerum;
Quot prati flores, quot sunt in orbe colores;
Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt in equore manus,
Quot volucrum penes, quot sunt tormenta Gehennae;
Quot Cœli stellas, quot sunt in orbe pueras,
Quot sancti Roma, quot sunt miracula Thome,
Quot sunt virtutes, tot vobis mitto salutes.

THE
LIFE OF JOHN SKELTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

This eccentric satyrist, descended from an ancient family in Cumberland, was born towards the latter part of the fifteenth century, and appears to have studied in both universities. Wood claims him for Oxford, although without conceiving that he was a very honourable addition to his list of worthies. The late Mr. Cole, in his collections for the *Athenae Cantabrigienses*, is of opinion that he belongs to Cambridge, partly because he alludes to his being curate of Trompington in 1507, and mentions Swaffam and Soham, two towns in Cambridgeshire, and partly because there occurs the name of one *Skelton*, M.A. of Cambridge in the year 1484¹. On the other hand, Wood reckons him of Oxford, from the authority of Bale in a MS. in the Bodleian library: and in the preface of Caxton's Translation of the *Aeneids* he is said to have been "lately created poet laureate in the unyversite of Oxenforde," and to have been the translator of some of the Latin classics.

This laureateship, however, it must be observed, was not the office now known as pertaining to the court, but was a degree conferred at the university. Churchyard, in the poem prefaced to Skelton's works, says

Skelton wore the lawrell wreath,
And past in schools ye knew.

This honour appears to have been conferred on him about the year 1489, and if our author was the *Skelton* discovered by Mr. Cole, he had now left Cambridge for Oxford; but Mr. Malone says that, a few years after this, he was permitted to wear the wreath publicly at Cambridge, and had been previously honoured by Henry VII. with a grant to wear either some peculiar dress, or some additional ornament in his ordinary apparel. In addition to this, it may be inferred from the titles of some of his works that he was poet laureate to king Henry VIII.; but Mr. Malone has not been able to

¹ See the editor's preface to the edition of 1736. C.

discover whether he received any salary in consequence of this office*. The origin of the royal laureat is somewhat obscure. According to Mr. Warton he was only a graduated rhetorician employed in the service of the king, and all his productions were in Latin, until the time of the Reformation, which, among other advantages, opened the way to the cultivation of the English tongue.

In the page where Skelton mentions his being curate of Tropington, he informs us that he was at the same time (1507) rector of Diss in Norfolk, and probably had held this living long before. Tradition informs us that his frequent buffooneries in the pulpit excited general censure. Of what nature those buffooneries were we cannot now determine, but it is certain that at a much later period the pulpit was frequently debased by irreverent allusions and personal scurrilities. There appear to have been three subjects at which Skelton delighted to aim his satire; these were the mendicant friars, Lilly the grammarian, and cardinal Wolsey. From what we find in his works, his treatment of these subjects was coarse enough in style, and perhaps illiberal in sentiment; and there is some reason to think that he did not preserve a due reverence for the forms and pomp of the established religion, which above all other faults would naturally tend to bring him into disgrace and danger. Those who felt his satire would be glad to excite a clamour against his impiety; and it must be allowed that the vices of his age are frequently represented in such indelicate language, as to furnish his enemies with the very plausible reproach, that he was not one of those reformers who begin with themselves.

But although we can now have very little sympathy with the injured feelings of the begging friars, it is not improbable that some of his poems or ballads might very justly rouse the vigilance of his diocesan, the bishop of Norwich, who, Mr. Warton thinks, suspended him from his functions. Anthony Wood asserts that he was punished by the bishop for "having been guilty of certain crimes as most poets are." According to Fuller, the "crime of most poets" in Skelton's case was his keeping of a concubine, which yet was at that time a less crime in a clergyman than marriage. Skelton, on his death-bed, declared that he conscientiously considered his concubine as his wife, but was afraid to own her in that light; and from this confession and the occasional liberties he has taken with his pen in lauding the vices of the clergy, it is not improbable that he had imbibed some of the principles of the Reformation, but had not the courage to avow them unless under the mask of such satire as might pass without judicial censure.

With respect, however, to Wolsey, his prudence appears to have deserted him, as he felt bold enough to stigmatize the personal character of that statesman, then in the plenitude of his power. Whether such attacks were made in any small poems or ballads, or only in his poem of *Why come ye not to Court?* is not certain; but the latter does not appear to have been printed until 1585, and was too long to have been easily circulated in manuscript. Wolsey, however, by some means or other, discovered the abuse and the author, and ordered him to be apprehended. Skelton took refuge in the sanctuary of Westminster abbey, where the abbot Islip afforded him protection until his death, which took place June 21, 1529, not long before the downfall of his illustrious prosecutor. He was interred in St. Margaret's church-yard, with the inscription

I. Sceltonus Vates Pierius hic sicutus est.

* Malone's Life of Dryden, vol. i. p. 83, where the reader will find a very useful appendix to Mr. Warton's discoveries on the nature of the office of laureat. C.

Skelton appears to have been a more considerable personage, at one time at least, than his contemporaries would have us to believe. It is certain that he was esteemed a scholar, and that his classical learning recommended him to the office of tutor to Prince Henry, afterwards king Henry VIII. who, at his accession, made him royal orator, an office so called by himself, the nature of which is doubtful, unless it was blended with that of laureat. As to his general reputation, Erasmus in a letter to Henry VIII. styles him *Britannicarum literarum decus et lumen*, a character which must have either been inferred from common opinion, or derived from personal knowledge. Whatever provocation he gave to the clergy, he was not without patrons who overlooked his errors and extravagancies for the sake of his genius; and during the reign of Henry VII. he had the enviable distinction of being almost the only professed poet of the age. Henry Algernon Percy, fifth earl of Northumberland, one of the very few patrons of learned men and artists at that time, appears to have entertained a high regard for our author. In a collection of poems magnificently engrossed on vellum, for the use of this nobleman, is an elegy on the death of the earl's father written by Skelton. This volume is now in the British Museum; but the elegy may be seen in Skelton's works, and in Dr. Percy's Relics.

When a favourite author betrays grossness and indecency, it is usual to inquire how much of this is his own, and how much may be referred to the licentiousness of his age? Warton observes that it is in vain to apologize for the coarseness, obscenity, and scurrility of Skelton, by saying that his poetry is tinctured with the manners of his age, and adds that Skelton would have been a writer without decorum at any period. This decision, however, is not more justly passed on Skelton than it ought to be on others in this collection whom it has been the fashion to vindicate by an appeal to the manners of their age. The manners of no age can apologize for the licentiousness of the writer who descends to copy them. There are always enough in an age that has a court, a clergy, and a people, to support the dignity of virtue and to assert the respect due to public decency. If we knew more minutely of the manners of our country in those remote periods, it would probably be found that licentiousness has upon the whole been more discouraged than patronised by the public voice.

Although it is impossible to lessen the censure which Skelton incurred among his contemporaries, and immediate successors, it is but fair to say that his indelicacies are of no very seductive kind; that they are obscured by cant words and phrases no longer intelligible, or intelligible but to few; and that the removal of them is a matter of less trouble and less injury to the collection than his biographers, who have copied one another, would insinuate. As to his poetry, Mr. Warton's character may in general be followed with safety, and ought to be preserved with the respect due to so excellent a critic.

“ Skelton's characteristic vein of humour is capricious and grotesque. If his whimsical extravagancies ever move our laughter, at the same time they shock our sensibility. His festive levities are not only vulgar and indecent, but frequently want truth and propriety. His subjects are often as ridiculous as his metre; but he sometimes debases his matter by his versification. On the whole, his genius seems better suited to low burlesque, than to liberal and manly satire. It is supposed by Caxton, that he improved our language; but he sometimes affects obscurity, and sometimes adopts the most familiar phraseology of the common people.” After quoting some lines from

the Boke of Colin Cloute, Mr. Warton remarks that these are in the best manner of his petty measure, which is made still more disgusting by the repetition of the rhymes; but allows that in the poem called *The Bouge of Court, or the Rewards of a Court*, the author, by "adopting the more grave and stately movement of the seven-lined stanza, has shown himself not always incapable of exhibiting allegorical imagery with spirit and dignity."

Skelton, however, is very unequal, although his natural bias, and what he seems most anxious to revert to, is comic buffoonery. That the author of the *Prayers to the Trinity*, and the lines on the death of lord Percie, could have written the *Tunning of Elinour Rummung*, is almost incredible. His multiplied repetition of rhymes, arbitrary abbreviations of the verse, caut expressions, hard and sounding words newly coined, and patches of Latin and French, Warton supposes to be peculiar, though not exclusively to our author; but his new-coined words and Latin and French phrases occur so often, that other critics appear to have been too hasty in asserting that he wrote only for the mob. There is occasionally much sound sense, and, it is to be feared, much just satire on the conduct of the clergy, which we know was such as to justify the plunder of the church by Henry VIII. in the eyes of the people at large. As a poet, however, Skelton contributed very little to the improvement of the poetical style, and seems often more disposed to render versification ridiculous. His vein of humour is copious and original, and had it been directed to subjects of legitimate satire, and regulated by some degree of taste, he might have been thought more worthy of a place in a collection of English poets, and more credit would have been given to what he insinuates, that he was disliked and reviled for having honestly, though bluntly, exposed the reigning follies of his day. Mrs. Cooper calls him, with some degree of truth, "the restorer of invention in English poetry;" and by Bradshaw, a very indifferent poet of the fifteenth century, he is complimented as the *inventive Skelton*.

His works have hitherto been ushered into the world without much care. It yet remains to explain his obscurities, translate his vulgarisms, and point his verses. The task would require much time and labour, with perhaps no very inviting prospect of recompence. Besides the works now before the reader, Mr. Ritson⁵ has given a list of pieces, the most of which are easily accessible, and might have been added to the present collection had they appeared to throw any important light on the character of the author, or of his age. But Mr. Ritson thinks it utterly incredible that "the *Nigromansir*," described by Warton, as printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1504, ever existed.

⁵ In his *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 102. C.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1796.

The following poems having been lately recovered from the obscurity in which they had the fate to be concealed for many years, the editor, instead of introducing them to the public, with a panegyric on their author, thinks it a more modest proceeding, to leave the judgment of his merit, as a poet, to those who have this opportunity of reading his productions; but as some account of his life may possibly be expected on this occasion, it was thought proper to collect the following particulars, on that subject, from the *Athenae Oxonienses* of Mr. Wood, who relates them in this manner.

John Skelton, the eminent poet of his time, was originally, if not nearly, descended from the Skeltons of Cumberland; and having been educated at the university of Oxford, became highly renowned among men, for his poetry and philosophy. Afterwards, taking holy orders, he was made rector of Dyuse in Norfolk, where, and in the diocese, he was esteemed more fit for the stage, than the pew or pulpit. The reader is now to know, that one John Skelton was made vicar of Dultyng in the diocese of Bath and Wells, anno 1512, upon the promotion of Hugh Yngo to the see of Meath in Ireland; where having continued some years without a degree (as some chancellors, archdeacons, may priors, abbots, and deans, have so done in their respective times and places) did retire to Oxon, study there with leave from his diocesan, and in July 1518, (10. Hen. VIII.) was admitted to the extraordinary reading of my book of the *decretales*, that is to the degree of bachelor of decrees, which some call the canon law. The next year I find him to be made rector of Westquaintok, in the said diocese, by the name and title of John Skelton bachelor of decrees, and, in 1525, rector of Clotworley there. But this John Skelton I cannot take to be the same with him that was the poet, and rector of Dyuse; who having been guilty of certain crimes (as most poets are) at least not agreeable to the coast, fell under the heavy censure of Richard Nykke, bishop of Norwich, his diocesan; especially for his scoffs and ill language against the monks and dominicans, in his writings. In which also, reflecting on the actions of cardinal Wolsey, he was so closely pursued by his officers, that he was obliged to take sanctuary at Westminster, where he was kindly entertained by John Islip the abbat, and continued there to the time of his death. Erasmus, in an epistle to king Henry VIII. stiles this poet, *Britannicarum Literarum Lumen et Decus*, and of the like opinion were many of his time. Yet the generality saw, that his witty discourses were biting, his laughter opprobrious and scornful, and his jokes commonly sharp and reflecting.

At length, our poet dying in his sanctuary, was buried in the chancel of the church of St. Margaret, within the city of Westminster in 1529, 21 Henry VIII. Over his grave was this inscription soon after put. *Johannes Skeltonus Vates pierius hic situs est. Animam egit (ejicit) 21 Junii An. Dom.*

PREFACE.

MDXXIX. Near to his body was afterwards buried an old court poet, called Thomas Churchyard, and not in the church porch, as certain old rhymes tell you, beginning thus:

Come Alecto, and lend me thy torch,
To find a Churchyard in a church-porch.

I find another John Skelton, who lived in the time of king Henry IV. but he was a doctor of divinity and a dominican, and therefore I conceive it the reason why Balbus stileth this poet doctor of divinity, which no other author, beside himself, doth. Another John Skelton I find, who was confirmed abbat of Whithy in Yorkshire, (upon the death of Thomas Bolton) by the archbishop of York, Nov. 1412.

INTRODUCTORY VERSES.

If sloth and tract of time,
(That wears eche thing away),
Should rust and canker worthy artes,
Good works wold soon decay.
If suches as present are,
For goeth the people part:
Our selues should soen in silence slope,
And losse renom at last.
No soyll nor land so rude,
But som odd men can shoe:
Than should the learned pas unknowne,
Whoes pen and skill did flos,
God ached our slouth wear sutch,
Or world so simple nowe:
That knowledge scaupt without reward,
Who sercheth vertue throwe
And paints forth vyce aright,
And blames abutes of men:
And shoes what lief deserues rebuke,
And who the prayes of pen.
You see howe forrayn realms,
Advancen their poes all:
And oars are drownen in the dust,
Or flong against the wall.
In Fraunce did Marrot raigne,
And neighbour thear vnto
Was Petrark, marching full with Dantte:
Who erst did wonders do
Among the noble Grekes,
Was Homere full of skill:
And where that Ouid norisht was,
The soyll did florish still
With letters hie of style:
But Virgill wan the frace,
And past them all for deep engyen,
And made them all to gae
Upon the bookees he made:
Thus eche of them you see
Wan praysye and fame and honor had,
Eche one in their degree.
I pray you them my friendes,
Desdaine not for to vewe
The workeres and sagred verses fine,
Of our rae poetes newe
Whose barborous language rued,
Perhaps ye may mislike,
But blame them not that ruedly playes
If they the ball do strike.
Nor skorne not mother tungue,
O babes of Englyshe breed,
I haue of other language seem,
And you at full may reed,
Five verses truely wrought,
And contect in comly sort,
But never I nor you I tree,
In sentence plaine and short,
Did yet beholde with eye,
In any forraigne tonge,
A higher verse a stately style,
That may be read or song,
Than is this daye in deede
Our Englyshe verse and ryme:
The grace wherof doth touch the gods,
And reacht the cloudes somtyme.

Thorow earth and waters deepe,
The pen by skill doth passa:
And fealty nypes the worlden abuse,
And shooes vs in a glasse,
The vertu and the vice,
Of every wyght alyue:
The hony combe that bee doth make,
Is not so sweete in hue,
As are the golden leues,
That drops from poes head:
Which doth surmount our common talkes
As farre as dros doth lead.
The flowre is sifted cleane,
The bran is cast aside.
And so good corne is knownen from chaffe,
And each fine graine is spide.
Peers plowman was full plaine,
And Chausens spreit was great:
Earle Sury had a goodly vyayne,
Lord Vans the marke did beat.
And Phaer did hit the pricker,
In thinges he did translate:
And Edwards had a special gift,
And diuers men of late,
Hath helpt our Englyshe young,
The first was bane and brute
Ohe shall I leue out Skeltones name,
The blossome of my frute,
The tree wheron in dead,
My branchis all might gree,
Nay Skelton wore the lawrell wreath,
And past in schoolis ye knoc,
A poet for his arte,
Whoes judgment suer was bie,
And had great practies of the pen,
His works they will not lie.
His terms to taunts did lean,
His talke was as he wraet:
Full quick of witt, right sharp of words,
And skilful of the stact.
Of reason ripe and good,
And to the haefull mynd,
That did disdaine his doings still,
A skornar of his kynd.
Most pleasant every way,
As poete ought to be:
And seldom out of princis grace,
And great with eche degre,
Thus haue you heard at full,
What Skelton was in deed:
A further knowledge shall you haue,
If you his bookee do reed.
I haue of meer good will,
Theare versye written heer:
To honour vertue as I ought,
And make his fame asper,
That when the garland gay,
Of lawrell leues but last,
Small is my pain, great is his prayes,
That thus sutch honour gaet.

POEMS

OF

JOHN SKELTON.

SKELTON LAUREATE

ORATORIS REGIS TERTIUS.

AGAINST VENEMOUS TONGUES EMPLOYED WITH SCLAUNDER AND FALSE DETRACTIONS, 15c

Quid detur tibi aut quid apponatur tibi ad lin-
guam dolosam? Psalm. xliij.

Deus destruet te, in finem evellet te, & emi-
grabit te de tabernaculo tuo, & radicem tuam de
terram viventium. Psal. lxvii.

Al maters wel pondred, and wel to be regarded
How shuld a fale lying tung then be rewarded
Such tonges shuld be torned out by the barde rootes
Hoyning like bogges that gruynis and wrotis.

Dilexisti omnia verba precipitationis lingua
dolos. vbi. s. &c.

For as I haue red in volumes olde
A fale lying tung is harde to withholde.
A sclauderous tung, a tung of skolde
Worketh more mischiae than can be tolde.
That if I wist not to be controled
Yet somewhat to say I dare well be boide
How some delite for to lye, thycke and threfolde.

Ad mannam hominem rededit comite et gra-
phice.

For ye said, that he said, that I said, wote ye what
I made (he said) a windmill of an olde mat.
If there be nope other mater but that,
Than ye may commannde me to gentil Cok wat.

Hic notat (purpuraria arte) intextas literas
Romanas in amictibus post ambulonum
ante et retro.

For before on your brent, and behind on your
In Romaine letters I never founde lack. [back,

In your crosse rowe, nor Christ crosse you spedde,
Your Pater noster, your Ave, nor your Credo.
Who soever that tale vnto you tolde,
He saith vntruly, to say, that I would
Controle the cognisance of noble men:
Either by language, or with my pen.

Pedagogium meum de sublimiori Minoru
constat esse, ergo. &c.

My scole is more solem, and somewhat more haute
Than to be founde in any such faute.

Pedagogium meum male sanos maledicos
(sibialis complosique mantibus) explodit.
&c.

My scoles are not for vnrifites vntaught,
For frantick faitors half mad, and half straught
But my learning is of an other degree,
To taunt them like liddrous, lewde as thei bee.

Laxent ergo antemniam elationis sue infatiam
vento vanitatis. li. ille. &c.

For though some be liddur, and list for to rayle,
Yet to lie vpon me they can not preuyle,
Then let them vale a bonet of their proud sayle.
And of their taunting toies rest with il hayle.

Nobilitati ignobilis cedat vtilitas. &c.

There is no noble man wil judge in me,
Any such foly to rest or to be.
I care muche the h-ss what ever they say,
For tunges vntayde be renning a stray.

But yet I may say safely, so many wel letred
Embrasured, enlasid together, and fettred,
And so litle learning, so lewdly alwed:
What fault find ye herein but may be auowed?

But ye are so full of vertibilite,
And of frenetyke folisilitate.
And of melancholy mutabilite.

That ye would coarte, and enbrace me.
Nothing to write, but hay the gy of thre.
And I to suffre you lewdly to ly,
Of me, with your language full of vilany.
Sicut noocia acuta fecisti dolum, vbi. s.
Malicious tungen, though they hane no bones,
Are sharper then swordes, sturdier then stones.
Leye philostratum de vita tyanei Apollonij.
Sharper then mysons, that shawe and cut throtes.
More stinging then scorpions that stang Pha-

rotis.
Venenum aspidum sub labiis eorum. Ps.
More venomous and much more virulent,
Than any poisoned tode, or any serpent.
Quid peregrinis egemus exemplis, ad domes-

ticas recurramus. &c. li. illa.
Such tungen unhappy bath made great division.
In realmes, in citiis, by suche fale abusion.
Of fale sickil tungen, suche clokeden collusion.
Hath brought nobil princes to extreme confu-

sion.
Quicquid loquantur vt effeminantur: ita effa-

tar. &c.
Somtime women were put in great blame,
Men said they could not their tungen atame.
But men take upon them nowe all the shame.
With skolding and skandering make their

tungen lame.
Novarum rerum cupidissimi, captatores, de-

latores, adulatores, inuigilatores, deliratores,
&c. id genus li. illa.
For men be now traiters and tellers of tales,
What tidings at Totman, what newis in Wales?
What shippis are sailing to Scallia malleis
And all is not worth a couple of nut shalies
But lering and lurking here and there like spies.
The devil tene their tungen and pike out their

ies.
Then ren they with leesinges, and blow them about.
With he wrate such a bil withouten dout.
With, I can tel you what such a man said,
And you knew all, ye would be ill apayd.

De more vulpino guenientes ad auren, fictas
fabetas fabricant. li. illa.
In auspiciatum. male ominatum. infortunatum
se fatetur habuisse horoscopum quicunque
maledixerit vati Pierio. S. L. d.

But if that I knew what his name bight,
For clatering of me, I wold him sone quight.
For his false lying, of that I spake never,
I could make him shortly repent him for euer.
Although he made it never so tough,

He might be sure to have shame ynoch.
Cerberus horrendo haratri latrando, sub an-

tro. Te rodatque voret lingua doloma (pro-

cor.)
A fale double tungen is more fiers and fell,
Then Cerberus that cur couching in the kennel

of hel
Wherof hereafter, I think for to write,
Of fale double tungen is the dispite.

Recipit se scriptarum opus sancte, laudabile,

acceptabile, memorabileque, & nimis honorifican-

dum.

Disperdat dominus vniuersa labia dolosa & lie,
guam magniloquam.

Why were ye Calliope,
embrawdred with letters of golde ?

SKELTON LAUREATE ORATO. EGO. HARETH THIS
AUNSWERE. &c.

CALLIOPE

As ye may se
Regent is she
Of poetis al
Whiche gane to me
The high degré
Laureat to be.
Of fame royll
Whose name enrolde
With silk and golde
I dare be bold
Thus for to were
Of her I holde
And her housholde
Though I waxe olde
And somdele sere
Yet is she fayne
Voyde of disdayn
Me to retayne
Her seruiture.
With her certaynes
I wyl remayne
As my souerayne
Most of pleasure.

Maulgre touz malheureux.

LATRUM CARMEN EXQUITUR.

Cur tibi contenta est aerea Calliope?

RESPONSO EJUSDEM VATTIS.

CANDINA Calliope vatum regina, coronans
Pierios lauro, radiante intexta sub auro,
Hanc ego Pierius, tanto dignabor honore
Dum mihi vita manet, dum spiritus huc regit artus
Quamquam confidior sepiu marcescoque sensim
Ipse tamen gestare sua huc pia pignora certo,
Assensuque suo placidis parabo camenis
Inclita Calliope & semper mea maxima cura est.

Huc Pierius omni Spartane liberior.

CALLIOPE.

Musarum excellentissima,
speciosissima, formosissima,
Heroica preest virtibus.

FINIS.

ARRESTYNGE my syght towards the zodiakte
The signes xij. for to beholde a fasse
Whan Mars retrograunt reversed his backe
Lorde of the yere in his orbicular
Put up his sworde, for he coude make no warr
And whan Lucina plenary dyd shyne
Scorpion ascendyng degrees twyse nyne.

In place alone, than mysyng in my thought
How all thing passeth, as doth the somer flowre
On every halfe my reasons forthe I sought
Howe often fortune varyeth in an howre
Now clere wether, forth with a stormy showre

All thyng compasmed, no perpetuyte,
But nowe in welthe, nowe in aduersyte.

So depely drowned I was in this dumpe
Enbraumpysched so sore was my conceyte
That me to rest, I leant me to a stumpe
Of an oke, that somtyme grewe full streyghte
A mighty tre and of a noble heught
Whose beaute blanted was with the boystur wunde
His leaues loste, the sappe was from the rynde.

Thus stode I in the frythy forest of Galtes
Enswoked with sylt of the myry mose
Where barters bellynge embosed with distres
Ran on the raunge so longe, that I suppose
Fewe men can tell where the hynde calfe gone.
Faire fel the forster that so wel can bete his hounde
But of my purpose now turns we to the grounde.

Whylis I stode mysyng, in this meditacion
In slumbryng I fel, and halfe in a sleep
And whether it were of ymaginacion
Or of humors superflue, that often will crepe
In to the brayne by drynkyng over depe
Or it proceded of fatal persuasyon
I can nat tell you what was the occasion.

But sodaynly at ones as I me aduyed
(As one in a trans or in an extasy)
I sawe a pauylion wonderyng disguised
Garnysshed freshe after my fantasy
Enbacyde with perle and stones pretious
The grounde engrosed and bet with boorne gold
That pausyng goodly it was to be holde

Within that a princes excellente of port
Bot to recounte her riche abilyment
And what estates to her dyd resorte
Therto am I full insuffycynt
A goddesse immortall she dyd represent
As I harde saye dame Pallas was her name
To whom supplyed the royll queene of fame.

THE QUENE OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

PRINCES most pusan of hygh preeminence
Renowned lady aboue the sterry beyn
Ali other transcendyng of very congruence
Madame regent of the sciences senyn
To whose estate all noblenesse most leuen
My empitacion to you I arrete
Wherof I beseche you to tendre the effecte.

Nat unremembered it is unto your grace
Hewe ye gane me a ryall commaundement
That in my courte Skelton shulde have a place
Bycause that he his tyme studiously hath spent
In your seruest: and to the accompaynsment
Of your request, regestred in his name
With laureate triumphe in the courte of Fame

But good madame the accustome and usage
Of auncient poetes ye wote full wele hath bene
Them selfe to embay with all their whole corage
So that theyr workes myght famously be sene
In figure wherof they were the lawrell grene
But hewe it is, Skelton is wunder slacke
And as we dare we fynde in him a lacke.

For ne were ouely he hath your promocion
Out of my bokes full soone I shulde bym rase
But sithe he hath tasted of the sugred pocion
Of Heliconis well: refreshed with your grace
And wyl not endeuour hymselfe to purchase

The fauour of ladys with wordes electe
It is sytynge that ye must hym correcte.

DAME PALLAS TO THE QUENE OF FAME.

THE sum of your purpose as we are aduyed
Is that our seruaunt is somewhat to duff
Wherein this answer for hym we have com-
prised
Hewe ryuers ren nat till the spryng be full
Better a dumpe monthe than a braynelles scull
For if he gloriously publyshe his matter
Than men will saye howe he doth but fatter.

And if so him fortune to write true and plaine
As somtyme he must vices remorde
Than some wyl saye he hath but lytel brayne
And how his wordes with reason will nat accord
Beware, for wrytyng remayneth of recorde
Displease nat an hundred for one mannes plea-
sure
Who wryteth wrytly hath a great treasure.

Also to furnyssh better his excuse
Quide was banysshed for such a skyf,
And many mo, whom I coude enduce.
Juuenal was thret pard for to kyll
For certaynes inuictives: Yet wote he none yit
Sauyng be rubbed some vpon the gall,
It was not for hym to abyde the triall.

In general wordes I say nat greatly ney
A poet somtyme may for his pleasure taunt
Spekyng in parable, howe the fox, the grey,
The gander, the goose, and the huge eleiphant
Went with the peacocke agaynsta the feaunt
The learede came leaping and sayd that he must
With helpe of the sun lay all in the dust.

Yet dynorse there be industrieouse of reason
Som what wolde gadder in their conjecture
Of suche an embarkyd chaptre some season
Hewe be it, it were harde to construe this lec-
ture

Sophisticated craftely is many a conjecture
An other mannes mynde diffuse is to expounde
Yet harde is to make but some faute be founde.

THE QUENE OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

MADAME with fauour of your benigne suffraunce
Unto your grace than make I this motiue
Wherto make ye me hym to swaunce
Unto the rounwe of laureat promotyon?
Or wherto shalde he beue the prerogative
But yf he had made some memorial
Wherby he myght have a name immortall?

To passe the tyme in sloughtfull ydelnesse
Of your royll palais it is nat the gyse
But to do somewhat eche man doth hym dress
For hewe shulde Cato els be called wyse
But that his bokes, which be dyd deuyse
Recorde the same? Or why is had in mynde
Plato, but for that be lefte wrytyngs behyndde

For men to loke on? Aristodille also
Of philosophers called the principlall
Olde Diogines, with other many mo
Demosthenes that oratour royll
That gane Eechines such a cordiall
That banisched wnat he through his preposition
Agaynst whom he coude make no contri-
ction.

SKELTON'S POEMS.

DAME PALLAS TO THE QUEEN OF FAME.

SOFT my goodyster, and make there a pauses
And was Echines rebuked as ye say?
Remembre you well, poynt well that clause
Wherfore than rased ye nat away
His name? Or why is it I you praye,
That he to your court is goyng and commyngh
Sith he is thus blamed for defaute of counnyng?

THE QUEEN OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

MADAME your apposelle is well inferred
And at your auantage quickly it is
Touched: and harde for to be barred
Yet shall I answere your grace as in this
With your reformacion if I say amiss
For but if your bounte dyd me assure
Myne argument els could nat longe endure

As touchyng that Echines is remembred
That he so shulde be, me semeth it fytinge
All be it great parte he hath surrendred
Of his honour, whose dissauay in wryttinge
To corage Demosthenes was moche excytinge
In settyngh out freshely his crafty persuasion
From whence Echines had none ensaunce

The cause why Demosthenes so famously is
Onely proceded, for that he did outray [bruted]
Echines: whiche was nat abamefully confuted
But of that famous oratour I say
Whiche passed all other: wherfore I may
Amonge my recordes suffre him named.
For though he wer vanquished yet was he nat
shamed

As Hierome in his preamble frater Ambrosius
From that I have sayd in no poynt doth vary
Wherin he reporteth of the coragous
Wordes, that were moche consolatory
By Echines rehersed, to the great glory
Of Demosthenes, that was his utter fo
Fewe shall ye fynde or none that will do so.

DAME PALLAS TO THE QUEEN OF FAME.

A THANKS to haue ye haue well deserved,
Your mynde ye can mayntayne so apparetly
But a great parte yet ye haue reserved
Of that must folow than consequently
Or els ye demeane you inordinatly
For if ye laude hym, whom honour hath opprest
Than he that dothe worst is as good as the best.

But whom that ye fauor, I so well bath a name
Be he never so lytell of substance
And whom ye loue nat, ye wyll put to shame
Ye counterwey nat euynly your balaunce
As well foly as wydome ofl ye do auaunce
For report ryseth many dyuers wayes
Some be moche spoken of for makyngh of frayes

Some haue a name for thefte and bribery
Some be called crafty, that can pyke a purse
Some men be made of for their mockery
Som careful cokolds, some haue their wifes curse
Som famous wittoldes, and they be moche wame
Som liddernes, som losels, som naughty packes
Som facers, som bracers, som make gret crackes.

Some dronken dastards with their drye soulen,
Some slaggysme slovens that stepe day and night
Kyot and Howell be in your courtes roules

Maintenaunce and Misches these be men of

myght

Extorcion is counted with you for a knyght
These people by the haude pone assaignement
Yet they ryde and renne from Caill to Kent.

But lytell or nothyng ye shall here tell
Of them that haue vertue by reason of counnyng
Whiche soneraynely in honoure shulde excell
Men of suche matters make but mischayng
For wydome and adnesse he set out a sunnyng
And suche of my seruantes as I haue promoted
One faute or other in them shalbe noted

Byther they wyll say be is to wyse
Or elles he can dought but whan he is at a stole
Prove his wythe sayth he al cardes or dyce
And ye shall well fynde he is a very folo
Twyshe, set bym a chayer or reche him a stole
To syt hym upon, and rede Jacke a thrammis
bibil
For truly it were pite that be sat idyll.

THE QUEEN OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

To make repugnance againe that ye haue said
Of very dutie it may nat well accorde
But your benign suffrance for my discharge I laid
For that I wolde nat with you fall at discords
But yet I besoche your grace that good recordre
May be brought forth suche as can be founde
With laurent triumphe why Skelton shulde be
crounde.

For elles it were to great a derogacion
Unto your palais our noble courte of Fame
That any man vnder supportacion
Without deserving shulde haue the best game
If he to tha ample enoreage of his name
Can lay any warkes that he hath compiled
I am content that he be nat exiled

From the laurent senaute: by force of proscription
Or elles ye knowe well I can do no less
But I must banyshe him from my jurisdiction
As he that aqueynteth hym with Ideinesse
But if that he purpose to make a redresse
What he hath done let it be brought to syght
Grant my petition, I aske you but ryght.

DAME PALLAS TO THE QUEEN OF FAME.

To your request we be well condiscended
Call forth, let se where is your clarioner
To blowe a blaste with his longe breth extended
Endis your trumpet that knowne is so fare
That barraig bloweth in every marciall warre
Let hym blowe nowe, that we may take a vews
What poetis we haue at our retynewe.

To se if Skelton wyll put hym selfe in please
Amog the thickest of all the hole route
Make noise yngonge, for claterare loue no peace
Let se my syster, nowe spedie you, go aboute
Amon I say this trumpet were founde out
And for no man hardely let hym spare
To blowe barraig, tyll both his eien stare.

SKELTON POETA.

FORTHE with there rose among the throng
A wonderfull noyse, and on every syde
They presed in fast, some thought thei were to
long

Some were to hasty, and woldes no man byde
 Som whispred, som rownd, som spake, and som
 criide
 With heuyng and shouyng, haue in and haue
 out
 Some ran the next waye, some ran about.

There was suyng to the quene of Fame
 He plucked him backe, and he went aforo.
 Nay hold thy tungue quoth an other let me haue
 the name
 Make rowme said an other ye press all to sore
 Som sayd, holde thy peas you gettest here no
 more
 A thousande thousande I sawe on a plumpe
 With that I harde the noyse of a trumpe

That longe tymblew a full tymorous blaste
 Like to the Boriall wyndes, when they blowe
 That towres, and townes, and trees downe cast
 Droue clowdes together like dryfles of snowe
 The dreadfull dinne droue all the route on a row
 Som trembled, som gurned, som gasped, some gased
 As people halfe penissh or men that were mased

Anone all was whyshte, as it were for the
 notes
 And eche man stode gasyng and staryng upon
 other
 With that there come in wonderly at ones
 A marmur of minstreles, that suche an other
 Had I never sene, some softer some lower
 Orpheus the Thracian harped melodiously
 With Amphion, and other musis of Archady

Whose heuenly armony was so passing sure
 So truly proportioned, and so well dyd gree
 So duly entuned with every measure
 That in the forest was none so great a tre
 But that he daunced for ioye of that gle
 The huge myghty okes them selfe did avanue
 And lepe from the hilles to lerne for to daunce

In so muche the stumpe wherto I me lente
 Sterte all at ones an hundred fote backe
 With that I sprange up towarde the tent
 Of noble dame Pallas, wherof I speake
 Where I sawe came after I wote full telackes
 Of a thousande poetis assembled to gether
 But Phebus was forment of al that came theder

Of lawrell leaves a cronell on his heed
 With heares encrusted yowles as the golde
 Lamentynge Daphnes, whom with the darte of
 lead
 Cupide hath stryken so that she ne wold
 Concente to Phebus to haue his harte in holde
 But for to preserue her maydenhead cleane
 Transformed was she into the lawrell grene.

Medled with murning the most part of his
 muse
 O thou gatfull harte, was ever more his songe
 Daphnes my derlyng why do you me refuse?
 Yet loke on me, that loued yow haue so longe
 Yet haue compassion vpon my paynes stronge
 He sang also, howe the tre as he did take
 Betwene his armes he felte her body quake

Than he assurded into this exclamacion
 Unto Diana the goddes immortal
 O merciles madame bardis your constellacion

So close to kepe your cloyster virginall
 Enharded adyament the sement of your wall
 Alas what ayle you to be so ouerthwart
 To banysehe pite out of a maydens harte?

Why haue the goddes shewed me this crueltie
 Sith I contreyued first principles medyciunble
 I helpe all other of their infirmyte
 But nowe to haipre my selfe I am not able
 That profiteth all other is nothinges profitale
 Unto me, alas that herbe nor gresse
 The feruent axes of loue can not represe.

O fatal fortaine what haue I offended?
 Odious diadyme why raist you me on this facyon?
 But sith I haue lost nowe that I entended
 And may nat atteyne it by no medicacion
 Yet in remembrance of Daphnes transformacion
 All famous poets easuyngre after me
 Shall weare a garande of the laurell tre

This said, a great nombre folowed by and by
 Of poetis laureat of many diuerte nacionis
 Parle of their names I thynke to specifie
 First olde Quintilius with his Declamacion
 Theocritus with his bucolicall relationis
 Hesiodus the Iconomuar,
 And Homeris the fresche historiar.

Prince of eloquence Tullius Cicero,
 With Salust agaynst Lucius Catilene
 That wrote the history of Jugurtha also,
 Ovide enshryned with the Musis nyne,
 But blessed Bacchus the pleasant god of wyne
 Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy flotes
 These oratours and poetis refreshed their throtes.

Lucan with Stacius in Achilliades
 Perseus preased forth with problemes diffuse
 Virgill the Mantuan with his eneidos
 Juuenall satiray that men makynge to muse
 But blessed Bacchus the pleasant god of wyne
 Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy flotes
 These oratours and poetis refreshed their throtes

There Titus Littius hym selfe dyd susunce
 With decadis historios which that be mengleth
 With wates the amount the Romayns in sub
 staunce.
 Ennius that wrote of marciali warre at length
 But blessed Bacchus potentiall god of strengthe
 Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy dropes
 These oratours and poetis refreshed their throtes.

Aulus Gellius that noble historiar,
 Orace also with his newe poetry
 Maister Terence the famous comicar,
 With Plautus that wrote many a comedy
 But blessed Bacchus was in their company
 Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy dropes
 These oratours and poetis refreshed their throtes.

Senec full soberly with his tragedies,
 Boecis recomforted with his philosophie,
 Ad Maximiane with his madde dities,
 Howe dolyng age woldis iape with yonge foly
 But blessed Bacchus most reverent and holy
 Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy dropes
 These oratours and poetis refreshed their throtes.

There came John Boccas with his volumes grete
 Quintius Curius full craftely that wrot
 Of Alexander: and Macrobius that did treate

Of Scipions dreame what was the true probate
But blessed Bacchus that never man forgate
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy dropes
These oratours and poetes refreshed their throtches.

Pogius also that famous Florentie
Musted there among them with many a mad
tale

With a frere of Fraunce men call ay: Gaguine
That frowned ou me full angry and pale
But blessed Bacchus, that bote is of all bale
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy dropes
These oratours and poetes refreshed their throtches.

Plutarke and Patrarke two famous clarke
Lucilius and Valerius Maximus by name
With Vincentius in speculo that wrote noble
warkes

Propertius and Pissandros poetes of noble fame
But blessed Bacchus that matrike oft doth frame
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy dropes
These notable poetes refreshed their throtches.

And as I thus sadly among them adysed
I saw Gower, that first garnished our englishe
rude

And maister Chaucer, that nobly entreprised
How that our englishe myght freshly be en-
newed

The monke of Bury than after them enstid
Dane Johnn Lydgate: these englishe - poetes
there
As I ymagened repayed unto me.

Together in armes as bretherne embrased
Their apparell farre passing beyond that I can
tell
With diamantes and rubies their taberdies were
treased

None so riche stones in Turkey to sell
They wanted nothyng but the Laurell.
And of their boantes they made me goodly chare
In maner and forme as ye shall after here.

MAISTER GOWER TO SKELTON.

BROTHER Skelton your endeuourment
So haue ye done, that meritoriously
Ye haue deserved to haue an eplement
To our collage aboue the sterry skye
Bycause that ye encrease and amplifie
The bruted Britons of Brutus Albion
That weinere was lost whan that we were gone.

POETA SKELTON TO MAISTER GOWER.

MAISTER Gower I haue nothyng deserved
To haue so lansdysble a commendacion
To yow thre this honor shalbe reserved
Arretinge vnto your wyse examinacion
How all that I do is vnder refformacion
For only the substance of that I enfend
I'z glad to please and loth to offend.

MAISTER CHAUCER LAWREAT POETE TO SKELTON.

COUNTERWAYING your busyn diligence
Of that we begane in the supplement
Enforced are we you to recompence
Of all our holle collage by the agreement
That we shall bryngye you personally present
Of noble Fame before the quenes grace
In whose coorte paynted is your place.

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

O NOBLE Chaucer, whose pulisched eloquence
Our Englishe rude so freshly bath set out
That bounde are we with all due reverence
With all our strengthe that we can bryng about
To owe to you our seruice, and more if we moute
But what shalde I say, ye wote what I entende
Whiche glad am to please, and loth to offend.

MAISTER LYDGATE TO SKELTON.

So am I prevented of my bretherne twaynes
In rendrynges to yon thankes meretory
That weinere nothyng there doth remayne
Wherwith to gyne you my regracatory
But that I poynyt you to be protonotory
Of Fames courte, by all our holle assent
Assuaged by Pallas to laurell preferment.

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

So haue ye me far passing my merites extold
Maister Lydgate of your accustomable
Bounte, and so gloriouly ya haue enrolled
My name. I knowe well beyonde that I am able
That but if my warkes thereto be agreeable
I am elles rebuked of that I entend
Whiche glad am to please and lothe to offend

So finally, whan they had shewed their devise
Under the forms as I sayd before
I made it straunge, and drewne backe ones or
twise

And ever they presed on me more and more
Tyll at the last they forced me so sore
That with them I went where they wold me bringe
Unto the pavilion, where Pallas was sytting

Dame Pallas commanded that they shuld me
connyay
Into the riche palace of the quene of Fame,
There shal be here what she to hym will say
Whan he is called to answer to his name,
A crye anone forthwith she made proclame
All oratours and poetes shoulde thider go before
With all the prease that there was, lesse and
more.

Forthwith I say: thus wandring in my thought
Howe it was, or elles within what howres
I cannot tell you, but that I was brought
Into a palace, with turrets and towres
Engaled goodly with halles and bowres
So curiosly, so craftly, so comyngly wrought
That all the worlde I trowe and it were sought

Such an other there could no man fynde
Wherof partly I purpose to expounde
Whiles it remayneth freshe in my mynde
With Turks and grossolites enpaued was the
ground
Of birmal embosed were the pyllers round
Of elephanthes teeth were the palace gates
Enclosed with many goodly plates

Of gold; entashed with many a precious stone
An hundred steppes mountyng to the halle
One of iasper, an other of whales bone,
Of diamantes poyned, was the rokky wall.
The carpettes within and tappettes of pall
The chambres hanged with clothes of Arane
Enauored with rubies the vante was of this

Thus passed we forth, walking unto the pretory
Wher the postis wer embullioned with saphirs indy
Englaised glittiryng with many a clere stony [blew
Inchantes and amarades out of the forth they
Unto this pisor all postes there dyd sue [grew.
Wherin was set of Fame the noble quene
All other transeodysing most richely besene

Under a glorious clothe of estate
Fret all with orient perles of garnate
Encrowned as emperes of all this worldly fate
So royally, so richely, so passyngly ornate
It was excydysing beyonde commune rale
This house emprise was a myle about
If xii. were let in. xii. hundred stode without

Than to this lady and souerayne of this palice
Of purseuantes there presed in many with diuers
tale

Some were of Poyle, and some were of Thbrace
Of Lymerik, of Lorein, of Spaine, of Portugale
From Nauern, and from Rounceuale
Some frout Flaunders, some from the see coste
Some from the maine lande, some from the French
host.

With how doth the north, what tydinges in the
The west is wyndy, the east is metely wele [south
It is hard to tell of every mannes mouth
A silpper holde the tayle is of an ale
And he balteth ofter that hath a kyby hele
Some shewed his safe conduct, some shewed his
chart.

Some loked ful smothely, and had a fals quart.

With Sir I praye you a litell tyne stande backe
And let me come in to deluyer my letter
An other tolde, how shypes went to wracke
There were many worder smoller and greater
With I as good as thou, I faith and no better.
Some came to tell treuthe, some came to lye.
Some came to flatter, some came to spye,

There were I saye of all maner of sortes
Of Dartmouth, of Plymouth, of Portesmouth also
The burgesis and the baylises of the v. portes
With nowe let me come, and nowe let me go
And all tyme wanded I thus, to and fro,
Tyll at the laste there noble postes thre
Vnto me sayd, to Syr nowe ye may se,

Of this byghe courte the dayly busynes
From you must we, but nat longe to tary
Lo bithir cometh a goodly maistres
Occupacion, Fames regestary.
Which shal be to you a souerayne accessary
With singular pleasures to dryue away the tym
And we shall se you agayne or it be pryme.

Whan they wer past, and went forth on their
way

This gentilwoman, that called was by name
Occupacion, in ryght goodly arraye
Came towarde me, and myled halfe in game.
I sawe her amyle, and than I dyd the same
With that on me she cast her goodly loke
Under her arme me thought she had a boke.

OCCUPATION TO SKELTON.

LYKE on the larke vpon the sorvers daye
Whan Titan radiant burnisbeth his bemes bright
Mounteth on hys, with his melodius laye

VOL. II.

Of the son shyne englaised with the lyght
So am I suprised with pleasure and deylight
To se this houre nowe, that I may saye
Howe ye are welcome to this court of armes

Of your aqueyntaunce I was in tymes paste
Of studious doctrine whan at the port salu
Ye fyrt arryued, when broken was your maste
Of worldly trust, than dyd I you reskewe
Your storme dryuen shyp I repaired newe
So well entacted, what wynde so euer blow
No stormy tempest your barge shall ouerthrow

Welcome to me as hertly as herte can thinke,
Welcome to me with all my holle desyre
And for my sake spare neyther pen nor yake
Be well assured I shall aqyute your hyre
Your name recountyng beyonde the land of Tire
From Sydony to the mount Olympian
From Babyl towre to the hils Caspian.

SKELTON PORTA ANSWERETH.

I THANKED her moche of her most noble offer
Affaunsyng her myne hole assurance
For her pleasure to make a large profer
Empryntyng her wordes in my remembrance
To owe her my seruice with true perseuerance
Come on with me she sayd, let vs nat stande
And with that word she toke me by the hande

So passed we forth into the forsayd place.
With such communicacion as came to our mynde
And than she sayd, whyles we haue time and
space

To walke where we lyst, let vs somewhat finde
To passe the time with, but let vs wast no wynd
For ydeil jaiglers haue but lytell brayne
Wordes be swordes and harde to call agayne

Into a feld she brought me wyde and large
Enwalled about with the stony flynt
Strongly embateld muche costious of charge
To walke on this wal, she bid I shold nat stint
Go softly she said, the stones be full gynt
She went before and had me take good holde
I sawe a thousande yates newe and olde

Than questioned I her what these yates ment,
Wherto she answered, and briefly me tolde
Howe from the Est vnto the Occident
And from the South vnto the North so colde,
These yates she said, whiche that ye beholde
Be issues and portes from all maner of nacions
And seriously she shewed me their denominacions.

They had wrytyngs some Greke, some Ebrew,
Some Romayne letters as I vnderstode
Some were olde written, some were written new,
Some caretis of Caldy, some French was ful good
But one gate specially, where as I stode
Had grauen in it of Calcidony a capitall. A.
What gate call ye this? and she sayd Anglia

The buylding therof was passing commenda-
ble.
Wheron stode a lybbard crowned with gold and
stones

Terrible of countaunce, and passing formidable
As quickly touched as it were fleshe and bones
As gestly that glaris, as grimly that gronis

As fiersly frownyng as he had ben fyghtyng
And with his forme fote, he shoke forth this wring.

Cacosynthicon ex industria.

Formidanda nimis Louis ultima fulmina tollis
Vnguibus ire parat loca singula luctu curuis
Quam modo per Phebes numidos ruptura Celeno;
Arma, luctus, fet, uis frus barbara tellus
Mille modi erras odiun tibi querere mortis.
Spreto spineto cedat saliuca roseto.

THAN I me lent and loked ouer the wall
Inumerable people preseed to every gate:
Sbet were the gates, they might wel knocke and cast
And turne home agayn, for they came al to late
I here demaunded of them and their astate
Forsothe quoth she, these be haskardes and ry-
Dicer, carders, tumblars with gambaunders. [baunders

Fordres of loue, with baudrie aqueynted
Bryneles blynkarden that blowe at the cole
False forgers of money for coynage atteynted
Pope boly hypocrites as they were golde and hole,
Poule hatchettes that prata well at every ale pole
Ryot, reneler, rayler, hrybery, thefete,
With other condicions that well might be leste.

Some fayne themself foles, and wold be called
wyse

Some medling spies, hy craft to grope thy minde
Some diadymous dauockes that al men dispise
False batters that faune the, and curres of kynd
That speke faire before the, and shrewdly behynd
Hither they come crowding to get them a name
But bayled they be homwarde with sorow and
shame

With that I herde gunnes rushe out at ones
Bowns, bowns, bowns, that all they out cryde
It made some limpe legged and broised their bones
Some were made pyrushe porishly pynke eyde
That euermore after by it they were aspyde
And one ther was there, I wondred of his hap
For a gunstone I say had all to lagged his cap.

Ragged and dagged and cunnyngly cut
The blist of the brymston blew away his braine
Mosed as a marche hare, he ran lyke a scut
And air amonge all me thought I sawe twayne
The one was a tumblar that afterward agayne
Of a dysour a deuyll way grewe a ientilman
Pens prater the seconde that quarrelles began

With a pellet of peuisbene thei had such a
stroke
That al the dayes of their lyf shal stick by their
ribbes
Foo, foisty bauding som smelled of the smoke
I saw divers that were caried away thens in cribbes
Dasyn after dotrels lyke drunkardes that dribbes
These tintiuils with taupins were touched and
tapped
Moche mischef I bight you among them ther
happed

Somtyme as it serpeth when the mons lyght
By means of a grossly endarked clowde,
Sodainly is eclipsid in the wynter nyght
In like maner of wyse, a myst dyd vs shrowde
But wel may ye thikke. I was notyng powde
Of that aduentures, whiche mada me more aguste
In darkenes thus dwelt we, tyll at the last

The clowdes gou to clere, the mist was raridid
In an herber I sawe brought where I was
There byrdes on the brere sange on every syde
With aleys enshaded about in compas
The bankes enturfed with singular solas
Enrailed with roses, and vines engraped
It was a new comfort of sorowes escaped

In the middes a cundite, that curiously was cast
With pypes of golde, engushyng out streames
Of cristal, the cierenes these waters far past
Enswimmyng with roches, barbils, and breames
Whose skales enloured again the sun beames
Engisterd: that ioyous it was to beholde
Than furthermore about me my sight I reuside

Where I sawe growyng a goodly laurell tre
Enured with leue, continually grene,
Aboue in the top a byrde of Araby
Men call a pheunx: her wynges bytwene
She bet vp a fyre with the sparkes full kene
With braunches and boughes of the sweete olyne
Whose flaungant flower was chefe preseruatiue.

Ageynst all infections, with rancour enflamed
Ageynst all baratous broisours of ole
It passed all bawmes that euer were named
Or gummes of Saby so derely that be solde
There blew in that garden a soft piping cold
Enbrething of zephirus with his pleasant wynde
Al frutes and floweres grewe there in their kynde.

Dryades there daunsed vpon that goodly sole
With the syne muses Pierides by name
Phillis and Testalis there tresses with oyle
Were newly enbyed: and rounde about the same
Grene tre of laurell, moche solacioun game
They made with chaplettes and garlandes grene
And formost of al dame Flora the quene

Of somer so formally she foted the daunce
Ther Cintheus set twinklyng vpon his harpe
stridges
And Jopas his instrument dyd ausunce
The poemes and stories auncient in brynges
Of Athias astrology, and many noble thynge
Of wandryng of the mons the course of the son
Of men and of bestes, and whereof they begore,

What thynge occasioned the showres of rayne
Of fyre elementar in his supreine spere
And of that pole artike, whyche doth remayne
Behynde the tayle of Vras so clere
Of Plaides he preached with their drowsy chere
Immoystred with mislyng and sy-dropping dry
And where the two triions a man shoulde espye.

And of the wynter dayes that hye theym so fast
And of the wynter nyghtes that tary so longe
Aod of the somer dayes, so longe that done laste
And of their short nightes: he brought in his
songe
How wronge was no right, and right was no wrung.
There was counteryng of caro's in meter and in
verse
So many, that longe it were to reberce.

OCCUPACION TO SKELETON.

Howe say ye? is this after your appetite?
May this content you and your mery myndel
Here dwelleth pleasure, with lust and delyte

Contynual comfort here ye may fynde
Of welthe and solace nothyng lefte behynde
All thynges conuenable here is contryued
Wherwith your sprites may be reuyued.

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

QUESTIONER no doubt of that ye saye
Jupiter himselfe this life myght endure
This ioye exceedeth all worldly sport and playe
Paradyse, this place is of synguler plensare
O wel were hym that herof myght be sure
And here to inhabite, and aye for to dwelle
But goodly maystres one thyngye ye me tell.

OCCUPATION TO SKELTON.

OF your demaunde shew me the content
What it is, and where vpon it standes
And if there be in it any thyngye ment,
Wherof the answere restyth in my handes
It shall be loosed ful sone out of the bandes
Of scrupulys doubt wherfore your mid discharge
And of your will the playnnes shewes at large

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

I THANK you goodly maistres to me most benign
That of your bountie so well haue me assured
But my request is nat so great a thyngye
That I ne force what thoughe it be discured
I am nat wounded but that I may be cured
I am nat laden of lyddyngnes with lumpes
As daised doctozes that dreame in their dumpes.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

NOWZ what ye meane I trowe I coniect
God gyue you good yere ye make me to smyle
Nowe by your sayth is nat this the effect
Of your question ye make all this whyle
To understande who dwelleth in yone pile [diddil
And what blunder in yonder that playeth diddil
He fyndeth false measures out of his fonde fiddil

Interpolata (que industriosum postulat interpretari)
satyrus in uatis adversarium.

Treasis Agaponis species prior, altera Davi.
Aneupium culicis dum limit torquet ocellum.
Concipit aligeras rapit, opetit, aspice muscas.
Mala quoque fouet, fouet aut que Iupiter, aut que
Frigida Saturnus, Sol, Mars, Venus, Algida Luna,
Si tibi contingat verbo aut committere scripto
Quam sibi mox facita sudant precordia culpa?
Hinc ruit in flammas, stimulans hunc urget et illum
Inocat ad rinas, uanoscitmen excitat ignes.
Labra movens tacitus, rampuntur ut illa Codro.

17. 4. 7. 2. 17. 5. 18.
18. 19. 1. 19. 8. 5. 12.

His name for to knowe if that ye lyst.
Envious rancon truly be hight
Beware of him I warne you: for if ye wylst
How dangerous it were to stande in his lyght
Ye wold not deale wyth him though that ye might
For by his deuillishe drift and graceles provision
An holle realme he is able to set at dyuision.

For whan he speketh fairest than thinketh he
most ill
Ful gloriously can he glowe, thy mynd for to sele
He wyl sett men a feighting and sylmselfe styl
And sminke lyke a smythy cur at sperkes of stelle
He can never leaue warke whyles it is wele

To tell all his touches it were to great wonder
The denyll of hell and he be seldomme asonder

Thus talking we went forth in at a postern gate,
Turning on the right hande, by a wyndyng stayre
She brought me to a goodly chambre of astate,
Where the noble countes of Surrey in a chaire
Sate honorably, to whom dyd repaire
Of ladyes a bery, with all dewe reverence
Syt downe fayre ladyes and do your diligence

Come forth gentilwomyn I pray you she said
I haue contryued for you a goodly warke
And who can worke best nowe shalbe assayd
A croneill of laurell with verdurea light and darke
I haue devised for Skelton my clerke
For to his seruice I haue suche regarde
That of our bountie we wyll hym rewardre.

For of all ladyes he hath the library
Their names recountynge in the court of Fame
Of all gentylwomyn he hath the scrutiny
In Fames courtis reportinge the same
For yet of wosten he neuer sayd shame [call
But if they were countrefettes that women them
That list of their lewdnesse with him for to bral.

With that the tappettes and carpettes were layde
Wheron these ladyes softly myght rest
The saumpter to sowe on, the laces to embrayde
To weare in the stole some were full prest
With smies, with tawels, with hedelles wel drest
The frane was brought forth with his weauing pin
God give them good spedre their warke to begin.

Some to embrowder put them in prease
Wel gyding their glotton to kepe streight their silk,
Some pyryng of golde their worke to encrease
With fingers smale, and handes as white as mylk
With reche me that skayne of tewly sylike
And wynde me that botoume of suche an hewe
Greene, red, lawny, whyte, purple, and blew,

Of broken warkes wroght many a goodly thing
In castyng, in turnyng, in florishing of flowres
With burres rough and buttons surfflyng
In nedyll warke rayasyng bynties in bowres
With vertue enbesed all tymes and howres
And truly of theyr bountie thus were they bent
To worke me this chaplet, by good aduiseument.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

BENOLDE and se in your aduertisement,
Howe these ladies and gentylwomyn all
For your pleasure do theyr endeouourment
And for your sake, howe fast to warke they fall
To your remembraunce wherfore ye must call
In goodly wordes pleasantly comprised
That for them some goodly concyete be devised.

With prope captacions of beneuolence
Ornately pulisched after your faculte
Sith ye must nedes afforce it by pretence
Of your profession vnto humanite
Commenysing your proces after their degree
To eche of them rendring thanker comendable
With sentence fructuous, and termes conuenable.

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

ANANSYNG my selfe some thanke to deserue
I me determinyd for to sharpe my pen
Deuoutly arretyng my prayer to Minerue

She to vouchsafe me to enforme and ken
To Mercury also hertely prayed I then
Me to supporte, to helpe, and to assynt
To gyde and to gouerne my dreadfull trembling fist

As a mariner that amased is in a stormy rage
Hardly be sted and dryuen is to hope
Of that the tempestuous wynde will assauge
In trust wherof comfort his heart doth grope
From the anker he cutteth the gubil rope
Committeth al to God, and leffteth his ship ryde
So I beseeche Jesu now to be my gyde.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE COUNTES OF SURREY.

APFTER all duly ordred obeysaunce
In bumble wyae as lowely as I maye
Vnto you madame I make reconisance
My lyfe enduring I shall both wryte and seye
Recounte, reporte, reherser without delaye
The passyng bountie of your noble estate
Of honour and worship which hath the formar date.

Lyke to Argius by iust resemblance
The noble wyfe of Polinitez kyng
Prudent Rebecka, of whom remembrance
The bible maketh, with whose chaste lyuyng
Your noble demenour is counterwayng
Whose passing bounte, and right noble estate
Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

The noble Pamphilis queene of the Grekes land
Habilimentes roylla founde out industriously
Thamer also wrought with her goodly hande
Many diuises passyng curiously
Whom ye represent and exemplify
Whose passyng bounte and right noble estate,
Of honour and worship it hath the formar date,

As dame Thamaris whiche toke the kyng of
Cyrus by name, as writhen the story. [Perse,
Dame Agrippina also I maye cherse
Of gentill corage the parfite memory
So shall your name endure perpetually
Whose passyng bounte and right noble estate
Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

TO MY LADY ELISABETH HOWARD.

To be your remembrance madame I am bounde
Lyke to Aryna maydenly of porte
Of vertue and connyng the well and perfyt gronde
Whom dame nature, as well I maye reporte
Hath freshlye esbeautified with many a goodly sorte
Of womanly fetures, whose florishing tender age
Is lusty to loke on, pleasant, demeure, and sage

Goodly Crescide: sayrer than Polyxene
For to enuyne Pandarus appetite
Troylus I trowe, if that he had you sene
In you he wold haue set his bole delyte
Of all your beaute I suffice nat to wryte
But as I sayd your florishing tender age
Is lusty to loke on, pleasant, demeure, and sage.

TO MY LADY MYRKALL HAWARDE.

My lytell lady I may nat leue behynde
But to do you seruice nedes nowe I must
Benigne curteysc of gentill herte and mynde
Whom fortune and fate playnly haue discust
Longe to enioye pleasure, deylte, and lust,
The embuddes blossoms of roses redde of hewe
With lilies white your beautie doth renewe.

Compare you I may to Cidippes the mayde
That of Aconcius whan she founde the byl
In her bosome, lorde howe she was afayde
The ruddy shamefastnes in her ryngy fyll
Which maner of abashement became her not yll
Right so madame the roses redde of hewe
With lillyes whyte your beautie doth renewe.

TO MY LADY ANNE DAKERS OF TILBROUKE.

ZEUSIS that enpictured fayre Helene the queene
You to deuise his crake were to seke
And if Apelles, your countenaunce had sene
Of porturast, which was the famous Greke
He could not denise the lest point of your crake
Princes of youthe and flowre of goodly porte
Vertue, cunyng, solace, pleasure, comforde.

Paregull in honour vnto Penelope
That for her trouth is in remembrance had
Payre Diana surmountyng in beautie
Demure Diana womanly and sad
Whose lusty lokes make heuy hartes glad
Princes of youthe, and flowre of goodly porte
Vertue, cunyng, solace, pleasure, comforde.

TO MAISTRES MARGARY WENTWORTHE.

WITH magerain gentill
The flowre of goodly hede
Embrowdered the mantill
Is of your maydenhede,
Playnly I can nat glose
Ye be as I deuyne
The praty primerose
The goodly columbyne,
With magerain gentill
The flowre of goodly hede
Embrowdered the mantill
Is of your maydenhede
Benigne, courteise, and meke,
With wordes well deuyded
In you who lyt to seke
Be vertues well comprysed.
With magerain gentill
The flowre of goodly hede
Embrowdered the mantill
Is of your maydenhede.

TO MAISTRES MARGARET TELNEY.

I you assure
Ful well I knowe,
My busy cure
To you I owe
Humbly and lowe
Comendyng me
To your hounte.
As Machareus

Fayre Canace
So I, I wys
Eudeuoure me
Your name to se
It be enrolde.
Written with golde
Phedra ye may
Well represent
Intentyue ay
And diligent
No tyme myspent
Wherfore deylte
I have to wryte

Of Margarite
Perle orient
Lode sterre of lyght
Mochs reluent
Madame regent
I maye you call
Of vertues all.

TO MAISTRES IANK BLENNE-HAISET.

WHAT thoughe my penne wane faynt
And heb smale lust to paynt
Yet shall there no restraint
Cause me to cease,
Amonge this prease,
For to encrease
Your goodly name.
I wyl my selfe applye
Trusse me ententuely
You for to stellifye
And so obserue
That ye ne swarue
For to deserue
Immortal fame.
Sith maistres Iane Haiset
Small flowres helpte to sette
In my goodly chapelet
Therefore I rendre, of her the memorie
Vnto the legende of fayre Leodomic.

TO MAISTRES ISABELL PENNELL.

BY saynt Mary my lady
Your mammy and your daddy
Brought forthe a goodly baby
My mayden Isabell,
Refarynge rosabell.
The flagrant cammamell,
The ruddy rosary,
The souerayne rosemary
The praty strawberry,
The columbyne, the nepte,
The ieloffer well sette,
The propre violet.
Ennewed your colowre
Is lyke the dasy flowre,
After the Aprile showre.
Sterre of the morowe graye,
The biosome on the spraye,
The fresheathe flowre of Maye.
Maydenly demure,
Of womane bade the lure,
Wherfore I make you sure,
It were an heuenly helthe,
It were an endlesse weythe,
A lyfe for God hymselfe,
To here this nyghtyngale
Amouge the byrdes smale,
Warbelynge in the vale
Dug, dug, iug, iug,
Good yere and good lucke,
With chucke, chucke, chucke, chucke.

TO MAISTRES MARGARET HUSSEY.

MIRAY Margaret
A midsomer flowre
Gentyll as faucon
Or hauke of the towre
With solace and gladnes
Moch mirth and no madnes
All good and no badnes

So ioycously
So maydeuly
So womanly
Her demenyng
In every thyng
Far, far passyng
That I can endite
Or suffice to write
Of mirry Margarete
As mydsomer flowre
Gentill as faucon
Or hauke of the towre.
As pacient and as styl
And as ful of good wil
As fayre Isiphill
Codiander
Swete pomaundre
Good Cassander
Stefast of thought
Wel made, wel wroght
Far may be songht
Erst that ye can fynde
So curteis so kynde
As mirry Margarete
This midsomer flowre
Gentyll as faucon
Or hauke of the towre.

TO MAISTRES GERETRUEDE STATHAM.

THROUGH ye were harde herted
And I with you thwarted
With wordes that smarted,
Yet nowe doutles, ye gyue me cause
To wryte of you this goodly clause
Maistres Geretrude
With woman heide endude
With vertue well reude.
I wyl that ye shalbe
In all benignite, lyke to dame Pasiphe.
For nowe doutlesse, ye gyue me cause
To wryte of you this goodly clause
Maistres Geretrude
With woman heide endude
With vertue well reude.
Partly by your counsell
Garnysched with laurell.
Was my freashe coronell.
Wherfore doutles
Ye gyue me cause
To wryte of you this goodly clause
Maistres Geretrude
With woman heide endude
With vertue well reude.

TO MAISTRES ISABELL KNYGHT.

BUT if I shulde aqute your kyndes
Els say ye myght
That in me were great blyndnes
I for to be so myndles
And coulde nat write
Of Isabell Knyght
It is nat my custome nor my gysse
To leaue behynde
Her, that is both womanly and wyse
And specially whiche glad was to deuyse
The meanes to fynde
To please my mynde.
In helpyngre to warke my laurel grene,
With sylke and golde
Galathes the mayde wel be sene.

Was never halfe so fayre as I wone
Which was extolde, a thousand folde
By Maro the Mantuan prudent
Who lytt to rede,
But and I had leyser competent
I coude shewe you such a president
In very dede, howe ye excede.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

WITHDRAWE your hand, the tyme passeth faste
Set on your heed this laurell which is wrought
Here you nat Eolus, for you bloweth a blaste
I dare well saye, that ye and I be sought
Make no delay, for now ye must be brought
Before my ladys grace, the quene of Fame,
Where ye must breslye answer to your name.

SKELTON POETA.

CASTYNG my eyght the chambre about
To se howe duly, eche thynge in ordre was
Towarde the dore as we were commyng out
I sawe maister Newton syt with his compas
His plummet, his pensell, his spectacles of glas
Deuyssyng in picture by his industrious wit
Of my laurell the proces every whitte.

Forth with vpon this as it were in a thought
Gower, Chawcer, Lydgote these thre
Before remembred, me courteisly brought
Into that place, where as they leste me
Where all the sayd poetes sat in their dege
But when they saw my laurell richely wrought
All other besyde were countrefet they thought.

In comparison of that whiche I ware
Some preyssed the perle, some the stones bryght
Well was hym that therupon might stare
Of this warke they had so great delyght
The aylke, the golde, the flowres fresh to sight,
They sayd my laurell was the goodlyest
That euer they saw, and wrought it was the best,

In her estate there sate the noble quene
Of Fame, percyuyng howe that I was cum
She wondred me thought at my laurell grene
She loket hauteley, and gaue me a glim
There was amoge them no word than but mum
For eche man herkened what she wold to me say
Wherof in substaunce I brought this awaie.

THE QUENE OF FAME TO SKELTON.

MY frende sith ye are before vs here present,
To answere unto this noble audience
Of that shalbe reasoned ye must be content
And for as moche as by the hye pretence
That ye haue nowe by the preeminenſe
Of laureat triomphe, your place is here reserved
We will vnderstande howe ye haue it deserued.

SKELTON POETA TO THE QUENE OF FAME.

RIGHT high and mighty princes of state
In famous glory all other transcendencyng
Of your bounte the customeable rate
Hath ben ful often, and yet is attenyng
To all that to reason is condiscendencyng
But if hasty credence by maintenance of myght
Fortune to stande betwene you and the lyght.

But suche euidence I thynde for to enduce,
And so largly to lay for myne indemnyte
That I trust to make mine excuse

Of what charge soever ye lay against me
For of my bokes, parte ye shal se
Which in your recordes I know wel be entolde
And so occupacion your regester me tolde.

Forthwith she commanded I shuld take my place
Caliope pointed me where I shoule sit
With that, Occupacion preased in a pace
Be merris she sayd, be nat a ferde a whit
Your discharge herevnder myn arme is it
So than comandued she was, vpon this
To shewe her boke: and she sayd here it is.

THE QUENE OF FAME TO OCCUPACION.

YOUR boke of remembrance we wil now that ye
If any recordes in nombre can be found frede
What Skelton hath compiled and written in dede
Rehersyng by ordre, and what is the grunde
Let se nowe for hym, howe ye can expounde
For in our court ye wote wel his name can nat rise
But if he write ofstener than ones or twyse.

SKELTON POETA.

WITH that of the boke losende were the clasps
The margent was illuminated al with golden railles
And bice enpictured, with grassoppes and waspes
With butterflies, and freshe peacocke tailles
Enforsed with flowres and slymy snayles,
Enuined pictures well touched and quickly fayly
It would haue made a man hole that had be right

To beholde, howe it was garnisched and bound,
Encouerde ouer with golde of tissue fine
The clasps and bullions were worth a. M. pounde
With balassis and carbuncles the borders dyd
With aurum musicum every other lyne [shyne
Was witten: and so she dyd her sped
Occupacion immediately to rede.

Occupacion readeth and expoundeth some part of
Skeltons bokes and tales with dites of pleasure
in asmoche as it were to longe a proces
to reberce by name, that be hath compiled. &c.

Or your oratour and poete laureate
Of Englaunde, his warkes hero they begyne
In primis the boke of Honorable astate
Item the boke howe men shoule sie synne
Item royll demenaunce, worshyp to wyne
Item the boke to speake well or be stylit
Item to lerne you, to dye whan ye will.

Of vertue also, the souerayne enterlude
The boke of the rosier, prince Arthuris creacion
The false faith that now goth which daily is remude
Item his dialogues of ymaginacion
Item Antonmedon of Ioues meditacion
Item newe grammar in Englishe compiled
Item Bouge of courte, where dredre was begylle

His comedy, Achademios called by name
Of Tullis familiars the transacion
Item gond aduisement that braideles doth blame
The recule against Goguine of the French nacion
Item the Popingay that hath in commendacion
Ladies and gentilwomen suche as deserued
And suche as be countrefetes they be reserved.

And of soueraintie a noble pamphlet,
And of magnificence a notable mater
Hows countrefet countenaunce of the new get

With crafty conueyance doth smater and flater
And cloaked collusion is brought in to clater
With courtly abusion who printeth it wel in minde
Moch doublenes of the world therin be may
 finde.

Of manerly maistres Margery mylke and ale
To her he wrote many maters of myth
Yet thought I saye it, therby lieth a tale
For Margery wynsed and brake her hyndre gyrth
Londe howe she made moche of her gentill byrth
With gingerly go gingerly her taile was made of
hay
Go she never so gingerly her honestie is gone
awaye.

Harde to make ought of that is naked nought
This fustian maistres and this goggisbe gase
Woder is to write what wrenches she wrought
To face out her foly with a mydosome misse
With pitche she patched her pitcher should nat
crase
It may well ryme but shrewdly it doth accorde
To pyke out honestie of suche a potshorde.

Patet per versus.

Hinc puer hinc natus? uir coniugis hinc spo-
liatus
Iure thorii? est? fetus deli. de sanguine crotus.
Hinc magis extollo, quod erit puer alter Apollo.
Si queris qualis? meretrix castissima talis.
Et reliis et ralis, et reliqualis.

A good herynge of these olde talis
Fynde no mo such from Wanflete to Walis.
Et reliqua. Omelia de diuersis tractatibus.
Of my ladys grace at the contemplacion
Out of Frenche into Englishe prose
Of maunes lyfe the peregrinacion
He dyd translate, interprete, and disclose
The treatise of triuynches of the redde rose:
Wherin many stories are brefely contayned
That vremembred long tyme remayned.

The duke of Yorke's creaunce whan Skelton was
Nowe Henry the viii. kyng of Englande
A treatise he deuyed, and brought it to pas
Called Speculum Principis, to bawc in his hande
Therin to rede, and to vnderstande
All the demenour of princely astate
To be our kyng of God preordinate.

Also the tunyng of Elinor Rymynng
With Coliu Clout, John Yue, with Joforth
Jacke
To make suche trifels it asketh some counnyng
In honest myth parde requireth no lacke
The white appereith the better for the blacke
And after conueyance as the worlde gose
It is no foly to vse the Walshmannes home.

The vmbles of venison, the botels of wyne
To faire maistres Anne, that shuld haue be sent
He wrote therof many a praty lyne
Whereto it became, and whither it went
And howe that it was wantonly spent.
The belade also of the mustarde tarte
Suche problemes to paint it longeth to his arte.

Of one Adam all a knaue late dead and gone
Dormiat in pace like a dormous
He wrote an epitaph for his graue stone

With wordes deuout and sentence Egerdous
For he was euer agaynst Goddes house
All his delite was to brante and to barke
Agayne holy churche, the prest, and the clarke.

Of Philip Sparowe the lamentable fate
The dolefull desteny, and the carefull chaunce
Deuidis by Skelton after the fuuerrall rate
Yet some there be therewith that take greuaunce
And gruge therat with frowning counteraunce
But what of that? harde it is to please all men
Who lyst amende it, let hym set to his penne.

For the gyse now adayes,
Of some iangelyng da iayes
Is to discommende
That they can nat amende
Thoughe they wold spande
All the wittes they haue

What nyle them to deprave
Philippe Sparowes graue
His dirige, her commendacion
Can be no derogation
But myrthe and consolacion
Made by protestacion
No man to mycontent

With Philippis enterment
Alas that goodly mayde
Why should she be afayre?
Why shoule she take shame,
That her goodly name
Honorable reported,
Should be set and sorted
To be matriculat, with ladies of astate?

I conjure the Philip Sparowe
By Hercules that hell dyd harowe
And with a venemous arowe
Slew of the Epidaures
One of the Centaures
Or Onocentaurus, or Hippocentaurus
By whose myght and mayne
An hart was slayne, with bornes twayne
Of glitteryng golde, and the apples of golde
Of Hesperides with holde
And with a dragon kepte
That neuer more slepte
By marciall strength, he wan at length.

And slew Geron, with thre bodyes in one
With mighty corage, adauanted the rage
Of a lyon sauge.
Of Diomedis stabyll, he brought out a rabill
Of coursers and rounses
With leapes and bousses
And with myghty luggynge

Wrastelynge and tuggynge
He plucked the bull, by the horned scul
And offred to Cornucopia,
And so forthe per certera
Also by Hecates bowre

In Plutos gasty towre.
By the vgly Eumenides,
That never haue rest nor ease
By the venomous serpent,
That in hell is never brant.
In Lerna the Grekes fen
That was engendred then
By Chemeras flames,

And all the deadly names,
Of infernall posty
Where soules frye and rosty.

By the stygial floode, and the stremes wode
Of Cocytus botumlesse well.

By the feryman of hell

Caron with his berde hore
That roweth with a rude ore,
And with his frounsed fore toppe
Gydeth his bote with a proppe.

I coniure Philippe and call
In the name of kyng Saul.
Primo regum expres, he had the Phitones
To wytche crafe her to dres,
And by her abusions,
And damnable illusions,
Of merveyious conclusions,
And by her supersticions,
And wonderfull condicions,
She raysed vp in that stede
Samuel, that was dede.

But wheder it were so, he were idem innumero.
The selfe same Samuel,
Howe be it to Saul he dyd tell
The Philistinis should hym askrye
And the nexte daye he shold dye,
wyll my selfe discharge
To fetted men at large.

But Philip I coniure the
Nowe by these names thre
Diane in the woddes grene,
Luna that so bryght doth shene,
Proserpina in hell, that thou shortly tell
And shewe nowe vnto me,
What the cause may be, of this perplexite,

Inferias Philippus tuas Scroupe pulchra Joanna
Instanter pecuit, cur nostri carminis illam
Nunc pudet est sero, minor est infamia vero

Than suche as haue disdayned,
And of this worke compayned,
I praye God they be pained
No worse than is contayned
In verses two or thre,
That folowe as ye maye se.
Luride cur liuor volueris pia fusera damnas
Talia te rapiant, rapiunt que fata volucrem,
Est tamen intidic mors tibi continua.

The grounding and the groining of the groning
Also the mournyng of the mapely rote [swyne
Howe the grene couerlet suffred great pyne.
Whan the dle net was set for to catche a cote
Strake one with a byrdbolt to the heart rote
Also a devoute prayer to Moyses houres
Metristed merily, medled with scornes.

Of paiantes that were played in joyous garde
He wrate of a mowes through a mud wall
Howe a doe cam trippynge in at the rete warde
But lorde howe the parker was wroth with all
And of castell Angell the fenestrall
Glittynge and glistryng and gloriously glased
It made some mennes eyen dasyld and dased.

The repte of the recuite of Roganundes bowre
Of his pleasant paine there and his glad desires
In plantyng and plucking a propre ieloffer flowre
But howe it was, some were to recheles
Nat withstanding it is remedies
What myght she say? what myght he do thereto?
Though Jack sayd nay: yet mok ther lost her sho.

Howe than lyke a man he wan the Barbican
With a saute of solace at the longe last
The colour deedly, swarl, blo, and wan

Of Exone her lambe is dede and past
The cheke and the necke but a shorte cast
In fortunes fauour erer to endure
No man hyuyng he sayth can be sure.

How dame Minerua first found the oline tre,
she red
And planted yet wher never before was none,
vnshred

An hynde vnhurt it by casquette, nat bled
Recouerd whan the forster was gone, and sped
The hertes of the herd began for to grose, and fled
The hounds began to yerne and to quest: and
dred
With lytell busines standeth moche rest. in bed.

His epitomis of the myllier and his ioly make
How her ble was bryght as blossoms on the spray
A wanton wenche and well comde bake a cake
The myllier was loth to be out of the way
But yet for all that be as be may
Whether he rode to Swanshamm or to Some
The myllier durst nat leue his wyfe at home

With wofully arayd and shamefully betrayda
Of his making deuote medytacions
Vexilla regis he deuysed to be desplayde,
With Sacris solemnus, and other contemplacions
That in them comprised consideracions
Thus passeth he the time both night and day
Somtime with sadness, sometime with play

Though Galene and Dioscorides
With Hipocrates, and mayster Auenen
By theyr phisike done many a man easse
And though Albusmaar can the enferme and ken
What constellacions ar good or bad for men:
Yet whan the raine raineth and the gowe winketh
Litell wotteth the goaling what the gowe thinketh

He is nat wise agayne the stremes that striueth
Dun is in the mire, dame reche me my spur
Nedes must he ren that the denil dryueth
Whan the stede is stolen sparre the stable dur
A gentyl hounde shoude never playe the kur
It is soone aspyed wher the thorne pricketh
And well wotteth the cat whose berde she licketh

With Marione clarione sol lucerne
Grande inir, of this Frenche prouerbe olde
How men were wont for to discerne
By candelmas daye, what wether shoulde holde
But Marione clarione was caught with a colde
And all ouercast with cloudes vntinde
This goodly flowre with stormes was vntwunde

This ieloffer gentill, this rose, this lilly flowre,
This prime rose peteles, this propre violet,
This delicate dasy, this strawberry pretely set,
This columbyne cleare and freshest of colour
With frowarde frostis alas was all to fret
But who may haue more vngracious life
Than a childe byrde and a knaues wife?

Thinke what ye wil
Of this wanton byll.
By Mary Gipioe
Quod scripsi scripsi
Vxor tua sicut Vitis
Habetis in custodiam

Custodite sicut scitis.
Secundum Lucam. &c.

Of the bone horns of Assbrige beaide Barcanstede
That goodly place to Skelton most kynde,
Where the sange roiall is, Christis blode no rede
Wbervpon he metrified after his mynde. [finde
A pleasanter place than Assbrige is, hard were to
As Skelton reherseth with wordes fewe and playne
In bis distichon, made on verses twayne.

Praximus in clivo frondetque Viret sine riu.
Non est sub diuo similis sine fiumini uiuo.

The nacion of foles he lefte nat behinde,
Item Apollo that whirled up his chare,
That made some to stourre and snufe in the windre
It made them to skip, to stampe, and to stare,
Whiche (if they be happy) haue cause to beware
In rymyngne and raylyngne with hem for to melle
For dredre that he lerne them theyr. A.B.C. to spell.

POETA SKELTON.

WITH that I stode vp, halfe sodaynly agrayde
Supplyng to Fame, I besought her grace
And that it wold please her full tenderly I prayd
Out of her booke Appollo to rase.
Nay eyr she sayd, what so in this place
Of our noble courte is ones spoken out
It muste nedes after ren all the worlde aboute.

God wote these wordes made me full sad
And whan that I sawe it woide no better be
But that my petucion wold be had,
What shoulde I do, but take it in gre?
For by Jupiter and his high maiestye,
I dyd what i coulde to scarpe out the scrolles
Apollo to rase out of her ragman roles.

Nowne here of it erketh me lenger to wryte,
To Occupacion, I wyl agayne resort
Whiche redde on styll, as it came to her syght
Rendryngne my deuise I made in disperte
Of the mayden of Kent called conforte
Of louers testamente and of theyr wanton willis
And howe Iollas loued goodly Phillis.

Diodorus Siculus of my, translation
Out of frasshe Latine into our Englyshe playne,
Recountynge commodities of many a strange nacion
Who redeth it ones wold rede it agayne
Six volumes engrossed together I doth contayne.
But whan of the laurell she made rehersall
Al orators and poetes with other great and smal

A thousande thousands I trowe to my dome
Triumpha triumpha they cried all about [Rome
Of trumpettes and clarions the noyse went to
The sterry heuen me thought shoke with the shout
The ground groaned and trembled that noyse was
so stout [hooke
The quene of Fome commaunded, shet fast the
And therwith sodaynely out of my slope I woke

My minde of the great din was somdele amased
I wyped myn eyen for to make them clere
Than to the heauen sphericall upwarde I gased
Where I sawe Iesus with his double chere
Makyng his aymamal for the newe yere
He turned his tricke his volvill ran fast
Good lucke this newe yere the olde yere is past.
Mens tibi sit consulta petis sic consule menti,
Emule sis Iesi, retro speculator & ante.

Skeltonis alloquitur liberum suum,
Ite Britannorum lux o radiosa Britannum
Carmina nostra pluia Vestrum celebrate Catullum
Dicite Skeltonis Vester Adonis erat.
Dicite Skeltonis Vester Homerus erat.
Barbara cum lacio pariter iam currite Versu.
Et licet est Verbo pars maxima texta Britanno,
Non magis incompeta nostra Thalia patet:
Est magis incita nec mera Caliope.
Nec nos penitentis litora tula subire.
Nec nos penitentis robium tolerare canitam,
Nam Maro dissimiles non tulit ille minas,
Immuuis nec enim musa Naonis erat.

LEMOTT.

Go little quaire
Demeane you faire
Take no dispaire
Though I you wrate
After this rate
In Englyshe letter
So muche the better
Welcomme shall ye
To some men be
For Latin warkes
Be good for clarkes
Yet nowe and then
Some Latin men
May happily loke
Upon your booke
And so procede
In you to rede
That so in dede
Your fame may sprede
In lengthe and brede
But that I dredre
You shall haue nede
You for to spedre
To harnes bryght
By force of might
Agaynst enuy
And olioquy
And wole ye why
Nat for to fyght
Agaynst dispnyght
Nor to derayne
Betayle agayne
Scornfull disdayne
Nor for to chyde
Nor for to hyde
You cowardly
But courteisly
That I haue pende
For to defende
Vnder the banner
Of all good maner
Vnder protection
Of sad correction
With toleracion
And supportacion
Of reformacion
If they can spye
Circumspectly
And worde defaced
That myght be reased
Els ye shall praye
Them that ye may
Continue styll
With theyr good wyl.

Ad serenissimum Maiestatem Regiam, pariter

cum Domino Cardinali Legato a latere honorificatissimo &c.

LAUTRE ENVOY.

PERGE liber, celebrem pronus regem venerare
Henricum octauum, resonans sua premia laudis.
Cardineum dominum pariter venerando salutes,
Legatum a latere & fiat memor ipse precare,
Prebende, quam promisit mibi credere quondam.
Meque sumus referas pignus sperare salutis
Inter spomque metum.

Twene hope and dредe
My lyf I lede Small sekeres.
But of my spede
How be it I rede
Both worde and dедe In noblenes.
Should be agrede
Or esa. &c.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE BOUGE OF COURTE.

In Autumpne whan the sonne in vyrgyne
By redyauate hete encryped hath our corne
Whan Luna full of mulahylte
As emperes the dyadem hath worne
Of our pole artyke, smylyng haife in scorne
At our foly, and our vnschedfastnesse
The tyme whan Mars to warre hym dyd dres,

I callynge to mynde the greate auctoryte
Of poetes olde, whiche full craftly
Vnder as couerte termes as coulde be
Can touche a trouth, and cloke subtelly
With fresshe vtrraunce full sentenciously
Dyuerse in style some spared not wyc to wryte
Some of mortalitie nobly dyd endyte.

Wherby I rede, theyr renome and theyr fame
Maye never dye, but euermore endure
I was sore moued to a forse the same
But ignorance full soone dyde me dyscure
And shewed that in this arte I was not sure
For to illumine she syd I was to dulle
Aduysyng me my penne awaye to pulle

And not to wryte, for he so wyl attayne
Excedyng ferther than his connyng is
His heed maye be harde, but feble is brayne
Yet haue I knownen suche er this
But of reproche surclie he maye not myns
That clymmeth hyer than he may fotinge haue
What and he slyde downe, who shall hym sau?

Thus vp and downe my mynde was drawnen and
That I ne wiste what to do was bestest [cast]
So sore envered that I was at the laste
Enforsed to slepe, and for to take some reste
And to lye downe as soone as I my dreste
At Harwyche porte slumbryng as I laye
In myne hostes house called Powers keye

Me thought I sawe, a shyppe goodly of sayle
Come saylyng forth into that bauen brond
Her takelyng ryche and of hye apparyle
She kast an anker and there she laye at rode
Marchauntes her borded to se what she had
Therein they founde royll marchaundysse
Franghted with pleasure of what ye could devise

But than I thought I wolde not dwelle behynde
Amang all other I put my seife in prece
Than there coulde I none aquentauance fynde
There was moche noyse anone one cryed cese
Sharpely comauandyng eche man holde his pece
Mayster he sayd, the shyp that ye here se
The Bowge of courte it hyghte for certeynte.

The owner thereof is lady of estate
Whoos name to tell is dame saunce pere
Her marchaundysse is ryche and fortunate
But who will haue it muste paye therfore dere
This royll chafire that is shypped here
Is called fauoure to stonde in her good grace
Than shold ye se there presyng in a pace.

Of one and other that wolde this lady se
Which sat behynde a tranes of sylke fyne
Of golde of tessew the fynest that myght be
In a trone whiche ferre clere dyd shyne
Than Phebus in his spre celestyne
Whoos beaute honoure goodly porte
I bau to lytoll connyng to reporte

But of eche thynge there as I toke heede
Amonge all other was wryten in her trone
In golde leters this worde whiche I dyd rede
Garde le fortune que est muelz et bone
And as I stode redyng this verse my selfe alone
Her chyef gentylwoman daunger by her name
Gau me a taunte and sayd I was to blame.

To be so perle to prese so prondely uppe
She sayd she trowed that I had eaten cause
She asked yf ever I dranke of sauces cuppe
And I than softly answered to that clause
That so to saye, I bad gynen her no cause
Than askeid she me Syr so God the spede
What is thy name? and I sayd it was Dred.

What moued the quod she hydder to come
Forsot quod I to bye some of your ware
And with that worde on me she gau a gloome
With brows bente and gan on me to stare
Full daynously and fro me she dyd fare
Leuyng me stondynge as a mased man
To whomre there came an other gentylwoman.

Desyre her name was and so she me tolde
Sayenge to me brother be of good chere
Abasshe you not but hardely be bolde
Auaunce your selfe to aproche and come nere
What though our chaffier be never so dere
Yet I ause you to speke for ony dredre
Who sparst to speke, in faith he sparst to sped

Maistres quod I, I haue none aquentauance
That wyl for me be medyatoure and mene
But this another I haue but smale substance
Peace quod Desyre ye speke not worth a bene
Yf ye haue not in fayth I will you lene
A precious jewell no rycher in this londe
None auenture haue here nowe in your hode.

Shyfle now therwith let se as ye can
In Bowge of courte cheuysaunce to make
For I dare saye that there nys erthly man
But and he can bone auenture take
There can no favoure nor frendshyp him forake
Bone auenture may bryng you in suche case
That ye shall stonde in fauoure and in grace.

But of one thyng I warne you er I goo
 She that styreth the shyp make her your frende
 Maystren quod I, I praye you tel me why so
 And how I may that waye and meanes fynde
 Forsooth quod she how euer blowe the wynde
 Fortune gydeth and ruleth all our shyppe
 Whom she hateth shall ouer the shyp borde skyp.

Whome she loueth of all pleasure is riche
 Whyleas she laugheth and bath juste for to playe
 Whome she hateth she casteth in the dyche
 For whan she froumesth she thinketh to make a fray
 She cheryssheth hym and hym she chasseth away.
 Alas quod I how myght I haue her sure
 In feyth quod she by bone aventure.

Thus in a row of marchaunte a grete route
 Sued to fortune that she wold be theyr frydale
 They thronge in faste and flocked her aboute
 And I with them prayed her to haue in mynde
 She promysed to vs all she wold be kynde
 Of Bowge of court she asketh what we wold haue
 And we asked fauoure, and fauoure she vs gaue.

Thus endeth the Prologue.

DREDE.

THE sayle is vp fortune ruleth our helme
 We wante no wynde to passe now ouer all
 Fauoure we haue tougher then any elme
 That will abide and never frome vs fall
 But vnder honie ofstetime lieth byter gall
 For as me thoughte in our shippie I did so
 Full subtell persones in nombre fourre and thre

The first was Fauell full of faterie
 With fables false that well coude faync a tale
 The seconde was Suspecte whiche that dayly
 Myndempte ech man with face deedly and pale
 And Haruy Haster that well coude picke a male
 With other fourre of theyr asynyte
 Dymayne, Ryotte, Dysaymuler, Subtylto.

Fortune theyr frende with whom oft she dyd
 daunce
 They coude not fayle they thought they were so
 sure

And oftentimes I wold myselfe auaunce
 With them to make solace and pleasure
 But my dysportys they coude not well endure
 They said they hated for to dide with Drede
 Then Fauell gan with feyre speche me to fede.

FAUELL.

NOTHINGBE ethly that I wonder so sore
 As of our conninge that is so excellent
 Devote to haue with vs suche one in store
 So vertuously that hath his dayes spente
 Fortune to you gyfes of grace hathe lente
 Lo what it is a man to haue conninge
 All ethly treasour it is surmountinge

Ye be an apte man as ony can be found
 To dwell with vs and serue my ladyes grace
 Ye be to her yea worth a thousande pounde
 I herde her speke of you within shorte space
 When there were dyuerte that sore did you manoce
 And though I saye it, I was myselfe your frend
 For here be dyuerte to you that be vnkinde

But this one thinge ye may be sure of me
 For by that Lorde that bought dere all mankinde
 I cannot flatter I must be playne to the
 And ye nede ought man shew to me your minde
 For ye haue me whome faythfull ye shall fynde
 Whyles I haue ought by God you shalte not lacke
 And if nede be, a bolde worde I dare cracke

Nayg naye be sure whilse I am on your syde
 Ye may not fall truste me ye maye not fayle
 Ye stande in fauoure and fortune is your gyde
 And as she wyl so shall our greate shyppe sayle
 These lewd cok witts shall nevermore preuale
 Agynste you hardly therefore be not astryde
 Fare well till soone but no worde that I sayde.

DREDE.

THAN thanked I him for his great gentylnes
 But as me thought he were on him a cloke
 That lyned was with doubtfull doublenes
 Me thoughte of wordes that he had full a pok
 His stomake stufed ofstetimes dyde rebuke
 Suspycyon me thoughte mett hym at a brayde
 And I drewe nere to herke, what they two sayde

In feyth quod Suspecte, speake Drede no worde
 of me

Why what than wylte thou lette men to speke
 He sayth he cannot well accorde with the
 Twysshem quod Suspecte goo playe him I ne reke
 By Chryst quod Fauell Drede is soleyne freke
 What lette vs holde hym vp man for a whyle
 Ye so quod Suspecte, he maye vs bothe begyle

And whan he came walkinge soberly
 With whom, and, ha, and with a crooked luke
 Me thoughte his heed was full of gelousy
 His eyen rollynge his bordes fast they quoke
 And to me warden the strayghte way he toke
 God sped brother to me quod he than
 And thus to talk with me he began,

SUSPICION.

Yg remembre the gentylman ryght now [speake
 That comanduynge with you me thought a party
 Beware of hym for I make God awaue
 He wyl begyle you and speke fayre to your face
 Ye never dwelt in suche an other place
 For here is none that dare well other truste
 But I wold tell you a thinge and I durste

Speke he a fayth no worde to you of me
 I wold and he dyde ye wold me tell
 I haue a fauoure to you wherof it be
 That I must shewe you muche of my counsele
 But I wonder what the deuyll of hell
 He sayd of me when he with you dyd talk
 By myne aduyse vse not with him to walke

The soneraynst thinge that any man may haue
 Is littill to saye, and much to here and se
 For but I trusted you so God me sauie
 I wold nothing so playne he
 To you onely me thyngke I durste shryue me
 For nowe am I plenarely dysposed
 To shewe you thyngs that may not be disclosed.

DREDE.

THAN I assured hym my fydelite
 His counseyle secrete never to dyscure
 Yf he could fynde in herte to trusye me

Els I prayed hym with all my bewy care
To kepe it hymselfe for than he myght be sure
That no man earthly could hym bewreye
Whyles of his mynd it were lockte with the keye

By God quod he this and thus it is
And of his mynde he shewred me al and some
Farre well quod he we will talke more of this
So he departed there he wolde be come
I dare not speke I promised to be done
But as I stode maxinge in my minde
Heruy Haster came lepinge light as lunde,

Vpon his breaste he bare a versinge boxe
His throte was clere and lustely couldle fayne
Me thought his gowne was all furred with foxe
And euer he sang, sithe I am nothinge plaine
To kepe him from pikinge it was a grete paine
He gased on me with his gotishe berde
When I looked on him me purse was half aferde.

HERUY HASTER.

Sym God you save why loke ye so sadde
What thinge is that I maled do for you
A wonder thinge that ye waxe not madde
For and I studie sholde, as ye do nowe
My witte wolde waste I make God auowe
Tell me your minde me thinke ye make a verme
I could it skan and ye wolde rehersse

But to the pointe shortelie to procede
Wher hath your dwelling ben er ye came here
For as I trowe I haue sene you in dede
Er this whan that ye made me roiall chere
Holde vp the heime loke vp and lete God stree
I wolde be merie what wind that euer blowe
Hene and how rombelow row the bote Norman
rowe.

Princes of yonghete can ye singe by note
Or shall I saile with you a feloship assasie
For on the booke I cannot singe a note
Woide to God it wolde please you some daye
A ballade booke before me for to laye
And terner me to singe (ke mi fa sol)
And when I failte bobbe me on the poll

Loo what is to you a pleasure great
To haue that coniuge and waiers that ye haue
By Goddes soule I wonder howe ye gete
Soo great pleasure or who to yon it gaue
Sir pardone me I am an homelie knaue
To be with you thus perte and thus bolde
But ye be welcome to our householde

And I dare saie there is no man here inne
But wolde be glade of your companie
I wiste never man that so soone coude winne
The fauoure that ye haue with my lady
I praye to God that it maled never dy
It is your fortune for to haue that grace
As I be sauied it is a wonder case

For as for me I serued here many a daie
And yet vaneth I can haue my iuyngre
But I requyre you no worde that I saye
For and I knowe ony earthly thyngre
That is agayne you ye shall haue wetyngre
And ye be welcome syr so God me sauie
I hope hereafter a frende of you to have.

DEDE.

With that as he departed so fro me
Anone there mette with hym as me thoughte
A man, but wonderly beaute was he
He loked hawtie he sette ech man at noughe
His gawdy garment with scorner was all wrought
With indygnyacion lyned was his hode
He frowned as he wolde swere by cockes blode.

He bote the lyppe he loked passyng coye
His face was belymmed as byes had hym stoungre
It was no tyme with hym to jape nor toye
Enuye hath wasted his lyter and his longe
Hatred by the herte so had hym wroungre
That he loked pale as ashes to my syghte
Dysdayne I wene his comerous crabes byghte

To Heruy Haster than he speake of me
And I drewe nere to barkre what they two sayde
Now quod Dysdayne as I shall sayde be
I haue grete scorner and am ryght euyll spayed
Than quod Heruy why arte thou so dysmayde
By Chryst quod he for it is shame to sayde
To se Johan Dawes that came but yesterdays

How he is now taken in concydte
This doctour dawcocke Drede I wene he hyght
By Goddes bones but yf we haue some sleyte
It is lyke he wyll stonde in your lyghte
By God quod Heruy and it so happen myghte
Lete vs therfore shortly at a worde
Fynde some men to caste hym ouer the borde

By him that me bought than quod Dysdayne
I wonder sore he is in such conceite
Turde quod Haster I wyll the nothynge sayde
There must for him be layde some pretty beyte
We tweyny I trowe be not without dyscyepte
Fyrste pycke a quarrell and fall out with him then
And so outface hym with a carde of ten,

Forthwith he made on me a proude amysyte
With scornfull loke menyd all in moode
He wente about to take me in a fawte
He frounde he starded he stamppe where he stode
I loked on hym I wende he had be woodre
He set the arme proudly under the syde
And in this wise he gan with me to chyde.

DYSDAYNE.

REMEMBREEST thou what thou sayd yester
Wilt thou abide by the wordes againe [nyghte
By God I haue of the now grete dispisito
I shall the angre ones in every vaine
It is grete scorner to se suche an haine
As thou arte one that came but yesterdaie
With vs olde seruauntes suche maisters to plaine

I tell the I am of countenaunce
What wenest I were, I trowe you know not me,
By Goddes woundes but for displeaunce
Of my querell soone wolde I venged be
But no force I shall ones mette with the
Come whan it will oppose the I shall
What som ever aventure thereof fall

Trowest thou dreuill I saie thou gawdis knaue
That I haue deinte to se the cherisched thus
By Goddis side my sworde thy berde shall shauie
Well ones thou shalte be chermed I wus
Nale strawe for tales thou shalt not rule vs

We be thy betters and so thou shalte vs take
Or we shall the out of thy clothes shake.

DREDE.

WITH that came Ryote rushing at ones
A rustie galande to ragged and to rente
And on the bordes he whirled a paire of bones
Quarter treye dews he clattered as he went
Noue haue at all by saint Thomas of Kente
Add ever he threwe and kyst I wote nere what
His here was growen thorowe out his hat

Than I behylde how he dysgysed was
His heed was heuy for watchinge ouer night
His eyeu bleded his face shone like a glas
His gowne so shorte that it ne couer myght
His rumpe he wente so all for somer light
His hose was garded with a lyste of grene
Yet at the knee they were broken I wene

His cote was checkerd with patches rede and
Of kyrrke kendall was his shorte demye [blewe
And ay he sauge in fayth decon thou crewe
His elbowe bare he ware his gerte so naye
His nose droppinge, his lippes were full drye
Add by his syde his whynarde and his pouche
The deyyl myght dance therin for any crouche

Counter he coude (O lux) upon a pottie
And cestricle fedder of a capons tayle
He set vp frassheiy vpon his hat slotte
What reuell route quod he and gan to rayle
How ofte he hit Ienel on the tayle
Of feloye fetewe and lytell pretie cate
Howe ofte he knocked at her klycket gate

What should I tell more of his ryhaudrye
I was ashamed so to here hym prate
He had no pleasure but in harlotrye
Ay quod he in the deuyllis date
What art thou I sawe the nowe but late
Forsooth quod I in this courte I dwel nowe
Welcome quod Ryote I make Gnd anowue.

RYOT.

AND syr in fayth why comste not vs amonge
To make the mery as other felowes done
Thou must sware and stare man aldaye longe
And wake all nyght and slepe till it be none
Thou mayste not studye or muse on the mone
This wroldis is nothing but ete drynke and slepe
And thus with vs good company to kepe

Plucke vp thyne herte vpon a mery pinne
And let vs laugh a plucke or twayne at niale
What the deyyl man myrrh is here within
What lo man se here of dyce a hale
A brydeylinge caste for that is in thy male
Nowe haue at all that lyeth vpon the burde
Eye on this dyce they be not worth a turde

Hauc at the baserde or at the dozen browne
Or els I pas a penny to a pounde,
Now woldie to God thou wold leye money down
Londe how that I wold caste it full rounde
Ay in my pouche a huckell I haue founde
The armes of Calyce I haue no coyne nor crosse
I am not happye I renne ay on the losse

Now renne muste I to the stawes syde
To wete yf malkyn my lenman haue gete ought
I lete her to byre that men may on her ryde

Her armes easy ferre and nere is soughte
By Goddis sydes syns I her thyder broughte
She hath gote me more money with her tayle
Than hath some shyppe that into bordewys sayle

Had I as good an hors as she is a mare
I durste aventure to journey to Fraunce
Who rydeth on her he nedeth not to care
For she is trussed for to breke a launce
It is a curtel that well can wynche and prauence
To her wyll I now all my poerty lege
And tyll I come I haue here myne hat to plege.

DREDE.

GONE is this kuauie this rybande foule and leude
He ranne as faste as euer that he myghte
Vnthyfystnes in him maye well be shewed
For Whome tybome grotheth both daie and nyghte
And as I stode and caste asyde my syghte
Dasdyne I sawe with Dysymulacyon
Standyng in saddle communicacyon

But there was poyntyng and noddyng with the
And mayu wordes sayd in secrete wyse [hede
They wondred ay and stode stylly in no stede
Me thoughte alwaye Disymulacrye douse
Me passyngre sore myne herte than gan araye
I dempte and drede their talkynge was not good
Acone Dysymulacrye came where I stode

Than in his hode I sawe there faces tweyne
That one was lone and lyke a pyned ghost
That other loked as he wolde me haue slayne
And in me warden as he gan for to coost
Whan that he was even at me almoost
I sawe a knyf hyd in his one sleue
Wheron was wryten this worte myschefte

And in his other sleue me thought I sawe
A spone of golde, full of hony swete
To fede a fole, and for to prey a dawe
And on that sleue these wordes were wrete
A false abstracte cometh frame a fale concrete
His hode was syde his cope was roset graye
These were the wordes that he to me dyde saye.

DYSYMMULACYON.

How do ye maister ye loke so soberly
As I be sained at the dredfull daye
It is a perilous vyce this enuy
Alas a connyng man ne dwelle maye
In no place well but folcs with fraye
But as for that connyng hath no foo
Sawe him that noughte can scripture saith see.

I knowe your vertue and your lytterkture
By that lytel conninge that I haue
Ye be maligned sore I you ensure
But ye haue craste your selfe alwaie to saine
It is grete skorne to se a misproude knaue
With a clerke that conninge is to prate
Let them go, louse them in the deuyllis date

For all be it that this longe not to me
Yet on my backe I bere suche iwdie delvyng
Right now I speake with one I trowe I se
But what a strawe I maye not tell all thing
By God I saie there is grete herte breuning
Betwene the personne ye wote of Joun
Alas I coulde not dele so with an yew

I wold ech man were as playne as I
It is a worlde I saye to here of some
I hate this fayninge fye upon it fye
A man can not wote where to become
I wot I could tell but humlyng home
I dare not speke we be so layde awaite
For all our courte is full of desceite

Now by saint Frauncys that holy man and freire
I hate this wayes agayne you that they take
Where I as you I wold ryde them full nere
And by my trouthe but yf an ende they make
Yet wyll I saye some wordes for your sake
That shall them angre I holde thereon a grotte
For some shall wene be hanged by the throte.

I haue a stoppyng oyster in my pocke
Truste me and yf it come to a nede
But I am lothe for to reyse a smoke
Yf ye could be otherwyse agrede
And so I wolde it were so God me spede
For this mayne brede to a confusyon
Without God make a good conclusyon.

Naye as where yonder stondeth the teder man
A flateryng knave and false he is God wote
The dreuill stondeth to herken and he can
It were more thryfste he bought him a new cote
It will not be, his purse is not on flote
All that he wereth it is borrowed ware
His wytte is thynne his hode is thred bare.

More could I saye but what this is ynowne
Adewe till soone we shall speke more of this
Ye muste be ruled as I shall tell you howe
Amendas may be of that is now a myss
And I am your syr so haue I blyss
To every poynte that I can do or saye [days]
Gyue me your houde fare well and haue good

DREDE.

SODAUNLY as he departed me fro
Came premysinge in one in a wonder arayre
Er I was ware behynde me he sayde bo
Than I astonyed of that sodeyne fraye
Sterte all at ones I liked nothyng his playe
For yf I had not quyckely fledde the touche
He had plucte out the nobles of my pouche.

He was trussed in a garmente strayte
I haue not sene suche an others page
For he coude well upon a casket wayte
His body all pounsed and garded lyke a cage
Lyghte lyne fynger he toke none other wage
Harken quod he lo here myne honde in thyne
To vs welcome thou art by saint Duyntyne.

DISCEYTE.

BUT by that lord that is one two and thre
I haue an errande to rounde in your ere
He tolde me so by God ye may trust me
Parte remembre whan ye were there
There I wynkyn on you, wote ye not where
In (A) loco I mene iuxta (B)
Woo is hym that is blynde and mayne not se

But to here the subtylte and the crafte
As I shall tell you yf ye will harke agayn
And whan I sawe the horsons wolde you haft
To hoide myne honde by God I had greate payne
For forthwyth there I had hym slayne
But that I drede, mordre woldre come oute
Who deleth with shrewes, hath nede to loke about.

DREDE.

AND as he rounded thus in myne ere
Of false collusion confestryd by asente
Me thought I se lewde felowes here and there
Came for to see me of mortall entente
And as they came the shypborde fast I hente
And thoughte to lepe, and even with that wote
Caughte penne and ynde and wrote this lylly
boke

I wold therewith no man were mynsonente
Besechynge you that shall it se or rede
In every poynte to be indyfferente
Syth all in substance of almystryng dooth pro
I wyl not saye it is matter in dede [code]
But yet oflyme, such dremes be founde trewe
Now constrewe ye, what is the resydewe,

Thus endeth the Bouge of Courte.

SKELTON LAUREATE, &c.

HOW THE DOUTY DUKE OF ALBANY LYRE A COW-
ARD KNYGHT, RAN AWAYE SHAMFULLY WITH
AN HUNDRED THOUSANDE TRATLAUNDE SCOTTES
AND FAINT HEARTED FRENCHEMEN: BESIDE
THE WATER OF TWEDDE, &c.

REIOWER Englande
And understande
These tidings newe
Whiche be as trewe
As the gospel:
This duke so fell Of Albany
So cowardly
With all his hoost
Of the Scottyshe coost
For all theyr hoost
Fledde like a beest.
Wherfore to iesete
Is my delighht
Of this cowarde koyght
And for to wright
In the dispigght
Of the Scottes ranke
Of Huntley hanke
Of Lowdyan. Of Locryan
And the ragged ray
Of Galaway.

Dunbar, Dunde
Ye shall trowe me
False Scottes are ye
Your hartes sore faynted
And so attaynted
Lyke cowards starke
At the castell of Warke
By the water of Twede
Ye had euill spede.
Lyke cankerd curren
Ye loste your spurres
For in that fraye
Ye ranne awaie
With hey dogge hay.

For sir William Lyle
Within shorte whyte
That valiaunt knyght
Putte you to flyght
By his valyance
Two thousande of Fraunce
There he putte backe
To your great lache

And vitter shame
Of your Scottyshe name.
Your chefe cheftayne
Voyde of all brayne
Duke of all Albany.
Than shamefuly
He reculed backe
To his great lache
Whan he herde tell
That my lorde Amrell
Was comyng downe
To make hym frowne
And to make hym lowre
With the noble powre
Of my lorde Cardynal.
As au hoost royll
After the auncient maner
With sainte Cuthberdes banner
And saint William's also
Your capitayne ranne to go
To go to go to go
And brake vp all his hoost
For all his crake and bost
Lyke a cowarde knyght
He fledde and durst not fught:
He ranne awaye by night
But now must I
Your duke ascry, of Albany
With a worde or twayne
In sentence playne:
Ye duke so douty
So sterne so stouty
In shorte sentens
Of your pretens
What is the grounde:
Breuedy and rounde
To me expounde
Or els wyll I
Euydently
Shewe as it is
For the cause is this
Howe ye pretende
For to defende
The yonge Scottyshe kyng
But ye meane a thyng
And ye coude bryng
The matter about
To putte his eyen out
And put hym downe
And set hys crowne
On your owne herd
Whan he were dead
Such trecherie : and traytory
Is all your cast.
Thus ye haue compast
With the Frenche kyng
A fals rekenyng
To enuade Englaunde
As I understande,
But our kyng royll
Whose name ouer all
Noble Henry the eyght
Shall cast a beyght
And sette suche a snare
That shall cast you in cars
Both kyng Fraunces and the
That knownen ye shall be
For the moost regrayd
Cowardes afryyd
And falsest forsworne
That ever were borue.

O ye wretched Scottes
Ye puuant pypottes
It shalbe your lottes
To be kuytte vp with knottes
Of haiters and ropes
About your traytours throtes:
O Scottes pariured
Unhapply vred
Ye may be assured
Your fulshod discured
It is and shal be.
From the Scottish se
Unto Gabions
For ye be false echone
False and false agayne
Neuer true nor playne
But fierie, flatter and fayna
And euer to remayne
In wretched beggery
And mauny misery
In lousy lothsumnesse
And scabbed scorfynnesse
And in abhominacion
Of all maner of nacion
Nacion moost in hate
Proude and poore of state:
Twyt Scot go kepe thy den
Mell nat with Englyshe men
Thou dyd nothyng but barke
At the castell of Warke:
Twyt Scot yet agayne ones
We shall breke thy bones
And hang you vpon pollies
And byrne you all to colles
With twyt Scot, twyt Scot twyt
Walke Scot go begge a byt
Of breude, at ylke mannes hecke
The fynde Scot breke thy necke
Twyt Scot agayne I saye
Twyt Scot of Galaway
Twyt Scot, shake thy dogge bay
Twyl Scot thou ran away
We set nat a flye
By your duke of Albany
We set nat a pryme
By such a drunken drane
We set nat a myght
By such a cowardle knyght
Suche a proude palyarde
Suche a skyrballarde
Suche a sterke cowarde
Suche a proude pultrowne
Suche a foule Coystrowne
Suche a douty dagwayne
Sende him to Fraunce agayne
To bring with hym more brayne
From kynge Fraunces of Frauns
God sende them bothe myschauis:

Ye Scottes all the rable
Ye shall never be hable
With vs for to compare
What though ye stampes and stare
God sende you sorrow and care
With vs whan euer ye mell
Yet we bear away the bell
Whan ye cankerd knaues
Must crepe into your caues
Your heedes for to hyde.
For ye dare nat abyde.
Sir duke of Albany
Right inconueniently

Ye rage and ye rane
 And your worshyp debrane
 Nat lyke duke Hamycar
 With the Romaynes that made war
 Nor lyke his sonne Hanyball
 Nor lyke duke Hasdruball
 Of Cartage in Aphrike
 Yet somewhat ye be lyke
 In some of their condicions
 And their false sedycions
 And their dealyng double
 And their weywardes trouble:
 But yet they were boide
 And manly manyfode
 Their enemyses to assayle
 In playn felde and battayle.
 But ye and your boost
 Full of bragge and boost
 And full of waste wynde
 Howe ye wyll beres bynde
 And the deuill downe dynge
 Yet ye dare do nothyng
 But lepe away lyke frogges
 And hyde you vnder logges
 Lyke pygges and lyke hogges
 And lyke mauny dogges.
 What an armyn were ye?
 Or what actyuyte?
 Is in you beggers brangles
 Full of scabbes and scabies:
 Of vermyng and of iycce
 And of all manner vycce.
 Syr duke: nay syr ducke
 Syr drake of the lake: sir ducke
 Of the donghyll, for small lucke
 Ye haue in featur of warre
 Ye make nought but ye marre
 Ye are a fale entrusar
 And a fale abusar
 And an vntrewe knyght
 Thou hast to lytell myght
 Agayost Englaunde to lyght
 Thou art a graces wyght
 To put thy selfe to flyght
 A vengeance and dispight
 On the most nedes lyght
 That durst nat hyde the sight
 Of my lorde Amrell
 Of chivalry the well
 Of knighthode the floure
 In every marciall shoure
 The noble erle of Surrey
 That put the in suche fray
 Thou durst no felde derayne
 Nor a batmyle maytayne
 With our stonge caplaine
 For you ran home agayne
 For feare thou shoulde be slayne
 Lyk a Scottyshe keteryng
 That durst abyde no rekyng
 Thy hert wold: nat serue the
 The fynde of hell mot sterue the
 No man hath harde
 Of such a cowarde
 And such a mad ymage
 Caried in a cage:
 As it were a cotage
 Or of such a mawment
 Caried in a tent,
 In a tent: nay nay
 But in a mountayne gay

Lyke a great hill: for a wyndmil
 Therein to couche stylle
 That no man hym kyll
 As it were a gote
 In a shewe cote
 About hym a parks
 Of a madde warke
 Men call it a toyle
 Therin lyke a royle
 Sir Dunkanye dared
 And thus ye prepared
 Youre carkas to kepe
 Lyke a sely shewe
 A shewe of Cottyswolde
 From rayne and from colde
 And from rayning of rappes
 And suche after clappes
 Thus in your edwardly castell
 Ye decte you to dwell
 Such a captayne of fort
 He made no great farr
 If that ye had tane
 Your last dredly bane
 With a gon stone
 To make you to grove
 But hyde the sir Topias
 Nowe into the castell of Bas
 And lurke there lyke an as
 With some Scottyshe as
 With dugges dugges dugges
 I shrewe thy Scottishe lugger
 Thy munpynnye and thy crug
 For thou can not but brag
 Lyke a Scottyshe hag
 Adue nowe sir wrig wrag
 Adue sir dadyrag
 Thy melliing is but mockyng
 Thou mayst giue vp thy cooking
 Gyue it up. And cry creke
 Lyke an huddy peke:
 Whereto shuld I more speke
 Of suche a farly freke
 Of suche an horne keke
 Of suche an boide captayne
 That dare nat turne agayne
 Nor durst nat crak a worde
 Nor durst nat drawe his swerde
 Agaynst the lyon white
 But ran away quyte
 He ran away by nyght
 In the owle flyght
 Lyke a cowarde knyght
 Adue cowarde adue
 Fals knight and mooste vntre
 I render the fals rebelle
 To the flingande fende of helle.
 Harke yet sir duke a worde
 In errest or in borde
 What haue ye villany forged?
 And virulently dysorgyed
 As though ye wolde perbrake
 Your assauns to make
 With worlde embosed
 Ungraciously engrossed
 Howe ye wyll vndertake
 Our oyall kyng to make
 His owne realme to forsake
 Suche lewde langage ye spake:

Sir Dunkan in the deuill waye
 Be well ware whet ye say.

Ye saye that he and ye
Whyche he and ye? let so
Ye meane Fraunces French kyng
Shulde bring about that thing
I say thou lewde lurdayne
That aeyther of you twayne
So hardy nor so bolde
His countenaunce to beholde
If our moost roiall Harry
Lyst with you to varry
Full soone ye should miscary
For ye durst nat terry
With hym to stryue a stownde
If he on you but frounde
Nat for a thousandde pounde
Ye durst byde on the grounde
Ye woldes ryn away rounde
And cowardly tourne your backes
For all your comly crackes
And for feare par case
To luke hym in the face
Ye woldes defoyle the place
And ryn your way apace
Thoughe I trym you thyas trace
With Englyshe somewhat base
Yet aane voster grace
Therby I shall parchace
No displesaunt rewardes
If ye wele can regarde
Your canckarde cowardnesse
And your shamfull doublenesse

Are ye nat frantyke madde?
And wretchedly bestadde
To rayle agaynst his grace
That shall bring you full hase
And set you in suche case
That bytrene you twayne
There shalbe drawnen a trayne
That shalbe to your payne
To fye ye shalbe fayne
And never tourne agayne:

What wold Fraunces our friar?
Be suche a false lyar
So madde a cordylar
So madde a murmurar
Ye muse somewhat to far
All out of joynt ye jar
God let you never thrine
Wene ye daucockes to drine
Our kyng, out of his reme
Ge hemme manke Scot ge hemme
With fonde Fraunces French kyng
Our mayster shall you bryngne
I trust to lowe estate
And mate you with chek mate:

Your braynes are ydell
It is time for you to brydell
And pype in a quibylle
For it is impossible
For you to bring about
Our kyng for to drine out
Of this hit realme roiall
And lande imperiall
So noble a prince as he
In al actyuite
Of hardy merciali actes
Fortuniate in all his faytes:
And nowe I wyl me dresse
His raliance to expresse

Thought insufficent am I
His grace to magnify
And laude equisumently
Howe be it loyally
After myne allegyance
My pen I will sustance
To extoll his noble grace
In spyghe of thy cowards face
In spyghe of king Fraunces
Denyde of all nobles
Denyde of good corage
Denyde of wysdome sage
Mad: frantyke, and sauge
Thus he dothe disparate
His blode with fonde dotation:

A prince to play the page
It is a rechelesse rage
And a junayke ouerage
What though my stile be rude?
With trouthe it is ennewde
Trouwth ought to be rescude
Trouwthe should nat be subdue
But nowe will I expounde
What noblenesse dothe abounds
And what honour is founde
And what vertues be resydent
In our roiall regent
Our pereleme president
Our kyng most excellent:

In merciali prowes
Lyke vnto Hercules
In prudence and wysdom
Lyke vnto Salamon
In his goodly person
Lyke vnto Absolon
In loyalte and foy
Lyke to Ector of Troy
And his glori to iuices
Lyke to Scipiades
In royal mageste
Lyke vnto Ptholome
Lyke to duke Josue
And the valiaunt Machube:

That if I woldes reporte
All the roiall sorte
Of his nobilyte
His magnanimyte
His animosite
His fragalite
His tyberlite
His affabilite
His humanyte
His stabilit
His humilite
His benignite
His roiall dignytye,
My lernyng is to small
For to recoun them all.

What lessel than are ye
Lyke cowarde as ye be
To rayle on his astate
With wordes inordinate.

He rules his cominalte
With all benignite
His noble baronage
He putteth them in corage
To exploite dedes of armys
To the dorage and harmys
Of auche as be his foos
Wherauer he rydes or goos

SKELTON'S POEMS.

His subiectes he dothe suppose
Maintayne them with conforte
Of his moste princely porte
As all men can reporte:
That ye be a knappishe sorte
Et faitez a fuy grant torte
With your embosshed lawes
To rayle on hym lyke dawes
The fende scrache out your mawes:
All his subiectes and he
Moost louyngly agre
With hole hart and true mynde
They fynde his grace so kynde
Wherwith he doth them bynde
At hours to be redy
With hym to lyue and dye
Their bodyes and their gode
And to spende their hart blode
With hym, in all dystresse
Alway in redynesse.
To assynt his noble grace
In spyghe of the cowardes face
Moost false attayntyd traytour
And false fursworne faytour.
Auuante cowarde recrayed
Thy pride shalbe alayd
With sir Fraunces of Fraunce
We shall pype you a daunce
Shall tourne you to myschauas:
I rede you lyke about
For ye shalbe driven out
Of your laude in shorte space
We will so folowe in the chace
That ye shall haue no grace
For to tourne your face
And thus saint George to borowe
Ye shall haue shame and sorowe.

LENUOY.

Go lytell quayre quickly
Shew them that shall you rede
How that ye are lykely
Ouer all the worldis to sprede:
The fals Scotties for dred
With the duke of Albany,
Beside the water of Twede
They fled full cowardly.

Though your Englishe be rude
Baryne of eloquence
Yet breuely to conclude
Grounded is your sentence
On trouthe, vnder defens
Of all trewe Englyshemen
This mater to credence
That I wrate with my pen.

**SKELTON LAUREAT: OBSEQUIOUS AND LOYAL
TO MY LORDE CARDYRALIS EIGHT NOBLE
GRACE, &c.**

LENUOY.

Go lytell quayre space
In moost humble wyse
Before his noble grace
That caused you to devise
This lytel enterprise
And hym moost lowly pray
In his mynde to comprise
Those wordes his grace dyd saye
Of an ammas gray.

Je, Foy enterment
En sa bone grace.

**THE BOKE COMPILED BY MAISTER SKELTON,
POET LAUREATE CALLED
SPEAKE PARROT.**

My name is parrot, a bird of paradise
By nature devised, of a wonderous kynd
Dienteli dieted, with diuers delicate spice
Tyl Euphrates that floud, drijeth me into Inde
Where men of that countrey, bi fortune me fad
And send me, to great ladyes of estate
Then parrot must haue an almon or a dale

A cage curiously caruen, with siluer pin
Properly painted, to be my couertoure
A myrrour of glasse, that I may tote therin
These maidens ful mekely with many a diuers flower
Freshly they dresse, and make sweete my bower
With speke parrot I prai you, ful courteously thei
Parrot is a goodly byrd, a pretty popagey [my

With my berke bont, my litle wanton eye
My federn fresche, as is the emrawde grene
About my necke a circulet, lyke the ryche robys
My lytle legges, my fete both fete and cleane
I am a minion, to wnyt vpon the quene
My proper parrot, my lytle pretty foule
With Inde, I learie, and go with them to sole.

Hagh, ha, ha, parrot, ye can laugh pretely
Parrot hath not dined, of al this long day
Lyke your pus cat parrot can mute and cry
In Lattyn, in Ebrew, Araby and Caldey
In Greke tonge, parrot, can both speake and saye
As Pervis that poet, doth report of me
Quis expeditus psitaco suum Chaire.

Howne Frenche of Parrise, parrot can learnes
Prononynghe my purpose, after my properte
With perliez bien, parrot ou parlez rien
With Duche, with Spanish, my tonge can agre
In English, to God parrot can supple
Christ sauve king Henry the eight our roial king
The red rose in honour, to florish and spring.

With Katherin incomparable: our roial quee
also [grace
That paroles pomgarnet Christ sauve ber noble
Parrot auies, bable castilliano
With si damo de costo, in Turkey and in Trace
Vis consilli expers, as teacheth me Horace
Mole roit sua, whose dices at pregnante.

My lady maisters, dame Philology
Gave me a gift, in my oest when I lay
To learie al language, and it to speke aptly
Now pandes moray, wax franticke son men saye
Proneles or freneses, may not hold her way
An almon howe for parrot, delicately drest
In salve feste dies toto, their doth best

Moilerata iuvant, but toto doth excede
Discretion is mother of noble vertues all
Niden agan, in Greke tonge we rede
But reason, and wit wanteth their provinciall
When wilfulness, is vicar generall
Hec res acu tangitur, parrot par ma foy
Ticez vous parrot, tenez vous coye.

Beasy, beasy, beasy, and besides agayne
Sue penser vox parrot, what meaeth this besimes
Utitius in Oreb, troubled Arvus brayn
Melchisedecke merciful, made Moloc meroiles
To wise is no vertue, to medling, to rentiles
In measure is treasure, cum sensu iuraturato
Ne tropo saung, ne tropo mato

Arum was fired, with caldies fire called Ur
Job was brought up, in the land of Hus
The lineage of Lot, toke suporte of Assur
Jereboeth is Ebrue, who list the law discus
Peased parrot ye prete, as ye were ebrus
Howst the lyuer god, van hemrick ic seg
In popeting gnew perte, whan parrot was an eg.

What is this to purpose, ouer in a whinnin meig
Hop Labin of Lowdmon, wold haue a bit of bread
The Jebet of Baldock, was made for Jacke leg
A narrow vnfethered, and without an hed
A bagyppe without blowyng, standeth in no sted
Some run to far before, some run to far behinde
Some be to churlish, and some be to kynd.

Ic dien serueth for ertrich fether
Ic dien, is the language of the land of Beme
In Afric tongne, Byrsa is a tonge of lether
In Palestine, there is Jerusalem
Collumbrum now for parot, whit bred and swet
creame
Our Thomase she doth trip, our Jenet she doth
shail
Parrot bath a blacke beard, & a faire grene tayle

Morysh myne owne shelf, the ostermonger say
Fate, fate, fate, ye trysh water lag
In flettering fables, men fynde but lytel fayth
But moveatur terra, let the world wag
Let syr wrig wrag, wrastle wytch sir declarag
Every man, after his maner of wayes
Pawbe vene aruer, so the Welche man sayes

Suche stredis of sentence, strowed in the shop
Of anncient Aristippus, and such other mo
I gather together, and close in my crip
Of my wanton conceyt, unde depresso
Dilemata docta, in pedagogio
Sacro vatum, wherof to you I breake
I pray you, let parrot haue lybertie to speke:

But ware the cat parrot, ware the false cat
With who is there, a mayd, nay, nay, I trow
Ware ryat porrot, ware ryot, ware that
Meate, meate for parrot: meate I say how
Thus diuers of language, by learnyng I grow
With bas me swete parrot: bas me swete swete
To dwel amoung ladies, parrot is mete.

Parrot, parrot, parrot, prnty popigay
With my beke I can pyke, my lytle pretty too
My delight is solas, pleasure: disport and play
Lyke a wanton when I will, I rele to and frou
Parrot can say, Cesar, aue, also
But parrot, hath no fauour to Esebon
Above all other byrdes, set parrot alone.

Ulula, Esebon, for Jeremy doth wepe
Sion is in sadness, Rachel ruly doth lokes
Medionitis, Jetto, our Moyses kepeth hys shepe
Cedeon is con, that Zalmane vndertooke
Oreb and Zeb, of Judicum rede the buke

Now Gehal, Amon, and Amoloch, harke, harke,
Parrot pretendeth to be a bibil clarke.

O Esebon Esebon, to the is come agayne
Seos the regent amoreorum
And hog that fat hog, or basan dothe retayne
The crafty coistroinrus canaeorum
And assilum, whilom, refugium miserorum
Non phannum sed prophanum, standeth in little
sted
Ulula Esebon, for leapt is sterke ded.

Estbon, Maribon, Wheston, nexto Barnet
A trim trum for an hora mil it wer a nise thing
Deintes for dammoyseis, Chaffier far fet
Bo bo doth barkwel, but hough ho ruleth the ring
From scarpyry to tartari renoun therin doth spring
With he said, & we said ich wot now what ich
Soud magnus est dominus Iudas Scarioth. [wot

Ptholomie, and haly were curuyng and wyse
In the voi vel, in the quadrant, and in the astrolohy
To prognosticate truli the chauice of fortunes disc
Some trete of their tirikis, some of astrology
Some pseudo propheta with chiromancy
If fortune be frendly, and grace be the guyde
Honoure with renoune, will renue of that aide

Manor calon
Agaton quod parato. In Grecia

Let parrot I pray you, haue liberty to prate
For aurea lingua greca, ought to be magnified
If we tord perfittely, and after the rate
As lingua latina, in achole matter occupied
But our Grekis, their Greke so wel haue applied
That they cannot say in Greke, riding by the way
How hosteler, fetche my horse a bottel of bay.

Neither framis a silogisme, in phriesesomorum
Formisiter & greco, cum medio termino
Our Grekes ye walow, in the washbol argolicorum
For though ye can tel in Greke what is phornio
Yet ye scote out your Greke, in Capricoriono
For they scrape out good scripture, and set in a
gal
Ye go about to amend, and ye mar all.

Some argue, secundum quid ad simpliciter
And yet he would be reckened, pro Ariopagita
And some make distinctions, multipliciter
Whether ita were before non, or non before ita
Nether wise nor well lerned but like hermaphra-
dites
Set Sopha aside, for every Jacke rakyt.
And eury mad medler must now be a maker.

In academis porrot, dare no probleme keps
For grecisari, so occupieth the chayre
That latinum fari, may fal to rest and slepa
And nylogisari, was drowned at Sturbridge faire
Triuiale, and quozirials, so sore now they appair
That parrot that popagay, hath pity to behoide
How the rest of good lerning, is rouled up and
trokile

Albertus de modo significandi
And Donatius, be dryuen out of schole
Prisians had broken, now handy dandy
And interdidascolos, is reckened for a file
Alexander, a gander of Menanders pole
With da canasales, is cast out of the gate
And da racionales, dare not shew his pate,

Plant si in his comedies, a child shal now rehers
And medil with Quintilian, in his declarations
That pety Calon, can scantly construe a verse
With Aucto, in Greco, and such solempn saluta-
cions

Can skantly the tensis, of his conjagacions
Setting their mindes, so much of eloquence
That of theyr solele mater, lost is the hole sen-
tence

Now a nutmeg, a nutmeg, cum garipholo
For parrot to pike vpon, his brayne for to stable
Swete synnumen stickes, and pieris commusco
In paradise, that place of pleasure perdurable
The progeny of parrottis, were faire and favorable
Now in valle Ebrou, Parrot is fayne to fede
Christ crosse and select Nicolas, parrot be your
good pede

The myrrour that I tote in, quasi diaphonum
Vel quasi sproulum, in Enigmate
Blencum, or elles, Emriticum
For logionis to loke on, somewhat sophistica
Retorcions and oratours, in freshe humanite
Support parrot, I pray you which your suffrage
ornat
Of confuse tantum, avoyding the checkmate

But of that suposition, that called is arte
Confuse distractibute, as parrot hath devised
Let every man, after his merit, take hys part
For in this proces, parrot nothing hath surmised
No matter pretended, nor nothing enterprysed
But that metaphor, alegoria with all
Shall be his protection, his pacis and his wall.

For parrot is no churlish chough nor no faked
py
Parrot is no pendugum, that men call a carlyng
Parrot is no woodcocke, nor no butterfly
Parrot is no stamming stare, that men call a star-
ling
But parrot is mine own dere harte, and my der-
ling
Melpomene the fair maid, she burnished his beke
I pray you let parrot haue libertie to speke.

Parrot is a fayre byrde for a lady
God of his goodnes framed and wrought
When parrot is dead she doth not putryfie
Ye all things mortall shall turn unto noughte
Except mannes soule, that Christ so ders bought
That never may dye, nor never dye shall
Make much of parrot, that popegray royal.

For that pereles prynce, that parrot did creat
He made you of nothing, by his magistry
Pointe wel this probleme, that parrot doth prate
And remembre among, how parrot and ye
Shal lepe from this life, as merye as we be
Pompe, pryd, honour, ryches and worldly luste
Parrot saith plainly, shall tourne all to dust.

Thus parrot doth pray you
With heart most tender
To reken with this recule now
And it to remember
Pitacus erce cauo nec sunt mes carmina phebo
Digna scio. Tamen est
Plena camena deo.

Secundum Skeltonida famigeratum

In pierorum Cathalago numeratum
Galathaea.

Itaque Consolamini invicem

In uerbis istia.

Candidi lectores callide callite

Vestrum fauete, pitacum.

Galathaea.

Now hys me parrot, hys me, hys, hys, hys
Gods blessing light on thy swete little mus

Vita & anima

Zoe hui psyche

Aquintas Amen,

Concupient grec, Non

est hic sermo pudicus

Actica dictamina

Ergo Suus plumbamina

Vel spuria Vitulamina

Auertat hoc Vxaria.

Amen amen

And set to a. d.

And then it is amend

Our new found a. b. c.

Cum ceteris

paribus.

ON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE PRINCE KYNGE EDWARD THE FORTH,

PER SKELTONIDEM LAUREATUM.

MISEREMINI mei, ye that be my frendes
This worlde hath forned me down to fall
How may I endure when that every thyng endes
What creature is borne, to be eternall
Now there is no more but pray for me all
Thus say I Edward, that late was your kyng
And xxiii. yeares ruled this imperiall,
Some vnto pleasure, and some to no likyng
Mercy I aske of my myndyng
What amyleth it, frendes to be my fo
Sith I can not resist, nor amend your complain-
Quia ecce nunc in puluere dormio. [ing]

I slepe now in molde, as it is naturall
As earth vnto earth, hath his reuerture
What ordeyned God, to be terrestriall
Without recours, to the earth of nature
Who to live euer, may be sure
What is it to trust, on mutabilite
Sith that in this world, nothing may indure
For now am I gone, that late was in prosperite
To presume therupon, it is but a vanitie
Not certaine: but as a chery fayre ful of wo
Rayned not I of late: in grete felicite
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where was in my lyfe, such one as I
While lady fortune with me had continuall
Granted not she me, to have victory
In England to raine, and to contribute Fraunce
She toke me by the hand, and led me a dancce
And with her sugred lips, on me stynled
But what for her dissembled countenaunce
I could not beware, til I was begyled
Now from this world, she hath me exild
When I was lotheset, hens for to go
And I am in age, but as who saith a child
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had ynoch, I held me not contente
Without remembrance, that I should dye
And more ouer to incroche, redy was I bente
I knew not how long, I should it occupy
I made the towre stronge, I wist not why
I knew not to whom, I purchased Teterall
I amended Dover, on the mountayne hye
And London I provoked, to fortify the wal
I made Notingam, a place royal
Wyndor, Eltam, and many other mo
Yet at the last, I went from them al
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where is now, my conquest and victory
Where is my riches, and my royal araye
Where be my coursers, and my hornes hys
Where is my myrth, my solas, and play
As vanite to nought, al is wanded away
O lady Besse, loue for me may ye cal
For I am departed, til domes day.
But loue ye that lord, that is soverayne of all
Where be my castels, and buildinges roiall
But Winsore alone, nowe I have no mo
And of Eton, the prayers perpetnall
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Why shoulde a man, be proud or presume hys
Saint Bernard, therof nobly doth treat
Bythe a man, is nothing but a sacke of stercorri
And shall retorne, unto wormes meat
Whys, what came of Alexander the great
Or else of stronge Sampson, who can tell
Wher no wormes ordened, theyr flesh to freat
And of Salomon, that wes of wit the well
Absolon, proffered his beare for to sel
Yet for al his beutie, wormes eat him also
And I but late in honour did excell
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I have played my pageyond, now am I paste
Ye wot well al, I was of no great yeld
This al thing concluded, shalbe at the last
When death approcheth, then lost is the felde
When either this worlde, me no longer up helde
Nor nought wold conserue me, here in my place
In manus tuas donime, my spirite vp I yealde
Humbly beseaching, the God of his grace
O ye cortesse commen, your hertes vnbrece
Beningly now to pray for me also
For right wel you know, your kyng I was
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

FINIS.

SKELETON LAUREATE AGAINST THE SCOTTES.

Against the proud Scottes clattering
That never wyl leue theyr tratelyng
Wen they the felde, and lost their kyngs
They may wel say, fye on that winning.

To these fond Scottes,
And trating Scottes
How they are blind,
In their owne minde
And will not know.
Their ouerthrow
At Brankston more,
They are so strowne

So frantike mad.
They say they had
And wan the felde,
With speare and shield
That is as trew.
As blacke is blew,
And grene is gray.
What ever they say
Jemmy is dead.
And closed in leads
That was theyr own king.
Fye on that winning.

At Floddon hills,
Our bower our bylles
Slew all the floure,
Of theyr honoure,
Are not these Scottes.
Foles and scottes
Suche boote to make.
To prate and crake
To face to brace.
All voyde of grace
So proud of hart,
So ouerthwart
So out of frame.
So voyd of shame
As it is enrold.
Wryten and told
Within this quaire,
Who list to repair
And ther in reed.
Shal find in deed
A mad reckening.
Considering all thing
That the Scottes may sio.
Fye on the winning.

WHEN THE SCOTTE LYUED.

JOY Jemmy, ye scornewfull Scot
Is it come vnto your lot
As solempne summer for to be
It greeth nought for your dege
Our kyng of England for to figh
Your soueraine lord, our prince of might
Ye for to send, such a citacion
It shaineth al your noughty nacion
In comparison, but kyngs koppyng
Unto our prince, anointed kyng
Ye play Hop Lobbys of Lowdean
Ye shew ryght wel, what good ye can
Ye may be lord of Locran
Chryst sence you, with a frying pan
Of Edingborow, and saintes Jonis towes
Adieu syr sommer, cast of your crowns.

WHEN THE SCOT WAS SLAYNE.

CONTINUALLY I shall remember
The mery moneth of September
With the xi. day of the same
For than began, our myrthe and game
So that now I haue deuided
And in my minde, I haue comprised
Of the proude Scot, kyng Jemmy
To wryte some lyttell tragedy
For no manner consideration
Of any sorrowful lamentation
But for the special consolacion
Of al our royal Englysh nacion
Melpomene, O muse tragedian
Unto your grace, for grace now I call

To guyde my pen, and my pen to enbibe
Illumine me, your poet, and your scribe
That with mixture of aches and bitter gall
I may compound, conjectures for accordiall
To angre the Scottes, and Irish kiteringes withal
That late were discomfet, with battaille martiall

Thalia, my muse, for you also call
To touche them with tauntes of your armoye
A medley to make, of mirth with sadness
The harts of England, to comfort with gladnes
And now to begyn, I wyl me adres
To you rehersyng, the somme of my proces.

KYNGE Jamy, Jemmy, Jocky my joye
Summond our king, why did ye so
To you, nothing it did accord
To summon our king, your soueraigne lorde
A kyng a summer, it was great wonder
Know ye not suger, and salt asonder
Your summer to saucye, to malepert
Your harrold in armes, not yet halfe expert
Ye thought ye did, yet valiantlye
Nor worth thre skippes of a pye
Syr skyr galyard, ye were so skit
Your wil, then ran before your wyt.

Your lege yo layd, and your aly
Your frantick fable, not worth a fly
Frenche kyng, or one or other
Regarded you shoud your lord your brother
Trowed ye sir Jemy, his noble grace
From you sir Scot, would tourne his face
With gap asy Scot, of Galaway
Now is your prude fall to decay
Male vrid, was your fals entent
For to offend your president
Your lord, your brother and your regent.

In him is figured, Melchisdecke
And ye were disloyall Amalecke
He is oure noble Scipione
Annoynted kyng, and ye were none
Thought ye vnturlye your father haue slayne
His tytle is true, in Fraunce to raygne
And ye prude Scot, Dunde, Dunbar
Pardy ye were, his homayer
And suter to his parliament
For your vnturthe, now are ye shent
Ye bare yourself, somwhat to bold
Therfore ye lost, your copy hold
Ye were bonde tenent, to his estate
Lost is your game, ye are checke mate
Unto the castell of Norram
I understande, to sone ye came
At Branxton more, and Flodden hilles
Our Englysh bowes, our Englysh bylles
Against you gau so sharpe a shower
Taft of Scotland, ye lost the flower
The white lyon: there rampaunte of mood
He raged and rente out your hart bloude
He the white, and you the red
The white there slewes the red starke ded
Thus for your guerdon quyt are ye
Thanked be God in trinite
And swete saint George our ladyes knyghe
Your eye is oute, adewe good nyghte,

Ye were starke mad to make a fray
His grace beyng out of the way
But by the power and myght of God
For your tayle ye made a rod
Ye wanted wit, sir at a worde
Ye lost your spurs: ye lost your sword.

Ye might haue busked you to hundly banker
Your prude was peysh to play suche prankes
Your pouerte could not attayne
With our kyng royal, war to maintaine.

Of the kyng of Nauerne, ye myght take heed
Ungraciously howe he doche spedde
An double dealyng, so he dyd dreame
That he is kyng, withoute a reame
And for exampyle, he woulde none take
Experiens hath brought you in such a brake
Your wealthe, your joy, your sport, your play
Your bragging bost, your royal array
Your beard as brym, as bore at baye
Your seven sisters, that gau so gay
All haue ye lost, and casto awaye.
Thus fortune hath turned you: I dare wel saye
Now from a kyng, to a clot of clay
Oute of robes, ye were shaked
And wretchedly ye lay, starke all naked
For lacke of grace, hard was your hap
The paper cures, gau you that clap.

Of the out yles, the rough foted Scottes
We haue wel easeth them of the boties
The rude rancke Scottes, lyke droncken Deanes
At Englysh bowes haue fetched theire bases
It is not sitting, in tower and towne
A summer, to were a kynges crowne
Fortune on you, therfore did frowne
Ye were to hye, ye are cast downe
Syr summer now, wheru is your crowne
Cast of your crowne, cast vp your crownes
Syr Summer, now ye haue lost your crownes
Good Skelton laureate, oratoure to kynges most
royal estate.

SCOTIA redactam formam provincie
Regis parbit nutibus Angliae:
Aliquin (per desertum sin) super cherubim
Cherubin, seraphin, seraphinque ergo, &c.

UNTO DIVERS PEOPLE THAT REMORD THIS
RYMING AGAINSTE THE SCOT JEMMY.

I AM now constrainyd
With words notbyng fayned
This inuictive to make. For som people make
That lyf for to iangell
And waywardly to wrangell
Againstste this my makyng
Their males therest shaklyng
At it reprehending. And venemously stinging
Rebukyng and remordyng
And nuthyng accordyng

Cause they haue none other
But for that he was hys brother
Brother vnnaturall. Unto our kyng royll
Against whome he dyd fighte
Falslye agaynst all ryghte
Lyke that vntre rebell
Falsie Cayne agaynat Abel.

But who so therest pyketh mood
The tokenes are not good
To be true Englysh blood
For if they understood
His traitourly dispight
He was a recrayed knyghte
A subtil symmatike
Ryghte neare an heritike
Of grace out of the state
And died excommunicate

And for he was a kyng
The more shameful rekenyng
Of hym shoule men reporte
In earnest and in spore
He scantyle loueth oure kyng
That grudgeth at this thinge
That caste suche ouerthwartes
Percease haue hollowe harten.

SI VERITATEM DICO, QUARE NON CREDITIS MIHI.
CHORUS DE DYS CONTRA SCOTTES, CUM OMNI
PROCESSIONALI FESTIVITATE SOLEMNISAVIT
HOC EPITOMA XII. DIE SEPTEMBRIS. &c.

SALVE festa dies toto resoumbilis aeuo
Qua Scottus Iacobus obrutus esse cadit
Barbara Scottorum gens perfida plena malorum
Vincitur ad Norrem, uertitur inque fugaz
Vasta palus sed campestris (boris memoratur
Branxion more) scottis terra perosa fuit
Scottica castra fremunt Floddun sub montibus altis.
Quae valide iuandens dissipat angla manus
Millia Scottorum trusit gens anglica passim
Luxuriant tepido sanguine pinguis humus
Pars animas miseri miseris, misere sub umbra
Pars ruit in focas, pars subdit latebras
Iam quid agit Iacobus, damnorum geruine cretus
Persidus. Ut nemroth iaspis ad iura ruit
Die modo Scototorum dudum malesane malorum
Rector nunc regeris mortuus excus iaces
Sic Leo te Rupidis Leo candidus incutus ursit
Quo Leo in Robins ultima fata luit
Anglia due chores resonant tua tympana peallas
Da laudes Dominu. Da pia vota Deo.

HOC LAUREATORIS SKELTONIS REGIME ORATOR
CHORUS DEDIS. &c. SUPER TRIUMPHALI VICTORIA
CONTRA GALLOS. &c. CANTAUIT SOLEMNITER HOC ELOGIUM IN PROFESTO DIVI
IOHANNIS AD DECOLLATIONEM.

SALVE festa dies toto memorabilis aeuo.
Sum rex Henricus Gallico bella premi
Henricus rutilans Octauus hostis in armis
Tir wiome gentis monsia stravit humi
Sceptriger Anglorum bello validissimus hector
Francorum gentis colla superba terit
De Cleremount clarus dudum die galle superbe
Vnde superbus erit carcere nonne gemis?
Discite Francorum gens vetera capti, Britannum
Noscite magnanimum, subdite vosque sibi
Gloria Cappadocis diuina miles que Maris
Illiis hic sub ope Gallica regna reget.
Hoc insigne bonum divinu Numine gestum
Anglica gens referat semper, ouansque canat
Per Skeltonida laureatum,
Oratorem regium.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH THE BOOKE, INTITULED,
WARE THE HAWKE.

Prologus Skeltonidis laureati super Ware the
Hawke.

This worke deuised is
For such as do amis
And specially to controule
Suche as haue cure of soule
That be so farre abused
They cannot be excused

By reason nor by lawe
But that they play the dawe
To hawke or else to hunte
From the auiter to the funte
With crye vreuerente
Before the sacramente
Within the holy churche boundis
That of our faith, the ground is
That pryst that hawkes so
All grace is farre him fro
He semeth a sismatike
Or else an heritike
For faith in him is faynte
Therefore to make complaunte
Of suche mysadised
Parsons, and disigned
This boke we haue devised
Compondislye comprised
No good priest to offend
But such dawes to amend
In hope that no man shall
Be miscontent withall.

I shall you make relation
By waye of apostrofaction
Under supportacion
Of your pacient tolleration
How I Skelton laurent
Deuised and also wrate
Upon a lewde curate
A person beneficed
But nothing well adised
He shall be as now nameles
But he shall not be blameles
Nor he shall not be shameles
For sure he wrought amis
To hawke in my churche of Dis
This fonde frontlike fauconer
With hys poluted pwtuer
As priest vreuerent
Straight to the sacrament
He made his hawke to fly
With hogeous shoute and crye
The hye auiter he strypt naked
There on he stode and craked
He shoke down al the clothes
And sware horrible othes
Before the face of God
By Moynes and Arons rod
Or that he thence yede
His hawke should pray and fede
Upon a pigeons nave
The blonde ran downe raw
Upon the auiter stone
The hawke tyred on a bonne
And in the holy place
She muted there a chace
Upon my corporas face
Such sacrificium laudis
He made with such gambahdia.

OBSERVATE.

His second hawke waked gerye
And was with flying wery
She had flow in so oft
That on the rode loft
She perked her to rest
The fauconer then was prest,
Came running with a dow
And cryed stow stow stow
But she would not bowe

He then to be sure
Called her with a lure
Her meate was very crude
She had not wel endude
She was not cleane ensaymed
She was not wel reckymed
But the fawconer unfayned
Was much more febler brained
The hawke had no lynt
To come to his fyst
She loked as she had the fronce
With that he gave her a bounce
Ful vpon the gorge
I wyl not fayne nor forga
The hawke with that clap
Fell down with euil hap
The church dores wer sparrd
Fast bolted and barred
Yet with a pretyn gin
I fortuned to come in
This reball to beholde
Wherof hym I controld
But he sayd that he wold
Agaynst my mynde and will
In my churche hawke styl.

CONSIDERATE.

On maist John decollacion
He hawked on this facion
Tempore, vesperarum
Sed, non secundum Sarum
But like a marche barum
His braynes were so parun
He sayde he wold not let
His houndes for to fet
To hunte there by lyberta
In the dispite of me
And to halowe there the foxe
Downe went my offeryng box
Boke bel and candell
Al that he myght handell
Cross staffe, lectrine and banner
Fey done on thyss manner.

DELIBERATE.

With troll, citrane and trouy
They ranged hankin bouy
My church all about
Thys fawconer gan aboute
These be my gospellers
These be my pistillers
These be my queristers
To help me to singe
My hawkes to maitens ring
In this priestly giding
His hawke then flew vpon
The rode with Mary and John
Delt he not lyke a ton
Delt he not lyke a daw
Or else is this Goddes law
Decrees or decretals
Or holy sinodals
Or holy prouincials
Thus within the wals
Of holy churche to deale
Thus to ringe a peale
With his hawkes belles
Dontles auche losles
Make the church to be
In smal authorite

A curate in special
To snapper and to fall
Into this open crime
To luke on this were time

VIGILATE.

But who so that lokes
In the officials bokes
Ther her may see and reed
That this is mater in deed
How be it maydes meed
Made them to be agreed
And so the scribe was fad
And the Pharsayse
Than durst nothing say
But let the master slip
And made truth to trip
And of the spirituall law
They made but a gew gaw
And take it out in drynke
And this the cause doth shrink
The church is thus abused
Reproched and polluted
Correction bath no place
And al for lacke of grace

DEPLORATE.

Loke now in Exodi
And de arca downin
With regum by and by
The Bibel wyl not lye
How the temple was kept
How the temple was swept
Wheres sanguis taurorum
Aut sanguis vitulorum
Was offered within the wals
After ceremonials
When it was poluted
Sentence was executed
By way of expiacion

DEUNIATE.

Then much more by the rode
Wheres Christes precious bloud
Daily offred is
To he poluted this
And that he wished with all
That the downes donege downe might
fall
Unto my chalis at mas
Wher consercated was
The blessed sacrament
O priest unreverent
He mayde that he wold hunt
From the auter to the fent

REFORMATE.

Of no tyranie I rede
That so farre dyd excede
Neither yet Dioclesian
Nor yet Domisian
Nor yet crooked Cucus
Nor yet drunken Bacchus
Nother Olibrius nor Dionisius
Nother Phalary
Rehersed in valery
Nor Sardanapall
Unhappiest of all
Nor Nero the worst
Nor Clawdius the curst

Nor yet Egess
Nor yet syr Pharambras
Nother Zorobabel
Nor cruell Jesabell
Nor yet Tarquinus
Whome Titus Livius
In writhings doth enroll
I have red them poll by poll
The storie of Aristobel
And of Constantynobel
Whiche citye Miscreantes wan
And slue many a christen man
Yet the Sowden nor the Turke
Wrought never such a worke
For to let their hawkes dye
In the church of Saint Sophy
With much matter more
That I kepe in store

PENITATE.

Then in a tabel playne
I wrote a verse or twayne
Wherat he made diadayne
The pekysh Parsons brayne
Couldis not reache nor attaine
What the sentence menta
He sayde for a crooked intent
The wordes were paruered
And this he ouerthwarted
Of the whiche processe
Ye maye knowe more expresse
If it please you to loke
In the residue of this booke.

HERBS AFTER FOLLOWETH THE TABLE.

LONG on this tabul
Whether thou art abul
To rede or to spel
What these verses tel.

Sicculo lutueris est colo bunraard
Nipbedras nisarum caniuter tauntantes.
Katerples Natambrianum sudus itinogenus,
18. 10. 9. 11. 18. 4. 13. 3. 3. 1. tenualet.
Cartula stet precor huc vello temeranda petulco
Hoc rapit numeros non homo az mala bos.
Ex parte. Rem carte aduerte aperie, pone
mucum arethasum hanc.

Whereto shoule I rehers
The sentence of my vers.
In them be no scholes
For braynacke franticke soles
Construs hoc, domine Dawcocke.

Ware the hawke.

Maister Sophiste
Ye simplex, alogista
The denelyshe dogmatista
Your hawke on your stafe
To hawke when your lista
In ecclesia ista domine escapisti
With thy hawke on thy stafy
Nunquid sic dixisti. Nunquid sic fecisti
Sed vbi hoc legisti
Aut vnde hoc, doctor Dawcocke.

Ware the hawke.

Doctor Dialetica

Where finde you in Ipotetica
Or in Cathagoria. Latina, sine dorica
To vse your hawkes, forica
In propiciatorio, tanquam, diuersorio

Unde hoc, domine Dawcocke.

Ware the hawke.

Say to me Jacke Haris
Quare accuparis ad sacramentum altaris
For no reuens thou spares
To shake my pygeous federis
Super aresca federis
Unde hoc, doctor Dawcocke

Ware the hawke.

Sir dominus robiscum per aecupium
Ye made your hawke to cum
Desuper candelabrum
Christi crucifixi
To fede vpon your flatye
Dic inimice crucis Christi. Ubi dicitis
Facere hoc, domine Dawcocke

Ware the hawke.

Apostata Julianus
Nor yet Nestorianus
Thou shalt no where rede
That they dyd such a dede
To let theyr hawkes fly
Ad optimam tabernaculi
In quo est corpus Domini
Cauc hoc, doctor Dawcocke

Ware the hawke.

This doutiesse ye raued
Dis churche ye thus depraued
Wherfore as I be caued
Ye are therefore be knaued
Quare, quia euangelia
Concha, et conchilia
Ancipiter, et sonalia
Ceters, quoque talia
Tibi sunt equalia
Unde hoc domine Dawcocke

Ware the hawke.

Et reliis et ralii et reliquias
From Granado to Galis
From Winchelsoe to Wales
Non est brainicke tales
Nec minus racionalis. Nec magis bestis
That singgen with a chalis
Construs hoc doctor Dawcocke

Ware the hawke.

Mased wiles smery smyth
Hampar with your hammer vpon thy styth
And make here of a sickel or a saw
For though ye live a hundred yere ye shal
dye a daw
Vos vultate doctor indiscrete

SKELETONIS APOSTROPHAT AD DIUUM IOHANNEN-
DECOLLATUM IN CULIS PROFESTO FIEBAT HOC
AECUPIUM.

O MEMORANDA dies qua decolare Iohannes Acu-
pium facit haud quendam quod fecerit infra ecclae-
siam de dis uolans sua sacra sacramentorum rector de
Whiphostocke doctor cognomine Dawcocke, et
dominus Wodecocke, probatis. probat hic. probat
huc hoc.

Libertas veneranda pila concessa poetis, discendi-
ent quecumque placent quecumque iuvabunt te vel
quecumque valent iustas defendere causas vel
quecumque volent stolidos mordere petulcos.
Ergo dabis veriam.

QUOD SKELTON LAUREAT.

All noble men of this take bede
And beleue it as your crede.

To hastyng of sentence
To feare for none offence
To scarce of your expens
To large in negligence
To slecke in recompens
To hawte in excellency
To lighte intelligence
And to lyghte of credence
Where these kepe residence
Reason is banyshyd theron
And also dame Prudence
With sober pacience.
All noble men of this take bede
And beleue it as your crede

Then wythoutte colmyson
Marke well this conclusion
Thorowe suche abusion
And by suche illusion
Unto greate confusyon
A nobell man may fall
And hys honoure appall
That yf ye thinke this shal
Not rub you on the grill
Then the devill take all

All nobell men of this take bede. &c.

QUOD SKELTON LAUREATE.

Ye may heare now, in this rhyme
How every thing, must haue a time.

TIME is a thing, that no man may resist
Time is transitory, and irreuocable
Who saith the contrary, time passeth as him list
Time must be taken, in season conuenable
Take time when time is, for time is ay mutable
All thing hath time, who can for it prouide
Bide for time who wil, for time wil no man abide
Tyme to be-sad, and time to play and sports
Time to take rest, by way of recreation
Tyme to study, and time to use comfort
Tyme of pleasure, and time of consolacion
Thus time hath his time, of divers maner facion
Tyme for to eat and drynke, for thy repast
Tyme to be liberal, and time to make no wast
Tyme to travel, and time for to rest
Time for to speake, and time for to hold thi peace
Time woulde be vse, when time is best
Time to begin, and time for to cease
And when time is, put thy self in prease
And when time is, to holde thy selfe a backs

The rotes take their sap, in time of vere
In time of sommer, floures freshe and grene
In time of haruest, men their corne shere
In time of winter the north wind waxeth kene
So bitterly biting, the floures be not sene
The kalendis of Janus, with his frostes hore
That time is, when people must lieue upon the store
Quod Skelton laureat.

A PRAYER

TO THE FATHER OF HEAVEN.

O RADIANT luminary of light interminable
Celestiall father, potenciall God of might

Of heauen and earth. O Lorde incomperable
Of al perfections the essenciall most perfitte
O Maker of mankind, that formed day and night
Whose power imperial, comprehendeth every
place

Mine hart, my mind, my thought, my hole delites
Is after this lyfe, to se thy glorious face.

Whose magnisfence, is incomprehensible
Al arguments of reason, which far doth excede
Whose deite doultes, is indiuisible
From whom al goudnes, and vertue doth procede
Of thy support, al creatures haue nede
Assist me good Lord, and graunt me of thy grace
To lise to thy pleasure, in word thought and dede
And after this lyfe to see thy glorious face.

TO THE SECONDE PARSONE.

O RENIGNE Jesu, my souerain lorde and kyng
The only sonne of God, by filiacion
The second person, without beginning
Both God and man, our faith inaketh plain relacion
Mary the mother, by way of incarnation
Whose glorious passion, our soules duth reuise
Again al bodily, and ghostly tribulacion
Defend me with thy piteous woundes fwe

O pereles prynce, paynted to the death
Rufuly rent, thy body wan and blo
For my redempcion, gauie vp thy rytal breathe
Was never sorow, lyke to thy dedyng
Graunt me, out of this world when I shal go
Thine endles mercy, for my preseruacion
Against the world, the flesh, the devill also
Defende me with thy piteous woundes fwe.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

O FIFTH sentence, inflamed with al grace
Eukyndeling herete, with brandes charitable
The endlesse rewarde of pleasure and solace
To the Father, and the Son, thou art communable
In unitate, which is inseperable
O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion
Against al suggestions deadly, and damnable
Rescu me good Lorde, by your preseruacion.

To whom is appropryed, the Holy Ghost by
The third person, one God in Trinitie [name]
Of perfyt loue, thou art the ghostly flame
O mirour of mekenes, peace and tranquilitie
My comfort, my counsel, my parfit charity
O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion
Against all storms, of hard adversitie
Rescu me good Lord, by thy preseruacion.
Amen.

Quod Skelton laureat.

Here after foloweth the boke called Elynour
Rummyn.

THE TUNNYNG OF ELYNOUR
RUNMING.

PER SKELTON LAUREATE.

TELL you I chil
If that ye wyll

¹ A woman who sold ale near Leatherhead in
Surrey. C.

A while be still
Of a comelye gyll
That dwelt on a byll
But she is not gryll
For she is somewhat sage
And well worne in age
For her visage
It woulde answere
A mannes courage

Her lotheire leare
Is nothyng cleare
But vlyle of cheare.
Droupye and drowseye
Scurvy and lowsy
Her face all bowsy
Comelye crinkled
Wonderously wrynkled
Lyke a roses pigges eare
Brystled with here

Her lewde lyppes twayne
They slauer men sayne
Lyke a ropye rayne
A gummy glayre
She is vglye sayre
Her nose some dele boked
And camously croked
Neuer stoppings
But euer dropping
Her skin lose and slacke
Grained like a sacke
With a croked backe

Her eyen gowndye
Are full vnsowndy
For they are blered
And she graye heared
Jawed lyke a Jetty
A man would have pity
To se how she is gumberd
Fingured and thumbed
Gently joyned
Gresed and annoyned
Up to the knockles
The bones her buckles
Together made faste
Her yowthe is farre peaste
Foted lyke a plane
Legges like a crane
And yet she wyl iet
Lyke a iolly set
In her furred flocket
And gray russet rocket
With simper the cocket
Her huke of Lyncole grene
It hadde bene hers I wene
More then fortye year
And so it dothe appere
And the greue bare thredes
Looke lyke sere wedes
Wytherud lyke haye
The woll worne awaye
And yet I dare saye
She thinketh her selfe gaye
Upon the hoiye daye
When she dothe her araye
And girdeth in her getes
Stitched and pranked with plotes
Her kirtell Bristowe red
With clothes vpon her heade
That they way a sowe of leade

Wrythen in a wonder wise
After the Sarazins gise
With a whim wham
Knit with a trim trame
Upon her brayne panna
Like an Egyprian
Capped aboute
When she goeth oute
Her selfe for to shewe
She drayeth downe the dewe
With a paire of heles
As brode as two whelles
She hobbles as a guse
With her blauket hose
Her shone amered with calow
Gresed vpon dyrt
That baueth her skyrt

PRIMUS PASSUS.

And this comely dame
I understande her name
Is Elynour Rumminge
At home in her wonnyng
And as men say
She dwelt in Sothray
In a certayne stede
By syde Lederhede
She is a tonnisco gyb
The deuell and she be sib.

But to make vp my tale
She bruyeth poppy ale
And maketh therof poorte saile
To travellers, to tinkers
To sweters, to swinkers
And all good ale drynkers
That wyl nothinge spare
But dryncke till they stare
And bringe them selfe bare
With now away the mare
And let vs sley care
As wise as an hare

Come who so wil
To Elynour on the hil
With fil the cup fil
And sit there by still
Earelye and late
Thither commeth Kate
Cislye and Sare
With theyr legges bare
And also theyr fete
Hardeley full vnsweete
With their beles digged
Theyr kyrtelles all to iagged
Theyr smockes all to ragged
With titters and tatter
Brynge dyshes and platters
With all theyr myghte runnyng
To Elynour Rummynge
To hauue of her tunninge
She leaneth them of the same
And thus beginneth the game

Some wenches come vnbrased
Wyth theyr naked pappes
That flippes and flappes
It wygges and it wagges
Lyke tawny saffron bagges
A sorte of foul drabbes
All scurvy with scabbes
Some be fife bytten
Some skewed as a kyttyn

Some with a sho cloute
 Bynde their beades aboute
 Some have no berelace
 Theyr lockes about their face
 Theyr tresses untruse
 All full of vnlase
 Some looke strawye
 Some cawrye mawrye
 Full untidye tegges
 Lyke rotten eggs
 Such a lewde sorte
 To Elynoure resorte
 From tyde to tyde
 Abyde abyde
 And to you shall be toulde
 Howe her ale is soulde
 To mawte and to malde

SECUNDUS PASSUS

Some have no monye
 That thither commye
 For their ale to paye
 That is a shrewde array
 Elynoure swearer naye
 Ye shall not beare awaye
 My ale for noughe
 By him that me boughte
 With hey dogge haye
 Have these dogges awaie
 With gette me a staffe
 The swyne eate my drasse
 Strike the hogges with a clubbe
 They haue dronk vp mi swylling tub
 For be there never so much prese
 These swyne go the hye deesse
 The sowe with her pygges
 The bore his taile wryggess
 Against the hye bench.
 With so, ther is a stench
 Gather vp thou wench.
 Seest thou not what is fall
 Take vp drif and all.
 And beare out of the bal
 God gone it il preuing.
 Cleynly as euel cheuing.
 But let us turne plaine,
 Ther we left againe
 For as ill a patch as that.
 The hens run in the manifast
 For they go to rousat
 Straight ouer the ale iost
 And doneg whan it commes
 In the ale tunnes
 Then Elynour taketh,
 The mash bol and shaketh
 The hennes doneg awaie.
 And skommeth it in a tray
 Where as the yest is.
 With her mauny fistis
 And somtyme she blens
 The doneg of her hennes
 And the ale together.
 And sayth gassip come bithir
 This ale shal be thicker
 And floure the more quicker
 For I may tel you
 I learned it of a Jewe
 Wham I began to brewe
 And I have founde it trew
 Drinke nowe while it is new

And ye may it broke
 It shall make you luke
 Younger than ye be
 Yeres two or thre
 For ye may prove it by me
 Behold she sayd and see
 How bright I am of ble
 Ich am not cast away
 That can my husband saye
 Whan we kyse and playe
 In luste and in likyne
 He calleth me his whiting
 His mulling and his nittine
 His nobbes and his counye
 His sweting and hya honny
 With basse my prety bonny
 Thou arte worthe good and monny
 This make I my fayre fanny
 Tyll that he dreame and dronnye
 For after all our sport
 Than will he rout and snort
 Then swetely together we ly
 As two pygges in a stye.
 To cease me semeth bant
 And of this tale to reast
 And for to leue this letter
 Because it is no better
 And because it is no swetter
 We wyl no farther ryme
 Of it, at this time
 But we wyl turne playne
 Where we left agayne.

TERTIIUS PASSUS.

Some insteade of coine and monny
 Will come and brynghe her a conny
 Or else a pot with bonni
 Some a knife and some a spone
 Some brynghe their hose, some ther shone
 Some ran a gnod trot
 With a skyllet or a pot
 Some fyld their pot full
 Of good Leinster woll
 An huswife of truse
 Whan she is a thrust
 Such a webbe can spyn
 Her thryfle is full thyn
 Some go strayghte thyther
 Be it slaty or slider
 They holde the hye waye
 They care not what men saye
 Be that us be maye
 Some lothe to be espyde
 Some start in at the backe syde
 Ouer the hedge and pale
 And all for the good ale
 Some renne tylly they swete
 Bryng with them malt or whete
 And dame Elynoure entreat
 To byrle them of the best
 That cometh an other gest
 She swered by the rode of rest
 Her lyppes are so drye
 Without drynke she must dye
 Therefore fyld it by and by
 And haue here a pecke of ry
 Anone cometh another
 As drye as the other
 And wyl her dothe bryng
 Mele, salt, or other thing

Her harness girdle, her welding ringe
To paye for her scot
As cometh to her lot
Som bringeth her busbanDES hood
Because the ale is good
Another brought her his cap
To offer to the ale tap
With daxe and with towe
With hey and with howe
Syt we down a rowe
And dryncke till we blowe
And pype tylle tyrowe

Some layde to pledge
Theyr hatchet and their wedge
Their hekell and their rele
Their rock, their spinning whel
And some went so narrow
They laid to pledge their wharrow
Their ribskin and their spindell
Theyr nedel and their thimbell
Here was scante thryfte
Whan they made such shyfte
Their thrust was so great
They asked never for meat
But drincke still dryncke
And let the cat winke
Let vs washe oure gommes
From the dry crommes

QUARTUS PASSVS.

Some for very nedel
Lay down a skain of thredes
And some a skain of yame
Bothe beanies and pease
Small chaffer dothe ease
Sometime, now and than
Another there was that ran
With a good brassapan
Her coloure was full wan
She ran in al the haste
Unbrayed and vnlaste
Tawuye swart and swallows
Lyke a cake of tallowe
I awaere by all hallowe
It was a stare to take
The deuill in a brake.

And than came haltyng Jone
And broughte a gambone
Of bakon that was reastye
But Lorde as she was testye
Angrye as a waspye
She began to yane and gaspye
And bad Elynoure go bet
And fyll in good meat
It was dere that was farre fet

Another broughte a spycke
Of a bacon flicke
Her tongue was verye quiche
But she speake somewhat thickie
Her fellowe did stammer and stut
But she was a foule slut
For her mouthe fomed
And her bellye gromed
Jone sayne she had eaten a fyest
By Christe sayde she thou lyest
I haue as swete a breshe
As thou with shameful deatbe

Then Elinour sayd, ye callethes
I shall breake your palaties

Without ye nowe cease
And so was made the dronken peace
That thider came droncken Ales
And she was full of tales
Of tidinges in Wales
And of esauict James in Gales
And of the Portygales
With lo gossip I wia
Thus and thus it is
There hath ben grete warre
Betwene Temple barre
And the crosse in Cheape
And therer came an heape
Of mil stones in a route
She speaketh thus in her snoote
Smenelynge in her nose
As thoughte she had the pose
Lo here is an olde tippet
And ye wil geue me a sippet
Of your stale ale
God sende you good salte
And as she was drynkyng
She fell ip a wykyng
With a baryng boode
She pyte where she stode
Than began she to wepe
And forthwith fell on slepe
Elynoure tooke her vp
And blessed her wytch a cup
Of new ale in cornes
Ales founde therein no thornes
But suppet it vp at ones
She founde therin no bones

QUINTUS PASSVS.

Now in cometh another rebel
Fyrst one with a ladell
Another with a cradell
And with a syde sadel
And there began a fabel
And clatterynge and a babell
Of solea silly
That had a fole with willy
With iast you, and gup gillye
She couldis not lye stillys
Then came in a genet
And sward by saint Bennet
I dranke not this sennet
A draughte to my paye
Elynoure I the prwy
Of thyne ale let vs assaye.
And haue here a pitch of gray
I weare skinnes of conye
That causeth I loke so donny
Another than dyd byche her
And broughte a pottel pycher
A tonnel, and a bottel
But she had lost the stoppled
She cut of her sho sole
And stopped therewith the hole.

Amonge all the blommer
Another brought a skommer
A frying pan and a slice
Elynoure made the pryce
For good ale ecbe whit.

Than starte in mad Kyt
That had lytle wyt
She seemed some deale sekis
And brought vp a peny chakis

SKELTON'S POEMS.

To dame Elynoure
For a draughte of lycour.
Than Margery milke ducke
Her kirtell she did vp tucke
An ynche aboue her kne
Her leggen that ye myght se
But they were sturdy and stubbled
Mighty pentels and clubbed
As fayre and as white
As the fote of a kite
She was somwhat foole
Croke necked lyke an owle
And yet she brought her fees
A cantel of Essex cheeze
Was well a fote thick
Full of maggottes quiche
It was huge and greate
And myghtye stronge meate
For the devill to eate
It was tarte and punyete
Another sorte of sluttis
Some broughte walnutes
Some apples, some peares
Some brought their clippinge sheras
Some broughte thyss and that
Some broughte I wote neare what
Some broughte theyr husbandes hat
Some podynges and lynkes
Some tripes that stinkes
But of all thy stronge
One came them stronge
She seemed halfe a leche
And began to preach
Of the tewesday in the weke
Whan the mare doth keke
Of the vertue of an vnset lye
Of her husbandes breke
With the feders of a qualle
She could to bounde on sayle
And with good ale barne
She could make a charm
To healpe with all a stylche
She seemed to be a wytche
And another brought two goalinges
That wer nougthy frostlings
Some brought them in a wallet
She was a cumlye callet
The goalinges were untide
Elynour began to chide
They be wretbocke thou haste brout
They ar shye shaking nougthy

SEXTUS PASSUS.

Maud ruggy, thither skipped
She was vglye hipped
And vglye thicke lipped
Like an onion asid
Like an ledder hided
She had her so guided
Betwene the cup and the wall
That she was there with all
Into a palesey fall
With that her hed shaked
And her handes quaked
Ouer heade wold haue aked
To se her naked
She dranke so of the dregges
The dropay was in ber legges
Her face giistring lyke glasse
All foggye fat she was

She had also the goute
In all her joyntes aboue
Her breth was soure and stale
And smelled all of ale
Suche a bedfellawe
Wold make one cast his craw
But yet for all that
She dranke on the maske fat
There came an olde rybbe
She haled of a kybe
And had broken her shyn
At the threshold cummyng in
And fell so wyde open
That one myght se her token
The devill there be on woken
What nede all this be spoken
She yelled lyke a calfe
Ryse vp on God's halfe
Sayde Elynoure Rummynge
I be shroewe the for thy cummyng
As she at her did plucke
Quake, quake, sayde the ducke
In that lampatramis lyp
With fye, couer the chap
Wyth sum flp flap
God geue it yl happe
Sayde Elynoure for shame
Lyke an honest dame
Up she sterte, halfe lame
And shantlye coulde go
For Payne and for wo
In came another daut
Wyth a gose and a gutt
She had a wide wesan
She was nothyng pleasant
Necked lyke an oliphant
It was a bullifaut
A gredy cornerante
Another brought her garlik heds
Another brought her bedes
Of jet or of coale
To offter to the ale pole
Some brought a winble
Some brought a thymble
Some brought a silke lace
Some brought a pincase
Some her husbandes gowne
Some a pillowis of downe
Some of the napsery
And all this shifte they make
For the good ale sake
A straw said hele stande vter
For we haue eggs and butter
And of pigeons a payre.

Then sterke forthe a flagge
And she brought a bore pigge
The flesh therof was ranke
And her breath strongly stanke
Yet or she wente she dranke
And gate her greate thancke
Of Elynours for her ware
That she thither bare
To paye for her share
Nowe trulye to my thinkinge
This is solempne drickeyng,

SEPTIMUS PASSUS.

Soft quoth one high sibbit
And let me with you bibill

WHY COME YE NOT TO 'COURT.

271

She sate downe in the place
With a sorye face
Whey wormed aboute
Garnished was her smoute
With here and there a puscull
Lyke a scabbed muscull
This ale sayde she is noppyn
Let us sippyn and soppyn
And not spit a droppyn
For so mote I hoppyn
It colth weyl my coppyn
Dame Elynoure sayde she
Hane here is for me
A cloute of London pinnnes
And with that she beginnes
The pot to her plucke
And dranke a good lucke
She swinge up a quarte
At oner for her part
Her paunce was so puffed
And so with ale stuffed
Had she not hyed space
She had defoyled the place
Than began the sport
Amonga that dronken sort
Dame Elynoure sayde they
Lende here a cocke of hay
To make all thyng cleane
Ye wote well what we meane
But sry amonge all
That sate in that hall
There was a pricke me deintis
Sate lyke a saintye
And began to paintys
As thoughbe she woulde fainty
She made it as koy
As a lege demoy
She was not halfe so wise
As she was peuysh nyse
She sayde never a worde
But rose from the horde
And ralld for our dame
Elynoure by name
We supposed I wys
That she rose to piase
But the verye grounde
Was for to compaunde
With Elynour in the spence
To paye for her expence
I haue no penny nor grote
To pay sayd she, God wot
For washinge of my throte
But my bedes of amber
Bere them to your chamber
Then Elynour dyd them hide
Wythin her beddes syde
But some than sat righte sad
That nothyng had
There of thei'r one
Neyther gelt nor pawne
Siche were there mennyng
That bad not a pennye
But whan they shoulde walke
Were fayne with a chalke
To score on the balle
Or score on the tayle
God geue it yll hayle
For gay fyggers ytcye
I have written to mych
Of this mad mummyng
Of Elynour Rummynge

Thus endeth the rest
Of this worthye fest.
Quod Skelton laureat.

LAUREATI SKELTONIDIS IN DESPECTU MALIG- NANTIORUM DISTICON.

QVAMVIS insanis, quamvis marcescet insanis
Inuidi cantamus, hec loca plena locis

Bien men souuient.

Omnes feminas, que vel nimis bibule sunt, vel
quae sordida labe squaloris, aut quam Spurca
fuditatis macula, aut verbosa laquacitate notantur,
poeta invitata ad audiendum hunc libellum, &c.

Ebris, equalida, sordida feminis, prodiga verbis
Hoc currit, properet veniat sua facta libellus
Iste volutabit: Puer sua plectra sonando
Matrisim riuus cantabit carmine rauco.

FINIS.

Quod Skelton laureate.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LITTLE BOKE WHICH
HATH TO NAME,

WHY COME YE NOT TO COURT,

Compiled by Mayster Skelton poete laureate.

The reluctant mirror for all prelats and presidents
as well spirituall as temporall sadly to loke
vpon, devised in English by Skelton.

All noble men of this take bede
And believe it as your credo.

To hastyng of sentence
To feare for none offence
To scarce of your expence
To large in negligenc
To slacke in recompence
To hauit in excellenc
To lyght intelligenc
And to lyght in credenc
Where these kepe resydence
Reason is banished thence,
And also dame Prudence
Wyth sober Pacience
All noble men, &c.

Than without collusion
Marke well thy concilisyon
Through such abusion
And by such illusion
Unto great confusion
A noble man may fall
And his honoure appall
And yf ye thynde thy shal
Not rubbe you on the gall
Than the deuyll take all, &c.

Hoc vates ille, de quo loquuntur in illis.

FOR age is a page
For the court full unmeete
For age cannot rage
Nor basse her sweete sweets
But whan age seeth that rage
Dothe asswage and refrayne
Than wyl age have corage
To come to court agayne.

SKELTON'S POEMS.

But
 Helas, sage ouerage
 To madly decayes
 That age for dottage
 Is recovered now a dayes
 Thus age graunt damage
 Is nothyng set by
 And rage in a rage
 Doth rense lamentably.

So

That rage must make pillage
 To catche that catche mayes
 And wyth suchc forage
 Hunte the bochage
 That hertes wyl runne awaie
 Bothe hertes and bindes
 With all good mindes
 Fare well, than haue good day
 Than haue good day adew
 For defaute of rescue
 Some men may happily new
 And theyr heedes new
 The time doth faste entew
 That bales begin to brew
 I dredy by swete Jesu
 This tale will be to trew
 In fayth dicken thou crew.

In fayth dicken, thou crew, &c.

DICKE, thou crew doultes
 For truelye to expresse
 There hath be much excess
 With banketyng braynelesse
 With ryoting rechlesse
 With gembaudyngh thryfles
 With sped, and waste wiles
 Treating of truce restlesse
 Prayting for peace pealesse
 They countring at Cales
 Wrang vs on the wales
 Chief councelour was caroles
 Gronyng grouchng gruceles
 And to none entent
 Our talwod is all brent
 Our fagottes are all spent
 We may blow at the cole
 Our mare hath cast her foole
 And Mocke hath lost her shoo
 What may she do ther too
 An end of an old song
 Do right and no wrong
 As right as a rammes borne
 For thirst is thredē bare worne
 Our shepe are shrewdlye shorne
 And trouthe is all to torne
 Widsomme is laught to scorne
 Fauel is false forsworne
 Jauel is nobly borne
 Hauel and Harry hafter
 Jacke Trauell and Cole crafter
 We shall haue more hereafter
 With polling and shauyng
 With borowyng and crasyng
 With reuyng and rauyng
 With swearing and staryng
 There vayleth no reasonyng
 For wil doth rule al thyng
 Wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl,
 He ruleth alway styl
 Good reason and good skyll

They may garlicke pill
 Cary sackes to the mil
 Or pescoddes they may shil
 Or els go roste a stome
 There is no man but one
 That hath the strokes alone
 Be it blacke or white
 All that he doth is right
 As right as a cammocke crooked
 Thys bil wel ouer loked
 Cleverly perceiue we may
 There went the hare awaie
 The hare, the fox, the gray,
 The hart, the binde, the bucke
 God send vs better lucke.
 God send vs better lucke, &c.

TWIT Andrew, twit Scot
 Get heme, ge scourc thy pot
 For we haue spent our shot
 We shall haue a tot quot
 From the pope of Rome
 To weaue all in one lome
 A webbe of Lylle wulce
 Opus male dulce.
 The devill kysse his cule
 For whiles he doth rule
 All is warse and warse
 The devill kysse his arse
 For whether he blese or curse
 It can not be muche worse
 From Baumberow to Bothambar
 We haue cast vp oare war
 And made a worthy truse
 Wyth gup leuel suse
 Our mony madly spent
 And more madly spent
 From Croydon to Kent
 Wote ye whither they went ?
 From Winchelsy to Rye
 And all not worthe a fye
 From Wentbridge to Hull
 Our army waxeth dull
 With turne all home agayne
 And never a Scot slayne
 Yet the good erle of Sarrey
 The French men be doth fraye
 And vexeth them day by day
 With all the power he maye
 The Frenchmen he hath fainted
 And made their herettes attained
 Of cheualry he is the flour
 Our Lord be his succoure
 The French men he hath so mated
 And their courage abated
 That they are but halfe men
 Like foxes in their den
 Like cankerd cowarden all
 Like heons in a stome walle
 They kepe them in their holdes
 Lyke hen herted cokoldes
 But yet they ouer shooe us
 With crownes and with acutus
 With scutes and crownes of golds
 I dredy we are bought and solde
 It is a wonders warke
 They shooe all at one marks
 At the cardinalis hat
 They shooe all at that
 Out of their stronge townes
 They shooe at him with crownes.

With crownes of gold emblaised
 They make him so amased
 And his eyen so dased
 That he ne see can
 To know God nor man
 He is set so bye
 In his ierarchy
 Of frantike frenesey
 And folysch fantasy
 That in the cbambre of stars
 All matters there he mares
 Clapping his rod on the bordes
 No man dare speake a word
 For he hath all the saying
 Without any resyng
 He rolleth in his recordes
 He saith, how say ye my lordes?
 Is not my reason good
 Good euin good Robin hood
 Some say yes. And some
 Sit still as they were dome
 Thus thwarting ouer thome
 He roiueth al the roste
 With bragging and with boste
 Borne vp on every syde
 With pompe and with prude
 With trompe vp alleluia
 For dame Philargerya
 Hath so his hart in hold
 He loueth nothyng but gold
 And Asmodeus of hel
 Maketh his membres swel
 With Dalyda to Mell
 That wanton damsell
 Adew philosophia
 Adew theologia
 Welome dame Simonia
 With dame Castymeria
 To drynke and fur to eale
 Sweet Ipoemus and swete meate
 To kepe his fleshe chaste
 In Lente for a repaste
 He eateth capons stewed
 Fesaunt, and partriche mewed—
 Spareth neyther mayd ne wyfe
 This is a postels lyfe
 Helas my haft is sory
 To tall of wayne glory
 But now vpon this story
 I wyll no further rime
 Tyll another time
 Tyll another time.

WHAT newes what newes
 Small newes that true is
 That he worth two kues
 But at the naked steweves
 I vnderstande howe that
 The syn of the Cardinall hat
 That lone is now shit vp
 With gup whore gup, nowe gup
 Gup Gillian Trauillian
 With iest you I say Julian
 Wyll ye beare no coles
 A manyn of maresolles
 That occupy their holes
 Full of pocky moles.
 What heare ye of Lancashire
 They were not payd theyr byre
 They are fell as any fyre

What heare ye of Cheshyre
 They haue layde all in the myre
 They grudge and sayde
 Their wages were not payde
 Some sayde they were afryde
 Of the Scottishe hoste
 For all their crake and boste
 Wilde fire and thunder
 For all this worldly wonder
 A hundred myle a sunder
 They were whan they were next
 That is a true text
 What heare ye of the Scottes
 They make vs all sotteres
 Poppyng folysb dawes
 They make vs to pyl strawes
 They play their old prankes
 After hantly bankes
 At the streme of Banokes burne
 They did vs a shrycde turme
 Whan Edward of Karmaruan
 Lost all that his father wan
 What here ye of the lord Dakers
 He maketh vs lache rakers
 He sayes we are but crakers
 He caileth vs England men
 Stronge harted lyke an hen
 For the Scottes and he
 To wel they do agree
 With do thou for mee
 And I shal do for thee
 Whiles the red hat doth endure
 He maketh himself cocke sure
 The red hat with his lure
 Bryngeth al thinges vnder cure
 But as the world nowe gone
 What heare ye of the lord Rose
 Nothyng to purpose
 Not worth a cockly nose
 Their herettes be in their hose
 The erle of Northumberland
 Dare take nothing on haund
 Our barons be so boilde
 Into a mouse hole they wold
 Runne away and creep
 Like a manyn of sheep
 Dare not loke out a dur
 For dredc of the maystife cur
 For dredc of the bouchers dog
 Wold wirry them like an hog

For and this curre do gnar
 They must stande all a far
 To holde vp their hand at the bar
 For all their noble bloude
 He pluckes them by the hood
 And shakes them by the care
 And bryng them in suchc feare
 He baiteth them lyke a beare
 Lyke an oxe or a bul
 Their wites he sayth are dul
 He saith they have no brayne
 Their estate to maintaine
 And make to bowe their knee
 Before his maistee.

Judges of the kinges lawes
 He countes them folcs and dawse
 Sergeantes of the coyc eke
 He sayeth they are to beke
 In pleating of their case
 At the commune place

Or at the Kinges benche
 He wringeth them such a wrench
 That all our learned men
 Dare not set theyr penne
 To pleie a true triall
 Within Westmynster hall
 In the Chauncery where he sittes
 But suche as he admittes
 None so hardy to speake
 He saith, thou huddy peake
 Thy learning is to lewd
 Thy toungue is not well thewde
 To seeke before our grace
 And openly in that place
 He rages and he rauies
 And calls them cankerd knauies
 Thus royally he doth deale
 Under the kinges brode seale
 And in the Checker he them checkes
 In the ster chambre he nodyngs and backs
 And beareth him there so stout
 That no man dare rout
 Duk', earle, barou, nor lorde
 But to his sentence must accordes
 Whether he be knyght or squyer
 All men folow his desyre
 What say ye of the Scottish kyng
 That is another thing
 He is but an yonglyng
 A tall worthy stripling
 Her is a whispring and a whislyng
 He shold be hithir brought
 But and it were wyl sought
 I trow all will be nought
 Not worth a shittel cooke
 Not worth a sounce calstoake
 There goeth many a lye
 Of the duke of Albany
 That shold go his head
 And brought in quicke or dead
 And all Scotland oures
 The mountaineauence of two houres
 But as some men say
 I dred of some false trayn
 Subtelly wrought shalbe
 Under a fained trete
 But within monethes three
 Men may happily see
 The trechery, and the prankes
 Of the Scottish bankes
 What heare ye of Burgonions
 And the Spanyades onions?
 They haue slain our Englishmen
 Aboue thre score and ten
 For al your amise
 No better they agree
 God save my lord Admirall
 What heare ye of Muttrel?
 There wyl I dare not mel
 Yet what heare ye tell
 Of our grround counsel?
 I could say some what
 But speake ye no more of that
 For dred of the red hat
 Take peper in the nose
 For than thyne head of guse
 Of by the hard urse
 But there is some trauners
 Betwene some and some
 That makes our sire to gume

It is some what wrong
 That his berde is so long
 He morneth in blakke cloathing
 I pray God save the kyng
 Where euer he go or ride
 I pray God be his guide
 Thus will I conclude my stile
 And fall to rest a whyle
 And so to rest a while, &c.
 Once yet agayn
 Of you I wold fraine
 Why come ye not to courte
 To which courte?
 To the kinges courte
 Or to Hampton courte?
 Nay to the kinges courte
 The kynges courte
 Should haue the excellencye
 But Hampton courte
 Hath the preemynencye
 And Yorke place
 With my lordes gracie
 To whose magnificencye
 Is all the confluence
 Sutes and supplications
 Embassades of all nacionys
 Straw for law canon
 Or for the law common
 Or for lawe ciuill
 It shall be as he wyl
 Stop at law tancete
 An abstract or a concrecia
 Be it soure he it sweete
 His wisdome is so discrete
 That in a fume or an hete
 Warden of the Fleet
 Set him fast by the fets
 And of his royal poure
 Whan him lyst to loure
 Than haue him to the Toure
 Saunz aulter remedy
 Haue him forth by and by
 To the Marshals
 Or to the Kinges benche
 He diggeth so in the trench
 Of the court royall
 That he ruleth them all
 So he dothe vndermynde
 And such sleightes dothe fynde
 That the kinges mynde
 By him is subuerted
 And so streadly coorted
 In credensys his tales
 That al is but nutshales
 That any other sayth
 He bath in him such fauith
 Now, yet al this might be
 Suffred and taken in gree
 If that, that be wrought
 To any good end wer brought
 But all he bryngeth to nought
 But God that me deare bought
 He beareth the king on hand
 That he must pyl his land
 To make his cosers rygh
 But he layeth al in the dyche
 And vseth such abusyon
 That in the conclusion
 All commeth to confusyon

Perceiue the cause whye
 To tell the trouth plaiulye
 He is so ambitious
 So shameles, and so vicious
 And so superstitious
 And so much oblivious
 From whens that he came
 That he falleth in Aciastian
 Which truely to expresse
 Is a forgetfulnes
 Or wylful blindnes
 Wherwith the Sodomites
 Lost their inward sightes
 The Gomorrians also
 Were brought to deadly wo
 As scripture recordes
 A cecitate cordis
 In the Latyn syng we
 Libera nos Domine
 But this mad Amalecke
 Like to Amameiek
 He regardeth lordes
 No more than pot shordes
 He is in muche elacion
 Of his exaltacion
 And the supportacion
 Of our soueraine lorde
 That God to recorde
 He ruleth al at will
 Without reason or skyll
 Howbeit they be prymordyall
 Of hys wretched originall
 And his base progeny
 And his greasy genealogy
 He came of the sanke roiall
 That was cast out of a bouchers stall.
 But howe ever he was borne
 Men would haue the lese scorne
 If he could consider
 His byrth and rowme together
 And call to his mynde
 How noble and how kynde
 To hym he hath founde
 Our souernyne lord, chief ground
 Of all thyss prelacy
 And set hym nobly
 In great authorite
 Out from a low degre
 Which he can not see
 For he was parde
 No doctour of deuinicie
 Nor doctor of the law
 Nor of none other saw
 But a pose maister of arte
 God wot had little part
 Of the quatriuals
 Nor yet of triuals
 Nor of philosophye
 Nor of philology
 Nor of good policy
 Nor of astronomy
 Nor acquainted worth a fly
 With honourable Haly
 Nor with royal Ptholomy
 Nor with Albunasaar
 To treate of any star
 Pyxt or els mobil
 His Latin tonge doth hobbyl
 He doth bat clout and cobbel
 In Tullis facultie
 Called humanitie

Yet proudly he dare pretend
 How no man can him amend
 But haue ye not heard this
 How an one eyed man is
 Wel sighted, when
 He is amouge blyd men.
 Than our proces for to stable
 This man was ful vnable
 To reche to such degree
 Had not our prince be
 Royall Henry the eyght
 Take him in such conceytle
 That he set him on heyght
 In exemplifing
 Great Alexander the king
 In writing as we finde
 Which of his royal minde
 And of his noble pleasure
 Transcending out of measure
 Thought to do a thyng
 That pertaineth to a kyng
 To make vp one of nougth
 And made to him be brought
 A wretched pore man
 Which his living wan
 With planting of leekes
 By the dayes and by the weekes
 And of this pore vassel
 He made a kyng royal
 And gaue him a realme to rule
 That occupied a shewel
 A mattoke, and a spade
 Before that he was made
 A kyng, as I haue told
 And ruled as he wold
 Such is a kynges power
 To make within an hower
 And worke such a miracl
 That shalbe a spectacle
 Of renowne and worldy fame
 In likewise now the same
 Cardinall, is promoted
 Yet with lewd condicions hoted
 As hereafter bene noted
 Presumption and vain glorie
 Enuy, wrath, and lechery
 Courtes, and gluttony
 Slothful to do good
 Now frantike, now starke wode
 Shuld this man of such mode
 Rule the swerde of myght
 How can he do right
 For he wyll as soone swyght
 His freend, as his foe
 A prouerbe longe a go
 Set vp ye wretche on hys
 In a thone triumphantly
 Make him a great estate
 And he wil play checke mate
 With royllai maiestee
 Count hym self as good as he
 A prelate potenciall
 To rule vnder Belliayall
 As fierce and as cruel
 As the feende of hel
 His seruantes meniall
 He dothe renile and hral
 Lyke Mahound in a play
 No man dare him withsaye
 He bath dispight and scorne
 At them that he wel borne

He rebukes them and rayles
 Ye horsons, ye vassyles
 Ye knaues, ye charles sonnes
 Ye ribands, not worth two plummes
 Ye rainbeaten beggars reisaged
 Ye recrayed ruffins all ragged
 With stoupe thou hauel
 Renne thou iuel
 Thou peuishe pie pecked
 Thou losel long necked
 Thus daily they be decked
 Taunted and checked
 That they are so wo
 They wot not whether to go.
 No man dare come to the speche
 Of this gentel Jacke breche
 Of what estate be he
 Of spirituall dignitie
 Nor duke of hye degree
 Nor marques, earle, nor lord
 Which shrewdly doth accord
 Thus he borne so base
 All noble men shoud out face
 His countinuance lyke a kayser
 My lord is not at layser
 Sir ye must tary a stound
 Tyl better layser be found
 And sir, ye must daunce attendaunce
 And take pacient sufferaunce
 For my lordes grace
 Hath now no time nor space
 To speake with you, as yet
 And thus they shal syt
 Chuse them syt or flit
 Stand, walke, or ride
 And his laiser abide
 Parchaunce half a yere
 And yet never the nere
 This daungerous dowsipers
 Like a kinges pere
 And within this sixteen yere
 He wold have ben right fayn
 To haue ben a chaplyn
 And haue taken right great pain
 With a pore knight
 What so ever he hight
 The chief of his own counsel
 They can not well tell
 Whan they with him shoud mcl
 He is so fierce and fel
 He rayles and he rates
 He calleth them doddy pates
 He grinnes and he gapes
 As it were Jacke Napes
 Such a mad Bedlem
 For to rule this realm
 It is a wonderous case
 That the kinges grace
 Is toward him so minded
 And so farre bluided
 That he can not perceiue
 How he doth him disceyue
 I dought least by sorcery
 Or such other loselry
 As witch craft, or charming
 For he is the kinges derlyng
 And his sweete hart rote
 And is governed by this mad koote
 For what is a man the better
 For the kynges letter

For he wil tere it a sunder
 Wherat much I wonder
 How such a hody poule
 So boldly dare controule
 And so malapertly withstand
 The kynges owne hand
 And settes not by it a mite
 He sayth the kyng doth wryte
 And wryteth he wot not what
 And yet for all that
 The kyng his clemency
 Despenseth with his domensy
 But what his grace doth thinke
 I have no pen or ynde
 That therwith can mel
 But wel I can tel
 How Fraunces Petrarke
 That much noble clerke
 Writeth how Charlemaine
 Could not him self refrayne
 But was rauisht with a rage
 Of a lyke dotage
 But howe that came aboute
 Rede ye the story out
 And ye shal finde surely
 It was by micromancy
 By carectes and coniuracion
 Under a certayne constellacion
 And a certayne fumigacion
 Under a stone on a gold ryng
 Wrought to Charlemaine the kyng
 Whiche constrainyd him forceably
 For to loue a certayne body
 Aboue all other inordinately
 This is no fable nor no lie
 At Acon it was brought to pas
 As by mine auctor tried it was
 But let my masters mathematical
 Tel you the rest, for me they shall
 They haue the ful intelligence
 And dare vse the experience
 In there obsolete conscience
 To practique such abolete science
 For I abbor to smatter
 Of one so deuillyshe a matter
 But I will make further relacion
 Of this Isagogicall colacion
 How master Gaguine the crowndeler
 Of the feates of war
 That were done in Fraunce
 Maketh remembraunce
 How kyng Lewes of late
 Made up a great estate
 Of a pore wretched man
 Wherof much care began
 Wherof much care began
 Johannes Balua was his name
 Mine auctor writeth the same
 Promoted was he
 To a cardinals dignitie
 By Lewes the kyng aforessayd
 With him so wel apayd
 That he made him hys chaunceler
 To make all, or to mar
 And to rule as him liste
 Tyl he checked at the fista
 And agayne all reason
 Committed open treason
 And against his lord souerain
 Wherefore he suffered pain

Was hedden drawnen and quarterd
And dyed stinkyegly martred

Loe yet for all that

He were a cardinais hat

In him was small fayth

As mine auctor sayth

Not for that I meane

Suche a casuallt shoulde be seen

Or suche chaunce shoulde fal

Unto our cardinal.

Almightye God I trust

Hath for him discute

That of force he muste

Be faythfull, true and iuste

To oure most roial kynge

Chief rote of his makynge

Yet it is a wylle mouse

That can byldre his dwelinge house

Within the cattes eares

Withouten dredre or feare

It is a nice reckoning

To put al the governyng

All the rule of this land

Into one mans hand

One wise mans head

May stand somewhat in stede

But the wites of many wyse

Much better can desise

By their circumpection

And their sed direction

To cause the commone weale

Longe to endure in heale

Christ kepe king Henry the eight

From trechery and despict

And graunt him grace to know

The faucon from the crow

The wolle from the lambe

From whens that maistife came

Let him never confounde

The gentil greybound

Of this matter the ground

Is easie to expond

And sone may be perceyued

How the world is conueyed

But harke my frend one wordes

In earnest or in borde

Tel me now in this stede

Is maister Mewt as dead

The kinges French secretary

And his vntre adueneray

For he sent in writing

To Fraunceen the French kyng

Of our masters counsel in eueri thing

That was a perillous rekenyng

Nay, nay, he is not dead

But he was so payned in the head

That he shall never eat more bred

Now he is gone to another stede

With a bul under lead

By way of commision

To a stranngre iurisdiction

Called Dimingen Date

Farre beyonde Portyngale

And hath his pasportes to pas

Ultra sanro matas

To the deuil ayr Sathanas

To Pluto and ayr Bellial

The deuils vicare generall

And to his collodge conuentuall

As wel calodemonial

As to cacademoniall

To puruay for our cardinall

A palace pontificall

To kepe his court prouinciall

Upon articles iudiciall

To contend and to striue

For his prerogative

Within that consistorie

To make sommons peremptorye

Before some prothonotory

Imperial or papal

Upon this matter misticall

I haue told you part, but not all

Here after perchaunce I shall

Make a large memoriall

And a further rehersall

And more paper I think to blot

To the court why I came not

Desiring you aboue all thing

To kepe you from laughyng

Whan ye fall to redyng

Of this wanton scrowle

And pray for Mewtas soule

For he is wel past and gone

That wold God every chone

Of his affinitie

Were gone as wel as he

Amen, amen, say ye

Of your inward charitie.

Amen.

Of your inward charitie.

It were greate ruthe

For writings of truthe

Anye manne shoulde be

In perplexitie

Of displeasure

For I make you sure

Where trouth is abhord

It is a playne recordre

That there wantes grace

In whose place

Dothe occupye

Ful vngariously

Fals flattery

Fals trechery

Fals hryberye

Subtile Sym Sly

With mad folys

For who can best lyn

He is best set hy

Then farewell to thee

Welthfull felicites

For prosperitie.

Awaye than wyll flee

Than munte we agree

With pouertye

For misery

With penurye

Miserably

And wretchedly

Hath made Askry

And oute crye

Folowynge the chace

To dryue away grace

Yet sayest thou peruse

We can lacke no grace

For my lordes grace

And my ladyes grace

With tray deuse ame

And ase in the face
 Some haute and some bace
 Some daunce the trace
 Euer in one case
 Marke me that chace
 In the tennis play
 For sinke quoter trey
 Is a tal man
 He rob, but we ran
 Hey the gye and the gan
 The graye goose is no swan
 The wateris were wen
 And beggers they ban
 And they cursed Datan
 De tribu Dan
 That this worke began
 Psalm et clam
 With Balak and Balam
 The golden ram
 Of Flemmyng dam
 Sem, Japheth, or Cam ?
 But how come to pas
 Your cupboorde that was
 Is turned to glasse
 From siluer to brasse
 From golde to pewter
 Or els to a newter
 To copper, to tyn
 To leade, or alumin
 A goldsmith your mayre
 But the chefe of your fayre
 Might stand now by potters
 And suche as sel trotters
 Pytchers and pothordes
 Thin shrewdly accordes
 To be a cupborde for lordes
 My lord now and sir knyghte
 Good euen and good nyghte
 For now sir Tristran
 Ye muste weare buckram
 Or Canuas of Cane
 For silke or wane
 Our royals that shone
 Our nobles are gone
 Amonge the Burgonions
 And Spanyardes onyons
 And the Flanderkyngs
 Gyl sweater and Cate spinnes
 They are happy thatwynnes
 But Englaude may well say
 Eye on this winnyng alway
 Now nothing, but pay pay
 With laughe and lay downe
 Borough, citie and towne
 Good springe of Lanam
 Muste counte what became
 Of his clothe makynge
 He is at such takynge
 Though his purse wax dul
 He must tax for his wul
 By nature of a new writ
 My lordes grace nameth it
 A quia non satisfacit
 In the spight of his teeth
 He must pay agayne
 A thousand or twayn
 Of his gold in store
 And yet he payde before
 And hundred pond and more
 Which pincheth hym sore

My lordes grace wil bringyng
 Downe thya hys spryng
 And bringyng it so lowe
 It shal not over flow
 Suche a prelate I row
 Were worthy to row
 Thorow the streytes Marocke
 To the gybbet of Baldock
 He wold dry vp the stremmes
 Of nine kynges realme
 Al riueris and wels
 Al waters that swels
 For with vs he so miels
 That within England dwels
 I wold he were somewhere els
 For els by and by
 He will drinke vs so dry
 And sucke vs so nye
 That men shall scantly
 Have penny or halpennye
 God save hys noble grace
 And graunt him a place
 Endlesse to dwel
 With the deuill of hel
 For and he were there
 We need never feare
 Of the feeders blacke
 For I vndertake
 He wold so brag and crake
 That he wold than make
 The devils to quake
 To shudder and to shake
 Lyke a fier drake
 And with a cole rake
 Bruse them on a brake
 And biude them to a stake
 And set hei on fyre
 At his owne desire
 He is such a grym syre
 And such a potestolat
 And such a potestate
 That he wold breke the braynes
 Of Lucifer in his chaines
 And rule them eche one
 In Luciferis trone
 I wold he were gone
 For amoung vs is none
 That ruleth, but he alone
 Withoute all good reason
 And all oute of season
 For Polam Pearson
 With him be not geson
 They grow very ranke
 Upon euerie banke
 Of his herbers green
 With my lady bright and sheene
 On their game it is seen
 They play not al cleen
 And it he as 1 weene
 But as touching discretion
 With sober direction
 He keþeth them in subiection
 They can haue no protection
 To rule nor to guide
 But all must be tryde
 And abide the correction
 Of him with ful affection
 For as for wytte
 The deuill speed whiſte

But brainsicke and braynless
 Wildes and reachlesse
 Careles and shamelese
 Thrifles and gracefesse
 Together are bended
 And so condiscended
 That the commune weith
 Shal never haue good heith
 But tattered and tugged
 Ragged, and rugged
 Shauen and shorne
 And all thredre bare wome
 Such gredines
 Such nedines
 Miserables
 With wretchednes
 Hath brought in distres
 And much heauines
 And great dolour
 England the flour
 Of relauenct honour
 In old commemoration
 Most royal English nacion
 Now all is out of facion
 Almost in desolacion
 I speake by protestacion
 God of his misericacion
 Send better reformatacion
 Lo, for to do shamfully
 He judgeth it no foly
 But to write of his shame
 He saythe we are to blame
 What a frensi is this
 No shame to do amys
 And yet he is a shamed
 To be shamefully named
 And oft prechours be blamed
 Bycause they haue proclaimed
 His madnes by writing
 His simplicenes resting
 Remording and biting
 With chiding and with fiting
 Shewyng him Goddes laws
 He calleth the preachers dawes.
 And of holy scriptures sawen
 He counteth them for gigawes
 And putteth them to silencie
 And with wordes of violence
 Like Pharaao, void of grace
 Did Moyses sore manasse
 And Arou sore he thret
 The word of God to let
 This Mannet in likewise
 Against the church doth rise
 The preachoure he doth dispise
 With cakyng in such wise
 So bragging all with boist
 That no preachour almost
 Dore speake for hys lyfe
 Of lordes grace, nor his wyfe
 For he hath such a bul
 He may take whome he wul
 And as many as him likes
 May eat pigges in Lent for pykes
 After the sectes of heretikes
 For in Lent he wil eate
 Al maner of fleshe meate
 That he can any where geat
 With other abusions great
 Whereof to trete
 It wold make the devill to swet

For all priuileged places
 He brakes and defaces
 All places of religion
 He hath them in derision
 And maketh such prouision
 To drue them at diuision
 And finally in conclusion
 To bring them to confusyon
 Sainct Albons to recordre
 Wherof this vngracious lord
 Hath made him self abbot
 Against their willes god wot
 Al this he doth deale
 Vnder strength of the great seal
 And by his legacy
 Which madly he doth applye
 Unto an extraugancye
 Pyked out all good law
 With reasons that ben raw
 Yet when he toke first his hat
 He said he knew what was what
 Al justice he pretended
 Al thinges should be amended
 Al wronges he wold redress
 Al injuries he wold repres
 Al perjuries he wold oppresse
 And yet this graceles else
 He is periuerted himselfe
 At plainly it dothe appere
 Who fist to enquire
 In the regestry
 Of my lord of Cantorbury
 To whome he was professed
 In thre pointes expressed
 The first to do him reverence
 The second to owe him obedience
 The third with whole affection
 To be vnder his subiecton
 But now he maketh obiection
 Under the protection
 Of the kinges great seals
 That he setteth never a deale
 By his former othe
 Whether God be pleased or wroth
 He maketh so proud pretence
 That in his equipalens
 He judgeth him equalent
 With God omnipotent
 But yet beware the rod
 And the stroke of God
 The apostel Peter
 Had a pore miter
 And a pore cope
 When he was create pope
 Fyrst in Antioche
 He did never approche
 Of Rome to the see
 Wyth suche dignite
 Sainct Dunstan what was he
 Nothing he saith lyke to me
 There is a diversite
 Betwene him and me
 We passe hym in degre
 At legatus a latere
 Ecce sacerdos magous
 That wyl bed vs and hange vs
 And straightly strangly vs
 That he maye fang vs
 Decre and deerstall
 Constitucion prouincial

Nor hol awe canonically
 Shal let the preest pontificall
 To sit in causa sanguinis
 Now God amende that is amis
 For I suppose that he is
 Of Jeremy the whisking rod
 The flayle, the scourge
 Of almighty God
 This Naman Sirus
 So fel and so irous
 So ful of melancholy
 With a flap before his eye
 Men wene that he is pocky
 Or els his surgions they lye
 For as far as they can spy
 By the craft of surgery
 It is manus Domini
 And yet this proud Antiochus
 He is so ambitious
 So elate, and so vicious
 And so cruel herted
 That he will not be conuerted
 For he setteth God a parte
 He is now so ouerthwart
 And so payned with panges
 That al his trust hangeth
 In Balthosor, which healed
 Domingo's nose, that was whelde
 That Lumberdes nose meau I
 That standeth yet awry
 It was not healed alderbest
 It standeth somewhat on the west
 I meane Domingo Lomelyn
 That was wonte to win
 Muche mony of the kyng
 At the cardes and harseling
 Balthosor that healed Domingos nose
 From the puskilde pocky nose
 Now with his gummis of Araby
 Hauh promised to hele our cardinals eie
 Yet some surgions put a dout
 Lest he will put it clean out
 And make hym latne of his nether lims
 God send hym sorrow for his sinnes
 Sum men might aske a question
 By whose suggestion
 I take on hand this warke
 Thus boldly for to barke
 And men liste to barke
 And my wordes marke
 I wyl answere lyke a clerke
 For truly and vnsayned
 I am forceably constrained
 At Juuinalls request
 To wryght of this glorious gest
 Of this vaine glorious beast
 His fame to be enerest
 At every solempne feast
 Quia difficile est
 Satiram non scribere?
 Now master doctor, how sayc ye
 What so enur your name be
 What though ye be namelesse
 Ye shall not escape blamelesse
 Nor yet shal scape shamelesse
 Mayster doctor in your degré
 Your self madly ye ouer see
 Blame Juuinall and blame not me
 Maister doctor diricium
 Omne animi victimum, &c.

As Juuinall doth record
 A small desaute in a great lorde
 A lytle cryme in a greate estate
 Is muche more inordinate
 And more horrible to beholde
 Than any other a thousand fold
 Ye put to blame ye wot nere whome
 Ye may weare a cocket coome
 Your foyd hod in your furred hood
 Hold ye your tonge ye can no good
 And at more conuenient time
 I may fortune for tyme
 Somwhat of your madnesse
 For small is your sadnesse
 To put any man in lacke
 And say yll behynde hys backe
 And my wordes marke trulye
 That ya cannot byde thereby
 For Smeigma non est sinatomum
 But de absentibus nil nisi bonum
 Complaine or do what ye will
 Of your complaint it shal not skil
 This is the tenor of my bil
 A daucocke ye be, and so shalbe still
 Sequitur epitoma
 De morbilloso Thoma
 Nec non obsceno
 De Poliphemo, &c.

PORRO perbile dissimulatum
 Illum Pandulphum tantum legatum
 Tam formidatum nuper prelatum
 Naman Syrum nunc longatum
 In solitudine jam commoratum
 Neapolitanus morbo gravatum
 Malegnatus, cataplasmati statum
 Pharmacopole ferro foratum
 Nihilo magis alleviatum
 Nihilo melius aut medicatum
 Relictis famulis ad famulatum
 Quod tollatur infamia
 Sed major patet insanita
 Amodo ergo Ganea
 Abhorreat ille Ganeus
 Dominus male Cretecus
 Aptius Dictus Tetricus
 Phanaticus freneticus
 Graphicus sicut Meliticus
 Autumnat.

HOC genus dictaminis
 Non egit examinis
 In centiloquio nec centimetro
 Honorati Grammatici Mauri.
 Decasticon virulentum in galeratum,
 Liconta marinum, &c.
 Proh dolor, ecce maris lupus &
 nequissimus, ursus
 Carnifex vitulus Britonumque
 bubalus iniquus
 Conflatus, vitulus, vel Oreb vel
 Salmena, vel Zeb.
 Gardus, & crindellis Asaph qui
 Datan reprobatus
 Elendus & Achitophel, regis
 scelus omne Britannum
 Ecclesia, qui namque Thomas
 Confundit ubique
 Non sacer iste, Thomas
 Sed duro corde, Goleas
 Quem gestat Matus

nathane caret (obsecro culus
Fundens Aspaltum (precor)
huac versum lege eautum
Asperitus nihil est misero

Apostrophus ad Londini cives (citando mnlum
asino aureo galerato) in occursum asini, &c.

EXCITAT asinus multum mirabile, visa
Calcibus O vestro cives occurrite Acello
Qui regnum regemque regit qui vestra gubernat
Predia, divitias, nummos, gressus, spoliando.

Dixit alludens, immo illudens perodoxam de
asino aureo galerato. xxxiii.
Hec ratis ille, de quo loquuntur mille.

FINIS.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LITTLE BOKE CALLED
COLYN CLOUT,

COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON POET LAU-
REATE.

Qui consurgat mecum adversus malignantes? aut
quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniqui-
tatem? Ne uno domine.

WHAT can it ansye
To dryue forth a mayne
Or to make a mayle
Of an herynges taile
To ryme or to rayle
To write or to indyte
Eyther for delite
Or eis for despite
Or booke to compile
Of divers maner of style
Vye to reuile
And siane to exyle
To teache or to preche
As reason wyl reach
Saye thys and saye that
His head is so fat
He wotteth never what
Nor wherof he speketh
He cryeth and he creketh
He pryeth and he peketh
He chydeth and he chatters
He prates and he patters
He clytters and he clatters
He meddles and he smatters
He glosseth and he flatters
Or if he speake plaine
Than he lacketh brayne
He is but a foole
Let him go to scoole
A three footed stoole
That he may downe syt
For he lacketh wit
And if that he hit
The nayle on the head
It standeth in no stede
The devyll they say is dead
The devill is dead,
It may wel so be
Or eis they wold see
Otherwise and else
From worldly vanitie
And soule covetousnes
And other wretchednes
Fickell falsenesse

Varyablemenne
With vnstablemenne
And if ye stand i clout
Who brought this ryme about
My name is Colyn Clout
I propose to shake out
All my conning bagge
Lyke a clarkely hagge
For though my ryme be rugged
Tattered and iagged
Rudeley rayne beaten
Rusty and moothe eaten
If ye talke well therewyth
It hath in it some pith
For as farre as I can see
It is wrong with eche degree
For the temporally
Accuseth the spiritualy
The spirituall agayn
Doth grudge and complain
Upon temporall men
Thus eche of other bloter
The tone against the tother
Ais they make me shoder
For in hoder moder
The churche is put in faulte
The prelates ben so haut
They say and loke so hys
As though they wold fye
Aboue the sterry sky
Lay men say indede
How they take no hede
Their selly shepe to fede *happie*
But plucke away and pul
The fleces of their wull
Unnethes they leve a locke
Of wull amonge their flocke
And as for theyr connyng
A glumming and a mummyngh
And make therof a iape
They gaspe and they gape
Al to haue promocion
There is their whole deuocion
With money, if it will hap
To cathe the forked cap
Forsoth they are to lewd
To say so all be shrewd
What trow ye they say more
Of the byshoppes lore
How in matters they be raw
They lumber forth the law
To berke Jacke and Gyl
Whan they put vp a bil
And judge it as they will
For other mens skill
Exounding out their clauses
And leaue their owne causes
In their principal cure
They make but lytle sure
And meddles very light
In the churches right
But ire and venire
And sol fa, so alamre
That the premenire
Is like to be set a fire
In their jurisdictions
Through temporall afflictions
Men say they haue prescriptions
Against the spiritual contradictions
Accompting them as fictions

SKELTON'S POEMS.

And whiles the heedes doe this
 The regnante is amiss
 Of the clergy all
 Both great and small
 I wot never how they warke
 But thus the people carke
 And surely thus they say
 Byshoppes if they may
 Smal houses wold kepe
 But slombr forth and slepe
 And assay to crepe
 Within the noble walles
 Of the kinges halles
 To sat their bodies full
 Their soules lame and dul
 And haue ful little care
 How evill their shope fare

The temporality say plain
 How bishoppes disdain
 Sermons for to make
 Or such labour to take
 And for to say trouth
 A great part is ful slouth
 But the greatest part
 Is for they haue but smal art
 And right slender cunning
 Within their heedes wunning
 But this reason they take
 How they are able to make
 With their gold and treasure
 Clerkes out of measure
 And yet that is a pleasure
 How be it some there haue
 Almost two or three
 Of that dignety
 Foul worshipful Clerkes
 As appeareth by their werkes
 Like Aaron and Ure
 The Wolfe from the dore
 To wary and to kepe
 From their godly shope
 And their spiritual lammes
 Sequestred from rammes
 And from the berded gotes
 With their bery cotes
 Set wought by gold ne grotes
 Their names if I durst tel.

But they are lothe to tel
 And lothe to bang the bel
 About the cattes necke
 For dred to haue a checke
 They are fain to play, deuz deck
 How be it they are good men
 Much hارت lyke an hen
 Their lessons forgotten they haue
 That Becket them gaue
 Thomas manum militit ad fortia
 Spernit damna spernit opprobria
 Nulla Thomam frangit injuria
 But now every spirituall father
 Men say they bed rather
 Spende muche of their share
 Than to be combred with care
 Spende, nay but spare
 For let see who that dare
 Shoe the mockish mare
 They make her wincb and kickes
 But it is not worthe a leeks
 Boldnesse is to seekes

The churche for to defende
 Take me as I intande
 For lothe I am to offend
 In thys that I haue penda
 I tell you as men say
 Amend when ye may
 For usque ad montem fare
 Men say ye cannot appare
 For some say ye hunt in parkes
 And hanke on hobby larkes
 And other wanton warkes
 When the night darkes.
 What hath laymen to doe
 The gray gone for to shoe
 Lyke boundes of hell
 They cry and they yell
 How that ye sell
 The grace of the Holy Ghost
 Thus they make their bost
 Through every cost
 How some of you do eat
 In Lenton season flesh meat
 Fesauntea patriche and cranes
 Men call you therfore prophanes
 Ye pieke no shrympes nor pranes
 Saltfish, stockfish nor herring
 It is not for your wearing
 Nor in holy Lenton season
 Ye wil neither haue ne person
 But ye looke to be let loose
 To a pygge or to a goose
 Your george not endewed
 Without a capon stewed
 Or a stewed cocke
 Under her surid snocke
 And her wanton wodicooke

And how when ye geue orders
 In your prouincial borders
 As insipientes
 Some are insipientes
 Some parum sapientes
 Some nihil intelligentes
 Some valde negligentes
 Some nullum sensum habentes
 But bestialy and vntaught
 But whan they haue once caught
 Dominus vobiscum by the bed
 Than renne they in euere stede
 God wot with dronken nolles
 Yet take they cures of soules
 And woteth never what they rede
 Pater noster nor Crede
 Construe not wort a whistle
 Nether Gospel nor Pistle
 Theyr Mattins madly sayde
 Notting devoutly praid
 Their learning is so small
 Their prytines and houres ful
 And lepe out of their lippes
 Lyke sawdust or dry chippes
 I speake not now of al
 But the moste parte in general
 Of suche vagabundus
 Speaketh totus mundus
 How some syng let abundus
 At euery ale stake
 With welcome hake and make
 By the bread that God brake
 I am sory for your sake

I speake not of the god wif
But of their aposties lyfe
Cum ipsa vel illis
Sui moment in villis
Est uxor vel ancilla
Welcome Jacke and Gilla
My prely Petronydia
And you wil be stilla
You shall have your wylla
Of such pater noster pekes
All the worlde spekes.
In you the faut is supposed
For that they are not apposed
By iust examinacion
By conning and conuersacion
They haue none instruction
To make a true construction
A priest without a letter
Without his vertue be greater
Doutesse were much better
Upon him for to take
A mattocke or a rake
Alas for very shame
Some can not declyne their name
Some cannot scarsly rede
And yet will not dredre
For to kepe a cure,
And in nothing is sure
This domine vobiscum
As wyse a Tom a thrum
A chaplayne of trusste
Layth all in the dust
Thus I Colin Cloot
As I go about,
And wendryng as I walke
I heare the people talk
Men say for syluer and golde
Miters are bought and sold
There shall no clergy appose
A myter nor a crosse
But a full purse
A straw for Goddess curse
What are they the worse
For a simoniak,
Is but a hermoniak
And no more ye make
Of symony men say
But a childe play
Ouer this the forsayd laye
Report how the pope maye
A holy anker call
Out of the stony wall
And hym a bysshopp make
If he on him dare take
To kepe so hard a rule
To ryde vpon a mule
Wyth golde all be trapped
In purple and paule be lapp'd
Some hatted and some capped
Rychely be wrapped
God wot to theyr great paynes
In rotchettes of fine raynes
Whyte as morowes mylk
Their tabertes of fine silke
Their stirops of mixt golde begarded
Their may no cost be spared
Their moylen golde doth este
Theyr neighbours dye for meat.
What care they though Gill sweat

Of Jacke of the Noka
The pore people they yoke
With sommons and citacions
And excommunications
Aboute churches and market
The byshop on his carpet
At home full soft doth syt
This is a feareful fy
To heare the people langlie
Now warelly they wrangle
Alas why do ye not handle
And them all manglie
Full falsly on you they lye
And shamefully you asry
And say as vrtruly
As the butter fy
A man might say in mocke
Ware the wethercocke
Of thee steple of Poules,
And thus they hurt their soales
In sclauderyng you for truth
Alas it is great ruthe
Some say ye sit in troues
Like prynces aquilonis
And shryne your rotten bones
With pearles and precious stones
But how the commons grones
And the people moones
For preestes and for lones
Lent and neuer payde
But from day to day delaid
The commune weith decayd
Men say ye are tungē tayde
And therof speake nothing
But dissimuleng and glösing
Wherfore men be supposing
That ye geue shrewd counsel
Against the commune wal
By pollyng and pillage
In cities and village
By taxyng and tollage
Ye haue monkis to haue the culerage
For converyng of an old cottage
That committed is a collage
In the charter of dottage
Tenure par service de sottage
And not par service de soscage
After old segoyours
And the learning of Littleton tenours
Ye haue so ouerthwarted
That good lawes are subverted
And good reason peruerred
Religious men are fayne
For to turne agayne
In seculis seculorum
And to forsake their corum
And vagabundare per forum
And take a fyne meritorum
Contra regulam morum
Aut blacke monasorum
Aut canonicorum
Aut Bernardinorum
Aut crucifixorum
And to syng from place to place
Lyke apostates
And the selfe same game
Begon and now with shame
Amongest the sely nunnis
My lady now she runnes

SKELTON'S POEMS.

Dame Sybly our abbesse
 Dame Dorotho and lady Besse
 Dame Sare our pyroesse
 Out of theyr cloyster and quere
 With an beaute cheere
 Must cast vp their blake rayles—
 What Colin ther thau shailles
 Yet thus with yll rayles
 The lay fee people rayles
 And all they laye
 O you prelates and say
 Ye do wrong and no righte
 To put them thus to fight
 No Matins at midnight
 Boke and chaliss gone quite
 Plucke away the leades
 Ouer theyr header
 And sel away theyr bals
 And al that they haue els
 Thus the people tels
 Rayles lyke rebels
 Rede shrewdly and apels
 And wyt foundations mels
 And talke lyke titheles
 How ye breake the deades willes
 Turne monasteris into water millis
 Of an abbey ye make a graunge
 Your workes they say are straunge
 So that theyr founders soules
 Haue lost theyr beade roules
 The mony for theyr massen
 Spent among wanton lasses
 The Diriges are forgotten
 Their founders iye ther rotten
 But where theyr soules dwel
 Therwith I wil not mel
 What could the Turke do more
 Wyth all hys false love
 Turke, Sarazen or Jew
 I report me to you.
 O merciful Ieu
 You support and rescite
 My stile for to direkte
 It may take some effect
 For I abhorre to wryte
 How the lay fee despite
 You prelates that of ryght
 Should be lanternes of light
 Ye liue they say in delyte
 Drowned in deliciis
 In gloria et divicis
 Into honorable honore
 In gloria et splendore
 Fulgorantes haste
 Viventes parvum caste
 Yet swete meat hath sourc sauce
 For after gloria lass
 Christ by cruetie
 Was nayled vpon a tree
 He payed a bitter pencion
 For mans redempcion
 He dranke esel and gall
 To redeme vs withall
 But swete Ipcras ye drynke
 With let the cat winke
 Ich wot what eche other thynk
 How be it per assimile
 Some men thinke that ye
 Shall haue penaltie
 For your iniquity

Note what I say
 And beare it wel awaye
 If it please not the ologys
 It is good for astrologis
 For Ptholome told me
 The Sunne somtyme to bee
 In Ariete
 Ascendent a degree
 What Scorpion descending
 Was so then pretending
 All fatal for one
 That shall sit on a irone
 And rule all thinges alone
 Your teeth whet on this bone
 Amongst you every chone
 And let Collyn Clout haue none
 Maner of cause to mone
 Lay salve to your own sore
 For els as I sayd before
 After gloria lass
 May come a soure sauce
 Sory therfore am I
 But trouth can never lye
 With language thus polluted
 Holy church is bruted
 And shamefully confuted
 My pen now wyl I sharpe
 And wrest vp my harpe
 With sharpe twinkling trebels
 Agaynst al such rebels
 That labour to confound
 And bring the church to the ground
 As ye may daily see
 Howe the laye fee
 Of one affinitie
 Consente and agree
 Agaynst the churche to be
 And the dignitez
 Of the byshoppes fee
 And eyther ye be to bad
 Or els they are mad
 Of thid to report
 But vnder your supporte,
 Till my dying day
 I shall bothe wryte and say
 And ye shall do the same
 How they are to blame
 You thus to diffame
 For it maketh me sad
 How that the people are glade
 The church to depreye
 And some there are that rauie
 Presuming on their wit
 When ther is never a whit
 To maintaine argumentes
 Against the sacramentes
 Some make epilogation
 Of highe predestination
 And of residuation
 They make interpretation
 Of an awquard facion
 And of the prescience
 Of divine essence
 And what ipostatis
 Of Christes manhode is
 Such logike men wyl chop
 And in their fury hope
 When the good ale sop
 Dothe daunce in their fore top
 Both women and men
 Such ye may wel know and ken

That agayn presthode
Their malice spred abrode
Railing hainously
And disdainously
Of priestly dignities
But their malignities
And some haue a smacks
Of Lathers sacke
And a brenning sporke
Of Luthers warke
And are somewhat suspect
In Luthers sect
And some of them barke
Clatter and carpe
Of that heresy art
Called Wiclevista
The deuelishe dogmatista
And some be Hussians
And some bee Arians
And some be Pollegians
And make much varians
Betwene the clergy
And the temporally
How the church hath to mickel
And they haue to litel
And bring him in materialities
And qualified qualities
Of pluralities
Of tryalities
And of tot quottes
They communie like Scottes
As commetteth to their lottes
Of prebendaries and deanes
How some of them gleanes
And gathered up the store
For to catch more and more
Of persons and vicaries
They make many outcrys
They cannot kepe thei wiuves
From them for thei lynes
And thus the losels strivis
And lewdly says by Christ
Agaynst the wely priest
Alas and wel awaie
What aylen theym thus to saye
They mought be better aduised
Then to be disguised
But they bane enterprysed
And shamefullys surmised
How prelacy is sold and bought
And come vp of nought
And where the prelates be
Come of low degré
And set in misesty
And spirituall dignety
Farwel benignity
Farwell simplicite
Farwel humilitie
Farwel good charite
Ye are so puffed wyth pryde
That no man may abide
Your high and lordly lokes
Ye cast up then your bokes
And vertue is forgotten
For then ye wyl be wroken
Of every light quarel
And cal a lord a iuel
A knight a knaue to make
Ye boste, ye face, ye crake
And vpon you take

To rule king and kayser
And if you maye haue layser
Ye bryng all to nought
And that is all your thought
For the lordes temporall
Their rule is very small
Almost nothing at al
Men say how ye appal
The noble bloud royal
In ernest and in game
Ye are the lessis to blame
For lordes of noble bloude
If they wel understand
How conning might them suaunce
They would pype you anotherdaunce
But noble men borne
To learme they haue score
But hunt and blowe an horne
Leape over lakes and dikes
Set nothing by politikes
Therfore ye kepe them bace
And mocke them to their face
This is a petious case
To you that ouer the whele
Lordes must couch and kneie
And breake thei hose at the knce
As daily men may see
And to remembrance call
Fortune so turneth the ball
And ruleth so ouer all
That honour bath a great fall.
Shal I tel you more, ye abal
I am loth to tel all
But the community ye call
Idols of Babilon
De terra Zebulon
De terra Neptalym
For you love to go trim
Brought vp of poore estate
Wyth pryde inordinate
Sodainly vpstarte
From the dong cart
The mutlockes and the shule
To reyng and to rule
And haue no grace to thynde
How they were wont to drynte
Of a jether bottell
With a knauish stoppel
Whan manockes was your meate
With mould bread to eat
Ye would none other geate
To cheue and to gnaw
To fil therwith your maw
Lodged in the stave
Couching yeir drousy heade
Somtime in lousy beddes
Alas this is out of minde
Ye grow now out of kynde
Many one haue but winde
And make the commons blinde
But qui se existimat stare
Let him wel beware
Leas: that his fote slip
And haue such a tripp
And falle in such decay
That all the world myght say.
Come down on the duels way
Yet ouer all that
Of byshopes they chat
That though ye rond your heare
An ynce aboue your care

And aures patentes
And parum intendentis
And your courters be trapped
Your eares they be stopped
For maister adulator
And doctour assentator
And blandior blandiris
With mentor mentiris
They follow your desyres
That ye can not empie
And so they blere your eye
How the male doth wrye
Alas for Gods will
Whye aytte ye prelates styl
And suffer all thin yll
Ye bishoppes of estates
Shoulde open the brode gates
For your spiritual charge
And comfort at large
Like lanternes of light
In the peoples sighte
In pulpettes antentite
For the wele publike
Of priesthood in this case
And alwayes to clase
Suche maner of sianatikes
And halfe heretikes
That wold intoxicate
That wold conquinate
That wold contaminate
And that wold violate
And that wold derogate
And that wold abrogate
The church is high estate
After this manner rates
The whyche shoulde be
Bothe franke and free
And have their liberty
And of antiquity
It was ratifyed
And also gratelyed
By holy sinodals
And bula papels
As it is reuerta
Conteygned in Magna Carta.
But maister Damian
Or some other man
That clerky is, and can
Wel scripture expound
And textes grounde.
His benefice worth ten pound
Or skant worth twenty marke
And yet a noble clerke
He must do this werke
As I know a part
Some maisters of art
Some doctours of law
Some learned in other saw
As in diuinite
That hath no dignitie
But the pore degree
Of the vniuersitie
Or else frere Fredericke
Or els frere Dominike
Or frere Hugulimus
Or frere Agnatius
Or frere Carmelus
That gostly can heale vs
Or else if we maye
Get a frere Graye

Or else of the order
Upon Grenewiche border
Called obseruance
And a frere of Ffrance
Or elis the poore Scot
It muste come to his lot
To shote furth his shot
Or of Babuell beside Bery
To portell vpon a kyry
That woulde it shoulde be noted
How scripture shoulde be coted
And so clerke promoted
And yet the frere doted
Men say
But your auctorite
And your noble fee
And your dignitie
Should be imprinted better
Then all the freres letter
For yf ye wold take payne
To preache a worde or twayne
Though it were never so payne
With clauses two or three
So as they myghte be
Compendioulye conneyed
Those wordes shoulde be more weid
And better perceyued
And thankfully receyued
And better shoulde remayne
Amonge the people payne
That wold your wordes retayne
And rehers them agayne
Than a thousand thousand other
The blaber, barke and blother
And make a Walkmen's losse
Of the text and of the glise
For protestation made
That I will not wade
Farther in this brooke
Nor farther for to looke
In deuising of this boke
But answer that I may
For my self alwaye
Eyther analogice
Or els rathagoric
So that in diuinite
Doctors that learned be
Nor bachelors of that faculty
That hath taken degré
In the vniuersitie
Shall not be objected for me.
But doctour Bulleus
Parum litteratus
Dominus doctortus
At the brode gates
Doctor Daupatius
And bacheler bacheleratus
Dronken as a mouse
At the ale house
Taketh his pillion and his cap
At the good ale tap
For lacke of good wyne
As wyse as Robin swine
Under a notaries signe
Was made a divine
As wise as Waltons' calfe
Must preache a goddes haife
In the pulptyt solemnly
More meet in a pillary
For by saint Hillary

He can nothing smatter
Of logike nor scole matter
Neyther silogisare
Nor of emptinenare
Nor knoweth his eloquence
Nor his predicament.

And yet he will mel
To amend the gospel
And wil preach and tel
What they do in hel
And he dare not wel newen
What they do in haven
Nor bow far Temple bare is
From the seuen staires

Nowe will I goe
And tel of other moe
Semper protestando
De non impugnando
The fourre orders of syrens
Thonghe some of them be lyers
As limitem at large
Wyll charge and discharge
As many a fryar Gud wot
Preaches for his grote
Flatteryng for a new cote
And for to have hys fees
Some to gather cheece
Lothe they are to lese
Byther curme or mault
Sometime meale and mault
Sometime a bacon flicke
That is three fingers thycke
Of larde and of greace
Their couent to encrache

I put you out of doubt
This cannot be brought about
But they their tonges file
And make a pleasantte style
To Margerye and to Mande
Howe they hane no fraude
And somtyme they prouke
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at noke
Their dutys to withdraw
That they ought by the lawe
Their curates to content
In open time and in Lente
God wot they take great payne
To fatter and to feyne
But it is an olde sayd saw
That needs hath no lawe
Some walke aboute in melottes
In gray russet and her yotes
Some wil neyther golde ne grotes
Some pluck a partrich in remotes
And by the barres if her tayle
Wil know a rauen from a rayle
A quail, the raille, and the old ranzen
Bed libera nos a malo. Amen.

And by dudum their clementine
Against curates repine
And say proprely they are sacerdotes
To shryue, assyole and reles
Dame Margeris soule out of hel
But when the frier fel in the wel
He could not sing himself therout
But by the helpe of Christian clout

Another clementine also
How frere Fabion, with other mo
Envir de paradiso
Whan they again thither shall come
Be hoc petimus consilium

And through all the world they gy
With dirige and placebo.
But now my minde ye understand
For they muste take in hand
To preach and to withstand
Al maner of abiection
For bishops haue protections
They say to do corrections
But they haue no affections
To take the sayd directions
In such maner of cases
Men say they beare no facer
To occupy such places
To sow the sede of graces
Thei hertes are so faynted
And they be so attaynted
With couetous and ambicion
And other superstition
That they be deafe and dum
And play scylen and glum
Can say nothing but mum.

They occupy them so
With singing placebo
They wil no farther go
They had leuer to please
And take their worldly ease
Than to take on hand
Worshyp to wythstande
Such temporal war and bate

As nowe is made of late
Against holy churche estate
Or to mayntayne good querelles
The lay men call them barrells
Full of glotony
And of hypocrisye
That counterfaytes and paints
As they were saintes
In matters that them lyke
They shew them politike.

Pretending grautie
And synnyortie
With all solempnitie
For their Indempnitie
For they will haue no lesse
Of a peny, nor of a crosse
Of their prediall landes
That cometh to their handes
And as farre as they dare set
Al is fyse that cometh to net
Building roially

Thier mancions curiously
With turrettes and with toures
With halles and with boures
Streching to the staires
With glasse windowes and barres
Hangyng about the walles
Clothes of golde and pallas
Arras of ryche araye
Freshe and flouris in Maye
Wyth dame Dyano naked
Hewe lusty Venus quaked
And hewe Cupide shaked
His darte and hente bys bowe
For to shote a crowe
At her tyrly tydowe
And how Paris of Troye
Danced a lege de moy
Made lusty sports and ioye
With dame Helyn the queene
With such storyea by deyn
Their chambres wel be saza

With triumphes of Cesar
And of his Pompeius war
Of renowne and of fame
By them to get a name
Nowe all the world stares
How they ryde in goodly chartes
Conveyed by olyphantes
With lauriest garlantes
And by vnyernes
With their semely bornew
Upon these beastes riding
Naked boyes striding
With wanton wenches winking
Now truly to my thiukyng
That is a speculacion
And a mete meditacion
For prelates of estate
Their courage to abate
From worldly wontonnes
Their chambre thus to dies
With such parfetnes
And all such holynes
How be it they let down fall
Their churches cathedral
Squire knight and lord
That the church remord
With all temporal people
They runne aginst the steeple
Thus talkyng and tellinge
How some of you are melyngne
Yet soft and fayre for swellyng
Beware of a queenes yelling
It is a besy thing
For one man to rule a kyng
Alone and make rekenyng
To governe ouer all
And rule a realme royll
By one matnes wit
Fortune may chaunce to flit
And when he weneth to syt
Yet may he mysses the quishon
For I red a preposition
Sum regibus dicimare
Et omnibus dominare
Et supra te pravare
Wherefore be bathe good vre
That can himselfe assure
How fortune wyl endure
Than let reason you support
For the communalte
That they haue great wonder
That ye kepe them so vnder
Yet they meruyle so mucte lese
For ye play so at the chesse
As they suppose and gesse
That some of you but late
Hath playd so checkmat
With lordes of great estate
After such a rate
That they shall mel nor make
Nor vpon them take
For kyng nor kayser take
But at the pleasure of one
That ruleth the rest alone.
Helas, I saye Helas
Howe maye this come to passe
That a man shall haire a masse
And not so hardy on his head
To loke on God in forme of bread
But that the paryshe clark
There vpon must herke

Aud graunt him at his askyng
For to see the sacryng
And how may this accord
No man to our soverayne lordes
So hardy to make sute
Not to execute
His commaundement
Without the assent
Of our president
Not to expresse to his person
Without your assentacion
Graunt him his licence
To preste to his presence
Not to speake to him secretly
Openly nor preuyly
Without his president be by
Or els his substitute
Whome he wyl depute
Neither earle ne duke
Permitted by saint Luke
And by sweet sainte Marke
This is a wonderous warke
That the people talke this
Somewhat there is amis
The devill cannot stop their mouthes
But they will talk of suchc uncouthes
All that euer they ken
Against all spiritual men.
Whether it be wronge or ryghte
Or els for diapights
Or bowe euer it hape
Theyr tonges thus do clasp
And through such detraction
They put you to your action
And whether they say truly
As they may abide therby
Or els that they do lyse
Ye know better than I
But now, debetis scire
And groundye audire
In your convenire
Of this premunire
Or els in the myre
They say they will you cast
Therefore stand sure and fast.
Stand sure and take good foting
And let be al your moting
Your gasing and your toting
And your parcial promoting
Of those that stand in your grace
But olde seruauntes ye chasse
And put them out of their place
Make ye no murmuracion
Though I write after this facion
Though I Colyn Clout
Among the whole route
Of you that clerkes be
Take vpon me
Thus copiously to write
I do it not for no despit
Wherfore take oo disdaine
At my stile rude and playne
For I rebuko no man
That virtuous is, why than
Wieke ye your anger on me
For those that virtuous be
Haue no cause to say
That I speake out of the way.
Of no good byshop speake I
Nor good prest of the claryg

Good frere nor good chapon
 Good nunne, nor good canon
 Good monke, nor good clerke
 Nor of no good werke
 But my recountynge is
 Of them that do amis
 In speaking and rebelling
 In hindering and dissuailing
 Holy church our mother
 One against another
 To vse such dispising
 Is all my whole wryting
 'To hinder no man
 As neare as I can
 For no man haue I named
 Wherfore should I be blamed.
 Ye ought to be ashamed
 Against me to be grieved
 And can tell no cause why
 But that I wryte trulye
 Then if any ther be
 Of high or low degree
 Of the spirituality
 Or of the temporite
 That doth thinke or weno
 That his conscience be not cleane
 And feleth hymselfe sicke
 Or touched on the quicke
 Such grace God them send
 Themself to amend
 For I wyl not pretend
 Any man to offend
 Wherfore as thinketh me
 Great yngottes they bee
 And lytle grace they haue
 This treatise to depryue
 Nor wil haue no preaching
 Nor no vertuous teaching
 Nor wil haue no reiting
 Of any vertuous wryting
 Wil know none intelligence
 To refourme their negligence
 Bet line stil out of facion
 To their owne damnation
 To do shame, they haue no shame
 But they wold no man should theim blame
 They haue an euil name
 But yet they will occupy the same
 With them the worde of God
 Is counted for no rod
 They count it for a railinge
 That nothing is asuyling
 The preachers with euil railinge
 Shal they vaunt vs prelates
 That be their prymates:
 Not so hardy on their pates
 Harke how the losel prates
 With a wide wessante
 Auaunte sur Guy of Gaunt
 Auaunte lewde preat auant
 Auaunte syr doctoure Dyuers
 Prete of thy mattens and thy masse
 And let oure mattens passe
 How darest thou Daueocke me?
 How darest thou losell
 Alligate the gospel
 Against vs of the counsel
 Auaunt to the deuill of hel
 Take him warden of the Flete
 Set him faste by the fete

I say lyuetenant of the Toure
 Make this lurdur for to loure
 Lodge him in litle ease
 Fede him with beanes and pease
 The Kinges bench or Marshalhy
 Haue him theter by and hy
 The villainys preacheth openly
 And declareth oure villany
 And of our fre simplenesse
 He sayes that we are rechlesse
 And full of wylfulnessse
 Shameles, and meriles
 Incorrigible and insaciate
 And after this rate
 Against vs doth prate
 At Paules crose or els where
 Openly at Westminster
 And saynt Mary spittel
 They set not by us a whistel
 At the Austen fryers
 They count vs for lyers
 And at saynt Thomas of Akers
 They carpe vs lyk- crakers
 How we wyl rule al at will
 Without good reason or skyll
 And say how that we be
 Full of parcialitie
 And how at a pronge
 We turne right to wrong
 Delny causes so longe
 That right no man can fong
 They say many mattens be born
 By the right of a rammes horse
 Is not this a shamefull scorner?
 To be treated thus and torn.
 How may we thus infure
 Wherfore we make you sure
 Ye preachers shalbe yawde
 Some shalbe sawde
 As noble Ezechias
 The holy prophet was
 And some of you shall dye
 Lyke holy Jeremy
 Some hanged some slayn
 Some heaten to the brayne
 And we wyl rule and rayne
 And our mattens maintaine
 Who dare say there agayne
 Or who dare dydaine
 At your pleasure and wil
 For he it good or be it yll
 As it is, it shalbe still
 For al master doctour of ciuill
 Or of diuine, or doctour Dryuill
 Let him cough, rougue or sneul
 Renne God, renne denil
 Renne who may renne best
 And let take all the rest
 We set not a nut shel
 The way to heauen or to hel.
 Lo, this is the gise now a dayes
 It is to dred men sayes
 Lest they bee sadencies
 As they ha sayd sayne
 Which determine playne
 We shoulde not rise agayne
 At dreadful domes daye
 And so it semeth they play
 Which hate to be corrected
 When they bee infected

Nor wyl suffer this boke
By booke ne by crooke
Prynted for to be
For that no man should see
Nor rede in any scrollies
Of their drunken nolies
Nor of their noddie pollies
Nor of theyr sely soulies
Nor of some wittie pates
Of diuers great estates
As well as other men
Now to withdraw my pen
And now a while to rest
Me semeth it for the beste.
The fore castel of my ship
Shall glide and smothely slip
Out of the waues wode
Of the stormye flowde
Shote anker and lye at wode
And sayle not farre a brode
Til the coaste be cleere
That the lode starre appere
My shyp now wyl I pere
Towards the port Salu
Of our Saviour Jesu
Such grace that he us sende
To rectify and amend
Thinges that are amis
Whan that his pleasure is,
In opere imperfecto
In opere semper perfecto
Et in opere plusquam perfecto

HERE AFTER POLOWETTH
A LITTLE BOKE OF PHILIP SPAROW,
COMPILED BY MASTRE SKELTON, POET LADRATE.

PLA ce bo
Who is there who
Di le xi,
Dame Margery
Fa re my my
Wherfor and why why
For the soule of Philip Sparow
That was late slaine at Carow
Amoonge the nunnes blake
For that sweet soules sake
And fur al Sparowes soules
Set in our head roules
Pater noster qui
With an Ave maria
And with the corner of a cred
The more shalbe your meed.

WHAN I remembre agayne
How my Philip was sasine
Neuer halfe the paine
Was betwene you twayne
Pyramus and Thesebe
As than befell to me
I wept and I wayled
The teares down hayled
But nothing it availed
To call Philip agayne
Whom Gib our cat hath slayne.
Gib I say our cat
Worrowed her on that
Which I loued besta
It cannot be exprest
My sorowful hevynes
But al without redres

For within that stound
Half slumbryng in a sounde *lal* *Curson*
I fell downe to the ground
Unneth I kest mine eyes
Toward the cloudy skyes
But when I did behold
My Sparow dead and cold
No creature but that wold
Haue rewed vpon me
To behold and see
What heuines did me pange
Wherwith my handes I wrange
That my senowes cracked
As though I had ben racked
So payned and so strained
That no life welnye remained
I sighed and I sobbed
For that I was robbed
Of my Sparowes life
O mayden, widow and wife
Of what estate ye be
Of hye or low degré
Great sorow then ye might ee
And learme to wepe at me
Such paynes did me frast
That mine harte did beat
My visage pale and dead
Wanne, and blue as lead
The panges of hateful death
Wel nye stopped my breste.
Heu heu me

That I am woe for thee
Ad dominum cum tribulare clamavi
Of God nothing els crave I

BUT Philips soule to kepe
From the mares deepa
Of Acherontes wel
This is a floud of hel
And from the grete Pluto
The prince of endles woe
And from fousle Alecto
With visage blakke and blo
And from Medusa that marr
That lyke a feende doth stare
And from Megeras eddes
From ruffinges of Philips fetheres
And from her firy sparklings
For burning of his wings
And from the smokes soore
Of Proserpines boure
And from the dennes darke
Wher Cerberus doth barke
Whom Theseus did afrai
Whom Hercules did out tray
As famous poetes saye
For that hel hounde
That lyeth in chaynes bound
With gastly heade three
To Jupiter pray woe
That Phillip preserued maye bee
Amen say ye wyth me,
Do mi nus
Help me now sweet Jesus
Levavi oculos meos in montis
Wold God I had Xenophontis.

OR Socrates the wyse
To shew me their deuise
Moderately to take
Thys sorow that I make
For Philip Sparowes sake

So feruently I shake
 I felte my body quake
 So vrgently I am broughte
 Into careful thought
 Like Andromaca Hectors wife
 Was weary of her lyfe
 When she had lost her joy
 Noble Hector of Troy
 In like maner also
 Encreaseth my deadly wo
 For my Sparow is go
 It was so pretay a fode
 It wold syt on a stooie
 And learned after my scoole
 For to keepe his cut
 With Philip kepe your cut.
 It had a veluet cap
 And wold syt upon my lipp
 And acke after smal wormes
 And somtyme white bread crommes
 And many times and ofte
 Betwene my brestes soft
 It wold lye and rest
 It was propre and prest
 Sometime he wold gaspe
 When he saw a waspe
 A fye or a gnat
 He would fy at that
 And pretely he wold pant
 When he saw an ant
 Lord how he wold pry
 After the butter fy
 Lord how he wold hop
 After the gressop
 And whan I sayd, Phyp Philip
 Then he wold leape and skip
 And take me by the lip
 Alas it wyl me sloe
 That Philip is gone me fro
 Si in i qui ts tet
 Alas I was euil at ase
 De profoundis clamavi
 When I saw my Sparow dye.

Nowne after my done
 Dame Sulpicia at Rome
 Whose name registered was
 For euer in tables of bras
 Because shew did pas
 In poesy to endyte
 And eloquently to write
 Thongh she wold pretend
 My Sparow to command
 I trow she could not amende
 Reporting the vertues al
 Of my Sparow royal
 For it would come and go
 And fle so to and fro
 And on me it wold leape
 Whan I was aseape
 And his fethers shake
 Wher wylt he wold make
 Me often for to wake
 And for to take him in
 Upon my naked skin
 God wot we thought no syn
 What though he crept so low
 It was no hurt I trow
 He did nothinges perdes
 But syt vpon my kneas

Philip though hee were nise
 In hym it was no vise
 Philip had leaue to go
 To pike my little too
 Philip myght be bold
 And do what he wold
 Philip wold seke and take
 All the fees blake
 That he could there espye
 With his wanton eye
 O pera
 La sol fa fa
 Confitebor tibi domine totu corde meo
 Alas I wold ride and go
 A THOUSAND mile of grounde
 If any such myght be founde
 It were worth an hundredth pounds
 Of kyng Cresus golde
 Or of Artalus the old
 The ryche pryncipe of Pargame
 Who so list the story to see
 Cadmus that his sister sought
 And he shoulde be boughta
 For gold and foy
 He shoulde ouer the see
 To wete, if he coulde bryng
 Any of the spryng
 Or any of the blonde
 But who so vnderstode
 Of medias arte
 I wold I had a parte
 Of her crafty imagike
 My Sparow then shoulde be quycks
 Wyth a charme oy twaine
 And play with me agayne
 But al this is in vaine
 Thus for to complaine
 I take my sampler ones
 Of purpose for the nonen
 To sow wyth stiches of silke
 My Sparow white as mylke
 That by representacion
 Of his image and facion
 To me it might importe
 Some pleasure and comfort
 For my solace and sporte
 But whan I was sowing his beke
 Me thought my Sparow dyd speake
 And open his pretay bill
 Saying, maid ye are in wil
 Again me for to kil
 Ye pricke me in the head
 Wyth that my needle ware red
 Me thought of Philipe blonde
 Mine here right vptode
 And was in such a fraye
 My speche was taken awaie
 I knet downe that there was
 And sayd alas alas
 How commeth this to pas
 My fingers dead and cold
 Could not my sampler held
 My needle and thred
 I thrus awaie for dredde
 The beat now that I may
 Is for his soule to pray.
 A porta inferi
 Good Lord hanke mercie
 Upon my Sparowes soule
 Written in my beds roole

Au di vi vo com
 Japhet Cam and Sem
 Ma gui fi cat
 Shew me the right path

 To the hilles of armonye
 Wherfore the birdes yet cry
 Of your fathers bote *leuefif*
 That was somtyme a flote
 And now they lye and rote
 Let some poetes wryte
 Deuacations floud it highte
 But as verely, as ye be
 The naturall sonnes thres
 Of Noe the patriarke
 That made that great arke
 Wherin he had spes and owles
 Beusters, byrdes and foules
 That if ye can fynde
 Any of my Sparowes kynde
 God sende the soule good rest
 I woulde yet haue a nest
 As pretie and as prest
 As my Sparow was
 But my Sparow dyd pas
 Ali Sparowes of the wod
 That were since Noes floud
 Was never none so good
 King Philip of Macedony
 Had no such Philip as I
 No no sir hardly.
 That vengeance I aske and cry
 By way of exclamacion
 On al the whole nacion
 Of catten wilde and tame
 God send them sorow and sbame
 That cat specially
 That slew so cruelly
 My little pretie Sparow
 That I brought up at Carow.
 O cat of curlyshe kynde
 The feend was in thy minde
 Whan thou my byrd vntwynde
 I wold thou haddest ben blynd
 The leopardes sauge
 The lyons in their rage
 Might catche the in their pawes
 And gnaw the in their jawes
 These serpentes of Libany
 Might sting the venemously
 The dragons with their tungen
 Might poison thy liuer and lungen
 The manticores of the mountaynes
 Might feed them on thy braines
 Melanchetes that hound
 That plucked Acteon to the gronde
 Gave him his mortal wound
 Chaunged to a deere
 The story doth appere
 Was chaunged to an harte
 So thou soule cat, that thou arte
 The selfe same hounde
 Might the confound
 That his own lord bote
 Mighte bite asunder thy throte
 Of Inde the gredy gripes
 Mighte tearre out all thy tripes
 Of Arcady the beares
 Mighte plucke awaie thine eares
 The wilde Wolfe Licaon
 Bite asondre thy bucke bone

Of Ethna the breuning hyl
 That day and night brenneth styl
 Set in thy tayle a blase
 That al the world may gase
 And wonder vpon thee
 From Occion the greate sea
 Unto the lies of Orcbadye
 From Tilbery fery
 To the playne of Salisbrye
 So traiterously my bird to kyll
 That never ought the euill will
 Was never bird in cage
 More gentil of corage
 In doing his homage
 Unto his soueraine
 Alas I say agynne
 Death hath departed vs twayne
 The false cat hath the slaine
 Fare well Phillip adewe
 Our Lorde thy soule recewe
 Farewell without restore
 Farewell for euermore
 And it were a few
 It wold make one rew
 To se my sorrow new
 These vilanus false cattes
 Were made for mice and ratten
 And not for byrdes small
 Alas my face waxeth pale
 Telling this pteous tale
 How my byrd so fayre
 That was wont to repaire
 And go in at my spaire
 And crepo in at my gor
 Of my goun before
 Flickering with his winges
 Alas my hert it stynge
 Remembryng preiy thynges
 Alas myne hert it sleeth
 My Philips dolefal death
 Whan I remembre it
 How pretely it wold sit
 Many tymes and oft
 Upon my finger aloft
 I played with him tittel tattel
 And fed him with my spattell
 With his bil betwene my lips
 It was my pretie Phips
 Many a pretie kusse
 Had I of his swete musse
 And now the cause is thus
 That he is slayne me fro
 To my great payne and wo
 + Of fortune, this the chaunce
 Standeth at varyaunce
 Oft time after pleasaunce
 Trouble and greuaunce
 No man can be sure
 Alway to have pleasure
 As wel perceiue ye may
 How my disport and playe
 From me was taken awaie
 By Gyb our cat sauge
 That is furions rage
 Caught Philip by the head
 And sive him there starker dead.
 Kyrie eleyeson
 Christe eleyeson.
 For Philip Sparowes soule
 Set in our badd roule

Let us now whisper
A pater noster.
Lauda anima misericordiam.
To weep with me Joke that ye come
All maner of byrds in your kynd
See none be left behynd
To morning loke that ye fawle
With dolorous songes funerall
Some to sing, and some to say
Some to weep and some to praye
Every bird in his lay
The goldfinch the wagtaile
The iangling jaye to rayle
The flecked pye to chatter
Of this dolorous matter
And robyn red breste
He shalbe the preest
The requiem masse to syng
Loftly wartheling
With helpe of the red sparow
And the chattering swallow
This herse for to halow
The larke with his long toe
The spynke and the martinet also
The shoueler with his brode beck
The doterell that folish pecke
And also the mad coote
With a halde face to toote
The feide fare and the snyte
The crowe and the kyte
The rauen called rolfe
His playne songe to soile
The partyche, the quayle
The plouer wyth vs to wayle
The wodhacocke that singeth churche
Horsy as bee had the musre
The lusty chaunting nightingale
The popingaye to tel her tale
That toteth oft in a glasse
Shal rede the gospel at masse
The manis with her whistell
She rede there the pistell
But with a large and a longe
To kepe iust playne songe
Our chaunters shalbe your cuckoue
The culuer, the stockedoue
With puwyt the iarpwing
The versycles shal syng
The bitter with his bumpes
The crane with his trumpe
The swan of Menander
The goose and the gunder
The ducke and the drake
Shal watche at thywake
The peacocke so proude
Because hys voyce is lond
And hath a glorious tylle
He shal syng the grayle
The owle that so foule
Must helpe vs to houle
The heron so gaunte
And the cormoraunte
Wyth the fesuant
And the gaglyng gaunte
And the churlish chouge
The rout and the kough
The barnacle the hussard
With the wilde mallard
The diuendop to sleep
The water hen to weep

The puffin, and the tele
Honey they shall deile
To pore folke at large
That shalbe theyr charge
The semew, and the titmose
The wodcocke with the long nose
The threstill with her warblinge
The starling with her brabblinge
The rooke, with the ospray
That putteth fishes to afry
And the deinty curlew
With the turtil most true
At this Placebo.
We may not well forgo
The countynge of the co
The storkes also
That maketh this nest
In chimneyes to rest
Within those walles
No broken galles
May there abide
Of cokoldry syde
Or els philosophy
Maketh a great lye
The cratidge that wil eote
And horshewe so great
In the steede of meat
Such ferment heat
His stomake doth freat
He cannot wel fly
Nor syng tunably
Yet at abrayde
He hath well assynd
To soif a aboue Elia
Fa lored fy fa
Ne quando
Male cantando
The best that we can
To make him our belman
An let him ring the bels
He can do nothing els,
Chaunteclere our cooke
Must tell what is of the clocke
By the astrologye
That he hath naturally
Conceyued and caught
And was never taught
By Albusmazer
The astronomer
Nor by Ptholomy
Prince of astronomy
Nor yet by Haly
And yet he croweth dayly
And nightly the tydes
That no man abides
With partlot his ben
Whome now and then
Hee plucketh by the hed
Whan he doth her tred
¶ The bird of Arabye
That potenciallye
May never dye
And yet there is none
But one alone
A phenix it is
This herse that must bise
With armaticke gunnes
That cost great summes
The way of thurification
To make fumigacion

SKELTON'S POEMS.

Swete of reflarye
 And redouent of myre
 This corse for sence
 With great reverence
 As partriarke or pope
 In a blacke cope
 Whiles he senseth
 He shal syng the verme
 Libera me
 In de ia soi re
 Softly bemoile
 For my Sparowes soule
 Plinni sheweth al
 In his story natural
 What he doth finde
 Of the phenix kinde
 Of whose incineracion
 There riseth a new creacion
 Of the same facion
 Wythout alteracion
 Saving that old age
 Is turned into corage
 Of fresh youth agayne
 This matter true and playne
 Playne matter indeed
 Who so lyt to rede
 But for the egle doth fly
 Hyest in the sky
 He shalbe thy sedeane
 The quere to demesue
 As prouost principall
 To teach them their ordinall
 Also the noble fawcon
 With the gerfawcon
 The tarsel gentil
 They shall morne softe and still
 In theyr amise of gray
 The sacre with them shal my
 Dirige for Philips soule
 The goshauke shal haue a real
 The querester to controwle
 The lanners and marlions
 Shall stand in their mourning goounes
 The hobby and the musket
 The sensers and the crosse shall set
 The kestrel in al this warke
 Salbe holy water clarke
 And now the darke cloudy night
 Chaseth away Phebus bryght
 Taking his course toward the weste
 God send my Sparowes soule good rest
 Requiem eternam dona eis domine
 Fa fa my re
 A por ta in fe ri
 Fa fa my my
 Credo videre bona domini
 I pray God Philip to Heuen may die
 Domine exaudi oracionem meam
 To Heaven he shal from Heuen he came
 Do mi nus vo his cum
 Of al good praiers God send him sum
 Oremus.
 Deus cui proprium est misericere & parowre
 On Phillips soule haue pity.
 FOR he was a prety cooke
 And come of a gentill stocke
 And wrapt in a maidens smock
 And cherished full daintely
 Till cruel fate made him to dye
 Alas for doleful desteny

But whereto shuld I
 Lenger morne or cry?
 To Jupiter I call
 Of Heauen emperial
 That Philip may fy
 Aboue the sterry sky
 To tredne the prety wren
 That is our ladies heu
 Amen, amen, amen
 Yet one thing is behinde
 That now commeth to mind
 An epitaph I wold haue
 For Phillips groue
 But for I am a mayde
 Timorous, halfe afraide
 That never yet assayde
 Of Elycoes well
 Where the muses dwell
 Though I can rede and spell
 Recount report and tell
 Of the tales of Caunterbury
 Some sad storayes, some merry
 As Palomon, and Arcet
 Duke Theseus and partelst
 And of the wife Bath
 That worketh much esathe
 Whan her tale is told
 Among buswifes bold
 How she controwld
 Her husbandes as she wold
 And theim to dispise
 In the homeliest wise
 Bring other wifes in thought
 Their husbandes to set at naught
 And though that red haue I
 Of Gawan and fvr Guy
 And tel can a great pece
 Of the golden flece
 How Jason it wan
 Like a valiaunt man
 Of Arturs round table
 With his knighthes commendable
 And dame Gaynour hys quene
 Was somewhat wanton; I wene
 How syr Launcelote de lake,
 Many a speare brake
 For his ladyes sake
 Of Tristom and kyng Marke
 And al the whole warke
 Of bele I sold his wife
 For whom was much strife
 Some say she was lyght
 And made her husband knyght
 Of the common hall
 That cuckolden men call
 And of sir Libius
 Named Diaconius
 Of quarter fylz Atmunde
 And how they were sommond
 To Rome to Charlemayne
 Upon a great Payne
 And how they rode each one
 On Bayard Mountalbon
 Men se him now and then
 In the forest Arden
 What though I can frame
 The storayes by name
 Of Judas Machabeus
 And of Cesar Julius

And of the loun betwene
 Paris and Vieme
 And of the dake of Hannibal
 That made the Romaynes al
 For dred and to quake
 How Scipion did wake
 The citie of Cartage
 Whiche by his vngereful rage
 He beat down to the ground
 And though I can expound
 Of Hector of Troy
 That was al theyr ioye
 Whome Achilles slue
 Wherfore all Troy did rue
 And of the loun so hote
 That made Troylus to dote
 Upon fayre Cresneyde
 And what they wrote and myd
 And of their wanton wiles
 Pandar bare the byb
 From one to the other
 His masters lone to further
 Somtime a precious thyng
 An oache or els a ryng
 From her to him agayn
 Somtime a pretie chain
 Or a bracelet of her heare
 Prayed Troylus for to weare
 That token for her sake
 How bartely he did it take
 And much therof did make
 And al that was in wayne
 For shew dyd but fayne
 The story telleth playne
 He could not obtayne
 Though his father wer a king
 Yet there was a thyng
 That made the male to wryng
 She made him to sing
 The song of louers laye
 Musing night and daye
 Moarnings al alone
 Comfort had he none
 For she was quite gone
 Thus in conclusion
 She broughte him in abusion
 In earnest and in game
 She was much to blame
 Disparaged is her fame
 And blemished is her name
 In maner half with shame
 Troylus also bath lost
 On her muche loue and cost
 And now must kisse the poest
 Pandars that went betwene
 Hath won nothyng I ween
 But light for somer greene
 Yet for a special laud
 He is named Troylus band
 Of that name he is sure
 Whiles the world shal dure

Though I remembre the fable
 Of Penelope most stalle
 To her husband most trew
 Yet long time she ne knew
 Whether he were on line or ded
 Her wit stode her in sted
 That she was true and junte
 For anye bodelye lunte
 To Ulizes her make
 And never wold him forake

Of Marcus Marcellus
 A proues I could tel vs
 And of Anteocus
 And of Josephus
 De antiquitatibus
 And of Mardocheus
 And of great Assuerus
 And of Vesca his queene
 Whom he forsoke with teens
 And of Heater his other wife
 With whom he led a pleasant life
 Of kyng Alexander
 And of kyng Euander
 And of Porcena the greaſt
 That made the Romans to smart
 Though I haue enrold
 A thosande newe and old
 Of these historious tales
 To al bougets and males
 With bookeſ that I haue red
 Yet I am nothyng sped
 And can but lyte sayl
 Of Ovid or Vergil
 Or of Plutharke
 Or of Fruncoen Petrarke
 Alchebus or Sappho
 Of suche other poetis moe
 As Linus and Homerus
 Euphorion and Theocritus
 Anacreon and Arion
 Sophocles and Philemon
 Pindarus and Dimouides
 Philistion and Phoroctes
 These poetis of auncientie
 They are to diffuse for me

For as I to fore haue sayd
 I am but a yonge mayd
 And cannot in effect
 My stile as yet diſtinct
 With englyſh wordes elect
 Our naturall tonge is rude
 And hard to be entendeſ *underſtend*
 Wyth polyſhed tearmes lustye
 Oure language is so rustye
 So cankered and so fal
 Of frowardes and so dol
 That if I wold apply
 To write ordinatly
 I wot not where to finde
 Termes to serue my minde
 Gowers englyſhe is olde
 And of no value is tolde
 His matter is worth gold
 And worthy to be enrold
 In Chauser I am sped
 His tales I haue red
 His mater is delectable
 Solacious and commendable
 His englyſhe wel allowed
 So wylt it be improved
 For as it is employed
 There is no englyſhe voyd
 At those dayes muche commended
 And now men wold haue amended
 His englyſhe where at they barke
 And marke all they warke
 Chauser that famous clarke
 His tearmes were not darcle
 But pleasant, easie and playne
 No wordes he wrot in vasey

Also John Lydgate
 Wrytfeth after an hyer rate
 It is diffuse to fynde
 The senteunce of his mind
 Yet wrytfeth be in his kind
 No man that can amende
 Those moates that he bath pend
 Yet some men fynde a fault
 And say he wrytfeth to haut
 Wherfore hold me excused
 If I have not wel perused
 Myne englysh halfe abused
 Thoughe it be refusid
 In worth I shall it take
 And fewer wordes make
 But for my Sparowes sake
 Yet as a weman maye
 My wit I shall assay
 An epytaph to wryghte
 In latyne playne and lyght
 Wherof the elegy
 Folweth by and by
 Flos volucrums formosus vale,
 Philippe sub isto
 Marmore iam recubas,
 Qui mihi carus eras;
 Semper erant nitido
 Radiantia sidera celo,
 Impressaque meo
 Pectori semper eris:
 Per me lauingerum
 Britanum Skeltonum vatem
 Haec ceciniisse licet
 Ficta sub imagine texta
 Cuius eris volacris
 Prestanti corpore Virgo
 Candide Nairs erat:
 Formosior ista Joanna est;
 Docta Coriana fuit,
 Sed magis ista caput
 Bien men souient.

THE COMMENDACION.

BRATI immaculati in via
 O gloria frimina
 Now mine hole imaginacion
 And studious meditation
 Is to take this commendacion
 In this consideracion
 And vnder pacient tolleracion
 Of that most godly mayd
 That Placebo hath sayd
 And for her Sparow prayd
 In lamentable wyse
 Now wyl I enterpryse
 Thorow the gracie diuine
 Of the muses nine
 Her beauty to command
 If Arethusa wyl send
 Me enflueunce to entide
 And with my pen to write
 If Apollo will promise
 Melodiouslye it to deuise
 His tunable harpe stringes
 With armonye that synges
 Of princes and of kynges
 And of all pleasant thynges
 Of lust and of deliyght
 Thorow his godly myght
 To whome be the land ascrybed
 That my pen hath enbribed

With the aureat droppes
 As verelye my hope is
 Of Thagus that golden flood
 That passeth all the earthly good
 And as that floud dothe pas
 Al floudes that euer was
 With hys golden sandes
 Who so that vnderstandes
 Cosmography: and the stremes
 And the floudes in straunge remes
 Ryght so she dothe excede
 Al other of whom we rede
 Whose fame by me shall spredes
 Into Perce and Mede
 From Britons Albion
 To the tourne of Babilon
 I trust it is no shame
 And no manne wyl me blame
 Thoughe I regester her name
 In the courte of fame
 For thys most godly floure
 This blossome of freshe coloure
 So Jupiter me succoure
 She florisheth new and new
 In beauty and vertue
 Hac claritare gemina
 O gloria frimina
 Retribue seruo tuo, vivifica me.
 Lashis mea laudabunt te.

But enforst am I
 Openlye to askry
 And to make an outery
 Againstis odious enuye
 That euermore wyl lye
 And saye cursedlye
 With hys ither eye
 And cheker drye
 With vyange wan
 As swarte as tan
 His bones crake
 Leane as a rake
 Hys gummis rustye
 Are full valuyte
 Hys harte with all
 Bytter as gall
 His luer his longes
 With anger is wronge
 Hys serpentes tonge
 That many one hath stonge
 He frownoth euer
 He laugheth never
 Euen nor morowe
 But other mens sorowe
 Caucheth him to grin
 And rejoice therein,
 No sleep can hym catche
 Bot ever doth wachte
 He is so hete
 With malice and frete
 Wyth anger and yre
 His soule desire
 Wyth suffer no sleep
 In his head to creep
 His soule semblaunte
 Al displeaunte
 Whan other are glad
 Than is hee sad
 Franticke and mad
 His tonge never stylle
 For to saye yll

Writhing and wringing
Biting and stinging
And thus this elf
Consumeth himselfe
Hymselfe doth sloe
Wyth payne and woe
Thys false enuy
Sayth that I
Use greates follye
Por to indite
And for to wryte
And spende my time
In prose and ryme
For to expres
The noblemes
Of my maystres
That causeth me
Studiois to be
To make a relation
Of her commendacion
And there agayne
Enuy doth complayne
And hath disdame
But yet certayne
I will be payne
And my stile dres
To this proesse

Nowe Phibus me ken
To sharpe my pen
And leade my fysta
As him best lynt
That I may say
Honoure alwaye
Of women kynde
Trouthe dothe me bynde
And loyaltie
Euer to be
Their true bedel
To wryte and tel
How women excel
In noblene
As my maystres
Of whom I think
With pen and yns
For to compyle
Some goodly stile
For thys moste goodly floure
This blossom of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beaulte and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina:

Legem pone mihi domine in viam iustificationum tuarum.
Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum.

Howe shall I reporte
Al the goodly sort
Of her features cleere
That hath none earthly peers
Her fauoure of her face
Ennewed with si grace
Confort pleasure and solace
Mine hart doth so embrase
And so bath remisned me
Her to behold and see
That in wordes playne
I cannot me refrayne
To loke to her agayne

Alas what shoudis I sayte
It were a pleamente payne
With her aye to remayne
Her eyen graye and stepe
Causeth myne harte to leape
With her browes beate
She maye wel represente
Fayre Lucreas as I weare
Or els fayre Polixene
Or els Caliope
Or els Penelope
For thys moste goodly floure
This blossom of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Memor esto verbi tui seruo tue
Servus tuus sum ego

THE lindy saphyre blewe
Her vaynes doth ennew
The orient pearl so cleare
The witness of her lere
The lusty ruby ruddes
Resemble the rose buddes
Her lippes soft and mery
Emblomed like the cherie
It were an heauenly blysse
Her sogred monte to kyss
Her beauty to augment
Dame nature hath her lents
A warte upon her cheke
Who so lynt to seeke
In her viasage a shar
That seemeth from a far
Lyke to a radyan star
Al with fauour fret
So proprely it is set
She is the violet
The daisy delectable
The columbine commendable
This ielofor amiable
This moste goodly floure
This blossom of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Bonitatem fecisti cum seruo tuo dominia
Et ex precordiis sonant preconia

AND when I perceived
Her wort and conceiued
It cannot be denaid
But it was wel conuaid
And set so womanly
And nothing wantonly
But right conueniently
And full congruentlye
As nature could devise
In moste goodly wyse
Who so lynt behold
It maketh lowers bold
To her to sue for grace
Her fauour to purchase
The sker upon her chin
Enchased on her fayre skin

Whiter than the swan
It wold make any man
To forget deadly syn
Her fauour to wyn
For this most goodly flour
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hec claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina

Defecit in salutate tua anima mea;
Quid petis filio, mater dulissima: babe!

SOFT and make no din
For now I wil begin
To bau in remembraunce
Her goodly dalyaunce
And her goodly pastaunce
So bad and so demure
Behauing her so sure
With wordes of pleasure
She wold make to the lure
And any man convert
To geue her his whole hart
She made me sore amased
Upon her when I gased
Me thought mine hart was crased
My eyen were so dased
For this most goodly flour
The blossome of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertew
Hec claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Quomodo dilexi legem tuam domina.
Recedant vetera, nova sunt omnia.

AND to amend her tale
Whan she lyst to anape
And with her fingeres small
And bandes soft as silke
Whiter than milke
That are so quickly vayned
Wherwith my hand she strained
Lord how I was payned
Unmeth I am refrayned
How she me had reclaymed
And me to her retayned
Embrasyng therwith all
Her goodly middle small
With sides long and streyt
To tel you what conceit
I had then in a trice
The matter wer to nyce
And yet there was no vyce
Nor yet no villany
But only fantasy
For this most goodly flour
The blossome of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hec claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina;
Iniquos odio habui;
Non calumnientur me superbi.

BUT whreto shold I note
How often dyd I tote

Upon her pretye fote
It rayzed myne hart rote
To see her trende the grotnde
With heles short and round
She is plainly expresse
Egeria the goddesse
And lyke to her ymage
Importured with corage
A louers pilgrimage
There is no beat seause
Ne no tygre so wood
But she wold change his mood
Suche reluctant grace
Is formed in her face
For this most goodly flour
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hec claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Mirabilia testimonia tua
Sic ut novelle plantationes in juventute tua

So goodly as she dresses
So properly she presses
The bryght golden tresses
Of her heare so fyne
Lyke Phebus bearmes thyne
Where to shold I disclose
The garteryng of her hose
It is for to suppose
Howe that she can weare
Gorgiousiye her gearre
Her freshe habilementes
With other implemetes
To serue for all ententes
Lyke dame Flora queene
Of lusty somer grene
This moste goodly flour
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertew
Hec claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina:
Clamavi in toto corde exaudi me.

HAR kyrte so goodly lased
And vnder that is braced
Such pleasures that I may
Neither write nor say
Yet thoughte I write not with ink
No man can let me thinkne
For thought hath liberti
Thought is franke and free
To thynke a mery thought
It cost me little or nought
Wold God mine homely stile
Were pollished with the file
Of Ciceros eloquence
To prayse her excellencie
The most goodly flour
This blossome of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hec claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Principes persecuti sunt me gratia

Omnibus consideratis. Paradisus voluptatis,
huc virgo est dulcissima.

My pen it is vnable
My hand it is vnstable
My reason rude and dull
To prayse her at the full
Goodly maistres Jane
Sobre, demure Diane
Jane this maistres bight
The lode star of delight
Dame Venus of all pleasure
The wel of worldly treasure
She doth excede and passe
In prudence dame Palas
The most goodly floure
This blossome of freshe colours
So Jupiter me succoure
She floribeth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriouse foemina

REQUIEM eternam dona eis domine.
With this psalm. Domine probasti me.
Shall smile over the sea
With tibi domine commendamus
On pilgrymages to saint Jamys
For shrympes, and for pranes
And for stalkynge cranes
And wher my pen hath offended
I pray you it may be amended
By discrete consideration
Of your wise reformacion
I have not offended I trust
If it be sadly disensem
It were no gentle guyse
This treatise to dispise
Because I have written and sayd
Honour of this fayre mayd
Wherfore shold I be blamid
That I Jane named
And famously proclamed
She is worthy to be enrold
With letters of golde.
Car elle vault.

Prae me laetigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem
Laudibus eximitis merito, huc redempta pucilia est
Formosan cecini qua non formosior nis est;
Formosan potius, quam commendaret Homerus
Sic juvet interdum rigidos recreare labores
Nec minus hoc titulo tera Minerva mea est.
Rien que plaisir.

Thus endeth the boke of Philip Sparow, and here
followeth an adiccion made by master Skelton.

THE gyse now a dayes
Of some ianglyng iayes
Is to discommend
That they cannot amend
Though they wold spend
All the wytes they haue
What ayde them to deprease
Phillip Sparowes graue
His dirige: her commendacion
Can be no derogacion
But myrrh and consolacion
Made by protestacion

No man to miscontent
With Phillipes enterrement
Ales that goodly mayd
Why shold she be affrayd
Why shold she take shame
That her goodly name
Honorable reported
Should be set and sorted
To be matriculate
With ladyes of estate
I coniure the Philip Sparow
By Hercules that hel dyd harow
And with a venomous crow
Slewe of the Epidaures
Ons of the Centaures
Or Onocentraures
Or Hipocentaurius
By whose might and maynes
An hart was slayne
With horned twayne
Of glittering gold
And the appies of gold
Of Hesperides withhold
And with a dragon kept
That never more slept
By martial strengthe
He wan at length
And slue Gerion
With thre bodies in one
With mighty corage
Avaulted the rage
Of a lyon savage
Of Dyomedes stable
He brought out a rable
Of coursers and rounses
With leaper and bounses
And with mighty lugging
Wrestlyng and tugging
He plucked the bul
By the horned skul
And offed to Cornatopia
And so forth per cetera
Also by Ecates bower
In Plutus gasty tower
By the vglye Eumenides
That never haue rest nor ease
By the venomous serpent
That in hel is never brent
In Lerna the Grekes fen
That was engendred them
By Chemeras flames
And all deadly names
Of infernal posty
Where soules fry and rosty
By the stigial flood
And the stremes wood
Of Cocitus botumles wel
By the feryman of hel
Caron with his beard hore
That roweth with a rude ore
And with his fore top
Gideth his bote with a prop
I coniure Philip and cal
In the name of king Saul
Primo regum expresse
He had the Phitonesse
To wytchecraft her to dres
And by her abusions
And damnable illusions

Of merueylos conclusions
And by her supersticions
And wonderful condicions
She rayned vp in that stede
Samuel that was deade

But whether it were so
He were, idem in numero
The selfe same Samuel
How be it to Saul dyd he tell
The Philistines shold him asry
And the next day he shold dye
I wil my selfe discharge
To letted men at large

But Philip I coniure thee
Now by these names threa
Diana in the woodes grene
Luna that so bryght doth shyne
Proserpina in hell
That thou shortly tell
And shew now vnto me
What the cause may be
Of this perplexite

Interiit, Phillippe Scroupe, pulchra Johanna,
Instanter perit, cur nostri carminis illam
Nunc pudor, est sero, minor est infamia vero.

Than suche as haue disdayned
And of thys worke complayned
I pray God they be payned
No worse than is contayned
In verses two or three
Thet folowe as ye may see

Luride cur litor volucris pia funera damnas
Talja te rapient, rapiunt quae fata volucrum
Est tamen invidia, mors tibi continua

**SKELTON LAUREATE AGAINST A COMELY COYS-
TROWNE THAT CURIOUSLY CHAUNTYD AND
CAREVLY COWNTRED, AND MADLY IN HIS
MUSIKES MOLKEVLY MADE, AGAYRST THE IX
MUSIKS OF POLITIKE POEMS AND POETTS MA-
TRICULAT.**

Of all nacyons vnder the Heuyn.
These frantyke foolys I hate most of all.
For though they stumble in the sinnes sewyn.
In peuyshnes yet they anupper and fall.
Whiche men the viii deadly sins call.
This peuysh proud this prender gest.
When he is well yet can he not rest.

A swete suger lufe and sowre bayards bon.
Bemundete lyke in forme and shap
The one for a duke the other for dum.
A maunchet for Morell theron to snap.
His bart is to hy to have any hap.
But for in his game ut carp that he can.
Lo Jak wold be a jentylman.

Wyth hey troly loly lo whip here Jak.
Alumbek sodyklym syllorym ben.
Coryowsly he can both counter and knak
Of Martyn Swart and all hys mery men.
Lord how Perkyn is proud of his Poken.
But ask wher he fyndyth among his monsacordes.
An holy water clark a ruler of lordes.

He can not fynd it in rule nor in spece.
He solfyth to haute hys trybilly to hy.

He braggyth of his byrth that borne was ful bace
Hys musyk withouthe measure to sharp is his my.
He trymmyth in his tenor to counter pirdewy.
His discant is besy it is withoute a monie.
To fat is his fantasy hys wyt is to lene.

He lumbryth on a lewde lewte roty bulle joyse.
Rumbill downe tumbil downe he go now now.
He fumblyth in his synging an vgly good noise.
It semyth the sobbyng of an old sow.
He wold be made moch of and he wyt how.
Wele speal in spydetels and turning of tawellys.
A bungler, a brawler, a pyker of quarelys.

Comely he clappyth a payre of clauycordys.
He whystelyth so swetely he makthyth me to swet.
His discant is dasched full of discordes
A red angry man but easy to intrete.
An vasser of the hall fayn wold I get.
To poynete this proude page a place and a roome
For Jak wold be a jentylman that late was a gromme

Jak wold jet and yet Jyll sayd nay.
He counteth in his countenaunce to check which
the best.
A malaperte medler that pryth for his pray
In a dysh dare he rush at the ryest,
Dreming in dumpys to wrangil and to wrest.
He findeth a proporcyon in his prycke soone.
To drynke at a draught a larg and a long

Nay iape not with hym he is no smal fole
It is a solemynpe syre and a solsyne.
For lordes and ladyes lerne at his scole
He teclyth them so wysely to sold and to fayne
That neither they singe wel prike song nor plain.
This docter Dellias commysyd in a cart.
A master, a mynstral, a fyddler, a furt.

What though ye can cownter Custodi nos.
As wel it beconith yow a parysh towne clarke.
To syng Sipinatiti dedit agnos
Yet bere ye not to bold to braule ne to bark
At me, that medele nothing with youre wark.
Correct first thy seife, walk and be hought.
Deme what you list thou knowist not my thought.

A prooferbe of old say well or be still.
Ye are to vnhappy occasion to fynde.
Upon me to clater or els to say yll.
Now hanke I shewyd you part of your proud mind
Take this in worth the best is behynde.
Wryten at Croydon by Crowland in the Clay.
On Candelmas euyn the Kalendas of May.

FINIS.

Contra alium Cantitatem & Organisatorem
Asinum, qui impugnat Skeltonis
Pierium, Sarcasmos.

PRÆPONENDA meis non sunt tua plectra canorum.
Nec quantum nostra fistula clara tua est.
Sepe licet lyricos modularis arundine psalmos,
Et tremulos calamis concinis ipse modos:
Quamvis mille tuas digitus dat carmine plausus,
Nam tua quam teo vox est mage docta manus:
Quamvis cuncta facia tumida sub mente superbus,
Gratior est Pisebo fistula nostra lamen,
Ergo tuum studes animo deponere fastum,
Et violare sacrum desine stulte virum.

THE BOKE OF THREE FOОLES.

301

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON A BREEDMANS HED
THAT WAS SENT TO HYM FROM AN HONOR-
ABLE JENTIL WOMAN FOR A TOKEN, DEWYSD
THIS COSTLY MEDITACION IN ENGLYSH, COVEN-
ABLE IN SENTENCE COMENDABLE, LAMENT-
ABLE, LACHIMABLE, PROFITABLE FOR THE
SOULE.

YOURS vgly tokyn,
My mynd hath brokyn,
From worldly lust.
For I haue dyscuse,
We are but dust,
And dy we must.
It is generall
To be mortall.
I haue well espyde
No man may hym hyde:
With sinnewys wyderyd,
From deth holow eyed.
With bonys shyderyd,
With hys worme etyn maw,
And his gastly jaw.
Gaspyng asyde,
Nakyd of hyde,
Neyther flesh nor fell.

Then by my councell,
Loke that ye spel,
Well thyss gospel.
For wher so we dwell,
Deth wil us quell,
And with us meill.

For all our pamperde paunchis
Ther may no fraunchys,
For worldly blys,
Redene vs from this,
Oure dayys be datyd,
To be chek matyd,
With drawtyys of deth,
Stoppyng oure breth,
Oure eyen synkyng,
Oure bodys stynkyng,
Oure gummys grynyng.
Oure soulys brynyng.
To whom then shall we sew,
For haue reakew,
But to swete Jesu,
On vs then for to rew.

O goodly child,
Of Mary mylde,
Then be oure shylde.
That we be not exyld,
To the dyne dale,
Of botemles hale,
Nor to the lake,
Of fendys blake.

But graunt vs grace
To se thy face,
And to purchase,
Thyne henenly place.
And thy palace,
Ful of solace.
Abone the sky,
That is so by. Eternally.
To beholde and se.
The Trynyte. Amen.
Mirres vous y.

WOMANHOOD wanton ye want.
Your modeling maners is manersies.

Plenty of yll of goodnes skant.
Ye rayll at ryot rechelen.
To prayse youre porte it is nedesas.
For all your druffe yet and youre draggys,
As well borne as ye full oft tyme beggys.

Why so koy and full of skorne.
Myne horse is sold I wene you say.
My new furryd gowne when it is worse.
Put vp youre pars ye shall non pay.
By crede I trust to se the day.
As proud a pohen as ye spreda.
Of me and other ye may haue nede.

Though angelyk be youre smylyng.
Yet is youre tong an adders tayle.
Full lyke a scorpyn stynkyng.
All those by whom ye haue anayle.
Good mestres Anne there ye do shayle.
What prate ye praty pyggys ny.
I truste to quyte you or I dy.

Yours key is mets for every lok.
Yours key is commen and hangyth swte.
Yours key is redy we nede not knok.
Nor stand long wrestyng there abonts.
Of youre doregate ye haue no doute.
But one thyngh is that ye be lewde.
Holde youre tong now all be shrewde.

To mestres Anne that farly swete.
That wonnes at the key in Temmys strete.

THE BOKE OF THREE FOОLES

M. SKELTON PORTE LAUREATE, GAUE TO MY
LORD CARDYNALL.

THE PYRST FOOLE.

THE man that doth wed a wyfe
For her goodes and her rychesse
And not for lyngage femynatysse
Procureth doloure and dystresse
With infynyte paine and heynesse
For she wyl do hym moche sorowe
Bothe at cuyn and at morowe.

THE SECOND FOOLE.

The darter ryght cursed of enye
Hath rayned sythe the worlde began
Whiche bryngeth man euidently
Into the bondes of Sathan
Wherfore he is a dyscrete man
That can eschewe that cuyll synne
Where body and soule is lost in

THE THYRD FOOLE.

Dyvers by voluptuousnes
Of women the which he present
Be brought in to full great dystres
Forgetyng vertues excellent
Of God the whiche is permanent
And suffreth themselfe to be bondes
In cordes as it were a hounde.

COME hyther and take this boke and rede therein
for your lernyng with clere iyen, and loke in this
boke that sheweth you folysy fooles, without wyt
or understanding Pecunyous fooles that bee au-
ryce, and for to haue good tyme, and to ly-
meryly, weddeth these olde wyddred wome-

whiche hath sackes full of nobles, claryfye here your ryghte, and ye shal know what goodnes commeth therby, and what joye and gladnes Some there be that habandoneth themselfe for to gather togyther the donge that yssueth of theyr asces arse, for to synde euermore gresc, it is grete foly trulye, but yet the yonge man is more folyssher, the whiche weddeth an olde wyfe, for to haue her golde and syluer. I say that he is a great foole that taketh anne olde wyfe, for her goodes and is much to blame.

They the whiche do so, procureth all trybulations. For with her he shall neither haue ioy, reuencion, nor rest. He norysabed stryfes, and greate debates, thoughte, payne, anguyls, and melancholy. And yf he woldes accomlysshe the workes of maryage, hee may not, for shee is so deblyte olde, vnproprie, vnnaturall, and vndyscurrente, for the coldenes that is in her. The husbands of this olde wyfe hath none esperance to haue lyngage by her, for he never loued her. The man is a very foole to make his demoraunce vpon such an olde wife, whan he thinketh somtyme vpon such thynges, he loseth his naturall with, in cursyng hymselfe more then a M. tynes with the golde and the syluer, and the cursed haarsde of fortune. And when he seeth his poore lyfe in such dystresse, his hert is all oppressed with melancholy and dolour, but whan the vnhappye man seeth that it is force and that hee is constraineth to haue patience, he putteth his cure to draw bym the moneye of the olde wyddred woman in makynge to her glade ebere. And whan hee hath the money and the bagge wth nobles, God knoweth what chere he maketh, wthoutte thyngynge on them that gathereth it. And whan he hath spente al, he is more vnhappyer than hee was before, yf that the foole be vnhappye, it is well ryghte, for hee hath wedded auarice, mother of all euylles, yf hee had taken a wyfe that had ben fayre and yong, after his complexion, he had not fallen into so great an inconuenience. It is wryten in auncient bokes that hee whiche weddeth a wyf wth auarice, and not for to haue lyngage, hath no cure of the honestie of matrymonye, and thyngketh full euyl on his conscience. The unyon of maryage is decayed, for vnder the coloure of good and loyall maryage is wedded auarice as we se every day by experiance throught the world. And one wil haue a wife, and that hee marke his to be demandeth in maryage, they will enquire of his ryches and conninge. And on the other syde be wyl demande great goodes with her, to norysabe her with. For and her father and mother and frendes haue no greate ryches, he wyl not of her. But, and she be ryche, hee demandeth none other thinge. It is wryten that one were better haue his house in deserte, wheras no mencion shoulde be of hym, thende to bide with such wyues, for they be replete with all cursendnes. And the pore foole breketh his herte, he loseth his soule and corrupteth his body. He sellleth his youth vnto the olde wife that weddeth her for auarice, and hath but noye and discention, in vsyng his lyfe thus in synne. Consydre you fooles what scrutynge ye put your self in, when ye wedde such wyues. I pray you be chaste if that ye wyl lyue without vnchap. My frends whiche be not in that bande, put you not therin, and yee shalbe well happy. Notwithstanding I defende you not to mary but I exhorte you to take

a wyfe that ye may haue progeny by, and solace bodily and godly, and therby to wyn the joyes of paradise.

OF ENUYE, THE SECONDE POOLE.

APPROCHE you foly she enuyous, the which can say no good by them that ye hate, come and se in this booke, yours peruerso and euyl condycyon. O enuy that deuoureth the condycyonis of men, and dysypens of honour. Thou makest to haue rauisbynghe heartes famysabed, thou brennest the desyres, and sleeth the soule in the ende, thou engendrest the darte enuyronned with mischefe that whiche truelyleth diuers folkes. Cursed foole how hast thou thy herte to replete with crueltie, for if I haue temporall goodes thou wylle haue euayre therat, or if that I can worke well, and that I apply mee vnto dyuers thynges the whiche be honest, or if that I haue castels, landes, and temmentes, or if that I am exaulted vnto honour by my science, or won it by my hardynes truely and justlye, or if that I am beloved by dyuers persons whiche reelaymeth mee good and vertuous, and of a noble couraige, thou wylt vilepande me with thy wordes, thou wottest never in what maner thou mayst adaychell mine honour, Thy malicious hert is hurt with a mortall wounde in such wise that thou haste no ioye nor solace in this world, for the darte of Enuye perçeth thy herte lyke a spere. Thou hast wylde lycoure, the whiche maketh all thy stomache to be on a flambe. There is no medicyne that maye hele thy mortall wounde. I beyng in a place, where an myne honour was magnyfyed, thoughte for to haue taken aliancye with an vndyseraunt flour, but all sodaynly I was synyon with a darte of enuye behinde my backe, wherthroughle alitho that were on my partye turned theyr backes upon me, for to agree to one of Venus dissolute seruautes, procedyng, frome a herte, enuynymed with enuye. Wherfore I shall speyfye vnto you the condycyonis of the enuyous, who that holdeth hym of the subiectes of enuye, she constyuteth to deuoure, and byte every hodye: gyuynge vnhappies and myseries vnto her seruautes. Suche folkes doth the innocente a thousande wronges. They be replenysshed with so many treasons, that they can not slepe in their beddes, they haue no swete cantyces nor songes. They haue theyr tonges honedy with swete words vnder the coloure of loue, they be lene, and infecte of rygoure: these enuyous more bytterer thenne the gall of the fyse glaucia, wth theyr eyen beholdyng a trauners of stomackes chaufed syntilously, and without these mouthes as the vyne that is newe cut, they be enuyroned with rage and greate anguyls, beholdyng euermore to destroy some body. Conceyue the history of Joseph in your myndes, the which had viii. brethren that were enuyous against him whiche was the yongest and sole hym vnto the marchauntes of Egypte by enuy, and betrayed him. The which were deleybered of a longe time to haue destroyed him. These enuyous never laughe, but whan some good man hath domage upon the see or lande, or at the disfornite of some body, he drynketh his bloud as milke. Notwithstanding, his herte is euer embrased with enuy, and as longe as he lyueth it shall gnawe his hert. Hee resemblith vnto Ethna whiche brenneth alwayes. As of Romulus and Remus his brother, the whiche Romulus edefyed

first Rome, and gane it to name Rome, after his owne name. Neuertheles they were pastours for they establisched lawes in the citie. And Romulus punished euerie body equally. He dyd instytute lymytes or markes aboue the citie, and ordeyned that he that passed the lymytes shuld be put to death. His brother passed them, wherfore he was put vnto death incontinente in the same place. Wee rede also how Cayme slew his owne brother by enuya. Haue we not example semblablye of Atreus, of whom his brother occupied the parke, how well that they were in the realme strooge and payssante, for to defende them. It was Theseus that expulised his brother oute of the realme by enuya, and was called agayne bycause that he had taken the parke, and fynally was banyshed, and by enuya and vnder the colour of peace he was sent for. And when hee was commed vnto a feast, he made his two children for to be rested, and made them to drynke their bloude. O what horrore was it to see his two children dye that were so dyscrete? In lykewise Ethiocles by his brethren receyued great enormities by that cursed enuya. O thou prudent man if thou wylt be discrete, good, and wise fly from enuya, and thou shalt finde thy selfe sounde of body and soule.

OF THE VOLUPTUOUS CORPORALL
THE THIRD FOOLE.

RIGHTHE heartely I beseeche you folyshe and lecherous people, that it will please you for to come and make a litell collacion in this booke, and if there be any thinge, that I can do for you, I am all yowre both body and goodes, for truely I haue an ardaunte desyre to doo you some meditorious dade, because that I haue euer frequented your service.

Nowe herken what I haue found you cautelous women. They that the papes be sene all naked, their heyre combed and trussed in dyners places merreylyous be unreasonable foole, for they drame them like voluptuous harlottes that make theyr heyre to appere at theyr browes yelowe as fine golde made in lytel tresses for to drawe yonge folke to theyr loue. Some for to haue their goodes presenteth to them their beddes for to take their carnall desires. And after that they haue taken all their dispertes, they pill them as an unyon. The other for to haue their plesures mondayne cheseth them that we loue best and maketh syngyfaunce to them sayng that she is amoured on them. Thou art a verye idyot so to abandone thy selfe vnto the vyle synne of lecherye, for thou lettest thy selfe be wrapped therein, lyke as a calfe, or a shewe is bounde in a corde. In suche wise that ye can not rubynde youre selfe. O foole haue aspecte vnto that whiche thou commytest for thou putttest thy poore soule in great daunger of damnation eternall, thou putttest thy goodes, thyre understandinge, and thy joy, vnto dolorous perdition for all that yee bee in your worldly pleasures, yet it is mengied with dystres, or with mystry, greate thoughte or melancholy. I require thee leue thy worldlye pleasures that endoreth no leger then the grasse of the feilde. Yf you haue joye one only momente thou shalt haue twayne of sorrow for it. We rede of Sardanapalus that for his lecherye and lybidinosite fell into hell, the whiche put himselfe in the guine of a poore woman, his men seinge hym so obstinate in that

ville sinne, slew him, and so syphished hee his dayes for folowinge of his pleasure mondayne. The soueraigne Creastour was more payssante thenne this wretched sinner, let vs not apply our selfe thereto with that hee punysheth sinners so asprely, but with all our herbes enforce we our selfe for to resist agaistne that vyle and abhominable sinne of lechery, the whiche is so full of enfeccion and byternes, for it distayneth the soule of man: hee frome the foolishe women that pylleth the louers vnto the harde bones, and you shal be beloued of God and also of the worlde.

EN PARLEMENT À PARIS.

JUSTICE est morte & verité sommeille,
Droit & raison sont allez aux pardons
Les deux premiers: Nul ne les reueille,
Et les derniers, sont corrompus pardona.

Out of Frenche into Latine.

Abstulit atra dies Astram: cana fides sed
sonno presa jacet: jus iter arripuit.
Et secum ratio proficiens limite longo.
Nemo duas priores evigilare parat,
Atque duo postrema abant, & numeri tantum
impedit, nequeuntque remcari donum.

Out of Latine into Englyshe

Justice nowe is dead,
Trouth with a drousy head.
As hevy as the lead
Is leyd downe to slepe,
And bidythe no kepe
And ryght is euer fallous
Gon to seke halows
With reason to giddre
No man can tell whether
No man woll undertake
The fynyt twayne to awake:
And the tweyne laste
Be withholde so faste
Wyth mony, as men sayne
They can not come agayne.

EPITAPHE.

This treatise devyced it is
Of two knaues somtyme of dys.
Though this knaue be deade
Full of myschife and queed
Yet where so euer they ly
Theyr names shall neuer dye.

COMPENDIUM DE DUOBUS PERSIPEL-
LIBUS

JOHN JAYNERD ET ADAM ALIAS A KNAVE DEQUE
ILLORUM NOTISSIMA VILITATE.

A DEVOUTE TRENTALE FOR OLD JOHN CLARK,
SOMTYME THE HOLY PATRIARCHE OF DIS.

SEQUITUR tristale
Tale quale ratione
Licet parum curiale
Tamen satis est formula

Joannis Clerc hominis
 Cujusdam multimonitis
 Joannis Jayberd qui vocatur
 Clerc cleribus nuncupatur
 Obiit sanctus iste pater
 Anno domini M.D. Sexto
 In parochia de din
 Non erat sibi similia
 In malicia vir iniquis
 Duplex corde & bilinguis
 Serio confectus
 Omnibus suspectus
 Nemini dilectus
 Sepultus est amonge the wedes
 God forgne hym bis myshedees
 Dulce melior
 Penetrans Celos.

 Carmipa cum cannis
 Cantemus festa Joannis
 Clerke obiit vere
 Jayberde nonenque dedere
 Dis populus notus
 Clerke cleribus catque vocatus
 Hic vir caldeus
 Nequam vir cen Jebuseus
 In Christiani Domini
 Fremuit de more camelii
 Rectori proprio
 Tam verba retorta loquendo
 Unde resultando
 Quae scheronta boando tonaret
 Nunquam sincere
 Solitus sua criminis fere
 Cui male lingue foquax
 Quae dicax mendacique fuere
 Et mores tales
 Resident in nemine quales
 Carpens vitales
 Auras torbare sodales
 Et cines socias
 Atinua mulum velut & bos
 Omne sumus stadium
 Rubiam pictum per amictum
 Discolor & victim
 Faciens semper maledictum
 Ex intestinis ovium
 Quae bouisque caprorum
 Tendens adque forum
 Fragmentum colligit horum
 Dentibus exemptis
 Mastigat cumque potentis
 Lanigerum caput
 Aut vacca mugientis
 Quid petis? hic sit quis
 John Jayberd. Nicolas de dis
 Cui dum vixerat in
 Sociantur iurys via lis

 Jam Jacet hic starke deed
 Neuer a toth in his heed
 Adieu. Jayberd adue
 I faith dikkon thou cruse
 Frates orate
 Por this knauate
 By the holy rode
 Dyd neuer man good
 I pray you all
 And pray shall
 At this trentall
 On knees to fall
 To the fote ball

With fill the blak bowle
 For Jayberdus sovic
 Bibite multum
 Ecce sepultura
 Sub pede stultum
 Asinum & mulum
 The deuill kis his culum
 Wit hey cowe rumbelwe
 Rumpopulorum
 Per omnia seculorum.
 Amen.

Requies, &c.
 Per Fredericum Hely
 Fratrem de Monte Carmeli
 Qui condunt sine sale
 Hoc devotum tringitale
 Vale Jayberd, vaide male.
 Finis.

Adam Uddersale, alias dictus
 Adam all, a knave bis epitaph.
 Foloweth devoutly,
 He was sometime the holy
 Bailluyn of dis.

Of dis.

Adam degebat
 Dum vixit false gerebat
 Namque extorquebat
 Quicquid nativus habebat
 Aut liber natu. Rapidus
 Lupus inde vocatus.
 Ecclesiisque natu
 De belial iste Pilatus
 Sub pede calcatus
 Violauit pene violatus
 Perdus iratus
 Numquam fuit ille beatus
 Uddersall stratus
 Benedictus est spoliatus
 Improbus inflatus
 Maledictus jun. laceratus
 Sis tibi baccatus
 Ballians predominatus
 Hic fuit ingratius
 Porcus velut inaneatus
 Pinguis cressatus
 Velut Agag fit reprobatus
 Cruelisque Cacus
 Barastro peto sit tunculatus
 Belabub his soule save
 Qui jacet hic like a knave.
 Jam scio mortuus est
 Et jacet hic like a best.

Anima eius,
 De male in pejus. Amen.

De dis hac semper erit camena,
 Adam Uddersall sit anathema.

Auctore Skelton rectore de dia.

Finis, &c. Apud Trumpinton scriptor per
 curatum ejusdem quinto die Januarij anno domini
 secundum computatus. Angliae M.D.VII.

Adam Adam ubi es. Genesis R. ubi nulla
 requiem. [Joh.
 Ubi nullus ordo, sed sempiteritus horror inhabitat.
 Finis.

Diligo rusticum cum portant bis duo quantum
 Et cauant delos est mihi dulce melos.
 Canticum dolorosum.

LAMENTATIO URBIS NORWICEN.

O LACRIMOSA luctu nimis O quid flebile fatum
Igibus exosis urbe veneranda ruis
Palma sive Jovis sive vltima fata vocabant
Vulcani rapidis ignibus ipsa perit
O decus ou partio specie pulcherima dudum
Urbs Norwicensis labitas in cineres [ponam],
Urbs tibi quid referam? breviter tibi paucis re-
Prospira raro moment, utere sorte tua.
Perpetuum mortale nihil, sors omnia versat,
Urbs miseranda vale, sors miseranda tua est.

Skelton.

VILITISSIMUS SCOTUS DUNDAS ALLEGAT CAUDAS
CONTRA ANGLIENAS CAUDATOS ANGLOS, SPUR-
CISSE SCOTUS QUID EFFERIS? EFFERIS ET,
QUODQUE SONE: MENDAX, TUA SPURCAQUE BUCCA
EST.

ANGLICUS a tergo
Caudam gerit.
Est canis ergo.
Anglice caudate
Cape caudam
Ne cadet a te
Ex cause cauda
Manet Anglica
Gens sive laude.
Skelton nobilis poeta,
Diffamans patriam qua non
est melior usquam
Cum cauda plenis dum
possit ad hostia pultes
Mendicans mendicus eris,
mendaxque bilinguis,
Scabidus. horribilis, quem
vermes sexque pedales
Corrodunt misere, miseres
genus est maledictum.
Gup Scot, ye blot,
Laudate Caudate
Set in better
Thy pentameter
This Dundas
This Scottisbe as
He rymes and rayles
That Englishmen haue tayles.
Skeltonus laureatus,
Anglicus natus,
Provocat musas
Contra Dundas
Norpacissimum Scotum,
Undique notum,
Rustice fotum
Vapide potum,
Skelton laureat
After this rate
Defendeth with his pen
All English men.
Agayu Dundas
The Scottisbe ase
Shake thy tayle Scot lyke a cur,
For thou beggest at every mannes dur.
Out Scot I say
Go shake thy dog hey
Dundas of Gulaway
With thy verfyng rayles
How they haue tayles.

By Jesu Christ, fale Scot thou lyest,
But behynd in our huse
We bese there a rose
For thy Scottybe nose,
A spectacle case
To couer thy face
With tray deuex ase
A tolman to blot
A rough foted Scot
Dundas sir knaue
Why dode thow deprave,
This royll reame,
Whose radiant beame
And reluctant light
Thou hast in despite
Thou donghyll knyght
But thou lakest might
Dundas, drooken, and drowsy
Skated scury and lowsy
Of unhappy generacion
And most vngracious nacion.
Dundas that dronke ase
That ratis and rankis
That prates and prankes
On huntley bankes
Take this our thankes
Dunde ber,
Walke Scot
Walke rot
Bayis not to far.

ADMONITIO SKELTONIS UT OMNES ARBORES
VIRIDI LAUREO CONCEDANT.

Fraxinus in silvis, altis in montibus ornus
Populus in fluvii, abies patulissima, fagus
Lenia salix, platanus pinguis, aculnea ficus,
Glandifera & quercus, pirus, esculus, ardua
Basanum exudans, oleaster, oliva Minerva, [pinus],
Juniperus, buxus, lentiscus cuspidate lenta
Botrigera, & domino, vitis gratissima, baccho,
Ilex & sterili, labrusca palosa colonis,
Mollibus exudans fragrantia thura saebeis
Thus redolens, arabis panter, notissima murrha,
Et vos O corili fragiles, hamiesque myrtle
Et vos O cedri redolentes, vos quoque myrti.
Arboris omnis genus viridi concede Lauro.

Premes en gre. The Lenthalle.

Diligo rusticum cum portant his duo quantum
Et cantant delos est mihi dulce melos
1. Canticum dolorosum.

IN BEDELL QUONDAM BELIAL INCARNATUM, DE-
VOTUM EPITAPHIUM.

ISMAL ecce Bedel, non mal, sed fel, xibi des ei.
Perfidus Achitophel: Luridus atque loredi:
Nunc olet iste Belial. Nabat. S. Nabai ecce Ribaldus
Omnibus exosus atque perosus erat.
In plateaque cadens animam spiravit oletos,
Presbyteros odiens sic sine mente ruit
Discite vos omnes quid sit violare sacros
Presbyteros, quia sic corruit iste canis.
Cocitus cui sic petus per Tartara totus
Sit peto promotus Cerberus huncque voret
At mage sancta tamen mea mussa precabitur atros
Hos leuniores eat sic Bedel ad superos
Non est, immo rust, non scandat sed mage tendat,
Inque caput praecipit mox Acheronte petat.

Bedula. Quanta malignitas est inimicus in sanctum.
 Mortuus est asinus
 Qui vivit multum
 Hic jacet barbarus
 The devill kys his colum. Amen.
 Hunc volo transcribas, transcriptam moxque remittas paginam: qui sunt qui mea scripta sciunt
 Igitur quia sunt qui mala cuncta fremunt
 Redde. Igitur quia sunt qui bona cuncta premunt
 Nec tamen expaveo de fatuo labio
 Nec multum paveo de scolido Rabulo.

Psal. 73.

PORTA SKELTON LAUREATUS LIBELLUM SUUM
 METRICE ALOQUITUR.

An dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy
 Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit.
 Ad natam celebris tu prona repone loonis,
 Quaeque suo patri tristia justitia.
 Ast ubi perlegit dubiam sub mente voluet,
 Fortunam cuncta que male fida rotat,
 Qui leo sit felix & Nestoris occupet annos,
 Ad libitum cuius ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOOLOURS BETHE
 AND MUCHE LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE
 MOST HONORABLE KBELE OF NORTHUMBER-
 LANDE.

I WAYLE, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh fulsore
 The delydelate, the dolefull desteny
 Of hym that is gone, alas without restore
 Of the bloud royll descending nobely
 Whose lordshyp doultes, was slayne lamentably
 Thorow treson, again him compassed and wrought
 Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of heavenly poems. O. Clyo calde by name
 In the colege of musis goddes historiall
 Adres the to me whiche am both holt and lame
 In elect vterauance to make memoriall
 To the for souccour to the for helpe I call
 Mine hemselfe rulnes and dryghnes to expell
 With the freshe waters of Elyconys well.

Of noble actes aunciently enrolde
 Of famous pryncis and lordes of astate
 By thy report ar wout to be extold
 Regestringe trawly every formare date
 Of thy bounte after the vsuall rate
 Kyndell in me suche pleyn of thy nobles
 These sorowfull dites that I may shew exprea.

In seasons past who hath herde or seen
 Of formar writyng by any presidente
 That vilane bastardis in their furious tene
 Fulfylled with malice of froward entente
 Confestered togeder of comission concerte
 Falsly to ffee theyr moste singuler god lord
 It may be regestred of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man, so valiant lord and knyght
 Fulfilled with honor as all the wold doth ken
 At his commanndment which had both day and
 nyght
 Knyghtes and squyres: at every season when
 He calde vpon them, as meniall houshold men

Were not these commons vncurteis karles of kund
 To sio their owne lordes: God was not in their
 mynd

And were not they to blame I say also
 That were aboute him his one servants of trust
 To suffre him slayn of his mortall fo
 Fled away from hym let hym ly in the dust
 They bode not till the reckenyng were discut
 What shuld I flatre what shuld I gloue or paint
 Py fy for shame their hertes were to faint.

In England and Fraunce which gretly was re-
 douted
 Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in
 To whom great estates obeyed and lowted [drede
 A mayny of rude villayns made hym for to drede
 'Unkyndly they slew him, that holp them oft at
 neede
 He was their bulwark their paues and their wall
 Yet shamefully they slew hym that shame met
 them besal

I say ye comones why wer ye so stark mad
 What frantyk frensy fyll in your breyne
 Where was your wit and reasoun ye shold have had
 What wilful foly made yow to ryse agayne
 Your naturall lord: alas I cannot sayne
 Ye armyd you with will, and left your wit behynd
 Well may you be called comones most vnykyn.

He was your chefteyne your shelde your chaf
 Redy to assyssyt you in every time of neede [defence
 Your worshyp depended of his excellency
 Alas ye mad men to far ye did excede
 Your hap was vnbappy to ill was your spede
 What mouded you agaist hym to war or to fyght
 What alide you to sie your lord agayn all ryght.

The ground of his quarel was for his soueraine
 The well concerning of all the hole lande [lord
 Demandynge suche dutys as needes most accord
 To the ryght of his prince whiche should not be
 withstand
 For whose cause ye slew him with your owne hand
 But had his noble men done wel that day
 Ye had not bene able to haue sayd hym nay

But ther was fale packing on ells I am begylde
 How be it the mater was euydent and playne
 For if they had occupied their spere and their
 shide
 This noble man doultes had not bene slayne
 But men say they wer lynched with a double chaine
 And held with the comones vnder a cloke
 Which kynedel the wild fyre that made al this
 smoke.

The comones rayed ther taxes to pay
 Of them demandyd and askyd by the kyng
 With one voice importune they plainly sayd nay
 They buskten on a bushment themselfe in
 baile to bring
 Agayne the kyngs pleasure to wreake or to wring
 Bludyng as best is with booste and with crye
 They sayd they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

The noblenes of the north this valiant lord and
 knyght
 As man that was innocent of treachery or traime
 Presed forth boldly to withstand the myght
 And lyke marciall Hector he fought them agayne
 Vygorously vpon them with myght and with maine

Trustyng in noble men that were with him there
But al they fled from hym for falsehood or fere.

Barones, knyghtes, squiers and all
Together with seruautes of his family
Turbed their backe, and let their master fal
Of whom they counted not a fife
Take vp whose wold for ther they let him ly
Ains his gold, his fee, his annual rent
Upon suche a sort was ille bestowd and spent.

He was enuironed aboute on every syde
With his enemyes, that wer stark mad and wode
Ye while he stode he gaue them wounches wyde
Alas for ruth what thoughte his mynd wer gode
His corage manly, yet ther he shed his blode
Al left alone alas be foughte in wayne
For cruelly among them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite that Percy thus was spyk
The famous erle of Northumberland
Of knyghtly prove the sword pomel and hylt
The myghty lyon douted by se and londe
O dolorous chaunce of fortunes froward hande
What man remembryng how shamfully he was
From bitter weeping himselfe can restrain. [slaine]

O cruel Mars thou dedly god of war
O dolorous towesday dedicate to thy name
When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to
O ground vngracious unhappy be thy fame [mar
Which wert endyed with rede bloud of the same
Most noble erle: O foule mysuryd ground
Whereton he gat his final dedely wounde.

O Atropos of the fatall systers iii.
Goddess most cruel vnto the lyfe of man
All merciles in the is no pite
O homicide which frest, all that thou can
So forcibly vpon thi erle than ran
That with thy sword enharpit of mortall dредe
Thou hit esonder perfligth vitall thred.

My wordes unpullysht be nakide and playne
Of Aureat poems they want ellumynyng
But by them to knowlege ye may attayne
Of this lordes deth and of his mordryng
Which whiles he lyed had foyson of every thing
Of knyghts of squyters chyf lord of toure and towne
Tyll fykkell fortune began an hym to frown.

Paregall to dukes with kynges he myght compare
Surmountinges in honor all erlis he did excede
To all countreis aboute him reporte me I dare
Lyke to Eneas benigne in word and dede
Valiant as Hector in every marciall mode
Prudent, discrete, circumpect and wyse
Tyll the chaunce ran agayne hym of fortunes du
ble dyse.

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame
With my rude pen enkancked all with rust
Whome noble actes show worshiply his name
Transcendyng for myne homly muse, that muste
Yet somewhat wright suprised with berty hast
Truly reportyng his right noble estate
Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode neuer deasyned was
True to his prince foy to defend his ryght
Doblenes hatyng, fals matters to compas
Treytory and treason he banyshd out of syght
With trath to medle was al his holl deligh

As all his countrey can testyfy the same
To tie suche a lorde alas it was great shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne
In me all onely wer set and comprysed
Embrethed with the blast of influence denyne
As perfylly as could be thought or deuided
To me also al though it were promised
Of Laureat Phebus holly the eloquence
All were to lytell for his magnisfence

O yonge lyon but tender yet of age
Grow and encrese remembre thyng estat
God the asynt unto thyng herytage
And geue the grace to be more fortunate
Agayn rebelliones arme the to make debate
And as the lyone whiche is of bestes kyng
Unto thy subiectes be curteis and bemyngne

I pray God sende the prosperous lyfe and long
Stable thy mynde constant to be and fast
Ryght to mayntayn and to rayst all wronge
All flatteryng faytors abhor and from the cast
Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast
Let double delyng in the haue no place,
And be not lyght of credence in no case.

With heuy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd
Eche man may sorow in his inward thought
This lords death whose pere is hard to fynd
Al gife Englund and Fraunce were thorow caught
Al kynges, al princes, al dukes, well they ought
Both temporall and spiritual for to compaiyne
This noble man that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons and those knyghtes bold
And al other gentilmen with him enterteyned
In fee: as menyall men of his housold
Whom he as lord worypby mainteyned
To sorrowful weeping they ought to be constrained
As oft as they call to theyr remembrance,
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

Perlese Prince of Heren emperayall
That with one word formed al thing of noughe
Heven, hell, and erthe, obey unto thy call
Which to thy resemblance wonderly hast
wrought.
All mankynd, whom thou full detye hast bought
With thy bloud precious our finiance thou did pay
And vs redemed, from the fendys pray

To the pray we as Prince incomparable
As thou art of mercy and pyte the well
Thou bring unto thy joye eternall
The soull of this lorde from all daunger of hell
In endles blys with the to byde and dwell
In thy paluce, aboue the orient
Where thou art Lord, and God omnipotent.

O Quene of mercy, O Lady full of grace
Maydeu inost pure and Goddess munder dore
To sorowful hastes chef comfort and solace
Of all women O flowre without pere
Pray to thy son aboue the sterr is clere
He to vouchsafe by thy mediacioun
To pardon thy seruaunt and bryngage to saluacion

In joy triumphaunt the heuenly gerarchy
With all the hole sorte of shet glorious place
His soull mot recryus in to theyr company
Thorow bounte of hym that formed all solace
Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace

The Father, the Sonn, and the Holy Ghost
In Trinitate one God of myghte moste.

Non sapit humanis qui certam posse rebus
Spernit est hominum raraque facta fides
Tetrasticon Skelton laureatus ad magistrum Rukshaw
Sacrae theologie egregium professorem
Accipit nunc douum doctorem celeberrime Rukshaw
Carmine: de calamo que cecibere meo,
Et quaque placidus non sunt modulata carmenis
Sunt tamen ex nostra pectore prompta pia.
Vale feliciter, virorum laudatissime.

PINIS.

ELEGIA

IN SERENISSIMÆ PRINCIPIS ET DOMINAE DOMINAÆ
MARGARETAE SUPER COMITIS DE DARTY
STRENUISSIMI REGIS HENRICI SEPTIMI MATERIS
FUNEBRE MINISTERIUM. PER SKELTONIUM
LAUREATUM ORATOREM REGIUM XVI. MENSIS
AUGUSTI. ANNO SALUTIS M.D.XVI.

ASPIRATE meis elegis pia turma sororum,
Et Margaretam collaciatim piam.
Hac sub mole latet regis celeberrima mater
Henrici magni, quem locus iste fovet;
Quem locus iste sacer celebri celebrat Poliandro,
Illius en genitrix bac tumulatur humo;
Cui cedat Tanquil (Titus hanc super astra re-
Cedat Penelope carus Ulyssis amor. [portat])
Hec Abigail velut Hester erat pietate secunda,
En tre jam proceres nobilitate pares:
Pro domina precor impiora pro principe tanta
Flecte deum precibus qui legis hos apices.
Plura referre piget calamus torpore rigescit,
Dormit Mecenas, negligitur probitas
Nec juvat aut modicum prodet nunc ultima verba
Facta recensere (mortua mori reor est)
Queris quid decus est? decus est modo dicier
hircum
Cedit horos hircu, cedit honorque capro.
Fallaris ipse Charon iterum surrexit Abyron
Et stygius remos despiciit illi tuos.
Vivitur ex voto: mentis praecordia tangunt
Nulla sepulcrum ducum nec monumenta patrum;
Non regum non illa hominum labentia fato
Tempora nec totiens mortua turba ruens.
Hunc statu certe peritura parcere certa
Ceu Juvenalis ovat eximius satirus.
Disticon execrationis in fagulidoro
Qui laceras, violas, ve rapit praesens Epitoma.
Hunc lacerasque vorat Cerberus absque moe.

Calon. Agaton, cum Areta. Re in. Pa.
Hunc tecum statuas dominum (precor) bator orbis,
Quo regnas rutilans rex sine fine maneat.

ORATOR REGIUS SKELTONIS LAUREATUS IN
SINGULARE MERITISSIMUMQ; PRECONIUM
NOBILISSIMI PRINCIPIS HENRICI SEPTIMI NE-
PER STRENUISSIME REGIS ANGLIE HOC EPITA-
PHIUM EDIDIT. AD SINCERAM CONTEMPLA-
TIONEM REVERENDI IN CRISTO PATRIS AC DO-
MINI DOMINI JOANNAIS ISLIP ARBATH WEST-
MONASTERI OPTIME MERITI ARDO DOMINI
M.D.XVI. PRIDIE DOMINI ANDREAS APOSTOLI, &c.

TRISTIA melpomeneas egor mode plectra sonare
Hos elegos foreat Cinthius ille meo;

Si quas fata movent lacrimas: lacrimare videret
Jam bene maturum si bene mente zapis
Flos Britonum, regum speculum Salamoris imago
Septimus Henricus mole sub hac tegitur,
Punica, dum regnat (redolens rosa digna vocari
Jam jam marcescit ceu levis umbra fugit)
Multa overcantur fortuna multa faventis
Passus: & infactus tempus utruque tolit
Nobilis Anchises, armis metuendus Atrides,
Hic erat: hunc Scottus rex tinxit Jacobus,
Spirantia anline virginis dum resicut aura
Francorum populus conticuit pavidus.
Inmensas sibi divitias cumulasse quid horres
Ni cumulasset opes forte Britannia Iwas
Urgentes casus facita si mente volutes,
Vix tibi sufficeret auro ripa Tagi
Ni sua te probitas consulta mente laborans
Rexit satius: vix tibi tota malus;
Sed quid plura cano? meditans quid plura voluto
Quisque vigil sibi sit mors sine lege rapit?
Ad dominum qui cuncta regit pro principe tanto
Funde preces quisquis carmine nostra legia.

Vel magis si placeat hunc
Hunc timuit Jacobus
Scottorum dominus
Qui sua fata uit
Quem leo candior
Rubeum necat ense leonem
Et jacet usque modo
Non tumulatus humo.
Refrigerii sedem quietis beatitudinem Ianniae
habet claritatem.

ANXII.

EULOGIUM

PRO SUORUM TEMPORUM CONDICTORE TANTIS
PRINCIPIBUS NON INODIGNUM PER SKELTONIUM
LAUREATUM ORATOREM REGIUM.

Huc pia Calliope perpetra mea canta puella,
Et mecum resonat carmina plena deo,
Septimus Henricus Britonum memorabilis heros,
Anglia terra tuus magnanimus Priamus:
Attalus hic opibus rigidus Cato, clarus Aestes
Sah gelido clausus marmore jam recubat
Hic honor omnis opes, probitas sic gloria regum
Omnia nutabant mortis ad imperium. [obitus]
Anglia nunc lacrimas: rides: lacrimare quid
Dum vixit lacrimas: dum moritur jubilas.
Cauta tamen pensa, dum vixerat Angliegenus
Vibrabant enses, bella nec illa timeat.
Undique bellorum nunc undique prelia sur-
Noster honor solus filius ecce suus; [genui]
Noster honor solus qui pondera tauta subire
Non timet: intrepidus arma gerenda vocat,
Arma gerenda vocat (superi sua cepta secundent)
Ut quatil Pallas Algidu sepe rogat.
Sors tamen est versanda diu sori vitima belli
Myrmidonum dominus matre silentie ruit;
Et quem non valuit validis superare sub armis
Mars? tamen occubuit insidiis Paridis
Nos incerta quidem pro certis ponere rebus
Arguit, & prohibet Delius ipse pater
Omnia sunt hominum dubio labentia fato,
Marte sed incerto militat omnis homo.
Omne deus uastrum, nostra & spes unica tantum,
Jam bene qui regnat hunc Jovis umbra tegat
Ut quamvis mentem labor est inhibere valentem,
Pauca tamen licet dicere pace sum;

A TREATISE BETWENE TROUTH AND INFORMATION.

309

Pace tua licet mihi nunc tibi dicere paucam,
Dulce meum decus, & sola Britanna salus.
Summa rei nostre remanet celeberrime principes,
In te precipio. qui modo sceptra geris.
Si tibi fata faverit precor atque precabor
Anglia tunc plaudet sin minus ipse vale.

Policritonudo Basileos.

TETRASTICHON VERITATIS.

Felix qui bustum tornasti,
Rex tibi cuprum,
Auro si tectus fueras,
Fueras spoliatus,
Nudus prostratus,
Tanta est rabioso cupido,
Undique nummorum
Rex pace precor requiescas. Amen.

FINIS.

IN THE FLEETS MADE BY ME WILLIAM CORNISHE
OTHERWISE CALLED NYSHWHETHE CHAPEL-
MAN WITH THE MOST FAMOUS AND NOBLE
LYNG HENRY THE VII . HIS REYNGE THE XIX.
WERE THE MONETH OF JULY.

A TREATISE BETWENE TROUTH, AND INFORMATION.

A. B. of E. how. C. for. T. was. P. in P.
Prologue.

THE HOOLE CONTENT.

THE knowlege of God, passyth comparison
The devill knowith all il thing, consented or done
And man knoweth nothing, saue only hy reason
And reason in man, is discuse of operation
How can then man be parfite of cognition
For reason shall no reason that somytine among
A man by information may ryhgte w.ysly do wrong

GOSPELL.

The auctorised gospel and reason holdeth ther-
with
Whose litterall sense agreith to the fore seyng
Soli embulat in tenebris nescit quo vadit
Now moralyses ye farther and peyse the contriuyng
I meane, bytwene trouth and sotole conueyng
Who gothe in the darke, must stumble amoncge
Blame never a blynd man, thou he go wronge.

EXAMPLE.

A juge to the jury nedes must geue credence
How what ys they purpose fals maters to compasse
The judge must procede yet in him non offence.
For as they geue veritit, the iugement must passe.
But wher the faulthe is, non dormit Judas
For by fals informacion many tymes amoncge
Right shalbe rewled and the righteouse shal do
wrong

SUELLE INFORMATION.

But woo to suche informers who they be
That maketh their malice the mater of the power
And cruelly without conscience right or pity
Disorgith their venume under that colowre
Alas not remembryng their soules doloure
When, diis illa, diis ire, shalbe their songe
Ite maledicti, take that for your wronge.

A PARABLE BETWENE INFORMATION AND MUSIKE.

THE EXAMPLE.

Musike in his melody requireth true soundes
Who setteth a song, should geue him to armony
Who kepeth true his tunces may not passe his sondes
His alteracions and prolacions must be pricked
treuly

For musike is drew though minstrels maketh maystry
The harpor careth nothing but reward for his song
Merily soundith his mouth when his tong goth all
of wrong.

THE HARPE.

A harpe geueth sounde as it is sette
The harper may wrest it vntunably
Yf he play wrong good tunes he doth lette
Or by mystunyng the very trew armouye
A harpe well playde on shewyth swete melody
A harper with his wrest maye tune the harpe wrong
Mystunyng of an instrument shall hurt a true songe

A SONGE.

A songe that is trewe and ful of swetnes
May be euyll songe and tunyd amyse
The songe of hym selfe yet neuer the les
Is true and tunable, and syng it as it is
Then blame not the song, but marke wel this
He that hath spit at another mans songe
Will do what he can to haue it songe wronge.

A CLARICORDE.

The claricord hath a tuncly kynde
As the wyre is wrested hye and lowe
So it tunythy to the players mynde
For as it is wrested so must it nedes shewe
As hy this reson ye may well know
Any instrument mystunyd shall hurt a trew song
Yet blame not the claricord the wrester doth
wrong.

A TROMPET.

A trumpet blowen hye with to hard a blast
Shal cause him to vary from the tunable kynde
But he that bloweth to hard must suage at the last
And fayne to fall lower with a temperat wynde
And then the trumpet the true tune shall fynde
For an instrument ouer wynded is tuned wrong.
Blame none but the blower, on him it is longe.

TRUE COUNSELL.

Who plaieth on the harpe shalbe should play trew
Who syngeth a songe, let his voice be tunable
Who wresteth the claricordis mystunyng eschew
Who bloweth a trumpet let his wind be measurable
For instruments in them selfe be ferme and stable
And of trouth, wold trouth to every manes songe
Tune them then truly for in them is no wronge.

COLOURS OF MUSYKE.

In musyke I haue learned iii colours as this
Blake, ful blake, verte, and in lykewyse redde
By these colours many subtil alteracions ther is
That wil begle one tho in cuning he be wel sped
With a prike of iudicion from a body that is dede
He shal try so his nombre with swetnes of his song
That the eare shalbe pleased, and yet he al wronge.

THE PRACTISER.

I pore man vnable of this science to skyll
Sauce litel practise I haue by experience

I meane but treath end of good will
To remembre the doers, that vseth such offence
Not one sole, but generally in sentence
By cause I can skyll of a little songe
To try the true corde to be knownen from the wrong.

TRUTH.

Yet trouth was drownde he not sanke
But still dyd flete above the water
Informacion had playd hym suche a pranke
That with power the pore had lost his mater
Bycause that trouthe begane to clater
Informacion hath taught hym to sulfe his songe
Paciens parforce, content you with wronge.

TRUTH.

I assayde theis tunes me thought them not swete
The concordes were notbyng musicall
I called masters of musike canyng and discrete
And the first prynciple whose name was Tuballe
Guido Boice, John de Murris, Vitryaco and them
I prayed them of helpe of this combrouns songe [al
Priked with force and lettred with wronge.

TRUE ANSWERE.

They sayd I was horce I might not syng
My voice is to pore it is not awdible
Informacion is so curiosyng in his chauntyng
That to bere the trew plainsons, it is not possible
His proporcions be so hard with so highe a quan-
tible [bound
And the playn song in the margyn so craftly
That the true tunes of Tuballe can not haue the
right sounde.

TRUTH.

Well quod treuth, yet ones I trust verely
To haue my voyce and syng agayne
And to flete our treuth and clarify truly
And ate suger candy adaye or twayne
And then to the deske to syng true and playn
Informacion shall not alwaye enture hys song
My parts shalbe true, when his countreuers shalbe
wrong.

INFORMACION.

Information hym embolded of the monacorde
From [consonants to concordes he musyd his
mastry
I assayde the musyke both knyght and lord
But none wold speke, the sounde bord was to bys
Then kept I the plain keyes the marred al my
melody
Enformacion draue a crochet that part al my songe
With proporcion parforce, drenen on to loone.

DIALOGUE.

Sufferance came in, to syng a parte
Go to quod trouth, I pray you begyne
Nay soft quod he, the gise of my parte
Is to reat a longe rest or I set in
Nay by long resting ye shall nothing wynthe
For informacion is so crafty and so bye in his songe
That yf ye fal to resting infayth in wilbe wrong

TRUEWETH.

Informacion wil teche a doctor his game
From superacute to the noble dyapason
I assayde to acute and when I came
Enformacion was mete for a noble dyatessaron
He song by a pothome that hath two kyndes in
one [song
With many subtel semetunes most met for this
Paciens parforce, content you with wronge

TRUTH.

I kepe be rounde and be by square
The one is hemole and the other bequare
If I myght make tryall as I could and dare
I shold show whi these ii. kyndes do varye
But God knowyth al, so doth not kyng Harry
For yf he dydde than chaunge shold this iii. song
Pytye, for patience, and consience, for wronge.

Nenyaswhete parabolam.

FINIS.

THE

P O E M S

OF

HENRY HOWARD,

EARL OF SURREY.

2 14
THE

LIFE OF HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

1517[?]—1547

This highly accomplished nobleman has been peculiarly unfortunate in his biographers, nor is there in the whole range of the English series a life written with less attention to probability. Even the few dates on which we can depend have been overlooked, with a neglect that is wholly unaccountable in men so professedly attentive to these matters as Birch, Walpole, and Warton.

The story usually told consists of the following particulars:—

“ Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, was the eldest son of Thomas, the third duke of Norfolk, lord high treasurer of England in the reign of Henry VIII. by Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham. He was born either at his father's seat at Framlingham, in Suffolk, or in the city of Westminster¹, and being a child of great hopes, all imaginable care was taken of his education. When he was very young, he was companion, at Windsor Castle, with Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond, natural son to Henry VIII. and afterwards student in Cardinal College, now Christ-church, Oxford. In 1532, he was with the duke of Richmond at Paris, and continued there for some time in the prosecution of his studies, and learning the French language; and upon the death of the duke in July, 1536, travelled into Germany, where he resided some time at the emperor's court, and thence went to Florence, where he fell in love with the fair Geraldine, the great object of his poetical addresses, and in the grand duke's court published a challenge against all who should dispute her beauty: which challenge being accepted, he came off victorious. For this approved valour, the duke of Florence made him large offers to stay with him; but he refused them, because he intended to defend the honour of his Geraldine in all the chief cities of Italy. But this design of his was diverted by letters sent to him by king Henry VIII. recalling him to England. He left Italy therefore, where he had cultivated his poetical

¹ A friend at Oxford has suggested that he may have been born at Lambeth, or at a house near Bishopsgate in London, which were the occasional residences of his father. C.

genius by the reading of the greatest writers of that country, and returned to his own country, where he was considered as one of the first of the English nobility who adorned his high birth with the advantages of a polite taste and extensive literature. On the first of May, 1540, he was one of the chief of those who justified at Westminster as a defendant against sir John Dudley, sir Thomas Seymour, and other challengers, where he behaved himself with admirable courage and great skill in the use of his arms; and, in 1542, served in the army, of which his father was lieutenant-general, and which, in October, this year, entered Scotland and burnt divers villages. In February or March following, he was confined to Windsor Castle for eating flesh in Lent, contrary to the king's proclamation of the 9th of February, 1542. In 1544, upon the expedition to Boulogne, in France he was field-marshall of the English army; and after taking that town, being then knight of the garter, he was in the beginning of September, 1545, constituted the king's lieutenant and captain general of all his army within the town and country of Boulogne. During his command there in 1546, hearing that a convoy of provisions of the enemy was coming to the fort at Oultreau, he resolved to intercept it; but the Rhingrave, with four thousand Lanskinets, together with a considerable number of French under the marshal de Briez, making an obstinate defence, the English were routed, and sir Edward Poynings, with divers other gentlemen, killed, and the earl of Surrey himself obliged to fly: though it appears, by a letter of his to the king, dated Jan. 6, 1545-6, that this advantage cost the enemy a great number of men. But the king was so highly displeased with this ill success, that from that time he contracted a prejudice against the earl, and soon after removed him from his command, appointing the earl of Hertford to succeed him. On this sir William Paget wrote to the earl of Surrey, to advise him to procure some eminent post under the earl of Hertford, that he might not be *unprovided in the town and field*. The earl, being desirous in the mean time to regain his former favour with the king, skirmished against the French, and routed them; but soon after, writing over to the king's council, that as the enemy had cast much larger cannon than had been yet seen, with which they imagined they should soon demolish Boulogne, it deserved consideration whether the lower town should stand, as not being defensible; the council ordered him to return to England, in order to represent his sentiments more fully upon those points, and the earl of Hertford was immediately sent over in his room. This exasperating the earl of Surrey, occasioned him to let fall some expressions which savoured of revenge, and a dislike of the king and an hatred of his counsellors; and was, probably, one great cause of his ruin soon after. His father, the duke of Norfolk, had endeavoured to ally himself to the earl of Hertford, and to his brother, sir Thomas Seymour, perceiving how much they were in the king's favour, and how great an interest they were likely to have under the succeeding prince; and therefore he would have engaged his son, being then a widower, (having lost his wife Frances, daughter of John earl of Oxford), to marry the earl of Hertford's daughter, and pressed his daughter, the duchess of Richmond, widow of the king's natural son, to marry sir Thomas Seymour. But though the earl of Surrey advised his sister to the marriage projected for her, yet he would not consent to that designed for himself; nor did the proposition about himself take effect. The Seymours could not but perceive the enmity which the earl bore them; and they might well be jealous of the greatness of the Howard family, which was not only too considerable for subjects of itself, but was raised so high, by the dependence of the whole popish party, both at home and abroad, that they were likely to be very dangerous competitors for

the chief government of affairs, if the king should die, whose disease was now growing so fast upon him, that he could not live many weeks. Nor is it improbable that they persuaded the king, that if the earl of Surrey should marry the princess Mary, it might embroil his son's government, and perhaps ruin him. And it was suggested that he had some such high project in his thoughts, both by his continuing unmarried, and by his using the arms of Edward the confessor, which, of late, he had given in his coat without a diminution. To complete the duke of Norfolk's and his son's ruin, his duchess, who had complained of his using her ill, and had been separated from him about four years, turned informer against him. And the earl, and his sister, the duchess dowager of Richmond, being upon ill terms together, she discovered all she knew against him; as likewise did one Mrs. Holland, for whom the duke was believed to have had an unlawful affection. But all these discoveries amounted only to some passionate expressions of the son, and some complaints of the father, who thought that he was not beloved by the king and his counsellors, and that he was ill used in not being trusted with the secret of affairs. However, all persons being encouraged to bring information against them, sir Richard Southwel charged the earl of Surrey in some points of an higher nature; which the earl denied, and desired to be admitted, according to the martial law, to fight in his shirt with sir Richard. But, that not being granted, he and his father were committed prisoners to the Tower on the 12th of December, 1546; and the earl, being a commoner, was brought to his trial in Guildhall, on the 13th of January following, before the lord chancellor, the lord mayor, and other commissioners; where he defended himself with great skill and address, sometimes denying the accusations, and weakening the credit of the witnesses against him, and sometimes interpreting the words objected to him in a far different sense from what had been represented. For the point of bearing the arms of Edward the confessor, he justified himself by the authority of the heralds. And when a witness was produced, who pretended to repeat some high words of his lordship's, by way of discourse, which concerned him nearly, and provoked the witness to return him a braving answer; the earl left it to the jury to judge, whether it was probable that this man should speak thus to him and he not strike him again. In conclusion, he insisted upon his innocence; but was found guilty, and had sentence of death passed upon him. He was beheaded on Tower-bill on the 19th of January, 1546-7; and his body interred in the church of All Hallows, Barking, and afterwards removed to Framlingham, in Suffolk."

Such is the account drawn up by Dr. Birch for the " Illustrious Heads," from Anthony Wood, Camden, Herbert, Dugdale, and Burnet's History of the Reformation. The principal errors (corrected in this transcription), are, his making the earl of Surrey son to the second duke of Norfolk⁸, and the duke of Richmond natural son to Henry the Seventh.

His next biographer to whom any respect is due was the late earl of Orford, in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. The account of Surrey, in this work, derives its chief merit from lord Orford's ingenious explanation of the sonnet on Geraldine, which amounts to this, that Geraldine was Elizabeth, (second daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald earl of Kildare) and afterwards third wife of Edward Clinton earl of Lincoln,

⁸ The same error appears on the monument erected to the earl's memory at Framlingham, in 1612, by his second son, Henry, earl of Northampton. Dugdale admits the error in p. 268, but corrects it in p. 274, vol. II. C.

and that Surrey probably saw her first at Hunsdon-house in Hertfordshire, where, as she was second cousin to the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, who were educated in this place, she might have been educated with them, and Surrey, as the companion of the duke of Richmond, the king's natural son, might have had interviews with her, when the duke went to visit his sister.—All this is ingenious; but no light is thrown upon the personal history of the earl, and none of the difficulties, however obvious, in his courtship of Geraldine removed, or even hinted at, nor does lord Orford condescend to inquire into the dates of any event in his life.

Mr. Warton commences his account of Surrey, by observing, that “ lord Surrey's life throws so much light on the character and subject of his poetry, that it is almost impossible to consider the one, without exhibiting a few anecdotes of the other.” He then gives the memoirs of Surrey almost in the words of lord Orford, except in the following instance.

“ A friendship of the closest kind commencing between these two illustrious youth, (Surrey and the duke of Richmond) about the year 1530, they were both removed to cardinal Wolsey's college at Oxford.—Two years afterwards (1532) for the purpose of acquiring every accomplishment of an elegant education, the earl accompanied his noble friend and fellow pupil into France, where they received king Henry, on his arrival at Calais to visit Francis I. with a most magnificent retinue. The friendship of these two young noblemen was soon strengthened by a new tie; for Richmond married the lady Mary Howard, Surrey's sister. Richmond, however, appears to have died in the year 1536, about the *age of seventeen*, having never cohabited with his wife. It was long before Surrey forgot the untimely loss of this amiable youth, the friend and associate of his childhood, and who nearly resembled himself in genius, refinement of manners, and liberal acquisitions.”

After adopting lord Orford's explanation of the sonnet on Geraldine, Mr. Warton proceeds to Surrey's travels, beginning with a circumstance on which much more attention ought to have been bestowed.

“ It is not precisely known at what period the earl of Surrey began his travels. They have the air of a romance. He made the tour of Europe in the true spirit of chivalry, and with the ideas of an Amadis; proclaiming the unparalleled charms of his mistress, and prepared to defend the cause of her beauty with the weapons of knight-errantry. Nor was this adventurous journey performed without the intervention of an enchanter. The first city in Italy which he proposed to visit was Florence, the capital of Tuscany, and the original seat of the ancestors of his Geraldine. In his way thither, he passed a few days at the emperor's court, where he became acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa, a celebrated adept in natural magic. This visionary philosopher shewed our hero, in a mirror of glass, a living image of Geraldine, reclining on a couch, sick, and reading one of his most tender sonnets by a waxen taper. His imagination, which wanted not the flattering representations and artificial incentives of allusion, was heated anew by this interesting and affecting spectacle. Inflamed with every enthusiasm of the most romantic passion, he hastened to Florence; and on his arrival, immediately published a defiance against any person who could handle a lance, and was in love, whether Christian, Jew, Turk, Saracen or Cannibal, who should presume to dispute the superiority of Geraldine's beauty: as the lady was pretended to be of Tuscan extraction, the pride of the Florentines was flattered on this occasion; and the grand duke of Tuscany permitted a general and unmolested ingress into his dominions of the combatants of all countries,

till this important trial should be decided. The challenge was accepted, and the earl victorious. The shield which he presented to the duke before the tournament began is exhibited in Virtue's valuable plate of the Arundel family, and was actually in the possession of the late duke of Norfolk.

These heroic vanities did not, however, so totally engross the time which Surrey spent in Italy, as to alienate his mind from letters: he studied with the greatest success a critical knowledge of the Italian tongue; and, that he might give new lustre to the name of Geraldine, attained a just taste for the peculiar graces of the Italian poetry.

He was recalled to England, for some *idle reason*, by the king, much sooner than he expected; and he returned home the most elegant traveller, the most *polite lover*, the most learned nobleman, and the most accomplished gentleman of his age. Dexterity in tilting, and gracefulness in managing a horse under arms, were excellencies now viewed with a critical eye, and practised with a high degree of emulation. In 1540, at a tournament held in the presence of the court at Westminster, and in which the principal of the nobility were engaged, Surrey was distinguished above the rest for his address in the use and exercise of arms; but his martial skill was not solely displayed in the parade and ostentation of these domestic combats. In 1542 he marched into Scotland as a chief commander in his father's army, and was conspicuous for his conduct and bravery at the memorable battle of *Flodden-field*, where James the Fourth of Scotland was killed."

The only other passage in which Mr. Warton improves³ upon his authorities is a very proper addition to the above account of lord Surrey's travels.

Among these anecdotes of Surrey's life, I had almost forgot to mention what became of his amour with the fair Geraldine. We lament to find that Surrey's devotion to this lady did not end in a wedding; and that all his gallantries and verses availed so little. No memoirs of that incurious age have informed us whether her beauty was equalled by her cruelty, or whether her ambition prevailed so far over her gratitude, as to tempt her to prefer the solid glories of a more splendid title, and ample fortune, to the challenges and the compliments of so magnanimous, so faithful, and so eloquent a lover. She appears, however, to have been afterwards the third wife of Edward Clinton, earl of Lincoln. Such also is the power of time and accident over amorous vows, that even Surrey himself outlived the violence of his passion: he married Frances, daughter of John, earl of Oxford, by whom he left several children. One of his daughters, Jane, countess of Westmoreland, was among the learned ladies of that age, and became famous for her knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages."

It is truly wonderful that lord Orford and Mr. Warton, delighted as they were with the "romantic air" of lord Surrey's travels, should by any enchantment have been prevented from inquiring whether the events which they have placed between the years 1536 and 1546, when lord Surrey died, were at all consistent with probability: had they made the slightest inquiry into the age of lord Surrey, although the precise year and day of his birth might not have been recoverable, they could not have failed to obtain such information as would have thrown a suspicion on the whole story of his knighthood.

The birth of lord Surrey may be conjectured to have taken place some time between the years 1515 and 1520: my opinion, which however I do not mean to obtrude, is in

³ It is perhaps unnecessary to point out the many little embellishments in this story, for which we are entirely indebted to Mr. Warton's elegant pen. C.

favour of the former year, or one earlier than 1520⁴. He was, it is universally agreed, the school companion of the duke of Richmond, who died in 1536, in his seventeenth year; and if we allow that Surrey was two or three years older⁵, it will not much affect the high probability that he was a very young man at the time when his biographers made him fall in love with Geraldine, and maintain her beauty at Florence. None of the portraits of Surrey, as far as the present writer has been able to ascertain, mention his age, except that in the picture-gallery at Oxford, on which is inscribed that he was beheaded in "1547, set. 27:" the inscription, indeed, is in a hand posterior to the date of the picture (supposed to be by Holbein); but it may have been the hand of some successful inquirer; and that in Arundel castle, which is inscribed set. 29. None of the books of peerage notice his birth or age, nor are these circumstances inserted on his monument at Framlingham. Conjecture, it has been already observed, supposes him to have been born sometime between 1515 and 1520: if we take the earliest of these dates, it will still remain that his biographers have either crowded more events into his life than it was capable of holding, or that they have delayed his principal adventures until they become undeserving of credit, and inconsistent with his character.

Mr. Warton observes, that "it is not precisely known at what period the earl of Surrey began his travels;" but this is a matter of little consequence in refuting the account usually given of those travels, because all his biographers are agreed that he did not set out *before* the year 1536: at this time he had ten years only of life before him, which have been filled up in a very extraordinary manner. First he travels over a part of Europe, vindicating the beauty of Geraldine; in 1540 he is celebrated at the justs at Westminster; in 1542 he goes to Scotland with his father's army; in 1543 (probably) he is imprisoned for eating flesh in Lent; in 1544-5 he is commander at Boulogne; and lastly, amidst all these romantic adventures or serious events, he has leisure to marry the daughter of the earl of Oxford, and beget five children; which we may suppose would occupy at least five or six of the above ten years, and these not the last five or six years, for we find him a widower a considerable time before his death. Among other accusations whispered in the ear of his jealous sovereign, one was his *continuing unmarried* (an expression which usually denotes a considerable length of time) after the period when a second marriage might be decent, in order that he might marry the princess Mary, in the event of the king's death, and so disturb the succession of Edward.

The placing of these events in this series would render the story of his knight-errantry sufficiently improbable, were we left without any information respecting the date of Surrey's marriage; but that event renders the whole impossible, if we wish to preserve any respect for the consistency of his character: Surrey was actually married

* In his letter addressed to the lords of the council when he was in the Tower, previous to his trial and execution, we find him more than once pleading his youth: he requests their lordships to "impute his error to the fury of recheleese youth"—"Let my youth, unpractised in durance, obtain pardon"—"Neither am I the first young man that, governed by fury, hath enterprised such things as he hath afterwards repented." These expressions give some countenance to the supposition that the dates on his portraits above-mentioned are nearly right. See the above letter in Mr. Park's valuable edition of The Royal and Noble Authors. C.

⁵ My Oxford correspondent informs me that Richmond was a year older than Surrey. C.

before the commencement of his travels in pursuit or in defence of Geraldine's beauty. His eldest son Thomas, fourth duke of Norfolk, was eighteen years old when his grandfather died in 1554⁶: he was consequently born in 1536; and his father, it is surely reasonable to suppose, was married in 1535⁷. It would therefore be unnecessary to examine the story of Surrey's romantic travels any farther, if we had not some collateral authorities which may still show that whatever may be wrong in the present statement, it is certain that there is very little right in the common accounts which have been read and copied without any suspicion.

If it be said that Surrey's age is not exactly known, and therefore allowing 1536 the date of his travels to be erroneous, it is possible that he might have been enamoured of Geraldine long before this; and it is possible that his travels might have commenced in 1526, or any other period founded on this new conjecture: this, however, is as improbable as all the rest of the story; for it can be decidedly proved that there was no time for Surrey's gallantries towards Geraldine, except the period which his biographers, however absurdly, have assigned, namely, when he was a married man. The father of lady Elizabeth, the supposed Geraldine, married in 1519 one of the daughters of Thomas Grey, marquis of Dorset, and by her had five children, of whom Elizabeth was the fourth, and therefore probably not born before the year 1523 or 1524: if Surrey's courtship, therefore, must be carried further back, it must be carried to the nursery; for even in 1536, when we are told he was her knight-errant, she could not have been more than eleven or twelve years old: let us add to this a few particulars respecting Geraldine's husband. She married Edward lord Clinton: he was born in 1512, was educated in the court, and passed his youth in those magnificent and romantic amusements which distinguished the beginning of Henry VIII's reign; but did not appear as a public character until the year 1544, when he was thirty-two years of age, Geraldine about twenty-four, and Surrey within two years of his death, and most probably a widower. This earl of Lincoln had three wives; the date of his marriage with any of them is not known, nor how long they lived; but Geraldine was the third and only one by whom he had no children, and who survived his death, which took place in 1584, thirty-eight years after the death of Surrey. Mr. Warton, in his earnest desire to connect her with Surrey, insinuates that she might have been either cruel, or that her "ambition prevailed so far over her gratitude, as to tempt her to prefer the solid glories of a more splendid title and ample fortune, to the challenges and the compliments of so magnanimous, so faithful, and so eloquent a lover." On this it is only necessary to remark, that the lady's ambition might have been as highly gratified by marrying the accomplished and gallant Surrey, the heir of the duke of Norfolk, as by allying herself to a nobleman of inferior talents and rank; but of his two conjectures, Mr. Warton seems most to adhere to that of cruelty, for he adds that "Surrey himself outlived his amorous vows, and married the daughter of the earl of Oxford." This, however, is as little deserving of serious examination as the ridiculous story of Cornelius Agrippa showing Geraldine in a glass, which Anthony Wood found in Drayton's Heroical Epistle, or probably, as Mr. Park thinks, took it from Nash's fanciful Life of Jack Wilton, published in 1594; where, under the character of his hero, he professes to

⁶ Collins, &c. C.

⁷ If, according to the conjecture of some, he was born in 1515, he was now twenty years of age; but had he been born in 1520, the more usual supposition, there are not wanting instances of early marriages in past times: the duke of Richmond, we find, died a married man at seventeen. C

have travelled to the emperor's court as page to the earl of Surrey. But it is unfortunate for this story, wheresoever borrowed, that Agrippa was no more a conjurer than any other learned man of his time; and that he died at Grenoble the year before Surrey is said to have set out on his romantic expedition. Drayton has made a similar mistake in giving Surrey as one of the companions of his voyage, the great sir Thomas More, who was beheaded in 1535, a year likewise before Surrey set out. Poetical authorities, although not wholly to be rejected, are of all others to be received with the greatest caution; yet it was probably Drayton's *Heroical Epistle*⁸ which led Mr. Warton into so egregious a blunder as that of our poet being present at Flodden-field in the year 1513. Dr. Sewell, indeed, in the short memoir prefixed to his edition of Surrey's poems, asserts the same; but little credit is due to the assertion of a writer who at the same time fixes Surrey's birth in 1520, seven years after that memorable battle was fought.

It is now time to inquire whether the accounts hitherto given can be confirmed by internal evidence. It has been so common to consider Geraldine as the mistress of Surrey, that all his love poems are supposed to have a reference to his attachment to that lady. Mr. Warton begins his narrative by observing that "Surrey's life throws so much light on the character and subjects of his poetry, that it is almost impossible to consider the one without exhibiting a few anecdotes of the other." We have already seen what those anecdotes are; how totally irreconcileable with probability, and how simply refuted by the dates which his biographers, unfortunately for their story, have uniformly furnished. When we look into the poems we find the celebrated sonnet to Geraldine the only specious foundation for his romantic attachment; but as that attachment and its consequence cannot be supported without a continual violation of probability, and in opposition to the very dates which are brought to confirm it, it seems more safe to conjecture that this sonnet was one of our author's earliest productions, addressed to Geraldine, a mere child, by one who was only not a child, as an effort of youthful gallantry in one of his interviews with her at Hunsdon. Whatever credit may be given to this conjecture, for which the present writer is by no means anxious, it is certain that if we reject it, or some conjecture of the same import, and adopt the accounts given by his biographers, we cannot proceed a single step without being opposed by invincible difficulties. There is no other poem in Surrey's collection that can be proved to have any reference to Geraldine; but there are two with the same title, viz. *The Complaint of the absence of her lover being upon the Sea*, which are evidently written in the character of a wife lamenting the absence of her husband, and tenderly alluding to "his faire little soone." Mr. Warton indeed finds Geraldine in the beautiful lines beginning "Give place, ye lovers, here before;" and from the lines "Spite drove me into Boreas reign," infers that her anger drove him into a colder climate, with what truth may now be left to the reader: but another of his conjectures cannot be passed over. "In 1544," he says, "lord Surrey was field-marshal of the English army in the expedition to Boulogne, which he took. In that age love and arms constantly went together; and it was amidst the fatigues of this protracted campaign that he composed his last sonnet called *The Fancies of a wearied Lover*: but this is a mere supposition. The poems of Surrey are without dates, and were arranged by their first editor without any attention to a matter of so much importance. The few

⁸ See Drayton's works, vol. IV. p. 96. et seq. C.

allusions made to his personal history in these poems are very dark; but in some of them there is a train of reflections which seems to indicate that misfortunes and disappointments had dissipated his quixotism, and reduced him to the sober and serious tone of a man whose days had been "few and evil." Although he names his productions *songs* and *sonnets*, they have less of the properties of either than of the elegiac strain. His scripture-translations appear to be characteristic of his mind and situation in his latter days: what, unless a heart almost broken by the unnatural conduct of his friends and family, could have induced the gay and gallant Surrey, the accomplished courtier and soldier, to console himself by translating these passages from Ecclesiastes which treat of the shortness and uncertainty of all human enjoyments, or those Psalms which direct the penitent and the forsaken to the throne of almighty power and grace? Mr. Warton remarks that these translations of Scripture "show him to have been a friend to the reformation;" and this, which is highly probable, may have been one reason why his sufferings were embittered by the neglect, if not the direct hostility, of some of his relations. The translation of the Scriptures into prose was but just tolerated in his time; and to familiarize them by the graces of poetry must have appeared yet more obnoxious to the enemies of the reformation. I have said ~~some~~ of his relations; his father I should hope cannot be enumerated in this class. After Surrey's execution, his sister, the duchess of Richmond, took care of the education of his children, and engaged Fox the martyrologist to be their tutor; and the duke, when this zealous protestant was pursued by the bloody Gardiner, screened him from his fury; and when he found it no longer safe to keep him, conveyed him abroad in spite of Gardiner's vigilance. This surely was not the act of a bigotted papist.

Although the present writer has taken some liberties with the historian of English poetry in his account of Surrey's life, he has not the presumption to omit Mr. Warton's elegant and just criticism on his poems. "Surrey, for justness of thought, correctness of style, and purity of expression, may justly be pronounced the first English classical poet. He unquestionably is the first polite writer of love-verses in our language, although it must be allowed that there is a striking native beauty in some of our love-verses written much earlier than Surrey's." It is also worthy of notice, that while all his biographers send him to Italy to study its poetry, Mr. Warton finds nothing in his works of that metaphysical cast which marks the Italian poets, his supposed masters, especially Petrarch. "Surrey's sentiments are for the most part natural and unaffected, arising from his own feelings, and dictated by the present circumstances: his poetry is alike unembarrassed by learned allusions, or elaborate conceits. If our author copies Petrarch, it is Petrarch's better manner; when he descends from his Platonic abstractions, his refinements of passion, his exaggerated compliments, and his play upon opposite sentiments, into a track of tenderness, simplicity, and nature. Petrarch would have been a better poet had he been a worse scholar: our author's mind was not too much overlaid by learning."

The translation of the two books of the Eneid is "executed with fidelity, without a prosaic servility; the diction is often poetical, and the versification varied with proper pauses." Its principal merit, however, is that of being the first specimen in the English language of blank verse, which was at that time growing fashionable in the Italian poetry. It is very probable that he intended to have translated the whole; and he is so much more elegant and correct in this than in his other translations, that the Eneid appears to have been the production of his happier days. The other authors

who preceded Milton in the attempts to break through the shackles of rhyme were Turberville, Gascoyne, Riche, Peele, Higgins, Aske, Vallans, Breton, Chapman, Marlow, &c.⁹

The fidelity which Mr. Warton attributes to the translations from Virgil our author has not preserved in his translations from Scripture, which are very liberal; and by frequent omissions and a different arrangement made to suit his situation and feelings at the time they were written, which was probably when he was in the Tower.

Surrey's poems were in high reputation among his contemporaries and immediate successors, who vied with each other in compliments to his genius, gallantry, and personal worth. They were first printed in 1557 by Tottel, in 4to. with the title of "Songes and sonettes by the right honorable Henry Howard, late earl of Surrey, and other." Several editions of the same followed in 1565, 1567, 1569, 1574, 1585, and 1587. So many editions prove a degree of popularity which fell to the lot of very few poets of that age; but after the time of Elizabeth they became gradually obscure, and we find no modern edition until Pope's incidental notice of him (in *Windsor Forest*) as the "Granville of a former age," induced the booksellers to employ Dr. Sewell to be the editor of Surrey's, Wyat's, and the poems of uncertain authors: but the doctor performed his task with so little knowledge of the language, that this is perhaps the most incorrect edition extant of any ancient poet. It would have been surprising had it contributed to revive his memory, or justify Pope's comparison and eulogium.

The translation of the second and fourth book of the *Ezeid* was published in 1557; but it seems doubtful whether together or separately. The translations of the *Psalm*, *Ecclesiastes*, and the few additional original poems were printed¹⁰, but not published, many years ago, by Dr. Percy, from a MS. now in the possession of Thomas Hill, esq. who, with his usual liberality, has permitted a transcription for the present edition¹¹.

⁹ These specimens were long ago collected by Dr. Percy, bishop of Dromore, to be added to an edition of Surrey's poems, which is now nearly ready for the press; but will probably be anticipated by an elaborate edition prepared by the Rev. Dr. Nott, whose inquiries, he obligingly informs me, have produced a very singular fact, namely, that lord Surrey's lady survived him, and married a second husband. This, although not essential to the support of what I have presumed to advance with respect to Surrey's history, is an additional proof of the carelessness of those writers who lived nearest his time. What becomes of Henry VIII's jealousy of his designs on the princess Mary? C.

¹⁰ The whole impression was consumed in the destructive fire which took place in Mr. Nicol's premises, Jan. 1808.

¹¹ This MS. descended from the Harrington family: see Mr. Park's edition of the *Neue Antike*. In his edition of the Royal and Noble Authors are some interesting particulars respecting the various editions of Surrey's poems. C.

TO THE READER.

THEAR to have wel written in verse, yea, and in smal paralles, desureth great praye, the workes of
disers Latines, Italianes, and other, doe proue sufficently. That our tong is able in that kinde to due
so praye worthely as the rest, the honorable stile of the noble Earle of Sorrey, and the weightiness of
the depe-witted sir Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with several graces in sundry good English writers,
do shew abundantly. It resteth now (gentle reader) that thou thinke it not euyll done, to publishe
to the honor of the Englishe tong, and for profit of the studious of Englishe eloquence, those workes
which the ungentle horders up of such treasure have heretofore ennyed thee. And for this point
(good reader) thine owne profit and pleasure, in these presently, and in moe hereafter, shal answere
for my defence. If perhapses some mislike the statelynesse of style remooved from the rude skil of
common care, I aske helpe of the learned to defende theyr learned frendes, the authors of this
woorte: and I exhort the unlearned, by reading to learme to bee more skilful, and to purge that
windelike grossenesse, that maketh the swete majorome not to smell to their delight.

POEMS

OF

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF A LOVER, WITH SURE TO HIS LADIE, TO RUE ON HIS DYING HART.

THE Sunne hath twise brought forth his tender
grene,
Twise clad the earth in lively lustiness;
Once have the windes the trees dispoyled clene,
And ones again begins their cruelnesse.
Sins I have bid under my brest the harme,
That never shal recover healthfuneuse.
The winters hert recoveres with the warme:
The parched grene restored is with shade:
What warmbth, alas! may serve for to disarme
The frozen hart, that mine in flame hath made?
What cold againe is able to restore
My fresh grene yeres, that wither thus and fade?
Alas! I se nothing hath hurt so sore,
But Time, in time, reduceth a returne:
In time my harme increaseth more and more,
And semes to haue my cure awlays in scorne:
Strange kindest of death, in life that I do trie;
At hand to melt, farre off in flame to burne.
And lyke as time list to my cure apply,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
Al thyng alive, that seeth the heavens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer, and excuse
It selfe from travails of the dayes unrest,
Sase I, alas! against al others use,
That then stirre up the tormentes of my brest,
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate.
And when the sunne hath eke the darke opprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The travails of mine endlesse smart and paine;
For then as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more covetly to plaine;
And me withdraw from every haunted place,
Lest by my chere my chance appere to plaine:
And in mynde I measure pace by pace,

To seke the place where I my self had lost,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In sennin slack, that knitteth ever most.
But never yet the trauaile of my thought,
Of better state could catch a cause to bost:
For if I finde, some time that I have sought,
Those sterres by whom I trusted of the port,
My sailes do fail and I advance right nought;
As ankerd fast my spirites doe all resort
To stand agazed, and sink in more and more
The deadly harme which she doth take in sport.
Lo, if I seke, how do I finde my sore?
And yf I flee, I carry with me still
The venomd shaft, which doth his force restores
By haste of flight. And I may plaine my fill
Unto my self, unlesse this carefull song
Print in your hart some parcel of my tene
For I, alas! in silence all to long,
Of mine old hert yet felt the wound but grene,
Rue on my life, or els your cruel wrong
Shall well appere, and by my death be sene.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING, WHERIN EKE THING REMOVES SAUE ONLY THE LOVER.

THE soote season, that bud and blome forth
brings,
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale:
The nightingale with fethers new she sings:
The turtle to her mate hath tolde her tale:
Somer is come, for every spray now springs:
The hart hath hong his old hed on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coate he flings:
The fishes flete with new repaired scale:
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the fies smale;
The busy bee her honys now she mings,
Winter is worse, that was the flowers bale.

And thus I se amog these pleasant things
Ecce care decays; and yet my sorrow springa.

*DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESSE STATE
OF A LOUER.*

WHEN youth had led me halfe the race
That Cupides scourge had made me ranne,
I lookt backe to mete the place,
From whence my weary cours begunne.

And then I sawe how my desire,
Misguiding me, had led the way,
Myne eyen to gredy of their hire
Had made me lose a better pray.

For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloke my grief with game,
The boylng smoke did still bewray
The present heats of secrete flame.

And when salt teares do bain my brest,
Where Loue his pleasant traines hath sowne,
Her beauty hath the frutes opprest,
Bere that the buds were sprong and blowne.

And when mine eyen did still pursue
The flying chace of theyr request,
Their gredy looks did oft renew
The hiddeyn wounde within my brest.

When every loke these chekes might slaine,
From deadly pale to glowing red;
By outward signes appeared plaine,
To her for help my hart was fled.

But all to helpe Loue learneth me,
To paint al kind of colours new,
To blinde their eyes that els should see
My specked chekes with Cupides hew.

And now the conert brest I claime,
That worshippt Cupide secretly;
And nourished his sacred flame,
From whence no blasing sparkes do flye.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FICKLE AFFECTIONS, PANGES, AND SLEIGHTES OF LOUE.

Such wayward waies hath Loue, that most part
in discord

Our wills do stand; whereby our harts but
seldom do accord.

Deceit is his delight, and to beglie and mocke
The simple barts, whom he doth strike with
froward divers stroke. [darts;

He causeth th' one to rage with golden burning
And doth alay with leaden colde again the others
hart. [of flame

Whote glemes of burning fire, and easy sparkes
In balunce of vngal weight be pondereth by
aime. [well,

From easy ford where I might wade and passe full
He me withdrawes, and doth me drine into a
depe dark hell: [place:

And me withholdes, where I am cald and offred
And wills me that my mortal foe I do beseeke
of grace.

He lettes me to pursue a conquest wel-nere wortise,
To follow where my paines were lost ere that
my site begonne; [turne
So by this meanes I know how soone a hart may
From warre to peace, from truse to strife, and
so again returne.

I know how to content my self in others lust;
Of little stoffe unto my selfe to weave a web of
trust: [here,

And how to hide my harmes with soft desemblance
Whan in my face the painted thoughts would
outwardly apera. [dred;

I know how that the blood forsakes the face for
And how by shame it stains againe the chekes
with flaming red.

I know vnder the grene the serpent how he lurketh:
The hammer of the restlesse forge, I wote eke
how it workes. [red;

I know and can by roote the tale that I woulde
But oft the wordes come forth awrie of him that
louth wel.

I know in heate and cold the louer how he shaker,
In singing how he doth complaine, in sleeping
how he wakes:

To languish without ache, sicklesse for to consume;
A thousand things for to devise, resoluing all in
fume.

And though he list to see his ladies grace full sore,
Such pleasures as delight his eye, do not his
health restore.

I know to seke the track of my desired foe;
Aud feare to find that I do seke: But chiefly
this I know, [loued,
That louers must transforme into the thing be-
And live (alas! who would helve!) with sprite
from life removed.

I know in harty sighes and laughters of the spleene
At ones to change my state, my wyll, and eke
my colour clene.

I know how to decease my self with othes help:
And how the lion chartised is by heating of the
whelp.

In standing nere the fire, I know how that I frese:
Farr off I burne: in both I wiste, and so my
life I lese.

I know how loue doth rage vpon a yeilding
minde:

How smal a net may take and meash a hart
of gentle kinde:

Or els with seldome swete to season heapes of gall:
Reuinied with a glimse of grace old sorowes to
let fall.

The hidden traines I know and secret share of loue:
How soone a loke will print a thought, that
neuer may remoue. [wealth,

The slipper state I know, the solein turnes from
The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and sure
desperte of health.

*COMPLAINT OF A LOUER, THAT DEFIED
LOUE AND WAS BY LOUE AFTER THE
MORE TORMENTED.*

WHEN somer toke in hand the winter to assail,
With force of myght, and vertue great, his
stormy blasts to quall; [grene,
And when he clothed faire the earth about, with
And every tree new garmented, that pleasure
was to sene:

Mine hart gan new regne, and changed blood did star
 Me to withdraws my wynter woes, that kept within the dore.
 Abrode, quod my desire, assay to set thy fote
 Where thou shalt finde theavour awete, for sprong is every rote.
 And to thy heynth, if thou were sick in any case,
 Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire to fele a spase.
 There shal thou heare and se al kyndes of birdes ywrought,
 Wel tone their voice with warble smal, as nature hath them taught. [leave:
 Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to And for my heylth I thought it best such counsel to receave.
 So on a morow furth, vnuist of any wight,
 I went to proue how well it woulde my beauthe burthen light.
 And when I felt the aire so pleasant rounde about,
 Lord, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out. [hent:
 There might I se how Ver had every blossoune And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how they went:
 And in their songes me-thought they thanked nature much,
 That by ber licence al that yere to loue their happe was such,
 Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout;
 With much rejoysing to their Lord ther flew they al about. [ceane
 Which when I gan resolute, and in my head con- What pleasant lyfe, what heapes of joy these little birdes receave;
 And saw in what estate I very man was wrought,
 By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at sought:
 Lord, how I gan in wrath vnuisly me demeane! I cursed Loue and him defied: I thought to torn the stremme.
 But when I well beheld he bad me vnder awe,
 I asked morey for my fault, that so transgrest his lawe,
 Thou blinded God (quod I) forgyne me this offence, Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy presence. [sware:
 Wherwith he gane a beck, and thus me-thought he Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it were more.
 The vertue of which sound mine hert did so regne, That I, me-thought, was made as whole as any man alive.
 But here I may perceve mine errour al and some, For that I thought that so it was; yet was it still undone: [minde,
 And al that was no more but mine expressed That faine wold haue some good relife of Cupide wel asside.
 I turned home forthwith and myght perceve it wel, That he agreed was right sore with me for my rebel. [more:
 My hartnes base, euer since, increased more and And I remaine without his help, vndone for evermore.
 A mirror let me be vnto ye louers all: Scrive not with Loue, for if ye do, it will ye thow befall.

COMPLAINT OF A LOUER REBUKED.

Loue, that liueth and reigneth in my thought, That built his seat within my captiue brest, Clad in the armes wherin with me he fought, Of in my face he doth his banner rest, She, that me taught to loue, and suffer paine: My doutful hope, and eke my hot desire With shamefast cloke to shadowe and restraine; Her smiling grace conuerteth straight to ire. And coward Loue then to the hart aspoy. Taketh his flight, wheraw he turkes and plaines His purpose lost, and dare not shewe his face. For my lordes gill thus faultlese bide I paines; Yet from my lordes shal not my foote remoue: Swete is his death, that takes his end by Loue.

COMPLAINT OF THE LOUER DISDAINED.

In Cypris springes, whereas dame Venus dwelt, A well so bote, that whoso tastes the same, Were be of stone, as thawed yee should melt. And kindled find his breast with fixed flame: Whose moist payson dissolved hath my hape, This creeping fire my colde lime so opprest, That in the hart that harbordre fredome late, Endlesse despoyre long thraldome hath imprest. Another so colde in frozen yse is founde, Whose chilling venome of repugnant kinde The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde, And with the spot of change infects the minde. Whereof my dere bath tasted, to my paine, My service thus is growen into disdaine.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOUE GERALDINE.

FROM Taskane came my ladies worthy race; Faire Florence was sometime her* auncient seate The western yle, whose pleasant shore doth face Wilde Cambrys clifs, did gyve her lively heate: Fostered she was with milke of Irish brest; Her sire, an Earle; her dame of princes blood: From tender yeres, in Britaine she doth rest With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food. Honson did first present her to mine yien; Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight; Hampton me taught to wiste her first for mine: And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight: Her beauty of kind, her vertues from above; Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue!

THE FRAILTIE AND HURTFULNESS OF BEAUTIE.

BRITTLE beautie, that nature made so fraile, Wherof the gift is small and short the season; Flowering to day, to morowe apt to faile: Pickell treasure, abhorred of reason: Daungerous to deal with, vaine, of none assyde; Costly in keping, past not worthe two pence: Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile; Hardle to attaine, once gotten not reason:

1 Another well.

2 Lord Orford would read "their."

Iewell of jeopardy that peril doth amaine;
False and untrue, enticed oft to treason;
Enemy to youth, that most may I bewaile;
Ah, bitter sweete, infecting as the poysen.
Thou forrest as frute that with the frost is taken,
To day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken.

6 A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOUER
NOT BELOUED.

ALAS, so all things now doe holde their peace; Heaven and earth disturbed in no thing, [cease,
The banites, the ayer, the birdes their songe doe
The nightes charre the starres aboue doth bring; Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse:
So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great encrease
Of my desires, wherst I wepe and sing,
In joy and wo, as in a doubtful case!
For my swete thoughtes, sometime do pleasure
But by and by the cause of my disease [bring;
Gives me a pang, that inwardly doth sting;
When that I think what grief it is againe,
To live and lack the thing should rid my paine.

7 HOW ECHE THING SAUE THE LOUER IN
SPRING REUIUETH TO PLEASURE.

WHEN Windsor walles susteined my wearied
arme,
My hand my chin, to ease my restlesse hed:
The pleasant plot reueteled green with warme, &
The blossomed bowes with lusty Ver yspred,
The flowred meades, the wedded birmes so late
Mine eyen discouer: and to my minde resorte
The ioly woes, the hateless short debate,
The rakehell life that longes to loues disporte:
Wherewith, alas, the heawy charge of care
Heapt in my breast breaks forth, against my will,
In smokey sighes, that ouercast the ayer,
My vapord eyes such dryre teares distill[ed] [fall,
The tender spring which quicken where they
And I halfe bent to throwe me downe withal.

8 A VOW TO LOUER FAITHFULLY HOW SO
EVER HE BE REWARDED.

SET me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene,
Or where his beames do not dissolve the yse:
In temperate heate where he is felt and seuer:
In presence prest of people malde or wise:
Set me in hye, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest daye:
In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be:
In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye:
Set me in heaven, in earth, or els in hell,
In hyll or dale, or in the foming flood,
Thrall, or at large, alue whereso I dwell,
Sicke or in health, in ouill fame or good:
Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
Content my self, although my chaunce be nought.

9 COMPLAINT THAT HIS LADY AFTER SHE
KNEW OF HIS LOUER, KEPT HER FACE
ALWAY HIDDEN FROM HIM.

I NEVER sawe my Lady laye apart,
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heat,

Sith fyrt she knew my griefe was growen so greate;
Whiche other fancies drijeth from my hart
That to my self I do the thought reserue,
The which unwares did wound my woeeful breast;
But on her face mine eyen thought never rest:
Yet sime she knew I did her loue and serue,
Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke;
Her smynging lokes that hid thus emerore,
And that restraines whiche I desire so sore!
So dothe thy cornet guerne me slacke:
In somer, sunne: in winters breathe, a frostie
Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

10 REQUEST TO HIS LOUER TO IOINE BOUNTIE
WITH BEAUTIE.

THE golden gift that nature did the give,
To fasten frendes and fede them at thy will;
With foyme and fauour, taught me to beleue,
How thou arte made to shewe her greatest shill,
Whose hidden vertues are not ne vnknoouen,
But lively dounes mighte gather at the first
Where beauty so her perfecte seede hath sowne,
Of other graces folow nedes there must.
Now certene Ladie, sime all thy is true,
That from aboue thy giftes are thus elect;
Do not deface them with fancies newe,
Nor change of mindes let not the minde infect:
But merly bym thy frende, that doth thee serve,
Who sekes alway thine honour to preserue.

11 PRISONER IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNT-
ETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

SO cruel prison, how could betide, alas!
As prude Windsor: where I in lust and joye,
Wythe a kinges sonne¹, my childishe yeres did
paue,
In greater feast, than Priam's Sonnes of Troye:
Where ecne swete place returns a taste full sower:
The large grene courtes where we were woot to
hewe,

With eyes cast vp into the mayden tower,
And easie sigthes, such as folle drawe in loue;
The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe;
The daunces shorte, long tales of great delight
With wordes and lokes, that tygers could but rew,
Wher ecb of vs did pleade the others right.
The palme play, where, despoyled for the game,
With daxed yea off we by gleamen of loue,
Haue mist the ball, and gote sighte of our dame,
To bayte her eyes, which kept the leads above².
The grauell grounde, wythe sleves tide on the
belme
On fomyng horse, with swordes and friendly
harter;

With chear as though one should another whelme,
Where we haue fought, and chased off with daries;
With silver droppes the meade yet spred for ruthe,
In active games of nimblenes and strength,
Where we did straine, truyned with swartes of
youth,
Our tender limmes, that yet shot vp in length:

¹ The young duke of Richmond. ² W.

² The ladies were ranged on the leads or battlements of the castle to see the play. ^{W.}

The secrete gresse which oft we made resounde,
Of pleasant playnt, and of our ladies praise,
Recording of what grace eche one had founde,
What hope of sped, what drede of long delayes :
The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene,
With rayns awailed and swift ybreathed horse ;
With erie of boundes and mercy blastes betwene,
Wher we did chase the fearful harts of force.
The wide valens eke, that barbards vs echte nighte,
Wherwith (alas) reviueth in my brest
The swete accorde, such sleepes as yet delight,
The pleasant dreames, the quiet bed of rest :
The secrete thoughtes imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the diuers change of play,
The frenchedip sworne, eche promise kept so
iust ;
Wherwith we past the winter night away.
And with this thought, the bloud fornaketh the face,
The teares berayne my cheked of deadly hewe,
The whyche as sone as sobbing sighes, alas,
Uppmapped have, thus I my plaint renewe :
O place of blisse ! renuer of my woes,
Give me accompt, where is my noble fere ;
Whom in thy walles thou dost ech night enclose ;
To other leese, but unto me most dere :
Echo alas, that doth my sorow rewre,
Returns thereto a hollowe sounde of playnte.
Thus I alone, where all my fredoms grewre,
In prison pine with bondage and restrainte,
And with remembrance of the greater greefe,
To banish the leese, I find my chief refreefe.

*THE LOUER COMFORTETH HIMSELF
WITH THE WORTHINESSE OF HIS
LOUER.*

WHEN raging lone with extreme paine,
Most crudely distraies my hart ;
When that my teares, as floures of raine,
Pearle witness of my wofull smart :
When sighes haue wasted so my breath,
That I lye at the poynct of death :

I call to minde the nauye great,
That the Grekes brought to Troy towne,
And how the boystrous windes did beate
Their shippes, and rent their sailes adowne,
Till Agamemmons daughters blode,
Appeazde the Goddes that them withstode :

And how that in those ten yeres warre,
Full many a bloody dede was done ;
And many a lord that came full farre,
There caughte his hane (alas) to sone :
And many a good knight overthrowne,
Before the Grekes had Helene wonne.

Then thinke I thus : sithe suche repaire,
So longe time warre of valiant men,
Was all to winne a Lady fayre ;
Shall I not learme to suffre then,
And think my life well spent to be,
Serving a worthier wight than she ?

Therefore, I never will repent,
But paines contented still endure ;
For like as when, rough winter spent,
The pleasant spring straight draweth in vre ;
So after raging stormes of care,
Joyfull at length may be my fare.

*COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER
LOUER BEING UPON THE SEA.*

O HAPPY dames, that may embrace
The frute of your delight ;
Help to bewaile the wofull case,
And eke the heavy plignt.
Of me, that wanted to reioyce,
The fortune of my pleasant choice :
Good Ladies, help to fit my mourning voyse.

In ship, freight wth the remembraunce
Of thoughts and pleasures past,
He sailes, that hath in governance,
My life, while it will last.
With scalding sighes, for lacke of gale,
Furdering hys hope that is his saile,
Toward me, the swete port of hys auale,

Alas ! how oft in dremes I se
Those eyes that were my food,
Whrych sometime so delighted me
That yet they do me good :
Wherwith I wake with his retorne,
Whose absent flame did make me burne ;
But when I finde the lack, Lord ! how I mourne !

When other louers in armes acrosse,
Reioice their chiefe delight ;
Drowned in teares to mourne my losse
I stand the bitter nyght
In my window, where I may see,
Before the windes how the cloudes flee
Lo ! what mariner loue hath made of mee ?

And in grene wanes when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of winde,
A thousand farnes in that mood,
Assayle my restless minde :
Alas ! now drencheth my swete so,
That with the spoyle of my hart did go,
And left me : but, alas ! why did he so ?

And when the seas waxe calme againe,
To chace fro me annoye,
My doulful hope doth cause me plaine :
So drede cuts off my ioye.
Thus in my wealth mingled with wo,
And of ech thought a dout doth grow,
Now he comes ! will he come ? alas, no.

*COMPLAINT OF A DYING LOUER RE-
FUSED UPON HIS LADIES INJUST MIS-
TAKING OF HIS WRITING.*

In winters last retorne, when Boreas gan his
reigne, [them plaine :
And every tree unclothed fast, as nature taught
In misty morning darke, as shpe are then in
holde, [uafolde.
I hyde me fast, it sat me on, my shpe far to
And as it is a thing that louers haue by fittes,
Under a palme I heard one crie, as he had lost
his wittes. [playnt,
Whose voice did ring so shrill in utterynge of his
That I amazed was to heare, how loue coulds
hym attaine, [riddit this wo ;
Ah ! wretched man, quod he ; come death and
A just reward, a happy end, if it may chanc
thee so.

Thy pleasures past have wrought thy woe without
redresse; [ben the lese.
If thou hadst never felt no joy, thy smart had
And retchlesse of hys life, he gan both ryghe and
grome,
A rufull thing, methought, it was, to heare him
make such moane.
Thou cursed pen, mayd he, wo worth the birde thee
bare;
The man, the knife, and al that made thee, wo
be to their share:
Wo worth the time, and place, where I could so
endite! [can write!
And wo be it yet once againe, the pena that so
Unhappy hand! it had been happy time for me,
If, when to write thou learned first, vnyoyned
hailst thou be.
Thus cursed he himself, and every other wight,
Saued her alone whom loue him bound to serue
both day and night. [fordid,
Which when I heard, and saw, how he himself
Against the ground with bloudy strokes, him-
self even there to rid; [tho;
Had ben my heart of Blint, it must haue melted
For in my life I never saw a man so full of wo.
With teares for his redresse, I rashly to him ran;
And in my armes I caught him fast, and thus I
spake him than: [case,
What wofull wight art thou, that in such heavy
Tormentes thy seife with such despite, here in
this desert place? [dred,
Wherewith, as all agast, fulfilld with ire, and
He cast on me a staving luke, with colour pale
and ded; [plight,
Nay; what art thou, quod he, that in this heavy
Doest find me here, most wofull wretch, that
lyfe hath in despight?
I am (quod I) but poore and simple in degree;
A sheperdes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy
though I be: [should full,
Wyth that he gave a sigh as though the skie
And lowd alas he shriked oft, and Sheperd, gan
he call;
Come hie thee fast at ones, and print it in thy hort;
So thou shall know, and I shall tell the, gyltless
how I smart. [faint,
His back against the tree, sore fubled all with
With weary sprite, he stretcht hym up, and
thus he told his plaint: [froue
Ones in my hort (quod he) it chauened me to
Such one, in whom hath nature wrought, her
Comming for to prove:
And sore I cannot say, but many yeres were spent,
With such good will so recompens, as both we
were content.
Whereto then I me bound, and she likewise also,
The Sunne should ronne his course astray, ere
we this faith forego. [blisse?
Who oyed then but I? who had this worder
Who mighte compare a life to myne, that never
thought on this?
But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest joy,
Is me besallen a greater losse, then Priam bed
of Troy;
She is ruered cleane, and beneath me in hand,
That my deserts haue gauen cause to breke this
faithfull band;
And for my just excuse availeth no defence:
Now knowest thou all; I can no more; but
sheperd hic thee hence,

And gane him lese to dye, that may no longer
live,
Whose record to I claine to haue, my deaht I
do forgyne; [plaine;
And eke when I am gone, be bold to speake it
Thou hast seen dye the truest man, that ever
loue dyd paine. [for breath;
Wherwith he turnde him rounde, and grasping aft
Into his armes a tree he caught, and said, wel-
come my death:
Welcome a thousand foldes, now dearer unto me,
Than should without her loue to haue an empe-
rour to be.
Thus in this wofull state, he yelded up the ghost;
And little knoweth his lady, what a lourer she
hath lost.
Whose death when I beheld, no marvel was it, right
For pitie though my heart did bleed, to see so
piteous sight. [sore;
My bloud from heat to cold oft changed wonders
A thousand troubles there I found I never knew
before: [brought in feare,
Twene drede and dolour, so my sprites were
That long it was ere I could call to minde, what
I did there. [of myne;
But as eke thing hath end, so had these paynes
The furies past, and I my wits restord by length
of time:
Then as I could denyse, to seke I thought it best,
Where I might finde some worthy place for such
a corse to rest: [away
And in my minde it came, from thence not farre
Where Crescida loue, king Priams sonne the
worthy Troilus lay:
By him I made his tombe, in token he was true,
And as to him belongeth well, I couered it with
blew;
Whose soule by angels power, departed not so sone,
But to the heauens, lo, it fled, for to receive his
done.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOVER BEING UPON THE SEA.

Good ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile,
Step in your fote, come take a place, and moorne
with me while:
And such as by their lordes do set but little price,
Let them sit still, it skillers them not whatchance
come on the dice:
But ye whom loue hath bound by order of desire,
To loue your lordes, whose good deserthes nowe
other wold require:
Come ye yet ones againe, and set your fote by mine,
Whose wofull plight, and sorowes great, no long
may well define. [weith,
My loue and lord, a's! in whom consistes my
Hath fortune sent to paze the seas in hazard
of his belth: [minde,
Whom I was wont t'embrasse with well contented
Is now amid the foming floods at pleasure of the
winde: [me sende,
Where God will hym preserue, and sone hym home
Without which hope my life (alas) were shortly
at an ende. [me plaine,
Whose absence yet although my hope doth tell
With short returne he comes alone, yet censeth
not my payne:

A WARNING TO THE LOUER.

331

The fearfull dreames I have, oft times do greue
me so,

That when I wake, I lye in dout, where they be
true or no: [so hye,

Sometimes the roaring seas, me semes, do grow
That my dere lord, ay me, alas! methinkes I
see him dye.

And other time the same doth tel me, he is come,
And playing, where I shall him find with his
faire little sonne.

So, forth I goe apace to see that leefsome aight,
And with a kisse, metlinke, I say, welcome my
lord, my knight;

Welcome my awete, alas, the stay of my welfare,
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me,
and my care:

Then luely doth he loke, and salueth me againe,
And sayth, my dere, how is it now, that you
have all this payne? [brest,

Wherewith the heavy cares that heapt are in my
Breake forth, and me diachargen clene of all my
huge unrest.

But when I me awake, and find it but a dreme
The anguish of my former wo beginneth more
extreme,

And me tormenteth so, that unneath may I find,
Some hidden place, wherin to slake the gnawing
of my mind.

Thus every way you se, with absence how I burn,
And for my wound, no cure I find, but hope of
good return; [the more,
Sene when I thinke, by sower, how awete is feit
It doth abate some of my paines, that I abode
before:

And then unto my self I say, when we shall mette,
But little while shall seime this paine, the joy
shall be so awete.

Ye windes I you coniure in cheifest of your rage,
That ye my lord me safely send, my sorowes to
a swage.

And that I may not long abide in this excesse,
Do your good wil, to cure a wight, that liveth in
distresse.

A PRAISE OF HIS LOUE, WHEREIN HE REPROUERTH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

Give place, ye louers, here before,
That spent your bostes and bregges in vain,
My ladies beautie passeth more,
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Then doth the sunne the candle light;
Or brightest day the darkest night,

And thereto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the faire,
For what she sayth, ye may it trust,
As by it writing sealed were:
And virtues hath she many moe,
Than I with pen have skill to shewe.

I could rehersse if that I would,
The whole effect of Natures plaint,
When she had lost the perfite mould,
The like to whomre she could not paint:
With wringyng hands, how she did ery,
And what she said, I knew it, I.

I knowe she swore with raging minde
Her kingdome onely set apart;
There was no losse, by lawe of kinde,
That could haue gone so neare her hart;
And this was cheifly all her paine,
She could not make the like againe.

Sith Nature thus gane her the praise,
To be the cheifest worke she wrought;
In faith me thinke some better wayes,
On your behalfs might well be sought,
Then to compare (as you haue done)
To matche the candle with the sunne.

TO THE LADIE THAT SCORNED HER LOUER.

ALTHOUGH I had a checke,
To geue the mate is hard;
For I haue found a neck,
To kepe my men in gard.

And you that hardy are,
To geue so great assay
Unto a man of warre,
To drive his men away:

I rede you take good heede,
And marke this foolish verse;
For I will so provide,
That I will haue your furse.

And when your furse is had,
And all your warre is done,
Then shall your self be glad,
To end that you begone.

For if by chance I winne,
Your person in the feild,
To late then come you in
Your selfe to me to yeld.

For I will use my power,
As captaine full of might;
And such I will devour,
As use to shew me spight.

And for because you gaue
Me checke in your dege;
This vantage lo I haue,
Now checke and garde to the:

Defend it, if thou may,
Stand stiffe in thine estate,
For sure I will assay,
If I can giue the mate.

A WARNING TO THE LOUER, HOW HE IS ABUSED BY HIS LOUE.

To derey had I bought me my grene and youthfull
yere, [love appers:
If in mine age I conide not finde, when craft for
And woldome though I come in court among the
rest, [the best.

Yet can I judge in colours dim, as depe as can

¹ Alluding to chess. C.

Where grefe tormentes the man that suffreth se-
cret smart, [the hart:
To breke it forth unto some frond, it easeth well
So standes it now with me for my beloved frinde
This case is thine for whom I sole such torment
of my minde;
And for thy sake I burne so to my secret breast,
That till thou know my hole disease, my hart
can haue no rest.
I see how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy desire, and folowes thee
by fittes. [thy power,
Where thou hast loued so long, with hart and all
I see thee fed with fained wordes, thy freedom to
devour; [withstand,
I know, (though she say nay), and wouldest it well
When in her grace, thou held thee most, she
bare the but in hand;
I see her pleasant cheru in chieftest of thy suite,
Wher thou art gone, I se him come, that gathers
up the fruite;
And eke in thy respect, I se the base dogre,
Of him, to whom she gaue the hart, that pro-
mised was to the, [suite,
I se (what woulde you more) stode never man so
On womans word but wisedome would mistrust
it to endure.

*THE FORSAKEN LOUER DESCRIEBETH,
AND FORSAKETH LOUE.*

O LOTHSONKE place, where I
Have sene and hard my dere;
When in my hart her eye,
Hath made her thought appere.
By glimming with such grace,
As fortune it ne would
That lasten any space,
Between us lenger shold.

As fortune did swaunce,
To further my desire,
Even so bath fortunes chunce,
Throwen al amiddes the mire;
And that I have deserved,
With true and faithfull hart;
Is to his handes reserved,
That never felt the smart.

But happy is that man,
That escaped hath the grieve,
That Loue wel teache him can,
By wanting his relieve.
A scourge to quiet mindes,
It is, who taketh heede;
A common plague that bindes,
A trauell without mede.

This gift it hath also,
Who so enioies it most,
A thousand troubles grow,
To vex his wiered ghost.
And last it may not long,
The truest thinge of all;
And sure the greatest wrong,
That is within this thrall.

But sines thou desert place,
Cant geve me no account;
Of my desired grace,
That I to haue was woot:
Farewell! thou hast me taught
To thinke me not the first
That loue bath set aloft,
And casten in the dust.

*THE LOUER DESCRIBES HIS RESTLESSSE
STATE.*

As oft as I behold and see
The soueraigne beautie that me bound,
The nier my comfort is to me,
Alas! the fresher is my wound.

As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
And running stremes consume by raine;
So doth the night, that I desire,
Appease my grief and deadly paine.

First when I saw those christal streames,
Whose beauty made my mortall wounde,
I little thought within her beame,
So swete a venom to haue found.

But wilfull will did pricke me forth,
And blinde Cupide did whippe and guide;
Force made me take my grieve in worth:
My frutelesse hope my barme did bide.

As cruel waves full oft be found,
Against the rockes to roar and cry;
So doth my hart full oft rebound,
Agaynst my brest full bitterly.

I fall and se mine own decay,
As one, that beares flame in his brest;
Forgetts in paine to put away,
The thinge that bredith mine unrest.

*THE LOUER EXCUSETH HIMSELF OF
SUSPECTED CHANGE.*

THOUGH I regarded not
The promise made by me,
Or passed not to spot
My faith and honeste:
Yet were my fancies strange,
And wilful wyll to wite;
If I sought now to change
A falcon for a kite.

All men might well dispraise
My wit and enterprise,
Yf I estende a pese
Above a perle in price:
Or judged the owle in sight,
The sparehauke to excell;
Whiche flyeth but in the night
As all men know right well.

Or if I soughte to sail,
Into the brittle port;
Where anker-hold doth faile,
To such as do resort;
And leave the bauen sure,
Where blowes no blustering winds;
Nor sickelnesse in ure
So farforth as I finde.

No, thinke me not so light,
Nor of so churlish' kindle,
Though it lay in my might,
My bondage to unbinde;
That I woulde leue the hindre
To boate the ganders so;
No, no, I have no minde
To make exchange so:

Nor yet to change at all,
For thinke it may not be,
That I should seke to fell
From my felicitie.
Desirous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin,
How may all this be so?

The fire it cannot frase,
For it is not his kinde;
Nor true loue cannot lese
The constance of the minde:
Yet as some shall the fire,
Want heate to blase and burne,
As I in such desire
Haue once a thought to turne.

A CARELESSE MAN, SCORNING AND DESCRIBING THE SUTILE VSAGE OF WOMEN TOWARDE THEIR LOUERS.

WEAP'T in the carelesse cloke, as I walk to and fro,
I se, how loue can shew what force ther reighteth
And how be shoteth eke a hardy hart to wound;
And where be glanceth by againe, that little hurt
is found.

For woldome is it nene, be woundeth barbesalike;
The tong may rage, when tolbers loue is often
farre to seke:

All this I see, with more; and wonder thinketh
How he can strike the one so sore, and leue the
other free;

I see, that wounded wight, that saffreth all this
How he is fed with yeas, and nays, and lineth all
to long.

In silence though I kepe such secrates to myself;
Yet do I see, how she sometime doth yeld a looke
by stealth;

As though it semde, ywia, I will not lose thee
When in her hart so sweete a thought did never
truly grow;

Then say I thus; alas, that man is farr from
That doth receiue for his relief, none other gaine
but this;

And she that fedes him so, I fete, and find it plain,
Is but to glory in her power, that ouer such can
reigne;

Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinkes
A wised man! is fully bent such fancies to let sic,

Then to retain him still, she wrasteth new her
grace, [the man embrase:
And smilth so, as though she woulde forthwith
But when the prooef is made, to try such looks
withall, [full of gall:
He findeth then the place all vido and freighted
Lord what abuse is this! who can such women
praise? [ways:
That for their glory do devise to vse such craftis
I, that amone the rest do sit, and marke the row,
Find, that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty
mo, [sped,
Whose tender years, alas! with wiles so wel are
What wil she do, when hory heares are powdered
in her hed?

AN ANSWERE IN THE BEHALFE OF A WOMAN OF AN UNCERTAIN AUCTHOR.

GIRL in my gildies gowne, as I sit here and saw
I see that things are not in dode as to the out-
ward shew. [what here,

And who-so list to loke, and note things som-
Shal find where plaineesse temes to haunt, nothing
but craft appear: [cerne,

For with indifferente eyes my self can well dis-
How some to guide a ship in stormes sake for to
take the sterne;

Whose practise if were proved in calme to stere a
Assuredly believe it well, it were to great a charge:

And some I se again sit still and say but small,
That coulde do ten times more then they that say
they can do all; [understand,

Whose goodly gifte are such, the more they
The more they seke to learm and know, and take
leasse charge in hand. [fast,

And to declare more plain, the time fleete not so
But I can bearre full well in mind the song now
sung and past; [cloke,

The auctor whereof came, wrapt in a crafty
With will to force a flaming fire, where he could
raise no smoke;

If power and will had joined, as it appereth
Then truth nor right had tane no place their ver-
tues had beene vaine;

So that you may perceive, and I may safely se
The innocent that gilteesse is, condemned should
have be.

THE CONSTANT LOUER LAMENTETH.

SINS fortunes wrath enuieith the welth
Wherin Iaignd by the sight
Of that, that fed mine eyen by stealth,
With sowre swete, dread and delight:
Let not my grieve moue you to mone,
For I will wepe and wale alone.

Spite drane me into Boreas raigne,
Where hory frostes the frutes do bite,
When hillies were spred, and every plaine,
With stormy winters magtie white;
And yet, my dere, such was my heate,
When others freac, then did I sweate.

And now, though on the sunne I drive,
Whose fervent flame all thinges decaies,
His beames in brightnesse may not strike,
With light of your swete golden rayes;
Nor from my brest this beaste remoue,
The frozen thoughtes grauen by loue.

Ne may the waues of the salt floode
Enchenche that your beautie set on fire,
For though mine eyes forbearne the foode,
That did relieue the hot desire;
Such as I was, such wyll I be,
Your owne, what woulde ye more of me?

(A SONG WRITTEN BY THE EARLE OF
SURREY OF A LADIE THAT REFUSED
TO DAUNCE WITH HIM.

ECHEN beast can chose his fere according to his
minde, [beastly knude;
And eke can shew a friendly chere lyke to their
A lion saw I late as whyte as any snow,
Which seemed well to leade the race, his port the
same did shewe.

Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,
For still, me thoughte, he seemed well of noble
blood to be. [make,

And as he prauanced before, still seeking for a
As who would say, there is none here, I rowe will
me forsake; [bone,

I might perceave a wolle as white as whales
A fairen beaste, of fresher hue, beheld I never none,
Save that her lokes were coy, and froward eke
her grace, [vaunce space.
Unto the whiche this gentle beast gan him ad-
And with a becke full low he bowed at her feete,
In humble wise, as who woulde say, I am to farre
unmeetee. [warded

But such a scornefull chere wherwith she him re-
Was never sene I row the like to such as well
deserved. [twaine,

With that she start aside well nere a foote or
And unto him thus gan she say with spite and
great disdaine, [before,

Lion, she saide, if thou hadst knownen my mind
Thou hadst not spent thy travail thus, nor all thy
paine forlore; [with mee,

Do way, I late thee wete, thou shalt not play
Go range about where thou maist finde some meter
fere for thee. [flame,

With that he het his taile, his eyer began to
I might perceave his noble hart, much moved by
the same; [avage,

Yet saw I him refraine, and eke his wrath as-
And unto her thus gan he say, when he was past
his rage.

Cruel, you do me wrong to set me thus so light,
Without desert for my good will, to shew me such
despyght.

How can ye thus entreat a lion of the race,
That with his pawes, a crowned kinge devoured in
the place:

Whose nature is to prey vpon no simple food,
As long as he may suck the flesh, and drink of
noble blood.

If you be fayre and fresh, am I not of your boe?
And for my vaunt, I dare well say, my blood is
not untrue.

For you your self haue heard, it is not long
agoe,
Sith that for loue, one of the race did end his life
in woe,

In tower strong, and hie, for his assured truth;
Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas the
more the ruth:

This gentie beast so dyed, whom nothing could
But willingly to leese his life for loss of his true
love. [paine,

Other there be, whose liues do hunger still in
Against their wylls preserved are, that woulde
have dyed faine. [you,

But now I do perceave, that nought it mometh
My good intent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kinde
so true: [trade,

But that your will is such to lifre me to the
And other some full many yeres trace by the craft
ye made. [farre,

And thus behold our kindes how that we differ
I seke my foen, and you your frendes do threten
stil with warre. [you,

I fawne where I am fed, you say that sekes to
I can desouer no yielding prey, you kill where you
subdue.

My kinde is to desire the honour of the field,
And you with blood do slake your thriste on such
as to you yeld:

Wherfore I woulde you wist, that for your
coyed lokes,
I am no man that will be trapt, nor tangled with
such boles.

And though some lust to loue where blame full
well they might,
And to such beastes of current sort that would
have travail bright;

I will observe the lawe, that nature gane to me,
To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go
free:

And as a faulcon free, that soreth in the ayre,
Which never fed on hand nor lure, nor for no stale
doth care.

While that I live and breathe such shall my
costume be,
In wildness of the woods, to seke my pray where
pleaseth me: [offence,

Where many one shall rue, that never made
Thus your refuse against my power shal bote
them no defence. [to,

And for reuenge therof I vow and swear there-
A thousand spoiles I shallcomitt, I never thought
to do.

And if to light on you my luck so good shall be,
I shall be glad to fede on that, that would haue
fed on me. [bow,

And thus farewell unkind, to whom I bent and
I would you wist the ship is safe, that bare his
sailis so low.

Sith that a Lions hart is for a wolle no prey,
With bloody mouth go slake your thriste on sim-
ple shepe I say, [prese,
With more despite and ire, than I can now ex-
Which to my paine though I refrain, the cause
you may wel gese.

As for because my self was author of the game,
It bothe me not that for my wrath, I shoudl dis-
turb the same.

*THE FAITHFULL LOUER DECLARETH
HIS PAINES AND HIS UNCERTEIN
JOYES, AND WITH ONLY HOPE RE-
COMFORTETH SOMWHAT HIS WOULL
HEART.*

If care do cause men cry, why do not I com-
plain? [my paine]
If eche man do bewaile his wo, why shew I not
Since that amongst them all, I dare well say, is
none, [cause to moane]
So ferre from weale, so full of wo, or hath more
For all thinges haueing life, sometime hath
quiet rest, [beast:
The bearing asse, the drawyng oxe, and every other
The peasant, and the post, that serues at all as-
sayers; [take their ease.
The ship boy, and the galley-slave, have time to
Save I, alas! whom care of force doth so con-
straine, [in paine,
To waile the day, and wake the night, continually
From pensiveness to plaint, from plaint to bit-
ter teares, [my lyfe it weares.
From teares, to painfull plaint againe, and thus
No thing under the sunne, that I can heare or
see,
But moveth me for to bewaile, my cruel destenie
For where men do rejoyce (since that I can not
so) [my wo.
I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but
And when I hear the sound of song or instru-
ment, [me to lament;
Methinke eche tune there dolefull is, and helpes
And if I se some have their most desired sight,
Alas! think I, eche man hath weale, saye I, most
wofull wighte.
Then as the stricken dere withdrawes himself
alone, [make my moane.
So do I take some secrete place, where I may
There do my bowing eyes shew forth my melt-
ing hart, [declare my smart.
So that the stremes of those two welles right well
And in those cares so colde I force my self a
heate, [selfe to sweate.
As sicke men in their shaking fittes procure them-
With thoughtes, that for the tyme, do much ap-
pease my paine; [woe againe.
But yet they cause a farther feare, and brede my
Methinke within my thought I se right plaine
appere
My hertes delight, my sorowes leche, myne
earthly goddesse here;
With every sundry grace that I have sene her
haue, [mud grave;
Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paint
And in my thought I rol her bewties too and
fro, [that perwest so.
Her laughing ebere, her lovely looke, my hart
Her strengenes when I sued her servant for to
be, [that she pitied me.
And what she said, and how she smilde, when
Theu comes a sodaine feare that riueth all my
rest, [her brest.
Lest absence cause forgetfulnessse to sinke within
For when I thinke how farre this earth doth us
divide, [how that I slide.
Ahus, me sene, love throwes me downe, I fele
But when I thinke againe, why shold I thus
mistrust, [and just.
So sweete a wight, so sad and wise, that is so true

For loth she was to lone, and waueing is she
not; [their kao;
The farther off, the more desire; thus louers tie
So in dispaire and hope plouged am I both up
and downe, [list to frowne.
As is the ship with wind and wave, when Neptune
But as the watery showers delay the reging
winde, [of my minde;
So doth good hope cleane put away dispaire out
And bids me for to serve and suffer paciently;
For what wot I the after-weale that fortune willles
to me. [trouble,
For those that care do know, and tasted have of
When passed is their wofull paine, eche joy shall
seme them double: [better
And bitter sendes she now to make me taste the
The pleasant swete, when that it comes, to make
it seeme the sweter.
And so determine I to serve until my breath,
Yea rather dye a thousand times than once to false
my faith. [smart.
And if my feble corps, through weight of woful
Do faile or faint, my will it is that still she kepe
my hart, [farde,
And when this carcass here to earth shall be re-
I do bequeth my weyred ghost to serve her after-
warde.

THE MEANES TO ATTAINE HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIALL, the thinges that doe attain
The happy life, be these I finde,
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitfull ground, the quiet minde,
The egal frend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governaunce;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance:
The meane dyet, no delicate fare;
True wisedome joynd with simplicenesse;
The night discharged of all care;
Where wine the witt may not oppresse.
The faithfull wife, without debate;
Such alepes as may begle the night;
Contented with thine owne estate,
No wish for death, us feare his myght.

*PRAISE OF MEANE AND CONSTANT
ESTATE¹.*

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS WYAT.

On thy life, Thomas, this compasse wel mark
Not aye with full asiles the hye seas to beat,
Ne by coward dred, in shouning stormes dark,
On shalow shores thy keel in peril fret.
Who so gladly halseth the golden meane,
Voiode of daungers advisedly hath his houne
Not with lothsome druck, as a den uncleane,
Nor palace like, wherat disdain may glome.
The lofty pine the great winde often rives;
With violenter swey false turrets stepe;
Lightnings assault the hie mountaines and clives;
A hart well stayd, in overhwarties depo

¹ From Horace. C.

Hopeth amedes; in swete, doth feare the sowe.
God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp,
Now ill, not aye thus. Once Phœbus to lowre,
With howe unbent, shall cease, and frame to barp,
His voice. In straite estate appers thou stout
And so wisely, when lucky gale of wind
All thy pult sailes shall ~~be~~, looke well about,
Take in a rift. Hast is wast, profe doth finde.

A hand that brought, what might be said in time;
That left Chaucer the glory of his wit.
A mark, the which (unparfited, for time)
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tong, that served in forein realmes his king;
Whose courteous talkes to vertue did endame
Eche noble hart; a worthy guide to bring
Our english youth, by traueil vnto fame.

An eye, whose judgment none effect could blinde,
Freedes to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose persing looke did represent a minde
With vertue fraught, reposed, vnyd of gile.

A hart, where drede was never so imprest,
To hide the thought, that might the trouth auance;
In neyther fortune lost, nor yet represt,
To swel in welth, or yield vnto mischance.

A valiant corps, where force and beauty met,
Happy, alas! to happy, bat for foes;
Lived, and ran the race, that nature set;
Of manhudes shape, where she the mold did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soule is fled;
Which left with such, as couet Christ to know,
Witness of faith, that never shal be ded;
Sent for our helth, but not received so.

Thus for our gilt, this jewel haue we lost;
The earth his bones, the heavens possessene his
ghost.

PRAISE OF CERTAIN PSALMS OF DAVID,

TRANSLATED BY SIR T. W. THE ELDER.

THE great Macedon, that out of Persie chased
Darius, of whose huge power all Asie rong,
In the riche arke Da Horner times he placed,
Who feined gestes of heathen princes song.
What holy grave, what worthy sepulture
To Wyates¹ psalmes shoud christians then pur-
chase;

Where he doth paint the livelye faith and pure;
The stedfast hope, the swete returne to grace,
Of just David by perfite penitence,
Where rulers may see in a mirrour clere
The bitter frute of false concupisience,
How Jewry hought Urias death ful dere.

In princes hartes Gods scourge imprinted depe,
Ought them awake out of their sinfull slepe.

OF THE DEATH OF THE SAME SIR T. W.

Divers thy death do diversly bemone,
Some that in presence of thy livelyhed
Lurked, whose brestes envy with hate had swolne,
Yeld Ceasars teares upon Pompeius hed,
Some that watched with the murdrers knife,
With eger thirst to drinke thy giltless blood,
Whose practise brake by happy end of life,
With envious teares to heare thy so good.
But I, that knewe what harbred in that bed,
What vertue rare were tempreid in that brest,
Honour the place that such a jewel bred,
And kyme the ground wherun the corse doth rest,
With vapord eyes, from whence such streames
avail,
As Pyramus did on Thisbes brest bewail.

OF THE SAME.

WHAT resteth here, that quick could never rest,
Whose heavenly giftes encreaseth by disdain,
And vertue sank the deper in his brest,
Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A hed, where wisdom misteries did frame,
Whose hammers bet stell in that lively braine,
As on a stythe; where that some worke of faine
Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gaine.

A visage, sterne, and milde; where both did growre,
Vice to contemne, in vertue to rejoice:
Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so,
To live upright, and smile at fortunes choyce.

¹ Sir Thomas Wyat. See his works. C.

13 OF THE SAME.

In the rude age when knowledge was not rife,
If Joue in Crete, and other were that taught
Artes to conuert to profite of our life,
Wend after death to haue their temples sought;
If vertue yet no vido unthankfull time,
Failed of some to blant her endies fame,
A goodly mane both to deterre from crime,
And to her steppes our sequele to endame.
In daies of truth, if Wyates frendes then wailed,
The only det that dead of quick may claime,
That rare wit spent, employd to our asytle,
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues traine.
His lively face their brestes how did it frent,
Whose cindres yet, with envy they do eate.

OF SARDANAPALUS DISHONORABLE LIFE, AND MISERABLE DEATH.

TH' Asirian king in pence, with foale desire,
And filthy justes, that staynde his regall hart;
In warre, that should set princely heartes on fire,
Did yeld, vanquisht for want of marciall arte,
The dint of swordes from kissen seemed strange;
And harder, than his ladies side, his targe;
From glutton frastes, to soldiery fare, a change,
His helmet, farre aboue a gentlands charge,
Who scarce the name of manhode did retaine;
Drenched in slouth, and womanish delight;
Feeble of sprite, impacient of paine;
When he had lost his honor, and his right,
Proud, time of wealth; in stormes, appalled with
dred,
Murthered himself, to shew some manfull dede.

EPITAPH ON SIR THOMAS CLERE.

387

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH HIS
OWNE ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF
CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST IF THEY
HAD SKILL TO VNDERSTAND IT..

LAYD in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head, a heape of
thoughts appear, [eyes,
And every thought did shewe so lively in myne
That now I sighed, and then I smilde, as cause of
thoughts did rise.

I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod, a tall yong man
to be. [paines opprest,

The yong man eke that feles his bones with
How he would be a rich olde man, to liue and lye
at rest: [so sore,

The rich olde man that sees his end drawe on
How he would be a boy again, to liue so much
the more.

Wherat full oft I smilde, to se how all thesethree,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop
and change degree:

And tasing thus, I think, the case is verystrange,
That man from welth, to lye in wo, doth euer
sake to change. [akin,

Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my withered
How it doth shew my dented chewe, the flesh
was worn so thyn, [right way,

And eke my tothekens chaps, the gates of my
That opes and shuttes as I, do speake, doe thus
veto me say; [age,

The white and horish heeres, the messengers of
That shew like lines of true belief, that this life
doth assayse; [thy chin.

Byds thee lay hand, and sole them hanging on
The which do write two ages past, the third now
coming in. [time;

Hang vp therefore the bit of thy yong wanton
And thou that theroin beaten art, the happiest life
define: [joy,

Wherat I sighed, and sayde, farewell my wondred
Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from me, to every
little boy; [happy is,

And tell them thus from me, their time most
If to their time they season had, to know the
trouth of this.

BONUM EST MIHI QUOD HUMILIASTI ME.

THE stormes are past, these cloudes are over-
blowne,
And humble chere great rigour hath repreat,
For the defaute is set a peine fore knowne;
And patience graft in a determned brest:
And in the hart where heapes of griefes were
growne

The swete revenge hath planted mirth and rest;
No company so pleasant as mine owne;
Thridom at large hath made this prison free,
Danger wel past remembred workes delight;
Of lingring doubtles such hope is sprong pardie,
That bought I finde displeasant in my sight:
But when my glasse presented unto me,
The curseless wound, that bledeth day and night;
To think, alas, such hap should granted be
Unto a wretch that hath no hart to fight,
To spyl: that blood that hath so oft bene shed,
For Britaines sake (alas) and now is ded.

VOL. II.

EXHORTACION TO LEARNE BY OTHERS TROUBLE.

My Ratclif, when thy retchlesse youth offendes,
Receive thy scourge by others chastisement.
For such calling, when it worken none amendes,
Then plages are sent without aduertisement
Yet Salomon sayd, þe wronged shall recure;
But Wiat said true, the skarre doth eye endure¹.

THE FANSIE A WERIED LOUER.

The fansy, which that I have serued long,
That hath alway bene enmy to myne eame,
Seimed of late to rae uppon my wrong,
And had me fyle the cause of my increase.
And I forthwith did þearse out of the throng,
That thought by flight my painfull hart to please
Some other way: till I sawe faith more strong;
And to my self I said: alas, thuse daies
In vain were spent, to runne the race so long!
And with that thought; I met my guyde: that
plauen,

Out of the way wherein I wandered wrong,
Brought me amiddes the hilles in hase Baulayn,
Where I am now, as restles to remayn,
Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

EPITAPH ON SIR THOMAS CLERE.

Surrey's faithful retainer and constant attendant,
which was once in Lambeth church, and is pre-
served in Aubrey's Surrey, with the following
introduction.

Epitaphium Thomas Clere qui fato functus est
1543, auctore Henrico Howard comite Surriensi
in cuius felicis ingeni speciem et singularis fa-
cundie argumentum appensa fuit hec tabula
per W. Howard, filium Thomas super Duciis
Norf. filii ejusdem Henrici comitis Surriensis.

NORFOLKE sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead,
Clere of the count of Clermont thou bight,
Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,
Aud sawest thy cosin crownd in thy sight:
Skelton for love, Surrey for Lord thou chace,
Aye me while life did last that league was tender,
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsall² blase,
Laundersay³ burnt and batter'd Bulleyn's⁴
render⁵:

At Muttrell⁶ gates hopeless of all recure,
Thine Earl half dead, gave in thy hand his will,
Which cause did thee this pining death procure;
Ere summers four-times seven thou couldst fulfill,
Aye, Clere, if love had booted care or cost
Heaven had not wounne, nor earth so timely lost.

¹ See Wyat's Works "Wyat being in prison to Bryan." C.

² Towns taken by Lord Sorrey in the Boulogne
expedition.

³ Surrender.

AGAINST LONDON.

LONDON! hast thou accused me
 Of breche of lawes, the roote of strife?
 Within whose brest did boyle to see
 (So fervent hottie) thy dissolute lyfe:
 That even the hate of synnes, that groo
 Within thy wicked wals so ryfe,
 For to breake forthe, did conuert soo
 That terror colde it not repprese.
 The which by wordes since prechers knoo,
 What hope is left for to redresse?
 By unknownen meane it liked me
 My hidde burden to expresse:
 Wherby yt might appere to the,
 That secret synn hath secret spight:
 From justis rodd no fault is free:
 But that all such, as wotrik unright,
 In most quyete are next ill rest.
 In secret sylence of the night
 This made me, with a reckles brest,
 To wake thy stuggards with my bowe:
 A figure of the Lorde behest:
 Whose scourge for synn the scriptures shew:
 That as the fearfull thunders clapp
 By soddayne flame at hand we knowe:
 Of people stones the sowndles rapp,
 The dreadfull plague might mak thee see
 Of Godds wrath, that doth thee enwrapp:
 That pryd might know, from consciencie free,
 How ioytys works may her defend:
 And envye fynd, as he hath sought,
 How other aske hym to offend.
 And wroth tast of each crewell thought
 The just shape hyer in the end:
 And ydel slouthie, that never wrought,
 To heven his spirite lift may begyn;
 And gredy lucre lyue in drede
 To see what hate ill gott goods wynn:
 The lechers, yea, that luste do feed,
 Perceue what secrecye is in synne:
 And giuotons harts for sorow bledie,
 Awaked when their faulte they fynd.
 In lothsome vycce echie dronken wight
 To styr to Godd this was my mynd.
 Thy wyndowes had don me no spight:
 But prowde people, that dreke no falle,
 Clothed with falsoh and unright,
 Bred in the closures of thy wall.
 But wrested to wrath in fervent zcale
 Thow hast to strief my secret call:
 Endured harts no warning feale.
 Oh! shameless whore! is dread then you?
 Be suche thy foes, as meane thy wesse?
 Oh! membre of false Babylon!
 The shope of craft, the denne of ire!
 Thy dreadfull dome drawes fast upon:
 Thy martyres blood by sword and fyre
 In heaven and earth for justice call.
 The Lord shall hear their just desyre;
 The flame of wrath shall on the fall.
 With famine and peste lamentable
 Stricken shalbe thy lechers all:
 Thy prowde towers and turrets hye,
 Enmys to God, beat stoues from stoue:
 Thyne idolls burnt, that wrought iniquitye:

¹ From a MS volume, formerly belonging to the Harrington family, now in the invaluable library of Thomas Hill, esq. who obligingly lent it to the Editor. C.

When none thy ruyne shall be none;
 But render unto the rightwise Lord,
 That so bath judged Babylon,
 Immortal praise in one accord.

TO HIS MISTRESSE.

FROM THE SAME.

YF he, that erst the fourme so lively drewe
 Of Venus face, triumph in paynter's arte:
 Thy father then what glory did enswew,
 By whose pencil a goddeesse made thou arte?
 Touched with flame, that figure made some newe:
 And with her love surpysed manye a hart:
 There lackt yet that should cure their hot desyre:
 Thow canst enflame, and quenche the kyndlye fyre.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE SECOND BOKE OF VIRGILES AENEIS.

THEY whistled all, with fixed face attent,
 When prince Aeneas from the royal seat
 Thus gan to speake. O queene, it is thy wil,
 I shold renew a woe cannot be told:
 How that the Grekes did spoile and ouerthrow
 The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy:
 Those ruthfull things that I my self beheld,
 And wherof no smal part fel to my share.
 Which to expresse, who could refraine from teeres?
 What Myrridon? or yet what Dolopes?
 What stern Ulyases' waged soldier?
 And loe moist night now from the welkin falleis,
 And sterres declining counsel vs to rest.
 But sins so great is thy delight to here
 Of our mishaps, and Troyes last decay:
 Though to record the same my minde abhorrers,
 And plaint eschues: yet thus wil I begyn.

The Grekes chieftaines all irked with the war,
 Wherin they wasted had so many yeres,
 And oft repulst by fatal destinie,
 A huge herse made, bye raised like a hill,
 By the divine science of Minerua:
 Of clouen fyre conopacted were his ribbes:
 For their return a fained sacrifice:
 The fame whereof so wandered it at point,
 In the dark bulk they cloode bodies of men
 Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by straith
 The hollow womb with armed soldiers.

There stands in sight an ile bight Tenedon
 Rich, and of fame, while Priams kingdom stood:
 Now but a bay, and rode vnsure for ship.
 Hether them secretly the Grekes withdrew,
 Shrouding themselves under the desert shore.
 And, wening we they had ben fied and gone,
 And with that winde had set the land of Grece,
 Troye discharged her long continued dole:
 The gates cast vp, we issued out to play,
 The Grekis camp desirous to behold,
 The places void and the foraken costers.
 Here Pyrrhus band, there fierce Achilles pight:
 Here rode their shippes, there did their battell
 joyne.
 Astonued some the sauefull gift beheld,

Bebight by vow vnto the chaste Minerve :
 All wondring at the hugenesse of the horne.
 And fyrt of all Timoetes gan advise,
 Wythin the walles to leade and drawe the same,
 And place it eke amide the palice court:
 Whether of guile, or Troye's fate it wold.
 Capys, wthy some of judgement more discrete,
 Wild it to down, or vnderset with flame
 The suspect present of the Grekes deceit,
 Or bore and gage the hollow causes vncouth.
 So divers ran the giddy peoples minde.

Loe formost of a rout, that followd him,
 Kindled Laocoone hasted from the towre,
 Crying far of: O wretched citeseas,
 What so great kind of frenche freteth you ?
 Denye ye the Grekes our enemies to be gone ?
 Or any Grekis giffen can you suppose
 Devoid of guile ? Is no Ulysses known ?
 Either the Grekes are in this timber hid :
 Or thin an enigm is to annoy our walles,
 To view our toures, and ouerwhelme our towne.
 Here lurke some craft. Good Troyans gave no
 trust

Unto this horse, for what so ever it be.
 I dred the Grekes, yea when they offer gyfes,
 And with that word, with all his force a dart
 He launced then into that crooked wome :
 Which trembling stack, and shoke within the side,
 Wherwith the causes gan bollowly resound.
 And but for fates, and for our blind forcast,
 The Grekes deuise and guile had he discried :
 Troy yet had stand, and Priams toures so hie.

Therwyth behold, wheras the Phrygian herdes
 Brought to the king, with clamor, all vñknown
 A young man, bound his handes behinde his back :
 Whoe willingly had yelden prisoner,
 To frame his guile, and open Troye's gates
 Unto the Grekes : with courage fully bent,
 And minde determined either of the twaine,
 To work hisfeat, or willing yeld to death.
 Nere him, to gaze, the Tryvian youth gan flock,
 And straunge whoe most might at the captiue scorne.
 The Grekes deceit beholde, and by one profe
 Imagine all the rest.

For in the prease as he vñarmed stood,
 Wyth troubled cheare, and Phrygian routes beset,
 Alas (quod be) what earth nowe, or what seas
 May me receyue ? Catif, what restes me nowe ?
 For whom in Grece doth no abode remayne :
 The Troians eke offended soke to wreke
 Their hainous wrath wyth shedyng of my bloud.
 With this regets our hartes from rancor moured,
 The brute appeasde, we askte him of his birth,
 What newes he brought, what hope made hym to
 yeld.

Then he (si dred remoued) thus began.
 O kyng: I shall, what ever me betide,
 Say but the truth: ne first will me denie
 A Grecian borne: for though fortune hath made
 Simon a wretche, she can not make him false,
 If euer came vnto your ears the name
 Nobled by fame, of the sage Palamede,
 Whom traitrously the Grekes condend to dye,
 Gytlesse by wrongfull done, for that he dyd
 Dynasde the warres: whose death they nowe la-
 ment:

Underneath him my father bare of wealth
 Into his hand yong, and nece of his bloud,
 In my prime yeres vnto the war me sent,
 While that by fate his state in stay did stand,

And when his realm did florish by advise,
 Of glorie then we bare som fame and brute.
 But sins his death, by false Ulysses sleight
 (I speake of things to all mea wel knowne)
 A dreyry life in doleful plaint I led,
 Repining at my gytlesse frends mischaunce.
 Ne could I fool refreio my tong from thretes:
 That if my chounce were euer to return
 Uictor to Arge, to followe my revenge.
 With such sharp words procured I great hate,
 Here sprang my barno. Ulysses euer sith
 With new fonda crimes began me to affray:
 In common eare false rumours gan he sowe:
 Weapons of wreke his gytly minde gan seke:
 Ne rested ay, till he by Calchas meane—
 But wherunto these thankless tales in vaine
 Do I reherse, and lingre fourthe the time ?
 In like estate if all the Grekes ye price:
 It is enough ye here: rid me at ones.
 Ulysses (lord!) how he wold this rejoise ?
 Yea and either Atride would hye it dere.

This kindled us more eyre to enquire,
 And to demaund the cause: without suspect
 Of so great mischief therby to ensue,
 Or of Grekes craft. He then with forged words,
 And quivering lyme, thus toke hym tale again.

The Grekes oft times intended their return,
 From Troye's towne, with long warrs all tyred,
 For to dislodge: which, wold God, they had done,
 But oft the winter storme of raging seas,
 And oft the boisterous winds did them to stay :
 And chiefly when of clinched ribbes of fire
 This horse was made, the storme rured in the wate.
 Then we in dout to Phebus temple sent
 Enripilas, to wete the prophesye:
 From whence he brought these waful news again:
 With blood (O Grekes) and slangeth of a maid
 Ye pleasd the winds, when first ye came to Troy :
 With blood likewise you must sake your return.
 A Grekis soule must offred be therefore.

But when this sound had peart the peoples
 eare,

With sodein fere astonied were their mindes.
 The chilling cold did ouerranne their boves,
 To whom that fate was sharpe, whom Phebus wold.
 Ulysses then amid the prease brings in
 Calchas with noysse and wiuld him to discusse
 The Gods intent. Then some gan deme to me
 The cruel wreke of him that framde the craft:
 Foreseing secretly what wold ensue.
 In silence then, yshrooding him from sight
 But dayes twise fwe he whistled, and refusid
 To death by speche to further any wight.
 At last, as forced by false Ulysses crye,
 Of purpose he brake fourth, assigning me
 To the altar: whereto they granteid all:
 And that, that erst eche one dred to himself,
 Returned all vnto my wretched death.
 And now at hand drew nere the woful day :
 All things prepares wherwyth to offer me,
 Salt, corne, fillets my temples for to bind.
 I ascepte the deth, I graunt, and brake the bands,
 And lurked in a marrie all the nyght,
 Among the oze, while they did set their mailes:
 If it so be that they indeed so dyd.
 Now restes my hope my untue land to see,
 My children dere, nor long desired sire :
 On whom parchaunce they shall wreke my escape:
 Those harmlesse wights shal for my fault be slain.
 Then by the gods, to whom al truth is knowna:

By fayth unfiled, if any any where
Wyt mortal folke remaynes: I thee beseeche.
O king thereby, rue on me tranail great:
Pitie a wretch that giltye suffreth wrong.
Life to these teres, with pardon eke, we graunt.
And Priam first him self commandes to loose
His gyues, his bands: and frendly to him sayd:
Whose thou art, leare to forget the Grekes:
Hencefourth be oures, and answer me with truth:
Wherto was wrought the masse of this hege hors?
Whoes the deuise? and wherto should it tend?
What holy vow? or engin for the warres?

Then he, instruct with wiles and Grekishe craft,
His loosed bands lift upward to the sterres.
Ye euerlastyn lampes I testifie,
Whone powr diuine may not be violte:
Th' altar, and sword, quod be, that I haue ascept:
Ye sacred bandes, I wore as yelden hoste:
Lefull be it for me to breke mine othe.
To Grekes, lefull to hate their nacion,
Lefull be it to sparle in the ayre
Their secretes all, what so they kepe in close:
For free am I from Grece, and from their lawes.
So be it, Troy: and saued by me from scathe,
Kepe faith with me, and stand to thy hebeast,
If I speake truthe, and opening thinges of weight
For graunt of life requite thee large amende.

The Grekes whole hope of undertaken war
In Pallas help consisted enoymore,
But sith the time that wicked Diomede,
Ulysses eke that forger of all guile,
Auentarde from the holy sacred fane
For to berene damed Pallas fatal forme,
And slew the watches of the chefeste tour,
And then away the holy statue stole:
That were so bold with bandes embrued in blood,
The virgin goddesse veiles fur to defile:
Sith that, their hope gan fail, their hope to fall
Their powr appere, their goddesse grace withdraw,
Whych with no dontfull signes she did declare.
Scarce was the statue to our tentes ybroughte,
But she gan stare with sparclid eyes of flame:
Along her lynes the salt sweat streddid downe:
Yea thrise her selfe (a hideous thinge to tell)
In glaunces bright the glittered from the ground,
Holding in hand her targe and quoyering spere.
Calchas by sea then bad vs hast our flight:
Whoes engins might not break the walles of Troy,
Unlesse at Grece they wold renew their lotter,
Restore the god that they by sea had brought
In warped keles. To Arge sith they be come,
They pease their godds, and war afresh prepare;
And crosse the seas unlok'd for eftsones
They wil return: This order Calchas set.

This figure made they for thagreene god,
In Pallas stede, to cleane their hainous fault,
Which masse be willed to be reared hye
Toward the skies, and ribbed all with oke:
So that your gates, ne wall might it receiuie,
Ne yet your people might defensed be
By the good zeale of old devotion.
For if your hands did Pallas gift defile,
To Priams realm great mischiefe shold befall:
(Which fate the Gods first on him self return)
But had your owne handes brought it in your towne,
Asia should passe, and carrie offred warr
In Grece euen to the walles of Pelops towne,
And we and oures that destinie endure.

By such like wiles of Sinon the forsworne
His tale with us did purchase credit: some

Trapt by deceite, some forced by his tress:
Whom neither Diomede, nor great Achille,
Nor ten yeres war, ne a thousand saile could danxt.
Us caifties then a far more dreadful chaunce
Befell, that trobled our vnaarmed brestes.
Whiles Laocoen, that chosen was by lot
Neptunus priest, did sacrifice a bull
Before the holy altar, sodenly
From Tenedon beheld in circles great
By the calme see come fytynge adders twaine,
Which plied towradess the shore (I lotbe to tell)
With rered brest lift vp above the seas:
Whoes bloody creates alope the wauers were seen:
The hinder parte swame hidde in the flood:
Their grisly backes were linked manifolde:
With sound of broken wauers they gat the strand,
With gloing eyen, tainted with blood and fire:
Whoes waltring tongadillick their hissing mouthes.
We fled away, our face the blood forsoke,
But they with gat direct to Lacon ran.
And first of all eche serpent doth ewrap
The bodies small of his two tender sonnes:
Whoes wretched limes they byt, and fed thereso.
Then raught they hym, who had his wepen caught
To rescue them, twise winding him about,
With folded knottes, and circled tailis, his wast:
Their scaled backes did compass twice his neck,
Wyt rered heddles aloft, and strecthed throttes.
He with his handes straue to vloose the knottes:
Whose sacred fillettes all besprinkled were
With filth of gury blod, and venim rank:
And to the sterres such dredfull shouthes be sent,
Like to the sound the roring bull fourth loowes,
Which from the altar wounded doth astart,
The swarwing axe when he shakes from his neck.
The serpentes twaine, with hasted traile they glide
To Pallas temple, and her towres of heighte:
Under the frete of which the Goddesse sterm,
Hidden behinde her targettes boose they crept.
New gripes of dred then pearse our tremblyng
breastes.
They sayd Lacons deserter had derely bought
His hainous dede, that pearced had with steele:
The sacred bulk, and throwen the wicked launce:
The people cried with sondry greeting shoutes,
The bring the horse to Pallas temple blude,
In hope therby the goddesse wrath tapare.
We cleft the walles, and closures of the towne;
Wherto all helpe: and vnderset the feet
With siring rollis, and bound his neck with ropes:
This fatal gun thus overclambe our walles,
Stuff with arm'd men: about the which there ran
Children, and maides, that holy carollis sang:
And well were they whose hands might touch the
cordes.
With thretning chere thus slided through our towne
The subtil tree, to Pallas temple ward.
O natice land, Iliion, and of the goddesse
The mansion place! O warrik walles of Troy!
Four times it stopt in theatrie of our gate:
Four times the harnesse ralsted in the womb,
But we gat on, vnsound of memorie.
And blinded eke by rage perseuer stille:
This fatal monster in the fane we place.
Cassandra then, inspired with Phebus sprite,
Her prophetes lippes yet neuer of us leuied
Disclosed eft, forespeking thinges to come.
We wretches loe, that last day of our life,
With bowes of feast the towne, and temples deck.
With this the skie gan whirle about the sphere;

The cloudy night gan thicken from the sea,
With mantells spred; that clok'd earth, and skies,
And eke the treason of the Grekishe guile:
The watchmen lay dispers'd, to take their rest:
Whoes werryd limes sound slepe had then op-
prest:

When wel in order comes the Grecian fleet,
From Tenedon toward the costes well knowne,
By frendly silence of the quiet moone.
When the kinges ship put forth his mark of fire,
Sison, preserued by froward desthie,
Let forth the Grekes enclosed in the womb,
The closures eke of pipe by stealthy vnpind:
Wherby the Grekes restored were toaire.
With ioy down hasting from the hollow tree,
With cordes let down did slide vnto the ground
The great capitaines, Sthenel, and Thessander,
The greece Ulisses, Athana, and Chos,
Machon first, and then king Menoiae,
Ebens eke that did the engin forge.
By cordes let fal fast gan they slide adown:
And streight invade the town yburied then
With woe, and depre. And first the watch is alain,
Then gates vnfold to let their fellowes in,
They sygne them selves with the coniured bandes.

It was the time, when graunted from the goddes
The first slepe crepes most swete in very folk.
Loe in my dreame before mine eies, me thought,
With rusfull cheire I sawe where Hector stood:
Out of whose eies there gushed stremes of teares;
Drawn at a cart as he of late had be,
Distained with bloody dust, whose feet were bowline
With the straight cordes wherwith they haled him,
Ay me, what one? that Hector how vnlike,
Which erst returned clad with Achilles spoiles?
Or when he threw into the Grekishe shippes
The Trojan flame? so was his beard defiled,
His crisped lockes al clusted with his blood:
With all such wounds, as many he received
About the walles of that his native town.
Whome fransly thus, me thought, I speake vnto,
With bitter teeres and dolefull deadly voies:
O Troyan light, O only hope of thine!
What lettes so long thee staid? or from what costes,
Our most desired Hector, doest thou come?
Whom after slaughter of thy many frends,
And trouail of the people, and thy town,
Alwiered, lord! how gladly we hchold.
What soray chaunce hath staind thy lively face?
Or why see I those woundes, alas, so wide?
He answarde nouȝt, nor in my vain demandes
Abode: but from the bottom of his breast
Sighing he sayd: Flee, flee, O Goddesse son,
And save thee from the furie of this flame.
Our enimys now are maisters of the walles;
And Troye town now falleth from the top:
Sufficeth that is done for Priams reigne:
If force might serue to succor Troye town,
This right hand well mought haue ben her defense.
But Troye now commendeth to thy charge
Her holy reliques, and her priuy gods:
Them j.yue to thee, as felowes of thy fate:
Large walles rare thow for them: For so thou shalt,
After time spent in thouer-wandered flood.
This said, he brought fourth Uesta in his hands,
Her fillettes eke, and euerlastinge flame.

In this meane while with diuerse plaint the town
Throughout was spred: and louder more and more
The din resouned: with rattling of armes
(Although mine old father Anchise's house

Remoued stood, with shadow hid of trees)
I waked: therwith to the house top I clame
And harkning stood I: ~~the~~ as when the flame
Lightes in the corne, by drift of boisterous wnde:
Or the swift stream, that driveth from the hill,
Rootes vp the feldes, and presseth the ripe corne,
And plowed ground, and ouerwhelmen the groue:
The silly herdman allastonned standes,
From the hye rock while he doth here the sound.

Then the Grekes faith, then their deceit appered.
Of Deiphobus the palace large and great
Fell to the ground, all oversprad with flashe.
His next neighbour Ucagon afire:
The Sygean seas did glister all with flame.
Upsprang the crye of men, and trumpettes blast,
Then as distraught I did my armure on:
Ne could I tell yet wheres armes assyde,
But with our feres to throng out from the preesse
Toward the toure our hertes brent with desire:
Wrath prickt us forth; and vnto vs it seemed
A semely thing to dye stred in the feld.

Wherwith Panthus escapt from the Grekishe
darter,

Otreus sonne, Phebus prest, brought in hand
The sacred reliques, and the vanquish gods:
And in his hand his litle nephew led:
And thus as phrentik to our gates he ran:
Panthus, quod I, in what estate stand we?
Or for refuge what fortresse shall we take?
Scarce spake I this, when wailing thus he sayd:
The later day and fate of Troy is come,
The which no plaint or prayer may availe,
Troyans we were, and Troye was sometime,
And of great fame the Teucrian glorie erst:
Fierce Ioue to Grece hath now transposed all,
The Grekes ar lorden ouer this fird town.
Yonde huge horne, that stands amid our walles,
Sheds arm'd men: And Simon victor now,
With scorne of vs, doth set all things on flame:
And rush'd in at our vnfolded gates
Are thousands moe, than euer came from Grece.
And some with weapons watch the narrow stretes;
With bright swerdes drawn to slaughter redy bent:
And scarce the watches of the gate began
Them to defend, and with blinde fight resist.

Through Panthus words, and lightning of the
Gods,

Amid the flame and armes ran I in preesse:
A furie guided me, and wher as I had heard
The crye greatest, that made the ayre resound
Into our hand then fell old Iphytus,
And Rypheus, that met vs by moonelighte:
Dymas and Hypaen ioyning on our side,
With yong Choribus Mygdonius sun;
Which in those dayes at Troye did ariue
Burning with rage of dame Cassandra loue,
In Priama syd and rescue of his town:
Unhappy be that wold no credit geue
Unto bis spoues words of prophecie.

Whom when I saw assembled in such wise,
So desperatly the battail to desire:
Then furthermore thus sayd I vnto them:
O ye yong men, of courage stont in vaine;
For nouȝt ye striue to save the burning town:
What cruel fortune hath betid, ye see.
The Gods out of the temples all are fled,
Through whoes might long this empire was main-
teind;

Their altaires eke are left both wast and voyd:
But if your will be bent with me to prone

That vittermost, that now may vs befall;
Then let vs dye, and runne amid our foes:
To vanquist folk despis is only hope.
With this the yong-mens courage did encrease:
And through the dark, like to the rauening wolves,
Whom raging furie of their empty mawes
Drives from their den, leuving with hungry throtes
Their whelpes behinde: among our foes we ran,
Upon their swerde vnto apparant death,
Holding alway the chiefe strete of the town,
Courerd with the close shadowes of the night.

Who can expresse the slaughter of that night?
Or tell the number of the corpses slaine?
Or can in teeres bewaile them worthely?
The auncient famous citie falleth down,
That many yeres did hold such seigniorie.
With sensisse bodies every strote is spred,
Echo palace, and sacred porch of the Gods.
Nor yet alone the Troyan blood was shed:
Manhood oft times into the vanquist brest
Returns, wherby some victore Grekes ar slain.
Cruel complaints, and terror every where,
And plentie of grisly pictures of death.

And first with us Androgeus there met,
Followed with a swarming rout of Grekes:
Denzing vs, unaware, of that feloship:
With frendly words whom thus he cald vnto:
Hast ye, my frenedes; what slouth bath taried
you?

Your feers now sack, and spoile the burning Troy:
From the tall ships where ye but newly come.
When he had sayd, and heard no answer made
To him againe wherto he might geue trust:
Finding him self chaunced amid his foes,
Mande he withdrew his foote back with his word:
Like him, that wandring in the bushes thick,
Tredes on the adder with his recklesse foote,
Rered for wrath swelling her speckled neck,
Dismayd, geues back all sodenly for fore.
Androgeus so feard of that sight stopt hake:
And we gan rush amid the thickest rout:
When here and there we did them ouerthow,
Striken with dred, vnskifull of the place.
Our first labour thus lucked well with vs.

Chorebus thus encouraged by his chaunce,
Rejoycing sayd: Hold fourth the way of health
(My feers) that hap, and manhood bath vs taught:
Change we our shields, the Grekes armes do we on:
Craft, or manhood, with sow what reckes it which?
The slaine to vs their armes they shall yeld.
And with that word Androgeus crested helme,
And the rich armes of his shield did he on:
A Grekish swerd he guided by his side:
Like gladly Dimas, and Riphew did:
The whole youth gan then clad in the new spoiles,
Mingled with Grekes for no good luck to vs
We went, and gaue many onsets that night,
And many a Greke we sent to Plutos court.
Other there fled and hasted to their ships,
And to their costes of saueguard ran againe.
And some there were, for shameful cowardrie,
Clamb vp againe vnto the hugie horse,
And did them hide in his wel-knownen womb.

Ay me, boolesease it is for any whight
To hope on, ought, against the will of the Gods.
Loe where Cassandra, Priams daughter dere,
From Pallas churche was drawn with sparkled tressse,
Lifting in vain her flaming eyen to heuen:
Her eyen: for fast her tender wrestes were bound.
Which sight Chorebus raging could not bere,

Recklesse of death; but thrust amid the throng:
And after we through thickest of the swerde.

Here were we first yhatred with the darter
Of our owne feers, from the hye Temples top:
Wherby of vs greate slaughter did ensue,
Mistaken by our Grekish armes and crester.

Then flockt the Grekes, mouded with wrath, and ire,

Of the Virgin from them so rescued;

The fel Ajax, and either Atrides,

And the great band eleped the Dolopes.

As wrestling windes, out of dispersed whirl,

Befift themselves, the west with souther blast,

And gladsome east proud of Auroraes horse:

The woods do whiz; and fomy Nereus,

Raging in furie, with three forked mace

From bottome depth doth welle up the sea.

So came the Grekes: And such, as by deceit

We sparkled erst in shadow of the night,

And draue about our town, appered first:

Our fained shields and weapons then they found,

And by sound our discording voice they knew.

We went to wreck with nomber overlayd.

And by the hand of Peleus first

Chorebus fel before the altar dead

Of armed Pallas: and Riphew eke,

The iustest man among the Troians all,

And be that best obserued equite;

But otherwyse it pleased now the Gods.

There Hipanis, and Dimas both were slaine,

Through pearced with the wepons of their feirs:

Nor thee, Peleus, when thou wast ouerthrown,

Pitie, nor zele of good deuotion,

Nor habit yet of Phebus hid from scathe.

Ye Troyan ashes, and last flames of mine,

I cal in witnessse, that at your last fall

I fled no stroke of any Grekish swerd:

And if the fates wold I had fallen in fight,

That with my hand I did deserve it well.

With this from thence I was recuiled back,

With Iphynis, and Pelias alone:

Iphynus weke and feble all for age,

Pelias lanced by Ulysses hand.

To Priams palace crye did cal vs then.

Here was the fight right hideous to behold:

As though there had no battail hen but there,

Or slaughter made els-where throughout the town:

A fight of rage and furie there we saw.

The Grekes toward the palace rushd fast

And couered with engines the gates beset,

And rered vp ladders against the walles,

Under the windowes scaling by their steppes,

Fenced with shelles in their left hand, wheron

They did receive the darteres, while their right hands

Griped for hold th' embatel of the wall.

The Troyans on the tother part rend downe

The turrett hye, and eke the palace roofer:

With such wepons they shone them to defend,

Seeing al lost, now at the point of death:

The gilt sparras, and the beames then threw they

downe,

Of old fathers the proud and roiall workes:

And with drawn swerde some did beset the gates,

Which they did watch and kepe in routes full thick.

Our sprites restorde to rescue the kings house,

To help them, and to geue the vanquist strength.

A postern with a blinde wicket there was,

A commone trade to passe through Priams boose;

On the backside wherof wast houses stood:

Which way eschies, while that our kingdome

dured,

To' unfortunate Andromache alone
Resorted to the parents of her make,
With yong Astyanax his grandisire to sea.
Here passed I vp to the hyest tour,
From whence the wretched Troyans did throw down
Dartes spent in waast. Unto a turret then
We stopt, the which stood in a place aloft;
The top wherof did reach well nere the sterres:
Where we were wont all Troye to behold,
The Grekishe nauie, and their tents also,
With instruments of iron gan we pick,
To seeke where we might finde the ioyning shronk
From that high seat, which we razed, and threw
down:

Which falling gane fourthwith a rushing sound,
And large in breadth on Grekishe routes it light.
But sond another sort stopt in theyn stede:
No stone vthrown, nor yet no dart vacast.

Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, in the porche,
Reioyng in his darter, with glittering armes;
Like to the adder with venomous herbes fed,
Whom cold winter all boleyn hid vnder ground:
And shining bright when she her slough had along,
Her nippes back doth rowle with forked tong,
And raised breast, lift vp against the sun.
With that together came great Periphaz,
Antomedon eke that guided had sometime
Achilles horse, now Pyrrhus armes bare:
And eke with him the warlike Scyrian-youth
Assylyd the house, and threwe flame to the top:
And he an axe before the foremost raught;
Wherwith he gan the strong gates hew, and break:
From whens he bet the staples out of brasse,
He brake the barres, and through the timber pearst
So large a hole wherby they might discerne
The house, the court, the secret chambers eke
Of Priamus, and auncient kings of Troy,
And armed foes in thentrie of the gate.

But the palace within confounded was
With wayling, and with rusul shrikes and cryes:
The hollow balleys did howle of woment plaint:
The clamor strake up to the golden sterres.
The frayd mothers, wandring through the wide
house,
Embracing pillars, did them hold and kisse.
Pyrrhus amelieth with his fathers might:
Whom the closures ne kepers might hold out.
With often pushed ram the gate did shake:
The postes beat down remoued from their hookes:
By force they made the way, and thentrie brake.
And now the Grekes let in, the foremost slew:
And the large palace with soldiers gan to fill.
Nor so ferely doth overflow the feldes
The soming flood, that brekes out of his haunes:
Whos rage of waters beares away what heapes
Stand in his way, the coates, and eke the herdes:
As in thentrie of slaughter furious
I saw Pyrrhus, and either Atrides.

There Hecuba I saw with a hundred moe
Of her sons wyues, and Priam at the altar,
Sprinkling with blood his flame of sacrifice.
Fiflie bed-chambers of his childeyn wyues,
With losse of so great hope of his offspring.
The pillars eke proudly beset with gold,
And with the spoiles of other nations,
Fell to the ground: and whatso that with flame
Untouched was, the Grekes did all possesse.
Percyce yow wold ask what was Priamus fate,
When of his taken towne he saw the chaunce,
And the gates of his palace beaten down;

His foes amid his secret chambers eke:
Thold man in vaine did on his sholders then,
Trembling for age, his crace long disused:
His bootesesse swerd he girded him about:
And ran amid his foes, redy to dye.
Amid the court vnder the heuen all bare
A great altar there stood, by which there grew
An old laurel tree bowing therunto,
Which with his shadow did embrace the gods.
Here Hecuba, with her yong daughters all,
About the altar swarmed were in vaine:
Like doves, that flock together in the storme:
The statuyn of the Gods embracing fast.
But when she saw Priam had taken there
His armure, like as though he had been yong:
What furious thought, my wretched spouse, quod
she,
Did moue thee now such weapons for to wold?
Why hastest thou? This tyme doth not require
Such succor, ne yet such defenders now:
No, though Hector my son were here againe.
Come hether: this altar shall save vs all:
Or we shall dye together. Thus she sayd:
Wherwith she drew him back to her, and set
The aged man down in the holy seat.
But Ioe Politis, one of Priams soun,
Escaped from the slaughter of Pyrrhus,
Comes fleeing through the weapons of his foes
Searching all wounded the long galleries;
And the vnyde courtes: whom Pyrrhus all in rage
Followed fast, to reache a mortal wound;
And now in hand well vvere strikes with his spere,
Who fleeing fourth, till he came now in sight
Of his parentes, before their face fell down,
Yelding the ghost, with flowing stremes of blood.
Priamus then, although he were half ded,
Might not kepe in his wrath, nor yet his words:
But cryeth out: For this thy wicked work,
And boldnesse eke such thing to enterprise,
If in the heauens any justice be,
That of such things takes any care or kepe,
According thankes the gods may yeld to the:
And send thee eke thy just deserued hyre,
That made me see the slaughter of my childe,
And with his blood defile the fathers face.
But he, by whom thou fainst thy self begot,
Achilles was to Priam not so stern.
For Ioe he, tending my most humble sute,
The right, and faith, my Hector bloodlesse corps
Rendred, for to be layd in sepulture,
And sent me to my kingdome home againe.
Thus sayd the aged man; and therewithal
Forcelese he cast his weake vnewely dart:
Which repulst from the brasse, where it gane dint
Without sound, hong vainly in the shields boose,
Soud Pyrrhus, Then thou shalt this thing report:
On message to Pelide my father go:
Shew unto him my cruel dedes, and how
Neoptolemus is swarmed out of kunde.
Now shalt thou dye, quod he. And with that word
At the altar high trembling gan he draw,
Wallowing through the blodshed of his son:
And his left hand all clasped in his heare:
With his right arme drewe fourth his shiying
sword,
Which in his sids he thrust vp to the hilts:
Of Priamus this was the fatal fane,
The wofull end that was slotten him:
When he had seen his palace all on flame,
With ruine of his Troyan turrets eke.

That royal prince of Asie, which of late
Reignd over so many peoples and realms,
Like a great stock now lieth on the shore:
This hed and shoulders parted ben in twains:
A body now without renome, and fame.

Then first in me entred the grisly feare:
Dismayd I was. Wherwith came to my mind
The image eke of my dere father, when
I thus beheld the king of equal age
Yeld up the sprite with wounds so cruelly.
Then thought I of Creusa left alone:
And of my house in danger of the spoile:
And the estate of yong Iulus eke.
I looked back to seke what nomber then
I might discern about me of my feeres.
But wiered they had left me all alone:
Some to the ground were lopen from aboue;
Some in the flame their irked bodics cast.

There was no moe but I left of them all:
When that I saw in Uestas temple sit
Dame Helen, lurking in a secret place:
(Such light the flame did give as I went by,
While here and there I cast mine eyen about)
For she in dred, least that the Troians shold
Revenge on her the ruine of their walles,
And of the Grekes the cruel wrekcs also,
The furie eke of her forsaken make,
The common bane of Troy, and eke of Grece,
Hateful she sate beside the altars hid.
Then boylid my breast with flame, and burning
wrath,

To reuenge my towne vnto such ruine brought:
With worthy pein's on her to work my will.
Thought I: Shall she passe to the land of Spart
All safe, and see Mycene her native land,
And like a quene retorne with victurie
Home to her spouse, her parentes, and children,
Followed with a traime of Troyan maides,
And serued with a band of Phrygian slaves:
And Priam eke with iron murdred thus,
And Troye towne consumed all with flame,
Whos shore hath ben so oft forbathed in blood?
No no: for though on wemen the reuenge
Unnemely is; such conquest hath no fame:
To geue an end vnto such mischief yet
My just reuenge shall merit worthy praise;
And quiet eke my minde, for to be wroke
On her which was the causes of this flame,
And satisfy the ciuder of my feers.

With furious minde while I did argue thus,
My blessed mother then appeard to me,
Whom erst so bright mine eyes had never seen,
And with pure light she glisterd in the night,
Disclosing her in forme a Goddesse like,
As she doth seeme to such as dwell in heuen.
My right hand then she toke, and held it fast,
And with her rosie lips thus did she say:
Son, what furie hath thus prouoked thee
To such vutame wrath? why ragest thou?
Or where is now become the care of vs?
Wilt thou not first go see where thou hast left
Anchises thy father fordone with age?
Doth Creusa liue, and Ascanius thy son?
Whom now the Grekissh bands haue round beset:
And, were they not defensed by my care,
Flame had them raught and ennies swerd ere this.
Not Helens beautie hatefull vnto thee,
Nor blamed Paris yet, but the Gods wrath
Rest yow this wealth, and ouerthrew your towne.
Behold (and I shall now the cloude remoue,

Which ouercast thy mortal sight doth dim :
Whoes moisture doth obscure all thinges about:
And fere not thow to do thy mothers will,
Nor her advise refuse thow to performe)
Here where thow seest the turrets ouerthrown,
Stone betwix stone, smoke rising mixt with dust,
Neptunus there shakas with his mace the walles,
And eke the loose foundations of the same,
And overwhelms the whole towne frpm his seat:
And cruell Iuno with the furthest bres
Doth kepe the gate that Scaen cleped is,
Nere wood for wrath, whereas she standes, and calls
In harnesse bright the Grekes out of their shippes:
And in the turrets hye behold where standes
Bright shining Pallas, all in warlike wode,
And with her shield where Gorgons bed apperes;
And Jupiter my father distributes
Auayling strength, and courage to the Grekes:
Yet ouermore, against the Troyan power,
He doth provoke the rest of all the gods.
Flee then my son, and geue this traual end:
Ne shall I thee forsake, in sauengard till
I haue thee brought vnto thy fathers gate.
This did she say: and therwith gan she hide
Her self in shadow of the close night.

Then dreidful figures gan appere to me,
And great Gods eke aggred with our towne.
I saw Troye fall down in burning gledes:
N plunus towne clepe razed from the soi:
Like as the elm forgrown in mountaines hye,
Round hewen with axe, that husbandmen
With thick assaultes striue to teere up, doth threat;
And hact beneath trembling doth head his top,
Till yold with strokes, giveng the latter crack,
Rent from the heighth, with ruine it doth fall.

With this I went, and guided by a God
I passed through my foes, and eke the flame:
Their wepons, and the fire eke gaue me place,
And when that I was come before the gates,
The auncient building of my fathers house:
My father, whom I hoped to conuey
To the next hils, and did him theaeto treat,
Refused either to prolong his life,
Or bide exile after the fall of Troy.
All ye, quod he, in whom yong blood is fresh,
Whos strength remaines entier and in full powr,
Take ye your flight.

For if the Gods my life wold haue prouyed,
They had rewarud for me this wooming place.
It was enough, alas, and eke to much,
To see the towne of Troy thus razed oues:
To have lured after the cite taken.
When ye have sayd, this corps layd out forsake:
My hand shall seke my death, and pitie shal
Mine ennies troue, or els hope of my spoile.
As for my graue, I wey the losse but light:
For I my yeres disdainfull to the Gods
Hane lingred fourth, vnable to all nedes,
Sine that the fire of Gods and king of men
Strake me with thonder, and with leuelling blast:
Such thinges he gan rehersse, thus firmly bent:
But me besprent with teres, my tender son,
And eke my swete Creusa, with the rest
Of the household, my father gan beseeche,
Not so with him to perish all at ones,
Nor so to yeld vnto the cruel fate,
Which he refused, and stakk to his entent.

Driven I was to harnesse then againe,
Miserably my death for to desire.
For what advise or other hope was left?

Father, thoughtist thou that I may ones remoue
Quod I, a foote, and leue thee here behinde?
May such a wrong passe from a fathers mouth?
If Gods will be, that nothing here be sauad.
Of this great towne, and thy minde bent to ioyne
Both thes and thine to ruine of this towne:
The way is plaine this death for to attaine.
Pyrrhus shall come besprent with Priams blood,
That gored the son before the fathers face,
And slew the father at the altareke.
O sacred mother, was it then for this,
That you me led through flame, and wepons sharp,
That I might in my secret chaumber see
Mine enimies, and Ascanius my son,
My father, with Creusa my sweete wife,
Murded, sias, the one in thothers blood?
Why servants then, bring me my armes againe.
The latter day vs vanquished doth call.
Render me now to the Grekes fight againe:
And let me see the fight begon of new:
We shall not all vnwoken dye this day.

About me then I girt my swerd again,
And eke my shiold on my lef sholder east,
And bent me so to rush out of the house.
Lo in my gate my spouse clasping my feet,
Foreagainst his father yong Iulius set.
If thou wilst go, quod she, and spill thy self
Take vs with thee in all that may betide.
But as expert if thou in armes haue set
Yet any hope, then first this house defend,
Whearas thy son, and eke thy father dere,
And I sometime thine owne dere wife, ar left.
Hershriilloud voice with plaint thus fillid the house;
When that a sodein monstrous manrel fel:
For in their sight, and woefull parents armes,
Behold a light out of the botton sprang
That in tip of Iulus cap did stand:
With gentletouch whors harmlesse flame did shine,
Upon his heare, about his tempies spred:
And we afraid trembling for dreadful fore
Set out the fire from his blasing trese,
And with water gan quench the sacred flame.
Anchises glad his eyen lift to the sterres:
With hands his voice to heauen thus he bent.
If by praiser, almighty Jupiter,
Inclined thou mayst be: behold, vs then
Of ruth: at least if we so much deserue.
Graunt eke thine syd, father; confirm this thing.

Scarce had the old man said, when that the
heuens

With sodein noise thondred on the left hand:
Out of the skie by the dark night there fell
A blasing steme, dragging a brand or flame:
Whiche with much light gliding on the house top,
In the forest of Ida hid her beaunes:
The which full bright cendling a furrow shone,
By a long tract appointing vs the way:
And round about of brimstone rose a fume.
My father vanquist, then beheld the skie,
Spake to the Gods, and tholy sterre adored:
Now, now, quod he, no longer I abide:
Felow I shall where ye me guide at hand,
O nativie Gods, your familie defend,
Preserue your live, this warning comes of you,
And Troye stands in your protection now:
Now geue I place, and wherso that thou goe,
Refuse I not, my sonne, to be thy feare.

Thus did he say: and by that time more cleare
The cracking flame was heard throughout the walles,
And more and more the burning heat drew nere.

Why then haue done, my father dere, quod I,
Bestride my neck fourthwith, and sit thereon,
And I shal with my sholders thee susteine:
Ne shal this labou do me any dere.
What so betide, come perill, come welfare,
Like to vs both and common there shal be.
Yong Iulius shall beare me company;
And my wife shal follow far of my steppes.
Now ye my seruantes, mark well what I say:
Without the towne ye shall find, on an hill,
And old temple there standes; wherso sometime
Worship was don to Ceres the Goddessesse:
Biside which growes an aged cipresse tree,
Preserued long by our forefathers zele.
Behind which place let vs together mete,
And thou father receive into thy handes
The reliques all, and the Gods of the land:
The whiche it were not lawfull I should touch,
That come bot late from slaughter and bloodshed,
Till I be washed in the running blood.
When I had sayd these wordes, my sholders brode,
And laide neck with garmentes gan I spred,
And theron coat a yellow lions skin,
And therupon my burden I receive.
Young Iulius, clasped in my right hand,
Followeth me fast with vnegal pace:
And at my back my wife. Thus did we passe,
By places shadowed most with the night,
And me, whom late the dart which enimies threw,
Nor prease of Argive routes could make amazde,
Eche whispring wind hath power now to fray,
And every sound to moue my doubtfull mind:
So much I dred my burden and my feare.

And now we gan draw nere unto the gate,
Right well except the daunger, as we thought:
When that at hand a spound of fiet we heard.
My father then, gazing throughout the dark,
Cried out on me: Flee, son, they ar at hand.
With that bright sheldes, and shene armours I saw.
But then I knowe not what vafredly God.
My troubled wit from me binift for fere:
For while I ran by the most secret stretes,
Exchuing still the common haunted track,
From me cutif, alas, bereued was
Creusa then my spouse, I wote not how:
Whether by fate, or misseing of the way,
Or that she was by werinease reteind:
But neuer sithe these eies might her behold:
Nor did I yet perceive that she was lost;
Ne never backward turned I my mind,
Till we came to the hill, whereso there stood
The old temple dedicate to Ceres.

And when that we were there assembled all,
She was only away, deceiuing vs
Her spouse, her son, and all her compainie.
What God, or man did I not then accuse,
Nere wood for ire? or what more cruell chaunce
Did hap to me, in all Troies ouerthow?
Ascanius to my feeres I then betoke,
With Anchises and eke the Trojan Gods,
And left them hid within a valley depe.
And to the towne I gan me bye againe,
Clad in bright armes, and bent for to renew
Auentures past, to search throughout the towne,
And yeld my hed to perils ouer againe.
And first the walles and dark entrie I sought
Of the same gate, wherat I issued out:
Holding backward the steppes wher we had come
In the dark night, loking all round about:
In every place the uglyme sights I saw;

The silence selfe of night agast my sprite.
 From bense againe I past vnto our house,
 If she by chsance had ben returned home.
 The Grekes were there, and had it all beset:
 The wasting fire blown vp by drift of wind,
 Above the roofes the blazing flame sprang up:
 The sound wherof with furie pearst the skies,
 To Priams palace and the Castel then
 I made: and there at Junous sanctuar
 In the void porches Phenix, Ulisses eke,
 Sterne gardens stood, watching of the spoyle,
 The richesse here were set rest from the spoyle
 Temples of Troy: the table of the Gods,
 The vessels eke that were of massy gold,
 And vestures spoiled, were gathered all in heap;
 The children orderly, and mothers, pale
 For right,
 Long ranged on a rowe stode round about.
 So bold was I to shewe my voice that night;
 With clepes and cries to fill the stretes through-
 out,
 With Creuse name in sorrow, with vain teres;
 And often sithes the same for to repeate.
 The towne restlesse with furie as I sought,
 Th' unlycky figure of Creusas ghost,
 Of stature more than want, stood fore mine eyen.
 Abusht then I waxe: therwith my heare
 Gan start right vp: my voice stuck in my throte,
 When with such words she gan my hart remoue:
 What helps to yeld vnto such furious rage,
 Swete spouse, quod she, without wil of the gods
 This chanced not: ne lefull was for thee,
 To lead away Creuse bense with thee:
 The king of the hye beuen suffreth it not.
 A long exile thou art assigned to here:
 Long to furrow large space of stormy seas:
 So shalt thou reach at last Hesperian land,
 Wher Lidian Tiber with his gentle streame
 Mildly doth flow along the frutfull feildes.
 There mirthful wealth, there kingdom is for thea,
 There a kinges child preparde to be thy make.
 For thy beloued Creuse stiht thy teres:
 For now shal I not see the proud abodes
 Of Myrmidons, nor yet of Dolopes:
 Ne I a Troyan lady, and the wife
 Unto the sonne of Uenus the Goddesse,
 Shall gue a slave to serue the Grekishe dames.
 Me here the Gods great mother holdes.
 And now farewell: and kepe in fathers brest
 The tender loue of thy yong sou and myne.
 This hauing saile, she left me all in tere,
 And minding much to speake: but she was gone,
 And suttly bed into the weightlesse aire.
 Thrice raught I with mine armes taceoll her
 neck:
 Thrice did my bands vaine holde thimage escape;
 Like nimble wimpls, and like the flying dreame.
 So night spent out, return I to my feeres:
 And ther wondring I find together swarmed
 A new nomber of mates, mothers, and men,
 A rout exiled, a wretched multitude,
 From echo-where flockke together, prest to
 pass,
 With hart and goods, to whatsoeuer land
 By sliding seas me listed them to lede.
 And now rose Lucifer aboue the ridge
 Of lusty Ile, and brought the dawning light,
 The Grekes held thentries of the gates beset:
 Of help there was no hope. Then gane I place,
 Toke up my sou, and hasted to the hill,

THE FOURTH BOKE OF VIRGILIS AENEIS.

BUT now the wounded Quene, with hewe out
 Throughout the vamens she norisht the playe,
 Surprised with blid flame; and to her mind
 Gan eke resort the provense of the man,
 And honour of his race: while in her brest
 Imprinted stuk his wordes, and pictures forme.
 Ne to her limmes care graunteth quiet rest.
 The next morow, with Phœbus lamp, the earth
 Alighted clere; and eke the dawning day
 The shadowes dark gan from the poale renowm;
 When all vsaund her sister of like minde
 Thus spake she to: O sister Anne, what dreame
 Be these, that me tormenteth thus afry?
 What new guest is this, that to our realm is come?
 What one of chere? how stout of hart in arme?
 Truly I think, ne vain is my belefe,
 Of Goddiss race some ospring shold he be:
 Cowardry notes hertes swarued out of kind,
 He driven, lord, with how hard destiny!
 What battailes eke atchieued did he recount?
 But that my mind is fixed vnmouable,
 Never with wight in wedlock ay to ioyne;
 Sith my first lood me left by death discovered:
 If genialt brands and bed me lothed not,
 To this one gilt perchaunce yet might I yeld.
 Anne, for I grumt, with wretched Sibbes death,
 My spouse and house with brothers slaughter
 staind,
 This onely man hath made my senses dead,
 And prickid fourth the mind, that gan to ride:
 Now feelingly I taste the steppes of mine old
 flame.
 But first I wish, the earth me swallow down:
 Or with thunders the mighty Lord me send
 To the pale gestes of hel, and darknesse depe:
 Ere I thee staine, shamefastnes, or thy lawes,
 He that with me first coupled, tooke away
 My loue with him; enjoy it in his graue.
 Thus did she say, and with supprised teares
 Bained her brest. Wherto Anne thus replied:
 O sister, dearer beloued then the lyght:
 Thy youth alone in plaint still wileth spill!
 Ne chidren swete, ne Uenus giftes wileth know?
 Cinders, thinkest thou, mind this? or grained
 ghostes?
 Time of thy doole, thy spouse new dead, I grant,
 None might thee move: no not the Libya king,
 Nor yet of Tire: Larbes set to light;
 And other princes mo: whom the rich soile
 Of Africke breedes, in bonours triumphant.
 Wilt thou also gainstand thy liked loue?
 Comes not to mind vpon whose land thou deest?
 On this side, loe the Getule towne beholde.
 A people bold vvanquished in warre;
 Eke the vndauanted Numides compasse thee;
 Also the Sirtes, vnfriendly harboung:
 On thother hand a desert realme for-thrust,
 The Barceans, whose fury stretcheth wide.
 What shall I touch the warres that nose from
 Tire?
 Or yet thy brothers threatens?
 By Gods puruiance it blewe, and Iunos helpe,
 The Troianes shippes, I think, to runn this cruse.
 Sister, what towne shalt thou see this become?
 Throgh such alleie how shall our kingdom rise?
 And by the aid of Troiane armes how great?
 How many waies shal Cartages glorie grow?
 Thou onely now bezech the Gods of grace

By sacrifice: which ended, to thy house
Receive him: and forge causes of abode:
Whiles winter frettes the seas, and watry Orion,
The shippes shaken, vsfriendly the season.
Such wordes enflamed the kindled mind with
love,
Loosed at shame, and gaue the doutfull hope,
And to the temples first they hast, and seek
By sacrifice for grace, with hogreles of two yeares
Chosen as ought, to Ceres, that gaue lawes,
To Phœbus, Bacchus, and to Iuno chiefe,
Which hath in care the bandes of mariage.
Faire Dido held in her right hand the cup,
Which twixt the hornes of a white cowe she shed
In presence of the Gods, passing before
The auillers fette, which she renewed oft
With giften that day, and beasts debowled;
Gasing for counsell on the entrales warne.
Ay me, vskilfull mindes of prophecy!
Temples, or vowed, what boote they in her rage?
A gentle flame the mary doth deuoure,
Whiles in the brest the silent wound keepes life.
Unhappy Dido burns, and in her rage
Throughout the towne she wandreth vp and down:
Like the stricken Hinde with shaft, in Crete
Throughout the woods which chasing with his darte
Aloofe, the shepheard smiteth at vnwares,
And leauens answir in her the thirding head:
That through the greues, and landes glides in her
fight;
Amid whose side the mortall arrow stickes.
Aeneas now about the walles she leades,
The towne prepared, and Cartage welth to shew;
Offering to speak, amid her voice, she whisteth.
And when the day gan fale, new feastes she
makes;
The Troies traiales to heare a-new she listes,
Inaged al: and stareth in his face
That tels the tale. And when they were al gone,
And the dimme mone doth est withhold the light,
And sliding sterres prouoked rnto sleepe;
Alone she mournes within her palace voide;
And sets her down on her forsaken bed:
And absent him she heares, when he is gone,
And seeth eke: oft in her lappie she holdes
Aeneas, trapt by his fathers forme:
So to begle the loue, can not be told.
The turrets now arise not, erst begonne;
Neither the youth weldes armes, nor they aunce
The portes, nor other mete defence for warr:
Broken there hang the workes and mighty frames
Of walles high raised, threatening the skie.
Whom assoone as Ioues deare wife saw infect
With such a plague, ne fame resist the rage:
Saturnes daughter thus hunders Uenus them:
Great praise, quod she, and worthy spoiles you
You and your son: great Gods of memory, [win,
By both your wiles one woman to devorer.
Yet am I not deceived, that foreknow
Ye dread our walles, and bildinges gan suspect
Of high Cartage. But what shal be the ende?
Or wheronto now serueth such debate?
But rather peace, and bridale bandes knit we,
Sith thou hast sped of that, thy heart desired:
Dido doth burne with loue, rage fretes her boones;
This people now as common to vs both,
With equal fauour let vs gouern then;
Lefull be it to serue a Trojan spouse;
And Tirianes yeld to thy right hand is dower.
To whom Uenus replied thus; (that knewe

Her wordes proceded from a fained minde,
To Libian coastes to turne thempire from Rome.)
What wight so fond, such offer to refuse?
Or yet with thee had leuer striue in warr?
So bet it fortune thy tale bring to effect:
But desternies I dout: least loue will graunt,
That folle of Tire, and such as came from Troie,
Should hold one towne; or graunt these naciones
Mingled to be, or ioyned ay in leage.
Thou ar his wife; lefull it is for the
For to attempt his fonsie by request:
Passe on before and follow the I shal.
Quene Iuno then thus tooke her tale againe:
This travale be it mine: bat by what meane
Marke, in fewe wordes I shal thee lerne ethoone,
This worke in hand may now be compassed.
Aeneas now, and wretched Dido eke
To the forest a hunting minde to wende
To mornre, as soon as Titan shall ascend,
And with his beame bath overspred the world:
And whiles the wings of youth do swarm about,
And whiles they range to ouer-set the groves,
A cloudie shew mingled with haile I shall
Pourre down, and then with thonder shake the
skies,
Thassemble scattered the mist shall cloke,
Dido a cane, the Trojan prince the same
Shall enter to; and I will be at hand:
And if thy will sticke vnto mine, I shall
In wedlocke sure knyt, and make her his own:
Thus shall the maryage be. To whose request
Without debate Uenus did seeme to yeld,
And singled soft, as abe that found the wyle.
Then from the seas, the Dawning gan arise:
The Sun once vp, the chosen youth gan throng
Out at the gates: the hayes so rarely knit;
The hunting staves with their brod heads of
steelie:
And of Masile the horsemen fourth they brake;
Of senting boundes a kenel huge likewise.
And at the threshold of her chamber dore,
The Carthage Lords did on the Quene attend.
The trampling steed with gold and purple trapt,
Chawing the fomie bit, there fiercely stood,
Then issued she, awyted with great train,
Clad in a cloke of Tyre embradred riche.
Her quyuer hung behind her back, her tresse
Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
Buttined with gold. The Troians of her train
Before her go with gladsome lulus.
Aeneas eke the goodliest of the route
Makes one of them, and ioyneth close the throngs:
Like when Apollo leaueth Lycia
His wintir place, and Xanthus floods likewise,
To viest Delos his mothers mansion;
Repairing est and furnishing her quire:
The Caudians, and folkes of Driopes,
With painted Agathirsies shoute and crye,
Enuironing the altars round about:
When that he walks vpon mount Cynthus top:
His sparkled trense represt with garlandes soft
Of tender leaues, and trunseed vp in gold:
His quivering darter clattering behinde his back.
So fresh and lustie did Aeneas seeme:
Such lordly port in present countenunce.
But to the hil, and wild holtes when they came:
From the rocks top the driuen sauge rose:
Loe from the hill aboue on thother side,
Through the wyde lawnds, they gan to take their
course:

The harts likewise, in troupes taking their flight,
Raysing the dust, the mountains fast for sake.
The child Iulus, blithe of his swift steede,
Amids the plain now prickes by them, now these:
And to encounter wisteth oft in minde
The foming Bore, in steede of ferefull beasts;
Or Lion brown might from the hill descend.

In the meane while the skyes gan rumble sore:
In tyme therof, a mingled shour with hayle.
The Tyrian folk, and eke the Troyans youth,
And Uenets nephewe the cottages for feare
Sought round about; the floods fell from the hils.
Did a den, the Troyan prince the same,
Chauced vpon. Our mother then the Earth,
And Iuno that hath charge of mariage,
First tokened gane with burning gledes of flame:
And priuie to the wedlock, lightnig Skies:
And the Nymphes yelled from the mountains top.
Ay me, this was the first day of their mirth,
And of their hormes the first occasion eke.
Respect of fame no longer her witholdes:
Nor museth now to frame her lone by stealth.
Wedlock she oals it: vnder the pretence
Of which fayre name she cloketh now her fawt.

Forthwith Fame flieth through the great Lybian towns:

A mischeife Fame, there is none els so swift;
That moving growes, and flitting gathers force:
First small for dred, none after climes the skyes:
Stayeth on earth, and hides her bed in cloudes.
Whom our mother the Earth, tempted by wrath
Of Gods, begat; the last sister, they write,
To Cacus, and to Enceladus eke:
Spedie of foote, of wyng likewise as swift,
A monster huge, and dredfull to descriue.
In every plume, that on her body sticks,
A thing in dede much maruelous to heare,
As many waker eyes lurk vnderneath,
So many mouthes to speake, and listning eares.
By night she flies amid the cloudy skie,
Sbriking by the dark shadow of the earth,
Ne doth decline to the swete sleep her eyes:
By day she sits to mark on the house top,
Or turrets hye, and the great towns afraies:
As mindefull of yll and lyes, as blasing truth.
This monster blithe with many a tale gan sow
This rumor then into the common eare:
As well things don, as that was never wrought:
As that there comen is to Tyrians court
Aeneas one outsproung of Troyan blood,
To whom fair Did wold her self be wed,
And that; the while, the winter long the pase
In soule delight, forgetting charge of reigne;
Led against honour with vn honest lust.

This in eche mouth the fitfulle Goddessesse spredes,
And takes her course to king Niobas straight;
Kindling his minde; with tales she feedes his
wrath.

Gotten was he by Ammon Jupiter
Upon the rauisht Nymph of Garamant.
And hundred hugie great temples he built
In his farre stretching realmes to Jupiter;
Altars as many kept with wakin flame,
A wache always vpon the Gods to tend:
The floores embrude with yelde blood of beastes,
And threshold spred with garlands of strange hue.
He wood of minde, kindled by bitter bluse,
Tofore thatars, in presence of the Gods,
With reared hands gan humble love entreate:
Almighty God, whom the Moores nacion

Fed at rich tables presenteth with wine,
Seest thou these things? or feare we thee in vain,
When thou lettest flye thy thondor from the
cloudes?

Or do those flames with vaine noyse as affray?
A woman, that wandering in our coastes hath
bought

A plot for price, where she a citie set;
To whom we gaue the strand for to manure,
And lawes to rule our town; our wedlock lothed.
Hath chose Aeneas to commandour her realme.
That Paris now with his vntmanly sorte,
With mitred hats, with oynted bush and beard,
His raps enjoyeth: whiles to thy temples we
Our offlings bring, and follow rumors vaine.

Whom prasing in such sort, and griping eke
The altars fast, the mighty father heard:
And writhed his loke toward the royal walls,
And louers eke, forg-ting their good name,
To Mercurie then gave he thus in charge.
Hense son in haste, and call to thee the windes:
Side with thy plumes, and tell the Troyan prince,
That now in Carthage loytereth, rechissee
Of the towns graunted him by desteny:
Swift through the skyes, see thow these words
conay:

His faire mother beight him not to vs
Such use to be; ne therefore twyse him sauad
From Grekissh armes; but such a one
As mete might some great Italie to rule,
Dreedfull in arms, charged with vnglorie,
Shewing in profe his worthy Teucrian race;
And vnder lawes, the whole world to abduie.
If glorie of such things nought him inflame:
Ne he that listes seke honour by som paine:
The towres yet of Rome, being his sirc
Doth be enuie to yong Acanthus?
What minde he to frame, or on what hope
In enemis land doth he make hym abode?
Ne his offspring in Italie regardes?
Ne yet the land of Lauin doth behold?
Bid him make sayle: haue here the sum and ends
Our message thus report. Whrn Ioue had sayd,
Then Mercurie gan bende him to obey
His mighty fathers will: and to his heeles
His golden wings he knits, which him transport
With a light winde aboue the earth, and seas.
And then with him his wande he toke, whereby
He calles from hell pale gostes; and other som
Thether also be sendeth comfortlesse:
Wherby he forseth sleepes, and them bereves;
And mortal els he closeth vp in deth.
By power wherof he drivies the windes away;
And passeth eke amid the troubled cloudes:
Till in his flight he gan descrie the top,
And the stepe flankes of rocky Atlas hill;
That with his crowne sustaines the welkin vp:
Whose head forgrown with pine, circled alway
With misty cloudes, beaten with wind and storme:
His shoulders spred with snow, and from his chyn
The springes descend: his beard frosts with yse.
Here Mercury with equal shewing wings
First touched; and with body healding betto
To the water thend took he his descent:
Like to the foule, that endlong costes and stroades
Swarming with fish, flies sweping by the sea:
Cutting betwixt the wnder and Lybian landes,
From his grandfather by the mothers side
Cylene's child so came, and then alight
Upon the houses with his winged feele:

Tofore the towres when he Aeneas saw
Foundacions cast, stereing lodges new;
Girt with a swerd of lisper starry bright;
A shining parel, flamed with stately eie
Of Trian purple, hong his shoulders down,
The gift and work of wealthy Didoes hand,
Stripped throughout with a thin thred of gold.
Thus he encounterd him: Oh careless wight
Both of thy realme, and of thine own affaires;
A wifebound man now dost thou reare the walles
Of high Cartage, to build a goodly town!
From the bright skies the ruler of the Gods
Sent me to thee, that with his beck commanndes
Both heven and earth: in hast he gave me charge
Through this light nire this message thee to say:
What framest thou? or on what hope thy time
In idleness doth waxt in Africk land?
Of so great things if wrought the fame thee stirr,
Ne list by travail honour to puruse;
Avengous yet, that waxeth fast, behold;
And the hope of Iulus seede thine heir;
To whom the realm of Italy belongeth,
And soile of Rome. When Mercury had said:
Amid his tale, far of from mortal eies
Into light nire, be vanisht out of sight.

Aeneas with that vision stricken down,
Well were bestraught, vpstart his heare for dread,
Amid his throtel his voice likewise gan stick.
Fare to depart by night he longeth now,
And the sweet land to leane, astonied sore
With this advise and message of the Gods.
What may he do, alas? or by what words?
Dare he persuade the raging Quene in loue?
Or is what sort may he his tale beginne?
Now here, now there his rocklesse mind gan run,
And diuersly him drawes discoursing all,
After long doutes this sentence semed best:
Mnestheus first, and strong Cleanthus eke,
He callis to him, with Sergeant: vnto whom
He gave in charge his issue secretly
Fare to prepare; and drue to the sea coast
His people: and their armour to addresse:
And for the cause of change to faine excuse:
And that he, when good Dido least foreknew,
Or did suspect so great a loue could break,
Wold wait his time to speke therof most meete;
The nearest way to hasten his entent.
Gladly his wil, and bidding they obey.

Ful souce the Quene this crafty sleight gan smell,
Who can drivene a louer in forecast?
And first foresaw the motions for to come:
Things most assured fearing: vnto whom
That wicked Fame reported, how to flight
Was armde the fleet, all ready to availe.
Then ill bested of counsell, rageth she;
And whisks through the towne: like Bacchus

romane,
As Thias stirres, the sacred rites begon,
And when the wouted thrid yeres sacrifice
Doth prick her fourth, hervng Bacchus name
And that the festifl night of Ciburon (hallowed):
Dots call her fourth with noyes of dauncing.

At length her self bordeth Aeneas thus.
Unfaulfull wight, to cover such a fault
Coldest than hope? vntwist to leane my land?
Nor thee our looe, nor yet right hand betrothed,
Ne cruel death of Dido may withhold?
But that thou wilt in winter shippes prepare,
And trie the seas in broile of whoring windes?
What if the land, thou seekest, were not straunge?

If not unknown? or auncient Troye yet stode?
In rough seas, yet shold Troye towne be sought?
Shamest thou me? By these teares, and right
hand,
(For nought els hane I wretched lefts my self)
By our spouses and mariage begonne,
If I of thee deserued euer well
Or thing of mine were euer to thee leste;
Rue on this realme, whoes ruine is at hand;
If ought be left that pryer may availe,
I thee beseeche to do away this minde.
The Libians and tirans of Nomadane
For thee me hate: my Trianas eke for thee
Ar wroth: by thes my shamefultnes eke stained,
And good rescoume, wherby vp to the starres
Perelesse I clame. To whom wilt thou me leue
Redy to dye, my swete guest? with this name
Is all as now, that of a spouse remaunes.
But wherto now shold I prolong my death?
What? vntil my brother Pigmalion
Beate downe my walles? or the Getulian king
Hirbas yet captiue lead me away?
Before thy flight a child had I ones borne,
Or sene a yong Aeneas in my court
Play vp and down, that might present thy face,
All utterly I could not seeene forsaken.
Thus syd the Quene: he to the Gods aduise
Unmoued held his eies, and in his brest
Repreat his care, and strove against his wit:
And these few wordes at last then forth he cast.
Neuer shall I desire (Quene) thy deserue,
Greater than thou in wordes may well expresse:
To think on thee, ne irt me aye it shall,
Whiles of my self I shall haue memory,
And whiles the spirit these limmes of mine shal
rule.
For present purpose somewhat shall I say.
Neuer ment I to clok the same by steith,
Slaundur me not, ne to escape by flight:
Nor I to thee pretended mariage
Ne hyther cam to ioyne me in such leage.
If desteny at mine own liberty
To lead my life would haue permitted me,
After my wil my sorow to redoub,
Troy and the remainder of our folke
Restore I shold: and with these scaped handes,
The walles again vnto thee vanquished,
And palace high of Priam eke repaire.
But now Apollo, called Grineus,
And prophecies of Licia me aduise
To sease vpon the realme of Italy:
That is my loue, my country, and my land,
If Cartage turretted then Phoenicien borne,
And of a Libian towne the sight detaine:
To vs Troians why doest thou then envy
In Italy to make our resting seat?
Lefull is eke for vs strange realmes to seeke,
As oft as night doth cloke with shadowes darke
The earth as oft as flaming starres apere
The troubled ghost of my father Anchises
So soft in sleepe doth fray me, and advise:
The wronged bed by me of my deare sonne,
Whom I defrand of the Hesperian crown,
And landes allotted him by desteny.
The messenger eke of the Gods but late
Sent down from loue (I sware by eyther bed)
Passing the ayre, did thin to me report:
In bright day light the God my self I saw
Entre these walles, and with these eares him
heard.

Leue then, with plaint to vexe both the and me:
Against my will to Italy I go.
Whiles in this sort he did his tale pronounce;
With wayward looke she gan high ay behold,
And rölind eies, that moved to and fro:
With silence looke discoursing ouer al;
And foorth in rage at last thus gan she brayde:
Faithlesse, forsworn, ne Goddessesse was thy dam,
Nor Dardanus beginner of thy race;
But of hard rockes mount Caucasus monstrosus
Bred thee, and teats of Tyger gaue thee suck.
But what shoulde I dissemble now my chere?
Or me resone to hope of greater things?
Mindes be our teares? or ever moued his eyen?
Wept be for ruth? or pitied he our loue?
What shall I set before? or where begin?
Iuno nor loue with inst eyes thin behold.
Faith is no where in suretie to be found.
Did I not him thrown vp vpon my shore
In neede receive, and fooded eke inact
Of halfe my realme? his nauis lost, repair?
From deathes daunger his felowes eke defend?
Ay me, with rage and furies loe I drue!
Apollo now, now Lycien prophesies,
Another while the messenger of Gods
(He sayes) sent down from mighty loue himself.
The dreadfull charge amid the skies hath brought.
As though that were the traail of the Gods,
Or such a care their quietnes might moue.
I bold thee not, nor yet gainesay thy words:
To Italy passe on by helpe of windes,
And through the floods go searche thy kingdom
new.

If ruthful gods haue any power, I trust,
Amid the rocks, thy guerdon thou shalt finde;
When thou shalt clepe full oft on Didos name,
With burial brandes I absent shall thee trace:
And when cold death from life these limes deuides,
My gost eche where shall still on thee awaite?
Thou shalt aby, and I shall here thereof:
Among the soules below thy brute shall come.—
With such like wordes she cut of half her tale,
With pensie hart abandoning the light:
And from his sight, her self gan far remoue;
Forsaking bin, that many things in fere
Imagined, and did prepare to say.
Her swooning lims her damsel gan releue,
And to her chamber bare of marble stome:
And layd her on her bed with tapets spred.
But iust Aeneas, though he did desire
With comfort swote her sorrows to appese,
And with his words to banish all her cares
Wailing her much, with great loue onercome:
The Gods will yet he woorkeith, and resorte
Unto his nauie. Where the Troyans fast
Fell to their works from the shore to vntock
High rigged shipe: now stelloued the lawned kele:
Their oars with leaves yet grene from wood they
bring,

And masts unshane for last, to take their flight.
You might haue seen them throug out of the town:
Like ants, when they do spoile the bing of corne,
For winters dred, which they heare to their den:
When the black swarn creeps ouer al the felds,
And thwart the grasse by strait pathes drags
their pray: [trusse,

The great graine then son on their shoulders
Some drue the troupe, some chaisticke ake the slow:
That with their traueil chased is eche pathe.

Beholding this, what thought might Dido haue?

What sighes gan she? when from her towers by
The large coals she saw haunited with Troyans
wrotes,
And in her sight the seas with dim confounded?
O wittesse loue, what thing is that to do
A mortal munde thou canst not force thereto?
Forced she is to leares ay to retorne,
With new requestes, to yeld her hart to loue:
And least she should before her causelesse death
Leaue any thing vatried: O sister Anne,
Sooth she, beholde the whole coast round about,
How they prepare, assembled every where:
The streaming sailes abiding but for wynde:
The shippmen crowne their ships with bows for joy.
O sister, if so great a sorrow I
Mistrusted had, it were more light to beare.
Yet nathlesse this for me wretched wight,
Anne, shalt thou do: for faithles, thee alone
He reuerenced, thee eke his secretes tolde:
The mettest time thou knewest to borde the man:
To my proud foe, thus sister humbly say;
I with the Grekes within the port Aulide
Coniured not the Troyans to destroy:
Nor to the walles of Troy yet sent my fleetes:
Nor cyndes of his father Anchises
Disturbed haue out of his sepulture.
Why letten haue not my wordes sink in his eares
So hard to overtreate? whither whirles he?
This last boone yet graunt he to wretched loue:
Prosperous windes for to depart with ease
Let him abide: the foreyarde mariage now,
That he betrayed, I do not him require;
Nor that he should faire Italy forego:
Neither I woulde, he shoulde his kingdom lese.
quiet I ake, and a time of delay,
And respite eke my furye to assage,
Till my mishap teach me, all comfortlesse,
How for to wayle my grief. This latter grace,
Sister, I crame; have thou remorse of me:
Whiche if thou shalt vouchsafe, with heapes I
shall

Leave by my death redoubled unto thee. [playne:
Moisted with teares, thus wretched gan she
Whiche Anne reportes, and answers brings againe,
Nought teare him moue, ne yet to soy wordes
He can be framed with gentle munde to yelde.
The Werdes withstande, a God stope his meke
eares.

Like to the aged boystones bodied oke,
The which among the Alpes the Northerna windes
Blowynge now from this quarter, now froce that,
Betwixt them stroke to overwhelm with bloudes;
The whistling syre among the brauncebes roses;
Which all at once bow to the earth her croppes,
The stocke once smit: whiles in the rockes the
tree [toppe
Sticke fast: and loke, bow bye to the brenen her
Barees vp, so deepe her route spredes downe to
hell.

So was this Lorde now here now there beset,
With wordes, in whose stout breast wrought many
cares:

But still his munde in one remaines, in vaine.
The teares were shed. Then Dido frayde of fates,
Wisheth for death, irked to see the skyes.
And that she might the rather worke her will,
And leaue the light (a grisey thing to tell)
Upon the altars burning full of conse
When she set giftes of sacrifice, she saw
The holy watir stocks waxe blacke within:

The wile eke shad change into filthy gore,
This she to wone, not to her sister told.
A marble temple in her palace eke,
In memory of her old spouse, there stood,
In great honour and worship, which she held,
With snow white clothes deckt, and with bows of
feast: [speche
Wherout was heard her husbandes voyce, and
Cleping for her, when dark night hid the earth:
And off the Owle with rusfull song complainid
From the house top, drawing long dolefull tunes.
And many things forspoke by prophets past
With dreidfull warning gan her now affray:
And stern Aeneas semeid in her stepe
To chase her stil about, distraught in rage:
And still her thought, that she was left alone
Uncompagned great viages to wende,
In desert land her Tyriau folk to seeke.
Like Pentheus, that in his madnes saw
Swarming in flocks the furies all of hell,
Two song remoue, and Theben town shew twaine,
Or like Orestes Agamemnon's son:
Is tragedies who represented ayse
As driven about, that from his mother fled
Armed with brands, and eke with serpents black;
That sittynge found within the temples porche
The vglie furies his slaughter to renge.

Yelden to wo, when phrenesie had her caught,
Within her selfe then gan she well debate,
Full bent to dye, the time, and eke the meane:
And to her wofull sister thus she sayd,
In outward chere dissembling her entent,
Presenting hope vnder a semblant glad:
Sister rejoyce, for I have found the way
Him to returne, or lose me from his loue.
Toward the end of the great Ocean flood,
Whereas the wandring Sun discedeth hence,
In the extremes of Ethiope, is a place,
Where huge Atlas on his sholders turne
The sphere so round with flaming starres beset.
Borne of Mansyle, I heare shoule he a Nunne;
That of th' Hesperian sisters temple old
And of their goodly garden, keper was;
That genes vnto the Dragon eke his foote,
That on the tree preserves the boly fruit;
That houie moyst, and sleeping poppey castes.
This woman doth avaunt, by force of charme
What hart she list to set at libertie:
And other some to perve with heuy cares:
Is rannynge flood to stop the waters course;
And eke the sterres their mouings to reverse:
Tremble eke the woken that walk by night:
Under thy feete, hearth thou shalt behold
Tremble and rose: the oke come from the hill.
The Gods and thee, dere sister, now I call
Is witness, and thy hed to me so sweete,
To magike arts against my will I bende.
Right secretly within oor inner court,
In open ayre rear vp a stack of wood;
And hang thereon the weapon of this man,
The which he left within my chamber stick:
Mis weedes despoiled all, and bridal bed
(Wherous ales, sister, I found my bane)
Charge therupon: for so the Nunne commandes
To do away what did to him beloue,
Of that false wight that might remembraunce
bring.

Then whistled she; the pale her face gan staine,
He could yet Anne beleue, her sister ment
To cloke her death by this new sacrifice;

Nor in her brest with furie did conceiue:
Neither doth she now dred more greuous thing,
Then followed Siches death: wherefore
She put her will in vre. But then the Queen,
When that the stak of wood was reared vp
Under the ayre within the inward court
With clouen oke, and billets made of fyre,
With garlandes she doth all beset the place,
And therupon bis wedes and swerd yleste,
And on a bed bis pictute she bestowes,
As she that well foreknew what was to come.
The altars stande about, and eke the Nunne
With sparkled trese; the which thre hundred
Gods

With a loude voice doth thunder out at once,
Erebis the grimly, and Chaos huge,
And eke the threefolde Goddess Hecate,
And thre faces of Diana the virgin:
And sprinckles eke the water counterfet
Like vnto blacke Auerne lake in hell:
And springyng herbes rapt up with brason ethes
Were sought after the right course of the Moone;
The vennyn blacke intermingled with milke;
The lumen of fleshe twene the new borne foales
eyen

To reue, that winneth from tho damone her loue,
She with the mole all in her handes devout
Stode neare the auter, bare of the one foote,
With vesture loose, the handes velacled all;
Bent for to dye, call the Gods to records,
And gilty starres eke of her destiny:
And if there were any God that had care
Of louers hertes not moued with loue alike,
Him she requires of iustice to remember.

It was then night; the sonnde and quiet slepe
Had through the earth the wiered bodies caught;
The woodes, the ragyng seas were falso to rest;
When that the starres had halfe their course de-
clined; [hue,

The feldes whist, beastes, and fowles of divers
And what-so that in the brode laken remainde,
Or yet among the bushy thickes of bryar,
Laide downe to slepe by silence of the night
Gan swage their cares, mindlesse of travells past.
Not so the sprite of this Phenician;
Unhappy she that on no slepe could chane,
Nor yet nightes rest enter in ey or brest:
Her cares redoble; lone doth rise and rage againe,
And overflown with swellyng stormes of wrath.
Thus thinkes she then, this route she in her minde;
What shall I do? shall I now beare the scorne
For to assayse mine olde wores againe?
And humbly yet a Numid spouse require,
Whome mariage I have so oft disdayned?
The Troyan nauy, and Teucryau vyle commander
Follow shall I? as thou it sholdt availe,
That whilom by my helpe they were relented;
Or for because with kinder, and mindfull folke
Right well doth sit the peased thankefull dede?
Who would me suffer, admit this were my will,
Or we scorned to their proude shippes receiue?
Oh, wo begone! full little knowest thou yet
The broken othes of Laomedon kinder.
What then? alone on myr mariners
Shall I waite? or borde them with my power
Of Tyrian assem led me about?
And such as I with trausile brought from Tyre,
Driue to the seas, and force them asle again?
But rather dye, euer as thou hast deserved;

And to this wo with iron gene thou ende.
And thou, sister, first vanquist with my teares,
Thou in my rage with all these' mischiefer first
Didst burden me, and yelde me to my soe.
Was it not graunted me from sposals free,
Like to wilde beastes, to live without offence,
Without taste of such care? Is there no fayth
Reserved to the cinders of Sichee?

Such great complaints brake forth out of her
brest:

While Aeneas full minded to depart,
All things prepared, slept in the poupe on high.
To whom in slepe the wented godheads forme
Gan ey appere, returning in like shape
As seemed him; and gan him thus eduide:
Like unto Mercury in voice, and hue,
With yelow bushe, and comely lymmes of yonth.
O Goddess sonne, in such case canst thou slepe?
Ne yet, bestrayngh, the daungers doent forsee
That compesse thee? or hearest the faire windes
blowe?

Dido in minde routes vengeance and desceite;
Deterred to dye, swells with unstable ire.
Wilt thou not flee whiles thou hast time of flight?
Straight shalt thou see the seas couered with
stoyles,

The blasyn brondes the shore all spred with flame
And if the morow stakle vpon thee here.
Come of, have done, set all delay aside:
For full of change these women be alway.
This sayd, in the dark night he gan him hide.

Aeneas of this sodain vision
Adred starts vp out of his sleepe in hast;
Cols up his feers; Awake, get up, my men,
Abord your shippes, and boyce vp sayl with spedee:
A God me wills, sent from aboue againe,
To hast my flight, and writhen cables cut.
Ob boly God, whatso thow art, we shall
Follow thee, and all blithe obey thy will;
Be at our hand, and frenely vs assist;
Adresse the sterns with prosperous influence.
And with that word his glistening sword unabethes;
With which drawen, he the cables cut in twaine.
The like desire the rest embrased all;
All thing in hast they cast, and fourth they whurle;
The shores they leave; with shippes the seas are
sped;

Cutting the fume, by the blaw seas they swepe.

Aurora now from Titans purple bed
With new day light had overspread the earth;
When by his windowes the queene the piping day
Espyed, and name with spaid sailles depart
The shore, and eke the port of vessels royd.
Her comely brest thrise or fourtyme she smote
With her own hand, and tore her golden trense.
Oh loue, quoth she, shall he then thus depart,
A straunger thus, and score our kingdom so? j
Shall not my men do on their armore prest,
And eke pursue them throughout all the town?
Out of the rode sone shall the vessel warpe.
Hast on, cast flame, set sayle, and wilde your
owers.

What said I? but where am I? what phrenie
Alters thy minde? Vnhappy Dido, now
Hath thee beset a froward destenie.
Then it behoued, when thou didst geve to him
His scepter. So his faith and his right hand!
That leades with him (they say) his countrie
That on his back his aged father bore: [goddes,
His body might I not have caught and rent?

And in the seas drenched him, and his feers?
And from Ascanius his life with iron rest,
And set him on his fathers bord for meat?
Of such debate perchaunce the fortune might
Have been doutfull; would God it were assaied?
Whom should I feare, with i my selfe must die?
Might I have thrown into that natty brondes,
And filled eke their deckes with flauing fire,
The father, sonne, and all their nacion
Destroyed, and fullu, my self ded ouer al! [criest;
Sunne, with thy beames, that mortal warkes dis-
And thou Iuno, that wel these traualles knowest:
Proserpine thou, vpon whom folk do vse
To houle, and call in forked waies by night;
Infernal furies, ye breakers of wrong:
And Dido Gods, who standes at point of death,
Receive these wordes, and eke your heavy power
Withdraw from me, that wicked folk deserue:
And our request accept, we you beseeche:
If so that yonder wicked head must neales
Reconer port, and saile to lande, of force;
And if Ioues wil have no resolved it,
And such ende set no no wight can fordoe;
Yet at the least assailed mought he be
With armes, and warres of hardy nacion;
From the boundes of his kingdom furre exiled;
Iulus eke ravished out of his armes;
Driven to call for helpe, that he may see
The giltelesse corpses of his folke lie dead:
And aft r hard condicions of peace,
His realme, nor life desired may he brooke;
But fall before his time vngraued amid the sandes.
This I require, these wordes with blood I shed.
And Tirians, ye his flocke and all his race
Pursue with hate; rewarde our cinders so:
Nor loue nor leage betwixt our people be;
And of our bones, some weaker may there spring,
With sword and flame that Troian may pursue:
And from henceforth, when that our powr may
Our coates to them contrary be for aye, [stretch,
I cruse of God; and our stremes to their boddies;
Armes vnto armes; and offspring of eche race
With mortell warr eche other may fordoe.
This said, her mind she writhed on al sides,
Saking with sped to end her irksome life.
To Sichee nurse Barcen then thus she said
(For her at home in ashes did remaine)
Cal unto me, deare purse, my sister Anne:
Bid her, in hast in water of the fludde
She sprinkle the body, and bring the beastes,
And purging sacrifice, I did her shewe:
So let her come: and thou thy temples bind
With sacred garlandes: for the sacrifice,
That I to Pluto have begounne, my mind
Is to performe, and geve end to these careys:
And Trojan statue throw into the flame.
When she had said, redoublie gan her nurse
Her steppes, forth on an aged womans tro.

But trembling Dido egerly now bent
Upon her stern determinacion;
Her bloodshot eies roling within her head;
Her quivering chekes, flecked with deadly stains,
Both pale and wan to think on death to come;
Into the inward wardenes of her palace
She rusheth in, and clasp vp, as distraught,
The burial stack, and drew the Trojan swerd,
Her gift sometime, but meant to no such use.
Where when she saw his weed, and well known
Weping a while in study gan she stay, [bed,
Fell on the bed, and these last wordes she mad.

Sweete spoiles, whiles God and destenies it wold,
Receive this sprite, and aid me of these cares:
I lined and ranne the course, fortune did graunt;
And vnder earth my great gost now shall wende:
A goodly towne I built, and saw my walle;
Happy, ales too happy, if these costes
The Troyan shippes had never touched aye.

This said, she laid her mouth close to the bed.
Why then, quoth she, vnwraken shal we die?
But let vs die: for this, and in this sort
It liketh vs to seeke the shadowes darck!—
And from the seas the cruel Troyans eies
Shal wel discern this flame; and take with him
Eke these vulucky tokenes of my death!
As she had said, her damselfe might perceve
Her with these wordes fal parced on a sword;
The blade embrued and hands besprent with gore.
The clamor rang vnto the pallace toppe:
The brute ramme throughout al thastonied towne:
With wailing great, and womenes shrill yelling
The roofes gan roare: the aire resound with
plaint:

As though Cartage, or thauentur town of Tyre
With preas of entred enemies swarmed full:
Or when the rage of furious flame doth take
The temples toppes, and mansions eke of men.

Her sister Anne, spritelesse for dread to heare
This fearefull sturre, with nailes gan tearre her
face,

She smote her brest, and rushed through the rout:
And her dieng the cleapes thus by her name:
Sister, for this with craft did you me bound?
The stak, the flame, the altars, bred they this?
What shall I first complainie, forsaken wight?
Lothest thou in death thy sisters fellowship?
Thou shouldest have callid me to like destiny;
One wo, one sword, one houre mought end vs both.
This funeral stak built I with these handes,
And with this voice cleped our native Gods;
And cruel so absentest me from thy death?
Destroyd thou hast, (sister) both thee and me,
Thy people eke, and princes borne of Tyre.
Geue here: I shall with water washe her wounds;
And such with mouth her breath, if ought be left.

This said, vnto the high degrees shee mounted,
Embrasing fast her sister now half dead,
With wailfull plaint: whom in her lap she layd,
The black swart gore wiping dry with her clothes.
But Dido striueth to lift vp againe

Her beautey eyen, and hath no power thereto:
Deepe in her brest that fixed wound doth gape.
Thruse leaning on her elbow gan she raise
Her self, upward: and thrise she ouerthrew
Upon the bed: ranging with wondring eies
The skies for light, and wept when she it found.

Almighty Iuno hauing ruth by this
Of her long paines, and eke her lingring death:
From heauen she sent the Goddess Iris downe,
The throwing spirit, and jointed limmes to loose.
For that neither by lot of destiny,
Nor yet by kindly death she perished,
But wretchedly before her fatal day,
And kindled with a sodein rage of flame,
Proserpine had not from her head bereft
The golden heare, nor judged her to hell.
The dewye Iris thus with golden wings,
A thousand hues shewing against the sunne,
Amid the skies then did she fye adowne
On Didos head: where as she gan a light,
This beare (quod she) to Pluto consecrate

Commanded I reue; and thy spirit vnloose
From this body. And when she thus had said,
With her right hand she cut the beare in twaine:
And therewith al the kindly heat gan quench,
And into wind the life foorthwith resolute.

ECCLESIASTES AND CERTAIN PSALMS.

ECCLESIASTES.

CHAPTER I.

I SALAMON Davids sonne, king of Jerualeem,
Chosen by Gyd to teache the Jewes, and in his
Iawes to leade them, [wayne,
Confesse, vnder the sonne that eury thing is
The world is false, man he is frayle, and all his
pleasures payne. [lynde

Alas! what stable frute may Adams chilidren
In that they seke by sweat of browes, and travill
of their mynde? [decay:

We that lie on the earthe, drawn toward our
Ouer chilidren fill our place a whille, and then
they fade away.

Such chaunges makes the earthe, and dothe re-
move for none,
But serues us for a place to play our tragedes
vpon. [course hath ronne,

When that the restlesse sonne westwardre his
Towards the east he husts as fast, to ryse where he
begone. [blast,

When hoarey Borens hathe blowen his frozen
Then Zephirus with his gentill breathe dissolves
the as fast:

Fluds, that drinke vpp small broks, and swel
by rage of rayne,

Discharge in sees, which them replesse, and
swallowe strayte againe. [ronse their race,
These worldy pleasures, (Lord,) so swift they
That scarce our eyes may them discerne, they
byde so littel space. [shall:

What bathe bin, but is now, the like hereafter
What new deuise grounded so suer, that dreadeth
not the fall: [tymes past

What may be called new, but sucht things in
As time buryed, and dothe reueue, and tyme
agayne shall waste. [brute at all;

Things past right worthey fame, have now no
Even so shall dy sucht things, as now the simple
wounden call.

I, that in Dauides seate sit crowned, and rejoice,
That with my septer rule the Jewes, and teach
them with my voyce, [sonne,
Have serched long to know all things vnder the
To see how in this mortal lyef a suerty might be
wonne: [to desyere:

This kyndid will to knowe, straunge things for
God hathe grafe in our gredye breasts a torment
for our byer. [knoo

The end of eache travell furtwith I sought to
I found them vaine mixed with gall, and burdened
with mucche woo

Defaults of natures works no mans hand may restore;
Whiche be in number like the sandes vpon the saite floods shore. [mynd]

Then, vaunting in my witte, I gan call to my What rewles of wisdom I hadde taught, that elders could not fide. [use]

And as by contraries to treye most things we Mens follies and their errors eke I gan them all peruse: [clime]

Therby with more delight to knowledge for to But this I found an endles wourke of paine, and losse of tyme. [mynd,

For he to wisdomes skoole, that doth appie bys The further that he wades therin, the greaterdoubts shall find; [ure,

And such as enterprise to put newe things in Of some that shall skorne their devise may well them selfes assure.

CHAPTER II.

From pensif fancies then I gau my hart reuoke, And gau me to such sporting plaiers, as laughter myght proouke: [blinded me,

But even suche main delight, when the mooste Allwayes me-thought with smiling grace a king did yll agre. [muche wine,

Then sought I bow to please my belly with To feede me falle with costly feasts of rare delights, and faine; [rest,

And other pleasures eke too purchase me with In so great choise to find the thing, that might content me best: [stornes of ire,

But, Lord! what care of mynd, what sudaine With broken sleepes enduryd I, to compasse my desier. [cure

The buylde my howses faier, then set I all my By princely actes thus straue I still to make my fume indure.

Delicius gardens eke I made to please my sight, And grafe therin all kindes of frutes that night my mouth delight: [I drewe,

Condys by liuely springs from their owld course For to refresh the frutefull trees, that in my gardynes grewe:

Of catell great encrease I bred in littell space; Bondmen I bought; I gave them wyses; and saruld me with ther race:

Great heapes of shining gold by sparing gan I sace, [to have

With things of price so furnyshed, as fits a prince To heare faier women sing sometyme I did reioyce,

Rauyshed with their pleasaunt tunes, and sweetnes of their voyce:

Lemans I had so faier, and of so liuely hewe, That who so gased in their face, myght well their bewty rewse: [seate;

Never erthe sat there king so riche in Deuyds Yet still me thought, for so small gaine, the traumale was too great.

From my desirous eyes I hyd no pleasaunt sight, Nor from my hart no kiid of myrth, that myght geve them delighht: [payne,

Which was the only fruite I reft of all my To feode my eyes, and to reioyce my hart with all my gaine. [care of mynd,

But when I made by compte, with howe great And herts vrest, that I had sought, so wastfull frute to fynd:

Then was I streken strayte with that abusid fler, To gloriay in that goodly witte, that compast my desyer. [renewe,

But freshe before myne eyes grace did my faults What gentill callings I hadde feld, my ruyne to purisew; [escapse:

What raging pleasures past, perill, and hard What fancies in my bed had wrought the liquor of the grape. [deth moore;

The errore then I sawe, that their frule hertes Which striue in vaine for to compare with him that sits above: [perthy playse,

In whose most perfect worcks suchs craft ap- That to the least of them there may no mortal hand attayne.

And lyke as lightsome day dothe shire aboues the night: [beames as bright:

So darke to me did folly seeme, and wisdomes Whose eyes did seeme so clere mocts to discera and fynde,

But will had closed follies eyes, which greded like the blynde. [worldly fasse;

Yet death, and time consume all wit, and And looke what ende that folly hath, and wisdomes haue the same. [cure

Then sayd I thus, O Lord, may not thy wisdom The wayfull wrongs, and hard conflicts, that folly doth endure?

To sharpe my witte so fine, then why tolke I this Payne?

Now finde I well this noble serche maye eke be called wayne. [reward,

As slanders lothsome brute soundes follies just Is put to silence all bo-time, and brought in amale regard: [fame,

Eyn so dothe tyme deuoure the noble blast of Which shoulde resounde their glories great, that do deserue the same.

Thus present changes chase away the wonders past: [to last.

Ne is the wise mans fatta thred yet longer spanne Then in this wretched vale our lyef I fotherd playne,

When I beheld our frutles paynes to compasse pleasure wayne;

My travayll this availe hath me produced, loo! An heire unknownen shall reape the frute that I in sede did sowe;

But whervnto the Lord his nature shall inclyne Who can fore-knowe, into whose lands, I must my goods resine?

But Lord, how pleasant swete then seemed the idell life,

That never charged was with care, nor burdened with stryfe: [care,

And vile the gredys trade of them, that toil to To leue to suche ther travella frute, that never swet therfore. [relief,

What is that pleasant gaine, what is that swet That sholdow delay the bitter tast, that we fele of our gref? [gaine,

The gladsome dayes we passe to serche a simple The quiete nights with broken sleepes, to feed a restles brayne. [remayne,

What hope is left us then, what comfort doth Our quiet herts for to reioyce with the frute of our payne? [call,

If that be trew, who may him selfe so happy As I, whose free and sumptuous spence doth shyne beyonde them all?

Sewerly it is a gift, and favour of the Lorde,
Liberally to spende our goods, the grounde of all
discorde. [treasures mold,
And wretched herte haue they, that let their
And carrey the roddle that skorgeth them, that
glory in their gold.
But I do knowe by prooфе, whose ryches beres
suche brute, [suche frute.
What stably weith may stand in wast, or keping of

CHAPTER III.

LURE to the steriles boote, that awarues with every
wynde, [prof I finde.
The slipper topp of worldely welthe by creuell
Sorce haþte the seade, whereof that nature
formethe man,
Reesuid lief, when deathe him yelds to earth
wher he began: [frute,
The grafted plants with payn, whereof wee hoped
To roote them vpp with blossomen sprede then
is our cheif porsate:
That erst we rered vpp we undermyne againe,
And shyd the sprynes, whose grouthe some-tyme
we laboured with paine:
Each froward thretning cheare of fortune maikis us
playne, [herte againe.

And every pleasant shewe reuives our woſfull
Ancient walles to race is our unstable guyne,
And of their wetherbeten stones to buylde some
new devyse. [moō;
New fancyes dayly springs which vadde, returning
And now we practyse to obtaine that strayt we
must forgo. [wast;
Some tyme we seke to spare, that afterward we
And that we traveld sore to knitt, for to onloſe
as fast.

In sober sylynce now our quiet lipps we close:
And with unbrydlyed tounys furthwith our secret
herte discloſe.
Sache as in folded armes we did embrace, we hate:
Whom strayte we reconcill againe, and banishe
all debate. [me;
My sede, with labour sowne, suche frute produceth
To waste my lief in contraries, that never shall
agre.

From God these hevy careys ar sent for our unrests,
And with suche burdens for our weith he franteth
full our breſts.
All that the Lorde haþte wrought, hath bewtay and
good grace; [good place;
And to eache thing assined is the proper tyme
And graunted eke to man of all the worldes estate,
And of eache thing wrought in the same to
argue and debate: [judge moſte
Which arte though it aproche the heuenly know-

To serche the natural grounde of things, yet

all is labour loste.

But then the wandering eyes, that longe for suertey
sought,

Founde that by paine no certayne weith might
in this world be bought.

Who liveth in delight, and sekes no greedy thyste,
But frely spende his goods may thinke it is a
secret gift.

Fulfildest shall it be what so the Lorde intende,
Which no device of mans witt may aduaunce,
nor yet defende: [dren might

Who made all things of nouȝt, that Adams chyl-
dene how to dread the Lorde, that wrought such
wonders in their sight.

The greſly wonders past, which tyme wears out of
mynde,
To be renewed in our dayes the Lord bath so
asynde.

Lo then be carfull skourge doþe stale on us v-
ware, [doþe againe repaire,
Which when the fleabe hath cleane forgott, he
When I in this daȝe serche had wanydryd ore my
witt, [should have sitt:

I saw a roiall thron eke where as Justice
In stede of whom I saw, with fyerce and crewell
mode [drounke the gittles blode.

Wher Wrong was set, that blody beast, that
Then thought I thus, one day the Lord shall sit in
done [spotted have no rōme,

To rōve his flock, and chose the pure; the
Yet be suche skourges sent, that each agteuid
mynde,

Lyke the brute beasts that swell in rage, and
fury by ther kynde, [longe,

His errors may confesse, when he hath wreasted
And then with pacience may him arme, the
sure defence of wronge.

For death, that of the beaste the carion doþe de-
uoure, [fatal bower.

Unto the noble kynde of men presents the
The perfitt forme, that God haþte geuen to other
man, [began;

Or other beast, dissolve it shall to earth wher it
And who can tel yf that the sowle of man ascende,
Or with the body if it dye, and to the groun-
decede: [gayne,

Wherfore each gody hart, that riches sekis to
Gather may he that sauerie frute, that springeth
of his payne.

A meane conuenient weith, I meane to take in
worth, [powre it forth:

And with a band of larges eke in measure
For treasure spent in lyef, the bodye doþe sus-
teyne; [amassed with miche payne.

The heire shall waste the whoured gold,
Ne may foresight of Man such order geve in lyef,
For to foreknow, who shall rejoyce their gotten
good with stryef.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I bethought me well, under the restles
soon [chastycyd were doon;

By foolke of power what crewell wourks un-
I saw wher stode a heard by power of such op-
preſt,

Out of whose eyes ran floods of tears, that bayned
all ther brest:

Devoyde of comfort cleane, in terroure and dis-
tress; [to repreſe:

In whose defence none wold aryse, such rigour
Then thought I thus: O Lord, the dead, whose
fatal hower

Is cleane ronne out, more happy ar; whom that
the wormes deuoure:

And happiest is the sede, that never did concue;
That never felt the wayfull wrongs, that mortal
folke receue. [gayne

And then I saw, that weith, and every honest,
By trauyll wonne, and swete of browes, gan
growe into diſdayne,

Through sloth of careles folke; whom ease so fat
doþe feare;

Whose idell hands don nouȝt but weast the
frute of other seede:

Which to themselves perswade, that little gott
with ease,
More thankefull is then kynddomes won by
trauyll and disease.
Another sort I saw without both frend or kynne;
Whose gredy wayes yet never sought a faith-
full freud to wyinne; [could;
Whose wretched corps no toile yet euer wery
Nor glutted euer wer their eyne with heaps of
shyning gould:
But if it might appear to their abused eyne,
To whose awayle they trailli so, and for whose
sake they pyne:
Then should they see what cause they haue for to
repent
The frutiles paynes, and eke the tym, that they
in vayne haue spent.
Then gan I thus resolute: More pleasant is the lyef
Of faythfull frendis, that spend their goods in
commone without stryf:
For as the tender freud appeasith eueri gryef;
So yf he falle that liues alone, who shall be his
relyef? [faste;
The frendly feeres ly warme, in armes embrased
Who slomps alone at every tourne dothe feale
the winter blast:
What can he doo but yeld, that must resist alone?
Yf ther be twaine, one may defend the other
ouer-thrown: [dure,
The single twyned cordes may no such stresse in-
As cables brayded thre-fould may, together
wretched sure.
In better far estat stand children poore and wyse,
Then aged kyngs wedded to will, that worke
without aduise.
In prison haue I sene, or this, a wofull wyght,
That never knewe what fredom ment, nor tast-
ed of deliyght, [mette,
With such unhoped happ, in most despaior, hath
Within the hands, that erst ware gyves, to haue
a seuptre sette; [staste,
And by conjures the seade of kyngs is thrust from
Whereon agreynd people worke osteynes their
hidden heate.
Other, without respect I saw of frend or foo
With feet worne bare in tracinc such whereas
the honours gro.
And at dech of a prynce great rowtes reviued
strange,
Which, faine therowld yoke to discharge, re-
joyced in the change. [more,
But when I thought to theise, as heauy even, or
Shal be the burden of his raigne, as his that
went before; [pend:
And that a trayne like great, vpon the dead de-
I gan conclude each gredy gayne bath his un-
certayne end.
In humble sprito is set the temple of the Lorde;
Wher yf thou enter, loke thy mouth and con-
science may accorde:
Whose churche is buylde of louse, and deete with
botte desyrs,
And simple fayth: the yolden gboost his mercy
dolt reuyre:
Wher perfectly, for aye, he in his woord doth rent;
With gentill eare to heare thy rute, and grant
to thy request.
In hooft of outwarde works he takith no delight,
Nor wast of wourds: suche sacrydice unsquareth
in his sight.

CHAPTER V.

Wher that repentant temres hath cleasned cleere
from ill [amending will:
The charged brest: and grace hath wrought therin
With bold demands then may his mercy well
asstie [may none preuyie:
The spache man sayth; without the which request
More shal thy pennytent sightes his endies
mercy plese, [words Gods wrath appese;
Then their importune suits, which dresste, that
For hart contrite of fainit, is gladsome recon-
pence; [ayane dispense.
And praiser fruit of faith, wherby God doth with
As ferful broken slepes spring from a restles
hede; [brede,
By chattering of unholie lippes is frutiles prayer
In wast of wynde, I rede, vowe nought vnto the
Lord, [accord:
Whereto thy hart to bynd thy will freely doth not
For humble voweis fullfilled by grace right swetly
smoke [God provoke.
But bold behests, broken by lusts, the wrath of
Yet bette, with humble hert, thy fraylyte to
confesse, [fraude expresse.
Then to boft suche perfynes, whose works soch
With fayned wordes and othes, contract with
God no gylie; [thy self defile:
Suche craft returns to thyng own barme, and doth
And thoughte the myst of sinne perswaid such
error light, [his sight.
Therby yet ar thy outward works all dampned in
As sondry broken dreams vs dyuersiye abuse:
So ar his errors manifold, that many wordes dothe
use
With humble secret playnt, fewe wordes of botte
effect, [neglect.
Honor thy Lord; allowance vaine of voyd desert
Thoughte wronge at times the right, and welthe
eke nede oppresse,
Thinke not the hand of justice slowe to followe
the redresse: [dred,
For suche unrighteous folke, as rule withouten
By some abuse, or secret lust, he enfeirthe to be
led. [lent,
The chel blisse, that in earth to liuing man is
Is moderat weith, to nourish lief, yf he can be
content.
He that hath but one felde, and gredely eke
the nought [in his thought.
To fence the tillers baud from nede, is king with
But such as of ther golde ther only idoll make,
Noe treasure may the rauyn of their hungry hands
aslaike. [gyne,
For he that gapes for good, and hordeth all his
Trauell in vayne to hyde the sweet, that should
releue his Payne.
Wher is gret welth, there should be many a
ndry wight [man's cheife delight.
To spend the same, and that should be the riche
The sweet and quiet slepes that weryl lymmes
opprese,
Begile the night in dyet thynne, and feasts of great
excesse: [rest
But wakenylye the riche, whose lyuely heat with
Their charged bookis with change of meats canuo
so sone dygest.
An other righteous dome, I sawe, of gredy gayne
With busy cares suche treasures oft preseruyed
to their bayne:

The plenteous housses sackt, the owners end
with shame [should rejoice the same
Their sparkelid goods; their nedye heires, that
From welth dyspoyle bare; from whence they
came they went, [them sent:
Clad in the clothes of pouerté, as nature fyrt
Naked, as from the wombe we came, if we de-
part, [to ver the hart
What toyle to seeke that we must leue? what bote
What lyef leade testey men, they that consume
their dayes [sum alwaies,
In inwards freets, untempered bates, as stryf with
Then gan I prayce all those, in such a world of
stryf, [in lyffe;
At take the profit of the goods, that may be had
For sure the liberali hand that bath no hart to
spare [vertu rare:
This fading weylbe, bat powres it forthe, it is a
That maks weylbe slave to nede, and gold be-
com his thrall, [his chest with all;
Clinges not his gatts with niggesse fare to heape
But feeds the lusts of kynde with costly meats
and wyne, [that pyne:
And slacks the hunger and the thurst of nedye folke
No gluttonous feast I meane in wast of spence to
stryve, [thus to reniue
But temprat meales the dullest spryts, with joye
No care may perce where myrr hath tempre
such a brest; [may digest.
The bitter gauul, seasond with swete such wydome

PSALMS.

PHOEM.

WHER recheles youthe in a unquiet brest,
Set on by wrath, reveuge, and crueltie,
After long warr, pacyens had opprest,
And justice wrought by pryncelye equitie,
My devy then, myne errour depe imprest,
Began to worke dispaire of libertie;
Had not David, the perfyt warriour, taught
That of my fault thus pardon should be sought.

DOMINE DEUS SALUTIS. PSALM LXXXVIII.

On Lorde upon whose will dependeth my wel-
fare, [right I spare;
To call upon thy hollye name syns day nor
Grant that the just request of this repentaunt
mynd,
So perce thyne eares, that in thy sight som fa-
vour it may fynd, [past.
My soule is fraughtid full with greif of follies
My restles bodye doth consume and death ap-
procheth fast; [in twayne,
Like them whose fatall thred thy hand hath cut
Of whome ther is no further brewte, which in
their graves remayne.
Oh, Lorde, thou hast cast me hedlong, to please
my foee, [wooe,
Into a pitt all botomeles, where as I playne my
The burthen of thy wrath it doth me sore oppresse;
And sundrye stormes thou hast me sent of
terror and distresses:
The faithfull frends ar fled and bannysched from my
sight: [frendshipp light
And such as I have held full dere have sett my

My durance doth perswade of fredom such dis-
paire, [eye sight doth appaire:
That by the teares that bayne my brest, myne
Yet did I never cease thine ayde for to desyre,
With humble hart and stretched bands, for to
appease thy yre.
Wherfore dost thou forbear in the defences of
thyne, [Adams lyne;
To shew such tokenes of thy power in sight of
Wherby oche feble hart with fayth might so be
fed, [micht be spreid.
That in the mouthes of thy elect thy merces
The fleshe that fedeth wormes can not thy love de-
clare, [land of dispaire;
Nor suche set forth thy faith as dwell in the
In blid endured herts light of thy lovely name
Can not appear, as can not judge the brightness
of the same:
Nor blasted may thy name be by the mouth of
those [may not disclose:
Whom death hath shutt in sylence, so as they
The lively voyce of them that in thy word delight,
Must be the trumpp that must resondu the
glorye of thy myght:
Wherfore I shall not cease in chief of my distresse,
To call on Thee till that the sleape my weryd
tynes oppresse;
And in the morning eke when that the slepe is
fled, [my restles bedd.
With floods of salt repentaunt teeres to waase
Within this carefull mynd, boordnyd with care and
greif, [the his relief.
Why dorys thou not appere, oh Lord, that sholdest
My wretched state beholde, whom death shall strait
assale, [put waille;
Of one, from youth afflicted still, that never did
The dread, loo! of thyne yre had trod me under
feet, [deth seme full sweet.
The scourgis of thyne angrye hand hath made
Like to the rising waves the sunken shippe sur-
rounde, [succour found;
Great heaps of care did swallow me, and I no
For they whom no myschance could from my
love devyde, [face to hyde.
Ar forced, for my greater greif, from me their

PHOEM.

THE sudden stormes that heave me to and froe,
Had wel neare perced faith, my gayding smale,
For I, that on the noble voyage goo
To succer trouth and falshed to assale,
Constrained am to bear my asyles full loo,
And never could attayne some pleasant gale:
For unto such the prosperous winds doo bloo
As roome from porte to porte to seke avale:
This bred dispaire, whereof such doubts did groo,
That I gan faint, and all my courage faille;
But now, my blage, mine error well I see,
Such goodlye light king David giveth me.

QUAM BONUS ISRAEL, DEUS. PSALM LXXXI.

THOUGHTS, Lord, to Israell thy graces plenteous
be,
I meane to such, with pure intent as fix their
trust in The;

Yet whiles the faith did faynt that shold have
been my guyde, [began to slyde:
Lyke them that walk in slipper pathes my feet
Whiles I did grudge at those that glory in their
golde, [they wolde,
Whose lothsom prydē rjōyseth welth in quiet as
To se by course of yeres what nature doth app-
pare, [heire to heire;
The palaces of princely fourme succende from
From all such travailes free as longe to Adams
sede; [nor by dread,
Neither withdrawne from wicked works by daunger
Whereof thire skornfull prydē, and glorieth with
their eyes; [clad in vyce:
As garments clothe the naked man, thus are they
Thus, as they wishe, succeeds the mischief that
they meane,
Whose glutton cheketh slouth feare so farr, as scant
their eyes be sene. [fayne
Unto whose crewel power most men for dred ar
To bend and bow with loftye looks, whiles they
vawnt in their rayne; [frame.
And in their bloody hands whose croweltye that
The waufull works that scourge the poore, without
regard of blame,
To tempt the living God they think it no offence,
And perce the symple with their tungs that can
make no defensē, [to waver,
Such proffes bifore the just, to cause the harts
Be sett, lyke cupps myngled with gall, of bitter
tust and savor: [foode,
Then saye thy foes in skorne, that tast no other
But sucke the fleshe of thy elect and bath them in
their blode, [this?
Shold we believe the Lorde doth know and suffer
Foled be be with fables wayne, that so abused is.
In tressur of the just, thus raignes iniquitye,
Armed with power, laded with gold, and dred for
crueltye, [faythe mayntayne
Then wayne the warr might seeme, that I by
Against the beshe, whose false affects my pure
hart wold distayne. [doon,
For I am scourged still that no offence have
By wrathes children, and from my byrth my
chastening begoon. [thy hand,
When I behelde their prydē, and slacknesse of
I gan bewaite the waufull state wherin thy chosen
stand;
And as I sought wherof thy sufferaunce, Lord,
shold groo,
I found no witt could perce so far, thy holy doones
to knoo; [trust,
And that no mysteryes nor dought could be dis-
Till I com to the holly place, the mansion of the
just; [prepare,
Where I shall se what end thy justice shall
For such as byyld on worldly welth, and dye their
colours faire, [buylding wayne,
Oh! how their ground is false, and all their
And they shall fall, their power shall faile that did
their prydē mayntayne, [pleasaut tourne,
As charged harts with care, that dreame some
Aftre their sleape fynd their abuse, and to their
plaint retorne: [geaunce shall
So shall their glorie faade, thy sword of ven-
Unto their drunken eyes in blood disclose their
errours all. [yshorne,
And when their golden fleece is from the backe
The spotts that under neth were hidd, thy chosen
shepe shall skorne:

And til that happye daye, my hert shall swell
in care,
My eyes yeld teares, my yeres consume, betwene
hope and dispayre. [ments darke,
Loo, how my sprits ar dull, and as thy judg-
No mortall hedd may skale so highe, but wunder
at thy warke.
Alas! how oft my foes have framed my decaye,
But when I stode in dredre to drenche, thy hands
still did me stay. [synoe,
And in eache voyage that I tooke to conquer
Thou wert my guyd, and gave me grace to com-
fort me therin; [did cleue,
And when my withered skyn unto my bones
And flesh did wast, thy grace did then my simple
spirits releue. [trust:
In other succour them, O Lord, why shold I
But only thyn, whom I have found in thy beight
so just: [refuse,
And suche for dredre or gayne as shall thy name
Shall perish with their golde goddes that did their
harts seduce; [and joye,
Where I, that in thy worde have set my trust
The high reward that longs thereto shall quideleye
enjoye: [grace,
And my unworthye lyppes, inspired with thy
Shall thus forespeke thy secret works, in sight of
Adams race.

EXAUDI, DEUS, ORATIONEM MEUM. PSALM LV.

GIVE care to my suit, Lord, fromward hide not
thy face,
Beholde, sinking in grief, lamenting, how I praye:
My foote they bray so lowde, and eke threple on
so fast,
Buckled to do me scathe, so is their malice bent.
Care perreth my entrayles, and traveyleth my
spryte;
The greyste fears of death envyroneth my brest.
A trembyng cold of dred cleue overwhelmeth
my hert:
O, thinke I, hadd I wings like to the symple dove,
This peryll might I flye, and seke some piece
of rest. [care.
In wylder woods, where I might dwell far from these
What speady way of wing my playnts shold
ther lay on, [me;
To skape the stormye blast that threatened is to
Rayne those unhydlied tungs, breake that con-
jured leuge,
For I decyphred have amydd our towne the stryfe;
Gile and wrong do kepe the walles, they ward
both day and night: [ket stede,
And myschef joynd with care doth kepe the mar-
Whilst wickednes with craft in heaps swarne
through the strete.
Ne my declared foo wrought me all this reproche,
By harme so loked for, yt wayeth halfe the lesse;
For though myne enemys happ had byn for to
prevale, [eye:
I cold not have hidd my face from venym of his
It was a frendy foo, by shadow of good will,
Myne oyl fere and dere frende, my geyde that
trapped me,
Where I was wont to fetche the cure of all my care,
And in his bosome hyde my secret zeale to
God.
Such soden surprys quicke may hym bell devoure,

Whilst I invoke the Lord, whose power shall me defend:
 My prayer shall not cease, from that the sunne
 Till he his aulture wynn, and byde them in the
 see. [descend
 With words of hott effect, that moveth from hert
 Such humble sute, O Lord, doth perce my pay-
 cent eare. [of those
 It was the Lord that brake the bloody compackts
 That prelocked on with yre, to slaughter me and
 myne.
 The everlasting God, whose kingdom hath no end,
 Whome by no tale to dred he could diuert from
 synne. [band,
 The conseyence unquyet he strykes with hevy
 And pruens their force in fayth, whome he aware
 to defend.

Butter faiſ not ſo ſoft as doth his pacyence longe,
 And over paſſeth fine oyle running not halfe ſo
 smothe: [provoks,
 But when his ſuffraunce fynds that brydded wrath
 He thremeth wrath, he whets more ſharppe than
 any tooſ can fyle. [wicked ſort,
 Friour, whose harme and tongue preſents the
 Of thofe false wolveſ with cooles which doo their
 reuin hyde; [Lord,
 That aweare to me by heauen, the fotestole of the
 Who though force had hurt my fame they did
 not touch my life.
 Such patching care I lothe, as feeds the welth
 with liue:
 But in the thother pealme of David find I eafe,
 Lacta curam tuam super Dominum et ipſe te
 enuitet.

THE
POEMS
OF
SIR THOMAS WYAT,
AND OF
UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

THE

LIFE OF SIR THOMAS WYAT.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

1503-1542

A LIFE of sir Thomas Wyat appeared in the second number of lord Orford's Miscellaneous Antiquities, from materials collected in the British Museum, by his friend Gray, the poet; and augmented by his lordship from other writers, particularly Anthony Wood and Lloyd, but not without some inaccuracy. A few notices are now added of more recent authority.

Sir Thomas Wyat, the only son and heir of sir Henry Wyat of Allington Castle in Kent, was born in the year 1503. His mother was the daughter of John Skinner of the county of Surrey. His father was imprisoned in the Tower in the reign of Richard III., when he is said to have been preserved by a cat which fed him while in that place, for which reason he was always pictured with a cat in his arms, or beside him¹. On the accession of Henry VII. he had great marks of favour shewn him, among which was the honour of knighthood, and a seat in the privy council. One of the last services in which he was employed by that king was conducting to the Tower the unfortunate earl of Suffolk, who was afterwards beheaded by Henry VIII. He was also a member of Henry VIII's privy council, master of the jewel office, and of the van-guard of that army, commanded by the king in person, which fought the memorable *battle of the Spurs*². He died in 1533.

The honour of educating our poet has been claimed for both universities, by Carter for St. John's College, Cambridge, and by Anthony Wood for Oxford, because he resided for some time on the establishment of cardinal Wolsey's new college, now Christ Church. He then set out on his travels according to the custom of that age, and returned after some years, a gentleman of high accomplishments and elegant manners, and of such conversation talents, both as to sense and wit, as to have attracted the admiration of all ranks, and particularly of his sovereign, who bestowed on him the order of knighthood, and employed him in various embassies. Mr. Warton appears offended with Wood for saying that "the king was in a high manner delighted with his witty jests;" while he

¹ Heated's History of Kent, vol. ii. p. 183.

² Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 1.

allows that Henry was probably as much pleased with his repartees as his politics. Lloyd, whom Mr. Gray and lord Orford have adopted as an authority, reports enough of his wit to convince us that he might delight a monarch of Henry's fickleness and passionate temper. Persons of this character are often more easily directed or diverted by a striking expression than by a train of argument.

According to Lloyd, Wyatt was frequently honoured with the king's familiar conversation, which never put him so much off his guard as to betray him into any fooleries inconsistent with his character. When urged by the king to dance at one of the court-balls, he replied that, "He who thought himself a wise man in the day-time, would not be a fool at night." His general deportment is said to have been neither too severe for Henry VIII's time, nor too loose for Henry VII's; with whose court, however, he could have little acquaintance. In him also was said to have been combined the wit of sir Thomas More, and the wisdom of sir Thomas Cromwell. It is no small confirmation of this character that his friend Surrey describes him as of "a visage stern and mild;" a contrariety which seems to be very happily preserved in Holbein's incomparable drawing lately published by Mr. Chamberlain.

But his wit was not evanescent. We are told that he brought about the Reformation by a *bon mot*, and precipitated the fall of Wolsey by a seasonable story. When the king was perplexed respecting his divorce from queen Catherine, which he affected to feel as a matter of conscience, sir Thomas exclaimed, "Lord! that a man cannot repent him of his sin without the pope's leave!" A truth thus wittily hinted was afterwards confirmed by the opinion of Cranmer and of the universities; and became a maxim of church and state. The story by which he promoted the fall of Wolsey has not descended to our times. Lloyd merely says that when the king happened to be displeased with Wolsey, "sir Thomas ups with a story of the curs baiting the butchers' dog, which contained the whole method of that great man's ruin." Few readers require to be told that Wolsey was the son of a butcher at Ipswich.

In the early state of the Reformation the clergy were discontented, because afraid of losing their valuable lands. "Butter the rooks nests," said sir Thomas, "and they will never trouble you." The meaning, not very obvious, was that the king should give the church lands to the great families, whose interest it would then be to prevent the re-establishment of popery. The wit, however, of this advice is more remarkable than the wisdom; for notwithstanding the robbery of the church, which has kept her poor ever since, popery was effectually re-established in queen Mary's reign. The liberality of the only other *bon mot* recorded of sir Thomas may be questioned. One day he told the king that he had found out a living of £100 a year more than enough, and prayed him to bestow it on him; and when the king answered that there was no such in England, sir Thomas mentioned "the provost-ship of Eaton; where a man hath his diet, his lodging, his horsemeat, his servant's wages, his riding charge, and an hundred pounds *per annum* besides."

Sir Thomas was a man whose acquaintance was much courted, for his splendid entertainments; his knowledge of the political relations of the kingdom; his discernment in discovering men of parts, and his readiness to encourage them; and for the interest he was known to possess at court. It became a proverb, when any person received preferment, that "he had been in sir Thomas Wyatt's closet." To this may be added, that his conversation had that happy mixture of the grave and gay which excludes dulness as well as levity; and his manners were so highly polished that he differed in

opinion with the utmost civility, and expressed his doubts as if he needed the information which he was able to impart.

Amidst this prosperous career, he had the misfortune, like most of the eminent characters of this reign, to fall under the severe displeasure of the king, and was twice imprisoned³, but for what offences his biographers are not agreed. Fuller says he had heard that he fell into disfavour about the business of queen Anne Boleyn. Lloyd insinuates the same, and some have gone so far as to accuse him of a criminal connection with her. But this is in part erroneous. From the oration which he delivered on his second trial, and which lord Orford has printed in his *Miscellaneous Antiquities*, he expressly imputes his first imprisonment to Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. "His first misfortune flowed from a court-cabal; the second from the villainy, jealousy, and false accusation of that wretch Bonner, bishop of London, whose clownish manners, lewd behaviour, want of religion, and malicious perversion of truth, sir Thomas paints with equal humour and asperity." Bonner accused him of a treasonable correspondence with cardinal Pole, and this with some treasonable expressions concerning the king, formed the principal charges against him, which he repelled with great spirit, ease, and candour. The words which he was accused of having uttered were, "that the king should be cast out of a cart's a—e: and that by God's blood, if he were so, he was well served, and he would be were so." Sir Thomas acknowledged the possibility of his having uttered the first part of this sentence, and explained his meaning, viz. that between the emperor and the king of France, his master Henry would probably be left in the lurch.

He was tried for this by a jury before a committee of the council, and probably acquitted; as we find that he regained the confidence of the king, and was afterwards sent ambassador to the emperor. His eagerness to execute this commission, whatever it was, proved fatal; for riding fast in the heat of summer he was attacked by a malignant fever, of which he died at Shirebourne in Dorsetshire, 1541, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in the great conventional church there⁴.

Lord Orford informs us, that in Vertue's manuscript collections he found that Vertue was acquainted with a Mr. Wyat, who lived in Charterhouse-yard, and was the representative descendant of that respectable family. In 1721, and at other times, Vertue says, at that gentleman's house he saw portraits of his ancestors for seven descents, and other pictures and ancient curiosities⁵.

Our poet has usually been termed sir Thomas Wyat *the Elder*, to distinguish him from sir Thomas Wyat, his son, who suffered death for high treason in the reign of queen Mary. His lady, according to Wood, was Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brooke, lord Cobham⁶. His son left issue, by Jane his wife, daughter and co-heir of William Hawte of Bourne, knight, a son named George Wyat of Boxley in Kent, restored 13. Elizabeth.

³ See his Sonnet to sir Francis Bryan. C.

⁴ Lord Orford contradicts Anthony Wood's account of sir Thomas's death, by playing in his usual way upon words, but unfortunately upon words which are not to be found in the *Athenaeum*. See *Misc. Antiquities*, p. 18. note, and compare with Wood, vol. i. col. 57. C.

⁵ "Drayton, in his Verses to Master George Sandys, treasurer for the English colony in Virginia, mentions the name of a Wyat, who probably might be a descendant of our poet's. Sandys was related to the Wyat family." Headley's *Beauties*, i. lxvi.

⁶ She afterwards married sir Edward Warner, bart. Hasted's *Kent*, vol. II. p. 182.

Sir Thomas's biographers are in general silent on the subject of his connection with Lord Surrey. It is known, however, that they were closely allied by friendship, and similarity of taste and studies. Surrey's character of Wyat is a noble tribute to his memory. The year following his death, Leland published a volume of elegiac verses, some of which are very elegant, and all highly encomiastic, entitled "Nenize in mortem Thoūse Wiat, equitis incomparabilis, Joanne Lelando Antiquario, Auctore, 4to." This scarce pamphlet has a wood cut of Wyat, supposed to be by Holbein, but representing him as a much older man than he was, and with a huge bushy beard hiding more than half his features. The copy in the British Museum is dated 1552.

His poems were first published by Tottell, along with Surrey's, and the collection by uncertain authors. The authenticity of Surrey's and Wyat's poems seems to be confirmed by this care of Tottell to distinguish what he knew from what he did not know, and what, from the ignorance of an editor of so much taste, I apprehend were not generally known. Mr. Warton has favoured us with a very elaborate and elegant criticism on Wyat, but has found it impossible to revive his poetical fame. He contributed but little to the refinement of English poetry, and his versification and language are deficient in harmony and perspicuity. From a close study of the Italian poets, his imagination dwells too often on puerile conceits and contrarieties, which, however, to some are so pleasing that they are not to this day totally excluded from our poetry. As a lover, his addresses are stately and pedantic, with very little mixture of feeling or passion; and although detached beauties may be pointed out in a few of his sonnets, his genius was ill adapted to this species of poetry. In all respects he is inferior to his friend Surrey, and claims a place in the English series chiefly as being the first moral satirist, and as having represented the vices and follies of his time in the true spirit of the didactic muse.

Lord Surrey, we have seen, praises his version of David's Psalms, a work about the existence of which bibliographers are not agreed. No copy is known to be extant, nor is it noticed in any history of the English press, nor in any library printed or manuscript. In 1549 were published Certayne Psalms, a transcript of which has been made for the present edition, without, I am afraid, adding much to the author's reputation. Mr. Warton observes, that the pious Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins are the only immortal translators of David's Psalms. But indifferent as they are now thought, there is nothing to be found of a superior kind before their time. In the library of Bene't College, Cambridge, is a manuscript translation of the Psalms into Scotch metre of the fourteenth century.

Tottell's edition of Surrey and Wyat contains also the Poems of UNCERTAIN AUTHORS, on which Mr. Warton has bestowed the whole of sect. xxi. and part of xxii. of his History of Poetry. He notices this collection as the first printed poetical miscellany in the English language, and is of opinion that Sir Francis Bryan, George Boleyn, Lord Rochford (brother to Queen Anne Boleyn), and Lord Vaux, "all professed rhymers and sonnet-writers," were large contributors. Sir Francis Bryan's and Lord Rochford's shares have not been ascertained. Lord Thomas Vaux⁷ is the author of The Image of Death, and of the Assault of Cupide upon the Fort in which the Lover's Heart lay wounded. He has been confounded by some writers with Nicholas Vaux, his father, who was no poet; and with his son William, who wrote several poems in the

⁷ See Mr. Park's Life of this nobleman in his edition of the Royal and Noble Authors, vol. I. p. 309.

collection called *The Paradise of Dainty Deuises*. Mr. Ritson* has produced Churchyard's authority that he also was a contributor of "many things" to this collection, but they are not specified.

Mr. Warton is of opinion that all these pieces were written between the years 1530 and 1550, and most of them, perhaps, within the first part of that period. The *Songes* written by N. G. at the close of the collection are attributed to Nicholas Grimoald, a man of extensive learning, a critic, and a poet, and the second, after lord Surrey, who wrote in blank verse. Mr. Warton gives him the high praise of having added to Surrey's efforts new strength, elegance, and modulation, and thinks that as a writer of verses in rhyme, he yields to none of his contemporaries, for a masterly choice of chaste expression, and concise elegancies of didactic versification. The remainder of these poems await the researches and conjectures of some future and indefatigable antiquary.

* Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, in art. Churchyard.

POEMS

OF

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

THE LOUER FOR SHAMEFASTNESSE HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEARTS

THE long love, that in my thought I harbor
And in my hart doth kepe his residence,
Iato my face preareth with bold pretense,
And theron campeth, displaying his banner;
She that me learnes to loue, and to suffer,
And willeth that my trust, and instes negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence
With his hardinesse takes displeasure.
Wherewith loue to the hantes forest he flieth,
Leaving his enterprise with paine and crye,
And theron hideth and not appeareth.
What may I do? when my malister feareth,
But in the field, with him, to liue and dye,
For good is the life, anding faithfully.

THE LOUER WAXETH WISER, AND WILL NOT DYE FOR AFFECTION.

YET was I never of your loue agreed,
Nor never shall, while that my life doth last;
But of hating my self, that date is past,
And teares continual sore bath me weirid:
I will not yet in my grave be buried;
Nor on thy tombe your name haue fixed fast,
As cruel cause, that did my sprite gone hast,
From thunhappy boones by great sighes stirred.
Then if an hart of amorous faith and will
Conteint your minde withouten doing grief,
Please it you so to this to do relief;
If otherwyse you sake for to fulfyl
Your wrath, you erre, and shall not as you wene.

And you your self the cause thereof have bene.

VOL. II.

THE ABUSED LOUER SEETH HIS FOLY AND ENTENDETH TO TRUST NO MORE.

Was never file yet halfe so well yfild,
To file a file for any smithes entent,
As I was made a filing instrument,
To frame other, while that I was begiled,
But reason los, hath at my foly smilid,
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent,
Of my last yeres, and of my time mispent.

For yowth led me, and falsohd me misgoided,
Yet, this trust I haue of great appearance,
Sins that deceit is ay returnable,
Of very force it is agreeable,
That therwithall be done the recompence,
Then gile begiled, playnd should be never,
And the reward is little trust for ever.

THE LOUER DESCRINETH HIS BEING STRIKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOUE.

THE lively sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there vaileth no defence,
Have perst my hart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleasure, more than once or twice.
Was never man could any thing devise,
Sweare beatnes to turne with so great vehemence
To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence
Dased am I, much like unto the gree,
Of one striken with dint of lightening,
Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there;
So call I for help, I not; when or where;
The pena of my fall paciently bearing.
For straight after the blase (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyse haue I the fearfull thunder.

know not
B B

THE WAUERING LOVER WILLETH AND DREADETH TO MOUE HIS DESIRE. 4

SUCH vain thought, as wonted to mislead me,
In desert hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from company to liue alone,
In folowing her, whom reason bids me flee.
And after her my hart would faine be gone,
But armed sighes my way do stop anone,
Twist hope and dreade lockinge my libertie;
So fleeth she by gentle crueltie.
Yet as I gesse vnder disdainfull brow,
One beam of roth is in her cloudy looke,
Which comfortes the mind, that erst for fear shooke;
That bolded straight the way; then seke I how
To vter forth the smart I byde within;
But such it is, I not² how to begin.

THE LOUER HAVING DREAMED ENJOYING OF HIS LOUE, COMPLAINETH THAT THE DREAME IS NOT EITHRE LONGER OR TRUER. 5

UNSTABLE dreame, according to the place,
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true;
By tasted swetnesse, make me not to rew
The sodeyn loss of thy false fayned grace.
By good respect in such a dangerous case,
Thou broughthest not her into these tosing seas;
But madest my sprite to live, my care t^o increase,
My body in tempt her delight t^o embrase,
The body dead, the sprite had his desire,
Painless was th^t one, the other in delight.
Why then, alas! did it not kepe it right,
But thus returne to leape into the fier;
And where it was at wish, could not remaine?
Suchmockes of dreames do turn to deadly payne.

THE LOUER VNHAPPY, BIDDETH HAPPY LOUERS REJOICE IN MAIE, WHILE HE WAILETH THAT MONTH TO HIM MOST UNLUCKLY. 7

YE that in loue find lucke and swete abundance,
And liue in lust of joyful jollie.
Arise for shame, do way your sluggardie;
Arise, I say, do May some observance,
Let me in bed ly, dreading of mischance,
Let me remember me, I happen vnhappy,
That me betide in may most commonly.
As one whome loue list little to advance.
Stephan saide true, that my nativitie
Miechancie was wth the ruler of May:
He gest (I prove) of that the veritie,
In May my welth, and eke my wittes, I say,
Haue stand so oft in such perplexitie,
Joy, let me dreame of your felicitie.

THE LOUER CONFESSETH HIM IN LOUE WITH PHILLIS. 1

If waker care, if sodayn pale colour;
If many sighes with little speche to plaine;

² I know not.

Now joy, now wo, if they my chere distise;
For hope of smal, if much to feare therefore,
To hast or slacke, my pace to lease, or more
Be signe of loue, then do I loue againe.
If thou aske whome; sure sins I did refraine,
Brunet, that set my welth in such a rore,
Th^t unfained chere of Phyllis hath the place -
That Brunet had; she hath and ever shall;
She from my self now hath me in ber grace;
She hath in band, my wit, my will and all:
My hart alone wel worthy she doth stay,
Without whose helpe skant do I liue a day.

OF OTHERS FAINED SOROW, AND THE LOUERS FAINED MIRTH. 8

CESAR, when that the traytour of Egyp
With t^o honorable hed did him present,
Covering his hertes gladnesse, did represent
Plaint with his teares outward, as it is writ.
Ric Hannibal, when fortune him out wot
Clene from his reigne, and from al his entent,
Laught to his fulke, whom sorrow did torment,
His cruel disperte for to diagorge and quit.
So chaunted me, that every passion
The minde hideth by colour contrary,
With fained visage, now sad, now mery;
Wherby if that I laugh at any season,
It is because I have none other way
To choake my care, but vnder sporte and play.

OF CHANGE IN MYNDE. 1

ECME man me telth, I change most my devise;
And on my faith, methink it good reason
To change purpose, like after the season.
For in ech case to kepe still one guise,
Is mete for them, that would be taken wise;
And I am not of such maner condicione;
But treated after a ditters fashion;
And thereupon my diuersenease doth ryse.
But you, this diuersenease that blamen most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate
Treate you me well; and kepe you in that stase;
And while with me doth dwell this wryed ghost,
My word nor I shall not be variable;
But always one, your own both fyme and stable.

HOW THE LOUER PERISHETH IN HIS DELIGHT, AS THE FLIE IN THE FIRE. 10

SOME fowles there be that haue an parfite sight,
Against the sunne their eyes for to defende;
And some, because the light doth them offende,
Never appere, but in the darke or night:
Other rejoyce to see the fire so bright,
And wene to play in it, as they pretende;
But finde contrary of it, that they entende.
Alas, of that sort may I be by right:
For to withstand her loke I am not able;
Yet can I not hide me in no darke place;
So foloweth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swolne, and vnstable,
My desteny to behold her doth me leade,
And yet I know I runne into the glende.

OF THE JELOUS MAN THAT LOUED THE SAME WOMAN.

871

AGAINST HIS TONG THAT FAILED TO 12 VITER HIS SUTES. 115

BECAUSE I still kept thee fro ies and blame,
And to thy power always thee honoured,
Unkinde tongue, to yll hast thou me reured,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.
In nede of succour most when that I am,
To ask reward, thou standes lyke one afraid;
Alway most coid, and if one word be said,
As in a dreme, vnperfyt is the same;
And ye salt teates, against my wyll eche night,
That are with me, when I wold be alone;
Then are ye gone, when I shold make my mone,
And ye so ready sighes, to make me shright.
Then are ye slacke, when that ye shold out start,
And ouely doth my loke declare my hart.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOS 13 PASSIONS IN A LOUER.

I VIDE no peace, and all my warre is dote,
I feare and hope; I borne, and feso lyke yse,
I sye aloft, yet can I not arise,
And nought I hate, and all the world I sceson,
That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,
And holdes me not, yet can I scape no wyse:
Nor lette me live, nor dye, at my devise,
And yet of death it geth the occasion.
Without eye I see, without tong I playthe:
I wish to perish, yet I aske for heith,
I love another, and I hate my selfe;
I fede me in sorow, and laugh in all my paine.
Lo, thus displeseth me, both deaft and life,
And my delight is cauner of this strife.

THE LOUER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO 14 A SHIPPE IN PERILOUS STORME TOSS- ED ON THE SEA. 116

MY gally charged with forgetfulnesse,
Through sharp seas, in winter nightes doth passe,
Twene rocke, and rocke, and eke my foe (alas)
That is my lord, stereth with cruelnesse.
And every houre, a thought in readinesse,
As though that death were light in such a case,
An endlesse wynde doth teare the sayle apace
Of forced sighes and trusty fearfulnesse:
A rayne of teates, a clowde of darke disdaine,
Have done the wiered coardes great hidderance;
Wretched with errour, and with ignorance,
The starres be hidde, that lead me to this paine.
Drounde is reason that shoule be my comforte,
And I remayne, dispairing of the porke.

15 OF DOUBTFUL LOUER. 115

AVVING the bright beames of those faire eyes,
Wher he abides that mine oft moystes and washeth;
The wiered mynde straignt from the hart de-
To rest within his worldly paradysse; [parteth,
And bitter findes the swete, under his gise.
What webbet there he hath wrought, well he per-
ceiveth,
Wherby then with himselfe on love he plaineth,
That spurs with fyre, and bridleth eke with yse:

In such extremitie thus is he brought,
Frosen now cold, and now he standes in flame:
Twixt wo and wealth, betwixt earnest and game,
With seldom gladd, and many a diuers thought;
In sore reputacion of his hardinesse,
Of such a roote, loe, commeth frate frutelessse.

THE LOUER SHEWETH HOW HE IS FOR- SAKEN OF SUCH AS HE SOMETyme ENJOYED.

THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seke,
With naked fote stalking within my chamber:
Once haue I sene them gentle, tame, and meke,
That now are wilde, and do not once remember.
That sometime they haue put themselves in danger,
To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
Busely seking in continual change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath ben otherwise
Twenty times better; but once especiall,
In thynne array, after a pleasant gise,
When her loose gowne did frorn her sholders fall
And she me caught in her armes long and small;
And therewithall, so swetely did me kisse,
And softly sayd, dear hearte, how like you this?

It was no dreme; for I lay broade awaking:
But all is turnide now through my gentilnesse,
into a bitter fashyon of forsaking:
And I haue leue to go of her goodnesse;
And she also to use new fangienesse.
But, sins that I vnkindly so am served,
How like you this, what hath she now deserued?

THE LADY TO AUNSWERE DIRECTLY WITH YEA OR NAY.

MADAME, withouten many wordes,
Once I am sure, you wyll, or no:
And if you wyll, then leue your boordes,
And ese your wit, and shew it so.
For with a becke you shall me call;
And if of one, that burnes alway,
Ye haue pitie, or ruth at all,
Aunswere him faire with yea or nay.
If it be, yea; I shall be faine.
If it be nay; frendes as before.
You shall another man obtaine;
And I mine own, and yours no more.

TO HIS LOUER WHOM HE HAD KISSED AGAINST HER WYL.

ALAS, madam, for stealing of a kisse,
Have I so much your mynde therin offendid?
Or have I done so gresously amisse,
That by no meanes it may not be amended?
Revenge you then: the readiest way is this;
Another kisse, my life it shall haue ended,
For, to my mouth the first my hart did sucke,
The next shall cleane out of my brest it plucke.

OF THE JELOUS MAN THAT LOUED THE SAME WOMAN, AND ESPYED THIS OTHER SITTING WITH HER.

THE wandering gadling in the sommer tide,
That findes the adder with his rechleasse foote;

Startes not dismayde so sodeinly aside,
As icelous despite did, though there were no boote:
When that he saw me sitting by her side,
That of my health is very crop and roote.

It pleased me then to haue so faire a grace,
To stynge the hart, that would haue had my place.

TO HIS LOUE FROM WHOM HE HAD HER GLOUES.

WHAT needes these threatening wordes, and wasted
Winde?

Al this cannot make me restore my pray.
To robbe your good, ywys is not my mynde:
Nor causelesse your fair hand did I display.
Let loue be judge, or els whom next we finde,
That may both heare what you and I can say.
She left my hart, and I a gloue from her:
Let us se then, if one be worth the other.

OF THE FAINED FREnde.

RIGHTE true it is, and sayd full yore ago;
Take heede of him that by the backe the claweth:
For none is worse than is a frenely fo.
Though thee seeme good, all thing that the deliteth,
Yet know it well, that in thy bosome crepeth,
For many a man such fire oft times he kindleth,
That with the blase his beard himself he singeth.

THE LOUER TAUGHT MISTRUSTETH ALLUREMENTE.

It may be good like it who list,
But I do doubt: who can me blame?
For oft assured, yet haue I mist;
And now againe I fear the same.
The wonder, that from your mouth last came,
Of sodeine change make me agast,
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

Alas! I tread an endles mase,
That seke v accord two contraries;
And hope thus still, and nothing haue,
Imprisoned in liberties:
As one vnheard, and still that cries;
Always thirsty, and sought doth taste;
For dread to fall, I stand no fast.

Assured, I dout I be not sure;
Should I then trust unto such sterle,
That oft hath put the profe in ure,
And never yet haue found it trustie.
Nay, Sir, in faith, it were great folly:
And yet my life thus do I wast;
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS LOUE DOETH NOT PITIE HIM.

RESONDE my voyce, ye woods, that haue me
Both hills and vales causing reflexion, [plaine,
And rivers eke, record ye of my payne,
Which have oft forced ye by compassion,
As judges, to haue my exclamacion,

Among whom ruth (I finde) yet doth remayne;
Where I it soke, alas! there is disdain.

Oft, ye riuers, to haure my wofull sounde
Have stopt your cours, and plainly to expresse
Many a teare by moisture of the ground,
The earth hath wept to haure my heauenesse:
Which causelesse I endure without redresse.
The hugy okes haue roared in the winde:
Eche thing, me thought, complaining in theyr kind.

Why then alas! doth not she on me rew?
Or is her hart so harde that so pitie,
May in it sinke, my joy for to renew?
O stony hart, who hath thus framed thee
So cruel, that art cloaked with beautie;
That from thee may no grace to me procede,
But as rewards, death for to be my mede?

THE LOUER REJOYSETH AGAINST FORTUNE THAT BY HINDERING HIS SUITE HAD HAPPELY MADE HIM FORSAKE HIS FOLLY.

In faith I wote not what to say,
Thy chaunces ben so wonderous,
Thou Fortune with thy diuers play,
That makat the ioyful dolorous,
And eke the same right ioyous.
Yet though thy chaine hath me enwrapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hap.

Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And sekest by change to doe me paine:
Mens mindes yet mayest thou not so order,
For honestie, if it remaine,
Shall shine for all thy cloudy raine;
In vaine thou sekest to haue me trapt;
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hap.

In hindering me, me didst thou further,
And made a gap, where was a stile,
Cruell wiles ben oft put vnder,
Wesing to lower, then didst thou smile:
Lord, how thy self thou didst begile,
That in thy caree would haue me wrapt?
But spite of hap, hap hath well hap.

A RENOUNCING OF HARDLY ESCAPED LOUE.

FAREWELL the hart of crueltie;
Though that with paine my libertie,
Deare haue I bought, and wofully,
Finisht my fearfull tragedy.
Of force I must forsake such pleasure,
A good cause just, sins I indure,
Therby my wo, which be ye sure,
Shall therwith go me to recure.

I fare, as one escapt, that fleeth;
Glad he is gone, and yet still feareth,
Spied to be caught and so dredeth
That he for sought his pain leaseth.
In joyful paine, reioyce my hart,
Thus to sustaine of eche apart.
Let not this song from thee astart,
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

THE IDIOT TO HIS BED, WITH DESCRIBING OF HIS UNQUIET STATE.

THIS restfull place, renuer of my smart,
The labours value encreasing my sorow,
The bodies ease, and troubler of my hart,
Sweeter of minde, mine unquiet foe,
Forgetter of payne, rememb'ret of my woe,
The place of slepe, wherein I do but wake,
Besprent with teares, my bed, I thee foriske,

The frosty snowes may not redresse my heat,
Nor, heat of Sonne abate my fervent cold,
I know nothing to ease my paines so great
Ne he cure causeth encrease by twenty fold,
Renewing careyn upon my sorowes old,
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make,
Besprent with teares, my bed for to foriske.

But all for nought, I find no better ease
In bed or out: this most causeth my paine,
Where I do seke how best that I may please;
My lost labour (alas) is all in vaine:
My hart once set, I cannot it refraine;
No place from me my grief away can take;
Wherfore with teares, my bed I thee foriske.

COMPARISON OF LOUE, TO A STREAME FALLING FROM THE ALPES.

FROM these hie hilles as when a spring doth fall,
It triflith downe with still and suttle course,
Of this and that, it gathers ayre and shal,
Till it have iust downe flowed to streame and force,
Then at the foote it rageth over all:
So farrth loose, when he hath tane a sounce,
Rage is his raine, resistance vailleth none,
The first eache is remedy alone.

WYATES COMPLAINT UPON LOUE TO REASON, WITH LOUES AUNSWERE.

MINE old dere enemy, my foward master,
Afore that queene I caused to be acited,
Which holdeyn the diuine part of our nature;
That like as gold in fire he mought be tryed,
Charged with dolour, that I me presented
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dredeth
A wrongfull death, and justice alway seeketh.

And thus I sayd: "Once my left foote, madame,
When I was young, I set within his raigne;
Wherby other then fyry, burning flame,
I never felt, but many a grevous paine,
Torment I suffered, anger and disdaine:
That mine oppressed pacience was past,
And I mine owne life hated at the last.

Thus bitherto have I my time passed
In paine and smart; what wates is profitable,
How many pleasant daies have me escaped,
In serving this false lyer so decesualle?
What wit haue wordes so prest and forceable,
That may contayne my great mishappinnesse?
And just complaints of his vngentlenesse?

So small bony, much aboa, and gall,
In bittiernesse, my blinde life heue I tasted:
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,

With faire and amorous daunce, madame he traced,
And where I had my thought and minde arased
From earthly frailnesse, and from vaine pleasure,
Me from my rest he tolke and set in error.

God made he me regardlesse, than I ought,
And to my self to take right little heede:
And for a wooman haue I set at nought,
Al other thoughtes in this only to spedee:
And he was onely counseler of this deede,
Whetting alwaies my youthly fraile desire,
On cruel whetston, tempered with fire.

But (oh alas!) where had I ever wit,
Or other gift geman to me of nature?
That sooner shal be changed my wiered sprita,
Then the obstinate will, that is my ruler:
So robbeth he my fredome with displeasure,
This wicked traitour, whom I thus accuse;
That bitter life bath turned in pleasant vse.

He bath me hasted, through diuers regions,
Through desert woodes, and sharpe hye mountaines,
Through foward people, and through bitter passaunces,
Through rocky seas, and over hilles and plaines:
With wery travell, and with laborous paines,
Alwaies in trouble and in tediousesse,
All in error, and daungerous distresse.

But mother he, nor she, my tother foe,
For all my flight did ever me foriske;
That though my timely death hath been to slowe
That me as yet, it hath not overtakē:
The heavenly gods of pite doe it slake,
And note they this his cruel tiranny,
That feedes him, with my care, and misery.

Sins I was his, bower rested I never,
Nor looke to do, and eke the waky nightes,
The banished slepe may in no wise recover.
By guile and force, over my thrallid sprita.
He is ruler, sins which hell never strikes,
That I haere not as sounding to reue
My plaiutes. Himself he knoweth that I say true.

For newer wormes olde rotten stocke have eaten,
As he my bort, where he is resident,
And doth the same with death dayly threaten;
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment,
The sighes, the wordes, and eke the languishment,
That noy both me, and peraventure other,
Judge thou that knowest the one and eke the tother."

Mine adversair with swch greeuous repreafe,
Thus he began, " Heare fady the other part:
That the plain trouth, from which he draweth aloofe,
This vakinck man may shew, ere that I part:
In his yong age, I tooke him from that art,
That sellith wordes, and make a cluttering knight,
And of my wealth I gave him the delight.

Now shames he not on me for to complain,
That hold him evermore in pleasant game,
From his desire that myght haue been his paine,
Yet therby alone I brought him to some frappe,
Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame;
And toward honour quickned l his wit,
Whereas a dastard els he mought haue sit.

He knoweth how great Atride that made Troy
And Hannibal to Rome so troubelous, [frat,
Whom Homer honored, Achilles that great;

And th' Africane Scipion the famous,
And many other, by much honour gloriouse,
Whose fame and actes, did lift them vp aboue,
I did let fall in base dishonest loue.

And vnto him, though he vnworthy were,
I chose the best of many a milstone;
That vnder sunne yet never was her pere,
Of wisdom, womanhod, and of discretion;
And of my grace I gave her such a facion,
And eke such way I taught her for to teache
That never base thought his hart so bie might
reache.

Euer more thus to content his maistresse,
That was bys only frame of honestie,
I stirred him still toward gentilenesse;
And caudie him to regard fidelite;
Pacienc I taught him in adversite:
Such vertues learned he in my great schoole,
Wherof repenteith now the ignorant foole,

These were the same deceites, and bitter gall,
That I have vned, the torment and the sager,
Sweeter than euer did to other fall;
Of right good sede, ill fruite, lo, thus I gather
And so shall be that the unkinde doth further:
A serpent nourish I vnder my wing,
And now of nature ginneth he to sting.

And for to tell at last, my great service,
From thousand dishonesties have I him drawnen,
That, by my meanes, him in no maner wyse,
Neuer vyle pleasure once hath overthrownen;
Wher in his dode, shame hath him alwaies
guauen;
Douting report that should come to her care:
Whom now he blames, her wondred he to feare;

What euer he hath of any honest custome,
Of her, and me, that holds he every whit:
But lo, yet never was there nightly fentome,
So farre in errour, as he is from his wit,
To plain on vs: he striveth with the bit,
Which may rule him, and do him ease, and
paine,
And in one hower, make al his griefe his gaine.

But one thing yet there is aboue all other:
I gave him wings, wherewith he might up flie
To honour and fame; and if he woulde to hygher
Then mortall things, aboue the starry skye;
Considering the pleasure, that an eye
Might geue in earth, by reason of the loue;
What shold that be, that lasteth still aboue?

And he the same himself hath sayd ere this,
But now, foyghton is both that and I,
That gave him her, his only wealth and blisse,"
And at this word, with dedly streke and crye:
" Thou gave her once (quod I) but by and by
Thou tooke her ayeen from me, that woxorth the!"
" Not I, but price, more worth than thou," (quod
he.)

At last, eche other for himself concluded,
I trembling still, but he, with small reverence,
" Lo, thus, as we eche other have acquised,
Dere lady, now we wayte thine only sentencie;"
She smiling, at the whistled audience,
It liketh me, quod she, to haue heard your question,
But lenger time sloth aske a resolucion."

*THE LOUERS SOROWFULL STATE MAK-
ETH HIM WRITE SOROWFULL SONGES,
BUT (SOUCHE,) HIS LOUE MAY CHANGE
THE SAME.*

MARUEIL no more altho
The songs, I sing do mone ;
For other life then wo,
I never proued none.

And in my hart also,
Is grauen with letters depe,
A thousand sighes and mo
A flood of teares to wepe.

How many a man in smart,
Find a matter to rejoice!
How many a mooring hart,
Sent forth a pleasant voice:

Play who so can that part,
Nedes must in me appere,
How fortune overthwart
Doth cause my mooring chere.

Perdy there is no man
If he saw never sight,
That perfittly tell can,
The nature of the light.

Alas, how shoulde I tha,
That never tart but sowe,
But do as I began,
Continually to lowre.

But yet perchance some chace,
May chance to change my tune,
And when (Souch) chance doth chance,
Then shall I thanke fortune.

And if I have (Souch) chance,
Perchance or it be long,
For (Souch) a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

*THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIMSELF
FURSAKEN.*

WHEN shall I haue at mine owne will,
Teares to complaine? where shal I fet
Such sighes, that I may sigh my fill,
And then agen my plaintes repeate?

For though my plaint shall have none end,
My teares cannot suffice my woe
To move my harme, have I no dread,
For fortunen dread, is mishaps foe.
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none,
But in the wind to wast my wordes;
Nought moueth yow my dedly mone,
But still you turn it into borden:

I speak not now to moue your heart,
That you should rue vpon my paine;
The sentencie gauen may not reuer,
I know such labour were but vain.

But sins that I for you (my dere)
Have lost that thing, that was my best,
A right small losse it must appere
To lese these wordes, and all the rest.

But though they sparkle in the winder,
Yet shall they shew your falsoh faith,
Which is returned to his kinde;

For like to like, the proverbe saith.
Fortune, and you did me auance,
Me thought I swam, and could not drown,
Happiest of al; but my mischance,
Did lift me vp, to throw me down.

THE LOUER SUSPECTED OF CHANGE.

375

And you with her, of crauenesse,
Did set your foote upon my necke,
Me, and my welfare to oppresse;
Without offence your heart to wreke.
Where are your pleasant wordes (alas)
Where is your faith? your stedfastnesse?
There is no more but al doth passe,
And I am left all comfortlesse.
But sin so much it doth you greue,
And also me my wretched life,
Have here my troth: nought shall releue,
But death alone, my wretched strife.
Therefore farewell, my life, my death,
My gaine, my losse, my value, my sore,
Farewell also, with you my breath,
For I am gone for evermore.

OF HIS LOUER THAT PRICKED HER FINGER WITH A NEDLE.

SHE sate, and sowed, that hath done me the wrong,
Wherof I plain, and haue done many a day,
And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song,
She wist my hart the sumpier, that it lay.
The blind master, whom I haue serued so long,
Grudging to heare that he did heare her say,
Made her own weapon do her finger bledde,
To feele, if pricking were so good indeede.

OF THE SAME.

WHAT man hath heards such crueltie before?
That, when my plaint remembred her my wo,
That caused it, she cruell more and more,
Wished eche stiche as she did sit and sow,
Had prickt my hart, for to encrease my sore;
And as I thinke, she thought it had been so,
For as she thought, this is his hart in dede,
She prickd hard, and made her self to bledde.

REQUEST TO CUPIDE FOR REUENGE OF HIS VNKINDE LOUER. / C

BEHOLD, Loue, thy power how she despiseth,
My greevous pain how little she regardith:
The solempne othe wherof she takes no care,
Broken she hath, and yet she bydeth sure.
Right at her ease, and little thes she dreadeth:
Whapone thou art, and she vnaarmed sitteth;
To the disdainfull, all her life she leadeth
To me spitefull, without just cause or measure:
Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth.
I am in hold, but if the pitie meueith,
Go, bend thy bow, that stony barters breaketh,
And with some stroke, reuenge the great displesa-
Of thee, and him that sorow doth endure, [sure
And as his lord these lowly here entreateth.

COMPLAINT FOR TRUE LOUER VNRE- QUITED. /

WHAT vaileth troth? or by it, to take pain?
To strive by stedfastnesse for to attain
How to be lust, and flee from doublenesse?
Since all alike, where ruleth craftinessse,

Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.
Soonest he spedes, that most can lye and faine.
True meaning hart is had in hys disdaine.
Against deceit and cloaked doublenesse,
What vaileth trouth, or parfit stedfastnesse?
Deceiued is he, by false and craftie train,
That meanes no gile, and faithfull doth remaine
Within the trap, without help or redresse.
But for to love, lo, such a sterne maistresse,
Where cruelle dwelles, alas, it were in vain.

THE LOUER THAT FLED LOUVE, NOW FOLOWES IT WITH HIS HARME.

SOMETIME I fled the fire, that me so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by windre;
And now the coales I follow, that be quent,
From Dover to Cales, with willing minde.
Lo how desire is both forth sprong, and spent;
And he may see, that whilome was so blinde,
And all his labour laughes he now to scorne,
Measched in the breers, that erst was only torne.

THE LOUER HOPETH OF BETTER CHAUNCE.

He is not dead, that sometime had a fall,
The sunne returns, that hid was under clowde,
And when fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust, good luck to me shal be allowed.
For I haue seene a shipp in haueu fali,
After that storme hath brok both maste and shroud;
The willow eke, that stoupeth with the windre,
Doth rise againe, and greater wood doth hindre.

THE LOUER COMPARETH HIS HART TO THE OUEER-CHARGED GONNE.

THE furious gonne, in his most raging yre,
When that the boule is rammed in too sore,
And that the flame cannot part from the fire;
Crackes in sunder, and in the ayer do rore
The sheuered peeces: so doth my desire,
Whose flame encreaseth ay from more to more;
Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speake;
So inward force my heart doth all to breake.

THE LOUER SUSPECTED OF CHANGE, PRAIETH THAT IT BE NOT BELEUED AGAINST HIM. /

ACCUSED though I be, without desert,
Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true:
For never yet, sincs that you had my hart,
Intended I to false, or be vntreue.
Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,
Than breake one word of that I promised yow;
Accept therfore my seruice in good part:
None is aliue, that can il tonges eschew.
Hold them as false, and let not vs depart,
Our friendship old in hope of any new;
Put not thy trust in such as vse to fayn,
Except thou minde to put thy frend to payn.

*THE LOUER ABUSED RENOUNCETH
LOVE. 19.*

My loue to scorn, my seruice to retaine,
Therin me thought you vned crudelie,
Since with good wyll I lost my libertie,
Might never wo yet cause me to refaine;
But only this, which is extremitie,
To geue me nought (alas) not to agree
That as I was, your man I might remaine:
But since that thus ye list to order me,
That would have been your servant true and fast,
Displease you not, my doting time is past,
And with my loue to leane I must agree;
For as there is a certaine time to rage,
So is there tyme such madnes to answere.

*THE LOUER PROFESSETH HIMSELF
CONSTANT.*

Wrench my breast I never thought it gaine
Of gentle mindes the fredome for to lose;
Not in my hart sank never such disdaine,
To be a forger, faultes for to disclose.
Nor I can not endure the truth to glose,
To set a glosse vpon an earnest paine,
Nor I am not in number one of those,
That list to blow retreate to every traine.

*THE LOUER SENDETH HIS COM-
PLAINTES AND TEARES TO SUE FOR
GRACE.*

Pass forth my wondred cryes,
Those cruel eares to pearce,
Which in most hateful wyse,
Do still my plaintes reverse.
Do you; my teares, also
So wet her barren hart
That pitie there may grow,
And crudelie depart.

For though hard rockes among
She semes to haue ben bred,
And of the tigre long
Bene nourished and fed.
Yet shall not nature change,
If pitie once win place;
Whom as vñknownen and strange
She now away doth chase.

And as the water soft,
Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth of,
Hard stoned doth perce at length;
So in her stony hart,
My plaintes at last shall graue,
And rigour set apart,
Wynne graunt of that I craue.

Wherfore, my plaintes, present
Still so to her my rite,
As ye through her assent,
May bring to me some frute.
And as she shall me proue,
So bid her me regardre,
And render loue for loue,
Which is a just rewarde.

*THE LOUERS CASE CANNOT BE HIDDEN
HOW EVER HE DISSEMBLE.*

Your looks so often cast,
Your eyes so frenely rolde,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Always one to beholde:
Though hide it faire ye woulde,
It plainely doth declare,
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare.

Payne would ye finde a cloke,
Your brenning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke,
Breakes out on every side.
Ye cannot loue so guide,
That it no issue wiane:
Abrode nedes must it glide,
That brenz so hotte within.

Four cause your self do wink,
Ye judge all other blinde,
And secret it you think,
Which every man dothe finde.
In west oft spende ye winde,
Your self in loue to quit;
For argues of that kinde,
Wyl shew, who hath the fit.

Your sighes you fet from farre,
And all to wry your wo;
Yet are ye ner the narre,
Men are not blinded so.
Deneby oft swere ye, No;
But all those otheres are vaine,
So well your eye doth shew,
Who puttes your hart to paine.

Thinke not therfore to hide,
That still it self betrays,
Nor seke meanes to provide
To dark the sunny dayes.
Forget those wondred wayes,
Leave of such frowning chere,
There wyll be found no stayes,
To stoppe a thing so clere.

*THE LOUER PRAIETH NOT TO BE DIS-
DAINED, REFUSED, MISTRUSTED,
NOR FORSAKEN.*

DISDAINE me not without desert;
Nor leue me not so sorely;
Since well ye wol, that in my hart,
I meane ye not but honestlie.

Refuse me not without cause why;
Nor think me not to be unjust,
Since that by lot of fantasie,
This careful knot nedes knitt I must.

Mistrust me not, thongh some there be,
That faime woulde spot my stedfastnesse;
Belue them not, sines that ye se,
The profe is not, as they expresse.

Forsake me not, till I deserve,
Nor hate me not, till I offendre,
Destroy me not, till that I swerue,
But sines ye know what I entendre.

Disdaine me not, that am your owne,
Refuse me not, that am so true,
Misstrust me not till all be knowne,
Forsake me not now for no new.

*THE LOUER LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE
WITH SUTE FOR GRACE.*

For want of will in wo I plaine,
Under colour of sobernesse;
Renewing with my sute my paine,
My wan hope with your stedfastnesse.
Awhie therefore of gentlenesse,
Regard at length, I you require,
My swelting paines of my desire.

Betimes who geveth wyllyngly,
Redoubteth thanks ayo doth deserve,
And I that am unlesedly,
Is fruitesme hope, alas! do sterue.
How great my cause is for to averse,
And yet how stedfast is my sute,
Lo! here ye see: where is the frute?

As boande that hath his keper lost,
Sekte I your presence to obtaine;
In which my hart delitteth most,
And shall delight though I be slain.
You may release my bende of paine;
Lose then the care that makes me crie
For want of helpe, or els I dye.

I dye, though not incontinent;
By processe yet consummingly;
As wost of fire, which doth refent:
If you as wilfull will deny.
Wherefore cease of such cruelty,
And take me wholly in your grace,
Which lacketh will to change his place.

*THE LOUER WAILETH HIS CHANGED
JOYES.*

If every man wight him awaunt,
Of fortunes friendly chere,
It was my self I must it graunt,
For I have bought it dere:
And devely have I held also
The glory of her name,
In yelding her such tribute, lo,
As did set forth her fame.

Sometime I stooode so in ber grace,
That as I would require,
Ech joy I thought did me embrace
That fordered my desire;
And all these pleasures lo! had I,
That fancy might support;
And nothing she did me deny,
That was unto my comfort.

I had (what would you more perdis?)
Ech grace that I did crane.
Thus fortunes will was vnto me
All thing that I would have:
But all to rathe, alas! the while,
She boolt on such a ground:
In little space, to greate a gaine,
In her now have I found.

For she hath turned so her whle,
That I unhappy man
May wayle the time that I dyd fele,
Wherewith she fed me than;
For broken now are her behestes,
And pleasant lookes she goue,
And therfore now al my requestes
From perill cannot save.

Yet would I well it might appere
To her my chife regard;
Though my deserites have been to dera
To merite such reward.
Sins fortunes will is now so bent
To plague me thus poore man,
I must my self therwith content,
And bear it as I can.

*TO HIS LOUER THAT HAS GIVEN HIM
ANSWERE OF REPUSSELL.*

THE answer that ye made to me, my dare,
When I did sue for my poore hartes redres,
Hath so appalde my countenance, and my chere,
That in this case, I am all comfortlesse,
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.

I have no wrong, where I can claim no right,
Nought tame me fro, where I have nothing had,
Yet of my wo, I cannot so be quite;
Nanbey sins that another may be glad
With that, that thus in sorrow makes me sad.

Yet none can claime (I say) by former grant,
That knoweth not of any grant at all;
And by desert, I dare well make awaunt,
Of fathfull will; there is no where that shall,
Bearre you more truth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call againe that bitter word,
That toucht your frend so neare with pangs of
paine;
And say, my dare, that it was said in bord:
Late or to sone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherwith free will doth true desert retaine.

20

*TO HIS LADIE, CRUEL OUER HER
YELDEN LOVER.*

SUCG is the course that natures kin bath wrought,
That snakes have time to cast away their stinges:
Against chainde prisoners what nede defence be
sought,
The fierce lyon will hurt no yelden thinges;
Why should such spight be nursed then by
thought?
Sith all these powers are prest under thy winges,
And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,
What mischefe malice many wayes it brings:
Consider eke, that spite availeth naught.
Therefore this song thy fault to thee it singes:
Displease thee not, for saying thus my thought
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springes,
For furies, that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made most miserable.

**THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THAT
DEADLY SICKNESSE CANNOT HELP
HIS AFFECTION.**

THE enemy of life, decayer of al kinds,
That with his colde withers away the grene
This other night me in my bed did finde,
And offred me to rid my fever clene,
And I did graunt so did dispaire me blinder:
He drew his bow with arrowes sharp and kene,
And strake the place where love had hit before,
And drove the first dart deeper more and more.

**THE LOUER REJOYCETH THE ENJOY-
ING OF HIS LOUE.**

ONCE, as methought, fortune me kist,
And bade me aske, what I thought best,
And I should have it as me list,
Therwith to set my hart in rest.

I asked but my ladies bair,
To haue foreuermore myne owne;
Then at an end were al my smart;
Then shold I neede no more to mone.

Yet for all that a stormy blast,
Had ouerturnde this goodly nay:
And fortune seemed at the last,
That to her promise she said nay.

But like as one out of dispaire,
To sodeine hope revived I;
Now fortune sheweth her selfe so faire,
That I content me wonderly.

My most desire my hand may reach,
My wyll is alway at my hande,
Me neede not long for to besech,
Her that hath power me to comand.

What earthly thing more can I crave,
What would I wishe more at my will?
Nothing on earth more would I haue,
Save that I haue, to haue it still.

For fortune now haue kept her promesse,
In graunting me my most desire,
Of my soueraigne I haue redresse,
And I content me with my bire.

**THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THE VN-
KINDNES OF HIS LOVE.**

MY lute awake perform the last
Labour, that thou and I shall waast:
And end that I haue now begonne,
And when this song is song and past,
My lute be still for I haue done.

As to be heard where eare is none,
As leade to graue in marble stome;
My song may pearce her hart as none,
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone,
No, no, my lute, for I haue done.

The rockes do not so cruelly
Repulse the wawes continually,
As she my sute and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Wherby my lute and I haue done.

Proude of the spoile that thou hast gotte
Of simple hart through lones shot,
By whome vnkind thou hast them wonne:
Think not he bath his bow forgot;
Although my lute and I haue done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine
That makest but game on earnest payne,
Thinke not alone vnder the sunne
Unquit to cause thy lovers plaine;
Although my lute and I haue done.

May chance thee lie withered and olde,
In winter nighten that are so colde,
Playning in vaine unto the moone;
Thy wishes then dare not be tolde:
Care then who list, for I haue done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sighs and swowne;
Then shalt thou know besyng but lent,
And wish and waest as I haue done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labour, that thou and I shall waest,
And ended is that we begonne:
Now is this song both song and pest;
My lute be still, for I haue done

**HOW BY A KISSE HE FOUND BOTH HIS
LIFE AND DETH.**

NATURE, that gaue the bee so feate a grace,
To finde hony of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spider out of the same place
To fetch poysen by straunge alteration.
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
With one kisse, by secret operation.

Both these at once in those your lips to fide,
In change wherof, I leau my hart behinde.

**THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING
TAKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOUE.**

UNWARELY so was never no man caught,
With stedfast loke upon a goodly face,
As I of late; for sodeinly me thought,
My hart was torn out of his place.

Thow mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,
And downe directly to my heart it ranne,
In help wherof the blood thereto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wanne.

Then was I like a man for wo amased,
Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fire;
For whyle that I vpon her beautie gased,
The more I burde in my desire.

Then was I like the strawe, when that the flame,
Is drisen therin, by force and rage of wynde;
And brought therwith throughout in every vaine,
A quaking heat with pleasant smart.

Then was I like the strawe, when that the flame,
Is drisen therin, by force and rage of wynde;
I can not tell, a lass! what I shall blame,
Nor what to seke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot, the grieve doth hold me sore
In beate and cold, betwix both bope and deade,
That, but her help to health do me restore,
This restless lyfe I may not leade.

THE LOUER PRAIYETH HIS OFFRED HART TO BE RECEAUED. 379

TO HIS LOUER TO LOKE UPON HYM.

All in thy loke my life doth whole depende,
Thou hydest thy self, and I must dye therefore;
But since thou maist so easly helpe thy frend,
Why doest thou stick to saine that thou madest
Why do I dye, since thou maist me defend, [sore?
And if I dye thy life may last no more;
For eche by other doth live and haue relife,
I in thy loke, and thou most in my grife.

Like lice away from dead bodies they crawl,
Loe! what a proof in light adversitie,
But ye my birds I awere by all your belles,
Ye be my frendes and very few elles.

THE LOUER EXCUSETH HIM OF WORDES, WHERWITH HE WAS VN- JUSTLY CHARGED.

PERDY I said it not.
Nor never thought to do:
As well as I ye wot,
I haue no power thereto.
And if I did, the lot,
That first did me enchaime,
May never slake the knot,
But straite it to my paine.
And if I did eche thing,
That maie do harme or wo,
Continually maie wring
My hart where so I go.
Report maie alwaies ring
Of shame on me for aye,
If in my heart did spring
The words that you doe saye.
And if I did, eche starre
That is in heauen above,
May frowme on me to marre
The hope I haue in loue.
And if I did; such warre
As they brought vnto Troy,
Bring all my life as farre
From all his lust and ioy.

And if I did so say,
The beautie that me bounde;
Encrease from day to day
More cruel to my wounde.
With all the mone that may,
To plaint may turce my song;
My life may soone decaye,
Without redresse by wrong.

If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then compayne?
Then is this thing but sought
To turne my hart to paine.
Then this that you haue wrought,
You must it now redresse;
Of right therfore you ought
Such rigour to represe.

And as I haue deserved,
So grant me now my hyre,
You know I never swarred,
You never found me lier.
For Rachel haue I serued,
For Leah carde I haue,
And her I haue reserved
Within my hart for euer.

OF SUCH AS HAD FORSAKEN HIM.

Lox my faire fawcon, and thy fellowes all,
How well pleasant it were your libertie,
Ye not forake me, that fayre thought you fall,
But they that sometime liked my company.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOUE.

A FACE that should content me wonderous well,
Should not be faire, but louely to behold,
Of liuely loke all griefe for to repel;
With right good grace so would I that it should
Speke without word, such wordes as none can tell,
Her tresse also should be of crisped goldie;
With wit, and these perhaunce it might be tride,
And knyt againe with knot that should not slide.

HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT IS TO FINDE 20 QUIET IN LOUE.

EVER my hep is slack and slow in coming
Desire encreasing eye my hope vncertaintie,
With doubtful loue that but encreaseth paine;
For, tigre like, so swift it is in parting.
Alas! the snow blacke shall it bee and scalding,
The sea waterlense, and fishe upon the mountaine,
The Temmes shall back retorne into his fountaine,
And where he rose, the Sunne shall take his lodging,
Ere I in this fide peace or quietnesse:
Or that loue, or my ladie right wisely,
Leue to conspire against me wrongfully.
And if I haue after such bitternessee
One drope of swete, my mouth is out of taste,
That al my trust and trauell is but waste.

OF LOUE, FORTUNE, AND THE LOUERS 21 MINDE.

LOUE, fortune, and my minde which doe remember
Eke that is now and that, that once hath bene,
Torment my hart so sore that very often
I hate and envy them beyond all measure.
Love fletch my hart, while fortune is deprauer
Of all my comfort; the foolish minde than
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldom
Liveth in rest. So still in displeasure
My pleasant dayes they flete and passe
And dayly doth myne yll change to the worse,
Whyle more than halfe is runne now of my course.
Alas, not of steele, but of brittle glasse,
I see that from my hand failleth my trust,
And all my thoughts are dashed into dust.

THE LOUER PRAIYETH HIS OFFRED 22 HART TO BE RECEAUED.

How oft haue I, my deere and cruelle foe,
With my great paine to get some peace or truce,
Geveth you my hart: but you doe not vse,
In so hie things, to cast your minde so low.
If any other loke for it, as you trow,
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abase;
And that thus I diuidaine, that you refuse,
It was once mine, it can no more be so.

If yon it chafe that it in you can finde
In this exile no manner of comforte,
Nor loue alone, nor where he is caide, resort,
He may wender from his natural kinde,
So shal it be great hurt vnto vs twaine,
And yours the loue, and mine the deadly paine.

THE LOUERS LIFE COMPARED TO THE
ALPES. 23 24

LYKE unto these vnmensurable mountaines,
So is my painfull life the burden of yre;
For he be they, and he is my desire;
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines.
Vnder craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,
Hard thoughts in me my wofull minde doth tire:
Small frute and many leaves their tops do attire,
With small effect great trust in me remaines.
The boistrous winds oft their high bowes do blast,
Hott sighes in me continually be shed,
Wilde beaste in them, fierce loue in me is fed:
Unmoueable am I, and they stedfast.
Of singing-birdes, they haue the tyme and note,
And I alwayes plaintes passing through my throte.

CHARGING OF HIS LOUVE AS VNPITEOUS
AND LOUING OTHER. 24

By amorous faith, or if an hart vnfrimed,
A swete langour, a grete louely desire,
If honest wyl kindled in gentle fire,
If long error in a blinde manne chained,
If in my visage eche thought distained,
Or my sparkling voice, lower or hie,
Which feare and shame so wofullly doth tyre,
My pale colour which loue alas hath stained,
If to haue another then my self more dere,
If wailing or sighing continually,
With sorrowful anger feding busily,
My burning farr, of end if fising neve,
Are cause that I by loue my self destroy,
Yours is the fault, and mine the great sunoy.

25 A RENOUNCING OF LOVE. 25

FAREWELL loue, and all thy lawes for ever,
Thy hayted booke shall tangle me no more:
Senec, and Plato call me from thy loue,
To parfit weith, my witt for to enduer.
In blinde error wher I did persener,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore
Taught me in tribes that I set no store;
But scapte forth thence since libertie is leuer:
Therefore, farewell, go trouble youger harts,
And in me claime noe more auctorite:
With yde youth goe vse thy propertie,
And theron spend thy many brittle darter.
For hitthero though I haue lost my tyme,
Me list no lenger rotten boughs to clime.

THE LOUER FORSAKETH HIS VNKINDE
LOUVE. 26

My hart I gase thee, not to doe it paine,
But to preserue, lo, it to thee was taken,
I served thee, not that I shold be forsaken,
But, that I shold receive reward againe,

I was content, thy seruant to remaine;
And not to be repayed on this fashion.
Now since in thee there is none other reason,
Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.
Unsaciati of my wo and thy desire;
Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault:
But sins it pleaseth thee to faine defaut,
Farewell I say, departing from the fire.
For he that doth believe, bearing in hand,
Ploweth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS REST-
LESSE STATE. 27

THE flaming sighes that boyle within my breast,
Sometime break forth and they can well declare,
The harts unrest, and how that it doth fare,
The paine therof, the griefe, and all the rest.
The waterred eyen from whence the teares do fal,
Do feel some force or else they would be dry,
The wasted flesh of colour ded can try,
And somtyme tell what swetnesse is in gall.
And he that lust to see, and to discerne,
How care can force within a wiered mind,
Come be to me I am that place assinde;
But for all this, no force, it doth no barne,
The wounde, alas, happe in some other place,
From whence nor tolde away the sharre can rise.

But you that of such like have had your part,
Can best be judge. Wherefore my friend so dore,
I thought it good my state shold now appere
To you, and that there is no great desart.
And whars you in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,
For trifling things I now am stricken so,
That though I fele my hart doth wound and leid,
I sit alone rauie on the second day
My feuer comes, with whom I spend my tyme
In burning heat while that she list asigne.
And who hath helpe and libertie alwaie,
Let him thank God, and let him not prooke,
To haue the like of this my painfull stroke.

THE LOUER LAMENTES THE DEATH
OF HIS LOUVE. 28

THE piller perisht is wherto I lent,
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet minde;
The like of it no man again can finde,
From east to west still seeking thought he went,
To mine vnhaphe. For happe away hath rest
Of all my ioy the very bark and rinde,
And I (alias!) by chance am thus assinde,
Dayly to moorne till death do it relent.
But sins that thus it is by desteny,
What can I more but haue a wofull hart;
My peane in plaint, my voyce in carefull crye,
My mynde in wo, my body full of smart,
And I my self, my self alwaies to hate,
Tyll dreadfull death doe ease my dolefull stale.

THE LOUER SENDETH SIGHES TO
MOUVE HIS SUTE. 29

Go burning sighes unto the frozen hart,
Goe break the yee which pities painfull dart

Might never porce, and if that mortall prair
In heauen be heard at least yet I desire,
That death, or mercy, end my wofull smart:
Take with thee pain, whereof I haue my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot start.
And leue me then in rest, I you require.
Goe burning higher fulfull that I desire,
I knoght go wroke, I see, by craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart:
Alas I cannot therefore now assaile her,
With pitifull complaint and scalding fier,
That from my brest deceitfully doth start.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HIS LOUE

So feble is the thred that doth the burden stay,
Of my poor life; in heauen pligthat falleth in de-
cay, [succour,
That but it haue elsewhere some ayde or some
The running spindel of my fate anon shall end his
course. [part,
For since thanhappy houre that dyd me to de-
From my swete wale one only hope hath stayed
my life apart, [minde,
Which doth perswade such words unto my sored
Maintaine thy selfe, O wofull wight, some better
luck to finde: [night,
For though thou be deprived from thy desired
Who can thee tell, if thy returne be for thy more
delight? [couser,
Or who can tell, thy loss if thou mayst once re-
Some pleasant hower thy wo may wrap, and thee
defend and couer. [stained,
Thus in this trust, as yet it bath my life sus-
But now (alas) I see it faint, and I by trust am
trained. [bend,
The tyme doth flete, and I see how the hower do
So fast, that I haue spent the space to marke my
comming end. [his light,
Westward the Sunne from out the east remoueth
When in the west he bies him strayghte within the
dark of night;
And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his
journey lye. [here;
The lyfe so short so frayle, that mortall men liue
See great a weight, so heauy charge the bodyes
that we bere; [space,
That when I think vpon the distaunce and the
That doth so farre deuide me from my dere desired
face,
I know not how t'attaine the winges that I require,
To lyft me up, that I might fly, to follow my desyre.
Thus of that hope that doth my life something
gustaine,
Alas I feare, and partly fele, full little doth remaine.
Eche place doth bring me grief, where I doe not
behold. [wont the keys to hold.
Those liuely eyes, which of my thoughts, were
Those thoughtes wer pleasant swete whilst I en-
joyd that grace, [well embrase.
My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might
And for because my want should more my wo
increase, [dote never cease.
In watch and slepe both day and night, my will
That thing to wishe whereof syns I did lose the
night, [hart delight.
Was never thing that mought in onght my wofull

Thunesay life I haue, doth teach me for to merte,
The floodes, the seas, the land, the hilles, that doth
them enternote. [to clere.
Twene me and these shene lights that waoted for
My darked pange of cloudy thoughts, as bright as
Phabus sphere
It teacheth me also, what was my pleasant state,
The more to fele by such record, how that my
welt doth hate.
If such record (alas) prouoke thenflamed minde,
Which sprang that day that I did leau the best
of me behind.
If loue forget himselfe by length of absence let,
Who doth me guide (O wofull wretch) vnto this
haited net [for me,
Where doth encresse my care, much better were
As dumme as stone, all thing forgot, still absent
for to he. [glasse,
Alas the clear cristall, the bright transplendent
Doth not bewray the colour bid which vnderneath
it haue; [threwes discouer,
As doth thaocumbred sprite the thoughtfull
Of feares delite of fervent loue, that in our hertes
we couer. [light;
Out by these eyes it abewath that evermore de-
In plaint and teares to seek redress, and eke both
day and night. [reioyce,
Those kindest of pleasures most wherein men so
To me they do redouble still of stormy sighes tha-
voynce, [tent,
For, I am one of them, whom playnt doth well con-
It bites me well my absent wealth me semes for to
lament; [twaine,
And with my teares tassy to charge mine eyes
Like as my hart above the brink is fraughted full
of paine: [treate
And for because thereto, that those fair eyes to
Do me prouoke, I will returne, my plaint thus to
repeat:
For there is nothing els, so toucheth me within,
Where they rule all, and I alone, nought but the
case or skin; [pride,
Wherefore I shall returne to them, as well, or spring
From whom deuide my mortal woe, above all
other thing.
So shall mino eyes in paine accompany my hart,
That were the guides, that did it lead of loue to
feel the smart. [pride,
The crimed gold that doth surmount Appollos
The lively streames of pleasant starres that vnder
it doth glide. [theire heete,
Wherein the beames of loue doe still increase
Which yet so farre touch me to near in cold to
make me sweat:
The wise and pleasant talke, soe rare or else alone,
That gave to me the curtis gift, that earkt had
never none.
Be farre from me alas, and every other thing,
I might forbeare with better will, then this that did
me bring [payne,
With pleasant woorde and cheer, redress of lingred
And wanted oft in kindled will to vertue me to
trayne.
Thus am I furst to hear and harkeo after newes,
My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful
trust renewes.
And yet with more delight to mone my wofull
case,
I must complaine those hands, those armes, that
firmly do embrase

Me from my self, and rule the sterue of my poor life,
The swete didaynes, the pleasant wrathes, and eke the louely strife.
That wanted well to tune in temper just and mete,
The rage, that oft did make me erre, by furour vn-discrete.
All this is hid fro me with sharp and ragged billes,
At others will my long abode, my depe dyspeyr fullices. [dresse.
And if my hope sometime ryse vp by some re-
It stumbleth straight for feble faint my fear hath such excesse.
Such is the sort of hope, the less for more desyre,
And yet I trust ere that I dye, to se that I require.
The resting place of loue, where virtue dwells and growes, [repose.
There I desire my very life sometime may take
My song thou shalt attain to find that pleasant place, [to haue this grace,
Where she doth liue by whom I liue: may chance
When she hath read, and seen the grieve wherein
I serue, [thees reserue.
Between ber brests she shall thee put ther shall she Then tell her, that I come, she shall me shortly see,
And if for weighte the body fayle, the soul shall to her fée.

THE LOUER BLAMETH HIS LOUVE FOR RENTING OF THE LETTER HE SENT HER.

SURFISSED not (Madame) that you did teare,
My wofull hart, but thus also to rent
The weeping paper that to you I sent;
Whereof eoh letter was written with a teare?
Could not my present paynes (alas) suffice
Your greedy hart, and that my hart doth fele,
Torments that prick more sharper than the stelle?
But new and new must to my lot arise.
Vee then my death: soe shall your cruelty,
Spite of your spye rid me from all my smart,
And I no more such torments of the hart
Fele as I doe. This shall you gain thereby.

THE LOUER CURSETH THE TIME WHEN FIRST HE FELL IN LOUVE.

WHEN fyrt mine eyes did view and marke,
Thy fair beautie to behold,
And when my ears lysted to harke,
The pleasant words that thou me told;
I would as then I had ben free,
From ears to hear, and eyes to see,
And when my lips gan fyrt to moue,
Wherby my hart to thee was knowne,
And when my tong did talke of loue,
To thee that hast true loue downe throwne.
I would my lipps and tong also
Had then bene dum, no deal to go.
And when my hands haue handled ought,
That thee hath kept in memorie,
And when my feet haue gone and sought
To find and get thee companie.
I would eche hand a foot had bene,
And I eche foote a hand had sene.

And when in minde I did consent,
To follow this my fancies will,
And when my hart did first rebent,
To taste such bait my life to spill.
I would my hart had bene as thine,
Or els thy hart had been as myne.

THE LOUER DETERMINETH TO SERUE FAITHFULLY.

SINCE loue will needs that I shall loue,
Of very force I must agree,
And since no chance may it remoue,
In wealth and in adversite.
I shall alway my selfe apply,
To serue and suffer paciently.

Though for good will I finde but hate,
And cruely my life to wrast,
And though that still a wretched stale
Should pine my days vnto the last:
Yet I professe it willingly,
To serue and suffer paciently.

For since my hart is bound to serue,
And I not ruler of mine owne,
What noe befall, till that I serue,
By profe full well it shall be knowne,
That I shall still my selfe apply,
To serue and suffer paciently.

Yet though my grieve floode no redresse,
But still encraste before mine eyes,
Though my reward be cruelnesse,
With all the harme, happe can desyre,
Yet I professe it willingly
To serue and suffer paciently.

Yea though Fortune her pleasant face
Should shew, to set me up aloft,
And straight my wealth for to deface,
Should writhe away, as she doth oft,
Yet would I still my self apply
To serue and suffer paciently.

There is no grieve, no smart, no wo,
That yet I fele, or after shall,
That from this minde may make me go,
And whatsoeuer me befall,
I do profes it willingly
To serue and suffer paciently.

THE LOUER SUSPECTED BLAMETH YLL TONGUES.

MISTRUSTFULL minds be moved,
To haue me in suspect,
The truth it shall be proved,
Which time shall once detect.
Though falsohed go about,
Of crime me to accuse,
At length I do not dout,
But truth shall me excuse.
Soch sawce, as they haue serued,
To me without desart,
Euyn as they haue deserved,
Therof God send them part.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH, AND HIS LADIE COMFORTETH.

Louer. It burneth yet, alas, my hartes desire,
Lady. What is the thing, that bath inflam'd thy
Lo. A certayne point as fervent as the fyre. [heri]
La. The heat shall cease if that thou wilt conuert.
Lo. I cannot stop the fervent rageing yre.
La. What may I do, if thy selfe cause thy smart?
Lo. Hearre my request, and rew my weeping chore.
La. With right good will say on: lo, I thee here.
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content.
La. Thou seekest, perchaunce of me, that I may not.
Lo. Would God, thou wouldest, as thou mayst,
 well assent.

La. That I may not the griefe is mine, God wot.
Lo. But I fele, whatso thy wordes have ment.
La. Suspect me not, my wordes be not forgott.
Lo. Then say, alas! shall I have help or no?
La. I see no time to answer, yea, but no.
La. Say yea, dere hart, and stand no more in dout.
La. I may not grant a thing that is so dere.
Lo. Lo with delasies, thou drives me still about.
La. Thou wouldest my death, it plainly doth appere.

Lo. First may my heart his blood, and life blede
La. Then for my sake, alas! thy will forbere.
Lo. From day to day, thus wasles my life away.
La. Yet for the best, suffre some small delay.
Lo. Now good, say yea, do once so good a dede.
Lo. If I sayd yea, what shouldest therof ensue?
La. An hart in payne of succour so shoulde spede,
 Twixt yea, and nay, my doute shall still renew,
 My swete, say yea, and do away this drede.
Lo. Thou wolt never so; be it so; but then be trew.
La. Nought woulde I eis, nor other treasure none.
 Thus hearts be wouned by loue, request, and
 mone.

WHY LOUE IS BLIND.

Or purpose, loue chose first for to be blinde,
 For he with sight of that, that I beholde,
 Vanquicht had been, against all godly kinde,
 His bow your hand, and truse should haue vnfold.
 And he with me to serue had been assinde,
 But, for he blinde, and reckless woulde him holde,
 And still, by chance, his deadly strokes bestow,
 With such, as see, I serue, and suffer wo.

TO HIS VNKINDE LOUE.

WHAT rage is this? what furor? of what kynde?
 What power? what plague doth very thus mye
 Within my bones to rankle is assinde, [minde]
 What poyson pleynant swete?

To see mybe eyes flow with continual teares,
 The body still away slepless it weares,
 My foode nothing my fainting strength repaires
 Nor doth my limmes sustalne.

In depe wide wond, the deadly stroke doth turne,
 To curenles sharre that never shal returne,
 Go to, triumph, resoyce thy goodly turne,
 Thy frenid thou doest oppresse.

Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no cure,
 Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure,
 Fierce tygre fell, hard rocke without recure
 Cruel rebell to loue.

Once may thou loue, never beloued again,
 So loue thou still, and not thy loue obtain,
 So wrathfull loue with spites of iust disdain,
 May thret thy cruel hart.

THE LOUER BLAMETH HIS INSTANT DESIRE.

DESIRE (alas!) my maister, and my fo,
 So sore altered thy self, how maist thou see?
 Some time thou seekest, and drives me to and fro;
 Some time thou leadest, that leadeth thee and mee,
 What reason is to rule thy subiectes so,
 By forced law and mutabilitie?

For where by thee I doubted to haue blame,
 Euen now by hate again I dout the same.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIS ESTATE.

I see that chance hath chosen me
 Thus secretly to liue in payne,
 And to another geuen the fe,
 Of all my loue to haue the gayne,
 By chance assinde thus do I serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

Unto my self some time alone
 I do lament my wofull case,
 But what unlieth me to mone?
 Sure troth and pitie hath no place
 In them, to whom I sue and serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

To seke by means to change this mind,
 Alas, I prose it will not be;
 For in my hart I cannot finde,
 Once to refraine, but still agree
 As bound by force alway to serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

Such is the fortune that I haue,
 To loue them most, that loue me leas,
 And to my paine to seke and craye
 The thing, that other haue possesst:
 So thus in vaine alway I serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

And till I may appese the heate,
 If that my happy will happe so well,
 To wayle my wo my heart shall freat,
 Whose pensif paine my tong can tell;
 Yet thus unhappy must I serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

OP HIS LOUER CALLED ANNA.

WHAT word is that, that changeth not,
 Though it be turnde and made in twaine?
 It is mine Anna, God it wot,
 The only causer of my paine;
 My loue that medeth with disdaine.
 Yet is it loued, what will you more?
 It is my value, and eke my sore.

**THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH
EVERY PAIN.**

VENEMOUS thornes that are so sharpe and hene,
Bear flowers we se, full fresh and faire of hue,
Poison is also put in medicine,
And vnto man his heyl doth oft renue:
The fire that all things eke consumeth cleane,
May hurt and heale: then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Sins every woe is ioyned with some wealth.

**A RIDDLE OF A GIFT GEGEN BY A
LADIE.**

A LADY gaue me a gyft she had not;
And I received her gift which I took not;
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not;
And I received it albeit I could not.
If she give it me I force not;
And if she take it againe she cares not.
Counter what this is, and tel not;
For I am fast sworne, I may not.

**THAT SPEAKING OR PROFERING
BRINGES AWAY SPEDING.**

SPEAKE thou and sped, where will or power
ought helpeth, [welth]
Where power doth want, will must be wonne by
For nede will sped, where will workes not his
kinde, [finde]
And gayne thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee
For sute and golde, what do not they obtaine?
Of good and bnd the tryers are these twayue.

**HE RULETH NOT THOUGH HE RAINGE
OVR REALMES, THAT IS SUBJECT
TO HIS OWN LUSTES.**

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruell will, and see thou kepe the free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage;
For though thine empire stretche to Indian sea,
And for thy fear trembleth the fardeth Thylee,
If thy desire have ouer thee the power,
Subject them art thou, and no gouernour.

If to be noble and high thy mind be moued,
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginning,
For he that hath eche starre in heaven fixed,
And geves the moone her hornes and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou bee,
Except foule lust and vice doe coouer thee.

All were it so thou had a flood of gold
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice;
And though with Indian stones a thousand foldes,
More precious then can thy self devise.
Ycharged were thy berke; thy couetise,
And busy byting yet should never let
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

**WHETHER LIBERTIE BY LOSSE OF
LIFE, OR LIFE IN PRISON AND
THRALDOM BE TO BE PREFERRED.**

LYRE as the birde within the cage enclosed,
The dore unsparred, her fo the hawke without
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
Whether for to chose standeth in dout;
Lso do I, which soke to bring about,
Which should be best by determinacion
By losse of life, libertie, or life by prison.

O mischief by mischief to be redressed,
Where pain is best there lieth but little pleasure,
By short deth better to be deliuere,
Then hide in painfull life, thraldome and dolor.
Small is the pleasure where much pain we suffer,
Rather therfore to chuse me thinketh wisdom,
By losse of life libertie, then life by prison.

And yet me thinkes although I live and suffer,
I do but waite a time and fortunes chance;
Oft many thinges do happen in one hower;
That which opprest me now may me aduance;
In time is trust, which by deathes greuaunce
Is wholly lost. Then wer it not reason
By death to chuse libertie, and not life by prison,

But death wer delidernce where life lengths
paine,
Of these two ylles let see now choose the best,
This bind to delin that here doth plain;
What say ye louers, which shal be the best?
In cage thraldome, or by the hawke opprest;
And which to choose, make plain conclusion
By losse of life libertie, or life by prison.

AGAINST HOURDERS OF MONEY.

(From the Greek Epigram.)

FOR shamefast harme of great and hatefull nede,
In depe dispaire, as did a wretch go,
With ready corde out of his life to sped,
His stumbling foote, did finde an horde, [lo]
Of gold, I say, where he preparte this dede
And in eschange, he left the corde tho.
He that had bid the golde, and found it not,
Of that he found, he shapt his neck a knot.

DESCRIPTION OF A GONNE.

VULCAINE begat me, Minerua me taught,
Nature my mother, craft nourisht me yere by yere
Thre bodies are my foode; my strength is in
naught. [dene]
Anger, wrath, wost, and noyse, are my children
Geese freude, what I am, and how I am wrought,
Mouster of sea or of lande, or of els where:
Know me, and vse me, and I may thee defend,
And if I be thine enny i may thy life ende.

WYATE BEING IN PRISON TO BRIAN.

SICKES are my foode, my drink are my teare,
Clinking of fetters would such muylke crawe,
Stink, and close ayre, away my life it weare;
Poor Innocence is al the bope I haue,

Rain, wnde, or wether, judge I by my eares,
Malice assasstes that righteouesnesse shalde bane.
Sene am I, Brian, this wond shall heale againe,
But yet, alas! the shane shall still remaine.

OF DISSEMBLING WORDES.

THANKE about the world if it were sought,
Faire wordes yngough a man shall finde;
They be good cheape, they cost right nought,
Their substance is but only wnde:
But well to say, and so to mene,
That swets accord is seldom send.

OF THE MEANE AND SURE ESTATE.

(From Seneca's Chorus.)

SECOND who so list upon the slipper wheelie,
Of hie estate, and let me here reioyce,
And vse my life in quietnesse eche deale,
Unknownen in court that hath the wanton toyce,
In hyddien place my time shall slowly passe,
And when my yeres be past withouten noyse,
Let me die olde after the common trace;
For gripes of death doth he too hardly passe;
That knownen is to all, but to himself, alas!
He dyeth unknownen, dased with dreadfull face.

THE COURTIERS LIFE.

In court to serue decked with freshe array,
Of sugred meates feling the swete repast,
The life in baskets and sundry kindes of playe,
Amid the presses of worldly lookes to warte.
Hath with it joynde oft times such bitter taste,
That who so ioyes such kindes of life to hold,
In prison ioyes fettered with choines of gold.

OF DISAPPOINTED PURPOSE BY NEG-
LIGENCE.

Of Cartege he that worthy warriour,
Could overcome, but could not use his chance;
And I likewise of all my long eudeanour,
The sharpe conquest though fortune did advance,
Ne could I use. The hold that is given over,
I vnapoessesse, so hangeth now in balance
Of warre, my peace, rewardes of all my paine,
At Moontzon than I restles rest in Spaine.

OF HIS RETURNE FROM SPAIN.

TAGUS farewell, that westward with thy streames,
Turnes vp the graines of gold already tried;
For I with sparrs and saile go seke the Temmes,
Gainward the Sunne that sheweth her welly
pride;
And to the town that Brutus sought by dresmes,
Like bended mone that leaues her lusty side,
My king, my countrey I seke, for whom I live,
O mighty loue the winder for this me giue.

OF SODAINE TRUSTING.

DRIDEW by desire I did this dede,
To danger my selfe without cause why,
To trust thuntræ not like to spede,
To speake and promise faithfully:
But now the profe doth verify,
That who so trusteth ere he knowe,
Doth burt himself and please bys foe.

OF THE MOTHER THAT EATE HER
CHILD AT THE SIRGE OF JERUSALEM.

In dorfull brest whiles motherly pity,
With furious famine standeth at debate
The mother saith, O child vnhappy,
Return thy blood where thou hadst milke of late.
Yeld me those limmes that I made vnto thee,
And entre there where thou wer generate,
For of one body against all nature,
To another must I make sepulture.

OF THE MEANE AND SURE ESTATE
WRITTEN TO JOHN FOINS.

MY mothers maides when they do sowe and spinne,
They sing a song made of a feldishe mouse:
That for bicause her lindel was but thinnne,
Would nedes go se her townish sisters house.
She thought her self endarde to gremous paine,
The stormy blasted her cane so sore did sowse;
That when the furrowes swimmied with the raine,
She must lye colde, and wet in sory plignt;
And worse then that, bare meate there did remaine,
To comfort her, when sho her house had dight.
Some time barley corne, sometimes a beane,
For which she laboured hard both day and night.
In harvest time, while she wight go and gleane,
And when her store was strogyed with the floode,
Then welsaway for she vndone was alone:
Then was she faipe to take, instede of foode
Slepe if she might, her hunger to begle.
My sister, quod she, hath a living good,
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile;
In colde and storme, she lyeth warme and drye
In bed of downe; the durt doth not defile
Her tender fote, she labours not as I.
Richely she fedes, and at the riche mans cost,
And for her meate she nedes not crade nor cry;
By sea, by land, of delicates the most
Her cater sokes, and spareth for no perell:
She fedes on boyle meate, bake meate and rost
And hath therefore no whit of charge nor travell.
And when she list, the licoor of the grape
Doth glad her hart, till that her belly swell.
And at this journey makes she but a iape,
So forth she goes, trusting of all thyss wealth,
With her sister her part so for to shape,
That if she might there kepe herself in health,
To liue a lady while her life doth last.
And to the dore now is she come by stealth,
And with her foote anone she scrapes full fast.
Thother for feare durst not well scarce appearre;
Of every noyse so was the wretch agrast.
At last, she asked softly who was there,
And in her language as well as she could,
Pepe (quod the other) sister, I am here.

Peace (quod the towne mouse) why spekest thou
so loude?
And by the hand she toke her faire and well.
Welcome, quod she, my sister by the rode,
She feasted her, that ioye it was to tell,
The fare they had, they drank the wyne so clere.
And as to purpose now and then it fell
She chered her, with, how, sister, what chere?
And this ioy befell a rovy chance,
That, welaway, the stranger bought full dere,
The fare she had; for as she lookest a skance,
Under a stole she spied two stemming eyes
In a rounde head, with sharp eares: in France
Was never mouse so feard, for the ruyne
Had not ysene such a beast before.
Yet had nature taught her after gise
To know her fo, and dread him euermore;
The towne mouse fled, she knew whither to go,
The other had no shif, but wondres sore;
Feard of her life, at home she wight her tho',
And to the dore, alas! as she did skippe,
The Heaven it would, to! and eke her chance
was so,
At the threshold her sely fote did trippie,
And ere she might recover it again,
The traytour cat had caught her by the hippe,
And made her there against her wyl remayne,
That hath forgot her power swerte, and rest,
For seekyng welth, wherein she thought to raigne.
Alas (my Poyns) how men do seke the best,
And bide the wores, by error as they straye;
And no maruell, when, sight is so opprest,
And blinds the guide, anone out of the way
Goeth guide and all in seekyng quiet lyfe.
O wretched mindes! there is no golde that may,
Grant that you seke, no warre, no peace, no
strife: [golde]
No, no, although thy head were hoopt with
Serjeant with mace, with hawbuck, sword nor kniffe,
Can not repulse the care that follow shold.
Ere the kynde of life hath with him his disease,
Lie in delites, even as thy lust would,
And thou shalt finde, when lust doth most thee
please,
It irketh straight, and by itselfe doth fada.
A small thing is it, that may thy minde appese?
None of you all there is, that is so madde
To seke for grapes on brambles, or on bryers,
Nor none I trow, that hath a wite so badde
To set his hay for couies ouer riuers;
Nor ye set not a dragee net for an hare;
And yet the thing, that most is your desire,
You do misseke, with more travell and care.
Make plaine thine hart, that it be not knotted
With hope or drede, and se thy will be bare
From all affectes, whom vice hath never spotted;
Thy self content with that is the assinde,
And vse it well that is to the allotted;
Then seke no more out of thy selfe to fynde
The thing that thou hast sought so long before;
For thou shalt feele it sticking in thy minde.
Made, if ye list to continue your sore,
Let present posse, and gape on time to come,
And depe thy self in travell more and more.
Hencforth (my Poyns) this shall be all and some,
These wretched fooles shall have nougat als of me:
But, to the great God, and to his dome,
None other payne pray I for them to be;
But when the rage doth leade them from the right
That looking backward vertue they may see

Even as she is, so godly faire and bright;
And whilst they clasp their lusts in arms
acrossse, [night,
Grant them, good Lord, as thou meist of me
To freat inward, for losynge such a losse.

OF THE COURTIERS LIFE, WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS.

MYTHE own John Poyns, since ye deelite to know
The causes why that homeward I me drave,
And flee the prease of courtes, where so they gy,
Rather then to live thrall under the aw
Of lordly lokes, wrapped within my cloke;
To will and lust learning to set a lawe:
It is not, that because I scorne or mocke
The power of them whom fortune here bathe bat
Charge over vs, of right to strike the stroke;
But true it is, that I haue alwayment
Lesse to esteme them, then the common sort,
Of outward things that judge in theyr entent
Without regards what inward doth resort.
I graunt, some time of glory that the fire,
Doth touch my hart. Me list not to report
Name by honour, and honour to desire.
But how may I this honour now attaine,
That cannot dye the colour blacke a lie?
My Poyns, I cannot frame my tue to fise,
To cloke the truth, for praise without deser
Of them that list all vice for to retayne.
I cannot honour them, that set their part
With Venus and Bacchus all theyr life long.
Nor bold my peace of them, although I sear.
I cannot crouche nor krele to such a wrong;
To worship them like God on earth ahoor,
That are as wolves these sely lambs amoy.
I cannot with my wordes complayne and moe,
And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint:
Nor turne the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot speake and loke like as a saint.
Use wyles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure,
Call craft counsaile, for lucke still to paint.
I can not wrest the law to fill the couler;
With innocent bloud to fede my self falle,
And do inost hurt, where that most helpe I od.
I am not he, that can allow the state,
Of hie Ceaser, and damme Cato to dye,
That with his death did scape out of the gate,
From Ceasers hands, if Lucy doth not lie.
And would not live where liberty was lost;
So did his hart the common wealth apply.
I am not he, suche eloquence to boar,
To make the crow in singing, as the swan;
Nor call the lion of onward beastes the most;
That can not take a mounse, as the cat can;
And he that dyeth for honger of the golde,
Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
Passtoch Apollo in musike manifolde,
Praise syr Topas for a noble tale,
And scorne the story that the knyght tolde,
Praise him for counsell, that is dronke of me;
Grinne when he laughes, that bearith all the meny;
Frowne when he frownes, and groane when he is
pale;
On others lust to hang both night and day.
None of these pointes would ever frame in me:
My wit is nought, I can not haue the wye,
And much the leesse of things that greater be,
That asken helpe of colours to deuise;

To joyne the meane with eche extremitie,
With nerest vertue ay to cloke the vice:
And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
To prese the vertue that it may not rise:
As dronkenness good fellowship to call;
The frendy foe with his faire double face,
Say he is gentil, and curties therewithall,
Affirme that Fauel hath a godly grace
In eloquence; and cruelty to name,
Zeale of justice, and change in time and place:
And he that suffereth offence without blame,
Call him pitifull, and him true and plaine,
That rayleth rechles vnto eche mans shame.
Say he is rude, that can not lye and sayne.
The lecher a louer; and tyranny
To be right of a princes raigne:
I can not l, no no, it wyl not be.
This is the cause that I could never yat,
Hang on their sleeves that weigh (as thou maist se)
Achippes of chaunce, more then a pound of wit;
This maketh me at home to bunt and hawke,
And in fowle wether at my booke to sit;
In frost and snow, then with my bowe to stalke;
No man doth marke whereso I ride or go,
In lusty leas at libertie I walke;
And of these newes I felde no weale nor woe;
Save that a clogge doth hanze yet at my hele.
No force for that, for that is ordred so,
That I may leape both hedge and dike full wcole.
I am not now in Fraunce, to ludge the wine,
With saunery sauce those delicates to felde,
Nor yet in Spaine, where one must him incline,
Rather then to be, outwardly to seeme.
I meddle not with wittes that be so fine,
Nor Flanders chene lettes not my sight to deme
Of black and white, nor takes my wittes away,
With beatinnes, such doe those beastes esteme.
Nor I am not, where truth is geven in pray
For money, poyson and treason, of some
A common practice, vsed night and day.
But I am here in Kent and Christendome,
Among the Muses, where I reade and rime,
Where if thou list, mine own John Poins to come,
Thou shalt be judge, how I do speude my time.

HOW TO VSE THE COURT AND HIMSELF THERIN; WRITTEN TO SIR FRAUNCES BRIAN.

A SPENDING hand that alway powreth out,
Had nede to have a bringer in as fast,
And on the stone that still doth turne about,
There groweth no mosse: these proverbs yet do
Reason hath set them in so sure a place, [last.
That length of yeres their force can never wast.
When I remembre this and eke the case [write
Wherin thou standst, I thought fourtheit to
(Brian) to thee, who knowes how great a grace
In writing is to counsayle man the right.
To thee therfore that trottes still up and downe,
And never restes; but running day and night,
From realme to realme, from citie, strete, and
townes;
Why doest thou weare thy body to the bones?
And mightest at home slepe in thy bedde of downe,
And drinke good ale so nappy for the nones;
Yede thy selffalte, and heape vp pounds by pound.
Lykest thou not this? No, why? for swine so
gromes

In sty, and chaw dung moulded on the ground;
And druel on pearles, with head still in the
maunger:
So of the harpe the asse doth heare the sound,
So sackes of durt be ilde. The neat courter
So serues for lese then do these fatted swine.
Though I seeme leane and drie withouten moister,
Yet will I serue my prince, my lord and thyne;
And let them live to fede the paunch that list,
So may I live to fede both me and mine.
By God well said. But what and if thou wist
How to bring in, as fast as thou doest speude
That wold I learene. And it shall not be mist
To tel the how. Now harke what I intende:
Thou knowest well first, who so can seke to please,
Shall purchase frendes, where trouth shall but
offende;
Plee therfore trouth, it is both wylth and ease.
For though that trouth of every man hath praise,
Full nere that windre goeth trouth in great mis-
Use vertue, as it goeth now a dates, [ease.
In worde alone to make thy language swete;
And of thy dede, yet do not as thou sayes,
Elle be thou sure, thou shalt be farre vnmete,
To geyst thy bread, eche thing is now so skant
Seke still thy profit vpon thy bare fete.
Lend in no wise, for feare that thou do want,
Unlesse it be, as to a calfe a chese;
But if thou can be sure to win a cant
Of half at least. It is not good to lease.
Learnre at the laddre, that in a long white cote,
From under the stall, withouten landes or fees
Hath leapt into the shoppe; who knowes by rote
This rule that I haue tolde thee bere before.
Somtime also richre age beginnes to dote;
Se thou when there thy gwynne may be the more:
Stay him by the arme where so he walke or go,
Be nere alway, and if he cough to sore,
What he hath spit treade out; and please him so.
A diligent knave that pickes his maisters purse
May please him so, that he withouten mo,
Executioner is: And what is he the warse?
But if so chance, thou get noughe of the man,
The widow may for all thy paine disburse:
A riveld skinne, a stinking breath, what than?
A tothelese mouth shall doe thy lippes no harme;
The gold is good; and though she curse or banne,
Yet where thee list, thou mayst lie good and
Let the old mule bite upon the bridle, [warme;
Whilst there do lie a sweter in thine arme.)
In this also se that thou be not idle,
Thy neye, thy cosin, sister or thy daughter
If she be faire, if hanosome be her middle,
If thy better hath her loue besought her,
Ausance his cause and he shall helpe thy nede:
It is but loue, turne thou it to a laugher.
But ware I say, so gold thee helpe and spedre,
That in this case thou be not so unwise,
As Pandar was in such a like dede;
For he the foole of conscience was so nice,
That he no gaine would haue for all his paine:
Be next thy self, for friendship bears no pryce.
Laughest thou at me? why? do I speak in vain?
No not at thee, but at thy thrifte iest:
Wouldest thou, I shoulde for any losse or gaine
Change that for golde that I have tane for best
Next godly thinkes, to have an honest name?
Shouldest I leare: that? Then take me for a beast:
Nay than farewel, and if thou care for shame
Content tho then with honest poverty;

With free tong, what thee mislykes, to blame
And for thy trouth sometime adversitie,
And therewithall this gyft I shall thee glie,
In this world now little prosperitie,
And cuoyne to kepe, as water in a syve.

THE SONG OF IOPAS VNFINISHED.

WHEN Dido feasted the wandring Trojan knight,
Whom Junos wrath with stormes did force in Libik
sands to light.

That mighty Atlas taught the supper lasting long,
With crised lockes, in golden harpe Iopas sang
in song:

That same (quod he) that we the World do call
and name,
Of Heauen and Earth with all contentes, it is the
very frame:

[in one,
Of thus, of heavenly powers by more powre kept
Repugnant kindes, in mids of whom the earth
hath place alone; [and nourse,
Firme, rounde, of living things the mother, place
Without the which in exall weight this heauen
doth hold his course. [heauen,

And it is caide by name the first and moving
The firmament is placed next, conteining other
senes. [thicke,

Of heauenly powers that same is planted full and
As shining lights which we call staries, that therein
cleue and sticke. [lest sourc,

With great swift sway, the fyrist, and with his rest
Carieth it self, and all those eyght, in euen con-
tinual cour.

And of this world so round within that rolling case,
Two points there be that never mone, but firmly
kepe their place:

The one we see alway, the tother stands obiect,
Against the same, deuiding just the ground by line
direct; [other,

Which by imaginacion, drawne from the one to th'
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is
none other: [not bright,

And these be calde the poles, descriyde by staries
Artike the one northward we see, antartike the other
bright.

The line, that we devise from thone to thother so,
As axell is; upon which the heauens about do go;
Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fyre hane
kinde;

Therefore the substance of those same were hard
for man to finde;

But they bene uncorrupt, simple and pure vnixit;
And so we aye been all those staries, that in those
same be fift;

And eke those ering seuen, in circel as they stray,
So calde, because against that first they have re-
pugnant way;

And smaller bywayes too, shant sensible to man,
To busy worke for my poor harpe; let sing them
he that can.

The wydest same the fyrist of all these nyne aboue,
One hundreded yere doth aske of space for one de-
gree to move: [heaven,

Of which deccrees we make in the first moving
Three hundred and threscore, in partes justly
diuided, even; [two,

And yet there is another between those heauens
Whose moving is so sly, so slacke, I name it not
for now.

The seventh heauen, or the shell, next to the stary
sky,

All those degrees that gatherth vp with aged past,
so sly, [bath bens,
And doth perforne the same, as eldern cost
In nine and twenty yeres complete, and doth
almost sixtene;

Do carry in his hout the starye of Saturne old,
A threatner of all living things with drought, and
with his cold. [younger past,

The sixt whome this conteins, doth stalle wikk
And in twelve yere doth somewhat more then
thother visage was, [signe,
And this in it doth bear the starye of Jove
Twene Saturnes malice, and vs men, freldy de-
fending signe:

The fift bears bloudy Mars, that in three hu-
dred daies,

And twise eleven with one full yere hath fained,
all those waies. [signe,

A yerd doth aske the fourth, and bower ther
And in the same the daies eye the sune, therin
he sticke. [signe,

The third that gouernd is by that, that governs
And loue for loue, and for no loue prouches, as of
we see, [the tother,
In like space doth perforne that course, that dyd
So doth the next, unto the same, that second is
in order;

But it doth bear the starye, that cald is Mercurie;
That many a crafty secret steppre doth trade, is
Calcares try. [bath grot,

That sky is last, and fixt neit us those waies
In seuen and twenty common daies, and sithe the
third of one;

And bearthe with sway the diuers moone about;
Now bright, now brown, now bent, now ful, and
now her light is out: [these same,

Thus have they of their own two mouinges all
One, wherin they be carried still, eche in his res-
ral heauen;

Another of themselues, where their bodies be layd
In bywaies, and in lesser roundes, as I afor haue
sayd; [straight,

Saue of them all the sunne doth stray least from the
The stary sky hath but one course, that we haue
cald the eight. [to east,

And all these mouinges eight are ment from west
Although they seeme to clime aloft, I say from
east to west;

But that is but by force of theyr first moving sky,
In twise twelve hours from east to east that
carieth them by and by: [seuen,

But marke me well also, these mouinges of these
Be not above the axelline of the fyrist moving
heauen; [the tother, &c.

For they haue their two poles directly tope in

OF LOUE.

LYKE as the wynde with raginge blasts
Doth cause eche tree to howe and beade:
Even so do I spende my tyme in waste,
My lyff consumyng unto an ende.

For as the flame by force doth quench the foy,
And fynypynge stremes consume the rayne;
Even so do I my self desyer
To augment my greff, and deadly payne.

Wheare as I fynde that whot is whott,
And colde is colde by course of kynde,
So shall I knet an endles knott:
Suche fruictes in love, alas! I fynde.

When I forswaw those christall streames,
Whose bewtie dothe caue my mortall wounde,
I lyttel thought within those beames
So swete a temyn for to have founde.

I fele and see my owne decaye;
As on ~~that~~ beate flene in his brest,
Foyfull thought to put away
The thynges that breadethe my unrest.

Like as the fyre dothe seke the flame,
And afterwande playeth in the fyre,
Who fyndeth her woe, and seketh her game,
Whose grefe doth grove of her owne doryer.

Lyke as the spider doth drawe her lyne,
As labour lost so is my rute;
The gayne is bora the losse is myne:
Of evill sowne seade suche is the frute.

O goodly hande
Whearin doth stande
My herte dystraught in paynes:
Dere hand, alas!
In lyttel space
My lyf thou doest restrayn.

O fyngers sligly,
Departed ryght,
So long, so small, so rounde!
Goodly begonne,
And yet a bone
Most cruelly in my wounde.

With lyllyes whyght,
And roses bryght
Doth strayne this color fayev:
Nature did lende
Ecbe fingers ende
A perle for to repayre.

Consent at laaste,
Since that thou hast
My hart in thi demayne,
For service trew
On me to rewre,
And recbe me love agayne.

And yf not soo
Ther with more woo
Enforce thi self to strayne
This simple hert,
That suffered smert,
And ryd yt owe of Payne.

AN EPITAPH OF SIR THOMAS GRAVENER, KNIGHT.

UNDER this stoe ther lyeth at rest
A frendlie man, a worthie knight;
Whose herte and mynde was ever prest
To favour truth, to farther ryght.

The poore defence, his neigbors eyde,
Most kynde always unto his kynne;
That synct all stryf, that might be stayed:
Whose gentell grace great love dyd wyane.

A man, that was full ernest sett
To serve his prince at all aasayen:
No sycknes could hym frout yt lett;
Which was the shortnyng of his dayes.

His lyf was good, he dyed full well;
The bodie here, the soule in blys,
With length of wordes whiche shoulde I tell,
Or farther shewe, that well knowne is:
Sins that the teares of more and less,
Right well declare his worthynes.
Vixit post funera virtus.

SIR ANTONIE SENTLEGER OF SIR T. WYAT.

Thus lyeth the deade, that whilome lived here
Emonge the deade that quicke go on the grounde:
Thoughe he be deade, yet doth he quicke appere
By immortal fame that death can not confounde
His lyf for aye, his fame in trompe shall sounde.
Though he be deade, yet is he thus alive;
No deathe that lyf from Wyat cane deprive.

CERTAYNE PSALMES

CHOSSEN OUT OF THE PSALTER OF DAVID COMMONLYS CALLED THE VII PENTENTIALL PSALMES, DRAWEN INTO ENGLISHE METER BY SIR THOMAS WYAT KNIGHT, WHEREUNTO IS ADDED A PROLOGUE OF THE AUCTORE BEFORE EVERY PSALME, VERY PLEASANT AND PROFETABLE TO THE GODLY READER.

Dedication by the Printer

To the right honorable and his singular good lord, William marquesse of Northampton, earle of Essex, barone of Kendal, lord Parre and knight of the most noble ordre of the garter, yonre most bounden orator at commandement, John Harrington, wysbeth heith and prosperite wyt increase of vertue and the mercy of God for ever.

Cousydering the manyfolde duties and abundant service that I owe unto your good lordship (right honorable and my singular good lord) I cannot but see infinite causes, why I chiefly of all others oughte (wyth all cherefull and ready endeavoure) to gratify your good lordshyp by all meanes posyble, and to applie my selfe wholye to the same, as one that woulde gladly, but can by no meanes be able to do accordinglye as hys bounden dutie requireth: I cannot, I say, but se and acknowledge my selfe bounden, and not able to doo soche service as I owe, both for the inestimable benefites that your noble progenitors, and also your good lordship hath shewed onto my parentes and predecysors; and also to my selfe, as to one least able to do any acceptable service, thought the wil be at all tymes most ready. In token wherof, your lordshyp shal at all tymes perceve, by simple thinges that my littel wit shall be able to invent, that yf myne harte could do you any service, no labour or travayle shold withholde me.

from doyng my duetie, and that yf busy labour
and the hart myght be able to paye the dueleye
that love oweth, your lordshyp shoude in no point
fynde me ingrate or unthankful. And to declare
this my ready wyl, I have dedicated unto your
name thys lityl treatysse, whyche after I had
perused and by thadvise of others (better learned
than my self) determined to put it in priote,
that the noble fame of so worthy a knyght, as was
the auctor hereof, sir Thomas Wyat, should not
perish but remayne, as well for hys syngular learning,
as valiant dedes in mercys feaste, I thought
that I could not find a more worthy patron for
such a man's worke than your lordship, whom I
have alwayen knownen to be of so godlye a zeale, to
thee furtheraunce of God's holy and a sacred
Gospel, most humbly besechyng your good lord-
shippe berin to accepte my good wyl, and too
esteme me as one that wisheth unto the same al
honour, heilte, and prosperous successse.

Amen

Your good lordshyppe
most humble at comandment
John Harrington.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE AUCTOR.

LOVE, to geve lawe unto hys subiectes harten,
Stode in the eyes of Batebē the brighte;
And in a looke anone hym selfe convertes
Cruelly pleasant before king David's syght:
Fyrst dased hys eyes, and further forth he startes
With venemēd breste, as softly as be myghte
Touches his senewes, and overtrumpe hys bones
With creyngē fyre, sparkeled for the nones.

And when he sawe that kindled was the flame,
The mynosome pouson in his herte he launced,
So that the soule dyd tremble wyth the same:
And in this brawle, as he stode entrained,
Yeldyng unto the fygure and the frame,
That those fayre eyes hadde in his presens
glanced:

The forme, that Love had printed in hys breste,
He honoreth as a thing of thynges beste.

So that, forgotte the wysdom and forecaste,
Whyche woe to realms, when that the kyng doth
Forgettēs eke Goddes maiestye as faste, [lacke];
Yea and hys own: forth wyl he dothe to make
Urye to goo into the feide in haste,
Urye, I saye, that was hys jewelē make,
Under pretence of certayne victory,
For the enemys swordes, a ready prey to be.

Whereby he may enjoy her out of doubte,
Whome more then God or himself he myndeth;
And after he hadde broughte thys thyngē about,
And of that fute possēt hymself, he fyndeth
That hath and dothe reverse and cleve turne out
Kynges from kyngdomes and cylydes under myndēs;
He blynded thyngē, thys trayne so blynde and
close,
To blynde al thyngē, that dought maye it disclose.

But Nathan hath spied out this trecherye
With ruful cheare; and settes afore hys face
The grete offence outrage and injurye,
That he hath done to God, as in thys case,
By murder for to clooke adulterye:
He shewēs eke from heauen the threates, alas!

So sternly sore thys prophete, thys Nathan,
That al amased was thys woful man.

Like him that metes wyth horror and wylē
feare;
The heate doth streyght fersake the lymbes colde
The colour eke droppeth down from hys cheare;
So dothe he feele hys fyre manyfolde
Hys heate, hys luste, his pleasure all in-fere
Consume and waste: and streyght his crowne d
gold,

Hys purple paule, hys scepter he letteth fall,
And to the ground he throweth him self wythē.

Then pompos prydē of state, and digite
Forth-with rebates repentant hundebenes:
Thinner vyle clothe then clotheth poueris;
Doth scandyle byde and claddē his nakedes:
Hys fayre houre brarde of reverente gravis
Wyth ruffled heire, knowyng his wickedes:
More lyke was he the self same repentance
Then statelye prynce of worldelye governans

Hys harpe he takethe iu hand to be his gide,
Wherwyth he offreth playts his soule to save,
That from his hearie dystylleth on every syde.
Wythdrawyng hymselfe into a dark depe cras
Within the ground, wherein he might hym byde,
Flyngē the lyghte, as in the prysoun or grase;
In which, as sonē as Dauid entred had,
The darcke horror dyd make hys soule adrad.

But he, wythout prolongyng or delaye [gane],
Of that, whyche myghte hys Lorde by God sp
Fallēth on hys knees, and with hys harpe, I say,
Afore hys breste, yfraughtē wyth the dycese
Of stormye syghes, depe draughtes of hys deys,
Dressed vpryghte, sekyng to conterpece
His songe wyth the syghes, and touchyage of the
stringes,
Wyth tender harte, loo, thus to God he syngē.

DOMINE NE IN FUREORE. PSALM VI.

O LORD! sins in my smouthe thy myghtie name
Saffereth it selfe, my Lord, to name and call,
Here hath my harpe betaken by the name;
That the repentaunce, whyche I haue and shall,
Maye at thy hande seke mercy, as the thyngē
Of onely confort to wretched sinners all:
Whereby I dare with humble bemyngē,
By thy goodnes, this thyngē of thee repreyse;
Chasyng me not for my deseruinge
According to thy iuste concesseid yre.
O Lord, I drede: and that I did not drede
I me repente; and enemore drede
Thee, thee to drede. I open bore, and sprede
My faulfe to thee: But thou, for thy goodnes,
Measure it not in largenes, nor in breadinge:
Punishe it not, as asketh the grates
Of thy furor, prounked by myne offence.
Temper, O Lord, the harme of my excesse,
Wyth mending wyl that I for recourence
Prepare agayne: and rather ptyte me;
For I am weake, and cleane wythout defensē:
More is the nede I have of remedye.
For of the whole the leche taketh no cure: [gane]
The shepe, that strayeth, the sheparde seekes to
I, Lord, am strayed: and, sick without recure,
Fele all my lymbes, that have rebellē, for feare
Shake iu despayre, unlesse thou me assure:

My fleshe is troubled, my harts doth feare the
speare:
That drode of deathe, of deathe that ever lastes,
Thealst of right, and draweth nere and neware.
Moch more my soule is troubled by the blastes
Of these casuates, that come as thick as hayle,
Of worldly vanities, that temptation castes
Agaynst the hulwerke of the fleshe frayle.
Wherin the soule in grate perplexite
Feleth the seuces wth them that assayle
Conspire, corrupte by pleasure and vanitie:
Wherby the wretche doth to the shame remorte
Of hope in the, in thyx extremitie.
But thou, O Lorde, how longe after thy sorte
Forberest thou to see my myserie?
Soffer me yet, in hope of some conforto
Fear, and not feele that thou forgettest me.
Retorne, O Lord: O Lorde, I thee beseche!
Unto thy olde wondred benyngtyle.
Reduc, reuive my soule: be thou the leche;
And reconcyle the greate hatred, and stryfe,
That it hathetane agaynste the fleshe: the wretche,
That styrred hathet thy wrath by fithly lyfe.
So bowe my soule doth freate it to the boore:
Iward respose so sharpeth it lyke a knyfe,
That but thou helpe the caitife, that beomes
Hys greate offence, it turneth anon to duste.
Here hathet thy mercye matter for the noues;
For yf thy righteouse hande, that is so juste,
Suffre noo synne, or stryke wth dampnation,
Thy infynite mercye wante nedes it muste
Sobriet matter for hys operatyon:
For that in deathe there is no memorye
Amonge the dampned, nor yet no mencyon
Of thy greate name, grounde of all glorie.
Then yf I dye, and goo where as I feare
To thynde ther on, howe shall thy great mercye
Sounde in my mouthe unto the worldes ear?
For ther is none, that can thee lande and loue,
For that thou wlt no los among them there.
Soffer my cryes the mereye for to moue,
That wondred in a hundred yeares offence
In a moment of repentaunce to remoue.
Howe ofte have I called up with dyligence
Thys slouthfull fleshe long afore the daye
For to confesse hys faulfe, and negligence:
That to the denne, for oughte that I couldise saye,
Hatho stylly returned to shroude hymselfe from
colde?
Wherby it suffreth nowe for soche delaye,
By myghtye playnte insteade of pleasures olde.
I wase my bedde with teares continuall
To dull my syghte, that to be never holde
To stree my harte agayne to soche a fall.
Thas drye I up, among my foes, in wo,
That wth my full doo ryse, and grove withall,
And me besett even nowe where I am, so
Wth secret trapes, to trouble my penaunce.
Some do presente to my weeping eyes, lo,
The chere, the manner, bewtye, or countenance
Of her, whose looke, alas! dyd make me blynde:
Some other offer to my remembraunce
Those pleasant worder, now bytter to my mynde:
And some sbewe me the power of my armoure,
Triumph, and conquest, and to my bende assynde
Dooble diaderne: Some shew the favoure
Of people frayle, palace, pompe and riches.
To these meremaydes, and theyr baybes of error
I stoppe my ears, wth helpe of thy goodnes.
And for I fete, it commeth alone of thea

That to my harte these foes haue none accesse
I dare them bid, Anoyde, wretches, and flees;
The Lorde hathe hearde the voyce of my com-
playnte;
Your engyne take no more effect in me:
The Lord hathe heard, I saye, and seue me faynte
Under your hand, and ptyeth my dystresse.
He shall tuo make my sense, by constrainye,
Obeye the rule, that reason shall expresse:
Where the disceyte of that youre glosing bayte
Made them vsurpe a power in al excesse.
Shamed be they all, that so do lye in wayte
To compasse me, by mysaynge of theyre prayal
Shame and rebuke redownd to soche dysceyte!
Soden confusion, as strok without delaye,
Shall so deface theyr craftye suggestion,
That they to harts my heith noo more assayle
Sense I, O Lorde, remayue in thy protection.

THE AUCTOR.

Whoso hathe sene the rycke in his fevor
After trace taken with the heale or colde,
And that the fyte is past of hys fevor,
Drawe fayntinge syghes: let hym, I saye, beholde
Sorowfull David, after hys languor, (rolle,
That wth his teares, that from his eyn downe
Paused his playnte, and layd adown hys harpe,
Faythfull recorde of all hys sorowes sharpe.

It seemed nowe that of hys faulfe the horrour
Dyd make aferde no more hys hope of gracie:
The threatens whereof in horrible terrors
Dyd holde hys harte as in despaire a space,
Tyll he had wyl to seke for hys succoure:
Hymselfe assyngay, beknowyng hys case,
Thynkyng so bente hys Lorde to appese,
And not yet healed he feelethe hys dysesse.

Nowe semeth fearful no more the darke caue,
That erst dyd make his soule fur to tremble:
A place deuote of refuge for to iuste
The succurles it rather dyd resemble:
For who had sene so kneeling within the grue
The chiefe pastoure of the Hebrewes assemble,
Wolde judge it made by teres of penaunce
A sacred place worthy of reverence.

Wythe vaporied eyes he loketh heare and there,
And when he hath a whyle himself bethoughte,
Gatherynge his spirites, that were dismayde for
feare,
His harpe agayne into hys hand he rooght,
Tunyng accorde by judgment of hys eare,
His hartere botome for a syghe he soughte:
And therewithal upon the holowe tree
With strayned voyce agayne thus cryeth he.

BRATI. QUORUM REMIASI TUNT INQUISITAE.

PSALM XXXI.

Our happy are they, that haue forgiuenes
Of their offence, not by theyr penaunce (gote
As by merite, which recompenseth not:
Althoouge that yet pardon hathe not offence
Wthoutte the same; but by the goodnesse
Of hym that hath the perfyte intelligence
Of harte contrite, and couerth the greatnessse
Of synne wthyn a mercyfull discharge.
And happye are they, that have the wylfulnesse
Of lust restrained afore it went at large,
Prouoked by the dредe of Gods furor:
Wherby they haue set on their backes the charge

Of others faulkes to suffer the dolor:
For that theyr faulke was never execute
In open syghte, example of error.
And happy is he to whom God doth impute
No more bys faulke, by knowledgyng hys synne:
But clesned nowe the Lorde doth hym repute:
As adder freake newe strypped from bys skynne:
Nor in hys sprete is oughte undiscovered.
I, for bycause I hydde it stillyn wythin,
Thyncking by state in faulke to be preferred,
Do fynde by hyding of my faulke my harme:
(As he, that syndeth his healthe byondered
By secrete wounde concealed from the charme
Of leches cure, that else had had redresse:)
And fele my bones consume, and waxe unferme
By daylye rage, rorynge in excesse.
Thy heauy hand on me was so encrease
Both day and nyght, and held my harte in presse,
Wyth prickinge thoughtes byreunge me my reste;
That wythered is my lustynes awye,
As somer heates that haue the greyne opprest,
Wherfore I dyd another waye assayre,
And sought forthwyth to open in thy syght
My faulke, my feare, my fylthines, I say,
And not to hyde from thy great vnyghte.
I shal, quoth I, agaynst myselfe confesse
Unto thee, Lorde, all my synfull plighe:
And thou forthwith diddest wash the wyckednesse
Of myne offence. Of truthe ryght thus it is
Wherfore they that haue tasted thy goodnesse,
At me shall take example, as of thy,
And praye, and seke in tyme for tyme of grace.
Then shall the stormes and fluddes of harme hym
myselfe,
And hym to reche shall never haue the space.
Thou art my refuge, and only sanegarde
From the troubles that compas me the place.
Such joyes, as he that scapeth his enemyes warden
With losed bandes, hath in his libertye;
Suche is my joye, thou haste to me to prepare.
That, as the see-man in his jeopardy
By soden lyght perceuseth hath the porte,
So by thy great merciful properte
Within thy boke thus reade I my comforte:
"I shall the teache, and geve understandyng
And point to thee what way thou shalte resorte
For thy addresse, to kepe the from wanderyng:
Myne eyen shall take the charge to be thy guyde:
I seth thereto of the onlye thyss thynge,
Be not lyke horse, or mule, that men do ryde,
That not alone doth not his master knowe,
But for the good thou dost him must be tide,
And brideldest hys guyde he byte or throwe."
Oh! diverse are the charlessinges of sinne [blowe,
In meate, in drinke, in brethe, that man doth
In slepe, and watch, in fretynge styl within:
That never suffer rest unto the mynde
Pilde wythe offence; that rewes and new begynne
Wyth thousand feares the harte to strayne and
But for al thy, he that in God doth trust! [bynde:
Wythe mercy shall hymselfe defended fynde
Joye, and rejoyce, I say, you that be iuste
In hym, that maketh and holdethe you so stilly:
In hym youre glorie always set you muste,
All you that be of upryght harte and wylle.

THE AUCTOR.

THYS songe endyd, Dauid dyd stynct hys voice;
And in that whyle he abouts with hys eye

Dyl seke the darke case; with whyche, vnde
outen noyse,
Hys clyence wimed to argue, and repliye
Upon hys peace thys pece, that dyd reioye
The soule with mercye, that mercye so dyd call,
And founde mercye at plentifull mercyes hand,
Never denied, but where it was wythstande.

As the seruante that in hys masters face
Pyndyng parson of hys passed offence,
Couslyderynge his greate goodnes and hys grace,
Gladde teares dytylles, as gladsome recompenso:
Ryghte so Dauid scimed in the place
A marble image of syngular reverence,
Carued in the rocke, with eyes and hande on hys
Made as by craft to playne, to sobbe, to ryghte.

Thys whyle a beame that bryght somer forth
senedeth,
That sonne, the whyche was never cloude cold
Perceythe the cue, and on the harpe descendeth:
Whose glauning lyght the cordes dyd ouer glyde,
And anche lyster upon the harpe extendeþ,
As lyght of lampes upon the golde cleane tryd
The lome whereof into his eyen did sterte,
Supprysed with ioye by pennatice of the harpe.

He then enflamed with farre more hote affect
Of God, then he was erthe of Batmbe,
His leſt foot dyd on the earthe erecte,
And juste thereby renaynþe the other hanes:
To the leſte syde hys wayght he doth dyrecte:
For hope of heilte hys harpe agayne taketh he;
Hys hande, hys tuyne, hys mynde, the ryght
thy lye,

Whyche to the Lord with sober voyce did saye,
DOMINE, RE IN FUBORE TUO. PSALM XXXVII

O LORd, as I haue the both prayed, and praye
(Although in the be no alteracyon,
But that we men, like as our selfes, we saye,
Measuring thy justice by our mutacyon)
Chastise me not, oh Lorde! is thy furor,
Nor me correct in wrathful castygacion:
For that thy arrowes of feare, of terror,
Of sword, of sycknes, of famine, and of fyre
Sticke depe in me: I, too, from myne error,
Am ploughed up; as horse out of the myre
With stroke of spurre; such is thy hande on me,
That in my fleshe, for terrour of thy yre,
Is not one poynþ of ferme stabyltye;
Nor in my bones ther is no stedfastnes:
Suche is my drede of mutabyltye:
For that I knowe my frayfull wyckednes.
For why? my synnes abone my head are bornde,
Lyke heuy weighte, that doth my force opprest:
Under the whiche I stoupe and hewe to the grounde,
As willow plantes baled by violence.
And of my fleshe eche not well cured wounde,
That festered is by folye and neclgence,
By secrete luste hath rankled under skyone,
Not only cured by my penytence.
Perceyuyng thus the tyrannye of synne,
That with hys weyght hath humbled and deprest
My prude: by gnawyng of the worme within,
That never dyeth, I lyue withouten rest.
So are myne entrayles infect with ferment sore,
Fedyng the harme that hath my weyl opprest,
That in my fleshe is leſte no belthe therfore.
So wonderous great hath ben my vexacyon,
That it bath forsoke my harte to cry and roar.

¶ Lorde! thou knowest thirwardes contemplacyon
Of my desire: thou knowest my sighes and
plaintes.

Thou knowest the teares of my lamentacyon
Cannot expresse my hartes inwarde restrayntes.
My harte panteth, my force I feel it quayle;
My sight, my eyes, my loke decayes and fayntes.
And when myne enemyes dyd me most assayle,
My frendes most sure, wherein I set most trust,
Myne owne vertues, soonest then dyd fayle
And stood aparte; reason and wytt unjuste,
At tyn unkynde, were fardeste gone at nede:
So had they place ther venome out to thruste,
That sought my death by naughty worde and dede.
Theynges reproche, their wit dyd fraude applye,
And I, lyke deafe and dum, forthe my waye yede,
Lyke one that heres not, nor hath to replie
One worde agayne: knowyng that from thyne
hunde [plye]

These thynges procede, and thou, Lord, shalte sup-
My trust in that, wherein I stycke and stande.
Yet have I had greate cause to dreade and feare,
That thou wouldeste geve my foes the ouer hande;
For in my fal they shewed suche pleasaunte chere.
And therewhyl 1 alway in the lase
Abide the stroke; and with me every where
I bear my faulfe, that greatly doth abashe
My doleful cheare; for my faulfe confesse,
And my deserfe dothe al my comforte dashe.
In the menye whyle mine enemys still increase;
And my proukers hereby doo augmente,
That without cause to hurt me do not cease:
In euell for good agaynst me they be bente.
And bynder shal my good persuyte of grace.
Loo! now, my God, that seest my whole entente:
My Lord, I am, thou knowest, in what case;
Forsake me not, be not far from me gone.
Haste to my helpe: haste, Lord, and baste apace,
O Lord, the Lord of al my heith alone.

THE AUCTOR.

LYKE is the pylgrime, that in a longe way
Paintioge for heate, prouoked by some wynde,
In some freshe shade lyeth downtent middes of day:
So dothe of Daviid the wery voyce and mynde
Take bresche of sygnes, when he had songe thyss
laye,

Under suche shade as sorowe hath assynde:
And as the one styl myndes hys vyage ende,
So dothe the other to mercy styl pretende.

On sonour cordes hys fingers be extenes,
Without heartyng the judgement of the sounde:
Downe from hys eyes a stremme of teare discendes,
Wythout felynge, that tryckell on the grounde.
As he that bledes in rayne ryghte so intenches
Thaltered sences to that they are bounde.
But sygne and wepe he can none other thynge,
And loke up styl vnto the heavens kyng.

But who had ben wythoute the caue mouthe
And bearde the teares and sygnes that hym dyd
strayne,

He wold have sworne there had out of the southe
A luke-warme wynde brought forth a smoky rayne.
But that so close the caue was and unknowth
That none but God was record of hys payne,
Eis hadde the wynde blowen in all Israell eares
Of theyr kyng the wofull playnte and teares.

Of whych some part when he up supped had,
Lyke as he, whome hys owne thoughtes affraynes,
He turnes hys loke: hym semyth that the shade
Of hys offence agayne hys force assyayes
By vyolente dispayre on hym to lade;
Stertyng lyke hym, whom sodayn feare diuaynes,
His voyce he straynes, and from his harte oute
bringes
Thysonge, that I note whether he cryeth or synges,

MISERERE MEI, DEUS. PSALM LI.

RUE on me, Lord, for thy goodnes and grace,
That of thy nature arte so bountifull;
For that goodness that in the worlde dothe brace
Repugnant natures in quiet wonderfull;
And for thy mercyes number withoute ende
In heauen and earth perceaued so plentiful,
That ever al they do themselves extende,
For those mercyes moche more then man can synne
Do away my synnes, that so thy grace offendre
Oste tymes agayne. Washe, washe me well wythin,
And from my synne, that thus makes me afryde,
Make thou me cleane, as aye thy wonte hath bene.
For unto thee on nombre can be layde
For to prescribe remyssyonnes of offence
In hertes retourned, as thou thy selfe haste sayde:
And I bekuowte my fault, my negligence:
And in my syght my synne is fixed faste,
Therof to have more perfect penyntence,
To the alone, to the have I trespassete:
For none can measure my faulfe but thou alone:
For in thy syghte, I have not been agaste
For to offend: judging thy sight as none,
So that my faulfe were hydde from syghte of man:
Thy maiestye so from my mynde was gone,
This knowe I, and repente: pardon thou that:
Wherby thou shalte kepe stylle thy worde stable,
Thy iustyce pure and cleane, because that when
I pardoned am, that forthwith iustlye able
Iuste I am judged by iustice of thy grace.
For I myselfe, loo! thynges moste vstable.
Formed in offence, conceaued in lyke case,
Am nought but synne from my natuyte,
Be not these sayde for myne excuse, alas!
But of thy helpe to shewe necessitie:
For, loo! thou louest truthe of the inwarde harte,
Whych yet dothe lyue in my fidelite
Thought I have fallen by fraytis ouerhwarthe:
For wylfull malyce ledde me not the waye
So moche as bathe the fleabe drawen me aparte.
Wherefore, O Lorde, as thou haste done alwaye,
Teach me the hydden wydome of thy lere;
Since that my faythe dothe not yet decaye.
And, as the joyce to heale the lypper sore,
Wythe isoppe cleuse, cleuse me and I am cleene.
Thou shalt me washe, and more then snowe
therefore
I shal be wbyte, howe fowle my faulfe hath bene.
Thou of my health shalt gladsome tydinges
bringe,

When from aboue remission shal be senne.
Deswende on earth: then shalla for ioye upprynge
The bones, that were before consumed to duste.
Loke not, O Lord! vpon myne offendyng,
But do away my dedes, that are unjuste.
Make a cleane harte in the middell of my breste
Wyth sprynte upryghte voyded from sylthly luste,
From thyne eyes cure caste me not in vnestre,
Nor take from me thy sprynte of holynesse.

Render to me joye of thy helpe and beste: [nesse:
My wylle confirme wythe the spirite of stedfast-
And by thyss shall these godlye thynges ensue,
Synners I shall into thy wyses addresse;
They shall retorne to the, and thy grace sue.
My tongue shall prayse thy justification:
My monthe shall sprethe thy glorious praises true.
But of thy selfe, O God, thy operation
It must procede; by purgyng me from blode,
Amonge the iuste that I maye have relaton:
And of thy iudges for to let out the floode,
Thou muste, oh Lorde, my lyppe fyrete unlose.
For yf thou haddeste esteemed pleasantt good
The outwarde dedes, that outwarde men disclose,
I wold have offered unto thee sacrifice:
But thou delytest not in soche glorie.
Of outward dede, as men dreame and deuyse.
The sacrifice that the Lorde lyketh moste
Is spirite contrite; lowe harte in humble wyse
Thou doest accept, O God, fur pleasantt hoste.
Make Syon, Londe, accordyng to thy wyll
Iward Syon the Syon of the ghoste:
Of hertes Jerusalem strengthe the walles stylle;
Then shalte thou take for good the outwarde dedes,
As a sacrifice thy pleasure to fulfyl.
Of thee alone thus all our good precedes.

THE ACTOR.

Of deape secretes, that David then dyd synge,
Of mercye, of fayth, of fraylties, of grace;
Of Goddes goodnesse, and of justyfyinge
The greatnes dyd so astony hym apace, [thynge?
As who myghte saye, Who hath expressed thyss
I synner, I, what have I saide? alas!
That Gods goodnesse wold in my songe entreate,
Let me agayne consyder and repeate.
And so he doth, but not expressed by worde:
But in hys harte he turneth oft and prayseth
Eche wond, that erthe hys lyppe myth ferth
aforde:
He pants, he pawseth, he wondreth, he prayseth
The mercy, that hydethe of justyce the sworde:
The justyce, that so hys promyse complisbeth
For hys wordes sake to worthyles deserfe,
That gratis hys grace to men doth departe.

Here hath he comfort when he doth measure
Measurles mercye to measurles faulfe,
To prodigable synners infininte treasure,
Treasure celestyall, that never shall faulfe:
Ye, when that synne shall fayle, and may not
dure, [assaupte
Mercy shall reigne, gaynste whome shall no
Of hell pronayle: by whome, loe! at thyss daye
Of heaven gates remysayon is the keye.

And when David had pondered wel and tryed,
And seeth hymself not outerly destryued
From lyght of grace, that darke of synne dyd byde,
He fyndeth bys hape moch therewith reuyued;
He dare importune the Lorde on every syde,
(For he knoweth wel that to mercy is ascribed
Respetche labor) importune, cry, and call;
And thus begynneth hys song there wylle.

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM. PSALM CII.

LORD, heare my praiere, and let my crye passe
Unto thee, Lord, without impediment.
Do not from me tourne thy merciful face,
Unto myselfe leauyng my governement.

In time of trouble and aduersytye
Enycne unto me thyng eare and thyne entente;
And when I call, helpe my necessatyte;
Redely graunte theflecte of my desyre:
These bold demaunders do please thy majestyte:
And eke my case soch hast doth well requyre.
For lyke as smoke my dayes are past awaie,
My bones dryed up, as forname with the fyre:
My harte, my mynde is wythered up lyke haye:
Because I have forgot to take my brende,
My brende of lyfe, the worde of truth, I saye.
And for my playntif syghes and for my drede,
My bones, my strength, my very force of mynde
Clewed to the fleshe, and from the spirit were fleshe,
As desperat thy mercye for to fynde,
So made I me the solen pellcane,
And lyke the orwe, that fleyth by proper kynds
Lyght of the day, and hath herself betane
To raiue lyfe oute of all compayne,
Wyth waker care, that with this woo beganne,
Lyke the sparowe was I solyterrye,
That syttes alone under the houses eaves,
This whyle my foes conspyred contynually,
And dyd prouoke the harme of my disease.
Wherefore lyke ashes my bread dyd me savor;
Of thy iust word the tast might not me please:
Wherefore my drynk I tempered with lycor
Of wepyng teares, that from myne eyessyd rayne,
Because I knowe the wrath of thy furour,
Provoked by right, had of my pryde dasydine.
For thou dyddest lyfte me up to throuwe me downe;
To teach me howe to knowe my selfe agayne:
Wherby I knowe that helpeles I shuld drowne:
My dayes like shaddow declyne, and I doo cry:
And the for ever eternitie dothe crowne;
Worlde wythoute ende doth last thy memory.
For thyss frayltie, that yoketh all mankynde,
Thou shalt awake, and rae this myserye:
Rae on Syon. Syon that as I fynde
Is the people that lyne under this lawe.
For now is tyne, the tyne at hande assynde,
The tyne so longe that thy servantes drawe
In great desyre to se that pleasaunte daye:
Daye of redemyng Syon from synnes awe.
For they have ruthe to see in suche decaye
In duste and stunes thyss wretched Syon lere.
Then the Gentiles shall dreade thy name alwayes:
All earthly kynges thy glorie shall honour,
Then when thy grace thy Syon thus redemeth,
When thus thou hast declared thy myghty power.
The Lorde his seruauntes wythes so estemeth,
That he hym turnethe vnto the poores request.
To our dysent this to be written semeth.
Of all comforts as consolacyon besite:
And they, that then shalbe regenerete,
Shall praysye the Lord therfore both mothe and leste.
For he hath lokede from the height of hys estate,
The Lorde from heaven in earth hath looke on us,
To bearne the mothe of them that are a'gate
In fowle bondage: to lome and to discus
The sonnes of deathe oute frome theyre deadly
Too gyve thereby occasion gloriouse. [bonde;
In thyss Syon hys holye name to stonde,
And in Jerusalem hys landen lastyngre aye,
When in one churche the people of the londe
And realnes her gathered to serve, to laude, to
The Lorde aboue so juste and merciful. [pray
But to this samble runninge in the waye,
My strengthe fayleth to reache it at the ful.
He hath abredg my dayes, they may not dure

W^e so that terme, that terme so wonderfull:
All though I have with herte will, and cure,
Prayed to the Lord, Take me not, Lord, awaie
In middes of my years; though thyne ever sure
Remayne eterne, whome tyme can not decaye.
Thou wroghtyste the earth; thy handesth the heauens
dyd make:

They shall peryshe, and thou shalt haue alwaye:
And all thinges eue shall were and ouertake,
Lyke clothe, and thou shalt chaunge them lyke
apparell,

Tourne, and translate, and thou in wroth it take;
But thou thy selfe thy self remaynest well
That thou wast este, and shalt thy yeares extende.
Then, sens to thy there maye no thyngre rebelle,
The greateste comperte that I can pretend,
Is that the children of thy seruantes deare,
That in this wroth are gote, shall without ende
Before thy face be stablisht all in fire.

THE AUCTOR.

WHEN David hadde perceaued in hys breake
The spryte of God retorne, that was exyled,
Because he knewe he bath alone exprest
These same great thynges, that greater sprynte
compyled:

As shewme or pipe lettes out the sounde impreste,
By maykes arte forged to-fore and fyled:
I saye when David hadde perceaued this,
The spryte of comfort in hym reuyned is.
For thereupon he maketh argumente
Of reconnylyng vnto the Lordes grace:
Al thoughne somtyme to prophecy have lente
Bothe brute beastes, and wyked hertes a place,
But oure David iudgith in hys entente
Hym selfe by penaunce cleane oute of thy case,
Wherby he bath remyssyon of offence,
And gynneth to alowe bys payne and penaunce.

But when he wayeth the fault, and recompence,
He dampneth this hys dede and syneth playne
A bewe them two no whytt equaivalence:
Wherby he takes all outwards dede in wryne
To bear the name of ryghtfull penitence:
Whrych is alone the herte returned agayne,
And more contrite, that doth bys fault bemonie;
And outward dede the sygne or frute alone.

Wth thy dothe defende the slyc assaunte
Of rayne alowance of hys owne deserfe:
And all the glorie of hys forȝene fawte
To God alone he dothe it hole converte:
Hys owne meryte he syndeth in defaute:
And whyleys he pondreth these thinges in hys herte,
Hys knee, hys arme, hys hande susteyned bys
chinne,

When he bys songe agayne thus dyd begynne.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI AD TE, DOMINE.
PSALM CXX.

FROM depth of aynde, and from a depe dispayre,
From depth of deeth, from depth of herteasorrowe,
From this depe cane, of darknes depe repaire,
Thee have I calde, O Lorde, to be my borowe.
Thou in my voyce, O Lorde, perceue and heare
My herte, my hope, my playnte, my ouerthowre,
My wyll to ryse: And let by graunte appeare,
That to my voyce thyne ears do well attende:
No place so farre, that to the is not near;
Noo depthes so depe, that thou ne mayste extende

Thyne eare thereto; heare then my wofull playnte:
For, Lord, yf thou observe what men offend,
And putte thy natyne mercys in restreynte:
Yf jnste exactyon demaunde recompence:
Who maye endure, O Lorde? Who shall not fainted
At soche accompte? so dred, not reverence
Should raygne at large. But thou sekest rather
For in thy hende is mercys residencie: [loue;
By hope whereof thou doest oure hertes eke mose.
I in the Lorde haue sette my confydencie:
My soule soche triste doth euernore appone:
Thy holye worde of eterne excellencie,
Thy mercyes promyse, that is all-wayre luste,
Haue ben my staye, my piller, and defaunce.
My soule in God hath more desyrous trusse,
Then hath the watchmen looking for the daye,
For his relief, to quenche of slepe the thurst.
Lette Israell triste vnto the Lord alwaye;
For grace and fvor are hys proprietie:
Plenteouse ransome shall come with hym, I saye,
And shall redeme all our iniquitie.

THE AUCTOR.

THYS worte Redeme, that in his monthe dyd
Dyd patte David, it semeth unto me, [souade,
As in traunce, to stan uppon the gronde,
And with hys thoughte the hyghte of heaven to see:
Where he beholdesthe the Worde that sholde confounde
The worde of death, by humilitie to be
In mortall Mayde, in mortall habite made,
Eternyte in mortall vayle to shadue.

He seyth that worde, when ful ryte tyme
shulde come,
Doo awaye that vayle by feruente affection,
Torne off wylt deathe, for deathe shulde have ber.
And lepeth lyghter from soche corruption: [dome,
The glote of lyghte, that in the ayre dothe loure,
Man redemmeth, death hathe her destruction:
That mortall vayle hathe immortallitie,
To David assurance of hys iniquitie.

Wherby he frameth thy reason in hys herte:
That goodnes, which doth not forbeare hys soule
From death for we, and can therby converte
My deaht to lyfe, my synne to saluation,
Bothe can and wyl a smaller grace deporte
To hym, that sweth by humble supplication:
And syns I haue bys larger grace assyde,
To aske thyngs why am I then affrayde?

He grauntest most to them that most do crase,
And he delightes in smit wyltoures respect.
Alas! my sonne pursyse me to the graue,
Suffered by God my ayne for to correcte.
But of my synne, syns I may pardon haue,
My sonnes pursyse shall shortelye he recte:
Then will I crase wylt aured confydencie,
And thus begynnoth the sute of hys pretence.

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM.
PSALM CXLIII.

HEARE my prayer, O Lord: heare my requeste:
Comlyshe my boone: answer to my desyre.
Not by desert, but for thyne owne hebest:
In whose firme truthe thou promist myne empyre.
To stonde stable: and after thy iuryte,
Performe, O Lorde, that thyng that I reuyre.
But not of law after the forme and guise
To enter iudgment wyl the thralle-bonde slawe,
To plede hys right; for in soch maner wyse
Before thy syghte noo man hys ryghte shall save.

POEMS OF VNCERTAINE AUCTORS.

For of my self, lo! thys my ryghteounesse
By scorde, and whyppe, and prickynge spurres, I
Scan; rySEN up, such is my beastlynes: [hauE
For that myne enemys hathe pursued my lyfe,
And in the dreste hathe soyled my lustynes;
To forreyne realmes, to flee hys rage so ryfe,
He hathe me forste; as deade to hyde my heade.
And for bycause, within my self at strife, [fledde,
My harte, and spirite, wythe all my force, ware
I had recourse to times that have ben past,
And dyd remember thy deades in al my dreste,
And dyd peruse thy wrekkes that ever last:
Wherby I knew above these wonderis al
Thy mercyes were; then lyfte I up in hast
My handes to thee; my soule to the dyd call,
Lyke barren soyle, for moyster of thy grace.
Haste to my helpe, O Lord, afore I full:
For sure I fell my spryte doth fainte apace.
Turne not thy face from me that I be layde
In count of them that headlyng downe doo passe

into the pyt: Shewe me belimes thyne syde,
For on thy grace I wholy do depende:
And in thy hand since all my health is stayed,
Do me to know what way, thou wylte, I bende:
For vnto the I have rajede up my mynde,
Ryde me, oh Lorde, from them that do extende
My foes to be; for I have me assigned
Alwaye wythin thy secret protecyon.
Teache me thy wyl, that I by the may fynde
The waye to worke the same in affectyon:
For thou, my God, thy blessed spirite upryght
In laude of truthe shall be my dyrectyon.
Thou, for thy name, Lord, shalte reduse my spryte
Wythin the ryghte, that I receiue by the:
Wherby my lyfe of daunger shall be quyte.
Thou haste fordone the great iniquytie,
That vext my soule: thou shalt also confounde
My foes, oh Lorde, for thy benigantie;
For thyne am I, thy servante aye most bounde.

END OF SIR THOMAS WYAT'S POEMS.

THE POEMS OF VNCERTAINE AUCTORS.

THE COMPLAINT OF A LOUER WITH
SUTE TO HIS LOUVE FOR PITIE.

If euer woefull man might moue your hertes to
ruth, [shall try his truth;
Good ladies heare his woful plaint, whose deth
And rightful judges be on this his true report,
If he deserue a loveris name among the faithfull
sor. [in the west;
Five hundred times the sunne hath lodeghe him
Since in my hart I harbred first of all the good-
liest gest, [faynt,
Whose wortyness to shew, my wittes are all to
And I lacke cunning of the scooles, in colours her
to paynt.
But this I briefly say in wordes of egall weight,
So roide of vice was never none, nor with such
vertues freight. [her warres,
And for her beauties prayse, no wight that with
For where she comes, she shews her self, as sun
among the starres. [parfitenesse,
But Lord, thou wast to blame, to frame such
And putte no pitie in her hart, my sorowes to
redresse. [past,
For if ye knew the paines and panges that I haue
A wonder would it be to you, how that my life
hath last. [bowe
When all the gods agreed, that Cupide with his
Should shote his arrowes from her eies, on me his
myght to shew.
I knew it was in vaine my force to trust vpon,
And well I wist it was no shame to yeld to such a
one: [mynde,
Then did I me submit with humble hart and
To be her man for euermore, as by the gods assinde.

And since that day, no wo, wherewithe loue
micht torment,
Could moue me from this faithfull band, or make
me once repente:
Yet bane I fel full oft the bottent of his fyre,
The bitter teares, the scalding sighs, the burning
hote desire; [hart,
And with a sodain sigh the trembyng of the
And how the blode doth come and go, to succour
every part: [ayer,
When that a pleasant looke hath lyft me in the
A frowne hath made me fall as fast into a dape
despayrer. [hart,
And when that I e're this, my tale could well by
And that my tong had learned it, so that no word
micht start, [stay,
The sight of her hath set my wittes in such a
That to be lord of all the world, one word I could
not say. [pinched so,
And many a sodayn crampes my hart haith
That for the time my senses all, felte neither weale
nor wo. [content,
Yet saw I never thing that micht my minde
But wiste it hers, and at her will, if she could so
consent: [please,
Nor never heard of wo that did her will dis-
But wiste the same vnto my self, so it micht do
her ease. [face,
Nor never thought that fayre, nor never liked
Unless it did resemble her, or some part of her
grace.
No distance yet of place could us so farre de-
uide,
But that my hart, and my good will did still with
her abide.

Nor yet it never lay in any fortunes powre,
To put that swete out of my thought one minute
of an bowre. [wynde:
No ruge of drenching sea, nor woodnesse of the
Nor canous with their thundring cracks could
put her from my minde; [set,
For when both sea and land axunder had vs
My whole delite was only then, my self alone to
get; [gesse,
And thitherward to looke, as nere as I could
Wheres as I thought that she was then, that might
my wo redrese. [winde,
Full oft it did me good that waies to take my
So pleasant ayre in no place els methought I
could not finde;
I saying to myself my life is yonder way;
And by the winde I have her sent a thousand
sigbes aday; [geven thee,
And sayd unto the sunne, great giftes are
For thou mayst see mine earthly blisse, where-
ever that she be. [thy might
Thou seest in every place, woulde God I had
And I the ruler of my self, then should she know
no night. [been at stryfe,
And thus from wish to wish, my wittes have
And wanting all that I have wisht, thus haue I led
my life,
But long it cannot last, that in such wo remaines;
No force for that, for death is swete to him that
feles such paines: [grawe,
Yet most of all me greves, when I am in my
That she shall purchase by my death a cruel
name to haue. [it see
Wherefore all you that bear this plaint, or shall
Wish that it may so peroe her hart that she may
pitie me; [best
For and it were her will, for both it were the
To take my life, to kepe her name, and set my
hart at rest.

A Cato for his counsell, his hed was surely such,
Ne Theseus frendship was so great, but Deuorox
was as much. [to bring,
A graffe of so small grothe, so much good frute
Is sekfome hearde, or never sene, it is so rare a
thing.
A man sent vs from God, his life did well declare,
And now sent for by God again, to teach us
what we are. [that line,
Death and the grawe, that shall accompany all
Hath brought him heuen, though somewhat eare,
which life could never give,
God graunt wel all that shall professe as he profest,
To live so well, to dye no worse; and send his
soule good rest.

THEY OF THE MEANE ESTATE ARE HAPPIEST.

If right be racket and overrone,
And power take part with open wrong:
I feare by force do yelde to soone,
The lack is like to last to long.

If God for goodes shal be vnpplaced,
If right for riches lose his shape,
If world for wisdomne be embrased;
The gease is great, much hurt may hap.

Among good things I prove and finde
The quiet life doth most abound:
And sure to the contented minde
There is no riches may be found.

For riches hales to be content;
Rule is enmy to quietnesse,
Power is most part impacient,
And seldom likes to live in peace.

I heard a herdman once compare,
That quiet nightis he hed mo slept,
And had mo merry daies to sperre,
Then be which ought the beastes he kept.

I would not haue it thought hereby,
The dolphin swimme I meane to tracie,
Nor yet to learme the faulcon fly:
I row not so fare past my reache.

But as my part above the rest,
Is well to wish and well to will;
So tyll my breath shall fail my breast,
I will not cease to wish you still.

COMPARISON OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The life is long, that lothsonly doth last,
The dolefull dayes draw slowly to their date;
Th erpresent panges and painfull plagues forepast
Yelde grieve aye grepe to stablisch this estate.
So that I feele, in this great storme and strife,
The death is swete that endeth such a life.

Yet by the stroke of this strange overthowre,
At which conflict in thralldome i was thrust,
The Lord be praised, I am well taught to know
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must.
And by the way, vpon how fable force,
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.

OF THE DEATH OF MASTER DEUOROX, THE LORD FEKRES SONNE.

Who iustly may reioyce in ought vnder the skye,
As life or lands, as frendes, or fruitem which only
live to dye? [are value,
Or who doth not well know all worldly workes
And gethought nought but to thee ledes to take the
same again? [fame,
For though it lift some vp as we long vpward all,
Such is the sort of slipper weith, all thinges do rise
to fall.

Thauncertainty is such, experiance teacheth so,
That what thinges men do couet most them son-
est they forgo. [sore,
Lo Deuorox where he lieth, whose life men held
That now his death is sworowd so, that pitie it is
to heare. [fame,
His birth of auncient blood his parents of great
And yet in verna faire before the formost of the
same. [gayne,
His king and countrye bothe he sernde to so great
That with the Brutes record doth rest, and ever
shall remaine.

No man in warre so mete an enterprize to take;
No man in peace that pleasurede more of enemies
frends to make,

The pleasant yeres that seeme so swift that runne,
The mery dayes to end so fast that Bete,
The joyfull nightes of which day daweth so soone,
The happy bowers which mo do miss then mete,
Do all consume as snowe against the sunne,
And death makes end of all that life begoune.

Since death shall dure, till all the world be wast,
What meaneth man to dread death then so sore?
As man might make that life shold alway last,
Without regarde the Lord bath led before
The daunce of death, which all must runne on row:
Though how, or when the Lord alone doth know.

If man would minde what burthen life doth
bring
What greevous crimes to God he doth commit;
What plages, what panges, what perilles, therby
With no sure hower in all his daies to sit: [springe
He would sure think as with great cause I do,
The day of death wer better of the two.

Death is a port wherby we passe to joy,
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in payn,
Death is so dere it ceaseth all annoy,
Life is so leade that all it yeldeis is sayn:
And as by life to bondage man is brought,
Even so likewise by death was fredom wrought.

Wherefore, with Paul, let all men wish and pray
To be dissolue of this fowle fleshly masse;
Or at least be arme against the day,
That they he found good soldiern prest to passe
From life to death, from death to life again,
To such a life, as ener shall remain.

THE TALE OF PYGMALION, WITH CONCLUSION VUPON THE BEAUTIE OF HIS LOUE.

In Grece sometime there dwelt a man of worthy
fame, [his name,
To graue in ston his cunning was, Pygmalion was
To make his fame endure, when death had him
bereft, [work were left,
He thought it good of his own hand some fild
In secrete study then such work he gan devise
As might his cuuning best commied, and please
the lookers eyes.
A courser faire he thought to graue, barbed for
the field [spear and shield,
And on his back a semely knight well arm'd with
Or els some foule or fish to graue he did devise
And still within his wandering thoughtes new fauncies
did arise.

Thus varied he in minde what enterprise to take
Till fancy moued his learned hand a wemen fyrre
to make, [fourme to frame
Whereon he stayde, and thought such perfite
Whereby he might amaze all Grece, and winne
immortal name.

Of yvorie white he made so faire a woman than
That nature scord' her perfitness so taught by
craft of man. [face,

Wel shapred were her lims, full comly was her
Eche little vain most lively coucht, eche part had
semely grace. [great strife.

Twixt nature and Pygmalion, there might appere
So semely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothing
but life.

His curious eye beheld his own deuided work,
And gasing oft thereon, he found much venome
there to lurk;

For all the featurde shape so did his fancies moove
That with his idoll whom he made, Pygmalion fel
in loue; [garlandes sweete

To whom he honour gane, and decked with
And did adoure with iewells rich, as for fourrs
mete. [word cry,

Sometimes on it he fawn'd, somtyme in rage
It was a wonder to behold, how fangs bearded his eye.
Since that this ymage dumme endamed so wise a
man, [than;

My dere, alas, since I you loue, what wonder is it
In whom hath nature set the glory of her name
And brake her mouide in great dispaire, your like
she couldde not frame.

THE LOUER SHEWETH HIS WOPULL STATE AND PRAIETH PITTIE.

LYKE as the lark within the Marlians foote,
With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay:
So sing I now, sayng no other boote
My rendering song and to your will obey.
Your vertue mountes above my force so bye,
And with your beautee seased I am so sure,
That there availeth resistance none in me,
But paciently your pleasure to endure.
For on your will my fasy shall attend,
My life, my death, I put both in your choyce;
And rather had my life by you to end,
Then line, by other alwayes to reioyce:
And if your cruetie do thirst my blood,
Then let it forth if it may do you good.

UPON CONSIDERATION OF THE STATE OF THIS LIFE HE WISHETH DEATH.

The lenger life, the more offence;
The more offence, the greater paine;
The greater paine, the lesse defence;
The lesse defence, the lesser gaine;
The losse of gaine long yll doth trye,
Wherfore come death and let me dye.

The shorter life, lese count I finde,
The lese account, the sooner made;
The count soon made, the merier mind,
The mery mynd doth thought evade;
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
Wherfore come death, and let me dye.

Come gentle death, the ehebe of care,
The ebebe of care, the flood of lyfe,
The flood of life, the ioyful fare,
The ioyful fare, the end of strife:
The end of strife, that thing wishe I.
Wherfore come death, and let me dye.

THE LOUER THAT ONCE DISDAINED LOUE, IS NOW BECOME SUBJECT BEING CAUGHT IN HIS SNARE.

To this songe geve eare who list
And mine intent judge as ye wyl,
The time is come that I haue mist
The thing wheron I hoped styll,
And from the toppe of all my trust,
Mishap hath throwen me in the dust.

The time hath bene and that of late,
My hart and I might leap at large,
And was not stir within the gate
Of loue's desire, nor toke no charge
Of any thing that did perteine,
As touching loue in any payn.

My thought was free, my hart was lyght,
I marked not, who lost, who saught,
I playd by day, I slept by nyght,
I forced not, who wept, who laught,
My thought from all such thinges was free,
And I my self at libertie.

I toke no heed to tauntes nor toys
As leef to see them frowne as smyle,
Where fortune laught I scornde their ioyes
I found their fraudes and euer wyle,
And to my selfe oft times I smilid,
To see how loue had them begild.

Thus in the net of my conceit,
I masked still among the sort
Of such as fed vpon the bayte,
That Capide hinde for his dispore;
And ever as I saw them caught
I them beheld and therent laught.

Tyll at the length when Cupide spied
My scornewle wyl and spiteful vse,
And how I past not who was tyed
So that my self myght still live loose,
He set him selfe to lye in waite
And in my way he threw a booke.

Such one as nature never made
I dare well say saue she alone;
Such one she was as would inuade
A hart more hard then marble stome;
Such one she is, I know it right,
Her nature made to shew her myght.

Then as a man eu'en in a maze
When vse of reason is awaie,
So I began to stare and gaze,
And sodeinly, without delay
Or ever I had the wit to loke
I swalowed vp both bait and booke.

Which dayly greeves me more and more
By sundry sortes of careful wo;
And none aliae may value the sore
But onely she that hurt me soe:
In whom my lyfe dothe now consist
To saue or slay me as she list.

But seeing now that I am caught,
And bounde so fast, I cannot flee;
Be ye by mine ensample taught
That in your fancies fele you free;
Despise not them that louers are
Lest you be caught within his snare.

OF FORTUNE AND FAME.

THE plague is great, where Fortune frownes,
One mischier brings a thousand woes,
Where trumpets geue their warlike soundes,
The weake sustaine sharp overthrowes:
No better life they last and fele
That subject are to Fortunes wheel.

Her happy chaunce may last no time;
Her pleasure threatneth paines to come.
She is the fall of those that clime;
And yet her wheel avanceth some:
No force, where that she hates or loues,
Her fickle minde so oft reuences.

She giveth no gift, but craueth as fast;
She soone repentes a thankful dede;
She turneth after every blast;
She helps them oft, that haue no rede;
Where power dwelleth, and riches rest,
Faise Fortune is a common gest.

Yet some affirme and proue by skyll,
Fortune is not a fleyng Faine,
She neither can do good nor yll;
She hath no fountaine, yet beares a name,
Then we but striue against the stremes,
To frame such ioyes on fancies dreames.

If she haue shape or name alone;
If she do rule or haue no way;
If she haue bodie, life or none,
Be she a sprite I can not say:
But well I wot, some cause there is,
That causeth wo, and sendeth blime.

The causes of things I wyl not blame,
Lest I offend the priuice of peace:
But I may chide, and braule with Faine,
To make her crye and never cease:
To blowe the trumpe within her ears,
That may apease my wofull teares.

AGAINST WICKED TONGES.

O guyl tonges, which clap at every wind,
Ye slay the quicke, and take the dead defame,
Those that live well, some fante in them ye fynde;
Ye take no thought in slaudering their good name,
Ye put iust men oft times to open shame:
Ye ryng so loude, ye sounde vnto the aykes,
And yet in profe, ye sow nothing but yea.

Ye make great warre, where peace hath been
Ye bring rich realmes to ruine and decay, [long;
Ye pluck downe right, ye do enhauise the wrong;
Ye turne sweete myrth to wo and woe awyde;
Of mischiefes all ye are the grounde I say.
Happy is he that liues on such a sort,
That needs not fear such tonges of false report.

HELL TORMENTETH NOT THE DAMNED GHOSTES SO SORE AS UNKINDNESS THE LOUER.

THE restlesse rage of depe devouring hell;
The blasing brandes, that never doe consume;
The roryng roote, in Phitones den that dwell,
The fiery breath, that from those ympes doth fume,
The droppe drowth, that Tantale in the flood
Endureth ay, all hopeless of relief,
He hangesieruen, where fruite is ready foode;
So wretchedly his soule doth suffer grief.

The luer grawne of gylefull Prometheus,
Which vultures fell with strained talant tyse,
The labour lost of werted Siaphus,
These hellish hondes with paines of quenchless
Can not so sore the silly soules torment, [fire
As her vnruth my hart hath all to rent.

OF THE MUTABILITIE OF THE
WORLDE.

By fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to
 finde [into my mind.
Such fensies, as my careful thought had brought
And when eche one was gone to rest full so in
bed to lye [stil myne eye:
I would have slept, but then the watch did follow
And sodeinly I saw a sea of woful sorowes prent
Those wicked wares of sharp repulse bred mine
unquiet rest. [degree
I saw this world, and how it went, eche state in his
And that from wealth granted is, both life and
libertee. [price,
I saw how Enuy it did raine, and bear the greatest
Ye greater payson is not founde within the cocke-
trice; [woe
I saw also, how that Diadaine oft times to forye my
Gane me the cuppe of bitter swete to pledge my
mortall fo: [faside.
I saw also, how that Desire, to rest no place could
But still constrainde in endlesse peine to follow
natures kinde. [foreake
I saw also most straunge of all, how Nature dyd
The bloud, that in her wombe was wrought, as
doth the lothed snake. [lust,
I saw how Fancie would retayne no lenger then her
And as the wind how she doth chaunge, as is
not for to trust.
I saw how Stedfastnes did flee with winges of
often change
A Syinge bird, but seldome seoe, her nature is so
strange.
I saw how pleasant times did passee, as flowres do
in the mede,
To dale that stich red as rose, to morowe falleth
ded. [glasses.
I saw my time how it dyd runne, as sande out of the
Euen as eche howre appoynited is, from time and
tide to passee.
I saw the yeres that I had spent, and losse of all
my gayne,
And how the sport of yonthful playes my foly did
retayne.
I saw how that the litle ant in somer still doth
runne
To seek her foode, wherby to live in wynter for
to come. [to spinne.
I saw eke Vertue how she sate the thredes of lyfe
Which sheweth the end of every worke before it
deth beginne. [pardy.
And when all these I thus beheld, with many mo
In me, me thought, eche one had wrought a per-
site properte. [ba
And then I sayde unto my selfe a lesson this shall
For other, that shall after come, for to beware by
me. [might constraine
Thus all the night I did devise, which way I
To forme a plot, that wit might worke these
branches in my brain;

HARPALUS COMPLAINT OF PHYLLIDAES
LOUE BESTOWED ON CORIN, WHO
LOUED HER NOT, AND DENIED HIM
THAT LOUED HER.

[This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the Songs and Sonnettes of the earl of Surrey, &c. 4to. 1574, in that part of the collection which consists of pieces by Uncertain Auctours. These poems were first published in 1537, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyat in 1541. See Surrey's Poems, 4to. fol. 19. 49.

Though written perhaps near half a century be-
fore the Shepherd's Calendar¹, this will be
found far superior to any of those eclogues in
natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of
style, in easy flow of versification, and all the
beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to
have profited more by so excellent a model—
PERCY.]

PHILLIDA was a faire maide,
As fresh, as any flower;
Whom Harpalus the herd-man prade
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phillida would twist and spinne,
And thereto sing ful clere.

But Phillida was al to coyse,
For Harpalus to winne:
For Corin was her only joye,
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often wold she flowers twise?
How often garlands make
Of couslips and of columbine?
And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had hawkes to lure,
And forced more the felde:
Of lovers law he tooke no cure;
For oncs he was beguilde.

Harpalus prevayled nought,
His labour all was lost;
For he was farthest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore wax he both pale and leane,
And dry as clod of clay:
His fleshe it was consumed cleane;
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;
His beare hong al unkempt:
A man most fit even for the grave,
Whom spiteful love had shent.

His eyes were red, and all forwacht;
His face besprent with teares:
It seemed unhappy had him long hatcht,
In middes of his dispaires.

¹ First published in 1529.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;
As one forloune was he;
Upon his head alwayes he ware
A wreath of willow tree.

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,
And he sate in the dale;
And thus with sighes and sorrows abrill,
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! thus would he say;
Unhappiest under sunne!
The cause of thine unhappy day,
By loue was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke
A tygre to make tame,
That settes not by thy toone a leekke;
But makes thy griefe her game.

As easie it were for to convert
The frost into the flame;
As for to torne a frowarde hert,
Whom thou so faire wouldest fraine.

Coris he liueth cerclasse:
He leapes among the leaues:
He eates the frutes of thy redresse:
Thou reapes, he takes the sheaues.

My beastes a while your foode refraine,
And harke your herdmane sounde:
Whom spitefull loue, alas! hath slaine,
Through girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastes wide,
That here your pasture takes:
I se that ye be not begilde
Of those your faithful makes.

The hert he feedeth by the bindes:
The bocke hard by the do:
The turtle doone is not vnkinde
To him that loues her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme:
The yong cow hath the bull:
The calfe with many a lusty lambe
Do fadre their hunger full.

But, wel-a-way! that nature wrought
Thee, Phylida, so faire:
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

What reason is that crueltie
With beautie should have part?
Or els that such great tiranny
Should dwell in womans hert?
I se therefore to shape my death
She cruelly is prest
To th' end that I may want my breath:
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
And do not stoppe thine eares;
That she may feele within her breste
The paines of my dispaires.

Of Coris that is carelesse,
That she may crave ber fee:
As I have done in great distresse,
That loued her faithfullye.

VOL. II.

But since that I shal die her slave;
Her slave, and eke her thrall:
Write you, my frendes, upon my grabe
This chaunce that is befall.

“Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
By cruel loue now slaine:
Whom Phylida vngusty thus,
Hath murdered with disdaine.”

UPON SYR JAMES WYLFORDES DEATH.

Lo here the ende of man! the cruell sister three
The web of Wyfordes lyfe uneth had half ysponne,
When rashe upon misdeed they all accorded be
To breake vertues course ere half the race were
ronne;

[game,
And trip him on his way that els had wonne the
And holden highest place within the house of fame.

But yet though he be gone, though sence with
him be past
[howne,
Which trode the euen steppes that leaden to re-
We that remaine aliue ne suffer shall to waste
The fume of his deserter, so shall he lose but sowne;
The thing shall aye remaine, aye kept as fresh in
store
[before.
As if his eares should ring of that he wrought

Waile not therfore his want, sith he so left the
stage
[hands,
Of care and wretched lyfe, with ioy and clap of
Who plaieth lenger parties, may wel haue greater
age,
But few so well may passee the guise of fortunes
So triedly did he trede, ay prest at vertues beck,
That fortune found no place to geue him once a
check.

The fates haue rid him hence, who shal not
after go?
[his fume,
Though earthed be his corps, yet florish shall
A gladsome thing it is, that ere he stopt us fro,
Such mirrour he us left our lyfe tharby to frame,
Wherfore his praise shall last aye freshe in
Britous sight,
Till sun shall cease to shine and lend the earth
[his light.

OF THE WRETCHEDNES IN THIS WORLD.

Who list to live vpright, and hold himself content,
Shall se such wonders in this world, as never erst
was sent,
[sower,
Such groping for the swete, such tasting of the
Such wandering here for worldly welthe that laste is
in one houre.

And as the good or badde get up in hie degree,
So wades the world in right or wrong, it may none
other be;
[them obey,
And loke what lawes they make, eche man must
And yoke himself with pacient heart, to drise
and draw that way.

Yet such as long ago, great rulers wer assinde,
Both lynes and lawes are now forgot, and worse
cleve out of minde,
So that by this I se no state on earth may last,
But as their tymes appointed be, to rise and fall
as fast.

The goodes that gotten be by good and just desert;
Yet use them so that neady handes may helpe to
spend the part: [store;
For looke what heape thou hordest of rusty gold in
Thine enemies shal waste the same, that never
swat therfore.

And with repentant hart, to lande thee, Lorde on
bye
That hast so gently set me straight, that erst
walkte so awry.
Now graunt me grace my God, to stande thine
strong in sprete,
And let the world then worke such waies, as to
the world seemes mete.

**THE REPENTANT SINNER IN DURANCE
AND ADUERSITIE.**

UNTO the living Lord for pardon do I pray,
From whom I graunt, euen from the shell, I have
run still astray; [clare;
And other lynes there none (my death shall well de-
On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty
folkes do fare:
But thee, O Lord, alone, I have offendod so,
That this small scourge is much to scant for mine
offence I know. [best,
I ranne without retorne the way the world lyktes,
And what I ought most to regard, that I respected
lest.
The throng wherein I thrust, hath thrown me in
such case, [grace;
That Lord my soule is sore beset without thy gracie
My giltes are growne soe great, my power doth
so appaire, [much dispaire,
That with great force they argue oft, and meroy
But then with faith I flee to thy prepared store,
Where there lyeth helpe for every hurt, and salve
for every sore,
My lost time to lament, my vaine wais to bewaile,
No day, no night, no place, no hower, no moment
I shall faile,
My soule shall never cease with an assured faith,
To knooke, to craue, to call, to crye, to thee for
helpe, which sayth, [it is;
Knooke and it shal be heard, but aske, and givien
And all that lyke to kepe this course, of mercy
shall not misse:
For when I call to minde how the one wandring
shepe [flock did kepe:
Did bring more joy with his retурne, than all the
It yldes full hope and trust, my strayed and
wandring ghost [were neuce lost.
Shal be received and held more dere, then those
O Lord my hope behold, and for my helpe make
haste [past,
To pardon the forepassed race that carelesse I haue
And but the day draw neare that death must pay
the det
For loue of life which thou hast lent and time of
puiment set, [is at hande,
From this sharpe shoure me shielde, which threatened
Wherby thou shalt great power declare, and I the
storne withstand.
Not my will Lord but thine, fulfilde be in eche case,
To whose gret will and mighty power all powres
shall once geue place.
My faith, my hope, my trust, my God, and eke
my guyde [the body hide:
Stretch forth thy hande to sauie the soule, what so
Refuse not to receive that thou so deare hast
bought, [sought.
For but by thee alone I know all safetie in vain is
I know and knowledge eke, albeit very late,
That thou it is I ought to loue and dreade in eche
estate,

**THE LOUER HERE TELLETH OF HIS
DIUERS JOIES, AND ADVERSITIES IN
LOUE, AND LASTLY OF HIS LADIES
DEATH.**

SYR singing gladdeth oft the harts,
Of them that fele the panges of loue;
And for the while doth ease their smarts,
My self I shall the same way proue.

And though that loue bath smit the stroke
Wherby is lost my libertye
Which by now meaneas I may reuoke,
Yet shall I sing, bow pleasantly:

Nye twenty years of youth I past,
Which al in libertie I spent;
And so from frst vnto the last,
Ere aught I knew what louing ment.

And after shall I sing the wo,
The paine, the grief, the deadly smart;
When loue this life did ouerthrowe,
That biden lyes within my hart.

And then, the joyes that I did feele,
When fortune listed after this;
And set me by vpon her whele,
And changeyd my wo to pleasant blisse.

And so the sodein fall againe,
From al the joyes that I was in;
All you that list to hear of paine,
Geue eare, for now I doe beginne.

Loue first of ali when loue began
With hote desires my heart to burne,
Me thought, his might auakide not than,
From libertie my heart to turne.

For I was free, and did not know
How much his might mans heart may grene,
I had prefest to be his fo,
His law I thought not to hefue.

I went vnyted in lusty leas;
I had my wish alwaies at will;
Ther was no wo, might me displesse,
Of pleasant joyes I had my fill.

No painful thought did pass my hart,
I spilt no teare to wet my brest;
I knew no sorrow, sigh, nor smart,
My greatest grief was quiet rest.

I brake no slepe, I tossed not,
Nor did delite to sit alone;
I felt no change of colde and hote,
Nor nought a nightes could make me mone.

For al was joy that I did fele,
And of voyde wandring I was free;
I had no clengre tyde at my hele,
Thus was my life at libertie.

That yet me thinks it is a blisse,
To think vpon that pleasure past;
But forth withall I finde the misse,
For that it might no lenger last.

Those dayes I spent at my desire,
Without wo or aduersitie;
Till that my hart was set a fire,
With lone, with wrath, and elouesie.

For on a day (ales the while)
Lo, heare my harme how it began;
The blinded Lord, the God of guile
Had list to end my fredome than.

And through mine eye into my hart,
All sodeinly I felt it glide;
He shot his sharped fiery dart,
So hard, that yet vnder my side

The head (sias) doth still remaine;
And yet since could I never know
The way to wryng it out againe;
Yet was it me thre yere ago.

This sodein stroke made me agast,
And it began to vexe me sore;
But yet I thought it wold haue past,
An other schaft haud done before.

But it did not, that (wo is me)
So depe imprinted in my thought
The stroke abode, that yet I see
Methinkes my harme how it was wrought.

Kinde taught me straight that this was lone
And I perceivied it perfectly,
Yet thought I thus; nought shall me moue
I wil not thrall my libertie.

And diuers wayes I did assay,
By sight, by force, by frend, by fo
This ferre thought to put away;
I was so loth for to forgo

My libertie, that me was leuer
Then bondage was; where I hard say,
Who once was bound, was sure never
Without great paine to scape away.

But what for that, there is noe choice
For my mishap was shapen so;
That those my dayes that did rejoice,
Should turne my bliss to bitter wo.

For with that stroke my blisse toke ende,
Ioudre wherof forthwith I caught
Hote burning sighes, that sins bane breed
My wretched hart almost to nought.

And sic that day, O Lord, my life,
The misery that it hath felt,
That nought hath had, but wo and strife
And hote desires my hart to melt.

O Lord, how sodein was the change,
From such a pleasant liberty;
The very thridome seemed strange,
But yet there was no remedy.

But must yeld and givē up all,
And make my guide my chefes fo;
And in this wise became I thrall,
Lo love and happe wold haue it so.

I suffered wrong and held my peace,
I gauē my teares good leue to ronne
And never wold aske for redre se,
But hopte to liue as I begonne.

For what it was that might me ease,
He knew not that might it knowe;
Thus drank I all myne own disease,
And all along bewaylde my wo.

There was no sight that might me please,
I fed from them that did rejoyce;
And oft alone, my hart to ease,
I would bewaile with woful voyce

My life, my state, my misery;
And curse my selfe and all my daies;
Thus wrought I with my fantasie,
And sought my help none other waies.

Sauē sometime to my self alone,
When farre of was my helpe, God wot,
Lowde would I crie, *My life is gone,*
My dere, if that ye helpe me not.

Then wisht I streight that death might end
These bitter panges, and al this grief;
For nought, me thought, might it amend
Thus in dispaire to haue relieve.

I lingred forth, till I was brought
With pining in so piteous case,
That al, that saw me, sayd, me thought,
Lo death is painted in hys face.

I went no where, but by the way
I saw some sight before mine eyes
That made me sigh, and oftmea say,
My life, alas, I thee despise.

Thys lasted well a yere, and more,
Which no wight knew, but onely I;
See that my life was vere forlore,
And I dispairet vterly.

Till, on a day, as fortune wold,
(For that, that shall be nedes must fal)
I set me down, as though I shold
Haue ended them my life and al.

And as I set to write my plaint,
Meaning to shew my great vrest,
With quaking hand, and hart ful faint
Amid my playntes among the rest,

I wrote with ynk, and bitter teares,
I am not mine, I am not mine;
Behold my life, away that weares,
And if I dye the losse is thine.

Herewith a little hope I caught
That for a while my life did stay;
But in effect, all was for nought;
Thus liued I still, til on a day

As I sat staring on those eyes,
Those shiuing eyes, that first me bound,
My inward thought tho cryed, *Aryse,*
Lo, mercy, where it may be found.

And therewith all I drew me nere,
With feble hart, and at a braide
(But it was softely in her eare)
Mercy, madame, was all I saide.

But woe was me, when it was told,
For therewithall fainted my breath,
And I sate still for to beholde
And bear the fument of my death.

But loue nor hap would not consent
To end me then, but well away
There gaue me bisse, that I repent
To thynke I liue to see this day.

For after this I plained still,
So long, and in so piteous wise,
That I my wish had at my will
Granted, as I would it devise.

But Lord whoeuer baird or knew
Of half the joy that I felt than?
Or who can think it may be true
That so much bisse had euer man?

Lo, fortune thus set me aloft;
And more my sorowes to releue,
Of pleasant ioyes I tasted oft
As much as loue or happe might geue.

The sorowes old, I felt before
About my hart, were driven thence;
And for eche grief, I left afore,
I had a blisse in recompence.

Then thought I all the time wel spent
That I in plaint had spent so long;
So was I with my life content
That to my selfe I sayd among;

Sins thou art ridde of all thine ill,
To shew thy ioyes set forth thy voice,
And sins thou hast thy wish at will
My happy hart, reioyce, reioyce.

Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo
Then by my song may well be tolde;
And thinking on my passed wo
My blisse did double manifolde.

And thus I thought with mannes blood
Such blisse might not be bought to deare;
In such estate my ioyes then stooda
That of a change I had no feare.

But why sing I so long of blisse?
It lasteth not, that will away;
Let me therfore bewayle the misse,
And sing the cause of my decay.

Yet all this while there liued none
That led his life more pleasantly,
Nor vnder hap ther was not one,
Methought, so well at ease, as I.

But O blinde ioy, who may thee trust?
For none estat thou comfet assure:
Thy faithful vowa prove al waies,
Thy fair behestes be full vnsure.

Good proofe by me, that bat of late
Not fully twenty daies ago,
Whiche thought my life was in such state,
That nought might worke my hart this wo.

Yet bath the enemy of mine ease,
Cruel mishappe, that wretched wight,
Now when my life did most me please
Deuised me such cruel spight.

That from the biest place of all
As to the pleasing of my thought,
Downe to the deepest ayre I fall,
And to my helpe availeth nought.

Lo, thus are al my joyes quite gone,
And I am brought from happiness
Continually to waile and mone;
Lo, such is fortuners stableness.

In welth I thought such sorarie
That pleasure should have ended never,
But now alas, aduerseitie
Doth make my singing cease for ever.

O! brittle ioye! O! welth vnsable!
O fraile pleasure, O sliding blisse
Who feles the most, he shall not misse
At length to be made miserable.

For all must end as doth my blisse.
There is none other certaintie,
And at the end the worst is bys
That most hath knowne prosperite.

For he that never blisse assayed
May wel away with wretchednesse,
But he shall finde that hath it sayd
A pain to part with pleasantnesse;

As I do now; for ore I knew
What pleasure was, I fel no grief
Like unto this, and it tis true
That blisse hath brought me al this mischiesf.

But yet I haue not songen how
This mischief came, but I intend
With woful voice to sing it now,
And therewithal I make an end.

But Lord, now that it is begun
I fele my sprites are vexed sore;
Oh! geue me breth till this be don,
And after let me liue no more.

Alas the enemy of this life,
The ender of al pleasantnesse,
Alas he bringeth al this strife,
And causeth al this wretchednesse.

For in the middes of all the welth
That brought my hart to happiness,
This wicked deaht he came by stealth
And robde me of my ioyfulnessse.

He came, when that I little thought
Of ought that might me vexe so sore,
And sodeinly he brought to nought
My pleasantnesse for euer more.

He slew my ioy, alas the wretch!
He slew my ioy, ere I was ware;
And now alas, no might may stretch
To set an end to my great care.

For by this cursed deadly stroke
My blisse is lost, and I furlore;
And no help may the losse renoke,
For lost it is for euermore.

THE LADYE PRAYETH THE RETURNE OF HER LOUER.

405

And closed vp are those faire eyes
That gave me first the signe of grace,
My faire swete foes, mine enemis
And earth doth hide her pleasant face.

The loke which did my life vphold,
And all my sorowes did confound,
With which more blisse then may be told,
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground.

But cease, for I will sing no more,
Since that my harm bath no redresse;
But as a wretche for euermore
My life will waste with wretchednesse.

And ending thys my wofull song,
Now that it ended is and past,
I would my life were but as long
And that this word might be my last.

For lothsome is that life (men say)
That liketh not the liuers minde;
Lo, thus I seke mine owne decay
And will, till that I may it finde.

OF HIS LOUE NAMED WHITE.

Foul faire and white she is, and White by name,
Whose white doth striue the lilles white to staine;
Who may contene the blast of black defame,
Who in darke night can bring day bright againe;
The ruddy rose impreaseth with clere boew
In lips and chekes, right orient to behold,
That the nerer gaser may that beuty reewe,
And fele dispart in limmes the chilling cold,
For white, all white his bloodless face will be,
The ashey pale so alter will his cheare,
But I that do possess in full degree
The harty love of this my hart so deare,
So oft to me as she presents her face
For ioy do fele my hart spring from bys place.

OF THE LOUERS VNURIJET STATE.

WHAT thing is that which I both haue and lacke,
With good will graunted, yet it is denied;
How may I be received and put a backe;
Alwaye doing, and yet vnoccupied:
Most slow in that which I haue most apied,
Sill thus to seke, and lese all that I win
And that was doon is newest to begin.
In riches finde I wilful poueris,
In great pleasure, liue I in heauiness;
In much fredome I lacke my libertie,
Thus am I both in ioy and in distresse;
And in few wordes, if that I shall be plaine
In paradise I suffer all this paine.

WHERE GOOD WYLL IS, SOME PROFE WYLL APPERE.

It is no fire that gaves no beats
Through it appere never so hot;
And they that runne and cannot sweate
And very leans and drie, God wot.

A perfect leche applieth his wittes
To gather herbes of all degrees,
And feuers with there feruent fittes
Be cured with their contraries.

New wine will search to finde a vent,
Although the cask be sett so strong;
And wit wyll walke when wyll is bent,
Although the way be never so long.

The rabbetes runne under the rockes,
The snailles doe clime the highest towers,
Grounder cleaues the sturdy blockes;
A fervent will all things devoures.

When Wyt with Will and Diligent
Applie themselves, and match as mates,
There can no want of resident
From force defend the castell gates.

Forgetfulnesse makes little baste,
And slouth delightes to lye full soft;
That telleth the deaf, his tule doth wast,
And is full drye that craves full oft.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE PICTURE OF SIR JAMES WILFORD, KNT.

ALAS that euer death such vertues should forlet,
As compact was within his corps, whose picture is
here set!
Or that it euer lay in any fortunes might,
Through depe disdaigne to end his life, that was so
worthy a wight!
For sythe he first began in armour to be clad,
A worther champion than he was, yet England
never had.
And though recure be past, his life to haue againe,
Yet would I wish his worthines in writing to
remaine, [excell
That men to mind might call, how farre he did
At all assaies to winne the fame, which were to
long to tell. [runne
And eke the restlesse race that he full oft hath
In painful plignt from place to place, where service
was to don. [trouth,
Then shold men well perceiue, my tale to be of
And he to be the worthest wight that euer nature
wrought.

THE LADYE PRAYETH THE RETURNE OF HER LOUER ABIDYNG ON THE SEAS.

SHALL I thus euer long, and be no whit the nere?
And shall I still complaine to thee, the which me
will not here?
Alas, saie nay, saie nay, and be no more so dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and saie that
thou wilt come. [a liues man bee.
That thou wilt come, thy word so sware, if thou
The roaring hugy wawes, they threaten my pore
ghost, [be lost,
And toss thee vp and downe the sea, in danger to
Shall they not make me feare that they haue
swallowed thee? [to me,
But as thou art most swē elise, so witt thou come
Wherby I shall go se thy shippē ride on the strand,
And think and say, lo where he comes, and sure
here wyll he land.

And then I shall lift vp to thee my little hand,
Ald thou wilst thinke thine heart in ease, in
heith to see me stand
And if thou come indede (as Christ thee sende to
doe) [brace thee to.
Those arms which misse thee yet, shall then en-
Eche vain to every joint, the lively blood shal
spread, [full pale and dead.
Which now for want of thy glad sight, doth shew
But if thou slip thy trouth, and do not come at
all [I shall;
As minutes in the clock do strike, so call for death
To please both thy false hart, and rid my selfe
from wo, [so.
That rather had to dye in trouth then lieue forswaken

THE MEANE ESTATE IS BEST.

THE doutfull man hath feuers strange,
And constant hope is oft diseasde;
Dispaire cannot but brede a change,
Nor feting hertes cannot be pleased;
Of all these bad, the best I think,
Is wel to hope, though fortune shrink.

Desired thinges are not ay prest,
Nor thinges deside left al unsought;
Nor new thinges to be loued best,
Nor all offers to be set at nought;
Where faulthul hart hath ben refusde,
The chosers wit was there abusde.

The wofull ship of careful sprite,
Fleting on seas of wailinge teares,
With sailes of wishes broken quite,
Hanging on waues of doutfull feares
By surge of sighes at wreck nere hand
Mae fast on anker holden on land.

What helpe the dial to the blinde,
Or els the clocke without it sound;
Or who by dreames doth hope to finde
The hidden golde within the grounde,
Shal be as free from cares and feares
As he that holdes a Wolfe by th' eare.

And how muche mad is he that thinkes
To clime to heauen by the beames?
What ioy ales, hath he that winks
At Titan or his golden streames?
His ioyes not subject to reasons lawes,
Tbat ioyeth more than be bath cause.

For as the phenix that climeth hys
The sunne lightly in ashes burneth;
Againe, the fulicon so quick of eye,
Sone on the grounde the net masbeth:
Experienc therfore the meane assurance
Prefers before the doutfull plesance.

THE LOUER THINKES NO PAINE TO
GREAT, WHERBY HE MAY OBTAINE
HIS LADIE.

SIR that the way to welth is wo,
And after paine is pleasure prest,
Why should I then despaire so,
Ay bewailing mine vreast.

Or let to lead my life in paine,
So worthy a lady to obtaine?

The fisherman doth count no care
To cast his nets to wracke or wast,
And in reward of eche mans share,
A gogen gift is muche imbrast:
Should I then grudge in grife or gall,
That loke at leught to whelme a whall?

The pore man ploweth his ground for graime,
And soweth his seede increase to crewe,
And for the xpence of all his paine,
Oft holdes it hap his seede to saue:
These pacient paines my part doth shew
To long for loue ere that I know

And take no scorne to scape from skil,
To spend my sprites to spare my speche,
To win for welth the want of will,
And thus for rest to rag a reche,
Running my race as rect vpright,
Till teares of truth appese my plight.

And plant my plaint within her brest,
Who doutlesse may restore againe
My harmes to heith, my ruth to rest,
That lased is within her chaine;
For earst we are the grieves so great
As is the ioy when loue is met.

For who couets so high to clime
As doth the bird that pitfoli take?
Or who delights so swift to swim,
As duth the fishe that scapes the boke?
If these had never entred wo,
How mought they have rejoied so?

But yet, alas, ye louers all
That here my joyelesse thus rejoice,
Judge not amiss what so befall;
In me there lieth no power of choyce:
It is but hope that doth me moue,
Who standerd bearer is to loue.

On whose ensigne, when I behold,
I see the shadow of her shape,
Within my faith so fast I fold,
Through drede I die, through hope I scape:
These care and wo full oft I finde,
What will you more? she knoweth my minde.

OF A NEW MARIED STUDENT THAT
PLAIED FAST OR LOSE.

A STUDENT at his boke so plast,
That welth he might have wonne;
From boke to wife did flete in hast,
From welth to wo to runne.
Now who bath plaid a feater cast
Since ingleing first begoune?
In knitting of himselfe so fast,
Himselfe he hath vndoone.

THE MEANE ESTATE IS TO BE AC-
COMPED THE BEST.

(From Horace.)

Who craftly castes to stere his booste,
And safetly skours the flattirg flood,

He culteth not the greatest wanes;
For why, that way were nothing good:
Ne fleteth on the crooked shore,
Lest harme him happe a wayting leste,
But windes away betwene them both,
As who woulde say, the meane is best?
Who waiteth on the golden meane,
He put in point of sickernes,
Hides not his head in sluttish coates,
Ne shroudes himselfe in filthines.
Ne sitteth aloft in high estate,
Where hatefull hertes envie bys chance,
But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine
Ne proudly doth himselfe auance.
The highest tree in all the wood,
Is rifest rent with blustering windes;
The higher ball the greater fall,
Such chance haue proude and lofty mindes.
When Jupiter from hys doth threat
With mortall mace and dint of thunder,
The biest billes bene battred eft,
When they stand still that stoden vnder.
The man whose hed with wit is fraught
In welthe will feare a worser tide;
When fortune failes dispaireth naught,
But constantly doth stil abide.
For he that sendeth grisely stormes,
With whisping windes and bitter blastes,
And fowltwth with haile the winters face,
And frotes the soile with horry frostes;
Even he adawth the force of cold,
The springis in tendes with somer hote:
The same full oft to stormy hertes
Is cause of bale, of ioy the roote.
Not alwaies ill though so be now,
When cloudes ben driven, then rides the racking;
Phebus the freshe ne shooteth still,
Somtime he harpes his muse to wake.
Stand stif therefore, pluck vp thy hert;
Lose not thy port though fortune faile;
Againe when windes doth serve at will,
Take bede too hie to boyse thy saile.

THE LOUER REFUSED, LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE.

I LENT my loue to losse, and gaged my life in
vaine, [gaine:
If hate for loue and death for life of louers be the
A curse I may by course the place eke tyme
and howre, [creature:
That nature fyrt in me dyd fource me to be a lives
Sith that I must absent my self so secretly,
In place desert, where never man my secretes shall
discry: [brute,
In doling of my dayes among the beastes so
Who with their tonges may not bewray the secrets
of my sute, [mynde,
Nor I in like to them may once to move my
But gaze on them, and they on me, as beastes are
wont of kunde.
Thus rapping as refusde, to reache some place of
rest,
And ruffe of heare, my nayles unnocht, as to such
seemath best,
That wander by their wittes, deformed so to be,
That men may say, such one may curse the time
he fyrt gan see

The beauty of her face, her shape in such de-
gree, [mended to be.
As God himselfe may not discerne one place
Nor place it in like place, my fansy for to please,
Who would become a heardsmans hyre, one howre
to have of ease; [nes,
Whereby I might restore to me some stedfast-
That have mo thoughts heapt in my hed, then life
may long diages: [colde,
As oft to throwe me downe vpon the earth so
Wheras with teares most rusly, my sorowes
do vnfold:
And in beholding them I chieftly call to minde,
What woman could finde in her hart, such bond-
age for to blide. [care,
Then rashly forth I yede, to cast me from that
Lyke as the birds for foode doth flye, and lighteth
in the snare. [be roon,
From whence I may not meue, until my race
So trained is my truth through her that thinkes
my life wel woon.
Thus tosse I too and fro, in hope to haue relieve,
But in the fine I finde not so, it doubleth but my
griefe;
Wherefore I will my want a warning for to be
Unto all men, wishing that they a myrrour make
of me.

THE FELICITIE OF A MINDE IMBRACING VERTUE, THAT BEHOLDETH THE WRETCHED DESIRES OF THE WORLDE.

WHEN dredful swelling seas, through boysterous
windy blastes,
So tosse the ships, that all for nought serves ancor,
saile, and mastes: [rest,
Who takes not pleasure then safely on shore to
And see with drede and depe dispairre, how ship-
men are distrest? [smart,
Not that we pleasure take, when others felen
Our gladnes growth to see their harmes, and yet
to feele no part.
Delight we take also, well ranged in array
When armes meets, to see the fight, yet free be
from the fray. [this,
But yet among the rest, no ioy may match with
Taspyre unto the temple hye where wisdoms
throned is.

Defended with the sawes of horry heads expert,
Which clere it keep from errours mist, that might
the truth perdet. [under foote,
From whence thou maist loke downe, and see as
Mans wandering will and doutful life from whence
they take their roote. [ryse,
How some by wit contend, by prowes some to
Riches and rule to gaine and holde, is all that
men devise.

O miserable myndes, O hertes in folly drent,
Why see you not what blindnesse in this wretched
life is spent?
Body deuoyde of grieve, minde free from care
and drede,
Is all and some that nature craves, wherewith our
lyfe to feede:
So that for natures turne fewe things may well
suffice, [surprise.
Dolour and griefe cleane to expell, and some delight

Yea and it falleth oft, that nature more content
Is with the lesse, then when the more to cause de-
light is spent.

ALL WORLDLY PLEASURES VADE.

(From Horace.)

THE winter with his griesly stormes ne longer
dare abide, [hath newly dide.
The pleasant greasse with lusty grene, the earth
The trees haue lesse, the bowes don spred, new
changed is the yere;
The water broken are clean sonk down, the plea-
sant banks aper; [saw.
The spring is come, the goodly nymphes now
daunce in every place,
Thus hath the yere most pleasantly of late
ychusngde his face.
Hope for no immortalitie, for welth will weare
away, [every day.
As we may learn by euery yere, yea howers of
For Zephyrus doth mollify the cold and blustering
windes, [of our mindes.
The somers drought doth take away the spring out
And yet the somer cannot last, but once must step
aside,
Then autumn thinkes to kepe his place, but au-
tumn cannot bide;
For when he hath brought furth his fruits, and
stuft the harnes with corn,
Then winter eates and empties all, and thus in
autumn wro.
Then hory frosten possesse the place, then tem-
pestes work much harm,
Then rage of stormes done make al cold, which
somer had made so warm.
Wherfore let no man put his trust in that, that
will decay, [wear away.
For slipper wealth will not continue, pleasure will
For when that we haue lost our lyfe, and lyfe under
a stone, [pleasure gone.
What are we then, we are but earth, then is our
No man can tell what God almighty of every wight
doth cast, [shall last.
No man can say, to day I live, till morn ray life
For when thou shalt before thy judge stand to re-
ceive thy dome, [of thee become.
What sentance Minos doth pronounce that must
Then shall not noble stocke and bloud redeme thee
from his handes: [from his handes.
Nor sugred talke with eloquence shall loose thee
Nor yet thy lyfe vprightlie led can helpe there
out of hell,
For who desendeth downe so depe, must there
abide and dwell.
Diana could not thence deliver chaste Hypolitus,
Nor Theseus could not call to lyfe his frenid
Perithous.

A COMPLAINT OF THE LOSSE OF LIBER-
TIE BY LOUE.

In seeking rest, vreast I finde,
I fynde that welth is cause of wo.
Wo worth the time that I inclinde
To fixe in minds her beauty so.

That day be darkned as the night;
Let furious rage it cleane dauncer;
Ne sunne nor moone therin give light,
But it consuppe with streame and shoure.

Let no small birds strayne forth their voyce,
With pleasant tunes, ne yet no beast
Fnde cause whereat he may rayoice
That day when chaunced mine vreast.

Wherin alas, from me was caught
Myne owne free choyce and quiet minde,
My lyfe, my death in balance brought,
And reason rasse through barkie and rinde.

And I as yet in flower of age,
Both wit and will did still aduaunce,
Ay to resist that burning rage:
But when I darde them did I glaunce.

Nothing to me did seeme so hys,
In minde I could it strait attaine;
Fancy perswaded me therby,
Lone to esteme a thing most vaine.

But as the bird upon the bryer
Doth pricke and proyne her without care,
Not knowing alps (poore foole) how neare
She is unto the fowlers snare:

So I amid deceitfull trust
Did not mistrust such woful happe;
Till cruel loue, ere that I wist,
Had caught me in his carefull trappe.

Then did I fele and partly know
How little force in me did raigne,
So soon to yelds to ouerthowre,
So frayle to fit from joy to paine.

From when in welth will did me leade,
Of libertie to boyse my saile,
To hale at shete, and cast my leade,
I thought free choyce would still preuale.

In whose calme streame I sailde so farre,
No raging storme had in respect,
Until I raine a goodly starte,
Wherto my course I did direct.

In whose prospect in doofull wiss,
My tacle fulde, my compass brake
Through hote deires such stormes did riss,
That stern and top went all to wrake.

Oh cruell hap, oh fatal chaunce,
O fortune why wert thou vnkide,
Without regard thus in a traunce,
To reue from me my joyful minde?

Where I was free now must I serue,
Where I was loose now am I bounde;
In death my life I do preserue,
As one through girt with many a wound.

A PRAISE OF HIS LADYE

Great place you ladies and be gone,
Boast not your selfes at all,
For here at hande approcheth one,
Whose face will staine you all.

THE COMPLAINT OF THESTILIS AMID THE DESERT WOOD. 409

The vertue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone,
I wishe to haue none other bookes
To reade or loke vpon.

In eche of her two christall eyes,
Smileth a naked boye;
It would you all in hart suffice
To see that lampe of joye.

I think nature hath lost the mouldē,
Where she her shape did take;
Or els I doubt if nature could
So faire a creature make.

She may be well comparde
Vnto the phenix kinde,
Whose like was never sene nor hard,
That any man can finde.

In life she is Diana chaste
In trouth Penelopey,
In word and eke in dede stedfast;
What will you more we sey?

If all the world were sought so farre,
Who could finde suchē a wight?
Her beuty twinklieth like a starre
Within the frosty night.

Her rosall colour comes and goes
With suchē a comly grace,
More ruddier too, then doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus feast none shall her mete,
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gasing in an open strete,
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest myrth that she doth vse,
Is mixt with shamefastnesse,
All vyoce she doth wholy refuse,
And bateth ydlienesse.

O lord it is a world to see,
How vertue can repaire,
And decke in her such honestie,
Whom nature made so faire.

Truely she doth as farre excede,
Our women now adayes,
As doth the ielitoure, a wede,
And more a thousand wayes.

How might I do to get a graffe
Of this vnsotted tree?
For all the rest are plaine but chaffe
Which seme good come to bee.

This gyft alone I shall her geue,
When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

THE PORE ESTATE TO BE HOLDEN FOR BEST.

EXPERIENCE now doth shew what God vs taught
before
Desired pompe is vaine, and seldome doth it last:

Who climbsē to raigne with kinges, may rue his
fate full sore;
Alas the wofull end that comes with care full fast;
Reiect him doth renoune, his pompe full tow is
cast,
Deceiued is the byrd by swetenesse of the call,
Expell that pleasant taste, wherin is bitter gall.
Suchē as with oten cakes in poor estate abides,
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with myrth
they roost;
More easē fele they then those, that from their
height down slides,
Excesse doth brede their wo, they saile in Scilias
cost,
Remayning in the stormes till shyp and all belost.
Seres God therefore thou pore, for lo, thou liuest
in rest,
Eacue the golden hall, thy thatched house is best

THE COMPLAINT OF THESTILIS AMID THE DESERT WOOD.

THESTILIS a sely man, when loue did him forsake,
In mourning wise, amid the wods thus gan he
plaint to make:

Ah woful man (quod he) fallen is thy lot to mowe,
And pine away with careful thoughtes, vnto thy
loue vnknownen.

Thy lady thee forsakes whom thou didst honor so,
That ay to her thou wert a frend, and to thy self
a fo. [choyse,

Ye louers that have lost your heartes desired
Lament with me my cruel happe, and help my
trembling voice.

Was never man that stode so great in fortune's
grace, [place;

Nor with his swete, alas, to deare, possent so high a
As I whose simple hart aye thought himself full
sure. [endure,

But now I see hye springing tides they may not ay
She knowes my gittlesse heart, and yet aye lets it
pine.

Of her vntrue professed loue, so feile is the twine,
What wonder is it than, if I berent my heares,
And cruting death continually do bathe myself in
tears? [bandes,

When Cresus king of Lide was cast in cruel
bandes, [bandes,
And yelded goodes and life also into his emprise
What tongue could tell his wo? yet was his grief
much lesse

Then mine, for I have lost my loue, which might
my wo redresse.

Ye woodes that shroudē my limes, give now your
hollow sound, [me confound.

That ye may help me to bewaile the cares that
Ye riuers rest a while and stay the streames that
runne, [the sunne,

Rew, Thestilis, most woful man, that lives under
Transport my sighs, ye wyndes, unto my pleasant
foe, [cruell woe.

My trickling tears shal witnesse beare of this my
O happy man wer I, if al the goddesses agreed,
That now the sisters three should cut in twaine
my fatal thredē. [joy,

Till life with the loue shall ende, I here renigne al
Thy pleasant swete I now lament, whose lackes
brede mine annoy;

POEMS OF VNCERTAINE AUCTORS.

Farewell, my deare therfore, farewell to me wel
knowne,
If that I die it shal be said that thou hast slaine
thine owne.

AN ANSWERE OF COMFORT.

THESTILIS, thou sely man, why dost thou so com-
playne?
If nedes thy loue will thee forsake, thy mourning
is in wayne. [course to runne,
For none can force the stremes against their
Nor yet unwilling loue with tears or wailing can
be wonne. [sorowes ease,
Cease thou therefore thy plaintes, let hope thy
The shipmen though their ails be rent, yet hope
to scape the seas.
Though strange she semed a while, yet thinke she
will not change.
Good causes drive a ladies loue, sometime to sem
full strange. [chappe,
No louer that hath wit, but can foresee such
That no wight can at wight or will siepe in his
ladies lappe.
Achilles for a time faire Brises did forgo,
Yet did they mete with ioy againe; then think
thou maist do so. [do finde,
Though he, and louers al, in loue sharpe stormes
Dispair not thou, pore Thestilis, though thy loue
seme unkind,
Ah think her graffed loue cannot so sone decay,
Hie springes may eraze from swelling still, but
never drye away. [encrease
Ort stormes of louers yre, do more their loue
At shyning sunne refresche the frutes, when raining
gins to cease. [flowe again,
When springes are waxen loue, then must they
So shall thy hart aduanced be, to pleasure out of
paine. [peter,
When lacke of thy delight most bitter grief ap-
Thinke on Etrascus worthy loue, that lasted
thirty yeres, [ayred choyce,
Which could not long atcheue, his hartes de-
Yet at the ende he found rewarde, that made him
to rejoyce. [maine,
Since he so long in hope with pacience did re-
Cannot thy feruent loue forbear thy loue a month
or twaine? [forgo,
Admit she minded to chaunge, and nedes will thee
Is there no mo may thee delight, but she that
paynes thee so? [done,
Thestilis draw to the towne, and loue as thou hast
In tyme thou knowest by faithfull loue, as good as
she is wonne. [alone,
And leue the desert woodes and wayling thus
And seke to salue thy sore elsewhere, if all her
loue be gone.

THE LOUER PRAIETH PITY, SHOWING
THAT NATURE HATH TAUGHT HIS
DOG, AS IT WERE, TO SUE FOR THE
SAME BY KISSING HIS LADIES
HANDES.

NATURE that taught my sely dog, God wat
Euen for my sake to liche where I do loue,

Inforced him, wheras my lady sat,
With humble aute before her falling flat,
As in bis sorte be might ber pray and mone
To rue vpon his lord and not forget
The stedfast faith he beareth her, and loue
Kissing her hand: whome she could not remone.
Away, that would, for frowning nor for threte,
As though he wold haue sayd in my behoue,
Pity my lord your slave that doth remaine,
Lest by his death, you giltesse slay us twaine.

OF HIS RING SENT TO HIS LADIE.

Since thou, my ring, maist go, where I ne may,
Since thou maist speake where I must holde my
peace,
Say vnto her that is my lives stay,
Grauen within which I do here expresse;
That soone shall the sunne not shine by day,
And with the raine the floodes shall waxen lease,
Sooner the tree the hunter shall bewray,
Then I for change, or choice of other loue,
Do euer seke my fancies to remoue.

THE CHANGEABLE STATE OF LOUERS.

For that a restlesse bed must somewhat haue in
vre, [lure.
Wherwith it may acquainted be, as falcon is with
Fancy doth me awake out of my drowsy slepe,
In seeing how the little mouse, at night begins to
crepe.
So the desirous man, that longes to catch his pray,
In spying how to watche his time, lyeth lurking
styll by day.
In hoping for to haue, and fearing for to finde
The value that shoule recure his sore, and sor-
roweth but the minde.
Such is the guise of loue, and the vncertayn state,
That some shoule haue their hoped hap, and other
hard estate. [had,
That some shoule sem to ioy in that they never
And some again shal frowne as fast, where cause-
losse they be sad. [large,
Suche trades do louers use, when they be most at
That guyd the stree when they themselves ly-
fettered in the horge.
The greeneesse of my youth cannot therof expresse
The processe, for by prose vndeownen, all this is
but by gesse. [peace,
Wherefore I hold it best, in time to holde my
But wanton will it cannot holde, or make my pen
to cease.
A pen of no awayle, a fruitles labour eke,
My troubled bed with fancies fraught, doth paue
it selfe to seke:
And if perhaps my wordes of none availe do prick
Such as do fele the hidden harmes, I would not
they should kicke. [no harme,
As causelesse me to blame which thinketh them
Although I semed by others fire, sometime my
self to warnie,
Which cleerly I deny, as giltesse of that
crime,
And though wrong demde I be therin, truth it
wyll trie in time.

A PRAISE OF AUDLEY.

Whan Audley had run out his race, and ended were
his dayes, [some worthy praise.
His fame slept forth and bad me write of him
What lyfe he had, what actes he did, his vertues
and good name, [same.
Wherto I calde for true report, as witness of the
Wel borne he was, wel hent by kind, whose mind
did never swarwe [suarie.
A skilfull head, a valiant hart, a ready hand to
Brought up and trainde in feates of warre long
time beyond the seas,
Calde home againe to serue his prince, whom still
he sought to please.
What tornay was there he refude, what seruice
did he shoun? [exploit was doon?
Where he was not nor his aduice, what great
In town a lamb, in field full fierce, a lyon at
the nede.
In sobre wit a Solomon, yet one of Hector's sede.
Then shame it were that any tong should now de-
fame his dedes, [succeedes,
That in his life a mirrour was to all that him
No poore estate nor hys renoune his nature could
peruert, [his constant hart;
No hard mischance that him befell could moue
Thus long he liued, loued of all, as one mislykete
of none, [paragon?
And where he went, who cald him not the gentle
Bat course of kinde doth cause eche frute to fall
when it is ripe, [gremous gripe.
And spitefull death will suffer none to scape his
Yet though the gronde received haue his corps
into her wombe, [his tombc,
This epitaph ygrave in brasse, shal stand upon
Lo! here he lies that hated vice, and virtuous
life imbrast, [the well plast.
His name in earth, his sprite aboue, deserves to

TYME TRYETH TRUETH.

Eche thing I see hath tyme, which tyme must
trye my trouth,
Which trouth deserves a special trust, on trust
gret frenndship groweth; [found;
And frenndship may not fail where faithfulesse is
And faithfulesse is full of frute, and frutful things
be sounde. [of prayse,
And sound is good at proose, and proose is princ
And precious praise is such a pearle, as seldome
nere decayes. [must abide,
All these things time tries fourth, which time I
How shoulde I boldly credite cruse till time my
trouth haue tride;
For as I found a time to fall in fancies frame,
So I do wishe a lucky time for to declare the same.
If hap may aunsweare hope, and hope may haue
his hire,
Then shall my hart posseesse in peace, the time
that I deare.

THE LOUER REFUSED OF HIS LOUE,
EMBRACETH DEATH.

My youthfull yeres are past,
My ioyfull dayes are gone,
My lyfe it may not last,
My grane and I am one.

My mirth and joyes are fled,
And I a man in wo;
Desirous to be ded,
My mischief to forgo.

I burne and am a colde,
I freeze amids the fire,
I se she doth withhold
That is my most desire.

I see my helpe at hande,
I see my life also,
I see where she doth stande
That is my deadly fo.

I see how she doth see,
And yet she wyl be blinde,
I see in helping me,
She sekes and wyl not finde.

I see how she doth wry,
When I begin to mone,
I see when I come nye,
How faine she woulde be gone.

I see, what wyl ye more?
She wyl me gladly kyll;
And you shall see therfore
That she shall have her wyl.

I cannot live with stones,
It is to hard a food,
I will be dead at ones
To do my lady good.

THE PICTURE OF A LOUER.

BEHOLD my picture here wel portrayed for the
none, [very bones.
With hart consumed and falling flesh, behold the
Whose cruel chaunce ales, and dealeyn is such,
Only because I put my trust in some folke all
to much.

For since the time that I did enter into this pine,
I never saw the rising sunne but with any weping
eyen;
Nor yet I never heard so swete a voice or sound,
But that to me it did encrease the dolour of my
wounde.

Nor in so soft a bedde, alas I never lay,
But that it seemed hard to me or euer it was day.
Yet in this body bare, that nought but life re-
taines, [yet still remaines,
The strength whereof cleane past away, the care
Like as the cole in flame doth spend it selfe
se, [sumed be.
To vaine and wretched cinder dust till it con-
So doth this hope of mine enforce my feruent
sute, [eate the frute;

To make me for to gape in vayne, whilst other
And shall do tyll that death doth geue me such a
grace, [case.

To rid this sely wofull sprite out of this doulfull
And then would God were writ in stone or els in
leade, [dead.
This epitaph vpon my grawe, to shew why I am
Here lyeth the louer lo, who for the loue he aught,
Ailue vnto his ladie dere, his death thereby he
caught.

And in a shidle of blacke, lo here his armes app-
pear, [all with teares.
With weping eyes as you may see, well poudred
Lo here you may behoide, aloft vpon his brest
A womans hand straining the hart of him that
loued her best.
Wherefore all you that see this corps, for loue
that starues,
Example make vnto you all, that thankless louers
starues.

OF THE DEATH OF PHILLIPS.

BEWARE with me all ye that haue profert
Of musicke tharte, by touch of corde or wunde;
Lay downe your lutes and let your gitternes rest,
Phillips is dead, whose like you cannot finde,
Of musicke much exceeding all the rest;
Muses, therfore of force now must you wrest
Your pleasant notes into another sounde:
The string is broke, the lute is dispossest,
The hand is colde, the body in the grounde,
The lowring lute lamenteth now therfore,
Phillips her frend, that can her touche no more.

THAT AL THINGS SOM TIME FINDE
EASE OF THEIR PAIN, SAUE ONLY
THE LOUER.

I see there is no sort
Of thinges that liue in grieve,
Which at sometime may not resort
Wheras they haue reliefe.

The striken dere by kynde
Of death that standes in awe,
For his recure an herbe can finde,
The arrow to withdraw.

The chased dere bath soile,
To coole him in his heate;
The asse after his wery toile,
In stable is vp set.

The cony bath its caue,
The little bird his nest,
From heate and colde themselues to saue,
At all times as they list.

The owle with feble sight,
Lyes lurking in the leauers,
The sparrow in the frosty night
May shroude her in the eauen.

But wo to me, alas,
In sunne nor yet in shade,
I cannot find a resting place,
My burden to unlade.

But day by day still beares
The burden on my backe,
With weping eyen and watry teares
To holde my hope abacke.

All things I se have place
Wherein they bow or bende,
Sauis this, alas, my woful case,
Which no where fludeth ende.

THAASSAULT OF CUPIDE UPON THE
FORT WHERE THE LOUERS HART LAY
WOUNDED, AND HOW HE WAS TAKEN.

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort
Wherin my hart lay wounded sore,
The barty was of such a sort
That I must yelde or die therfore.

There saw I loue upon the wall,
How he his banner did display:
Alarne, alarne, he gan to call,
And bade his souldiours kepe array.

The armes the which that Cupide bare,
Were pearced hautes with teares besprent,
In siluer and sable to declare
The stedfast loue he awytes ment.

There myght you se his band all drest,
In colours, like to white and blacke:
With powder and with pelletes prest,
To bring the fort to spoyle and sacke.

Good Will the maister of the shot,
Stode in the rampire braue and proude,
For spence of pouder he spared not,
Assault, assault, to crye aloude.

There myght you haue the canous ron,
Eche pece discharged a louers loke,
Which had the power to reut, and tore
In any place wheras they toke.

And even with the trumpets swone,
The scaling ladders were vp set,
And Beauty walked vp and downe,
With bow in hand and arrowes whet.

Then first Desyre began to scale
And shrowded him vnder his targe,
As one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to geue the charge.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,
And holharden with hande strokes,
The hargabushe in fleshe it lighte,
And duns the ayre with misty smocke.

And as it is souldiers use,
When shot and powder gins to went,
I hanged up my flag of truce,
And pleaded for my liues grante.

When Fonsay thus had made her breste,
And Beauty entred with her head,
With bag and baggage sely wretch,
I yekled into Beauties hand.

Then Beauty bad to blowe retrete,
And every souldier to retire,
And Mercy wyld with spede to set
Me captiue bound as prisoner.

Madame (good I,) sith that this day
Hath serued you at all assayes,
I yeld to you without delay,
Here of the fortresse all the keyes.

And sith that I haue ben the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye,
Nedes must you with your hande warke,
Or saue my sore, or let me dye.

THE LOUER ACCUSING HIS LOUE FOR HER VNFAITHFULNESSE. 413

THE AGED LOUER RENOUNCETH LOUR.

[The grave-digger's song in HAMLET, A. 5. is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though somewhat altered and disguised, probably as the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakespeare's time. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems, 1559, and is attributed to lord VAUX, by Geo. Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed;" a popular error which he laughed at. (See his Epist. to Yong Gent prefixed to his Posies 1575. 4to.) Lord Vaux was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned mannem, &c. for so I understand an ancient writer. "The lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his mettre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his songs, wherein he sheweth the counterfeit action very lively and pleasantly." Arte of Eng. Poesie, 1589. p. 51. See also vol. 2. p. 45.—PENNY.]

I LOUER that I did love,
In youth that I thought swete:
As tyne requires for my behove,
Me thinkes they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,
My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Gray heares upon my hed.

For age with stealing steps,
Hath clawed me with his crowch,
And lusty life away she leapes,
As there had ben none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have ben of yore.

For reason me denyes,
This youthly ydle tyme
And day by day to me she cryes,
Leave off these loyes in tyne.

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face
Say, limping age will lode him now,
Where youth must geve him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the colde, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provyde

A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A howse of clay for to be made,
For such a greate morte.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
That knowes the carefull knell,
And bide me leave my woful warke,
Bw nature me compell.

My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to skorne,
Of me that cheare shal be forgoe,
As I bed not been borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,
Whose badge I long did weare,
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it heare.

Lo here the barbed skull,
By whose blude signe I know,
That stooping age away shall pull,
Which youthful yeres did now.

For beauty with her hand,
These crooked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the lande,
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that byde behyde,
Have ye noo other trust:
As ye of clay wer cast by kyns,
So shall ye wast to dust.

OF THE LADY WENTWORTHS DEATH.

To live to dye, and dye to live againe,
With good renowne of fame well led before,
Here lyeth she that learned had the lore;
Whom if the perfect vertues wolden daine,
To be set forth with foyle of worldy grace,
Was noble borne, and matcht in noble race,
Lord Wentworthes wife, nor wanted to attaine
In natures giftes, her praise among the rest:
But that that gave her praise above the best,
Not fame, her wedlockes chastnes durst distain
Wherin with child, deliuering of her wome
Thuntimely birth hath brought them both in
tomb;

So left she life by death to live againe.

THE LOUER ACCUSING HIS LOUE FOR HER VNFAITHFULNESSE PURPOSETH TO LIUE IN LIBERTIE.

THE smoky sighes, the bitter teares,
That I in value haue wasted,
The broken sleepes, the wo and feares,
That long in me heue lasted;
The loue and al I owe to thee,
Here I renouncee, and make me free.

Which fredome I haue by thy guylt,
And not by my deserulys,
Since so vncostantly thou wilt
Not loue, but still be swerwing,
To leue me of, which was thyne owne,
Without cause why, as shal be knowne.

The fruities were faire, the which did grow
Within thy garden planted,
The leaues were grene of every bough,
And moysture nothing wanted;
Yet or the blossoms gan to fall,
The eaterpillar wasted all.

Thy body was the gretes place,
And sugred woddes it beareth;
The blossomes all thy faith it was,
Which as the canker weareth,
The caterpiller is the same,
That hath wonne thee and lost thy name.

I mean the louer loued now
By thy pretended foly,
Which wilt proue like, thou shalt find how,
Unto a tree of holly,
That darke and bery bears alwaies,
The one, birdes fedes, the other slayes.

And rig't wel mightest thou haue thy wish,
Of thy loue new acquainted,
For thou art like unto the dish,
That Adrianus painted,
Wherin were grapes portmid so fayre,
That fowles for foode did there repaire.

But I am like the beaten fowle,
That from the net escaped,
And thou art like the rauening owle,
That al the night hath waked,
For none intent but to betray
The sleeping foule before the day.

Thus hath thy loue been unto me,
As pleasant and commodious,
As was the fire made on the sea
By Naulus hate so odious,
Therwith to train the Grekis host
From Troyes return, where they were lost.

*THE LOUER FOR WANT OF HIS DESIRE,
SHEWETH HIS DEATH AT HAND.*

As cypres tree that rent is by the roote,
As branche or slippe better from whence it growes,
As well sowne sede for drought that cannot sprout
As gaping ground that raines cannot close,
As moules that want the earth to do them hote,
As fishe on land to whom no waters flowers,
As chameleon that lackes the ayre so soote,
As flowers do fade when Phebus rarest showres.
As salamandra repulsed from the fire;
So wanting my wish I die for my desire.

*A HAPPY END EXEDETH ALL PLE-
SURES AND RICHES OF THE WORLD.*

The shining season here to come,
The glory in the worldes sight,
Renowmed fame though fortune wonne
The glittering golde the eyes delight,
The sensual life that semes so sweete,
The heart with joyfull dayes replete,
The thing whereto ecb wight is thral
The happy ende exeedeth all.

AGAINST AN VNSTEDFAST WOMAN.

O TEMEROUS tauntrasse that delights in toyes,
Tumbling cockboate totring too and fro,
Jangling iestres, depravresse of swete ioyes,
Ground of the gracie whence all my grief doth grow
Sullen serpent, enironed with despite,
That ill for good at all times doest requite.

*A PRAISE OF PETRARKE AND OF LAURA
HIS LADIE.*

O PETRARKE, bed and prince of poets al,
Whose lively gift of flowing eloquence
Wel may we neke, but find not how or whence,
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fat;
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortal
Be to thy name; and to her excellencie,
Whose beauty lighted in thy time and sence,
So to be set forth as none other shall.
Why hath not our pens rimes so parfit wrought?
Ne why our time futh briogeth beauty such?
To trye our wittes as gold is by the touch,
If to the style the matter ayded ought?
But there was neuer Laura more then one,
And her bad Petrarke for his paragone.

*THAT PETRARK CANNOT BE PASSED
BUT NOTWITHSTANDING THAT, LAU-
RA IS FARRE SURPASSED.*

With Petrarke to compare ther may no wight,
Nor yet attain unto so high a stile:
But yet, I got, full well where is a file,
To frame a learned man to praise aright:
Of stature meane, of seemly forme and shape,
Eche line of iust proportion to her height,
Her colour fresh, and mingled with such sleight,
As though the rose sat in the lilles lap;
In wit and tong to shew what may be sed,
To every dede she ioynes a parfit grace;
If Laure liude, she would her cleane deface:
For I dare say, and lay my life to wed,
That Mormus could not, if he downe discended,
Once iustly say, Lo! this may be amended.

AGAINST A CRUELL WOMAN.

CRUEL vnkinde, whom mercy cannot move,
Herbour of vnhappe where rigours rage doth
ruaigne,
Ground of any grief where pitie cannot proue:
Trikel to trust, of all vntruth the traime,
Thou rigorous rocke that truth cannot remoue;
Daungerous delph, depe dungeon of disdaine,
Sacke of self-will, the chest of craft and change,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Ab! pitiles plaint whom plaint cannot pro-
uoke,
Den of disceit, that right doth still refuse;
Causeles unkinde, that cariest vnder cloke
Cruelty and craft, me onely to abuse:
Stately and stubberne notwithstanding Cupides stroke,
Thou marueilous mase that makest men to muse;
Swollen by self-will, most stony stiffe and strange,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Slipper and secret where suretie cannot sow,
Net of neweltie, neest of newfanglestease,
Spring of al spite, from whence whole studdes doo
Thou caue and cage of care and craftiness, [flow,
Wauering willow that every blast doth blow,
Gracie without groth and cause of carefiness;
Heape of mishap of all my greif the grange,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Hast thou forgot that I was thyne infi
By force of loue, hast thou no hart at all?
Sawest thou not other for thy loue were left?
Knowest thou, unkinde, that nothing mought befall?
From out of my hart that could haue thee bereft?
What meanepest thou then, at ryot thus to range;
And leauest thine owne that never thought to
change?

THE LOUER SHEWETH WHAT HE
WOULDE HAUE, IF IT WERE
GRAUNTED HIM TO HAUE WHAT HE
WOULD WISHE.

If it were so that God would graunt me my re-
quest, [liked best;
And that I might of earthly thinges haue that I
I would not wish to clime to princely hys estate,
Whiche slipper is and slides so oft, and hath so
fickle fate: [hand,
Nor yet to conquer realmes with cruel sworde in
And so to shed the giltyss blood of such as would
withstand:
Nor would I not desire in worldly rule to raigne,
Whose frute is al vnquietnesse, and breaking of
the braine.
Nor richesse in excesse of vertue so abhordie,
I would not craue which bredeth care, and causeth
all discorde. [folde,
But my request should be more worth a thousand
That I might haue and her enjoy that bath my
heart in holde. [ever,
Oh God, what lusty life should we liue then for
In pleasant ioy, and perfect blisse, to length our
lives together. [ly loue,
With wordes of frendly chere, and lokes of loue,
To utter all our hote desyres, which never should
remoue. [the ground,
But grosse and gredy wittes, which grope but on
To gather much of worldly goodes which oft do
them confound,
Cannot attaine to knowe the misteries deuinie,
Of parfit loue whereto hys wittes of knowledge do
encine.
A nigarid of his golde such ioy can never haue,
Which gettes with toyle and kepes with care and
is his moncys slaye,
As they enjoy alwaies, that tast loue in his kinde,
For they do holde continually a heauen in their
minde, [an ease,
No worldly goodes could bring my heart so great
As for to finde or do the thing that might my
lady please. [joy,
For by her onely loue my hart should haue all
And with the same put care away, and all that
could annoy. [sudde
As if that any thing should chance to make me
The touching of her corall lippes would straight
waies make me gladdie:
And when that in my hart I fele that did me greue,
Which on imbracing of her armes she might me
sone releue.
And as the angelis al, which sit in heauen bie,
With presence and the sight of God, haue their
felicitie, [blisse,
So likewise I on earth, should haue all earthly
With presence of that paragon, my god in earth
that is.

THE LADIE FORSAKEN OF HER LOUER
PRAIETH HIS RETURNE, OR THE
END OF HER OWN LIFE.

To loue, alas, who would not feare,
That seeth my woful state,
For he to whom my heart I beare,
Doth me extremely hate:
And why therfore I cannot tell,
He will no lenger with me dwell.

Did you not sue and long me serue,
Ere I you graunted grace?
And will you thus now from me swarue,
That never did trappage?
Alas, pore woman! then alas!
A wery life hence must I passe:

And shall my faith haue such refuse
Indede and shall it so?
Is there no choyse for me to chuse
But must I leue you so?
Alas, pore woman! then alas!
A wery life hence must I passe.

And is there now no remedy
But that you will forget her?
There was a time when that perdy
You would haue heard her better:
But now that time is gone and past,
And all your loue is but a biast,

And can you thus breake your behest
Indede and can you so?
Did you not sware you loued me best,
And can you now say no?
Remember me pore wight in paine,
And for my sake turne once againe.

Alas, poore Dido, now I fele
Thys present painfull state,
When false Eneas did him stelle
From thee at Carbidge gate:
And left thee sleeping in thy bed,
Regarding not what he had sed.

Was never woman thus betraied,
Nor man so false forsworne:
His faith and troth so strongly tied,
Vntrouth hath al to torne.
And I haue leaue for my good will,
To wile and wepe alone my fill.

But since it will not better be
My teares shall never hlin,
To moyst the earth in such degree,
That I may drowne therein,
That by my death al men may say,
Lo! women are as true as they.

By me al women may beware,
That se my woful smart:
To seke true loue let them not spare,
Before they set their hart,
Or els they may become as I,
Which for my trouth am like to dye.

POEMS OF VNCERTAINE AUCTORS.

THE LOUER YELDEN INTO HIS LADIES
HANDES, PRAIETH MERCY.

In fredome was my fantasie,
Abhorring bondage of the minde,
But now I yelde my libertie,
And willingly my selfe I binde
Truely to serue with al my hart,
Whiles lyfe doth last not to revert.

Her beutie bounde me first of all,
And forst my will to consent;
And I agree to be her thrall,
For as she list I am content:
My will is hers in that I may,
And where she biddes I will obey.

It lyeth in her my woe or welth,
She may do that she liketh best;
If that she list I have my helth,
If she list not, in wo I rest:
Sins I am fast within her bandes
My woe and welth lye in her handes.

She can no leesse then pitie me
Sith that my faith to her is knowne:
It were to much extremitie
With crueltie to use her owne:
Alas, a sinful enterprise
To slay that yeldes at her devise.

But I thynd not her hart so hard,
Nor that she hath such cruel lust:
I doubt nothing of her reward
For my desert, but well I trust
As she hath beauty to allure
So hath she a hart that will recure.

THE NATURE WHICH WORKETH ALL
THINGES FOR OUR BEHOFE, HATH
MADE WOMEN ALSO FOR OUR COM-
FORT AND DELIGHT.

AMONG dame natures workes such perfite law is
wrought, [as they ought;
That thinges be rulde by course of kind in order
And serueth in their state, in such just frame and
sort, [thereof report,
That slender wits may iudge the same, and make
Bebold what secret forca the wynde doth easily
show, [bellowes blowe,
Which guides the shippes amid the seas, if he his
The waters waxen wilde where blustering blastes
do rise, [that devise:
Yet seldom do they passe their boundes, for nature
The fire which boiles the leade, and tryeth out
the gold, [force vnfold,
Hath in his power both helpe and hurt, if he his
The frost which kile the fruite, doth knit the
brused bones,
And is medicin of kinde, prepared for the nones.
The earth in whose entrails the foode of man
doth lie, [doth she give?
At every springe and fall of leafe, what pleasure
The syre which life desires, and is to belth so
sweete, [fortes every sprete.
Of nature yeldes such lively amelie, that com-
The sunne through natures might, doth draw
away the dew, [princely face to shew.
And spredes the flowers where he is wont, his

The moone, which may be cald the lanterne of
the night, [her light.
Is halfe a guide to traveling men, such vertue hath
The starres not vertuelesse are beauty to the eyes
A ledes man to the mariner, a signe of calmed
skyes.

The flowers and fruitful trees, to man do tribute
pay, [they fade away:
And when they have their dutie done, by course
Ech beast, both fishe and fowle, doth offer life
and all [at his call,
To nourish man and do him ease, yea serue him
The serpents venomous whose ugly shapes we
hate, [in their state.
Are soveraigne salues for sundry sores, and needful
Sith nature shewes her power, in eche thing
thus at large, [natures chargeit
Why shoulde not man submit himselfe to be in
Who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes
her thrall; [governes all.
The wisest cannot slippe her snare, for nature
Lo, nature gane vs shape, lo, nature fedes our
liues, [her force that striveth.
Then they are worse then mad, I think, against
Though some do vs to say, which can do nought
but faine, [to paine.
Women wer made for this entent, to put vs into
Yet sure I think they are a pleasure to the
minde, [assinde.
A joy which man can never want, as nature hath

WHEN ADUERSITIE IS ONCE FALLEN
IT IS TO LATE TO BEWARE.

To my mishap, alas, I finde
That happy hap is dangerous
And fortune worketh but her kinde,
To make the joyful dolorus;
But all to late it comes to minde,
To waile the want that makes me blinde.

Amid my myrrh and pleasantnesse,
Such chaunce is chaunced sodainly,
That in despaire without redresse
I find my cheifest remedy;
No new kinde of vnhappinesse,
Should thus have left me comfortlesse.

Who would haue thought that my request
Should bring me furth such bitter frute?
But now is bapt that I feard least,
And al thyss harme comes by my sute.
For when I thought me happiest
Even then bapt all my chif vnesse.

In better case was never none,
And yet vnwares thus am I trapt,
My chif desire doth cause me moane,
And to my harme my welth is bapt;
There is no man but I alone,
That bath such cause to sigh and moane.

Thus am I taught for to beware,
And trust no more such pleasant chance;
My happy hap bred me thyss care,
And brought my mirth to great mischance;
There is no man whom helpe wil spare,
But when she list his welth is bare.

OF A LOUER THAT MADE HIS ONLY
GOD OF HIS LOUER.

All you that friendship do profess,
And of a frend present the place,
Geue eare to me that did possease,
As frendly frutes as ye imbrace:
And to declare the circumstance,
There were themselves that did aduance,
To teach me truly how to take,
A faithful frende for vertues sake.

But I am one of little skil
To know what good might grow therby,
Unto my welth I had no wylle,
Nor to my nede I had none eye:
But as the chylde doth learme to go,
So I in time did learme to knowe,
Of all good frutes the world brought forth,
A faithful frende is thing most worth.

Then with all care I sought to finde
One worthy to receive such trust,
One only that was riche in minde
One secret, sober, wise and just,
Whom riches could not raise at all,
Nor poweris procure to fail:
And to be short in few wordes plaine,
One such a frende I did attaine.

And when I did enjoy this welth,
Who liued, lord, in such a case?
For to my frendes is was great helpe,
And to my foes a fowle defaute,
And to my selfe a thing so riche,
As seke the worlde and finde none anch;
Thus by this frende I set such store,
As by my selfe I set no more.

This frende so much was my delight,
When care had cleene overcome my hart,
One thought of her rid care as quite,
As never care had caudie my smart.
Thus joyed I in my frend so dere,
Was never frende set man so nere:
I cerde for her so much alone,
That other God I cerde for none.

But as it doth to them befall,
That to themselves respect haue none;
So my swete graffe is grown to gall;
Where I sowed mirth I reaped mone:
This ydoll that I honore so,
Is now transformed to my fo;
That me most pleased, me most paines
And in dispaire my heart remaines.

And for just scourge of such desert,
Thre plages I may my selfe assure,
First of my frende to lose my part,
And next my life may not endure,
And last of all the more to blame,
My soule shall suffer for the same:
Wherfore ye frendes I warne you all,
Sit fast for feare of such a fall.

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR ANTHONY
DENNY.

DEATH and the king³, did as it were contend,
Which of them two bare Denny greatest loue;
The king to shew his loue gan farre extende,
Did him aduance his bettors farre above,

Edward VI. C.

VOL. II.

Nere place, much welth, great honor eke him
gaue,

To make it known what powre gret princes haue.

But when death came with his triumphant gift,
From worldly carke he quit his weryed ghost,
Free from the corps, and straight to heaven it lift.
Now deene that can, who did for Denny most,
The knige gan welth but fading and vnsure,
Death brought him blisse that euer shall endure.

A COMPARISON OF THE LOUERS
PAINES.

LYKE as the brake within the riders hande,
Doth straine the horse, nye woode with grief of
paine,
Not used before to come in such a band,
Striueh for grieve, although God wot in vain,
To be as erst he was at libertie,
But force of force doth straine the contrarie.

Even so since band doth cause my deadly grief,
That made me so my wofull chaunce lament,
Like thing hath brought me into paine and mis-
Sauie willingly to it I did assent [chiefly
To bind the thing in fredome which was fre,
That now full sore, alas, repenteith me.

OF A ROSEMARY BRANCHE SENT.

SUCH grene to me as you haue sent,
Such grene to you I send againe;
A flowing hart that will not feint,
For drede of hope or losse of gaine:
I stedfast thought all wholy bent,
So that he may your grace obtaine,
As you by profle haue alwayes sene,
To live your owne and alwayes grene.

TO HIS LOUE, OF HIS CONSTANT
HEART.

As I haue bene, so will I euer be
Unto my death, and lenger if I might:
Haue I of loue the frendly looking eyf
Haue I of fortune fauour or despyte?
I am of rock by profle as you may see
Not made of waxe, nor of no mettal light:
As leefe to dye, by change as to decease,
Or breake the promise made, and so I leue.

OF THE TOKEN WHICH HIS LOUER SENT
HIM.

THE golden apple that the Troyan boy
Gane to Venus the fayrest of the thre,
Which was the cause of all the wrack of Troy,
Was not received with a greater joy,
Then was the same (my loue) thou sent to me:
It healed my sore, it made my sorowes free,
It gaue me hope, it banisht mine annoy:
Thy happy hand full oft of me was blist,
That can gane such a salme when that thou list.

B E

MANHODE AUJILETH NOT WITHOUT GOOD FORTUNE.

THE coward oft, whom deinty viandas fed,
That hosted mucche his ladies eares to please,
By help of them whom vnder him he led,
Hath reapt the pa.me that valiance cold not seize.
The unexpect that shores unknownen here sought,
Whom Neptune yet apaled not with feare,
In wandering shippie on trustles seas hath tought,
The skill to ffele that time to long doth leare.
The sporting knight that skorneth Cupides kinde,
With fained cbere the pained cause to brede,
In game unibdes the ieden sparkes of minde,
And gaines the gole, where glowing flames should
spede.

Thus I se proofer the trouth and manlie hart
May not anayle, if fortune chaunce to start.

THAT CONSTANCY OF AL VERTUES IS MOST WORTHY.

THOUGH in the waxe a perfect picture made,
Doth shew as faire as in the marble stone;
Yet do we see it is estemed of none,
Because that fire or force the forme doth fade,
Whereas the marble holden is full dere,
Since that endures the date of lenger dayes:
Of diamondes it is the greatest praise,
So long to last and always one tappere.
Then if we do esteme that thing for best
Which in perfection lengest time do last,
And that most vaine that turnes with every blast,
What iewel then with tong can be exprest
Like to that hert where love hath framde such
feath,
That cannot fade but by the force of death.

On, most vnhappy slave!
What man may leade this course?
To lacke he would faynest haue,
Or els to do much worse.
These be rewards for such,
As line and loue to much.

THE LOUER IN LIBERTY SMILETH AT THEM IN THRALDOME, THAT SOME-TIME SCORNED HIS BONDAGE.

At libertie I sit and see
Them that haue earst laught me to scorne,
Whipt with the whip that scourged me,
And now they banne that they were borne.

I see them sit full sobrelyes
And think their earnest lokes to hide:
Now in themselves they cannot spye,
That they or this in me haue spide.

I see them sitting al alone,
Marking the steppes, ech wrode and loke,
And now they tredes where I haue gone
The painful pathes that I forsooke.

Now I see well, I saw no whit
When they saw well that now are blinde;
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And ius judgment bath them aside.

I see them wander al alone,
And tredes full fast in dredfull dout,
Tha selfe same path that I haue gone:
Blessed be hap that brought me out.

At libertie all this I see,
And say no word but earst among,
Smiling at them that laught at me,
Lo such is hap, marke well my song.

THE VNCERTAYNE STATE OF A LOUER.

LIKE as the rage of raine
Filles riuers with excessse,
And as the drought againe,
Doth draw them leese and leese,
So I both fall and clime,
With no end yea sometime.

As they swell by and hie,
So doth encrease my state;
As they fall drye and drye,
So doth my weith abate.
As yea is mixt with no,
So mirth is mixt with wo.

As nothing can endure,
That liues and lackes relief;
So nothing can stande sure,
Where change doth raigne as chiefe.
Wherfore I must intende
To bowe when others bende.

And when they laugh to smile,
And when they wepe to waile,
And when they craft, begle,
And when they fight, assaile,
And thinke there is no change
Can make them seme to strange.

A COMPARISON OF HIS LOUE WITH THE FAITHFUL AND PAINFUL LOUVE OF TROYLUS TO CRESIDE.

I REEDS how Troylus serued in Troy
A lady long and many a day,
And how he bude so great anoy,
For her as all the stories say,
That haife the paine had never man,
Which had this wofull Trojan than.

His youth, his sport, his pleasant chere,
His courtly state and company,
In him so straungeley alred were,
With such a face of contrary,
That every ioy became a wo,
This poyson new had turnde him so.

And what men thought might most him ease,
And most that for his comfort stode,
The same did most his mind displease
And set him most in furious minde,
For all his pleasure euer lay,
To thinke on her that was away.

His chamber was his common walke,
Wherein he kept him secretly,
He made his bed the place of talk,
To heare his great enemity,

THE WOUNDED LOUER DETERMINETH TO MAKE SUTE. 419

In nothing els had he delight,
But even to be a martir right.

And now to call her by her name,
And straight therewith to sigh and throbbe:
And when his fancies might not frame,
Then into teares and so to sobbe;
All in extremes; and thus he lyes,
Making two fountaines of his eyes.

As agues have sharpe shifftes of fits
Of colde and heat successively;
So had his head like change of wits,
His pacience wrought so diversly:
Now up, now down, now here, now there,
Like one that was he wist not where.

And thus though he were Pryans sonne,
And comen of the kings hyc bloode,
This care he had ere he her wonne,
Till she that was his maistrease good,
And lothe to se her servant so,
Became phisicion to his wo.

And toke him to her handes and grace,
And said she would her minde apply,
To helpe him in his wofull case,
If she might be his remedy;
And thus they say, to ease his smart,
She made him owner of her hart.

And truth it is (except they lye)
From that day forth her study went
To shew to loue him faithfully,
And his whole mynde full to content:
So beppy a man at last was he,
And eke so worthy a woman she.

Lo, lady, then judge you by this,
Mine ease, and how my case doth fall;
For sure betwene my life and his,
No difference there is at all:
His care was great, so was his paine,
And mine is not the least of twaine.

For what he fel in seruice true,
For her whome that he loved so,
The same I fel as large for you,
To whom I doe my seruice owe;
Then was that time in him no paine,
But the now same in me doth raigne.

Which if you can compare and waigh,
And how I stand in every plight,
Then this for you I dare well say,
Your heart must nedes remorce of right,
To graunt me grace and so to do,
As Cresida then did Troylus to.

For well I wot you are as good,
And even as faire as euer was she,
And comen of as worshy blood,
And bane in you as large pitie,
To tender me your owne true man,
As she did him her servant than.

Which gift I pray God, for my sake,
Full soon and shortly you me sted,
So shall you make my sorowes stale,
So shall you bring my wo to ende
And set me in as happy case
As Troylus with his lady was.

TO LEADE A VIRTUOUS AND HONEST LYFE¹.

FLES from the prease and dwell with sofast-
ness,

Suffise to thee thy good though it be small;
For horde hath hate, and clyming ticklenes,
Praise hath envy, and weal is blinde in all:
Fauour no more then thee behoue shall,
Rede well thy self, that others well caust rede,
And trouthe shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

Paine thee not eche crok to redrause,
In hope of her that turneth as a ball;
Great rest standeth in lile businesse,
Beware also to spurne against a wall.
Strive not as doth a crok against a wall,
Demne first thy selfe, that demest others dede;
And truth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receiue in buxomnesse,
The wrestling of this world asketh a fal;
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
Forth pilgrime, forth, beast out of thy stall.
Looke vp on hyc, geve thanks to God of all,
Weane well thy lust, and honest life aye leade,
So trouthe shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

THE WOUNDED LOUER DETERMINETH TO MAKE SUTE TO HIS LADY FOR HIS RECURE.

SINS Mars first moued warre, or stirred men to
strife, [scape with lyfe:
Was never seene so fearee a fight, I scarce could
Resist so long I did, till death approachid so nye,
To save my self I thought it best with spedee away
to fye.

In danger still I fled, by flight I thought to 'scape
From my deare foe; it rayled not; alas it was to
late.

For Venus from her campa brought Cupide with
his bronde [thee in every londe

Who sayd, now yelde, or els desyre shall chase
Yet wold I not straight yelde, 'till fancy fierceli
stroke, [me with this yoke.

Who from my will did cut the raines and charged
Then all the dayes and nightes mine care might
here the sound [it self so hound.

What carefull sighs my hart wolda steals, to feele
For though within my brest, thy care I workes (he
sayd) [eye displayde?

Why for good will didst thou beholde her persing
Alas! the fish is caught through baite that bides
the booke, [her looke.

Euen so her eye me trained bath, and tangled with
But, or that it be long, my hart thou shalt be
fayne [when I complain:

To stay my life, pray her forth throw sweet lokes
When that she shall deny to do me that good
turne, [body burne,

Then shall she see to ashe-grey by flames my
Desert of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,
For fear of nay I never sought the way to frame
my sute.

Yet hap that what hap shall, delay I may to long;
Assay I shall, for I heare say, the stil man oft
hath wrong.

THE LOUER SHEWING OF THE CONTINUALL PAINES THAT ABIDE WITHIN HIS BREST, DETERMINETH TO DYE BECAUSE HE CANNOT HAUE REDRESSS.

THE doleful bell that still doth ring
The wofull knell of all my joyes,
The wretched hart doth perce and wringe
And filleth myne eare with deadly noyes.

The hungry viper in my brest
That ou my hart doth lye and gnaw,
Doth daily brede me new vnrest,
And deper sighes doth cause me draw.

And though I force both hande and eye
On pleasant matter to atend,
My sorowes to deceiue therby,
And wretched life, for to amend;

Yet goeth the mill within my hart,
Which grindeth nought but paine and wo,
And turneth all my joy to smart,
The euil corns it yeldeþ so.

Though Venus smile with yelding eyes,
And swete musike doth play and sing,
Yet doth my spretes feele none of these,
The clacke doth at mine eare so ring.

As smallest sparks uncared for,
To greatest flames do sonest grow;
Euen so did this mine inward sore,
Begin in game, and end in woe.

And now by vse so swift it goeth,
That nothing can mine eare so fill;
But that the clacke it ouergoeth,
And plucketh me backe into the mill.

But since the mill will nedes about,
The pinne whereon the wheelie doth go
I will assay to strike it out,
And so the mill to ouerthrow.

THE POWER OF LOUER OVER GODS THEMSELVES.

For loue Apollo (hys godhod set aside)
Was servant to the king of Thessaly,
Whose daughter was so pleasant in his eye,
That both his harp and sawtrey he deuide,
And bagpipe, solace of the rural bride,
Did puffe and blow, and on the holtes bye
His cattell kept with that rude melody.
And oft eke him, that doth the heauens gide,
Hath loue transformed to shapes for him to base:
Transmuted thus, sometime a swan is he,
Leda to coy; and of Europe to please.
A milde white bull, unwrinkled front and face
Suffreth her play till on his back lepes she;
Whom in great care he ferieth through the seas.

THE PROMISE OF A CONSTANT LOUER

As lawrell leaues that cease not to be grene
From parching sunne, nor yet from winters
threte;
As hardened oke that feareth no swerde so kene;
As flint for toole in twaine that will not freathe;

As fast as rocke, or piller surly set:
So fast am I to you, and ay haue bene,
Assuredly whome I cannot forget;
For joy, for Payne, for torment nor for tene;
For losse, for gaine, for frowning, nor for thret;
But euer one, yea both in calme, and blast,
Your faithfull freude, and will be to my last.

AGAINST HIM THAT HAD SLAUNDERED A GENTLEWOMAN WITH HIMSELF.

FALSE may be, and by the powers aboue,
Neuer haue he good sped or luck in loue
That so can lie, or spot the worthy fame
Of her, from whom thou R art to blame.
For chaste Diane that hunted still the chace,
And all her maids that sue her in the race,
With fair bowes bent, and arrowes by their side,
Can say that thou in this hast falsly lide:
For never hong the bow vpon the wall
Of Dianes temple, no nor never shall,
Of broken chaste the sacred vow to spot
Of her whom thou dost charge so large I wot.
But if ought be wherof her blame may rise,
It is in that she did not well advise
To marke thee right, as now she doth thee know
False of thy dede, false of thy talke also;
Lurker of kind, like serpent layd to bite,
As poysen bid vnder the suger white.
What danger such? so was the house defilde
Of Cobaltine; so was the wife beguiled.
So smarted she, and by a trayterous force;
The Cartage quene, so she fordid her corse.
So strangled was the Rhodopeian mayde.
Eye traytour eye, to thy shame it smide:
Thou dounghil crow, that crokkest against the rain,
Home to thy hole, brag not with Phœbus again;
Carriion for thee, and lothsome be thy voyce,
Thy song is fowle, I wearey of thy noysie:
Thy blacke fether, which are thy wearey wode
Wet them with teares and sorow for thy dede:
And in dark caues, where irkesome wormes do
crepe,
Lurke thou all day, and fye when thou shouldest
sleepe,
And neuer light where living thing hath life,
But eat and drink, where stinche and filth is rife.
For she that is a fowl of fether bright,
Admit she toke some pleasure in thy sight,
As foule of stale some times delight to take
Foule of mean sort, their flight with them to make,
For play of wing, or solace of their kinde
But not in sort as thou doat break thy minde;
Not for to tredre with such foule fowle as thou.
No, no, I swear, and dare it here avow,
Thou never setst thy foot within her nest:
Boast not so broade then to thine own vnrest;
But blusbe for shame, for in thy face it standes,
And thou canst not unspot it with thy handes:
For all the heauens against thee recorde heare,
And all in earth against thee eke will swaere.
That thou in this art euen none other man
But as the judges were to Susan than;
Forgers of that wherto their hast them prickt
Bashe, blaser then, the truth bath thee conuict:
And she a woman of her worthy fame
Unspotted stands, and thou hast caught the shame:
And there I pray to God that it may rest,
False as thou art, as faine as is the best.

OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE. 421

That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,
In whom all trouth first flouris'h'd and began.
And so bath stand, till now thy wretched part
Hath spotted us; of whose kinde one thou art,
That all the shame that euer rose or may
Of shameful dede, on thee may light I say.
And on thy kinde, and this I wish thee rather
That all thy seede may like be to their father:
Vntrue as thou, and forgers as thou art,
So as al we be blameless of thy part,
And of thy dede. And thus I do thee leue
Still to be false, and falsely to deceave.

A PRAISE OF MISTRES R.

I HEARD when fame with thundring voice did sum-
mon to appere [placed here.
The chief of nature's children, all that kind hath
To view what brute by virtue got their luue could
justly cruse; [worthy were to haue:
And bad 'them shew what praise by truth they
Wherwith I saw how Venus came and put her self
in place, [plead their case:
And gave her ladies leue at large to stand and
Each one was called by name a row, in that as-
semble there, [or other where:
That hence are gone or here remaines, in court
A solemn silence was proclaim'd, the judges sat
and herd [who should prefer:
What truth could tell, or craft could fain, and
Then beauty stopt before the barre, whose brest and
neck was bare, [gold she ware.
With heare trust up, and on her head a cast of
Thus Cupids thrilles began to stocck, whose houn-
gry eyes did say, [were that day.
That she had stained all the daunes that present
For ere the speake, with whispering words, the pease
was fild throughout, [a shout.
And fancy forced common voice, therat to give
Which cried to fame, take forth thy trump, and
sound her praise on hye
That glads the hart of every wight, that her be-
holdes with eye.
What stire and rule (quod order than) do these
rude people make! [vertues sake.
We hold her best that shall deserue a praise for
This sentence was no sooner said, but beauty
therewith blusht [thing was hush.
The noise did cease, the hal was still and every
Then fueness thought by training talk to win that
beauty lost, [for no cost;
And whet her tongue with ioly words, and spared
Yet wantonesse could not abide, but brake her
tale in hast, [nedes be hiest plast.
And peish pride for peccocks plumes wold
And therwithall came curiosnesse and carp'd
out of frame, [beheld the same.
The audience laught to hear the strife, as they
Yet reason sone aspeade the brute, her reverence
made and doon, [tale begoon.
She purchased fauour for to speak, and thus her
Sins bounte shall the garlond wear, and crouned
be by fame, [same.
O happy judges call for her, for she deserues the
Wher temperance governs beauties flowers, and
glory is not sought,
And abafased mekenesse mastreth pride, and
virtue dwells in thought:

Bid her come forth, and shew her face, or els na-
sent eche one. [marble stone
That true report shall graue her name in gold or
For all the world to read at will what worthines
dolh rest, [here possent.
In perfect pure vnsotted life, which she hath
Then Skil rose vp and sought the presse, to find
if that he might, [praise of right:
A person of such honest name, that men should
This one I saw full sadly sit, and shrik her self
a side, [grace did bide.
Whose sober lokes did shew what gift her wifely
Lo here (quoth Skill, good people all) is Lucrece
left aliue, [praise did stric.
And she shall most accepted be, that least for
No longer Fame could hold her peace, but blew a
blaste so highe, [through the skie;
That made an echo in the syre, and sowning
Thy voice was loud, and thus it said, come R.
with happy dayes, [thee with praise.
Thy honest life hath won thee fame, and crowned
And when I heard my maistres name, I thrust
amids the throng, [right prosper long.
And clapt my hands and wist of God, that she

OF ONE VNJUSTLY DEFAMED.

I ME can close in short and cunning verse
Thy worthy praise of bountie by deserpt,
The hatefull spite and slauder to rehers
Of them that see, but know not what thou art.
For kindle by craft bawth wrought thee so to eye,
That no wight may thy wit and virtue spye;
But be haue other fele than outward sight;
The lacke wherof doth hate and spide to trye:
Thus kinde by craft is let of vertues light.
She how the outward shew the wittes may dull
Not of the wive, but as the most intend,
Minerua yet might never perce their scull,
That Circass cup and Cupides brand hath blend,
Whose fond affects now stirred haue the brain;
So doth thy hap thy hue with colour stain,
Beauty thy foy like shape doubleth thy sore
To hyde thy wit, and shew thy vertue vain;
Fell were thy fate, if widdome were not more.
I mean by thee euen G by name,
Whom stormy wyndes of enuy and disdaine
Do tosse with boistroush blastes of wicked fame;
Where stedfastnesse as chife in thee doth raigne.
Pacienc thy setled mind doth guide and stere;
Silence and shame with many resteth there.
Tyll tyme thy mother, list them forth to call,
Happy is he that may enjoy them all.

OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE COUNT- ESSE OF PEMBROKE.

YEST once againe, my Muse, I pardon pray,
Thine intermitted song if I repeate,
Not in such wise, as when loue was my pay;
My ioly wo, with ioyfull verse to treate,
But now (unthank to our deserpt be geven,
Which merit not a heauens gift to kepe)
Thou must with me bewaile that fate hath reuen,
From earth a jewel laide in earth to slepe.

A jewel, yea a gemme of womanbed,

Whose perfect vertues linked as in chaine,
So did adorne that humble wifely hed,

As is not rife to finde the like againe.

For wit and learning framed to obey,

Her husbandes wyl that wylled her to use,
The loue he bare her chiefly as a stay

For all her frends that wold her furtherance
chuse.

Wel said therfore a heauenly gift she was

Because the best are sonest hence bereft;
And though herselfe to heauen hence did passe

Her spoile to earth from whence it came she left;
And to vs teares her absence to lament,

And eke his chaunce, that was her make by law;

Whose losse to lose so great an ornament,

Let them esteme, which true loues knot can
draw.

THAT ECHE THING IS HURT OF IT SELFE.

Why fearest thou the outward fo,

When thou thy selfe thy harm doest fede,
Of grief or hurt, of paine or wo;

Within ecbe thing is sowne the sede,

So sine was never yet the cloth,

No smith so hard his yron did heate,

But thone consumed was with moth,

Thother with canker all to freathe.

The knotty oke and waynscot old,

Within, doth eate the seily-worme,

Euen so ininde in enuy roide

Always within it selfe doth burne.

Thus every thing that nature wrought,

Within it selfe his hurt doth beare,

No outward harme nede to be sought,

Where enemyn be within so near.

OF THE CHOISE OF A WIFE.

The flickering fame that flieth from eare to eare,

And aye her strength increaseth with her flight,

Geves first the cause why men to heare delight

Of those whom she doth note for beautie bright;

And with this fame that fleeth on so fast,

Fame doth bye, when reason makes no hast.

And yet not so content they wiste to see

And thereby know if fame haue said aright,

More trusting to the trial of their eye,

Then to the brute that goes of any wight;

Wise in that point that lightly will not leue

Vnwise to seeke that may them after greue.

Who knoweth not, how sight may loue allire

And kindle in the hert a hot desire?

The eye to worke that fame could not procure,

Of greater cause there cometh hotter fire.

For ere he wete himselfe be feleth warne

The fame and eye the causers of his harme.

Let fame not make her knownen whom I shall know,

Nor yet mine eye therin to be my gyde,

Suffiseth me that vertue in her grow;

Whose simple life her fathers wal's do hide.

Content with this I leave the rest to go

And in such choise shall stand my wealth and wo.

DESCRIPTION OF AN VNGODLY WORLDE

Who loues to live in peace and marketh every
change [right wondrous strange,

Shall hear such newes from time to time, as seeme
Such fraud in frendly lakes, such frendship all

for gaine; [men retain,
Such cloaked wrath in hateful hertes, which worldly
Such fayned flatteryng faulth, amoung both high and

low; [overthrow,

Such great deceit, such subtil wits, the poore to
Such spite in sugred tonges, such malice full of

pride, [not goe unspide,

Such open wrong, such great vntruth, which can
Such restlesse soule for rowmes, which bringeth mea

to care, [not beware,

Such sliding down from slippery seats, yet can we
Such barking at the good, such bostricg of the ill,

Such threatening of the wrath of God, such vice
embraced still,

Such stryng for the best, such clyming to estate,
Such great dissembling every where, such loue all

mixt with hate,

Such traines to trap the iast, such proling faulth to
pike, [beard the like?

Such cruel words for speaking trouth, whoeoor
Such strife for stirring strawes, such discord dayly

wrought, [made of nought,

Such forged tales dul wits to blinde, such malteren
Such trifles told for trouth, such crediting of lyars,

Such silence kept when foole do speake, such laugh-
ing at the wise:

Such plenty made so scarce, such cryeng for re-
dresse, [dares not express,

Such feared signes of our decay, which long
Such changes lightly markt, such troublies still

appere, [thousand yeres,

Which never were before this tyme, no not the
Such bribing for the purse, which euer gapes for

more, [mock in store,

Such hording vp of worldly welthe, such hoping
Such folly founde in age, such will in tender yowth,

Such sundry sortes amoung great clerkes, and few
that speake the trouth,

Such falsohed vnder craft, and such vnstedfast
wayes, [now a dayes,

Was never seen within mens harts, as is founed
The cause and ground of this, is our queynt

minde, [we must leue behind.

Which thinkes to take those goodes away, which
Why do men seek to get which they cannot pos-

see? [all for wretchednesse?

Or breake their sleepes with carefull thoughts, and
Though one amounges a shire, hath welthe and

ease a while, [many a mile:

A thousand want which wileth sore, and traute
And some although they alepe, yet wealth falleth

in their lap; [tuno gaves the hap;

Thus some be riche and some be poore, as for-
Wherfore I holde him wise, which thinkes himself

at ease, [to please,

And is content in simple state, both God and man

For those that liue like gods, and honoured are to

day,

Within short time their glory falls, as flowers do

fade away.

Uncerteine is their liues, on whom this world wyl

frowne,

For though they sit above the starres, a storm

may strike them down.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOUE.

423

In welth who feares no fall, may slide from joy ful
zone; [as the moon.
There is no thing so sure on earth, but changeth
What pleasure hath the rich, or easse more than
the poore? [the more,
Although he haue a pleasant house, his trouble is
They bowe and speake him fair, which seek to suck
his blood, [his good;
And some do wish his soul in hell, and all to haue
The coueting of the goodes, doth nought but dull
the sprite. [eth for the sweet.
And some men chance to tast the sower, that grop-
The rich is still enuyed by those which eat his
bread, [are daily fed;
With fawning speche and flattning tales, his ears
In fine I see and prove the rich have many foes,
He slepeth best and careth least that little hath
to lose.
As time requireth now, who would auoide much
strife, [prince's life;
Were better live in poore estate, than lead a
To passe those troublousome times I see but little
choice, [when they rejoice.
But holpe to wale with those that wepe, and laugh
For as we se to day our brother brought in care,
To morrow may we haue such chaunce, to fall
with him in spare.
Of this we may be sure, who thinks to sit most fast,
Shall sonest fall like withered leaves, that cannot
hide a bleat;
Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as low
dote runne; [shal be done.
When every man hath played his part, our pagent
Who trusts this wretched world, I hold him worse
then medde, [to bad.
Here is not one that feareth God, the beat is all
For those that seem as saints, are devilles in their
deeds, [it beareth many wedcs.
Though that the earth bringes forth some flowers
I see no present helpe from mischiefe to prevail,
But flee the seas of worldly care or haere a quiet
style:
For who that medleth least, shall save himself
from smart: [foolish part.
Who stirres an oar in every boate shall play a

Griping of gripes greue not so sore,
Nor serpentes sting causest such smart,
Nothing on earth may pain me more,
Then sight that perst my wofull hart;
Drowned with cares still to perseuer,
Come death betimes, ioy shall I never.

O libertie! why dost thou swerue
And stell away thus all at ones?
And I in prison like to sterue,
For lack of food do graw on bones.
My hope and trust in thee was euer,
Now thou art gone, ioy shall I never.

But stylly as one all desperate,
To leade my life in misery,
Sith feare from hope hath lockt the gate
Where pity shold graunt remedy;
Dispaire this lot assignes me euer
To liue in paine, ioy shall I never.

THE LOUER PRAIETH HIS SERUICE TO BE ACCEPTED, AND HIS DEFAULTES PARDONED.

PROCRIS, that sometime serued Cephalus,
With hart as true as any lover might;
Yet her beilde in louing this vnight;
That as in hart with loue surprised thus,
She on a day to see this Cephalus,
Where he was woot to shrowde him in the shade
When of his hunting he an ende had made,
Within the woodes with dredful fote forth stalketh,
So busily loue in her hed it walketh,
That she to see him, may her not restraine.
This Cephalus that heard one shake the leaves,
Uprist all egre, thrusting after pray,
With dart in hand him list to further daine
To see his loue, but slew her in the greues,
That ment to him but perfect loue alway.
So curios beame alas the rites all
Of mighty loue, that vanethes may I thinke,
In his high seruice how to loke or winke;
Thus I complaine that wretchedst am of all
To you my loue and soueraign lady dere,
That may my hart with death or life stere,
As ye best list, that ye vouchasse in all
Mine humble seruice: And if me misfall
By negligence, or els for lacke of wit,
That of your mercy you do pardon it;
And thinke that loue made Procris shake the
leaves,
When with vnight she slaine was in the greues.

THE DISPAIRING LOUER LAMENTETH.

WALKING the path of pensive thought
I askt my heart how came this wo,
Thine eye (quod be) this care me brought,
Thy mind, thy witte, thy will also,
Enforceth me to loue her euer,
This is the cause ioy shall I never.

And as I walke as one dismayde,
Thinking that wrong this wo me lent,
Right sent me word by wrath, which said,
This iust judgment to thee is sent,
Never to die hulc dying euer;
Till breath thee fail, ioy shall thou never.

Sith Right doth judge this wo tendure
Of health, of wealth, of remedy,
As I haue done, so be she sure
Of faith and trouth until I dye,
And as this paine cloke shall I euer,
So lawdryd ioy shall I never.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOUE.

Like the phenix, a bird most rare in sight,
That nature bath with gold and purple drest;
Such she me semes in whom I most delight,
If I might speake for enuy at the least,
Nature I thinke first wrought her in despite,
Of rose and lilly that sommer bringeth first,
In beauty sure exceeding all the rest.
Under the bent of her brows iustly pight,
As diamondes or sapphires at the least,

Her glistering lights the darkness of the night,
Whose little mouth and chin like all the rest;
Her ruddy lippen exceede the coral quite;
Her yuery teeth where none excesses the rest,
Fautlesse she is from foot vnto the wast;
Her body small, and straight as mast vpright,
Her armes long in just proportion cast,
Her hands depaint with veines all blew and white:
What shall I say for that is not in sight?
The hiddeyn parts I judge them by the rest,
And if I were the foreman of the queast,
To give a verdict of her beautie bright,
For gevme Phoebus thou sholdst be dispossess;
Which doth vsurp my ladies place of right,
Here wyll I cease least enuy cause despite,
But nature when she wrought so faire a wight,
In this her worke she surely did entend
To frame a thing that God could not amend.

*THE LOUER DECLARETH HIS PAINES
TO EXEDE FARRE THE PAINES OF
HELL.*

The soules that lacked grace
Which lye in bitter paine,
Are not in anche a place,
As foolishe folke do faine;

Tormented all with fyre,
And boyle in leade againe,
With serpents full of yre
Stong oft with deadly paine;

Then cast in frozen pites,
To freeze there certain howres,
And for their painful fities
Appointed tormentours.

No, no! it is not so,
Their sorrow is not such;
And yet they have of wo,
I dare say twice as much.

Which comen because they lacke
The sight of the Godbed,
And be from that kept backe
Wherwith are angels fed.

This thing know I by loue,
Through absence crueltie,
Which makes me for to proue
Hell paine before I die.

There is no tong can tell
My thousand part of care;
There may no fire in hell
With my desire compare;

No boiling leade can pas
My scalding sighes in hete,
No snake that euer was,
With stinging can so frette.

A true and tender hart,
At my thoughten deyly doe,
So that I know but smart,
And that which loues thereto.

O Cupid, Venus wonne,
As thou hast shewed thy might,
And hast this conquest won,
Now end the same aright:

And as I am thy slave,
Contented with al this,
So help me soone to haue
My perfect earthly blisse.

*OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYAT
THE ELDER.*

Lo, dead! he liues, that whilome liued here
Among the dead that quick go on the ground.
Though he be dead, yet doth he quick spere;
By lively name, that death cannot confound:
His life for ay of fame the trump shall sound;
Though he be dead, yet liues he here aliue,
Thus can no death from Wyat life deprise.

*THE LENGTH OF TIME CONSUMETH
ALL THINGES.*

WHAT harder is than stone, what more than
water soft?
Yet with soft water drops hard stones be persed
oft.

What genes so strong impulse
That stone ne may withstand?
What genes more weke repulse
Than water prest with hand?
Yet weke though water be,
It holowith hardest flint:
By proofe whereof we see,
Time geves the greatest dint.

*THE BEGINNING OF THE EPISTLE OF
PENELOPE TO ULISSES, MADE INTO
VERSE.*

OLINGRINO make, Ulysses dere, thy wife lo sendes
to thee, [self to me.
Her dryr plaint: write not againe, but come thy
Our hateful scourge, that woman's foe, proud Troy
is now fordon; [kingdomme woon.
We buy it dere, though Priam slaine, and al his
O that the raging surges great that lechers base
had wrought [demon sought.
When first with ship he forrowed seas, and Lace-
In desert bed my shiuering coarse then shold not
have sought rest, [to west.
Nor take in grief the cherefal suane so slowly fall
And whiles I cast long running nights, how best I
might beglie, . . . [made the while:
No distaf should my widowish hand haue weary
When dread I not more daungers great then are
befall in dede?
Loue is a carefull thing (god wot) and passing ful
of drede.

*THE LOUER ASKETH PARDON OF HIS
PASSED FOLLIE IN LOUOE.*

Yot that in play peruse my plaint, and read in
time the smart, [boured in my hart
Which in my youth with sighes full cold, I ha-

THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS WHOLE STATE UNTO HIS LOUE. 428

Know ye that love in that frail age drame me to
that distresse,
When I was half another man, then I am now to
gesse.
Then for this work of waueing words, where I
now rage now rew;
Toot in the toys of troublous love as care or com-
fort grew,
I trust with you, that loves affaers by proofe haue
put in ure,
Not only pardon in my plaint, but pity to procure;
For now I wot that in the world a wonder haue I
be,
And where to long love made me blind, to late
shame makes me se:
Thus of my fault shame is the fruite, and for my
youth thus past,
Repentance is my recompence, and thus I learme
at last.
Looke what the world hath most in price, as sure
it is to kepe,
As is the dream which fancy drives, whiles sense
and reason slepe.

THE LOUER SHERWETH THAT HE WAS STRIKEN BY LOUE ON GOOD-FRI- DAY.

It was the day on which the sunne deprived of
hys light, [unto the night.
To rew Christ's death amids course gave place
When I amid mine ease did fall to such distem-
perate fits, [bereft my wits.
That for the face that hath my hart, I was
I had the bait, the hooke and all, and wist not
loves pretence; [no defence,
But farde an one, that feard no ill, nor forst for
Thas dwelling in most quiet state, I fell into this
plight, [wept in sight.
And that day gan my secret sighs, when all folke
For love that vewed me void of care, approch-
to take his pray, [lay the way.
And stopt by stelth from eye to hart, so open
And strait at eyes brake out in tears, so salt that
did declare [of care,
By token of their bitter taste that they were forgle
Now vaunt thee, love, which fleest a maid defest
with virtues rare,
And wounded hast a wight unwise, unweaponed
and unaware.

THE LOUUR DESCRIBETH HIS WHOLE STATE UNTO HIS LOUE, AND PRO- MISING HER HIS FAITHFUL GOOD WILL, ASSURETH HIMSELF OF HER AGAINE.

THE sunne when he bath spread his rases,
And shewde his face ten thousand waies;
Ten thousand thinges do then begin
To shew the life that they are in.
The heaven shewes lively art and hue,
Of sondry shapes and colours nre,
And laughes upon the earth anone.
The earth as cold as any stone;

Wet in the teares of her own kinde,
'Gins then to take a joyful minde:
For well she feeleth that out and out,
The sunne doth warme her rounde about;
And dries her childre tenderly,
And shewes them forth full orderly.
The mountaines hye and how they stand,
The valleies and the great maine land;
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles and the rivers long:
And even for joy thus of this beate
She sheweth furth her pleasures great;
And slepes no more but sendeth forth,
Her clergions her own dene worth.
To mount and fly up to the syre,
Where then they sing in ordre faire;
And tell in song full merrily,
How they haue slept full quietly,
That night about their mother sides,
And when they haue song more besides,
Then fall they to their mothers brestes,
Where els they fele or take their restes.
The hunter then soundes out his horne,
And rangeth straite through wood and corne.
On hilles then shew the ewe and lambe,
And every young one with his dambe;
Then louers walk and tell their tale,
Both of their blisse and of their bale;
And how they serve and how they doe,
And how their ladie loues them to.
Then tune the birdes their armonie,
Then flock the foule in companie;
Then every thing doth pleasure finde
In that that comforts all their kinde.
No dreames do drench them of the night,
Of foes that wold them slea or bite,
As boundes to hunt them at the taile,
Or men force them through hill and dale;
The shepe then dreams not of the woulf;
The shipman forces not the goulf:
The lambe thinkes not of the butchers knife
Should then bereue him of his life;
For wben the sunne doth once raune in,
Then all their gladnes doth begin;
And then their skips, and then their play,
So falls their sadness then away:
And thus all thinges have comforting,
In that that doth them comfort bring;
Save I, alas! whom neither sunne
Nor ought that God hath wrought and don
May comfort ought, as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.
For being absent from your sight,
Which are my joy and whole delight,
My comfort and my pleasure to,
How can I joy? how should I do?
May sick men laugh that sore for paine?
Joy they in song that that do complain?
Are martyrs in their torment glad?
Doe pleasure please them that are mad?
Then how may I in comfort be,
That lack the thing should comfort me?
The blind man oft that lackes his sight,
Complains not most the lack of light;
But those that knew their perfectnes,
And then do mise their blissfulnes;
In martirs tyme they sing and waile
The want of that which doth them faire;
And herof comes that in my braines,
So many fancies work my paines;

POEMS OF VNCERTAINE AUCTORS.

But he on hys that secretly beholdest
The state of things, and times hath in his hand,
And pluckes in plagues, and them again unfolds,
And hath spoynted realmes to fall and stand;
He in the midst of all this sturre and rout,
Can bend his browes, and moue himself about.

As who shold say, and are ye minded so?
And thus to those, and whom you know I loue?
Am I such one, as none of you do know?
Or know you not that I sit here aboue,
And my handes doe hold your weth and wo,
To raise you now, and now to ouer throw,

Then thinke that I, as I haue set you all
In places where your honours lay, and fame;
So now my selfe shal geue you eche your fall
Where eche of you shall have your worthy shame;
And in their handes I wyl your fall shall be,
Whose fall in yours you sought so sore to see,

Whose wisdome hys as he the same fore saw,
So it is wrought, such lo! his justice is,
He is the Lord of man, and of his law,
Praise therfore now his mighty name in this;
And make accoupt that this our case doth staude;
As Israell free from wicked Pharnos hand.

THE LOUER TO HIS LOUE HAUING FORSAKEN HIM, AND BETAKEN HER SELFE TO AN OTHER.

The herte that somtyme built within my brest
And there as then chiefe succour did recueise;
Hath now elsewhere built her another nest,
And of the old hath taken quite her leue.
To you mine oste that harbour mine old guest,
Of such a one, as I can now conceiue.

Sith that in change her choise doth chief consist,
The hauke may check, that now comes faire to fast.

THE LOUER SHEWETH THAT IN DISSEMBLING HIS LOUE OPENLY HE KEPETH SECRET HIS SECRET GOOD WILL.

Not like a God came Jupiter to woo,
When he the faire Europa sought unto:
Another forme his godly wisdome take,
Such in effect, as writhet Ouides boke;
As on the earth no living wight can tell,
That mighty Jove did loue the quene so well.
For had he come in golden garmentes bright,
Or so as men mought haue stared on the sight;
Spred had it benc, both through earth and aire,
That Jove had loued the lady Europa fair.
And then had some bene angry at the hart,
And some agaue as ielous for their part.
Both which to stop, this gentle god toke miod,
To shape himselfe into a brutish kind;
To such a kiude as bid what state he was,
And yet did bring him, what he sought to passe.
To both their ioyes, to both their comforte none,
Though knowne to none, till all the thing was done;
In which attempt, if I the like assay,
To you, to whom, I do my selfe bewray:
Let it suffice that I do seke to be,
Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

THE LOUER DISCEUED BY HIS LOUE REPENTETH HIM OF THE TRUE LOUE HE BARE HER.

I THAT Ulysses yeres haue spent
To finde Penelope,
Finde well that folly I haue ment
To seke that was not so,
Since Truylus case hath caused me
From Cresea for to go,

And to bewaile Ulysses truth,
In sea and stormy skies,
Of wanton will and raging youth,
Which me haue tomed sore,
From Scylla to Charibdis clives,
Upon the drowning shore.

Where I sought hanen, there found I hap,
From danger unto death;
Much like the mouse that tredes the trap
In hope to finde her foode,
And bites the bread that stops her breath,
So in like case I stode.

Till now repentance hasteth him,
To further me so fast,
That where I sanke there now I swim,
And haue both stremme and wiede,
And lucke as good, if it may last,
As any man may finde.

That where I perished, safe I passe,
And finde no perill there,
But stedy stome, no grounde of glasse,
Now am I sure to sauie,
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such anker holde I haue.

THE LOUER HAUING ENJOYED HIS LOUE HUMBLY THANKETH THE GOD OF LOUE, AND AVOWING HIS HART ONLY TO HER FAITHFULLY PROMISETH VTERLY TO FORSAKE ALL OTHER.

THOU Cupid god of loue, whom Venus thrallis do serue
[well deserve;
I yelde thee thankes upon my knees, as thou dost
By the my wished ioyes haue shaken off dispaire.
And all my stormy dayes be past, and wether
Waxeth faire;
By the I haue received a thousand times more ioy
Then euer Paris did possess, when Helen was in
Troy.
By the haue I that hope, for which I longde so sore,
And when I thinkes vpon the same, my hart doth
leape therfore.
By the my heauey doutes and trembling feares are
fled, [thoughts are fed:
And now my wits that troubled wet, with plenam
For dread is banisht cleane, wherein I stood full oft,
And doubt to speake, that lay full low, is lifted now
alouf.
With armes bespred abrode, with opende handes
and hart, [my smart.
I have enjoyed the frute of hope, reward of all
The seale and signe of loue, the key of trouth and
trust, [the louers last.
The pledge of pure good will base I, which makes

THAT FEW WORDES SHEW WISDOME, AND WORK MUCH QUIET. 429

Such grace sinn I haue founde, to one I me betake,
The rest of Venus derlinges all, I utterly forsake;
And to performe this vow, I bid my eyes beware,
That they no straungers do salute, nor on their beaties stare.

My wits, I warne ye all, from this time forth take heide. [fide].
That ye no wanton toyes devise, my fancies new to My eares be ye shut up, and bese no woman's voice, [hart rejoice].
That may procure me once to smile, or make my My feete falle slow be ye, and lame when ye should move,

To bring my body any where, to seke another loue: Let all the gods above, and wicked sprites below, And every wight in earth accuse, and curse me where i go;

If I do false my faith, in any point or case, A sodein vengeance fall on me, I aske no better grace;

Away then sily ryme, present mine earnest faith, Unto my lady where she is, and mark thou what she saith;

And if she welcome thee, and lay thee in her lap, Spring thou for joy, thy maister bath his most desired hap.

TOTUS MUNDUS IN MALIGNO POSITUS.

COMPLAINCE we may, much is amisse, Hope is mie gone to haue redresse, These daies beyn ill, nothing sure is, Kinde hart is wrapt in hevinnesse.

The sterpe is broke, the saile is rent, The shipp is given to winde and wane, All helpe is gone, the rocke present, That will be lost, what man can save?

Thinges hard, therfore, are now refused, Labour in youth is thought but vaine: Duty by will-not is excused, Remoue the stop, the way is plaine.

Learning is lewd, and held a foole; Wisedome is shent, counted to raille, Reason is banisht out of schole, The blinde is bold, and worder prevale.

Power without care slepeth at ease, Will without law, runneth where he list, Might without mercy cano not please, A wise man saith not, had I wist.

When power lackes care and forceh not, When care is feble and may not, When might is slothful and will not, Weedes may grow where good herbs cannot.

Take wrong away, law nedeth not, For law to wrong is bridle and paine; Take feare away, law booleth not, To strive against stremme, it is but vaine.

Wylly is witty, braineick is wise, Trout is folly, and might's right, Wordes are reason, and reason is lies, The bad is good, darknesse is light.

Wrong to redresse wisedome dare not, Hardy is happy, and ruleth most, Willfull is wileesse, and careth not Which end go first, till al be lost.

Few right do loue, and wrong refuse, Pleasure is sought in every state, Likynge is lust, there is no chuse, The low geve to the hye checke mate.

Order is broke in thinges of weight, Measure and mean who doth not fine? Two thinges preuaile, money and sleight, To aene is better than to be.

The bowle is round, and doth downe slide, Echo one thruseth, none doth uphold, A fall failes not, where blinde is guide, The stay is gone, who can him hold?

Folly and falshod prateth space, Trout under bushet is faine to crepe, Flattery is treble, pride singes the base, The meane the best part, scant doth pepe.

This fierie plague the world infectes, To vertue and trouth it geves no rest, Mens harts are burnde with sundry sectes, And to eche man, his way is best.

With fliodes and stormes thus be we lost, Awake, good Lord, to thee we crye, Our shipp is almost wonk and lost, Thy mercy help our misery.

Mans strength is weake; mans wit is dull, Mans reason is blinde, these thinges t'amend, Thy hand (O Lord) of might is full, Awake betyme, and helpe us send.

In thee we trust, and in no wight, Save us; as chickens under the hen; Our crookednes thou canst make right, Glory to thee for aye. Amen.

THE WISE TRADE OF LYFE.

Do all your dedes by good advise, Cast in your minde alwaies the end; Wit bought is of to dene a price, The tryed trust, and take as frend. For frendes I find there be but two, Of countenance, and of effect: Of thone sort there are inow, But few been of thother sect. Beware also the venym swete, Of crafty wordes and flattery; For to deceiue they be most mete, That best can play hypocriisy.

Let wisedome rule your dede and thought, So shall your workes be wisely wrought.

THAT FEW WORDES SHEW WISDOME, AND WORK MUCH QUIET.

Who list to leade a quiet life, Who list to ride him self from stryfe, Give eare to me, marke what I say, Remember well, bese it awaie.

Holde backe thy tong at meate and meale,
Speak but few wordes, beatow them well;
By wordes the wise thou shalt espye,
By wordes a foole sone shalt thou trye,
A wise man can his tongue make cease,
A foole can never holde his peace.
Who loveth rest, of wordes beware,
Who loveth wordes, is sure of care:
For wordes oft many have been shent,
For silence kept, none hath repent.
Two eares, one tong, onely thou hast,
Mo thinges to haue then wordes to wast.
A foole in wise can forbear,
He hath two tonges, and but one eare.
Be sure thou keape a stedfast brayne,
Lest that thy wordes put thee to payne;
Wordes wisely set are worth much gold,
The price of rashnesse is sone told.
If time require wordes to be had,
To hold thy peace I count thee mad.
Talke only of nodeful verities,
Strive not for trifling fantasies;
With sobernesse the truthe bout out,
Affirme no thing, wherin is doute.
Who to this lore will take good bede,
And spend no mo wordes, than he nede,
Though he be a foole, and have no braine,
Yet shall he a name of wisdom gaine.
Speake while time is, or hold thee still,
Wordes out of time, do oft things spill;
Say well, and do well, are things twaine,
Twice blest is he in whom both raigne.

THE COMPLAINT OF A HOT WOER DELAYED WITH DOUBTFULL COLD ANSWERS.

A KINDE of coal is as men say,
Which have assaid the same?
That in the fire, will wast away,
And outward cast no dame.

Unto my self may I compare
These coales, that so consume,
Where bought is sene, though men do stare,
Instede of flame but fume.

They say also, to make them burne,
Cold water must be cast,
Or elcs to ashes they will turne,
And half to sinder waste.

As this is wonder for to se,
Cold water warm the fire,
So bath your coldnesse caused me
To burne in my desire.

And as this water, cold of kinde,
Can cause both heat and cold;
And can these coales both break and bind,
To burne, as I have told;

So can your tong of frozen yse,
From whence cold answers come,
Both coole the fire, and fire entice,
To burne me all and sone;

Lyke to the corne that stands on stacke,
Which mowen in winter sunne,
Full fayre without, within is black,
Such heates therin doth runne;

By force of fire this water cold
Hath bred to burne within;
Even so am I that beaten doth bold,
Which cold did first begin.

Which heat is stink, when I do strise,
To have some ease sometime;
But flame a freshe I do reniue,
Wherby I cause to clyme

Instede of smoke a sighing breath,
With sparks of sprinkled teares,
That I should live this living death,
Which wasted and never weares.

THE ARTWERE.

YOUR borrowed meane to moue your mone, of
fume withouten flame,
Being fet from smithy smoaking coale, ye seeme
so by the same
To shew in what such coals use, taught by such
as have assayde,
As I, that most do wish you well, and so right
well appayd,
That you have such a lesson learned, how either
to maintaine, [in vaine;
Your fredome of unkindled coale, upheaped all
Or how most frutifully to frame, with worthy
workmans art, [of beated hart;
That cunning piece may pass therethro, by help
Out of the forge, wherin the fume of rigbes
doth mount aloft, [metal soft.
That argues present force of fire, to make the
To yield unto the hammer bed, as best the work-
man liker, [temper strikis;
That the yron glowing after blast in time and
Wherin the use of water is, as you do seeme to say,
To quench no flame, ne hinder heat, ne yet to
wast away;
But that which better is for you, and more do-
lith me, [like to be;
To sauue you from the sodeyne wast, vaine cinder-
Which lasting better liker in love, as you your
seemle ply, [teeth by and by:
Then doth the baven blase, that fumes and fet-
Sith then you know each use, wherein your cole
may be appalde, [hote,
Either to lye and last on boorde, in open ayre to
Withouten use to gather fat by falling of the
raines, [in his reines,
That makes the pitchy joyce to grow, by sotting
Or lye on fornace in the forge, as is his use of
right, [yelde her might;
Wherein the water trough may serue, and enter
By work of smitha both hand and bed, a cu-
ning key to make, [undertake;
Or other pece as cause shall crane, and bid him
Do as you deme most fit to do, and whereupon
may grow [know.
Such joy to you, as I may joy your joyful cas to

AN EPITAPH MADE BY W. G. LYING ON HIS DEATH BED, TO BE SET UPON HYS OWN TOMB.

Lo here lyeth G. under the grounde,
Among the gredy wormes,
Which in his life tyme never found
But strife and sturdy stormes.

And nathele through a wicked wife,
As to the worlde apperes,
She was the shortyng of his life,
By many deyng and yeres;

He might have lihed long, god wot,
His yeres they were but yong,
Of wicked wises, this is the lot
To kill with spifull tong.

Whose memory shall still remayne
In writing here with me,
That men may know, whom the bath slayne,
And say this same is she.

AN ANSWER.

If that thy wicked wife had upon the thread,
And were the weafer of thy wo,
Thou art then double happy to be dead,
As happily dispatched so;

If rage dyd causse thee to complayne,
And mad moodes, moner of thy mone,
If frensy forced on thy testy brayne,
Then blest is she to live alone.

So whether were the ground of others grefe,
Because so doubtful was the done,
Now death hath brought your payne a right redre,
And blessed be ye both become: [i.e.]

She that she liues no longer bound to bears
The rule of such a froward hed,
Thou, that thou liuest no longer fayne to feare
The restles ramp, that thou hadst wed;

Be thou as glad therfore that thou art gone,
As she is glad she doth abide,
For so ye be a sonder, all is one,
A badder match cannot betide.

EN EPITAPH OF MAISTER HENRY WILLIAMS.

From worldly wo, the ende of misbelife,
From cause of care that leadeth to lament,
From wayne delight the ground of greater grefe,
From fear for frendes, from mister to repent:
From painfull pangs; last sorrow that is sent,
From drede of death, sith death doth set us free,
With it the better pleased should we be.

This lothsome life, where lyking we do finde
The creature of our crimes doth us bereue,
Our bliss that alway ought to he in minde.
This wily world, whiles here we breath alue,
And flesh our fyned so, do stify strive,
To flatter us, assuring here the joy,
Where we alas, do find but great annoy.

Untold heasper though we have of worldly
wealth,
Though we possess the sea and fruitful ground
Strength, beuty, knowledge, and unharmed health,
Though at a wish, all pleasure do abound,
It were but vaine, no frendship can be founde,
When death assaulteth with his dreadfull darte,
No ransome can stay the home hasting harte.

And sith thou cut the lices-line in twaine,
Of Henry, sonne to sir John Williams knight,
Whose manly hart and prowes none could staine,
Whose godly lyfe to vertue, was our light,
Whose worthy fame shall flourish long by right,
Thou in this lyfe so cruel mightest thou be,
His sprite in heaven shall triumph over thee.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

STAY gentle frend that passest by,
And learme the lore that leadeth all,
From whence we come with hast to bye,
To lyue to dye, and stand to fall:

And learme that strength and lusty age,
That wealth, and want of worldly woe
Can not with stand the mighty rage
Of death, our best unwelcome foe.

For hopefull youth had hight me health,
My lust to last till time to dye,
And fortune found my virtue wealth,
But yet, for all that, here I lye.

Learme also this, to ease thy mynde
When death on corps hath wrought his spight,
A time of triumph shalt thou finde
With me to scorne him in delight.

For one day shall we mete again,
Mauger deathes dart, in life to dwell;
Then will I thank thee for thy paine,
Now marke my wordes and fare thou well.

AGAINST WOMEN EITHER GOOD OR BAD.

A MAN may live thrise Nestor's life,
Thrise wander out Ulysses race,
Yet never finde Ulysses wife,
Such change hath chanced in this case,

Lesse age will serve then Paris had,
Small pein (if none be small enough)
To finde good store of Helenes trade,
Such sap the root doth yeide the bough;

For one good wife Ulysses slew
A worthy knot of gentle blood;
For one yll wife Greece overthrew
The town of Troy. Sith had and good;
Bring mischief, Lord let be thy will
To keep me free from either ill.

AN ANSWER.

THE vertue of Ulysses wife,
Doth liue, though she hath cast her race,
And far surmounte old Nestor's life;
But now in moe than then it was,
Such change is chanced in this case.

Ladies now liue in other trade,
Farre other Helenes now we see,
Then she whom Trojan Paris had.
As vertue fedes the roote, so be
The sap and roote of bough and tre.

Ulysses rage, not his good wife,
Spilt gentle blood. Not Helenes face,
But Paris eye, did raise the strife,
That did the Trojan buylding race;
Thus sith ne good, ne had do yll:
Them all, O Lord maintaine my will,
To serve with all my force, and skill.

*AGAINST A GENTIL WOMAN BY WHOM
HE WAS REFUSED.*

To false report and flying fame,
Whilst my minde gaue credit light,
Believing that her bolstered name
Had stiffe to shew that praise did bight.
I find well now I did mistake,
Upon report my ground to make.

I heard it said, such one was she,
As rare to finde as paragon,
Of lowly chere, of hart so free,
As her for bountie could paunce none.
Such one were faire, though form and face
Were meane to paunce in second place.

I sought it neare thinking to finde
Report and dede both to agree,
But chaunge had tried her nuttle minde,
Of force I was enforced to see,
That she indeede was nothing so:
Which made my will my hart forego:

For she is such, as geseon none,
And what she most may boast to be;
I find her matches more then one,
What nede she so, to deale with me?
Ha flying face, with scornful hart,
So ill reward for good desert?

I will repent that I haue done,
To ende so well the losse is small;
I lost her loue, that lessē hath won,
To want she had me as her thrall;
What though a gillot sent that note,
By cocke and pye, I meant it not.

THE ANSWERE.

Whom fancy forced first to love,
Now frensy forceth for to hate,
Whose minde erst madnes sgan to moane,
Inconstaunce causeth to abat.
No minde of meane, but heat of braine,
Bred hate loue like heate hate agayne;

What hurle your hart in so greate heat?
Fancy forced by fained fame,
Belike that she was light to get,
For if that vertue, and good name,
Moved your minde, why changed your will,
Sith vertue the cause abideth still?

Such fame reported her to be,
As rare it were to find her peers
For vertue or for honestie,
For her free hart, and lowly cheere;
This laud had lyed, if you had sped,
And fame bene false, that hath been spred.

Sith she hath so kept her good name,
Such praine of life and gifte of grace,
As Brute wifē blusheth fur to blame,
Such fame as fame fears to deface,
You slander not; but make it plain,
That you blame Brute, of brutish train,

If you have found it, loking here,
Not as you take the brute to be,
Belyke you ment by lowly cheere,
Bountie and hart, that you call free:
But lead lightnesse easie to frame,
To winne your will against her name.

Nay she may dene your deming so,
A mark of madnesse in his kinde,
Such causeth not, good name to go,
As your fond folly sought to finde:
For brute of kinde bent ill to blase,
Alway saith ill, but forced by cause.

The mo there be such as is she,
More should be Gods thanke for his grace,
The more is her ioy it to see;
Good should by geseon earne no place,
Nor nomber make nought, that is good,
Your strange lustyng bed wants a hood.

Her dealing greveth you (say ye)
Besides your labour lost in vaine,
Her dealing was not as we see;
Slander the end of your great paine:
Ha lewd lying lips, and bateful hart,
What canst thou desire in such desyre?

Ye wyll repent, and right, for done
Ye haue a dede deserving shame,
From reasons race fur haue ye ronne,
Hold your railing, kepe your tong tame;
Her lone! ye lye, ye lost it not,
Ye never lost that ye never got.

She refyt ye not your libertie
She vaunteth not she bnd you thrall,
If oft haue done it, let it lye
On rage, that refyt you wit and all,
What though a varlets tale you tell,
By cocke and pye, you do it well.

*THE LOUER DREDDING TO MODE HIS
SUTE FOR DOUT OF DENIAL, AC
CUSETH ALL WOMEN OF DISDAINE
AND FICKLENESSE.*

To walk on doutful ground where danger is
sene,
Doth double men that carelesse be in depe despair
I wene;
For as the blinde doth fear, what footing he shall
fide,
So doth the wise, before he speake, mistrust the
strangers minde;
For he that blithly runs, may light amog the
breers,
And so be put unto his plunge, where danger least
appere.
The bird, that silly foole, doth warne us to beware,
Who lighteth not on every bush, he dreadeth so
the snare.

The mouse that shons the trap, doth shew what
harm doth lye;
Within the swete betraying bait that oft deceives
the eye.
The fish swuds the hook, though hunger bids him
bite, [delite.
And houereth still about the worme, wheron is his
If birdes and beastes can see, where their undoing lies,
How shoud a mischief scape our heads that haue
both wit and eyen?
What madnesse may be more, than plow the bar-
ren feilde? [unweide?
Or any fruitfull wordes to sow, to ears that are
They haue, and then mislike, they lyke, and then
they lothe;
They hate, they loue, they scorn, they praise, yea
sure they can do both.
We see what failes they haue that clime on trees
unknowne; [overthowne;
As they that trust to rotten bower, must nedes be
A smart in silence kept, doth easse the hart much
more, [the sore.
Then for to plaine where is no value, for to recure
Wherfore my griefe I bide within a hollow hart,
Until the smoke thereof be spred, by flaming of
the smart.

AN ANSWERE.

To trust the fayned face, to rue on forced tears,
To credit finely forged tales, wherein there oft
appeares, [smart,
And breathes as froun the brest, a smoke of kyndled
Where only lurkes a depe deceit, within the hollow
hart; [minde
Betrayes the simple soule, whom plaine deceitlesse
Taught not to feare that in it selfe it selfe did never
Ande.
Not every trickling teare doth argue inwardle paine,
Not every sigh doth surely shew the sigher not to
faine;
Nor every smoke doth prove a presence of the fire;
Nor every glistring geues the gold that greedy folk
desire;
Not every wailing word is drawen out of the depe;
Not griefe, for want of granted grace, enforceith
all to wepe:
Or malice makes the minde to shed the boyled
brine, [eyen:
And envious humour oft unlades by conduites of the
Oft craft can cause the man, to make a seeming
shew
Of hart with dolour all distreind, where griefe
did never grow.
As cursed crocodile most cruelly can tole
With trouthelesse teares unto his death the silly
pitifing soule.
Blame never those therfore, that wisely can beware
The guileful man, that suthy saith himselfe to
dread the snare: [song:
Blame not the stopped eares, against the syrens
Blame not the mind not moued with mone of ful-
heds flowing tong.
If guile do guide your wit, by silence so to speak,
By craft to craue and faine by fraude the cause
that you wold break. [game,
Great harme your scuttle soule shall suffer for the
And mighty loue will wreke the wrong so cloaked
with his name;

But we, whom you have warnde, this lesson learne
by you, [rotten bow;
To know the tree before we clime; to trust no
To view the lined bushes, to look afore we light;
To shunne the perious baited booke, and use a
further sight,
As do the mouse, the bird, the fish, by example ffly
shew, [simples wo.
The wily wits and ginnes of men do worke the
So simple sit we are, and you so subtle be,
God help the mouse, the bird, the fish, and us
your sleigtes to flee.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIS FAULTE,
THAT WITH UNGENTLE WRITING HAD
DISPLEASED HIS LADY.

Ah! loue, how wairward is his wit? what panges
do perce his breast [his rest,
Whom thow to wait upon thy will haest rened of
The light, the darke, the sunne, the moone, the day
and eke the night:
His daily dyeng life, himselfe, be hateth in de-
spight. [in thrah,
Sith first be light to loke on her that holdeth him
His mouing eyen, his moued wit, be curseth, hart
and all.
From hungry hope to pining fear, each hap doth
hurle his hart; [into smart,
From panges of plaint, to fits of fume, from aking
Eche moment so doth change his cheare, not with
recourse of ease,
But with sore sortes of sorowes still he worketh
as the seas: [truly wise,
That turning windes, not calme returnde rule in un-
As if their bolds of hills upburde, they bristen
out to rise;
And paffe away the power that is unto their king
assigne,
To pay that, sith theyr prisonement, they deme to
be behinde.
So doth the passions long represt within the wofull
wight,
Breake downe the bankes of all his wittes, and out
they gashen quite [rule, and stay,
To rearre uprores; now they be free from reasons
And hedlong hales the unruly race his quiet quite
away. [rage,
No measure hath he of his ruth; no reason in his
No bottom ground where stayes his griefe, thus
wears away his age.
In wishing wants, in waiting woe. Death doth he
dayly call [at all.
To bring release, when of relieve he seeth no hope
Thence comes that oft in depe despeire to rise to
better state, [of all his fate;
On beauen and heauenly lampes he layeth the fawt
On God and Gods decreed dome crieth out with
cursing breath,
Eche thing that gue and saues him lyfe he
dammeth of his death.
The wombe him hare, the brestes he stuckt, each star
that with their might
Their secret succour brought to bring the wretch
to worldly light.
Ye that to his soules porile is most baynons harme
of all,
And craves the cruellest revenge that may to man
befall;

Her he blasphemes, in whom it lieth in present as
she please, [beauens cause:
To dampne him down to depth of hell, or plant in
Such rage constrainde my strayned hart to guyde
thunhappy hand
That sent unfiting blote to her on whom my lyfe
doth stand.
But graunt, O God, that he for them may beare the
worthy blame, [the name:
Whom I doe in my depe distresse finde guilty of
Even that blind boy that blidly guides the faut-
lesse to their fall;
That laughes when they lament, that he hath
thrownen into thrall.
Or Lord, saue louring lokes of her; what penaunce
els thou please, [cause.
So her contented will be wonne, I count it all mine
And thou, on whom doth hang my will, with hart,
with soul, and care,
With lyfe, and all that lyfe may have, of well or
evyll fare, [of saltish brine,
Graunt grace to him that grates therefore, with sea
By extreme heat of boiling breast, distilled through
his eyen;
And with thy fayns render thou my selfe to me
againe, [paine.
That daily then we duly may employ a painlesse
To yelde and take the joyful frute that harty loue
doth leud [happy end.
To them that meane by honest meane to come to

THE LOUER WOUNDED OF CUPIDE,
WISHED HE HAD RATHER BEN
STRICKEN BY DEATH.

The blinded boy, that henderes the bow
To make, with dynt of double wounde
The stoutest state to stoupe, and know
The cruel craft that I have founde;
With death I would had chopt a change,
To borow, as by bargeine made,
Eche other shaft; when he did range
With restlesse routing to invade

Thunthrauled myndes of simple wightes;
Whose gildes ghostes deserued not
To fele such fall of their delights;
Such pangs, as I have past, God wot.

Then both in new unwonted wize,
Should death deserue a better name,
Not (as tofore hath ben his guise)
Of cruckie to bear the blame.

But contrary be counted kinde,
In lending life and sparing space,
For sickle to ryse, and seke to fande,
Away to wish their wery race

To drawe to some desired end;
Their long and loathed life to ryd,
And so to fele how like a frend,
Before the bargain made he did.

And loue should ayther bring againe,
To wounded wightes theyr owne desire;
A welcomme end of pining paine,
As doth their cause of ruth require:

Or when he meaneas the quiet man
A barne, to hasten him to grefe:
A better dede he should do then,
With borrowd dart to geue relife.

That both the sickle well demene may,
He brought me rightly my request,
And eke the other sort may saye,
He wrought me truely for the best.

So had not fayns forced me
To bear a brunt of greater wo
Then leauing such a life may be;
The grounde where only grieues do grow.

Unlucky likynge linkt my hart
In forged bope and forced faare,
That oft I wisht the other dart
Had rather perced me as neare.

A fained trust, constrained care,
Most loth to lack; most hard to finde;
In sunder so my judgment tare,
That quite was quiet out of minde.

Absent in absence of mine ease,
Present in presence of my paine,
The woes of want did much displease
The sighes I sought did greue againe.

Oft grief that boyled in my breast,
Hath fraught my face with saltish teares,
Pronouncing proues of mine unrest,
Whereby my passed paine appeares.

My sighes full often have supplied,
That fayne with wordes I wold have said;
My voice was stopt, my tong was tyed,
My wites with wo wer over waid.

With trembling soule and humble cheere,
Oft grated I for graunt of grace,
On hope, that bountie might be there,
Where beautie had so pight her place.

At length I founde that I did feare,
How I had laboured all to loose;
My selfe had been the carpenters
That framed me the cruell crosse.

Of this to come, if dout alone,
Though blent with trust of better sped,
So oft hath moued my minde to mone,
So oft hath made my hart to blide.

What shall I say of it indeede,
Now hope is gone, mine old relife,
And I enforced all to fede
Upon the frutes of bitter grieve?

OP WOMENS CHANGEABLE WYLL.

I wold I founde not, as I fele,
Such changing cheere of womens will,
By fickle flight of fortunes wheel,
By kinde or custom never still.

So shold I finde no fault to lay
On fortune for their monyng minde;
So shold I know no cause to lay
This change by chaunce by course of kinde;

THE PRAISE OF A TRUE FRENDE.

433

So should not loose so work my wo,
To make death surgoen for my sore;
So should their wites not wunder so;
So should I recke the lese therfore.

In hardest hap use helpe of hardy hopefull hart,
Some holde to bearre the front of fortune ouer-
thwart,
Eke wisely when forewindes too full breathes on
thy part,
Strong swelling smile, and doubt decayes.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THE LOSSE OF HIS LADY.

No joy have I, but line in beaunesse,
My dame of price bereft by fortunes crudenesse;
My hap is turned to unhappenesse;
Unhappy I am, unlesse I finde release.

My pastime past, my youthlike yeres are gone;
My mouthes of mirth, my glistring dayes of
gladnesse,
My times of triumph turned into moane,
Unhappy I am unlesse I finde release.

My wanted windes to chaunt my cheeres
chaunce [lesse];
Doth tigh, that soog sometimes the halde of my
My tobes, my sore, and sorrow to advance,
Unhappy I am, unlesse I finde release.

I moone my mirth, for griefe that it is gone,
I moone my mirth, wherof my misusing mind-
fullnesse,
Is ground of greater griefe that growes theron,
Unhappy I am, unlesse I finde release.

No joy have I; for fortune fowardly [lesse];
Hath bent her browes, hath put her hand to cruel-
ness; left my dame, constrained me to crye;
Unhappy I am, unlesse I finde release.

OF THE GOLDEN MEANE.

The wicest way, thy boate in wawe and wind to
guie,
H wether still the trade of middle stremes to trye,
Ne (wrety abunning wrecke by wether) aye to
die,

To prease upon perillous shore.

Both clevely flees be filth, ne wommes a wretched
wight, [spite,
h calish coate; and carefull court aye thrall to
With port of pronde estate, he leues, who doth
delite,

Of golden meane to hold the lore.

Mornes riestest rende the sturdy stonke pine
apple tree,
Of lofty ruing towers the fallen the fellor he,
Mox fers doth lightening light, where furthest we
do se

The billes the valley to forake.

Well furnight brest to byda echo channes
changing chere, [full feare
In wo hath cheefull hope, in weake hath ware;
One selfe Jone winter makes with louthfull lokes
appere,

That can by course the same asake.

What if into mishap thy case now casten be?
It forthe not such forune of lucke to last to these;
Nor alway bent is Phebus bowe, his herpe and he
Caest siluer sound sometime doth ralce.

THE PRAISE OF A TRUE FRENDE.

Whoso that wisely wayeres the profit and the prie
Of thinges wherein delight by worth is woot to
rise,
Shall find no jewel is so rich, ne yet so rare,
That with the frendly hart in value may compare.

What other weylth to man by fortune may befall;
But fortunes changed chere may reue a man of
all?

A frend no wracke of welth, no cruel cause of wo
Can force his frendly faith unfriendly to forgoe.

If fortune frendly fawne, and lend thee weylth
store,
Thy frendes congeyzed joy doth make thy joy the
more:
If fowardly she frown, and drive thee to distresse,
His ayde releues thy ruthe, and makes thy swow
lesse.

Thus fortunes pleasant frutes by frendes en-
creased bee,
The bitter, sharpe, and sowre, by frendes alayde to
thee:
That when thou doest rejoyce, then doubled is thy
joy,
And eke in cause of care, the lese is thy annoy.

Aloft if thou do liue, as one appointed here
A stately part on stage of worldy state to bera,
Thy frend, as only free from fraude, wil then advise,
To rest within the rule of meane, as do the wize.

Hee seeketh to forsee the peril of thy fall;
He findeth out thy faultes, and warnes thee of
them all [case,
These, not thy lucke, be losses, what euer be thy
Hee is thy faithfull frend, and thee he doth embrago.

If churlish cheare of chance heve thrown thee
into thrall,
And that thy nede aske aid for to releue thy fall:
In him thou secret trust assured art to haue,
And succour not to seke, before that thou can
crave.

Thus is thy frend to thee, the comfort of thy
paine,

The stayer of thy state, the doubler of thy gaine;
In weylth and wo thy frend, an other asell to thee,
Such man to man a god, the proverbe saith to bee.

As weylth will bring thee frendes in louring wo to
prose,
So we shall yeld thee frendes in laughing weylth to
loue:

With wisadome chuse thy frend; with vertue him
retaine:
Let vertue be the ground, so shall it not be vain.

THE LOUER LAMENTETH OTHER TO HAVE THE FRUTES OF HIS SERUICE.

SOME men would think of right to have,
For their true meaning, some reward:
But while that I do cry and cruse,
I see that others be preferd.
I gape for that I am debard:
I fare as doth the bound at hatch,
The worse I sped, the lenger I watch.

My wastefull wills is tried by trust;
My fond fancies is mine abuse;
For that I would refraine my lust,
For mine saule I cannot chuse
A will, and yet no power to use:
A will no will, by reason just,
Sins my will is at others lust.

They eate the hony, I hold the huie;
I sow the sede, they repe the corne;
I waste, they winne; I draw, they drue;
Theirs is the thank, mine is the scorne;
I seke, they sped: in wast my wunde is worne;
I gape, they get, and gredely I smotche,
Still worse I sped, the lenger I watche.

I fast, they fede; they drinke, I thirst;
They laugh, I waille; they joy, I mourne;
They gaine, I lose, I have the wurst;
They whole, I sick; they cold, I burne;
They leape, I ly; they slepe, I tosse and turne;
I would, they may; I cruse, they have at will;
That helpeth them; so cruelty doth me kill.

OF THE SUTTELTIE OF CRAFTY LOUERS.

Such wairied waies have some when folly stirres
their braines,
To faire and plain full oft of loue, when least they
fele his paines; [store,
And for to shew a grief, such craft have they in
That they can halt, and lay a sole, wheras they
fele no sore:
As hound unto the foote, or dog unto the bow,
So are they made to vent her out, whom bent to
loue they know, [shifts,
That if I should describe one hundred of their
Two hundred wits besides mine own, I should
put to their shiftes: [dere,
No woodman better knowes how for to lodge his
Nor shipman on the sea that more hath skill to
guide the stree; [shifts;
Nor beaten dogge to herd can warer chose his game,
Nor schoolman to his fancies can a scholler better
frame,
Then one of these which have old Ouids are in ure,
Can seke the waies unto their minde, a woman to
alire.
As round about a huie the bees do swarwe alway,
So round about the houme they prese wherin they
seke their pray:

And whom they so besige, it is wonderous thing,
What crafty engins to assault these wily warriours
bring: [fro,
The eye as scout and watch to stirre both to and
Doth serue to stale her here and there, where she
doth come and goe; [hart;
The tong doth pleade for right, as herald of the
And both the handes, as oratours, do serue to
point their part:

So shewes the countenance then with these frowns
to agree, [sworne bee:
As though in witness with the rest it would her
But if she then mistrant, it woulde turne blacke to
white:
For that the woorier looks most smoth, when he
would faineat bite,
Then wit, as counsellor, a helpe for this to finde,
Straight makes the hand, as secretair, forthwith
to write his minde:
And so the letters straight embassadours are made,
To treare in haste for to procure her to a better
trade;
Wherin if she do think al this is bot a shewe,
Or but a subtle masking cloke to hide a crafty
shrew. [the field:
Then come they to the harme, then shewe they in
Then muster they in colours strange, the waies
to make her yield: [i.e.
Then shoothe they batry off, then compasse they her
At tilt and turney oft they strike this silly sod to
win; [forth their soog,
Then sound they on their lutes, then strain they
Then rumble they with instruments to lay her
quite along: [and watch;
Then borde they her with giftes, then do they woo
Then night and day they labour hard this simple
hold to catch,
As pather within a wood, or turner within a man,
So then they shewe of wiles and craftes they can a
thousand waies.

OF THE VANITY OF MANS LIFE.

VAYVA is the fletting welth
Wheron the world stayen,
Sith stalkynge time by priuy stelth
Encrocheth on our dayea.

And elde which creepeth fast,
To taint us with her wounde,
Will turne eche blisse unto a blast,
Which lasteth but a stundre.

Of youth the lusty floure,
Which whilome stode in price,
Shall vanish quite within an houre,
As fire consumes the ice.

Where is become that wight,
For whose sake Troy towne
Withstode the Grekes till ten yeres fight
Had made their walls adowne?

Did not the wormes consume
Her carion to the dust?
Did dreadfull death forbeare his fume
For beauty, pride, or lust?

THE LOUER NOT REGARDED IN EARNEST SUTE, BEING BECOME WISER, REFUSETH HER PROFRED LOUER.

Do way your physike, I faint no more;
The salue you sent, it comes too late:
You wist well al my grief before,
And what I suffred for your sake:
Hole is my hart, I plaine no more,
A new the cure did undertake,
Wherefore do way, you come too late.

For whiles you knew I was your own,
So long in vain you made me gape,
And tho' my faith it were well knowne,
Yet small regard thou take therat;
But now the blast is overblowne,
Of vaine phisick a salue you shape,
Wherfore do way, you come to late.

How long to this have I bene faine
To gape for mercy at your gate;
Untill the time I spide it plaine,
The pitie and you fel at debate:
For my redresse, then was I faine
Your service cleane for to forake,
Wherfore do way, you come too late.

For when I brent in endlesse fire,
Who ruled them but cruel hate?
So that unspet I durst desire
One looke my feruent beate to slake:
Therefore another doth me hyre,
And all the profer that you make,
Is made in vaine, and comes to late.

For when I asked recompence,
Which cost you nought to graunt, God wat:
Then said disdaine, too great expence
It were for you to graunt me that:
Therefore do way your rare pretence
That you would binde that erst you brake,
For to your salue comes all too late.

24

THE COMPLAINT OF A WOMAN RAUISHED, ED, AND ALSO MORTALLY WOUNDED.

A CRUEL tiger al with teeth bebled,
A bloody tirantes hand in eche degree;
A lecher that by wretched lust was led,
(Alas) deflowred my virginite:
And not contented with this villanie,
Nor with thoutragiounous terror of the dede,
With bloody thirst of greater cruetie,
Fearing his heinous gilt should be bewraied,
By crying death and vengeance openly.
His violent hand forthwith, alas, be layd
Upon my guilties sely childe and me:
And like the wretche, whom no horrour dismayde,
Drownde in the sinke of depe iniquite,
Misusing me the mother for a time,
Hath stain us both for cloaking of his crime.

THE LOUER BEING MADE THRALL BY LOUE, PECEIUETH HOW GREAT A LOSSE IS LIBERTIE.

Alas! libertie! now haue I learned to know,
By lacking thee, what iewell I possess,
When I received first from Cupids bow
The deadly wound that feastrath in my breast.

So farre (alas) forth strayed were mine eyes,
That I ne might refraine them back; for, lo,
They in a moment all earthly things despise,
In heavenly sight now are they fixed so.

What then for me, but stil with mazed sight,
To wonder at that excellencie divine,
Wheres loue (my freedome hauing in despight)
Hath made me thrall, through error of mine eyen,

For other guardon hope I not to haue,
My foltring tong so basheth ought to craue.

THE DIUERSE AND CONTRARIE PAS- SIONS OF THE LOUER.

HOLDING my peace, alas! how loud I cry,
Pressed with hope and dread euen both at ones,
Strained with death, and yet I cannot die;
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that grones;
Unto my hope, withouten wings I die;
Pressed with despair, and breaketh all my bones;
Walking as if I were, and yet am not:
Faining with mirth, most inwardly with moanes.

Hard by my help, unto my belth not nie,
Mids of the calme my ship on rock it rones.
I serve unbound, fast fetred yet I lie,
Instede of milke that fede on marble stones;
My most wil is, that I do espie,
That workes my ioyes and sorowes both at ones:
In contraires standeth al my losse and gaine,
And to the giltene causeth al my paine.

THE TESTAMENT OF THE HAWTHORNE.

I SELY haw, whose hope is past.
In faithful, true, and fixed minde;
To her whom that I served last,
Hane all my ioyfulness renigude;
Because I knew assuredly,
My dieng day approacheth ny.

Dispaired hart, the carefull nest
Of all the sighes that kept in store,
Convey my carefull corps to rest,
That leaves his ioy for evermore.
And when the day of hope is past,
Gone up thy sprite and sigh thy last.

But, or that we depart in twaine,
Tell her I loued with all my myght,
That though the corps in clay remaine,
Consumed to ashes, pale and white;
And though the vitall powres do ceasse,
The sprete shall loue her macheise.

And pray my lynes, lady dere,
During this tyme and space
That I haue to abiden here,
Not to withdraw her wondred grace,
In recompensing of the paine
That I shal haue to part in twaine.

And that at least she will witsone
To graunt my just and last request;
When that she shal behold his graue,
That lyeth of life here dispensor,
In record that I once was hers,
To bathe the frozen stome with teares.

The service tree here do I make,
For my executor and my frende;
That living did not set me forake,
Nor will I trust vnto my end,
To see my body well conveyde,
In ground where that it shal be leyde;

Tombed vnderneath a goodly oke,
With iuy grene that fast is bound:
There this my graue I haue bespoke,
For there my ladies name doth sound;
Beset euen as my testament tels,
With oken leaves and nothing els.

Granous whereon shal be exprest,
"Here lyeth the body in this place,
Of him, that living never cest
To serue the fairest that ever was:
The corps is here, the hart be gane
To her for whom he lieth in graue."

And also set about my beraus
Two lampes to burne, and not to quenche,
Which shal betoken and reheresse,
That my good will was never spent,
When that my corps was layd a low,
My spirit did swear to serue no mo.

And if you want of ringing bels,
When that my corps goth into graue,
Repete her name and nothing els,
To whom that I was bounden staine:
When that my life it shalbe unframe,
My sprete shal soy to beraue her name.

With dolefull note and piteous sound,
Wherwith my hart did cleave in twaine;
With such a song lay me in ground;
My sprete, let it with her remaine
That had the body to command,
Till death therof did make an end.

And euen with my last bequest,
When I shall from this life depart,
I geve to her I loued best
My iust, my true, and faithful hart;
Signed with hand as cold as stone,
Of him that living was her owne.

And if he here might liue againe
As Phenix made by death anew,
Of thin she may assure her plaine,
That be will still be iust and true.
Thus farewell she on lime my owne,
And send her soy when I am gone.

THE LOUER IN DESPAIRE, LAMENTETH HIS CASE.

Abruo, desert, how art thou spent?
Ah! dropping tears, how do ye waste?
Ah! scalding sighes, how ha ye spent,
To pricke them forth that will not hastes?
Ah! pained hart, thou gapst for grace,
Euen then where pitie hath no place.

As easie it is the stony rocke
From place to place for to remone,
As by thy plaint for to prouoke
A frozen hart from hate to loue:
What should I say? Such is thy lot,
To fawne on them that force thee not.

Thus mayst thou safely say and swearre,
That rigour raigroeth and ruth doth faille,
In thanklesse thoughts thy thoughts do weare;
Thy truth, thy faith may nought availe

For thy good will, why should thou so
Still graft, where grace it will not grow?

Alas! pore hart, thus hast thou spent
Thy flowring time, thy pleasant yeres:
With sighing voice wepe and lament;
For of thy hope no frute apperes:
Thy true meaning is pride with scorne,
That ever soweth and repeateth no corne.

And where thou seker'st a quiet port,
Thou dost but weigh against the wunde;
For where thou gladdest woldist resort,
There is no place for thee asinide:
Thy desteny hath set it so,
That thy true hart should cruse thy wo.

OF HIS MAISTRESSE, M. BAYES.

In Bayes I boast, whose braunch I beraue,
Such soy therin I finde,
That to the death I shall it weare,
To ease my carefull minde.

In heat, in cold, both night and day,
Her vertue may be sene,
When other frutes and flowers deceny,
The Bay yet growes full grene;

Her berries feede the birdes full oft;
Her leues sweete water make,
Her bowes be set in curvy loft
For their sweete savours sake:

The birds do shrowd them from the cold,
In her we daily see;
And men made arbers as they wold,
Under the pleasant tree.

It doth me good when I repaire
There as these Bayes do grow,
Where oft I walke to take theaire,
It doth delight me so.

But lo I stand, as I were dumme,
Her beauty for to blase,
Wherwith my sprites be overcome,
So long thereon I gaze.

At last I turne vnto my walk,
In passing to and fro,
And to my self I smile and talk,
And then away I go.

Why smildest thou? say lokes on,
What pleasure hast thou found?
With that I am as cold as stone,
And ready for to swunde.

Vie, fie for shame, sayth Fannie then,
Pluck up thy fainted hart,
And speake thou boldly like a man
Shrink not for litte smart.

Wherat I blase and change my cheere
My sensess waxe so weake,
O God, think I, what make I heve,
That neser a word may speake:

I dare not sigh, lest I be heard,
My lokes I silily cast,
And still I stand, as one were scad,
Untill my stormes be past.

Then haply hap doth me reuise,
The blood comes to my face;
A merier man is not alive,
Then I am in that case.

Thus after sorow seke I rest;
When fled is fancies fit:
And though I be a homely gest,
Before the Bayes I sit;

Where I do wachte till leaves do fall:
When winde the tree doth shake,
Then, though my branche be very small,
My leafe away I take,

And then I go and clap my handes,
My hart doth leap for ioy.
These Bayes do ease me from my handes,
That long did me annoy;

For when I do beholde the same,
Which makes so fair a shew,
I finde therin my mistres name,
And so her vertues grow.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIS HARTY LOUVE NOT REUITED.

W^HEN Phobus had the serpent alaine,
He claymed Cupids boe,
Which strife did turne him to great paine;
The story well doth proue;
For Cupide made him fele much woe,
In seeking Daphnes loue.

This Cupide hath a shefte of kindes,
Whiche wounded many a wight;
Whose golden head had power to binde
Eche hart in Venus handes;
This arrow did on Phobus light,
Whiche came from Cupides handes.

Another shaft was wrought in spight,
Whiche headed was with lead;
Whose nature quenched swete delight
That loseth most embrase.
In Daphnea brest this cruel head
Had founde a dwelling place.

But Phobus, sond of his desire,
Sought after Daphnes so;
He burnt with heat, she fel no fire,
Full fast she fled him fro:
He gate but hate for his good wylle,
The gods assigned so.

My case with Phobus may compare;
His hap and misse are one:
I cry to her that knowen no care,
Yet seke I to her most:
When I approche, then is she gone:
Thus is my labour lost.

Now blame not me, but blame the shaft,
That bath the golden head;
And blame those gods that with their craft,
Such arrowes forge by kindes;
And blame the cold and heavy lead,
That doth my ladies minde.

A PRAISE OF M. M.

In court as I beheld the beaute of eche dame,
Of right, me thought, from all the rest should M.
steale the same;

But er I ment to judge, I vewed with such advise,
As retchlesse dome should not inuade the boundes
of my deuise:
And whiles I gased long, such heate did brede
As Priamus towne fel not more flame, when did
the bale begin.

By reasons rule, ne yet by wit perceiue I could,
That M. face of earth y founde, enjoy such beaute
should;

And fancies doubled that from beauen had Venus
come, [yet doth blome;
To norish rage in Britaines hearter, while corage
Her natuē hue so stroue with colour of the rose,
That Paris would haue Helene left, and M. beauty
chose.

A wight farre passing all, and is more fair to sene,
Then lusty May the lode of loue, that clothes the
earth in grene;

So angel like she shines, she semeth no mortal
wight, [selfe to spight:
But one whom Nature in her forge, did frame her
Of beauty princiess chief; no makelesse doth she
rest; [paine in breast:
Whose eye would glad an heauy wight, and prisou

I waxe astonied to see the feator of her shape,
And wondered that a mortall hart such heauely
heauenes could escape.

Her limmer so answering were the mould of her
faire face: [beauties grace:

Of Venus stocke she semde to spring the roote of
Her presse doth pretend such honour and estate,
That simple men might gessou her birth, if folly
bred debata:

Her loken in heres of flint would such affects
imprese, [yeres increase,

As rage of flame, not Nilus stremes, in Nestors
Within the subtle seat of her bright eyen doth
dwell [freedome sel.

Blind Cupide with the pricke of paine, that princes
A paradise it is, her beauty to behold,
Where natures stoffe so full is founde, that na-
tures ware is soldie.

AN OLD LOUER TO A YONG GENTLE-WOMAN.

Y^E are to yong to bring me in;
And I too old to gape for flies;
I haue too long a louer been:
If such yong babes should blear mine eyes;
But trill the ball before my face,
I am content to make you play;
I wyl not see, I hide my face,
And turne my backe and runne away.

But if you follow on so fast,
And crome the wayes where I should go,
Ye may waxe wery at the last,
And then at length your selfe oretbrowne:
I meane where you and all your flockes,
Devise to pen men in the pound:
I know a key can picke your locke,
And make you runne your selfes on ground

Some birdes can eat the strawie corne,
And see the lime that fowlers set;
And some are ferde of every thorne,
And so thereby they scape the net:
But some do light, and never loke,
And seeth not who doth stand in waite,
As fishe that swallowe up the hoke,
And is begyled through the baite.

But men can loke before they leape,
And be at price for every ware,
And peniworthes cast to bye good chespe;
And in eche thing have eye and care:
But he that blunely runnes on hed,
And seeth not what the rase shal be,
Is like to bring a foole to bed;
And thus ye get no more of me.

THE LOUER FORSAKETH HIS VNKIND LOUE.

FAREWELL thou frozen hart, and eares of hardned stele:
Thou lackest yeres to understand the grieve that I did fele: [thee,
The gods revenge my wrong with equal plague on
What pleasure shal prick forth thy youth to learn
what loue shal be:
Perchance thou prouest now to scale blind Cupides hold, [thy cardes are told:
And matchest where thou maiest repeat when all
But blush not thou therfore, thy betters haue done so,
Who thought they had remaynd a dowe, when they but caught a crow:
And some do longer time with lofty lokes wee see,
That lightes at length as low or worse then doth the bettel bee. [thee,
Yet let thy hope be good, such hap may fall from
That thou maiest be, if fortune serue, a prinessse er thou die;
If chance preferre the so, alas pore sely man,
Where shall I scape thy cruel handes, or seke for succour than? [lease blood,
God shild such greedy wolnes should lap in gilt,
And send short hornes to hurtfull heads that rage like lions wood,
I seldome see the day but malice wanteth might,
And batefull hertes have never hap to wreke their wrath wright.
The madman is unmete a naked sword to gide,
And more unft are they to clime that are overcome with pride.
I touch not thee herein, thou art a fawcon sure,
That can both soer and stoupe sometime, as men cast up the hure. [list;
The peacock hath no place in thee, when thou shalt For some no sooner make a signs, but thou per ceiuent the fist: [gilde;
They bave that I do want, and that hath thee bo The luke that thou doest see in me doth make the lokes so wilde:
My luring is not good, it liketh not thine eare;
My call it is not halfe so swete, as would to God it were.
Well wanton, yet beware thou do no tiring take At every hand that woulde thee fede, or to thee frenship make.

This councell take of him that ought theo once his love;
Who hopes to mete thee after this among the saintes abone. [place
But here within this worlde, if he may shonne the He rather asketh present death, then to behold thy face.

THE LOUER PREFERRETH HIS LADY ABOUE ALL OTHER.

REMISE, you dames, whom tikeling brute delight,
The golden praise the flatteries tromp doth sound,
And vessels be to her that claims by right,
The tyde just that first dame beauty found,
Whose dainty eyes such sagred bailes do bide,
As poyson barts where glaies of loue do glide,

Come eke, and see how heauen and nature wrought
Within her face, where framed is such ioy,
As Priams sonne in vainie the seas had sought,
If halfe such light had had abode in Troy;
For as the golden sonne doth darke ech starre,
So doth her hue the fayrest dames as farre.

Ech heauenly gift, eeh grace that nature could,
By art of witt my lady lo retaines;
A sacred head so heapt with heares of gold;
As Phœbus beames for beauty farre it stains:
A sugred tong where eke such swetnesse snowres,
That well it aunes a fountain where it flowers.

Two laughing eyes so linked with pleasing
As would entice a tygers hert to serue; [lokes,
The herte is swete, but eager be the hookes,
For Dynae seker her honour to preserue:
Thus Arundell sits throned still with fame,
Whom enimies tromp cannot attaint with shame.

My dased head so daunted is with heapes
Of gifts divine that harber in her brest;
Her heauenly shape; that lo my verses leape,
And touch but that wherin she clowdes the rest:
For if I shold her graces all recite,
Both time should want, and I shold wonderes write.

Her cheare so swete, so cristal is her eyes,
Her mouth so smal, her lips so lively red,
Her hand so fine, her wordes so swete and wise,
That Pallas comes to soiourne in her bed:
Her vertues greet her form as far excedes,
As sunne the shade that mortall creatures leades.

Would God that wretched age would spare to Her lively hew, that as her graces rare [race
Be goddesse like, even so her goddeſſe face
Might never change, but still contine faire,
That eke in after time ech wight may see
How vertue can with beauty beare degree.

THE LOUER LAMENTETH THAT HE WOULD FORGEAT LOUE, AND CANNOT.

Alas when shall I ioy?
When shall my wofull heart
Cast forth the foolish toy
That breedeth all my smart?

A thousand times sod mo
I have attempted sore
To rid this restlesse wo,
Which raigneth more and more.

But when remembrance past
Hath laid dead coals together,
Olde loue renewes his blast,
That cause my joyes to wither:
Then sodainly a spark
Startes out of my desire,
And lepes into my hart,
Setting the coals a fire.

Then reason runnes about
To seke forgetful water
To quench and cleane put out
The cause of all this matter,
And saith, dede flesh must nedes
Be cut out of the core;
For often wither'd wedes
Can heale no gretous sore.

But then soon sodainly
The feruent heat doth slake,
And cold then strainteth me,
That makes my boode shake:
Alas, who can endure
To suffer al this paine,
Sins her that should me cure,
Most cruel death hath slaine.

Well, well, I say no more,
Let dead care for the dead;
Yet wo is me therefore,
I must attempt to leade
One other kynde of life
Then hitherto I haue,
Or els this paine and strife,
Will bring me to my grane.

SONGES WRITTEN BY N. G.¹ OF THE NINE MUSES.

Imre of kyng Jove, and queen Remembrance lo
The sisters nine, the poete pleasant fera.
Caliope doth stately stile bestow,
And worthy praises paintes of princely pores.

Clion in solem songes reneweth all day,
With present yeres conjoyning age bypast,
Delightful talkes loues comical Thaley,
In fresh grene youth who doth lyke lawell lust.

With voyces tragical soundes Mcipomen
And as with cheyneys thaloured care she byndes.
Her strings when Terpeicor doth touch, even
then

She toucheth hartes, and raigneth in mens myndes:

Fine Erato, whose looke a liuely chere.
Presents, in dancing kepes a comely grace.
With serneye gesture doth Polymnie stire,
Whose wordes whole routes of rankes do rule in
place.

Uranie her globes to view all bent,
The ninefold heauen obserues with fixed face;
The blastes Euterpe tones of instrument, [chase.
With solace sweet, hence my heauy dumpes to

* Nic. Grimoald.

Lord Phebus, in the myds, (whose heauenly
These ladyes doth inspire) embraceth all. [sprite
The graces in the muses weed, delite,
To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall.

25 MUSONIUS THE PHILOSOPHERS SAYING.

In working well, if travell you sustaine,
Into the wunde shall lightly passe the paine;
But of the dede the glory shall remaine,
And cause your name with worthy wights to raigne.
In working wrong, if pleasure you attaine,
The pleasure soon shal vade, and vido as vaine:
But of the dede throughout the life the shame
Endures, defacing you with fowle defame;
And still tormentes the minde both night and day;
Scant length of time the spot can wash away.
Flee then yl-sauding pleasures, bautes untrue,
And noble vertues faire repon pursue.

DESCRIPCION OF VERTUE.

WHAT one art thou, thus in forme weed yelad?
Vertue, in price whom auncient sages had.
Why porely rayd? for fadling goodes past care.
Why double faced? I marke ech fortunes fare.
This bridle what? Minde rages to restraine.
Tooles why beare you? I love to take great payne.
Why wings? I teach above the starres to fye.
Why tread you death? I onely cannot dye.

PRASE OF MEASURE-KEPING.

The auncient time commended not for nought?
The meane: what better thinges can there be sought?
In meane is vertue placed; on either side,
Both right and left, amisse a man shall slide.
Icar, with Sire hadst thou the midway flown,
Icarian beck by name had no man known.
If middle path kept had proud Phaeton
No burning brand this earth had faine upon:
Ne cruel power, ne none too soft can raigne;
That kepes a meane, the same shall stil remaine.
Thee Julie once did too much mercy spill;
Thee Nero stern, rigor extreme did kill.
How coulde August so many yeres well passe?
Nor overmeke nor overferce he was:
Worship not Jove with curiose fauncies vain,
Nor him despise; hold right atwene these twain.
No wastfull wight no greedy groome is praidz,
Stand largesse just in egall ballance paizd.
So Catoes meall surmountes Antonius chere,
And better fame his sober fare hath here.
Too slender building bad, as bad too grosse;
One an eye sore, the other falias to loose.
As medicines helpe in measure, so (God wot)
By overmuch the sickle their bane have got.
Unto me seemes to utter this mo waires;
Measure forbids unmeasurable praise.

MANS LIFE, AFTER POSSIDONIUS OR CRATES.

WHAT path list you to tread? what trade will
you assay?
The courts of plea by braule and bate drive gentle
peace away.

In house, for wife and child, there is but care and
With travel and with toyl yngough in fields we
use to fare.
Upon the seas lieth dread; the riche in foreign
land [sers porely stand.
Doo feare the losse: and there the poore like my-
Strife with a wife; without your thrif full hardes to
see: [to be.
Yong brate a troule, none at all, a maymeyt it semes
Youth fonde, age hath no hart, and pincheth all
to nie; [to dia.
Choose then the leſſer of these two, no life, or soon

METRODORIUS MINDE TO THE CONTRARIE.

WHAT rime of lyfe roane you? what trade will
you assay? [day.
In courts is glory got, and witt increased day by
At home we take our ease, and beake our selves
in rest:
The fieldes our nature do refresh with pleasures of
the best.
On seas is gain to get; the straunger he shall be
Esteemed, having much, if not, none knoweth his
lack but he.
A wife will trim thy house; no wyfe then art
thou free. [to thee.
Brood is a louely thing: without, thy lyfe is loose
Young bloodes be strong; olde ayres in double
honour dwel: [all is well.
Do way the choyse, "No lyfe or soon to dye," for

OF FRENDSHIP.

OF all the heauently gifts that mortal men com-
mend, [a frende?
What trusty treasure in the world can counteruaile
Our heith is soon decayed; goodes casuall, light,
and vain;
Broke have wee seene the force of powre, and honour
suffer stain.
In bodies lust man doth resemble but base brute,
True vertue gets and kepes a frende: good gyrdle of
our pursue; [case;
Whose harty zeale with ours accords in every
No terme of time, no space of place, no storme
can it deface.
When fickle fortune failes, this knot endureth still.
Thy kin out of their kind may swerve, when
frendes owe thee good will:
What sweter solace shall befall, then one to finde,
Upon whole breast thou mayst repose the secrets
of thy minde?
Hewaileth at thy wo; his teares with thine be shed;
With thee doth heall toys injoy, so leſſe a lyfe is led.
Behold thy frende, and of thy ſelfe the paterne ſee;
One ſoul a wonder ſhall it ſeeme in bodies twaine
to be; [sound;
In abſence preſent; ryche in want; in ſickneſſe
Yea after death alue remiſt thou by thy ſure frende
be found.
Eche bothe, eche towne, eche realme by ſteffast
Ioue doth ſtanide;
Where fewle debate breake bitter bale in eche di-
vided laude,

O friendſhip, flowr of flowers, O lively ſpryte of
lyfe, [ſtanch of ſtrife:
O ſacred bond of blaſphemous peace, the ſtawword
Scipio with Lelius diſt thou conjoyn in care;
At home, in warres, for weale and wo, with equall
faith to fare.
Gesippus eke with Tite, Damon with Pythias;
And with Menethus ſonne Achill by thee com-
bined was:
Euryalus and Nitus gaue Virgil cauſe to ſing:
Of Pylades doo many rimes and of Orestes ring.
Downe Theseus went to hell, Pirith his frend to
 finde; [mater sy kyd.
O that the wifes in these our daies wer to their
Cicerio the frendly man, to Atticus, his frende,
Of friendſhip wrote, such couples lo, doth let but
ſeldom ſend. [there we,
Recount thy race now roane, how few ſhalt thou
Of whom to ſay, This ſame is he that neuer failed
mee?
So rare a jewell then muſt needes be holden dere:
And as thou wilt entoue thy ſelfe, ſo take thy
chosen frende.
The tirant in diſpare no lacke of gold bewayſe,
But out, I am undone (maith be) for all my friend-
ſhips failes: [kide,
Wherfore ſine nothing is moſe kyndly for our
Next wiſdome thow that teacheſt us, loſe weſt the
frendfull minde.

THE DEATH OF ZOROAS, AN EGYPTIAN ASTRONOMER, IN THE FIRST FIGHT THAT ALEXANDER HAD WITH THE PERSIANS.

Now clattering armes, now raging broyle of warre,
Can paſſe the noyes of dreadfull trumpets chaſe,
Shrowded with shafts the heauen; with cloude of
darts
Covered the ayre. Againſt full fatted bulle,
At forceth kyndlyd yre the lyons keen;
Whose greedy gutts the gnawing boonger prickis:
So Macedons againſt the Persians fare.
Nor corpes hyde the purpурde moyle with blood;
Large slaughter on eche ſide; but Perſes more:
Moyst fieldes hebled, they harles and numbers
bate;
Painted while they geue backe, and fall to fighte
The lightening Macedon by ſwordes, by gieres,
By bands and troupes of fotemen, with his gards,
Speedes to Darie, but hym his neareſt kyn,
Orſate preserues, with horſemen on a plump
Before his eare, that none the charge ſhould geue:
Here grunts, here groans, eche where ſtrong youth
is spent:
Shaking her bloudy hands, Bellone, among
The Perſes aſoweth all kind of cruel death.
With throte ycut he rootes; he lyeth aſlong,
His entrailes with a launce through girded quide,
Hym ſtrikes the club: him woundes ſame ſtrik-
ing bow:
And him the ſling; and him the ſhining ſword;
He dieth, he is all dead, he panies, he reſteth.
Right over stood, in ſnow white armor brave,
The Memphis Zoromas, a cunning clarke,
To whom the heauen lay open, in his bothe;
And in celeſtiall bodies he could tell
The mouing, meting, light, aspect, eclips,

And influence, and constellacions all;
What earthly chances would bethide; what yere
Of plante storte, what sigte forewarded deirth,
How winter gendrith snow; what temperatore
In the primetyde doth season well the soyl;
Why somer burnes; why autumnne hath ripe
grapes,
Wherther the circle quadrate may become,
Whether our tynes beauens barmony can yekde,
Of four biggins among themselves howe great
Proporcione is; what sway the erring lightes
Doth send in course, gayne that fyrt moning
heauen;

What greece out from another distant be,
What starre doth lett the hurfull Sire to rage,
Or him more mylde what opposition makes,
What fyre doth qualifie Manorses fyre,
What houre eche one doth seke, what planett
raignes

Within this hemisphare, or that small things
I speake, whole heauen he cloesth in his brest.
This sage then in the starres had spyd tha fates
Threatned him death without delay; and, sithe
He saw he could not fatal order change,
Foreward he prest in battaile, that he might
Mete with the rulers of the Macedoins;
Of his right hand deurous to be slaine,
The boldest, beurne, and worthiest in the feilde;
And as a wight, now wery of his lyfe,
And seekng death, in fyrt front of his rage,
Comes desperately to Alexanders face;
At him with darts one after other throwes;
With reckles wordis and clamour him prouokes,
And sayth, Nectanaba bastard, shamefull stayne
Of motheris bed, why losest thou thy strokis
Cowardeis among? Turne thee to me, in case
Manhood there be so much left in thy hart:
Come fight with me, that ou my helmet weare
Apollois laurrell both for learnings laude,
And eke for martiall praise; that in my shield
The seven fold sophie of Minerue conteine,
A match more mete, syr king, then any here.
The noble prince amoued takes rathe upon
The wilfull wight, and with soft wordes ayen,
O monstrous man (quoth he) what so so art,
I pray thee live, ne do not with thy death
This lode of lore, the Muses mansion marre;
That treasure house this hand shall never spoyle,
My sword shall never bruse that skilfull brayne,
Long gather'd heapes of science sone to spill;
O how fyare frutes may you to mortall men
From wisdoms garden geve!—How many may
By you the wiser and the better prove?
What error, what mad moodie, what frenzy thee,
Perswades to be downe sent to depe Averne,
Where no artis flourish, nor no knowledge vailes
For all these sawes? When thus the souereign
said,

Alighted Zoroas, with sword unsheathed,
The careless king there smote above the greue,
At th'opening of his quishen wounded him,
So that the blood dowe rayled on the ground:
The Macedon perceiuing hurt, gan gnash,
But yet his mynde he bent; in any wise
Him to forbear: sett spurrs unto his stede,
And turnde away, lest anger of his smarte
Should cause reuenger hand deale halefull blowes.
But of the Macedonian chieftaines knights,
One Meleager could not beare this sight,
But ran upon the said Egyptian reuk,

And cut him in both knees: He fell to ground:
Wherewith a whole rout camis of souldiours sterue,
And all in pieces hewed the seyl aeg.
But happily the soule fled to the starres,
Where, under him, he hath full sight of all,
Wherat he gased here with reaching looke.
The Persian walide such sapience to forgo,
The very fone, the Macedonians, wiste
He would haue liued: king Alexander self
Deside him a man vnitete to dye at all;
Who won like praise for conquest of his yre,
As for stout men in field that day subdued:
Who princes taught how to discerne a man,
That in his bed so rare a jewel beare.
But ouer all those same Camenes, those same,
Denine Camenes, whose honour he procride,
As tender parent doth hys daughters weale,
Lamented, and for thankes, all that they can,
Do cherishe him deceast, and set him free,
From dark obliuion of devouing death.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICEROE'S DEATH.

THE ROME, when restless rage of wynde and
wave,

He saw: By fates, alas, calde for, (quod he)
In hapless Cicero; sayle on, shape course
To the next shore, and bring me to my death.
Perdy these thankes, reskued from civil sword,
Wilt thou my country pay? I see myne end:
So powers diuine so bid the gods aboue,
In citie sauad that consul Marcus shend.
Speaking no more, but drawing frone depe hart
Great grones, euen at the name of Rome reheat;
His eies and chekes with shewres of teares he
washt;

And (though a route in daily daungers worne)
With forced face the shipmen held their teares;
And strivynge long the seas rough flood to passe,
In angry windes and stormy shewres made way.
And at the last safe ancreed in the rode.
Came heauy Cicero a land; with pain,
His fainted lyms the aged sire doth draw,
And round about their master stood his band,
Nor greatly with their own hard hap dismayd,
Nor plighted faith proue in sharpe time to breake.
Somewordes prepare; some theyr dere lord assist:
In littour laid, they lead him unkouth wayes.
If so deceave Antonius cruell gieunes,
They might, and threats of following routs escape;
Thus lo, that Tullie went, that Tullius,
Of royal robe and sacred senate prince.
Whet he a far the men approche espieth;
And of his fone the ensignes doth acknowle,
And with drawne sworde Popilius threatening death;
Whose life and hole estate, in hazard once
He had preservde, when Rome, as yet too free,
Herd him, and at his thundring voice amazde:
Herennius eke, more eyger than the rest,
Present, enflame with furie, him pursues.
What might he do? Should he use in defence
Dysarmyd handes, or pardon ask for mede?
Should he with wordes attempt to turne the wrath
Of th'armed knyght, whose safeguard he had
wrought?

No; age forbids, and fixt within depe brest
His countrys loue, and falling Romes ymage;
The charret turn, sayth he, let loose the raines,
Ronn to the undeserved death; me, lo,

Hath Phabus fowle, as messenger forewarnde,
And Jove desires a new heauens man to make.
Brutus and Cassius souls, lieue you in blisme?
In case yet all the fates gainstrie us not,
Neither shall wee, perchaunce, dye unreunged.
Now haue I liued, O Rome! ynoch for me;
My passed life nought suffereth me to dout
Noysome oblivion of the lothsome death.
Slea me: yet all the offspaire to come shall know,
And this deceas shall bring eternal life;
Yea, and (unlesse I fayle, and all in vaine:
Rome, I somtyme thy angur chosen was)
Not emore shall frendly fortune thee
Favour, Antonius: once the day shall come,
When her dear wights, by cruel spight thus slaine,
Victorius Rome shall at thy bands require:
Me likes therwhile, go se the hoped heauen.
Speche had he left, and therwith, he, good man,
His throte prepard, and held his hed unmov'd.
His hasting to those fales the very knyghtes
Be loth to see, and rage rebated, when
They his bare necke beheld, and his hōre hēares;
Scant could they hold the teares that furth gan
burst,
And almost fell from bloody hands the swordes;
Only the sterne Herennius, with gym louke,
Dastards, why stand you still? he sayeth: and
straight

Swape of the hed with his presumptuous yron,
Ne with that slaughter yet be is not filde:
Fowl shame on shame to heape, is his delte,
Wherefore the handes also doth he off smyte,
Which durst Antonius life so lively paint.
Him yelding strained ghost, from welkin hie,
Whith lothy chere lord Phabus gan behold,
And in black clowd, they say, long bid his hed.
The Latine muses and the graces they wept,
And for his fall eternally shall wepe:
And lo, bert percing Pittos, (strange to tell)
Who had to him suffide both sense and wordes.
When so he spake; and drest with Nectar soote
That flowing tong, when his wind pipe discloose,
Fled with her fleging frend, and (out alas)
Hath left ther earth, no will no more returne:
Popilius flieth therwhile, and leauing there
The senseless stock, a griezely sight doth bear,
Unto Antouius boord, with mischief fed.

OF M. T. CICERO.

For Tullie late a tomb I gan prepare,
When Cynthie, thus, bad me my labour spare:
Such maner thinges become the dead, quoth her,
But Tully liues, and still aliue shall bee.

N. G.

THE
POEMS
OF
GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

THE
LIFE OF GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE life of this ingenious poet has long been involved in obscurity. Most of his biographers have either not seen his works, or have not read them with attention, and the rarity of all the editions for many years past has prevented curious inquirers from an opportunity of resolving their doubts. Anthony Wood's life of Gascoigne is, upon the whole, more free from errors than might have been expected in a biographer who was wont to undervalue the sons of the Muses. Bishop Tanner's and Dr. Berkenhout's accounts are abridged from Wood, but a very judicious sketch may be seen in the first volume of the *Censura Literaria*, and in addition to that, and other notices scattered over the same useful publication, I am now enabled to avail myself of a manuscript life written by the late Richard Gough, Esq. for the *Biographia Britannica*, and, what probably may be considered as of more importance, of a pamphlet of uncommon rarity, which has lately been brought to light, after a concealment of nearly a century.

Bishop Tanner is the first who notices this pamphlet, under the title of "A Remembrance of the well employed life, and godly end of George Gascoigne, Esq. who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, 7th October 1577, reported by George Whetstone." But it is very extraordinary that the learned prelate should inform us of this pamphlet being in his possession, and at the same time express his doubt, "*Vita an nostri an alias Geo. Gascoignii?*" when a very slight inspection must have convinced him that it could be no other, and that, in its principal facts, it agreed with the account he had just transcribed from Wood. Since the antiquities of poetry have become a favourite study, many painful inquiries have been made after this tract, but it could not be found in Tanner's library, which forms part of the Bodleian, or in any other collection, private or public, and doubts were entertained¹ whether such a pamphlet had ever existed.

¹ This ought not to have been the case, as Herbert mentions that Agres had a licence to print it, which I find, by the books of the Stationers' Company, was granted on the fifteenth of November 1577. C.

About three years ago, however, it was discovered in the collection of a deceased gentleman, a Mr. Voight of the Custom-house, London, and was purchased at his sale by Mr. Malone. It consists of about thirteen pages small quarto, black letter, and contains, certainly not much *life*, but some particulars unknown to his biographers, which are now incorporated in the following sketch, and a transcript of the whole is subjoined.

George Gascoigne was born of an ancient and honourable family in Essex, and was son and heir of sir John Gascoigne, who, for some reason not assigned in Whetstone's account, chose to disinherit him. Previously to this harsh step, he had been privately educated under a clergyman of the name of Nevinson, perhaps Stephen Nevinson, L.L.D. prebendary and commissary of the city and diocese of Canterbury. After this he was removed either to Oxford or Cambridge. Wood says, he "had his education in both the universities, though chiefly, as he conceives, in Cambridge;" but Gascoigne himself, in his Steele-Glasse, informs us that he was a member of the university of Cambridge, without mentioning Oxford. His progress at Cambridge is unknown; but he removed from it to Gray's Inn, for the purpose of studying the law. It is probable that in both places he wrote a considerable number of his poems, those of the amatory kind particularly, as he seems to include them among his youthful follies.

Wood now informs us, that Gascoigne, "having a rambling and unfixed head, left Gray's Inn, went to various cities in Holland, and became a soldier of note, which he afterwards professed as much, or more, as learning, and therefore made him take this motto, *Tan Marti quam Mercurio*. From thence he went to France to visit the fashions of the royal court there, where he fell in love with a Scottish dame." In this there is a mixture of truth and error. The story of the Scottish dame has no better foundation than some lines in his *Herbes*, written probably in an assumed character. His being in France is yet more doubtful, and perhaps the following is nearly the fact. While at Gray's Inn he incurred the expences of a fashionable and courtly life, and was obliged to sell his patrimony, whatever that might be; and it would appear that his father, dissatisfied with his extravagance, refused him any farther assistance, and, probably about this time, disinherited him.

Without blaming his father, unless by calling his disinheritance "a froward deed," he now resolved to assume the airs of independence, in hopes that his courtly friends would render him in reality independent; but he soon found, what is no uncommon case, that their favours were not to be obtained without solicitations incompatible with a proud spirit. A more honourable resource then presented itself. William, prince of Orange, was at this time endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the tyranny of the Spanish monarch, and Gascoigne, prompted by the hope of gaining laurels in a field dignified by patriotic bravery, embarked on the 19th of March 1572, for Holland. The vessel being under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot was run aground, and twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were drowned. Gascoigne, however, and his friends, remained at the pumps, and being enabled again to put to sea, landed safe in Holland. The drunkenness of the pilot he never forgot:

" Wel pleste at length, among the drunken Dutch."

Having obtained a captain's commission under the prince of Orange, he "acquired

considerable military reputation; but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts, he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

" While this negotiation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands, Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague; the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "the Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was, however, surprised soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden. The jealousy of the Dutch was then openly displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military bard with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

These particulars, so accurately gleaned from his works by the intelligent correspondent of the *Censura Literaria*⁴, are confirmed in some measure by the information he gave to Whetstone. In this he adverts to his heroic spirit in volunteering his services for the Dutch, appeals to "his slender gaine," as a proof what little share avarice had in his conduct, and insinuates that after he

" Cacht by sly hap, in prison vile was popt,"

his life would have been in danger, had he not exerted his utmost eloquence with his foe, which, we are told, he was enabled to do by his familiarity with the Latin, Italian, French, and Dutch languages⁵.

On his return to England, he resided partly in Gray's Inn, and partly at Walthamstowe. In his *Flowers* he informs us, that he had, in the midst of his youth, determined to abandon all vain delights, and to return to Gray's Inn, there to undertake again the study of the common law; and that at the request of five gentlemen of the Inn, namely, Francis and Anthony Kinwelmersh, Messrs. Vaughan, Neville, and Courttop, he wrote what he calls his *Memories*. These tasks, however, may have been per-

⁴ Vol. I. p. 109. &c. C.

⁵ In the dedication of the *Hermit's Tale* to Queen Elizabeth, hereafter mentioned, he says, " Such Italian as I have learned in London, and such Latin as I forgot at Cambridge, such French as I borrowed in Holland, and such English as I stole in Westmoreland, even such and no better have I prepared before you." From this last expression, the writer of his life in the *Censura* thinks he may have been a native of Westmoreland. C.

formed at an earlier period of life, if it can be proved that he left the Inn twice before this time; but his general design now was to trust to his wit, and to "ope the window of his Muse;" in other words, to publish his early poems, and those other works, written in his more serious moments, that were intended to counteract the licentious tendency of his amatory verses. As a general apology for the latter, he asserts that they "do shewe

"The woes of love, but not the wayer to love."

In the summer of 1575, he accompanied queen Elizabeth in one of her stately progresses, and wrote for her amusement, in the month of July, a kind of mask, entitled *The Princely Pleasures of Kenelworth Castle*⁴. Some of the verses were not only written, but spoke by him on this occasion; but the whole of the entertainment, owing to the unfavourable weather, was not performed. This piece was first printed in the posthumous edition of his works.

On his return from this progress, his principal residence, while preparing his works, was at Walthamstowe. Here, it appears by Whetstone's account, he wrote *The Steel Glasse*, *The Glass of Government*, *The Delicate Diet*, a *Book of Hunting*⁵, and the *Doom's Day Drum*, which last was not published until after his death. He left other pieces behind him, some of which were afterwards printed in various collections, but without his name.

Although he enjoyed the esteem of many of his poetical contemporaries, and the patronage of lord Grey of Wilton, the earl of Bedford, sir Walter Rawleigh, and other persons of distinction, yet during this period he complains bitterly of what poets in all ages have felt, the envy of rivals and the malevolence of critics, and seems to intimate that, although he apparently bore this treatment with patience, yet it incessantly wore him out, and brought on a bodily distemper which his physicians could not cure. In all his publications, he takes every opportunity to introduce and bewail the errors of his youth, and to stone for any injury, real or supposed, which might have accrued to the public from a perusal of his early poems, in which, however, the proportion of indecorous thoughts is surely not very great.

His biographers, following the Oxford historian, have hitherto placed his demise at Walthamstowe in the year 1578; but Whetstone, on whom we can more certainly rely, informs us that he died at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7, 1577. He had perhaps taken a journey to this place for change of air, accompanied by his friend Whetstone, who was with him when he died, so calmly that the moment of his departure was not perceived. He left a wife and son behind him, whom he recommended to the liberality of the queen, whether successfully, or what became of them, cannot now be known. The registers of Stamford and of Walthamstowe have been examined without success⁶.

Although his age is not mentioned by any of his biographers, yet from various expressions in his works, it may be conjectured that it did not exceed forty years, and

⁴ See many curious particulars of this entertainment in Nichols' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. I. C.

⁵ This is not known. He has commendatory verses before Turberville's *Art of Venere*. C.

⁶ By the author of his life in the *Censura Literaria*. C.

even a much shorter period might be fixed upon with great probability. His stay at Cambridge was perhaps not long; in 1567, when his comedy of the *Supposes* was acted at Gray's Inn, he was denominated *one of the students*. In one of his prefaces, he calls himself of middle age; his exploits in the army are consistent with the prime of life; and it is certain that he did not survive these above five years.

As the editions of Gascoigne's works are all extremely scarce, and often imperfect, it may be necessary to give a more particular account of them than has yet been published.

The first, and by far the most rare edition of Gascoigne's works, is a quarto volume printed in 1572, and entitled "A Hundreth sundrie Floweres bounde vp in one small Poesie. Gathered partly (by translation) in the fyne outlandish Gardins of Euripides, Ouid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others; and partly by inuention, out of our owne fruitefull Orchardes in Englande: Yelding sundrie sweete sauors of Tragical, Comical, and Morall Discourses, bothe pleasant, and profitable to the well smelling noses of learned Readers. Meritum petere; graue. At London, Imprinted for Richard Smith."

This volume contains, "First an excellente and pleasante Comedie entituled *Supposes*. The second, the wofull tragedie of *Jocasta*, conteining the vtter subueriour of *Thebes*. Thirdly, a pleasant discourse of the aduentures of master F. J. conteyning excellent letters, sonets, Laya, Balllets, Rondlets, Verlays and verses. Fourthly, diuers excellent deuises of sundry Gentlemen. Fifthly, certayne deuises of master Gascoyne, conteyning his anothamie, his arrigement, his prayse of mistresse Bridges now Lady Sands, then his praise of Zouche late the lady Grey of Wilton. Gascoyne his passion; libell of diuorce; praise of his mistresse; Lallabie; Recantation; five notable deuises upon ffe sundry theames giuen to him by ffe sundry Gentlemen in ffe sundry meeters; gloze vpon *Dominus iis opus habet*; good morrowe; good night; counsell to Douglas Dine; counsell to Bartholomew Wythipole; Epitaph vpon Captaine Bourcher lately slayne in Zelande, called the tale of the stone; deuise of a maske; wodmanship; gardening; last voyage into Holland in Marche; Lastly the dolorous discourse of Dan Bartholomew of Bathe, wherin is conteyned his triumphes, his discourse of loue, his extreme passion, his libell of request to Care, his last will and testament, his farewell; Last of all the reporter".

Of this very rare edition, only two perfect copies are known, one which was in Mr. Steeven's collection, and a second in Emanuel college library, placed there probably by Dr. Farmer; a third, now before the editor, is the property of Thomas Hill, esq. and was completed by manuscript from Dr. Farmer's copy. Mr. Steeven's account of it was, that it differed very materially from its successor in 1587, and contained several pieces not to be found in it: it was, in short, an *uncharacted* work, published, as it should seem, without the formal consent of Gascoigne, though not perhaps without his connivance. The pages in all the copies extant break off abruptly at 164, and recommence at 201.

⁷ It appears from the records of Gray's Inn, that in 1565 George Gascoigne being called an *Accident*, paid his fines for the vacations past, to complete the number of nine vacations required by the statutes of the society. If this was the poet, which is very probable, his pursuit of his studies must, at this time, have been serious. See Malcolm's *Lond. Rediv.* vol. II. p. 246.

⁸ Ariosto allegorized, a short piece, not very delicate, is the only omission I can discover in the subsequent editions. C.

It appears, however, from his "Epistle to the Reverend Divines," prefixed to the edition of 1575, that he made a present of the pieces in this volume to his publisher, and was not unwilling the same should be imprinted for various reasons which the reader may peruse in that epistle. As to the interruption in the paging, although it seems to indicate the cancelling of some part, yet the matter and number of the page accords with the table of contents and the list of the errata, which runs from folio 163 to 206: Mr. Herbert's supposition that different printers were employed, will not account for so large an omission.

The second edition is entitled "The Posies of George Gascoigne Esquire. Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Author, 1575. *Tam Marti, quam Mercuria.* Imprinted at London by H. Bynneman for Richard Smith." This begins with a dedication to the reverend divines, in defence of his former publication. An address to young gentlemen, and an advertisement to the readers generally; and contains, after many commendatory verses, "FLOWERS, viz. The Amotanis of a Louer; the arraignemente of a Louer; the passions of a Louer; the divorce of a Louer; the Lullabie of a Louer; the lamentation of a Louer; the lookes of a Louer enamored; the lookes of a Louer forsaken; the recantation of a Louer; praise of lady Sand; praise of lady Grey; praise of the author's mistresse; Gascoigne's good morrow—good night—*De Profundis*—memories—an Epitaph upon Captaine Borecher; a devise of a Maske; the refusal of a Louer; pryme in Court; Despised things may lime; in trust is treason; the constancie of a Louer; the frute of Fees; a Louer once warned and twice taken; a Louer encouraged by former examples; the Historie of Dan Bartholomew of Bath; the frutes of Warre. HEARBES, containing The Comedy called Supposes; The Tragedie called Jocasta; the frute of Reconciliation; the force of true Friendship; the force of loue in strangers; the praise of browne beautie; the Partrich and the Merlyn; the vertue of Ver; the complainte of a Dame in absence; the praise of a Countesse; the affection of a louer; the complaint of a Dame suspected; a riddle; the shield of Love; the glōe upon *Domini nō opus habet*; Gascoigne's counsel to Dine—counsel to Wythipole—wedmaship—gardenings—journey into Hollande. WEEDES, containing, The frute of Fetter; the cooplayat of the green Knight; the farewel to Fansie; the fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi and Leonora de Velasco; the praise of a Gentlewoman neither fair nor wel favoured; the praise of Phillip Sparrowe; Farewel with a mischief; the doate of disdain; Mars in despite of Vulcan; Patience perforce; a letter for a yong louer; Dauid aduteth Bersabe; Sone acquainted, sone forgotten;" and an article not noticed in the table of contents, entitled "Certayne notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English, written at the request of Master Edouardo Donati." In this edition the pages of the Flowers run from 1 to 149, and Hearbes from 1 to 290. The Certayne Notes of Instruction which conclude the volume are not paged.

In this edition, it is more material to notice that F. I. or Freeman Jones, is altered to Ferdinand Jeronimi; Elior to Leonora de Velasco, Fraunces into Francischian; and the signatured initials of G. T. &c. are wholly omitted.

These are the only editions of Gascoigne's poetry collected in his life-time, although Herbert, p. 1077, notices an edition printed in 1575, for Christopher Barker.

His separate publications appeared in the years 1575 and 1576. The first was "The Glasse of Gouernement. A Tragical Comedie so entituled, bycause therein are handled aswell the rewardes for Vertues, as also the punishment for Vices. Done by George

Gascoigne Esquire, 1575. Blessed are they that feare the Lorde, their children shalbe as the branches of Oline trees rounde about their table. Seen and allowed, according to the order appointed in the Queenes majesties iunctions. Imprinted at London for C. Barker." According to Herbert, there was a second edition of this piece in the same year. The dedication noticed, by Herbert, in these editions, to sir Owen Upton, is wanting in the copy now before me.

The Steele Glas was published in 1576, "A Satyre compiled by George Gascoigne Esquire, togither with The Complaint of Phyloemene. An Elegie deuided by the same Author. *Tan Marti, quam Mercurio.* Printed for Richard Smith." In the title is an ornamental wooden cut, representing Time drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, **OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET.** Dr. Percy, in whose Reliques, Book III. Vol. 2. this device is copied, with some variations, observes that "it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this, or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery (Le Temps decouvre La Verite), and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution." On the back of the title is Gascoigne's portrait in armour, ruff, large beard; on his right hand a musket and bandoleers; on his left, books, &c. and underneath his motto *Tan Marti*, &c. This edition of the Steele Glas is extremely rare, and with the portrait, yet more rare.

In the same year he published "A Delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Droonkards: wherein the fowle abuse of common carowing and quaffing with heartie draughtes is honestly admonished." Imprinted Aug. 22, 1576, on three sheets, octavo. This prose tract was lately republished by Mr. Waldron, in his Literary Museum, from a copy, the only one known, in the possession of Mr. Steevens. The Dedication to "the Right Worahipfull his singuler good friend Lewes Dyve of Broomcham, in the Countie of Bedforde, Esquier" is dated Aug. 10, 1576: it is partly a translation from St. Augustine, and partly compiled from other authors, with a view to prove the proposition, that "all droonkardes are beastes."

The Hermits tale, at Woodstock, 1575, is printed in Mr. Nichols's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, from a manuscript in the British Museum. Mr. Andrews, in his Continuation of Dr. Henry's history, has the following note; "The poet Gascoigne, as he draws his own picture, presenting his book to Elizabeth, has a pen for an ear ornament, and thus he sings,

" Beholde, good queene, a poett with a speare,
(Strange sightes well mark'd are understande the better)
A soldier armde with penayle in his eare,
With pen to fighfe, and sworde to write a letter.

Frontispiece to Gascoigne's Translation of "The Heremyta."

Some verses of Gascoigne's are prefixed to Cardanus conforte, 1576; Hollyband's "French Littleton;" Sir Humphrey Gilbert's "Discourse of a Discoverie of a new Passage to Calbeia," and probably to other works of contemporaries.

The only posthumous work of our author, published in 1586, is entitled "The Droome of Doomes Day. Wherein the frailties and miseries of mans life are lively portreyed and learnedly set forth. Deuided as appeareth in the Page next following.

Translated and collected by George Gascoigne Esquire. *Tam Marti quam Mercurii*. At London, Imprinted by John Windet, for Gabriel Cawood: dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Holy Ghost, 1586." The division "on the Page next following," or back of the title, will give the reader an outline of this work. "This work is deuided into three partes, the first whereof is entituled, *The View of worldly Vanities, Exhorting us to contempne, all pompe, pleasures, delights and vanities of this life.* And the second part is named, *The shame of staine, Displaying and laying open the huge greatnessse and enormities of the same, by sundrie good examples and comparisons.* And the third part is called, *The Needels Eye, Wherin wee are taught the right rules of a true Christian life, and the straight passage vnto euangelistie.* Hereunto is added a priuate Letter, the which doth teach remedies against the bitternessse of Death." In the dedication to his patron the earl of Bedford, we are informed that this work is principally a translation from an old volume he found in his library; which wanting the beginning and end, he could not ascertain the author's name; that he was prompted to translate, arrange and publish the same, partly to atone for sinfull time, and partly in consequence of the suggestion of a friend, who, after allowing his poetry its full merit, said "bee woulde like the gardiner much better if he woulde employ his spade in no worse ground, then either diuinite or moral philosophie." The dedication is dated "From my lodging where I finished this trausale in weake plignt for health as your good Lordshippe well knoweth this 2 of Maye, 1576." The private letter at the end of the work, teaching remedies against the fear of death, is said to have been written by J. P. to his familiar friende G. P.

In 1587, the third, and most complete edition of his works was published, under the title of "The whole woorkes of George Gascoigne Esquire: Newlye compylyed into one Volume, That is to say: His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Tragedie of Jocasta, the Steele Glasse, the complaint of Phylomene, the Storie of Ferdinand & Jeronimi, and the pleasure at Kenelworth Castle. London, Imprinted by Abell Jeffes, dwelling in the Fore Streete, without Creplegate, neere unto Grubstreete," small quarto, b. l. This is an uniform edition of the pieces mentioned, and may be reckoned the best, except that the errors pointed out in the former editions are not corrected in this.

The testimonies to Gascoigne's merit by his contemporaries are so numerous, that we are at a loss to know who those enemies were, and what their numbers and force, which gave Gascoigne that uneasiness of which he complains with all the bitterness of wounded sensibility. Besides the eulogies prefixed to his works, he is celebrated by Gabriel Harvey as one of the English poets who have written in praise of women.

Chaucerusque adiit. Surrens et inclytus adiit
Gascoignaque aliquis sit, mea Corda locus².

Arthur Hall, in the dedication prefixed to his Translation of Ten Books of Homer, compliments "the pretie pythic Conceits of M. George Gascoigne." Thomas Nash, in his Address to Gentlemen Students, prefixed to Green's Arcadia, says, "Who euer my priuate opinion condemneth as faultie, Maister Gascoigne is not to be abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beate the path to that perfection which our best poets

* Gratulations Valdenses, Edit. Binneman, 1578, 4to. Lib. IV. p. 29. C.

Trane aspired to since his departure, whereto hee did ascend, by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully did Graeca cum Latinis."

This testimony, it is observed by a writer in the *Censura Literaria*, will be sufficient to obviate Mr. Park's suspicion that Nash intended to satirize Gascoigne in his *Pierce Penileuse*, as "the greasy son of a clothier." On examining the passage in Nash whence this suspicion seems to arise, I find that the principal ground is the quotation of Gascoigne's motto *Tan Marti quam Mercurio*. No other particular stated can apply to Gascoigne, if the account we have been able to furnish be accurate; but as to the motto, it is well known that after Gascoigne's death it was used by, or appropriated to his old friend sir Walter Raleigh, who might, and perhaps with as little reason, be the object of Nash's coarse abuse.

Webbe, in his discourse of English Poetrie, 1586, mentions Gascoigne "as painful a soldier in the affairs of his prince and country as he was a witty poet in his writing;" and Pattenham gives the prize to him for "a good meter and for a plentiful veyne." Bolton only, in his *Hypercritica*, contents himself with the sparing notice that "among the lesser poets, George Gascoigne's works may be endured."

If we consider the general merit of the poets in the early part of the Elizabethan period, it will probably appear that the extreme rarity of Gascoigne's works has been the chief cause of his being so much neglected by modern readers. In smoothness and harmony of versification he yields to no poet of his own time, when these qualities were very common; but his higher merit is, that in every thing he discovers the powers and invention of a poet, a warmth of sentiment tender and natural, and a fertility of fancy, although not always free from the conceits of the Italian school. As a satirist, if nothing remained but his *Steele Glass*, he may be reckoned one of the first. There is a vein of sly sarcasm in this piece, which appears to me to be original; and his intimate knowledge of mankind, acquired indeed at the expence probably of health and certainly of comfort and independence, enabled him to give a more curious picture of the dress, manners, amusements, and follies of the times than we meet with in almost any other author.

To point out the individual beauties of his miscellaneous pieces, after the specimens exhibited by Mrs. Cooper, Messrs. Percy, Warton, Headley, and Ellis, would be unnecessary; but there are three respects in which his claims to originality require to be noticed as *versa* in a history of poetry. [His *Steele Glass* is among the first specimens of blank verse in our language; his *Jocasta* is the second theatrical piece written in that measure; and his *Supposes* is the first comedy written in prose.] In his *Jocasta*, which is partly paraphrased and partly abridged from the *Phoenissae* of Euripides, he was assisted by his fellow-student of Gray's Inn, Francis Kinwelmersh, who translated the first and fourth acts. Mr. Warton, who has given an account of this play, in the third volume of the *History of Poetry*, remarks that "so sudden were the changes or the refinements of our language, that in the second edition of this play, printed again with Gascoigne's poems in 1587, it was thought necessary to affix marginal explanations of many words, not long before in common use, but now become obsolete and unintelligible." These obsolete words, however, were explained in the second edition of our author's works, printed in 1575, which Mr. Warton had probably not seen.

Shakspeare's obligations to the *Supposes* have been stated by Mr. Warton and Dr. Farmer; by the former in his *History of Poetry*, and by the latter in the notes on the *Taming of a Shrew*, in Johnson and Steevens' edition of Shakspeare.

It remains yet to be noticed, that there is in the British Museum a poem written by our author which has not been added to his works: it is entitled *The Grief of Joy, Certeyne Elegies, wherein the doubtful Delightes of Manes Lyfe are displayed. Written to the Queenes most excellent Majestie, 1576.* Mr. Beloe has printed the dedication, and a specimen of this poem in his *Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books*; and most readers will probably think that more is unnecessary.

A REMEMBRAVNCE

of the wel imployed life, and godly end of
GEORGE GASKOIGNE Esquire, who
deceased at Stalmford in Lin-
colne Shire the 7 of October

1577

The reporte of GEO. WHETSTONES

Gent. an eye witnes of his
Godly and charitable
end in this world.

Forma nulla Fides

IMPRINTED AT LON-
don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Pauls Churchyard and
are there to be sold.

The wel imployed life, and godly end of
G. Gascoigne, Esquire.

AND is there none, wil help to tel my tale,
Who (ah) in helth, a thousand plaints have shone?
tecles all men joy? tā no mā skil of hale?
O yes I see, a comfort in my mone.
help me good George, my life and death to touch
some man for thee may one day doo as much.

Thou seest my death, and long my life didst knowe,
my life; nay death, to live I now begin:
But some wil say, *Divus est hie sermo*,
Tis hard indeed, for such as feed oo sin.
Yet trust me frends (though flesh doth hardly bow)
I am resolv'd, I never liv'd til now.

And on what cause, in order shall ensue,
My worldly life (is first) must play his parte:
Whose tale attend, for once the same is true,
Yea Whetston thoo, has knownen my hidden hart
And therefore I conjure thee to defend:
(When I am dead) my life and godly end.

¹ I suspect some inaccuracy in transcribing this line. C

first of my life, which some (amis) did knowe,
I leve mine armes, my acts shall blase the same
Yet on a thorne, a grape will never growe,
no more a churle, dooth breed a childe of fame,
but (for my birth) my birth right was not great
my father did, his forward sonne defeat².

This foward deed, could scarce my hart dismay,
Vertue (quod I) wil see I shall not lacke:
And wel I wot *Domini est terra*,
Besides my wit can guide me from a wrack.
Thus finding cause, to foster hye desire;
I clapt on cost (a help) for to aspire.

But foolish man deckt in my peacock's plumes,
my wanton wil commaunded strait my wit:
Yea, brainsick I, was drunk with fancies tumes,
But, *Nemo sive criminis vicit*.
for be that findes himself from vices free
I give him leve, to throwe a stone at me.

It helps my praise, that I my fault recite,
The lost sheep found, the feast was made for joy:
Evil sets out good, as far as black dooth white.
The pure delight, is drayned from annoy.
But (that in cheef which writers should respect)
Trueth is the garbe, that keepeth men uncheckt.

And for a trueth begilde with self conceit,
I thought that men would throwe rewards on me
But as a fish sold bites without a baignt,
So none unfornt, mens needs will hear or see.
and begging sutes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:
the mounting minde, had rather sterue in need.

Wel leave I bear of thrifles wil to write,
wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:
The sweet of war, sung by the carpet knight,
In poste haste then shipt me in Ventures barge
These lusty limes, *sarcce esse* (quod I) will rust:
That pitee were, for I to them must trust.

Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch,
(though rumours lewd, impayred my desert)
I boldly vaunt, the blast of fame is such,
As prooves I had a foward sours hart.

* "He was Sir John G. sonne and heire disinherited." Marginal note in the original. C.

My slender gaine a further witness is:
for woorhiest men, the spoiles of war do mix.

Even there the man, that went to fight for pence,
Cacht by aly hap, in prison vile was popt:
Yea had not woordes, fought for my lives defence²,
for all my hands, my breth had there been stopt
But I in fine, did so persuade my foe:
As (set free) I was homewards set to goe.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit,
Yet awckward chance, lackt force to heard my hope
In peace (quod I) ile trust unto my wit,
The windowes of my muse, then straight I ope
and first I shewe, the travail of such time:
as I in youth, imployd in looving rime.

Some straight way said (their lungs with envy fret)
those wanton layes, inductions were to vice:
Such did me wrong, for (quod nocet, docet)
our neyghbours harms, are items to the wise.
And sure these toyes, do shewe for your behoof:
The woes of loove, and not the wayes to love.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,
I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies:
The lewd I chekkt, in Glas of goverment,
And (laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praise,)
I wrought a Glame, wherin eche man may see
Within his minde, what canckred vices be.

The druncken soule, transformed to a beast,
my diet helps a man, again to make.
But (that which should, be praid above the rest)
My Doomes day Drum from sin doeth you awake
for honest sporte which doeth refresh the wit:
I have for you a book of hunting writ.

These few books, are dayly in your eyes,
Perhaps of woorth, my fame alive to keep:
Yet other woorkes (I think) of more emprise,
Cought close as yet, within my cofers sleep.
yea til I dy, none shall the same revele:
So men wil say, that Gaskoigne wrote of zeale.

² "He had the Latin, Italian, French and Dutch languages." Marginal note. C.

O Envy vile, soule fall thee wretched sot
 Thou mortel foe, unto the forward minde:
 I curse thee wretch, the only cause God wot,
 That my good wil, no more account did finde.
 And not content, thy self to do me fear:
 Thou nipst my hart, with *Spight, Suspect and Care.*

And first of spight foule Envy's poysoned pye,
 To Midas eares, this as hath Lyntius eyes:
 with painted shewes, he heaves himself on hie.
 full off this Dolte, in learned authors pries,
 But as the Drone, the hony hive doth rob:
 with woorthy books, so deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tears, to paint a prating tung,
 When (God he knowes) he knowes not what he saies
 And lest the wise shold finde his wit but yung,
 he woorkes all means, their woorkes for to dispraise.
 To smooth his speech, the beast this patch doth crep
 he shows the bad, the writers mouthes to stop.

Ye worse thad this, he dealeth in offence,
 (Ten good turnes, he with silence striketh dead)
 A slender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
 This wretched *spight* in every place doth spread.
 And with his breath, the Viper dooth infect:
 The hearers heads, aod harts with false suspect.

Now of *suspect*: the propertie to showe,
 he hides his dought, yet still mistrusteth more:
 The man suspect, is so debard to knowe,
 The cause and cure of this his ranckling sore.
 And so in vain, be good account doeth seek,
 who by this Feinde, is brought into mislike.

Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart,
 These privy foes, to tread me under foot:
 My true intent, with forged faults did thwart:
 so that I found, for me it was no boot.
 to woork as Bees, from weeds with hony dranes
 when Spiders turnd, my flowers into banes.

When my plain woordes, by fooles misconterred were
 by whose fond tales reward held his hands back
 To quite my woorth, a cause to settle ev're
 within my brest, who wel deaerv'd, did lack,
 for who can brook, to see a painted crowe
 Singing aloft, when Turtles mourn belowe.

What man can yeld, to starve among his books
and see pied Doultes, uppon a booty feed?
What honest minde, can live by favring looks,
And see the lewd, to rech a freendly deed?
what hart can bide, in bloody warres to toile,
when carpet swads, devour the soldierns spoile?

I am the wretch, whom fortune stirted soe,
These men were bribed, ere I had breth to speak.
Muse then no whit, with this huge overthrowe
thoagh crushing care, my gittles bart doth break,
But you wil say, that in delight doo dwell,
my outward showe no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true, but hark, unto the rest,
The Swan in songs, dooth knolle her passing bel:
The Nightingale, with thornes against her breast
when she might mourn, her sweetest laye doth yel.
The valiant man, so playes a pleasant parte
When mothes of mone, doo gnaw upon his hart.

for prooef myself, with care not so a feard,
But as hurt Deere waille (through their wounds
Whien stoutly they doo stand among the heard) alone.
So that I saw, but few hark to my mone,
made choise to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint:
in sight of men, who nothing seemd to faint.

But as oft use, doeth weare an iron cote,
as misling drops, hard flints in time doth pearse
By peece meales, care so wrought me under foot
but more than straunge is that I now rehearse,
Three months I lived, and did digest no food:
when none by arte my sicknes understood.

What helpeth theu? to death I needs must pine,
yet as the horse, the use of warre which knowes;
If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
but til he dye, poste with his Rider goes.
Even so my hart, whilst lungs may lend me breth:
Bares up my limmes, who living go like death.

But what availes, *Achilles* hart, to have,
king Cressus welth, the sway of all the world;
The Prince, the Peere, so to the wretched Slave,
when death assaults, from earthly holdes are whord.
yea oft he strikes ere one can stir his eye:
Then good you live, as you would dayly dye.

You see the plight, I wretched now am in,
 I looke much like a threshed ear of corne:
 I holde a forme, within a wrimpled skin,
 but from my bones, the fat and flesh is worne.
 See, see the man, hate pleasures minion:
 pride to the bones, with care and wretched mone.

See gallants see, a picture worth the sight,
 (as you are now, myself was heretofore)
 my body late, stuft ful of many might
 As bare as Job, is brought to Death his doore,
 My hand of late, which fought to win me fame:
 Stif clung with colde, wants force to write my name.

My legges which bare, my body ful of flesh,
 Unable are, to stay my bones upright:
 My tung (God wot) which talkt as one would wish
 In broken words, can scarce my minde recite.
 My head late stuft, with wit and leareseed skill
 may now conceive, but not convey my wil.

What say you frends, this sudain chaunge to see
 you rue my greef, you doe like flesh and blood.
 But mone your sinnes, and never morne for me,
 And to be plain, I would you understood
 My hart dooth swim, in seas of more delight:
 Then your who seems, to rue my wretched plight.

" What is this world? a net to snare the soule ",
 A was of aiane, a desert of deceitt:
 A moments joy, an age of wretched dole,
 A lure from grace, for flesh a toothsome baith,
 Unto the minde, a cankerworm of care:
 Unsure, unjust; in rendring man his share.

" A place where pride, oreruns the honest minde,
 Where rich men joynes, to rob the shiffles wretch
 Where bribing miste, the judges eyes doo blinde,
 Where Parasites, the fattest crummes do catch.
 Where good deserts (which chalenge like reward)
 Are over blowen, with blasts of light regard.

" And what is man? Dust, Slime, a puff of wind,
 Conceivd in sin, plaste in the woorld with greef,
 Brought up with care, til care hath caught his minde,
 And then, (til death, vouchsafe him some relief)

* These lines between commas form a poem called *A Description of the World*, by Gascoigne in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, Edit. 1592. C.

Day yea nor night, his care dooth take an end:
To gather goods, for other men to spend.

“ O foolish man, that art in office pleaste,
Think whence thou camst, and whether the shall goe:
The huge hie Dkes, small windes have over cast,
when slender reeds, in roughest wethers growe.
Even so pale death, oft spares the wretched wight
And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

“ You lusty youths, that nourish hie desire,
Abase your plumes, which makes you look so big:
The Colliers cut, the Courtiers steed wil tire,
Even so the Clark, the Parsones grave dooth dig
whose hap is yet, beir longer life to win:
Dooth heap (God wot) but sorowe unto sinne.

“ And to be short, all sortes of men take heede,
the thundre holtes, the lofty Towers teare:
The lightning flash, consumes the house of reed,
Yea more in time, all earthly things will weare,
Save only man, who as his earthly living is:
Shall live in wo, or els in endles blis.”

More would I say, if life would lend me space,
but all in vain, death waits of no mans wil:
The tired Jade, dooth trip at every pace,
when pampered horse, will prance against the hil,
To helthfull men, at long discourses sporte,
when few woords, the sick would fain reporte.

The best is this, my will is quickly made,
my welth is small, the more my conscience ease:
This short accompt (which makes me ill a paid)
my loving wife and sonne, will hardly please.
But in this case, to please them as I may:
These folowing woords, my testament do wray.

My soule I first, bequeath Almighty God.
And though my sinnes are grevous in his sight:
I firmly trust, to scape his firy rod,
when as my faith his deer Sonne shall recite
whose precious blood (to quench his Father's ire)
Is sole the cause, that saves me from hel fire.

My body now which once I decked brave
(from whence it came) unto the earth I give:
I wish no pomp, the same for to ingrave,
once buried corn, dooth rot before it live.

And flesh and blood in this self sorte is tryed:
Thus buriall cost, is (without profit) pride.

I humbly give my gracious sovereign Queene
(by service bound) my true and loyall hart:
And trueth to say, a right but rarely scene,
As Iron greves from thadamant to parte.
her highnes so, hath recht the Grace alone:
To gain all harts, yet gives her hart to none.

My loving wife, whose face I fain would see,
my love I give, with all the welth I have:
But since my goods (God knoweth) but slender bee
most gracious Queene, for Christ his sake I crave
(not for any service that I have doen)
you will vouchsafe, to aid her and my sonne.

Come, come deer Sonne, my blessing take in parte.
and therewithall I give thee this in charge:
first serve thou God, then use bothe wit and arte,
thy fathers det, of service to discharge,
which (forste by death) her Majestie he owes:
beyond desarts, who still rewardes bestowes.

I freely now all sortes of men forgive,
Their wrongs to me, and wish them to amend;
And as good men, in charitte should live,
I crave my faults may no mans minde offend,
So heer is all, I have to bequest:
And this is all, I of the world request.

Now farewell Wife, my Sonne, and frends farwel,
farewell O world, the baignt of all abuse:
Death where is thy sting? O Devil where is thy hel?
I little forse, the forces you can use,
yea to your teeth, I doo you both defye
Vt enim Christo, capio dissolui.

In this good mood, an end worthy the shewe,
Bereft of speech, his hands to God he heard:
And sweetly thus, good *Gastouigne* went a *Dio*,
yea with such ease, as no man there preceivd
By strugling signe, or striving from his brest;
That he abode, the pains and pangs of Death.

EXHORTATIO.

His *sea* is playd, you folowe on the act,
 Life is but Death, til flesh and blood be slain :
 God graunt his woords, within your harts be pact
 As good men doo, holde earthly pleasures vain.
 The good for their needs, *Vt tuus in mundo* :
 And use good deeds, *Vt fruaster Deo*.

Contemne the chaunge (use nay abuse) not God
 Through holy shewes, this worldly muck to scratch :
 To deale with men and Saints is very od
 hypocrisie, a man may over catch.
 But hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth see :
 who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil judge thee.

Thou jesting foole, which makst at sin a face,
 Beware that God, in earnest plague thee not :
 for where as he, is coldest in his grace,
 Euen there he is, in vengeance very hot.
 Tempt not to far, the lothest man to fight :
 When he is forste, the lustiest blowes dooth smight.

Your Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,
 you by your losse, doo match with them in blame :
 The Lawyers life, you Merchants doo not staine,
 The blinde for slouth, may hardly check the lame.
 I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit :
 wil Lawyers payre, I feare with over waight.

you Lawyers now who earthly Judges are,
 you shal be judyed, and therfore judge aright :
 you count *Ignorantia Juris* no bar.
 Then ignorance, your sinnes wil not acquite,
 Read, read Gods law, with which yours should agre :
 That you may judge, as you would judged bee.

You Prelats now, whose woords are perfect good,
 make shewe in woorkes, that you your woords inue.
 A Diamond, holdes his vertue set in wood,
 but yet in Golde, it hath a freaher hue,
 Even so Gods woord, told by the Devil is pure ;
 Preacht yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office so thou have,
to whose behoofe, this hrief discourse is tolde:
Prepare thy self, ecbe houre for the grave,
the market eats as wel young sheep as olde.
Even so, the Childe, who feares the smarting rod:
The father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this worldly life shall leave,
thus sure thou art, but knowest not when to dye:
Then good thou live, least death doo the deceive,
as through good life, thou maist his force defye.
for trust me man, no better match can make:
Then leave unsure, for certain things to take.

Visit post funera virtus.

AN EPITAPH,
WRITTEN BY G. W. OF THE DEATH, OF M. G.
GASKOYNGE.

FOR Gaskoynges death, leave to mone or motne
You are deceived, alive the man is stil:
Alive? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne,
in that, that he, his fleschly lyfe did kil.

For by such death, two lyves he gaines for one
His soule in heaven dooth live in endles joye
his woorthy woorks, such fame in earth have sowne,
As sack nor wrack, his name can there destroy.

But you will say, by death he only gaines.
And now his life, would many stand in stead:
O dain not Freedm (to counterchaunge his paynes)
If now in heaven, he have his earned meade,
For once in earth, his toyle was passing great:
And we devoutred the sweet of all his sweat.

Finis.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.

TO

THE REUERENDE DEUINES

UNTO WHOM THESE POSIES SHALL HAPPEN TO BE PRESENTED,
GEORGE GASCOIGNE ESQUIRE (PROFESSIONG ARMES IN DEFENCE OF
GODS TRUETH) WISHETH QUIET IN CONSCIENCE, AND ALL CONSO-
LATION IN CHRIST IESUS.

RIGHT REUEREND: I have thought it my part (before I wade further in publishing of these Posies) to lay open before your graue judgements, aswell the cause which presently moueth me to present them, as also the depths and secrets of some conceites, whiche (being passed in clouds and figuratiue speeches) might percasse both be offensive to your grauities and perilous to my credit.

It is verre neare two yeares past, since I (being in Holland in seruice with the vertuous Prince of Orange) the most part of these Posies were imprinted, and nowe at my retorne, I finde that some of them haue not only bin offensive to sundrie wanton speeches, and lasciuious phrases, but further I hear that the same haue heene doutfully construced, and (therefore) scandalous.

My reverend and welbeloved: whatsoeuer my youth hath seemed vnto the grauer sort, I would be verre loth nowe in my middle age to deserue reproch: more loth to touch the credite of any other, and most loth to haue mine owne name become vnto you odious. For if I shoule nowe at this age seeme as carelesse of reproch, as I was in greene youth readie to goe astray, my faults might quicklie growe double, and my estimation should bee woorthie to remaine but single. I have learned that altho there haue bee found in a Gentleman whereby to be reprehended or rebuked, yet ought haue not to be woorthie of reproch or condemnation.

All this I set downe in Preamble, to the ende I maie therby purchase your patience. As I desire that you wil not condemne me without proofe, so am I contented that if hereafter you finde me guilty, your definitive sentence shall then passe publike vnder the Seal of Seueritie.

It were not reason (right reuерend) that I shoule be ignorant howe generallie we are *ali magis proi ad malum quam ad bonum*. Euen so is it requisite that I acknowledge a generall reformation of maners more necessarie to be taught, than anie whetstone of vanities is meete (in these daies) to bee suffered. And therefore as your grauitie hath thought it requisite that all idle booke or wanton pamphlets shoule bee forbidden, so it might seeme that I were woorthie of great reprehension, if I shoule be the author of euill wilfullie, or a prouoker of vices wittinglie. And yet some there are who haue not spared to report that I received great summes of monie for the first printing of these Posies, whereby (if it were true) I might seeme not onelie a craftie Broker for the vtterance of garish tales, but a corrupt marchaunt for the sale of deceitfull wares.

For answeres hereof it is most true (and I call beauen and earth to witnesse) that I never receiued of Printer, or of anie other, one grote or pennie for the first copies of these Posies. True it is that I was not unwilling the same shoude be imprinted: And that not of a vaine glorious desire to be thought a pleasant Poet, neither yet of a light mind to be counted a cunning louer. For though in youth I was often overhauis to put my name in balancie of doubtful judgements, yet nowe I am become so bashfull that I coulde rather bee content to leesse the praise of my follies, then to hazard the misconceite of the graue and graue headed judges. But to confess a truthe unto you right reverend (with whom I may not long dispensible in cases which so generallie do touch all men) I was the rather contented to see them imprinted for these sundrie considerations.

First, for that I haue scene divers authers, (both learned and well learned) which after they haue both reformed their liues, and conuerted their studies, haue not yet disdained to reade the Poems which they let passe their pens in youth. For it seemeth vnto me that in all ages Poetrie hath bene not onelie permitted, but also it hath bene thought a right good and excellent qualitie.

Next vnto this, I haue alwaies bene of opinion, that it is not vnpossible either in Poemes or Prose to write both compendiouslie, and perfectly in our English tong. And therefore although I challenge not vnto my selfe the name of an English Poet, yet may the reader find out in my writings, that I haue more faulted in keeping the olde English wordes (*quamvis jam obsoleta*) than in borrowing of other languages such Epithetes and Adiectives as smell of the Inkhorne.

Thirdlie, as I seeke advancement by vertue, so was I desirous that there might remaine in publicke recorde, some pledge or token of those giftes wherewith it both pleased the Almighty to endue mee: To the ende that thereby the vertuous might bee encouraged to emploie my pen in some exercise which might tende both to my preferment, and to the profit of my countrey. For manie a man which mae like mine outward presence, might yet haue doubted whether the qualitie of my minde had bene correspondent to the proportion of my bodie.

Fourthly, because I had written sundrie things which could not chuse but content the learned and godlie reader, therefore I hoped the same shoulde serue as vndoubted profe, that I had laide aside vanities, and delighted to exercise my pen in morrall discourses, at least the one passing (cheeke by cheeke) with the other, must of necessity persuade both the learned, and the light minded, that I could aswell sow good graine, as graines or drafte. And I thought it not meete (being intermingled as they were) to cast away a whole bushell of good seede, for two or three graines of Darnell, or Cockle.

Lastly, I persuaded my selfe that as in the better sort of the same I shoulde purchase good liking with the honorable aged, So even in the worst sort, I might yet serue as a myngre for vnbrieffed youth, to auoide those perils which I had passed. For little may he doe which hath escaped the rocks or the sandes, if he cannot waft with his hand to them that come after him.

These considerations (right Reuerend) did first moue me to consent that these Poems shoulde passe in print. For recapitulation wherof, and to answere vnto the objections that mae be genea: I saie to the first, that I neither take example of a wanton Quid, doting Nigidius, nor foolish Samo-cratus: But I delight to think that the reverend father Theodore Beza, whose life is woortheleie become a lantern to the whole worlde, did not yet disdaine to suffer the continued publication of such Poemes as he wrote in youth. And as he termed them at last Poemata castrata, So shall your reverend judgements behold in this second edition, my poemes gelded from all filthie phrases, correct-ed in all erroneous places, and beautified with addition of manie morall examples.

To the seconde, although I be sometimes constreyned for the cadence of rimes, or per diuisionem Poeticam, to use an inkhorne terme, or a strange word: yet hope I that it shall bee apparent I haue rather regarde to make our native language commendable in it selfe, then gay with the feathers of straunge birds.

To the thirde reason may be objected, that if I were so desirous to haue my capactie knowne, I shoulde haue done much better to haue traualied in some notorious peece of worke, which migh generallie haue spred my commendation. The whiche I confesse, but yet is it true that I must take the foord as I finde it: Sometimes not as I would; but as I may. And since the oversight of my youth had brought me far behinde hand and indebted vnto the worlde, I thought good in the meane time to piae as much as I bad, vntill it might please God better to inable me. For commonly the greediest creditor is appeased, if he see his debtor willing to pay when he hath any thing. And therefore being busied in martiall affaires (whereby also I sought some aduancement) I thought good to notifie vnto the worlde before my returne, that I coulde as well porsuade with pen, as pearce with lunce or weapon. So that yet some noble minde migh bee encouraged both to exercise mee in time of peace, and to emploie me in time of seruice in warrs.

To the fourth and last considerations, I had alledged of late by a right reverend father, that althoug in deede out of every flower the industrious Bee mae gether honie, yet by proofs the Spider thereout suckes mischeuous poison. Wherunto I can none otherwise answere, but that he who wil throw a stone at euerie dog which barketh, had neede of a great satchel or pocket. And if the learned judgments and honest minde do both construe my doings aright, and take theria either couched or cou-

moditie, then care I the lesse what the wicked conceiue of my conceits. For I esteeme more the praise of one learned reader, then I regard the envious carping of ten thousand vnlettered tattlers.

To conclude (right reverend) as these considerations did speciallie moue me at first to consent to the imprinting of these posies, so now haue I yet a farther consideration, which moueth mee most earnestlie to sue for this second edition or publishing of the same. And that is this. I understand that sondrie well disposed mindes have taken offence at certaine wanton words and sentences passed in the Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi, and the Ladie Elinora de Valasco, the which in the first edition was tearemed The Aduentures of master F. I. And that also therewith some busie conjectures haue presumed to thinke that the same was in deed written to the scandalizing of some worthie personages, whom they would seeme thereby to knowe. Surelie, (right reverend) I smile to see the simplicitie of such, who being in deede starke staring blind, would yet seeme to see farre into a milstone. And the rather I scorne their rash judgments, for that in talking with xx. of them one after another, there haue not two agreed in one conjecture. Alas, alas, if I had been so foolish as to haue passed in recitall a thing so done, yet all the world might think me very simple if I would call John, John, or Mary, Mary. But for the better satisfieng of all men univerally, I doe here protest unto you (reverend) even by the hope of my salvation, that there is no living creature touched or to be noted thereby. And for the rest you shal find it now in this second imprinting so turquened and turned, so cleasned from all unclenlie words, and so purged from the humor of inhumanitie, as percase you would not judge it to be the same tale. For although, I haue bin heretofore contented to suffer the publication thereof, onlie to the end men might see my Methode in writing, yet am I now thus desirous to lette it forth esfumones, to the end at lenre might see the reformation of my mind: and that al suspitions maie be suppressed and throughtie assafied by this mine vnspeigned protestation which I make vnto you in that behalfe. Finally, were it not that the same is alredie extend in such sort as hath moued offence, I should rather be content to cancell it vtterlie to oblivion, then thus to return it in a new patcht coate. And for ful prooef of mine earnest zeale in Gods seruice, I require of you most instantlie that if heretofre my skil seem sufficient to wade in matters of greater importance, you wil then vouchsafe to employ me accordingly. Surelie you shall find me no lesse readie to vndertake a whole yeres travel in any worke which you shall think me able to overcome, then I haue bin willing heretofore to spend 3. houres in penning of an amorous Sonnet. Even so being desirous that all men generally (and you especially) should conceiue of me as I mean, I haue thus far troubled your learned eies with this plaine Epistle, written for my purgation, in matters which (els) might both haue offended you, and giuen great batterie to the ramparts of my poore credit. The God of peace vouchsafe to gouerne and product² you, and me, and all his in quiet of conscience, and strength of spirit. Amen.

¹ Probably for protect. C.

TO AL YOUNG GENTLEMEN, AND GENERALLIE TO THE YOUTH OF
ENGLAND, GEORGE GASCOIGNE ESQUIRE BY BIRTH, AND SOULDYER
BY PROFESSION, WISHETH INCREESE OF KNOWLEDGE IN ALL
VERTUOUS EXERCISES.

GALLANT GENTLEMEN, and lustie youthes of this my native Countrie. I haue here (as you see) published in print such Posies and rimes as I vied in my youth, the which for the barbarousnes of the stile maie seeme worthesse, and yet for the doubtfulnes of some darcke places they haue also seemed heretofore daungerous. So that men maie justlie both condemne me of rashnesse, and wonder at my simplicite in suffering or procuring the same to be imprinted.

A yong man well borne, tenderlie fostered, and delicatelie accompanied, shal hardlie passe ouer his youth without falling into some snares of the deuil, and temptacions of the flesh. But a man of middle yeres, who hath to his cost experimentered the vanities of youth, and to his peril passed them, who hath bought repentance deere, and yet gone through with the bargaine, who seeth before his face the tyme past lost, and the rest porasting awaie in poast: Such a man had more need to be wel advised in his doings, and resolute in his determinacions. For with more ease and greter favor maie we answerre for x. mad follies committed in greene youth, than one sober oversight escaped in yeres of discretion. Licurgus the good princelie philosopher, ordeined that if an old man perceiving a yong man to commit anie dishonestie, did not rebuke but suffer him, the aged should be chastized, and the yong man should be absolued.

All this rehearsed and considered, you maie (as I saie) grow in some doubt, whether I were worse occupied in first devising, or last in publishing these toies and pamphlets, and much the rather, for that it is a thing commonlie scene, that (now adayes) fewe or no things are so well handled, but they shall be carp'd at by curious readers, nor almost anie thing so well meant, but may be much misconstrued.

And berewithall I assure my selfe, that I shall be greatly condemned as a man verie lightlie beat, and rather desirous to continue in the fresh remembrance of my follies, than content to cancell them in oblivion by discontinuance: especiallie since in a house where manie yong children are, it bath bene thought better policie quite to quench out the fire, then to leau any loome cole in the imbers, wherewith babes maie plaic and put the whole edifice in danger.

But my lustie youthes, and gallant Gentlemen, I had an intent fur contrarie vnto all these supposes, when I first permitted the publication hercof. And because the greatest offence that hath bene taken thererat, is, least your mindes might hereby become enuenomed with vanities, therefore vnto you I will addresse my tale, for the better satisfieng of common judgements. And vnto you I will explaine, that which being before misticallie couered, and commonly misconstrued, might be no lesse perillous in seducing you, then grievous evidence for to proue me guiltye of condenmation.

Then to come vnto the matter, there are three sortes of men which (being wonderfullie offended at this booke) haue found therein three maner of matters (say they) verie reprehensible. The men are these: curious carpers, ignorant readers, and grave Philosophers. The faultes they finde are, Judicarie in the Creede, chalke for cheese, and the commoun infection of loue. Of these three sortes of men and matters, I do but verie lightlie esteeme the two first. But I deeply regard the third. For a verie troth, there are one kinde of people now adayes which wil mislike anie thing, being bred (as I thinke) of the spawne of a crab or creush, which in all stremes and waters will swim either sideways, or flat backwärds: and when they can indeed find none other fault, wil yet thinke Judicarie verie vntowardlie placed in the creede. Or being a simple sowter, will find fault at the shape of the legge: or if they be not there stopped, they will not spare to step up higher, and saie, that Apelles painted dame Venus verie deformed and euill-fauoured.

Of this sort I make small account, because in deede they seeke a knot in the rush, and would seeme to see verie far in a milstone. There are also certeine others, (having no skill at all) wil yet be verie busie in reading all that may be read, and thinke it sufficient if (Parrot like) they can reherser things

without booke: when within booke they understand neither the meaning of the author, nor the sense of the figurative speeches, I will forbear to recite examples by anie mine owne doings. Since all comparisons are odious, I will not saie how much the ariegument and diuorce of a louer (being written in a jest) haue bene mistaken in sad earnest. It shall suffice that the contentions pasted in verse long althens, between M. Churhyard and Camel, were by a block-headed Reader, construed to be in deede a quarrel between two neighbors. Of whom one hauing a Camel in keeping, and that other hauing charge of the Churhyard, it was supposed they had growen to debate because the camel came into the Churhyard. Laugh not at this justie yonkers, since the pleasant dittie of the noble Erie of Sorrie beginning thus, "In winters just returne," was also construed to be made in deede by a shepheard. What shold I stand much in rehersal how the L. Vaux his dittie beginning thus, "I loath that I did loue," was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed, and that the soul knif of M. Edwards was also written in extremitie of sicknesse. Of a truth my good Gallants, there are such as hauing onlie learned to read english, interpret latin, greke, french and italiian phrases or metaphors, even according to their own motherlie conception and childish skill, The which shall never trouble me whatsoeuer fault they find in my doings.

But the third sort (being graue Philosophers, and finding iust fault at my doings at the common infection of loue) I must needs alledge such iust excuse as may counternauile their iust complaints. For else I shoulde remaine worthie of a severe punishment. They wiselie considering that we are all in youth more apt to delight in harmfull pleasures than to digest wholesome and sound aduise, haue thought meete to forbid the publishing of anie riming trifles which maie serue as whetstones to sharpen youth vnto vanities. And for this cause finding by experiance also, how the first copie of these my posies hath been verie much inquired for by the yonger sort, and bearing likewise that (in the same) the greater part hath bin written in pursuit of amorous enterprises, they haue iustlie ceyned that the continuance thereof bath bin more likeli to stirre in all yong Readers a venemous desire of vanities, then to serue as a common mirror of greene and youthfull imperfections. Whereunto I must confess, that as the industrious Bee may gather honie out of the most stinking weede, so the malicious Spider may also gather poison out of the fairest floure that growes.

And yet in all this discourse I see not proved, that either that Gardner is too blame which planteth his garden full of fragrant flowers, neither that planter be dispraised which soweth all his beds with seedes of wholesome herbes, neither is that Orchard vnfruitfull, which vnder shawe of sundrie weedes, hath medicinall plaister for all infirmities. But if the Chirurgian which should seeke sorrell to ripen an ulcer, wil take rewe which maie more inflame the imposthume, then is he more to blame that mistoke his gathering then the Gardner which planted aright, and presenteth store and choice to be taken. Or if the Physition will gather bote porcelie instead of colde endiu, abal he not worthilie bearre the horthen of his owne blame?

To speake english it is your vsing (my iustlie Gallants) or misusing of these posies that maie make me praised or dispraised for publishing of the same. For if you (where you maie learne to avoide the subtle sandes of wanton desire) wil run upon the rockes of vnlawful lust, then great is your follie, and greter will grow my rebuke. If (where you might gather wholesome herbes to cure your sundrie infirmities) you wil spend the whot daie in gathering of sweet smelling posies, much wil be the time that you shal mispende, and much more the harme that you shal heape vpon my head. Or if you will rather beblister your hands with a nettle, then comfort your senses by smelling to the pleasant Marioram, then wanton is your pastime, and small will be your profit.

I haue here presented you with three sundrie sorts of Posies: Floures, Herbes and Weedes. In which division I haue not ment that only the Floures are to be smelled vnto, nor that onelie the Weedes are to be rejected. I terme some Floures, because being indeed invented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my judgment) some rare invention and Methode before not comonlie vased. And therefore (being more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them Floures.

The secoud (being in deede moral discourses, and reformed inuentiones, and therefore more profitable then pleasant) I haue named Herbes.

The third being Weedes, might seeme to some iudgements neither yet pleasant nor profitable, and therefore meete to be cast awaie. But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so maie you finde in this none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some virtue if it be rightlie handled. Marie you must take heed how you vse them, for if you delight to put Hemlock in your fellowes pottage, you maie chaunce both to poison him, and bring yerselfe in peril. But if you take example by the

TO THE YOUTH OF ENGLAND.

harmes of others who haue eaten it before you, then maie you chance to become so warie, that you will looke aduisidlie on all the Percelie that you gather, least among the same one branch of Hemlocke might annoie you.

I assure you, my yong bloods, I haue not published the same to the intent that other men hereafter might be infected with my follies forepassed. For though it be a comfort in *misericordia habere consolacionem*, yet it is small consolation to a fellow, to haue a Coiner hanged in his companie. And I assure you (although you will thinke it strange) that I haue not caused them to be imprinted for any vaine delight which I haue (my selfe) therein conceiued. For the most of them being written in my madnesse, might haue ycelled then more delight to my frantike fansie to see them published, than they now do accumulate cares in my mind to set them forth corrected: and a deformed youth had beene more likelie to set them to stale long aithence, than a reformed man can be able now to protect them with simplicitie.

The scope of mine intent, and the marke wherat I shot is doable, I meane grounded vpon two sundrie causes: the one that being indebted vnto the world (at the least fife thousand daies verie vaine spent) I may yelde him yet some part of mine account in these Poemes. Wherein as he maie finde great diversitie both in stile and sense, so maie the good be encouraged to set me on worke at last, though it were noone before I sought service. The other reason is, that because I haue (to mine owne great detriment) misspent my golden time, I maie serue as example to the youthfull Gentlemen of Englaunde, that they runne not vpon the rocks which haue brought me to shipwrake. Beware therefore, lustie gallants, howe you smell to these Posies. And learene you to vse the talena which I haue highlie abused. Make me your myrror. And if hereafter you see me recover mine estatute, or redifie the decaied walles of my youth, then beginne you sooner to builde some foundation which may beautifie your Pallace. If you see me sinke in distresses (notwithstanding that you judge me quicke of capacitié) then learn you to maintaine your selues swimming in prosperitie, and eashus betimes the whirlpoole of misgouernment.

Finallie I beseech you, and couiure you, that you rather encourage me to accomplish some worthier trauell, by seeing these Posies right smelld vnto, then discourage me from attempting other labours, when I shall see these first fruiter rejected or misused. I haue corrected sundrie faults, which if they had not brought surpition is the first Copie, ha you then out of doubt you had never bin troubled with these second presents, nor persuaded to flourish wiselie with a two edged sword in your naked hands. But as I haue meant them wel, so I crave of God, that they maie both pleasure and profit you for the furtherance of your skil in anie commendable enterprize. From my poore house at Walsametowne in the Forest, the second of February, 1575.

TO THE READERS GENERALLY A GENERALL ADUERTISEMENT OF THE AUTHOR.

All that is written is written for our instruction, as the holie apostle witnesseth to the Romans in his 15. chapter. And in his ninth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians, he glorieth that he coulde (as it were) transforme himself into all professions, thereby to winne all kinde of men to God: saing, that with the Iewes he became a Iew: with them that were vnder the law, hee seemed also vnder the law: with the feeble, he shewed himselfe feeble. And to conclude, hee became all things to all men, to thend that therby he might win some to salvation. My schoolemaister which taught me grammar, woulde alwaies saie, that some scholers hee wou to studie by stripes, some other by faire meanes, some by promises, some other by praises, some by vaine glorie, and some by verie shame. But I never heard him repente him that euer bee had persuaded anie scholler to become studious, in whet sort soeuer it were that he wonne him. For whether the braue gennet be broken with the bitte, or with the snaffle, whether hee be brought in awe with a spurre, or with a wand, all is one if hee proove readie and well mouthed.

Thus much I write (gentle Reader) to the end that mine intent may appeare in publishing of these Posies. Wherein as there are many things morall, so are there also some verses more sauced with wantonnesse than with wisedome. And as there are some ditties which may please and delight the godly and grauer sort, so there are some which may allure the yonger sort vnto fond attempts. But what for that? Hath Terence bin forbidden to be read, because his comedies are rehearsals of manie mad pranks played by wanton youths? No surely.

Parecelas, and sundrie other phisitions and philosophers, declare, that in euerie thing naturall there is to be founde salt, oile, and brimstone. And I am of opinion, that in euerie thing which is written (the holie Scriptures excepted) there are to be found wisedome, folie, emulation, and detrac-
tion. For as I never yet saw anie thing so clearklie handled, but that therin might be found some imperfections: so could I never yet reade fable so ridiculous, but that therein some morality might be gathered. And as the good writer shall be sure of some to be maliced, so the bad shal never escape the biting tonges of slanderers.

But to retурne to my purpose: if in the berdest flint there may be found sparks of liuelie fire, and the most knottie piece of box, may be wrought into a faire Dudgen heftie: let these few suffice to persuade thee, that I have not procured the publication hereof to anie end, so muche as that the yonthful sort might therin take example, and the aged recreation.

Now if anie (misgoverning their owne wittes) do fortune to vse that for a spurre, which I had heere appointed for a bridle, I can none otherwise lament it, but to saie that I am not the first which hath beene misjudged. Truelie (gentle Reader) I protest that I haue not meant heirein to displease any man, but my desire hath rather beeene to content most men: I meane the diuine with godlie hymnes and psalmes, the sober mind with moral discourses, and the wildest will with sufficient warning: the which if it so fall out, then shall I thinkes my selfe right happie. And if it fall out otherwise, I shall yet never be ashamed to become one of their corporation which reape floutes and reprehension for their trauel.

But because these Posies growe to a great bondie, and therof also the number of louing lines exceedeth in the superlatiue, I thought good to aduertise thee, that the most part of them were written for other men. And out of all doubt, if euer I wrote line for my selfe in causes of loue, I haue written ten for other men in tales of lust. For I count greater difference betwixt loue and lust, than there is diuersitie betwenee wit and wisedome: and yet wit and I did (in youth) make such a fracie, that I feare his cooin wisedome will never become friends with me in my age. Well, though my folie be greater then my fortune, yet ouergreat were mine vncoustaunce, if (in mine owne behalfe) I should compile so manie sundrie songes and soneta. I haue heard of an honest plaine meaning citizen, who (being ouercharged with manie matters in the law, and hearing of a common solicitour of causes in the citie) came home to comfort his wife, and told her, that he had heard of one which dwelt at Bilinggate that could help al men. Euen so (good reader) I was a great while the man that dwelt at

TO THE READER.

Billingsgate, for in wanton delights I helped all men, though in sad earnest I never furthered my selfe anie kind of waie. And by that it proceedeth that I haue so often changed my Posie or word. For when I did compile anie thing at the request of other men, if I had subscribed the same with mine owne vsuall mot or devise, it might haue bewrayed the same to haue bin of my dooing. And I was ever curious in that behalfe, as one that was loth to bewraye the follies of other men. And yet (as you see) I am not verie dangerous to laie my selfe wide open in view of the world. I haue also sundrie times changed mine owne word or devise. And no marvel, for he that wandereth much in those wildernesses, shall seldom contayne long in one minde.

Well, it were folie to bewaile things which are vnpossible to be recovered, sith Her I wiste doth seldome serue as a blazon of good understanding. And therefore I will spend no more words in this Preface, but I prale thee to smell vnto these Posies, as Floweres to comfort, Hearbes to cure, and Weedes to be avoided, so haue I meant them, and so I beseech thee reader to accept them. Farewell.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

T. B. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

We prayse the plough, that makes the fruitelesse
soyle [might] To bring forth corne, (through helpe of heavenly
And eke esteeme the simple wretches toyle,
Whose painful handes doe labour day and night.
We prayse the ground, whereon the herbes do
grow,
Which heale or helpe, our greeues and mortall
paine,
Yea weedes haue worth, wherein we vertoe know,
For natures Art, nothing hath made in vaine.
We prayse those floures which please the secrete
sense,
And do content, the tast or smell of man,
The Gardners paynes and worke we recompence,
That skillfull is, or aught in cunning can.
But much more prayse to Gascoignes paune is
due,
Whose learned hande doth here to thee present,
A Posie full of Hearbes, and Flowers newe,
To please all braynes, to wit or learning bent.
Howe much the minde doth passe the sense or
smell,
So much these Floures all other do excell.

E. C. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

In gladsome Sprig, when sweete and pleasant
shoures
Haue well renued, what wictors wrath hath borne,
And that we see, the wholesome smelling Floores,
Begin to laugh rough winters whacke to scorne:
If then by chaunce, or choyce of owners will,
We roame and walke in place of rare delights,
And therein finde, what Arte or natures skill
Can well set forth, to feede our hungrie sightes:
Yea more, if then the owner of the soyle,
Dott licence yeelde to vse all as our owne,
And gladly thinkes, the frutes of all his toyle,
To our behoofe to be well set and sowne.
It cannot be, but this so great desart
In basset breast doth breedeth thus due regardes,
With worlde of thankes, to prayse this friendly
part.

And wish that woorth mought pay a just rewardes.
Good Reader then, beholde what gallant spring
This booke brings forth, of frutes of fiest sortes,
Be bolde to take, thy list of euerie thing,
For so is ment. And for thy glad dispores
The paine was tane: therefore lo this I cruse,
In his behalfe, that wrote this pleasant worke,
With care and cost, (and then most freely gaue
His labours great, wherein great treasures lurke:
To thine awylye) let his desartes now blinde thee,
In woerde and deede, he may still thankfull finde
thee.

M. C. COMMENDING THE CORREC- TION OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

THE Beares blinde whelpes, which lacke doth hayles
and heare,
And lie like lumpes, in filthie farrowed wise,
Do (for a time) most ougly beastes appearre,
Till dammes deare tongue, do cleare the clozed
eyes.
The gadde of steele, is likewise blunt and blacke,
Till file and fire, do frame it sharpe and bright:
Yea precious stones, their glorious grace do lacke,
Till curios hand, do make them please the sight.
And so these floures, although the grounde were
gay,
Whereon they grew, and they of gallant hew,
Yet till the badde were calde and cast away,
The best became the worse by such a crew.
(For my part) then: I lyked not their smell,
But as they be, I like them pretty well.

R. S. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

THE pleasant plot wherein these Posies grew,
May represent Parnassus springs indeede.
Where Pallas with his wise and learned crew,
Did plant great store, and sow much chuning seede.
That goddesse then, on whom the Muses wayte,
To garde his grounde from greedie gatherers spoyle,
Hath here ordynde, by fine and close conceytle,
A greene knight chiefe, and master of the foyle,
Such badge besyes he that beautified this booke
With glorious shew, of sundrie gallant flowers.
But since he first this labor vnderooke,
He gleadeth thereout, (to make the profitte ours)
A heape of Hearbes, a sort of fruitfull seedes,
A needfull salve, compound of needlessse weedes.

APPENDIX.

All these (with more) my freend here freely giues:
Nor naked wordes, nor streyne of straunge devise.
But Gowers minde, which now in Gascoigne liues,
Yeedes beere in view, (by judgement of the wisc)
His penne, his sworde, himselfe, and all his might,
To Pallas schoole, and Mars in princes right.

T. CH. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

THOUGH goodnessse of the gold, needes no mans
praise ye know,
(And every coyne is iudge and found, by weight,
by stamp, or show)
Yet doth the prayse of men, give gold a double
grace, [euerie place.
And makes both pearls and jewelz rich desirde in

The horse full finely formde, whose pace and traïne
is true, [shape and view.
Is more esteeme for good report, than likte for
Yea sure, ech man himselfe, for all his wit and
skill, [silence still.
(If world hebow no lawde on him) may sleepe in
Fame shewes the value first, of euerie precious
thing.
And winnes with lyking all the brute, that doth
the credit bring.
And fame makes way before, to workes that are
vnknownne.
And peoples loue is caried ther, where fame his
trump hath blown.
A cunning workman sene, in Cloyster close may sit,
And carue or paint a thousand things, and vse
both art and wit,
Yet wanting wordes renowne, may scape vnought
or seene:
It is but fame that outruns all, and gets the goall
I weene. [harmes.
The learned Doctors lawd, that heales where other
By couenant prayse of peoples voyce, brings pacients
in by swarme.
A goodly stately house, hath selidome any fame,
Till world behold the buildings through, and people
see the same. [held,
The Flowers and Posies sweete, in better price are
When those haue praysde their vertues rare, that
haue their odor ameld.
So by these forsayyd proofes, I haue a pardon free,
To speake, to write, and make discourse, of any
worke I see,
That wortbie is of prayse: for prayse is all we get.
Present the worlde with labours great, the world is
in your det, [will give:
It never yeedid rewarde, nor scarce iust prayse
Then studie out to stand on fame, and stryne by
fame to liue. [dayes,
Our olde forefathers wise, saw long before these
How some faint world would fail deserts, and cold
would wax our prayse. [rise,
And knowing that disdeyne, for toyle did rather
Than right renowne (whose golde buds, growes vp
to starry skies)
Betooke their labors long, and every act they did,
Vuto the Gods, from whose deepe night, no secret
can be hid. [heavens hie,
And these good gracious Gods, sent downe from
(For noble minds) an endlesse fame, that throw
the world doth flie.
Which fame is due to thome, that seeke by new
device, [in price
To honor learning every way, and Virtue bring
From Knowledge gardeyn gay, where science sowes
hir seeds, [and Weedes.
A pretie Posie gathered is, of Flowers, Hearbes,
The Flowers by smel are found, the hearbs their
goodnes shoues,
The Weedes amid both hearbs and flowers, in decet
order growes.
The soft and tender nose, that can no weedes abide,
May make his choise of holesome hearbes, whose
vertues well are tried.
The fine and flowing wittes, that feede on straunge
delites, [weede that bites:
May tast (for seaming daintie mouthes) the bitter
The well disposed minde, and honest meaning man,
Shall finde (in floures) prouide Peacoks plumes, and
feathers of the Swan.

The Curst and crabbed Carle, that Posies flings
away, [floures to play.
By this (perhaps) may find some cause, with prettie
The kinde and louing worme, that wondre his ladie
please, [both much ease.
May light on some such medcine here, and do them
both much ease. [ing take:
The Lad that lykens the schoole, and will good warn
May stuch some rules ouer of this booke, that
may him doctor make.
The hastie trauayling head, that flies to foreyne
place, [his roving race.
May wey by this what home is woorth, and stay
The manly courage stoute, that seeketh fame fol
farre,
Shall find by this how sweete is peace, and see
how soure is warre.
This Posie is so pickt, and choyzely sorted throw,
There is no Flower, Herbe, nor Weede, but serues
some purpose now.
Then since it freely comes, to you for little cost,
Take well in worth these paynes of him, that
thynkes no labor lust:
To do his countrie good, as many others haue,
Who for their toyles a good report, of worke did
only craue. [recyone.
Grudge not to yeld some fame, for fruite that you
Make some exchaunge for frantke good wild, some
signe or token leue,
To shew your thankful harts. For if you loue to
take, [no gift forsaye,
And haue a conscience growne so great, you can
And cannot giue againe, that men deserve to recepe,
Adieu we leaue you iu the hedge, and ore the stile
we leape.
And yet some stile or verse, we after shape in
ryme, [settes in ryme.
That may by arte shewe you a glasse, to see your
Thus with I men their right: and you that judge
amisse,
To mend your minds, or frame your Mause, to
make the like of this.

G. W. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNE, AND
HIS POSIES.

READER rewarde nought else, but curst good re
port, [gandrie sort
For all these pleasant Posies here, boord vp in
The flowers fayre and fresh, were set with painefull
toyle, [sant toyle.
Of late in Gascoignes Garden plot, a passing plea
Now weedes of little worth, are culde from out the
rest,
Which he with double paine, did work, to glean
the bad frō best.
The state is very straunge, and fortune rare in vs,
Whose heauie happe he neither helpers, nor blazeth
their abuse. [be thrall,
In thundring verse he wrayes, where highest mindes
Where misbeef seekes to rayse it selfe, by force
of others fall. [pride,
He plucks the visour of, from maskes of peacock
And wrayes what sowre (in sweet pretēce) the
country corts cā hide.
In euerie gallant flower, he setteth forth to show,
Of Venus thralles, the hap, the barne, the want,
the weale, the woe.

He finely findes their faultes, whose weith doth
foster wrong,
Who toucheth siane (without offence) must plainly
sing his song.

His lofie raine in verse, his stately stile in prose,
Foretellen that Pallas ment by him, for to defende
his foes. [knit,

Wherwith to Mars his might, his lustie liuernes are
(A sight most rare) that Hectors mind, should
match with Pallas wit.

By proofe of late appeared (how so reportes here
ran) [hymmost man.

That he in field was formost still, in spoyle the
No backward blastes could bruise the valour of his
thought, [credite sought.

Although site hap, forestoode his hope, in that he
In fortunes spight he straue, by vertues to aspire,
Resolute when due deserts might mount, then he
should haue his hire.

Thus late with Mars in field, a lustie Souldiour
shewde, [hath bestowde,

And now with peace in Pallas schoole, he frendly
On thee thin heape of flowera, the frutes of all his
toyle, [the soyle.

Whereof if some but simple seeme, consider well
They grew not all at home, some came from for-
reyne feldes,

The which (percease) set here againe, no pleasant
satiour yeildes.

Yet who mislyketh most, the worst will hardly
mend, [will offend.

And he were best not write at all, which no man

And gather (friend) but neyther spight nor spoyle,
These Posies made, by his long painful toyle.

A. W. IN COMMENDATION OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

I PRAYSEN once a booke (whereby I purchast
blame)

And venturde for to write a verse, before I knewe
the same.

So that I was deceyude, for when it came to light,
The booke deserved no such worde, as I therin
did wright.

Thus leapt I ere I lookt, and wandred ere I wist,
Which giues (me haggard) warning since, to trust
no falckers fist.

And yet the booke was good, (by hap and not my
skill) [wordes fulfull.

But not a booke of such contentes, as might my
Well now I neede not feare, these Posies here to
praye,

Because I knew them every flower, and where they
grew alwayea.

And sure for my conceyf, even when they bloom-
ed first, [the very worst.

Me thought they smelt not much amisse, no not
Perhappes some daintie nose, no Batchlers button
lyken, [quarell pyker.

And some at Pimpernell and Pinkes, a slender
Some thinke that Gillyflowers, do yeild a gelous
swell,

And some (which like none herbe but sage) say
Finkell tastes not well.

Yet Finkell is of force, and Gillyflowers are good,
And Pinkes please some, and Pimpernell doth serue
to steynch the blood:

And Batchlers buttones be, the brauest to beholde,
But sure that flower were best not grow, which can
abide no colde, [vicious winter,

For alander blowes so shrill, with easterne em-
And frosts of frump so nip the rootes, of vertu-
ous meaning minds

That few good flowers can thrive, vñlesse they be
protected, [propres erected.

Or garded from suspitious blastes, or with some
So seemeth by the wight, which gardened this
grounde, [here abounde,

And set such flowers on every bed, that Posies
Yet some tongues cannot well, afforde him worthie
praye, [sene his wayes,

And by our Lorde they do him wrong, for I haue
And marked all his mooden, and haue had prooffe
likewise, [deuise.

That he can do as well in field, as pen can here
Not many montheas yet past, I saw his doughtie
deedes, [heuie hart it bledes.

And since (to heare what alander sayes) my
Yet Reader graunt but this, to trie before this
trust, [gallant, good and iuste.

So shait thou find his flowers and him, both

I. B. IN COMMENDATION OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

The sauerie sappes in Gascoignes Flowera that are,
Which strayed were by lofty learnings lare:
Could not content the earth for their share, [fore
Ne cause them once, to yeild him thaspes ther-

P. B. TO SUCH AS HAVE HERETOPORE FOUND FAULT WITH GASCOIGNES POSIES.

GAYNOR good deserts, both pride and enuie swell,
As neede repines, to see his neighbour Ritchie:
And slauder chaser, where vertues proper well,
As sick men thinke, all others health to mitch:
Such filthie faultes, mens harts oftymes infame,
That spight presumes, to stayne the worthies
name.

Are brutal things, transferred so to men?
Or men become more sauge than the beast?
We see the dogge, that kennelis in his den,
(For onely food) obeyes his Lordes behest:
Yet more than that, remembers no relief,
As (in his kinde) he mournes at masters grieve.

If thou percyue, whereto my tale intendes,
Then (slander) cease to wrong a frendly wight,
Who for his countreys good, his trauayle spendes,
Sometime where blowes are given in bloudie fight:
And other tymes he frames with skilfull pen,
Such verse, as may content eche mouldre of men.

As nowe beholde, he here presentes to thee,
The blossoms fayre, of three well sorted seedes.
The first he feynes, fresh Flowers for to bee:
The second Herbes, the last he termeth Weedes.
All these, the soyle of his well followed brayne,
(With Pallas droppes bedewde) yeildes for thy
gaine.

The Heartes to grace conceyf, and skilfull age,
The fragrant Floweres to sent of yonger smell:
The worthiesse Weedes, to rule the wantonage
Of rocklesse bender, he giues: then vse them well:

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

Such was his hap, when first in bands he tooke,
By labor long, to bring to light this Booke.

Yet bath he not (for all this) secunde to cease,
Those Flowers fresh againe in ground to set,
And yeeld them earth to bring forth them increase,
With other slippes from forme soyle yfet.
Which bath gayndy by hazard of his life,
In bloudie broyles, where pouldred sbot was rife.

This endlesse toyle, contented well his minde,
Hope helde the helme, his Fame on shore to set:
His deepe desire, was friendship for to finde,
At readers handes, he sought else soght to get:
Wherefore (doubtesse) they did him double
wrong,
Which F. and I. myconstrued haue so long.

Yet haest I should passe from the golden ground,
Of Gascoignes plat, wherein those Posies grew,
I list to tell what Flowers there I found,
And paint by penne, the bonour to him dew:
Since that his toyle doth well deserue the same,
And sacred skill hath so aduaunst his name.

First did I finde the Flower of Fetteres frute,
Whereof my selfe haue tasted to my paine:
Then might I see the Greene knight touch the Lute,
Whose cordes were coucht on frettes of deepe
dissaine:

And likewise there, I might perceyue full well,
That fragrant Flower which fonsie had Farewell.

In fine I found the flowre that *Bellum* bight,
Sweete vnto those, of sillie simple sense,
Yet sharpe and sourre, to those that do delight
In martiali martes, for gaine of peynish pense.
Such buddes full braue, good Gascoignes Garden
gane

To all estates, which list the name to haue.

Wherefore (good friend) dieuenies yrkesome yre,
And tred the trace, which Reasons rule hath
wrought,
Yeeld not diodeyne to Gascoigne for his hyre,
Whose bruised braine for thee these flowers hath
sought.
Least if thou do, the blame on thee do light,
Such friendly paynes to recompence with spight.

I. D. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES AND HIS POSIES.

If Virgilli how to till the Earth, to every man
doth tell, [excell,
And Galen he in Phisicks arte doth many men
If Poet, olde deseruen prayse, by paynting out
wright, [that wright,
The frutes of vice, as Ouid doth, and many mo
By learned skill of many things: If such exalt
their name, [of Ladic Fame:
And for their hyre, deserued prayse by trumpe
Why should the Authour of this booke then leese
his due desert, [skillful arte?
Sith he so frendly her to vs, hath shewed his
The healthsome berbs and flowers sweet, fro
weedes he hath diuided,
The fruits of Giues in prison strōg he hath right
wel decided.

Of warres also, and warriours too, even like a
martiall knight,
He bath discouert, and shewed the lottes, that
therevpon do light:
Virgill is dead, and Galen gone, with Poets many
more: [in store.
Yet workes of theirs be still alive, and with vs kept
This Authour liues, and Gascoigne bights, yet once
to die most sure, [awakes endure,
Alas the while that worthie wightes may not
But workes of his among the best, for euer more
shall rest, [the best.
When he in heauen shall take a place prepared for

THE PRINTER (RICHARD SMITH) IN
COMMENDATION OF GASCOIGNE AND
HIS WORKS.

CHAWCER by writing purchast fame,
And Gower got a worthie name:
Sweete Surrey, suckt Pernassus springs,
And Wiat wrote of wondrous things:
Olde Rochfort clamber the stately thronre,
Which Muses holde, in Hellivrone.
Then thither let good Gascoigne go,
For sure his verse, deserueth so.

M. A. PERUGINO, A I LETTORI.

CONCOSIA la cosa che al bono vino, non ci
bisogna la ghirlanda nienti meno, l'opere virtuo-
tuose meritano sempremai ogni laude, honore, &
mercede. Tanto per essersi (nella natura loro, &
di se stesse) piaceuole, grate, & piene, d'ogni con-
tento, come per dare stimoli ad altri d'imitar' i
loro vestigj. In tanto lo stimo l'opera presente
vn'esempio chiaro & raro della gloria inglese.
Quando vi si trouano non salamēte sonetti, rime,
canzoni, & altre cose infinitamēte piscruole, ma
con ciò non vi mancano discorse tragiche, mo-
derne, & phylosophiche, della Guerra, dell'iusti-
& della vera Sapienza. Tutte procedute d'vn tal
lucchiostro, che Io (sendo forastiero) lo trouuo vn'
Immitatore di Petrarcha, Amico d'Ariosto, &
Paragon di Boccaccio, Aretino, & ogni altro poēta
quanto sia piu famoso & eccellente dell' età
nostra.

I. DE B. AUX LECTEURS.

CEUX qui voiront, les Rymes de Gascoigne,
(Estantz François) se plaindront nuicts & iours
Que la beaute & l'odeur de ces fleurs,
A cest heur (de France) par Gascoign, tant s'es-
loignie.

H. M. IN POEMATA GASCOIGNI CARMEN.

Si iam vena viris eadem, que vatis olim,
Ingenioq. pari possunt disponere partas
Materias, pedibus si incedunt Carmina certis,
Claudunturq. suis numeris: Si turba sororum,
Supplicibus potis est priacos inflare furores,
Sed si quod magis est, nostri sua themata texant,

Cocsona scriptoria sacris, nec dissona rectis
Moribus: amenos, sed quae cognoscere flores
Virtutis, quae docent dulces colligere fructus.
Si factas fabulas, falsisq. Cupidinis artes
Cum Venere excludunt, (ut docta indigna poesi)
Cur non censemus celebrando iure Coronis
Aequales virtute viros, aequalibus esse?
O ingrata tuis non reddere tanta peritis
Præmis, quanta suis dignarunt prima Poetis
Scolæ num laudes tantas fecit addere linguis
Romænum primum, (que nil tamen attulit vira
Vtile) germanas, vñtas sit spernere gemmas?
Sed vñtum hoc patrie est & peculiariter Anglia
Conuenit, externis quecumq. feruntur ab ora,
Anteferre suis. Age si sic sapit, Ecce,
Anglia quos profert flores Gasconia pressit.

B. C. IN POEMATA GASCONI, CARMEN.

Mens generosa solet generosos edere flores,
Iacassanmq. ruos, non sinit ire dies:
Hoc tuus Gasconi laus est, mercede remota
Eas, friget virtus, hoc tibi sufficiat.
Hoc tibi (seu Belgas repetas, Martemq. ferocem,
Seu patriam & Musas) inuiolata comes.

K. D. IN EUNDEM CARMEN.

VIPERAT Iruis: cf. I. Titulum nomenq. Poeta,
Lataq. vix potuit, dicere lingua, bene est:
Mox vbi quæ voluit, libro non vidi in illo,
Magni, quæ fuerat, pari ibi parva fuit,
Sicim male sit socio, Martem secreuit amore?
Qui bene amat pugnat, qui bene pugnat amat.

EIUSDEM DE EODEM.

Qui quondam graue Martis opus, sub gente ne-
Militamq. tuli, non vno nomine duram [fanda,
Arma quibus iestabar, Ego Tritonius Pallas,
Pallas ego tradid armis tibi, & nunc per iugum
Cythi
Per sacrum to Hellicona tuus, per Thessala
Tempe
Insequor, eternamq. sequar, dum sydera mundum,
Dum deos eternos, certo moderamine Casus
Dirigat, ethereaque animas & sydera Casus.
O quæ felices caelesti nectare mentes
Perfudis, Diaboliq. doces nos dicere Cantus,
Quales Aonias inter celiberrima turbas
Caliopea canit, vel gestis Clio loquendis
Nata. (Nouenarum pars ingens Clio sororum.)
De regina tuis adytis, antrisq. recepto
Cantari vates inter, diciq. Britanno.

P. W. IN GASCOIGNUM, CARMEN.

Sunt quorum mentes, tenebrie, Caligoq. turpis
Infuscant, vates qui tetigisse timent.
Tu pete florentem, facunde Poeta Corollam,
Exultis patet, versibus iate locus.

G. H. PRO EODEM.

Quisquis es hac nostri qui gaudes parte laboris,
Indicio nobis, canticus adesto precor.
Perlego scripta prius, quæ pergas scripta probare,
Et bene perfectia, inde videbis opus.
Nam nibil in titulum, iuvat inspiciere libelli,
Si vis materie sit tibi nota minus.
Non etenim primò venium fundemus rerum,
Sed sunt in variis, inspicienda locis.
Perge igitur quo sit pergendum, fine reperto,
In tenebris tum quæ dilituere proba.

E. H. IN POËMATA GASCOIGNI, CARMEN.

Si quam Romani laudem incurreré Poëte
Siq. fuit Graiis debitus vñus honos,
Grecia si quondam ratem suspectis Homerum,
Si domitrix magni Roma Maronius opus,
Cur non Gasconii facundæ poëmata laudat
Anglia? & ad cœli sydera summa ferat?
Carmina nam cum re, sic consentire videntur,
Egregium & prestans, vt videatur opus.
Dixerit has aliquis Musas nimis esse iocosas,
Et iuuenum facile posse nocere animis.
Non ita, ni forsan, velit iisdem liector abutit,
Non obsnat, pura si modò mente legas.

THE OPINION OF THE AUCTHOR HIM-
SELF AFTER ALL THESE COMMEND-
ATIONS.

WHAT neede I speake my self, since other say so
much?
Who seeme to praise these poeties so, as if ther were
none such:
But sure my silly self, do find therein no smell,
Whiche may deserue such passing prayse, or seeme
to taste so well, [deinge
This boone I onely crasue, that readers yet will
(if any weede herein do seeme, his fellow flowres
to stayne) [they finde,
Then reade but others workes, and marke if that
No toyes therein which may dislike, some modest
readers minde?
Reade Virgille Pryapus, or Ouids wanton verse,
Whiche he about Corinnaes conche, so clerly can
rehearse.
Reade Faustoes filthy tale, in Ariostoes ryme,
And let not Marots Alix passe, without impeach
of crime. [excuse
These things considered well, I trust they will
This muze of mine, although she seeme, such toyes
sometimes to vse.
Believe me Lordings all, it is a Poetes parte,
To handle eche thing in his kinde, for therin lieth
his arte: [lwe,
Lucilius ledde the daunce, and Horace made the
That poetis by Aucthoritie, may call (a Dawe) a
Dawe,
And eke (a hore) a More, but yet in cleanly wordes,
So that the vice may be rebukit, as though it were
in boundes: [faute)
This phrase sometimes I vse, which (if it be a
Condemne not all the rest therfore, that here in
verse is taught,

Smell every poete right, and you therein shall
 finde,
 Fresh floweres, good hearbes, and bosome weedes,
 to please a skilfull minde.
 Finis. Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

—
**HIS VLTIMUM VALE TO AMOROUS
VERSE.**

KINDE Erato, and wanton Thalia,
(Whose name my muse, devoutly did invoke)
Adieu deare dames, Caliope sings ala,

Which are more worth, and smell not of the
smoke.
And if blinde Cupide, chancce to stryke a stroke,
I vowe my verse, Apocrypha shalbe,
In silence shutte, that none (but you) may see¹.

Finis.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

¹ These lines, and the "Opinion of the Author" are not in the edition of Gascoigne published 1587. C.