

THE  
P O E M S  
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 naues,  
Quot volucrum penne, quot sunt tormenta Gehennæ,  
Quot Cœli stella, quot sunt in orbe puella,  
Quot sancti Romæ, quot sunt miracula Thomæ,  
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 *Athenæ 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 Sobam, two towns in Cambridgeshire, and partly because there occurs the name of one *Skelton*, M. A. of Cambridge in the year 1484<sup>1</sup>. On the other hand, Wood assigns 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 *Æneids* 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 schooles ye knoe.

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 laurel 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

<sup>1</sup> 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 Trompington, 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 form 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 lashing 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 1555, 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. Skeltonus Vates Pierrus hic situs 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 roysl 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 indelicate, 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 Elnour Rumming*, is almost incredible. His multiplied repetition of rhymes, arbitrary abbreviations of the verse, cant 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 recompense. Besides the works now before the reader, Mr. Ritson<sup>3</sup> 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.

<sup>3</sup> In his *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 102. C.

THE  
EDITOR'S PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1736.

---

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 *Athenæ 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 Dysea 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 Yonge to the see of Meath in Ireland; where having continued some years without a degree (as some chancellors, archdeacons, may priors, abbats, 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 any book of the decretals, 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 Westquamtoked, in the said diocese, by the name and title of John Skelton bachelor of decrees, and, in 1525, rector of Clotwortley there. But this John Skelton I cannot take to be the same with him that was the poet, and rector of Dysea; who having been guilty of certain crimes (as most poets are) at least not agreeable to the coat, 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. styles 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.*

MDCXXIX. 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 Raleigh stiletth 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 Holton) 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 would soen decay.  
 If sucbe as present are,  
 For goeth the people part:  
 Our selus should soen in silence slepe,  
 And loes 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 fice.  
 God sheeld our slouth wear sutch,  
 Or world so simple now:  
 That knowledge scaept without reward,  
 Who sercheth vertue throwe  
 And paints forth ryce aright,  
 And blames abutes of men:  
 And shoes what lief deservus rebuke,  
 And who the prayes of pen.  
 You see howe forrayn realms,  
 Advance their poets all:  
 And ours are drowned in the dust,  
 Or flog against the wall.  
 In Fraunce did Marrot raigne,  
 And neighbour thear vnto  
 Was Petrark, marching full with Dantle:  
 Who erst did wonders do  
 Among the noble Grekes,  
 Was Homere full of skill:  
 And where that Ouid norisht was,  
 The soyll did flourish still  
 With letters hie of style:  
 But Virgill wan the fraes,  
 And past them all for deep engyen,  
 And made them all to gae  
 Upon the bookes he made:  
 Thus eche of them you see  
 Wan prayse and fame and honor had,  
 Eche one in their degree.  
 I pray you then my friendes,  
 Didaine not for to reve  
 The workes and sugred verses fine,  
 Of our rarer poetes newe  
 Whoes barborus language rued,  
 Perhaps ye may mislike,  
 But blame them not that ruedly playes  
 If they the ball do strike.  
 Nor skorne not mother tunge,  
 O babes of English broud,  
 I haue of other language seen,  
 And you at full may read,  
 Fice verses trimly wrought,  
 And coucht in comly sort,  
 But neuer I nor you I troe,  
 In sentence plaine and short,  
 Did yet beholde with eye,  
 In any forraine tonge,  
 A higher verse a staetly style,  
 That may be read or song,  
 Than is this daye in dede  
 Our English verse and ryme:  
 The grace wherof doth touch the gods,  
 And reach the cloudes somtyme.

Throw earth and waters deepe,  
 The pen by skill doth passe:  
 And fealty nyps the worldes abuse,  
 And shoes vs in a glasse,  
 The vertu and the vice,  
 Of evry wyght alyue:  
 The honey combe that bee doth make,  
 Is not so sweete in hyue,  
 As are the golden leues,  
 That drops from poets head:  
 Which doth surmount our common talke  
 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 grain is spide.  
 Peers plowman was full plaine.  
 And Chausers spreet was great:  
 Earle Surry had a goodly wayne,  
 Lord Vans the marke did beat.  
 And Phaez did hit the pricke,  
 In thinges he did translate:  
 And Edwards had a special gift,  
 And diuers men of late,  
 Hath helpt our English tonge,  
 The first was base and brute  
 Ohs shall I leaue out Skeltons name,  
 The blossome of my frute,  
 The tree wheroun in deed,  
 My branchis all might groe,  
 Nay Skelton wore the lawrell wreath,  
 And past in scholes ye knoe,  
 A poet for his arte,  
 Whoes iudgment suer was die,  
 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 witte, right sharp of words,  
 And skilful of the stact.  
 Of reason riesp and good,  
 And to the haetfull mynd,  
 That did disdain his doings still,  
 A skornar of his kynd.  
 Most pleasant euery way,  
 As poets 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 bookes do reed.  
 I haue of meer good will,  
 Theas verses written heer:  
 To honour vertue as I ought,  
 And make his fame apeer,  
 That when the garland gay,  
 Of lawre! leaues but laet,  
 Small is my pain, great is his praye,  
 That thus sutch honour gae.



# POEMS

OF

## JOHN SKELTON.

### SKELTON LAUREATÉ

ORATORIS REGIS TERTIUS.

AGAINST VENEMOUS TONGUES EMPLOYED WITH  
SCLAUNDER AND FALSE DETRACTIONS,  
¶c.

Quid detur tibi aut quid apponatur tibi ad linguam dolosam? Psalm C. xliij.

Deus destruet te, in finem euellet te, & emigrabit te de tabernaculo tuo. & radicem tuam de terra viventium. Psalm. lxxvii.

**A**L meters wel pondred, and wel to be regarded  
How shuld a fals lying tung then be rewarded  
Such tanges shuld be torne out by the harde rootes  
Hoyning like bogges that groynis and wrotes.

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

For as I haue rede in volumes olde

A fals lying tunge is harde to withholde.

A sclauderous tunge, a tange of a skokke

Worketh more mischafe than can be tolde.

That if I wist not to be controulede

Yet somewhat to say I dare well be bolde

How some delite for to lye, thycke and threfolde.

Ad sanam hominem redegit comite et graphicé.

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 none other mater but that,

Than ye may commande me to gentil Cok wat.

Hic notat (purpuraria arte) intextas litteras  
Romanas in amictibus post ambalunum  
ante et retro.

For before on your breast, and behind on your  
la Romaine letters I neuer founde lack. [back,

In your crosse rowe, nor Christ crosse you spede,  
Your Pater noster, your Aue, nor your Crede.  
Who soeuer that tale vnto you tolde,  
He saith vnruly, to say, that I would  
Controlle the cognissance of noble men:  
Either by language, or with my pen.

Pedagogium meum de sublimiori Mincrus  
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  
(sibalis complosisque mantibus) explodit.  
&c.

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

Laxent ergo antennam elationis sue inflatam  
vento vanitatis. li. ille. &c.

For though some be liddred, and list for to rayle,  
Yet to lie vpon me they can not preuayle.  
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 iudge in me,  
Any such foly to rest or to be.  
I care muche the lesse what euer they say,  
For tanges vntayde be renning a stray.  
But yet I may say safely, so many wel letred  
Embredred, enlaid together, and fetred.  
And so little learning, so lewdly aluded:  
What fault find ye herein but may be auowed?  
But ye are so full of vertibilite,  
Aid of frenetyke folabilite.  
And of melancoly mutabilite.

That ye would coarte, and enforce 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 nocula acuta fecisti dolum, vbi. s.*

Malicious tanges, though they haue no bones,  
Are sharper then swordes, stordier then stoues.

*Lage phlostratum de vita tyanei Apollouij.*

Sharper then rayors, that shaue and cut throtes.  
More stinging then scorpions that stang Pha-  
raotis

*Venenam arpidum sub labiis eorum. Pa.*

More venomous and much more virulent,  
Then any poysoned tode, or any serpent.

*Suid peregrinis egeus exemplis, ad domes-  
tica recurramus. &c. li. iile.*

Such tanges unhappy hath made great diuision.  
In realmes, in cities, by suche fals abusion.  
Of fals sickil tanges, suche cloked collusion.

Hath brought nobil princes to extrema confu-  
sion.

*Suicquid loquantur vt effinantur ita effan-  
tur. &c.*

Somtime women were put in great blame,  
Men said they could not their tanges atame.

But men take upon them nowe all the shame.  
With skolding and sklaundering make their  
tungs lame.

*Novarum rerum cupidissimi, captatores, de-  
latores, aduatores, inuigilatores, deliratores,  
&c. id genus li. iile.*

For men be now tralters and tellers of tales,  
What tidings at Totmen, what newis in Wales?  
What shippis are sailing to Scalis malls  
And all is not worth a couple of nut shalis  
But lering and lurking here and there like spies.  
The devil tere their tungs and pike out their  
ies.

Then ren they with lesinges, 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 guanientes ad aurem, fictas  
fabelas fabricant. li. iile.*

*In auspiciatum, male ominatum, infortunatum  
se fateatur habuisse horoscopum quicunque  
maledixerit vati Pierio. S. L. &c.*

But if that I knowe what his name bight,  
For clatering of me, I would him some quight.  
For his false lying, of that I spake neuer,  
I could make him abortly repeat him for euer.  
Although he made it neuer so tough,  
He might be sure to haue shame ynough.

*Cerberus horrendo baratri latrando, sub an-  
tro. Te rodaturque voret lingua dolosa (pre-  
cor.)*

A fals double tange is more fiere and fell,  
Then Cerberus that cur couching in the keuel  
of hel

Wherof hereafter, I thinke for to write,  
Of fals double tanges in the dispite.

Recipit se scripturarum opus sancte, laudabile,  
acceptabile, memorabileque, & nimis honorifican-  
dam.

*Disperdat dominus vniuersa labia dolosa & lin-  
guam magniloquam.*

Why were ye Calliope,  
embrawdred with letters of golde?

SKELTON LAUREATE ORATO. RES. NAKETH THIS  
ANSWERE. &c.

CALLIOPE

As ye may se  
Regent is she  
Of poetes al  
Whiche gaue to me  
The high degre  
Laurent to be.  
Of fame royall  
Whose name enrolde  
With silk and golde  
I dare be bokde

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 certayne  
I wyll remayne  
As my souerayne  
Most of pleasure.

Maulgre touz malheureux.

LATINUM CARMEN SEQUITUR.

Cur tibi contexta est aurea Calliope?

RESPONSIO EIUSDEM VATIS.

CANDIDA Calliope vatum regina, coronans  
Pierios lauro, radiante intexta sub auro,  
Hanc ego Pierius, tanto dignabor honore  
Quam mihi vita manet, dum spiritus hos regit artus  
Quamquam conficior aenio marcescoq; sensim  
Ipse tamen gestare sua hæc pia pignora certo,  
Assensuque suo placidis parebo cæmenis  
Inclita Calliope & semper mea maxima cura est.

Hæc Pierius omni Spartæ liberior.

CALLIOPE.

Musarum excellentissima,  
speciosissima, formosissima,  
Heroicis preest veribus.  
FINIS.

ARRECTYNGE my syght towards the zodiake  
The signes xij. for to beholde a faure  
Whan Mars retrograunt reuered his backe  
Lorde of the yere in his orbicular  
Put up his sword, for he coude make no warre  
And whan Lucina plenary dyd shyne  
Scorpion ascendyng degrees twyse nyde.

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

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

So depely drowned I was in this dumpe  
Encraumpysed so sore was my conceyte  
That me to rest, I lent me to a stumpe  
Of an oke, that somtyme grewe full streyghte  
A myghty tre and of a noble heyght  
Whose beaute blasted was with the boysturs winde  
His leaues loste, the sappe was from the rynde.

Thus stode I in the frytthy forest of Galtres  
Ensowked with sylt of the myry mosse  
Where hartes belluyng embosed with distres  
Ran on the raunge so longe, that I suppose  
Fewe men can tell where the hynde calfe gose.  
Faire fel the forster that so wel can bete his bounde  
But of my purpose now turns we to the grounde.

Whylis I stode musyng. in this meditacion  
In slumbryng I fell, and halfe in a slepe  
And whether it ware of ymaginacion  
Or of humors superflue, that often will crepe  
In to the brayne by drynkyng ower depe  
Or it proceded of fatal perswasion  
I can nat tell you what was the occasion.

But sodaynly at ones as I me aduysed  
(As one in a trans or in an extasy)  
I sawe a paunilon wonderfully disguised  
Garnysshed freshe after my fantasy  
Embachyde with perle and stones preciously  
The grounde engroged and bet with bourne gold  
That passyng goodly it was to be holde

Within that a princes excellent of porte  
But to recounte her riche abilyment  
And what estates to her dyd resort  
Therto am I full insufficent  
A goddesse immortall she dyd represent  
As I harde saye dame Pallas was her name  
To whom supplied the royall queene of fame.

#### THE QUEENE OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

PRINCES most pusannt of hygh preeminence  
Renowned lady about the sterry beuyn  
All other transcandyng of very congruence  
Madame regent of the sciences seyn  
To whose astate all noblenesse most Ieney  
My supplicacion to you I arrecte  
Wherof I besече you to tendre the effecte.

Nat unremembered it is unto your grace  
Howe ye gaue me a ryall commaundement  
That in my courte Skelton shulde have a place  
Bycause that he his tyme studiously hath spent  
In your service: and to the accomplishement  
Of your request, registered is his name  
With laureate triumphe in the courts of Fame

But good madame the accustomed and vsage  
Of suchent poetes ye wote full wele hath bene  
Them selfs to embusy with all their whole corage  
So that theyr workes myght famously be sene  
In figure wherof they were the laurrell grene  
But howe it is, Skelton is wonder slacke  
And as we dare we fynde in him a lacke.

For ne were onely he hath your promocion  
Out of my bokes full soone I shulde byn rase  
But sithe he hath tasted of the sugred poeion  
Of Heliconis well: refreshed with your grace  
And wyl nat endeour hymselfe to purchase

The favour of ladys with wordes electe  
It is syttyng that ye must hym correcte.

#### DAME PALLAS TO THE QUEENE OF FAME.

THE sum of your purpose as we are aduysed  
Is that our seruauit is somewhat to dull  
Wherein this answer for hym we haue com-  
prised

Howe ryuers ren nat till the spryng be full  
Better a dumme mowthe than a brayneles scull  
For if he gloriously publysshe his matter  
Than men will saye howe he doth but flatter.

And if so him fortune to write true and plaine  
As souetyne he must vices remorde  
Than some wyl say he hath but lytell brayne  
Aud how his wordes with reason will nat accorde  
Beware, for wrytyng remaineth of recorde  
Displease nat an hundred for one mannes plea-  
sure  
Who wryteth wysely hath a great treasure.

Also to furnyssh better his excuse  
Guides was banysshed for such a skylf,  
And many mo, whom I coude enduce.  
Juencal was thret parde for to kyl  
For certayne inuectives: Yet wrote he none yll  
Sauyng he rubbed some vpon the gall,  
It was not for hym to abyde the trial.

In general wordes I say nat greatly nay  
A poet souetyne may for his pleasure taunt  
Spekyng in parabes, howe the fox, the grey,  
The gander, the goose, and the huge oliphant  
Went with the peocke agaynt the fesaunt  
The lewarde came leaping and sayd that he must  
With helpe of the ram lay all in the dust.

Yet dynere there be industriouse of reason  
Som what wolde gadder in their coniecture  
Of such an endarked chaptre some season  
Howe be it, it were harde to construe this lec-  
ture  
Sophisticated craftely is many a confecture  
An other mannes mynde diffuse is to expounde  
Yet harde is to make but some faute be founde.

#### THE QUEENE OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

MADAME with favor of your benigne suffraunce  
Unto your grace than make I this motus  
Wherof make ye me hym to sauance  
Unto the rowme of laureat promotus?  
Or wherof shulde he beue the prerogative  
But yf he had made some memoriall  
Wherof he myght have a name immortal?

To passe the tyme in sloughfull ydelnesse  
Of your royall palais it is nat the gye  
But to do somewhat eche man doth hym dresse  
For howe shulde Cato eis be called wysse  
But that his bokes, which be dyd deuyse  
Records the same? Or why is had in mynds  
Plato, but for that he left wrytyng behynde

For men to loke on? Aristotille also  
Of philosophers called the principall  
Olde Diogines, with other many mo  
Demosthenes that oratour royall  
That gaue Echines suche a cordiall  
That banished was he through his preposicion  
Agaynt whom he coude make no contri-  
tion.

## DAME PALLAS TO THE QUEEN OF FAME.

SOFT my good syster, and make there a pauses  
And was Eschines rebuked as ye say?  
Remember you well, poynt well that clause  
Wherefore thus rased ye nat away  
His name? Or why is it I you praye,  
That he to your court is goyng and commyng  
Sith he is thus blamed for defaulte of counnyng?

## THE QUEEN OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

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

As touchyng that Eschines is remembered  
That he so shulde be, me semeth it fytyng  
All be it great parte he hath surrendred  
Of his honour, whose disuasuyne in wryttinge  
To corage Demosthenes was moche exchyng  
In settyngs out freshely his crafty persuasion  
From whiche Eschines had none occasion

The cause why Demosthenes so famously is  
Onely proceded, for that he did outray [bruted  
Eschines: whiche was nat shamefully confuted  
But of that famous oratour I say  
Whiche passed all other: wherefore 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 haue said in no poynt doth vary  
Wherin he reporteth of the coragious  
Wordes, that were moche consolatory  
By Eschines rehearsed, to the great glory  
Of Demosthenes, that was his utter lof  
Fewe shall ye fynde or none that will do so.

## DAME PALLAS TO THE QUEEN OF FAME.

A THANKS to haue ye haue well deserued,  
Your mynde ye can maynteyne so apparently  
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 fauour, I se well hath a name  
Be he neuer so lytell of substance  
And whom ye loue nat, ye wyl put to shame  
Ye counterwey nat euynly your balance  
As well foly as wyadome of ye do aunance  
For reporte ryseth many dyuers wayes  
Some be moche spoken of for making of frayes

Some haue a name for thefts 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 wines curse  
Som famous witwoldes, and they be moche worse  
Som liddrons, som losels, som naughty packes  
Som facers, som bracers, som make gret cracks.

Some drunken dastards with their drye soules,  
Some sluggyshe slouens that stepe day and night  
Ryot and Rowell be in your courts roules

Maintenauces and Mischefe these be men of  
myght  
Extorcion is counted with you for a knyght  
These people by me haue wone assignement  
Yet they ryde and renne from Carlill to Keat.

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 mummyng  
For wyadome and adnesse he set out a sunnyng  
And suche of my seruautes as I haue promoted  
One faute or other in them shalbe noted

Either they wyl say be is to wyse  
Or elles he can nought but whan he is at scole  
Proue his wyte sayth he at cardes or dyce  
And ye shall well fynde he is a very fole  
Twysh, set hym a chayer or reche him a stole  
To syt hym upon, and rede Jacke a thrummy  
bibill  
For truly it were pite that be sat idyll.

## THE QUEEN OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

To make repugnance agayne 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 discorde  
But yet I beseeche your grace that good recorde  
May be hrought forth suche as can be founde  
With laureat 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 deseruing shulde haue the best game  
If he to the ample encrease of his name  
Can lay any warkes that he hath compiled  
I am content that he be nat exiled

From the laureat senats: by force of proscriccion  
Or elles ye knowe well I can do no lesse  
But I must bannysh him from my jurisdiction  
As he that aqueynteth hym with Idelnesse  
But if that he purpose to make a redrease  
What he hath done let it be brought to syght  
Graunt my petition, I aske you but ryght.

## DAME PALLAS TO THE QUEEN OF FAME.

To your request we be well condiscanded  
Call forth, let se where is your clarionar  
To blowe a blasts with his longe breth extended  
Eolus your trumpet that knowen is so farre  
That bararag bloweth in euery parcial warre  
Let hym blowe now, that we may take a vewa  
What poetes we haue at our retynewe.

To se if Skelton wyl put hym selfe in prease  
Among the thickest of all the hole route  
Make noise yongbe, for claterars loue no pesce  
Let se my syster, nowe speade you, go aboute  
A none I say this trumpet were founde out  
And for no man hardely let hym spare  
To blowe bararag, tyll both his eien stare.

## SKELTON POETA.

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

Some were to hasty, and wolde no man hyde  
Som whispred, som rowned, som spake, and som  
cride

With heuyng and shouyng, haue in and haue  
out

Some ran the next waye, some ran about.

There was suynge to the quene of Fame  
He plucked him backe, and he went afore.  
Nay hold thy tunge 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 plump  
With that I harde the noyse of a trumpe

That longe tyme blew a full tymorous blaste  
Like to the Borial wyades, when they blowe  
That tower, and tower, and trees downe cast  
Droue cloudes together like dryftes of suowe  
The dreadful dinne droue all the route on a row  
Som trembled, som girned, som gasped, some gased  
As people halfe peuisish or men that were mased

Anone all was whyshyte, as it were for the  
dones

And echa man stode gasyng and staryng upon  
other

With that there come in wonderly at ones  
A murmur of minstrels, that suche an other  
Had I neuer sene, some softer some louder  
Orpheus the Thracian harped melodiously  
With Amphion, and other musis of Archady

Whose heavenly 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 oaks them selfe did auaunce  
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 towards the tent  
Of noble dame Pallas, wherof I spake  
Where I sawe came after I wote full litel lacke  
Of a thousande poetes assembled to gether  
But Phebus was foremost of al that came theder

Of laurell leaues a cronell on his heed  
With heares encrisped yelowes as the golde  
Lamentynge Daphnes, whom with the darte of  
lead

Cupide hath stryken so that she ne wolde  
Concente to Phebus to haue his harte in holde  
But for to pressure her maydenhead clem  
Transformed was she into the laurell grene.

Medled with murning the most part of his  
muse

O thoue gartfull harte, was euer more his songe  
Daphnes my derlyng why do you me refuse?  
Yet loke on me, that loued you haue so longe  
Yet haue compassion vpon my paynes stronge  
He sange also, howe the tre as he did take  
Betwene his armes he felte her body quake

Than he assured into this exclamacion  
Unto Dians the goddess immortal  
O merciles madame harde is your constellation

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

Why haue the goddess shewed me this crueltie  
Sith I contryued first principles medyciuable  
I helpe all other of their infirmyte  
But nowe to helpe my selfe I am not able  
That profiteth all other is nothinge profitable  
Unto me, alas that herbe nor gresse  
The feruent axes of loue can not repress.

O fatall fortune what haue I offended?  
Odious disdayne why raist you me on this facyon?  
But sith I haue lost nowe that I intended  
And may nat attayne it by no mediacion  
Yet in remembrance of Daphnes transformacion  
All famous poetes ensuyng after me  
Shall weare a garlande of the laurell tre

This said, a great nombre folowed by and by  
Of poetes laureat of many diuerse nacion  
Parte of their names I thinke to specific  
First olde Quintilian by his Declamacion  
Theocritus with his bucolicall relacion  
Hesiodus the Iconoucar,  
And Homerus the fresche historiar.

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

Lucan with Stacius in Achilledes  
Perseus pread forth with problemes diffuse  
Virgill the Mantuan with his eneidos  
Juuenall satiray that men makythe to muse  
But blessed Bacchus the pleasant god of wyne  
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy flotes  
These orators and poetes refreshed their throtes

There Titus Liuius hym selfe dyd auaunce  
With decadis historious which that be mengleth  
With waters the amount the Romayns in sub-  
staunce.

Ennius that wrote of marciall warre at length  
But blessed Bacchus potencial god of strengthe  
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy dropes  
These orators and poetes 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 orators and poetes refreshed their throtes.

Senec full sobrelly with his tragedies,  
Boece recomforted with his philosophic,  
Aod Maximiane with his madde ditties,  
Howe dotynge age wolde iape with yonge foly  
But blessed Bacchus most reuerent and holy  
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy dropes  
These orators and poetes refreshed their throtes.

There came John Boccas with his volumes grete  
Quintus Curcius full craftely that wrate  
Of Alexander: and Macrobius that did treate

Of Scipions dreame what was the true probate  
But blessed Bacchus that neuer man forgate  
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes  
These orators and postes refreshed their throtes.

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

With a frere of Fraunce men call ayr Gaguine  
That frowned on me full angerly and pale  
But blessed Bacchus, that bote is of all bale  
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes  
These orators and postes refreshed their throtes.

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

Propercius and Pisandros postes of noble fame  
But blessed Bachus that maistrise oft doth frame  
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes  
These notable postes refreshed their throtes.

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

And maister Chaucer, that nobly entrepriaed  
How that our englishe myght fresbely be en-  
newed

The monke of Bury than after them entered  
Dane John Lydgate: these englishe . postes  
thre

As I ymagened repayred unto me.

Together in armes as bretherne embraced  
Their apparell farre passing beyond that I can  
tell

With diamantes and rubies their taberdes were  
traued

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

#### MAISTER GOWER TO SKELTON.

BROTHER Skelton your endeuorment  
So haue ye done, that meretoriously  
Ye haue deserued to haue an euplement  
In our collage about the sterry skye  
Bycause that ye increase and amplifie  
The bruted Britons of Brutus Albion  
That weinere was lost when that we were gone.

#### POETA SKELTON TO MAISTER GOWER.

MAISTER Gower I haue nothyng deserued  
To heue so laudabyle a commendacion  
To you thre this honor shalbe reserved  
Arrectinge vnto your wyse examinacion  
How all that I do is vnder reformation  
For only the substance of that I entend  
I glad to please and loth to offend.

#### MAISTER CHAUCER LAWREAT POETE TO SKELTON.

COUNTERWAYING your busy diligence  
Of that we begonne id the supplement  
Enforced are we you to recompence  
Of all our holle collage by the agreement  
That we shall bryng you personally present  
Of noble Fame before the queenes grace  
In whose courte poynted is your place.

#### POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

O NOBLE Chaucer, whose pulished eloquence  
Our Englishe rude so freshly hath 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 mowte  
But what shulde I say, ye wote what I entend  
Whiche glad am to please, and loth to offend.

#### MAISTER LYDGATE TO SKELTON.

So am I prevented of my bretherne twayne  
In rendryngs to you thankes meretory  
That weinere nothyng there doth remayne  
Wherwith to gyue you my regraciatory  
But that I poynt you to be protonotory  
Of Fames courte, by all our holle assent  
Announced by Pallas to laurell preferment.

#### POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

So haue ye me far passing my merites extolled  
Maister Lydgate of your accustomed  
Bounte, and so gloriously ye haue enrolled  
My name. I knowe well beyonde that I am able  
That but if my warkes therto be agreable  
I am elles rebuked of that I entend  
Whiche glad am to please and lothe to offend

So finally, when they had shewed their deuise  
Under the forme as I sayd before  
I made it strange, and drewe backe ones or  
twise

And euer 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 pavyllion, where Pallas was rytting

Dame Pallas commanded that they shuld me  
counay  
Into the riche palace of the queene of Fame,  
There shall he here what she to hym will say  
When he is called to answer to his name,  
A crye anone forthwith she made proclame  
All orators and postes 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 bowres  
I cannot tell you, but that I was brought  
Into a palace, with turrettes and towres  
Engalared goodly with halles and bowres  
So curiously, so craftly, so counnyngly wrought  
That all the world I trowe and it were sought

Such an other there could no man fynde  
Wherof partly I purpose to expounde  
Whiles it remaineth freshe in my mynde  
With Turke and grossolites enpaueed was the  
ground  
Of birral embosed were the pylers round  
Of elephantes tethé were the palace gates  
Enclosed with many goodly plates

Of gold; entatched with many a precious stone  
An hundred steppes mountyng to the halle  
One of isasper, an other of whales bone,  
Of diamantes poynted, was the rocky wall.  
The carpettes within and tappettes of pall  
The chambres hangd with clothes of Arace  
Enuanted with rubies the vaults was of this

Thus passed we forth, walking unto the pretory  
 When the poetis wer embulloned with sapphirs indy  
 Englased glitteryng with many a clere story [blew  
 lacrimetes and smaragdes out of the north they  
 Unto this place all poetes there dyd see [grew.  
 Wherin was set of Fame the noble quene  
 All other transcending most richely besene

Under a glorious clothe of estate  
 Fret all with orient perles of garnate  
 Encrowned as emperesse of all this worldly fate  
 So ryally, so richely, so passyngly ornate  
 It was exc-dyng beyonde commune rate  
 This house environ was a myle about  
 If xii. were let in. xii. hundred stode without

Than to this lady and souerayne of this palace  
 Of purseantes there presed in many with diuers  
 tale

Some were of Poyle, and some were of Thrace  
 Of Lymerik, of Lorein, of Spaine, of Portugale  
 From Napuls, from Nauern, and from Rounceuale  
 Some from 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 harde to tell of euery manes mouthes  
 A sylpper holde the tayle is of an ele  
 And he halteth often that hath a kyby hele  
 Some shewed his safe conduct, some shewed his  
 chart

Some loked full smothely, and had a fals quart.

With Sir I praye you a litell tyne stande backe  
 And let me come in to deliuer my letter  
 An other tolde, howe shypes went to wracke  
 There were many wordes smaller 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 Dertmouth, of Plymouth, of Portesmouth also  
 The burgeis and the baylines of the v. portes  
 With nowe let me come, and nowe let me go  
 And all tyme wandred I thus, to and fro,  
 Tyll at the laste these noble poetes thre  
 Vnto me sayd, to Syr nowe ye may se,

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

When they wer past, and went forth on their  
 way

This gentilwoman, that called was by name  
 Occupation, in ryght goodly araye  
 Came towards me, and smyled halfe in game.  
 I sawe her smyle, and than I dyd the same  
 With that on me she cast her goodly loke  
 Vnder her arme me thought she had a hoke.

#### OCCUPATION TO SKELTON.

LYKE as the lark vpon the sowers daye  
 When Tritan radiant burniseth his beemes bright  
 Mounteth on hye, with hir melodius loye

VOL. II.

Of the son shyne engladed with the lyght  
 So am I suppynd with pleasure and delight  
 To se this houre nowe, that I may saye  
 Howe ye are welcome to this court of araye

Of your aqyeuntaunce I was in tymes past  
 Of studious doctrine when at the port salu  
 Ye fyrst arryued, when broken was your maste  
 Of worldly trust, than dyd I you reacke  
 Your storme dryuen shyp I repaired newe  
 So well entacked, 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 ynke  
 Be well assured I shall aqyte your hyre.  
 Your name recountyng beyonde the land of Tyre  
 From Sydney to the mount Olympian  
 From Babyll towre to the hills Caspian.

#### SKELTON PORTA ANSWERETH.

I THANKED her moche of her most noble offer  
 Affhaunsyng her myne holic 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 worde she toke me by the bande

So passed we forth into the forsayd place.  
 With such communication 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 ydeill janglers haue but tytell brayne  
 Wordes be awordes and harde to call agayne

Into a felde she brought me wyde and large  
 Enwalld about with the stony flynt  
 Strongly enbateld muche costious of charge  
 To walke on this way, she bed I should natatnt  
 Go softly she said, the stones be full glynt  
 She went before and bad 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 East 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 denomina-  
 cions.

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

The bnyldyng therof was passing commenda-  
 ble.

Wheron stode a lybbard crowned with gold and  
 stones

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

R

As fersly frowning as he had ben fyghtyng  
And with his forme fote, he shoke forth this writ-  
ing.

*Cacosinthoon ex industria.*

Formidanda nimis Iouis ultima fulmina tollis  
Vnguibus ire parat loca singula liuida curuis  
Euum modo per Phebes nummos raptura Celeno;  
Arma, hies, luctus, fet, uis fraus barbara tellus  
Mille modis erras odium tibi querere martia.  
Spreto spineto cedat saluincia roseto.

THAN I me lent and loked ouer the wall  
Innumerable people presed to euery gate  
Sbet were the gates, they might wel knocke and cal  
And turne home arayn, for they came al to late  
I here demaunded of them and their astate  
Forsothe quoth she, these be haskardes and ry-  
Dicerr, carders, tumbalars with gambaudes. [baudes

Forrers of loue, with baudrie aqueynted  
Bryneles blynkardes that blowe at the cole  
False forgers of money for coynage atteynted  
Pope boly hypocrites as they were golde and hole,  
Poule hatchettes that prate well at euery ale pole  
Ryot, reneler, rayler, brybery, thefts,  
With other condicions that well might be lefts.

Some fayne themself foles, and wold be called  
wyse

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

With that I herde gunnes rushe out at ones  
Bowns, bowus, bowns, that all they out cryde  
It made some limpe legged and broised their bones  
Some were made pyuyshe 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 daggd and cunningly cut  
The blast of the brymston blew away his brains  
Mosed as a marche hare, he ran lyke a scut  
And air amonge all me thought I sawe twayne  
The one was a tumbler that afterward agayne  
Of a dyssour a deuyll way grewe a lenthiman  
Pere prater the seconde that quarells began

With a pellet of peuisenes thei had such a  
stroke  
That al the dayes of their lyf shal stick by their  
ribbes

Foo, foisty baudins som smelled of the smoke  
I saw diuers that were caried away thens in cribbes  
Dasyng after dotrels lyke drunkardes that dribbes  
These tintiuils with taumpias were touched and  
tapped  
Moche mischef I hight you among them ther  
happd

Somtyme as it semeth when the mone lyght  
By means of a grosely endarked clowde,  
Sodainly is eclipsed in the wynter nyght  
In like maner of wyse, a myst dyd vs shrowde  
But wel may ye thinke. I was nothing proude  
Of that auctures, whiche made me sore agaste  
In darkenes thus dwelt we, tyll at the last

The clowdes gon to clere, the mist was rarified  
In an herber I sawe brought where I was  
There byrdes on the breere sange on euery syde  
With aleys ensanded about in compas  
The bankes enturfed with singlar solas  
Enrailed with rosers, and vines engraped  
It was a new comfort of sorowes escaped

In the middes a cundite, that curiously was cart  
With pypes of golde, engushyng out streames  
Of cristall, the clerenes these waters far past  
Enswimmyng with roches, barbils, and braunes  
Whose skales enailured again the son beames  
Englisterd: that ioyous it was to beholde  
Than farthermore about me my sight I reuolde

Where I sawe growyng a goodly laurell tre  
Enuerdured with leaue, continually grene,  
Above in the top a byrde of Araby  
Meu call a pheix: her wynges bytwene  
She bet vp a fyre with the sparkes full kene  
With branches and boughes of the swete olyue  
Whose flagraunt flower was chefe preseruatione.

Ageynst all infections, with rancour enflamed  
Ageinst all baratous broisours of olde  
It passed all bawmes that euer were named  
Or gummes of Saby so deryly that be solde  
There blew in that garden a soft pipling colde  
Enbrethyng of zephirus with his pleasant wynde  
Al frutes and flowres grewe there in their kynde.

Dryades there daunced vpon that goodly soile  
With the nyne muses Pierides by name  
Phillis and Testalis there tresses with oyle  
Were newly enbybed: and rounde about the same  
Grene tre of laurell, moche solacionis game  
They made with chapplettes and garlandes grete  
And foremost of al dame Flora the quene

Of somer so formally she foted the daunce  
Ther Cintheus sat twinklyng vpon his harpe-  
stringes

And Jopas his instrument dyd ausance  
The pomes and stories auncient in brynges  
Of Athlas astrology, and many noble thynges  
Of wandryng of the mone the course of the son  
Of men and of bestes, and whereof they begone,

What thyng occasioned the showres of rayne  
Of fyre elementar in his supreme spere  
And of that pole artike, whyche doth remayne  
Behynde the taylor of Vras so clere  
Of Pliades he preched with their drowy chere  
Immoystred with mislyng and ay-droppyng dry  
And where the two trions a man shoulde espye.

And of the wynter dayes that hye them so fast  
And of the wynter nyghtes that tary so longe  
Aod of the homer dayes, so longe that done last  
And of their short nightes: he brought in his  
songs  
How wronge was no right, and right was no wronge.  
There was counteryng of carols in meter and in  
uerse  
So many, that longe it were to reberce.

#### OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

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



Continuall comfort here ye may fynde  
Of welthe and solace nothyng leste behynde  
All thyng cōuenably here is contruyed  
Wherwith your sprites may be reuyed.

PORTA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

QUESTIONLES no doubte of that ye saye  
Jupiter himselfe this life myght endure  
This ioye exceedeth all worldly sport and playe  
Paradyse, this place is of syngular pleasure  
O well were hym that herof might be sure  
And here to inhabite, and aye for to dwell  
But goodly maystres one thyng ye me tall

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 thyng ment,  
Wherof the answere restyth in my handes  
It shall be loosed ful some out of the bandes  
Of scrupulus doubt wherfore your mid discharge  
And of your will the playnnes shewe at large

PORTA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

I THANKE you goodly maistres tome most benign  
That of your bountie so well haue me assured  
But my request is nat so great a thyng  
That I ne force what though it be discurd  
I am nat wounded but that I may be cured  
I am nat laden of iydnyrnes with lumps  
As dased doterdes that dreame in their dumps.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

NOWE what ye meane I trowe I coniect  
God gyue you good yere ye make me to smyle  
Nowe by your fayth is nat this theffect  
Of your question ye make all this whyle  
To vnderstande who dwelleth in yone pile [diddil  
And what blander is yonder that playeth diddill  
He fyndeth false measures out of his fonde fiddill

Interpolata (que industriusum postulat interpre-  
tem) satyra in uatis aduersarium.

Treas Agasonis species prior, altera Dau.  
Anepeium culicis dum linia torquet ocellum.  
Concipit. aligeras rapit, opetit, aspice muscas.  
Maia quoque fouet, fouet aut que Iupiter, aut que  
Frigida Saturnus, Sol, Mars, Venus, Algida Luna,  
Si tibi contingat uerbo aut committere scripto  
Quam sibi mox tacita sudant precordia culpa?  
Hinc ruit in flammis, stimulis hunc urget et illum  
Inuocat ad riuas, uanos lamen excitat ignes.  
Labra mouens tacitus, rampantur ut ilia Codro.

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

His name for to knowe if that ye lyst .  
Enuious rancour truly he light  
Beware of him I wame you: for if ye wylt  
Howe dangerous it were to stande in his lyght  
Ye wold nat deale wyth him though that ye might  
For by his deuillish 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 glose, thy mynd for to fele  
He wylt eut men a feighting and syt himselfe styl  
And smerke lyke a smyth cur at sperkes of stele  
He can neuer leaue warke whyles it is wele

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

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

Come forth gentiwomen I pray you she said  
I haue contruyed for you a goodly warke  
And who can worke best nowe shaibe assayd  
A cronell of laurell with verdures light and darke  
I haue deuised for Skelton my clerke  
For to his seruice I haue suche regarde  
That of our bountie we wylt hym rewarde.

For of all ladyes he hath the library  
Their names recountyng in the court of Fame  
Of all gentywomen he hath the scruteny  
In Fames courtie reportyng the same  
For yet of women 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 saumpler to sowe on, the laces to enbrayde  
To weaue in the stole some were full preat  
With slaiies, with tauels, with hedelles wel drest  
The frame was brought forth with his weauing pin  
God giue them good speede their warke to begin.

Some to enbrowder put them in prease  
Wei gyding their glotton to kepe streight their silk,  
Some pyrlyng of golde their worke to encrease  
With fingers smale, and handes as white as mylk  
With reche me that skayne of tewly sylke  
And wynde me that botoume of suche an hewe  
Grene, red, lawney, whyte, purple, and blew,

Of broken warkes wrought many a goodly thing  
In castyng, in turnyng, in florishing of fowres  
With burres rowgh and buttons surflyyng  
In nedyll warke raysyng bynyles in bowes  
With uertue embesed all tymes and howres  
And truly of their bountie thus were they bent  
To worke me this chaplet, by good aduisement.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

BEHOLDE and se in your aduertisement,  
Howe these ladies and gentywomen all  
For your pleasure do theyr endeuourment  
And for your sake, howe fast to warke they fall  
To your remembrance wherfore ye must call  
In goodly wordes pleasantly comprised  
That for them some goodly conceyte be deuised.

With propre captacions of beneuolence  
Ornatly pullyshed after your faculte  
Sith ye must nedes afforce it by pretence  
Of your profession vnto humanite  
Commensyng your proces after their degree  
To eche of them rendring thankes commendable  
With sentence fructuous, and termes cōuenable.

PORTA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

ADVANSYNG my selfe some thanke to deceue  
I me determyned for to sharpe my pen  
Deuoutly arrectyng my prayer to Misereue

She to vouch safe 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 dreddful trembling fist

As a mariner that amased is in a stormy rage  
Hardly be stad and dryuen is to hope  
Of that the tempestous wynde will sawage  
In trust wherof comfort his heart doth grope  
From the anker he cutteth the gabill rope  
Committeth al to God, and letteth his ship ryde  
So I beseeche Jea now to be my gyde.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE COUNTES OF SURREY.

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

Lyke to Argius by iust resemblance  
The noble wyfe of Polimites kynge  
Prudent Rebecc, of whom remembrance  
The bible maketh, with whose chaste luyunge  
Your noble demenour is counterwaynge  
Whose passing bounte, and right noble estate  
Of honour and worship it hath the former date.

The noble Pamphillia queene of the Grekes land  
Habilimentes royall founde out industriously  
Thamer also wrought with her goodly hande  
Many diuises passynge curiously  
Whom ye represent and exemplify  
Whose passynge 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 writeth the story. [Perse,  
Dame Agrippina also I may reherse  
Of gentill corage the parfite memory  
So shall your name endure perpetually  
Whose passynge 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 perfit grounde  
Whom dame nature, as well I may reporte  
Hath freshly enbeautied with many a goodly sorte  
Of womanly fetures, whose flourishing tender age  
Is lusty to loke on, plesant, demoure, and sage

Goodly Creseidr fayrer than Polyxene  
For to enuyne Pandarus appetite  
Traillus I trowe, if that he had you sene  
In you he wolde haue set his bolle delyte  
Of all your beaute I suffice nat to write  
But as I sayd your flourishing tender age  
Is lusty to loke on, plesant, demoure, and sage.

TO MY LADY MYRRIALL HAWARDE.

MY lytell lady I may nat leaue behynde  
But to do you seruice nedes nowe I must  
Benigne curteyse of gentill harte and mynde  
Whom fortune and fate playnly haue discust  
Longe to enioye pleasure, delyte, and lust,  
The embudded blossoms of roses redde of hewe  
With lilies white your beauty doth renewe.

Compare you I may to Cidippes the mayde  
That of Aconcius whan she founde the byll  
In her bosome, iorde howe she was afraide  
The ruddy shamefastnes in her vrysage fyll  
Which maner of abasshement became her not yll  
Right so madame the roses redde of hewe  
With lilyes whyte your beauteis doth renewe.

TO MY LADY ANNE DAKERS OF TIRE SOUTH.

ZRUSIS that enpicted fayre Helene the queene  
You to deuise his craft were to seke  
And if Apelles, your countenaunce had sene  
Of porturature, which was the famous Greke  
He could not denise the lest point of your cheke  
Princes of youthe and floure of goodly porte  
Uertue, counnyng, solace, pleasure, comforte.

Paregill in honour vnto Penelope  
That for her trouth is in remembrance had  
Fayre Dianira surmountynge in beauteie  
Demure Dians womanly and sad  
Whose lusty lokes make heuy hartes glad  
Princes of youthe, and floure of goodly porte  
Uertue, counnyng, solace, pleasure, comforte.

TO MAISTRES MARGARY WENTWORTHE.

WITH margerain gentill  
The floure of goodly hede  
Embrowdered the mantyll  
Is of your maydenhede,  
Playnely I can nat giouse  
Ye be as I deuyne  
The praty primerose  
The goodly columbyne.

With margerain gentill  
The floure of goodly hede  
Embrowdered the mantyll  
Is of your maydenhede

Benygne, courteise, and meke,  
With wordes well deuysed  
In you who lyst to seke  
Be vertues well comprysed.

With margerain gentill  
The floure of goodly hede  
Embrowdered the mantyll  
Is of your maydenhede.

TO MAISTRES MARGARET TYLNEY.

I YOU assure  
Ful well I knowe,  
My busy cure  
To you I owe  
Humbly and lowe  
Commending me  
To your bounte.

As Machareus  
Fayre Canace  
So I, I wys  
Eudenoure me  
Your name to se  
It be enrolde,  
Written with golde

Phedra ye may  
Well represent  
Intentyue ay  
And diligent  
No tyme myspeut  
Wherfore delyte  
I haue to wryte

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

## TO MAISTRES IANE BLENNER-HAISET.

WHAT thoughte my penne waxe faynt  
And hath smalle lust to paynt  
Yet shall there no restraynt  
Cause me to cease,  
Amonge this prease,  
For to encrease  
Your goodly name.

I wyll my selfe applye  
Truste me ententyudy  
You for to steillye  
And so obserue  
That ye ne swarue  
For to deserue  
Immortal fame.

Sith maistres Iane Haiset  
Small flowres helpte to sette  
In my goodly chappelet  
Therefore I rendre, of her the memorie  
Vnto the legende of fayre Leodomie.

## TO MAISTRES ISABELL PENNELL.

BY saynt Mary my lady  
Your mammy and your dady  
Brought forthe a goodly baby

My mayden Isabell,  
Refларыnge rosabell,  
The fragrant cammell,

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 blossome on the spraye,  
The fresheate flowre of Maye.

Maydenly demure,  
Of woman hede the lure,  
Wherefore I make you sure,  
It were an heuenly helthe,  
It were an endlesse witthe,  
A lyfe for God hymselfe,

To here this nyghtyngale  
Amonge the byrdes smale,  
Warbelynge in the vale  
Dug, dug, iug, iug,  
Good yere and good lucke,  
With chukke, chukke, chukka, chukka.

## TO MAISTRES MARGARET HUSSEY.

MIRRY Margaret  
As midsomer flowre  
Gentyll as faucoun  
Or hauke of the towre  
With solace and glednes  
Moch mirth and no madnes  
All good and no badnes

So ioyously  
So maydeuly  
So womanly  
Her demenyng  
In euery thyng  
Far, far passyng  
That I can endite  
Or suffice to write  
Of mirry Margarete  
As midsomer flowre  
Gentill as faucoun  
Or hauke of the towre.  
As pacient and as styll  
And so ful of good wil  
As fayre Isiphill  
Culiander  
Swete pomaander  
Good Cassander  
Scefast of thought  
Wel made, wel wrought  
Far may be sought  
Erst that ye can fynde  
So curteise so kynde  
As mirry Margarete  
This midsomer flowre  
Gentyll as faucoun  
Or hauke of the towre.

## TO MAISTRES GERETRUDE STATHAM.

TROUGHE ye were harde barded  
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 hede endude  
With vertue well reuode.

I wyll that ye shaibe  
In all benigne, lyke to dame Pasiphe.  
For nowe doutlesse, ye gyue me cause  
To write of you this goodly clause  
Maistres Geretrude  
With woman hede endude.  
With vertue well reuode.

Partly by your counsell  
Garnysshed with laurell.  
Was my froshe coronell.  
Wherefore doutles  
Ye gyue me cause  
To write of you this goodly clause  
Maistres Geretrude  
With woman hede endude  
With vertue well reuode.

## TO MAISTRES ISABELL ENYORT.

BUT if I shulde aquite your kyndnes  
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 meane to fynde  
To please my mynde.

In helyng to warke my laurel grene,  
With sylke and golde  
Galathes the mayde wel be sene.

Was neuer halfe so fayre as I wene  
Which was extolde, a thousand folde  
By Maro the Mantuan prudent  
Who lyet to rede,  
But and I had leysur competent  
I coude shewe you suche 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 lady's grace, the quene of Fame,  
Where ye must brevely answer to your name.

## SKELTON POETA.

CASTYNG my syght the chambre about  
To see howe duly, eche thyng in ordre was  
Toward the dore as we were commyng out  
I sawe maister Newton syt with his compas  
His plummert, his pensell, his spectacles of glas  
Deuysynge in picture by his industrious wit  
Of my laurell the proces euery whittle.

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

In comparison of that whiche I ware  
Some preyed the perle, some the stones bryght  
Well was hym that therrpon might stare  
Of this warke they had so great deliyght  
The sylke, 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, perceyuyng howe that I was cum  
She wondred me thought at my laurell grene  
She loked hautely, and gaue on me a glum  
There was amonge them no word than but mum  
For eche man herkeued what she wolde to me say  
Wherof in substance I brought this awaye.

## THE QUENE OF FAME TO SKELTON.

MY frende sith ye are before vs here present,  
To answer vnto this noble audiance  
Of that shalbe reasoned ye must be content  
And for as moche as by the hys pretence  
That ye haue now by the preeminence  
Of lauret triumph, your place is here reserved  
We will vnderstande howe ye haue it deserved.

## SKELTON POETA TO THE QUENE OF FAME.

RYGHT high and mighty princes of estate  
In famous glory all other transcending  
Of your bounte the custonable rate  
Hath ben ful often, and yet is attending  
To all that to reason is condiscending  
But if hasty credence by maintenance of myght  
Fortune to stande betwene you and the lyght.

But suche euidence I thinke for to enduce,  
And so largely to lay for myne indempayte  
That I trust to make mine excuse

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

Forthwith she commanded I shuld take my place  
Calliope pointed me where I shoulde sit  
With that. Occupacion pressed in a pace  
Be mirry she sayd, be nat a ferde a whit  
Your discharge herevnder myn arme is it  
So than commaunded 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  
What Skelton hath compiled and written in dede  
Reherysynge by ordre, and what is the grounde  
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 oftener than ones or twyse.

## SKELTON POETA.

WITH that of the boke loscoude were the claspes  
The margent was illumined al with golden railles  
And bice enpictured, with grassoppes and waspes  
With butterflies, and freshe peacocke tailles.  
Enfouled with flowres and slymy snayles,  
Enuined pictures well touched and quickly [slyly]  
It would haue made a man hole that had be right

To beholde, howe it was garnished and bound,  
Encouerde ouer with golde of tissue fine  
The claspes and bullions were worth a. M. pounce  
With balassis and carbuncles the borders dyd  
With aurum musicum euery other lyne [shyne]  
Was written: and so she dyd her spede  
Occupacion immediately to rede.

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

Of your oratour and poete laureate  
Of Englande, his warkes here they begyne  
In primis the boke of Honourous estate  
Item the boke howe men shoulde be synne  
Item royall demenaunce, worshyp to wynde  
Item the boke to speke well or be styll.  
Item to lerne you, to dye when ye will.

Of vertue also, the souerayne enterlude  
The boke of the rosier, prince Arthuris creacion  
The false faith that now goth which dailly is renaude  
Item his dialogues of ymaginacion  
Item Antomedon of loues meditation  
Item newe grammar in Englyshe compiled  
Item Bouge of courte, where drede was begyiled

His comedy, Achademios called by name  
Of Tullis familiars the translatcion  
Item good aduisement that braineles doth blame  
The recule against Gaguine of the French nacion  
Item the Popyngay that hath in commendacion  
Ladies and gentilwomen suche as deserued  
And suche as be countrefettes they be reserved.

And of soueraintie a noble pamphlet.  
And of magnificence a notable mater  
Howe countrefet countenance of the new get

With crafty conueyaunce doth smater and flater  
And cloked collusion is brought in to clater  
With courtly abasion who printeth it wel in minde  
Moch doubles of the world therin be may finde.

Of manerly maistres Margery mylke and ale  
To her he wrote many maters of myrth  
Yet thoughte I saye it, therby lieth a tale  
For Margery wynsed and brake her hynder gyrrh  
Lorde howe she made moche of her gentill byrth  
With gingerly go gingerly her taile was made of  
hay  
Go she neuer so gingerly her honestie is gone  
awaye.

Harde to make ought of that is naked nought  
This fustian maistres and this gigisibe gase  
Wouder is to write what wrenches she wrought  
To face out her folly with a mysdomer masse  
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.

Putet per uersus.

Hinc puer hinc natus? uir coniugis hinc spo-  
litus

Iure thori? est? fetus deli. de sanguine crotus.  
Hinc magis extollo, quod erit puer alter Apollo.  
Si queris qualis? meretrix castissima talis.

Et rellis et ralis, et reliqualis.

A good herynge of these olde talis  
Fynde no mo such from Wanfete to Walis.

Et reliqua. Omelia de diuersis tractatibus.

Of my ladys grace at the contemplacion  
Out of Frenche into Englishhe prose  
Of mannes lyfe the peregrinacion  
He dyd translate, interprete, and disclose  
The treatise of triumphes of the redde rose:  
Wherin many stories are breuely contayned  
That vnremembred longe tyme remayned.

The duke of Yorkes creauncer whan Skelton was  
Noue Henry the viii. kynge of Englande  
A treatise he deuysed, and brought it to pas  
Called Speculum Principis, to beare in his hande  
Therin to rede, and to vnderstande  
All the demenour of princely astate  
To be our kynge of God preordinate.

Also the tunnyng of Elinor Rummyng  
With Colin Clout, John Yue, with Joforth  
Jacke

To make suche trifels it asketh some counnyng  
In honest myrth parde requireth no lacke  
The white appereth the better for the blacke  
And after conueyaunce as the worlde gose  
It is no foly to vse the Walshmannes bose.

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

Of one Adam all a knowe late dead and gone  
Dormant 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  
Deuised by Skelton after the fuerrall rate  
Yet some there be there with that take greuaunce  
And gruge therat with frowning countenance  
But what of that? harde it is to please all men  
Who lyst amende it, let hym set to his pence.

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

What ayle them to depraue  
Philippe Sparowes graue  
His dirige, her commendacion  
Can be no derogation  
But myrthe and consoliacion  
Made by protestacion

No man to myscontent  
With Philippis entercment

Alas that goodly mayde  
Why should she be afraide?

Why should she take shame,  
That her goodly name

Honorably reported,  
Should be set and sorted

To be matriculate, with ladies of astate?

I conjure the Philip Sparowe

By Hercules that hell dyd harowe

And with a venomous arowe

Slewe of the Epidaurus

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 slewe Gerione, with thre bodyes in one

With mighty corage, adaunted the rage

Of a lyon sauage.

Of Diomedis stabyll, he brought out a rabill

Of coursers and rounses

With leapes and bounses

And with myghty luggynge

Wrastelynge and tuggynge

He plucked the bull, by the horned scul

And offred to Cornucopia,

And so forthe per cetera

Also by Hecates bowre

In Plutos gastly towre.

By the vgly Eumenides,

That neuer haue rest nor case

By the venomous serpent,

That in hell is neuer brent.

In Lerna the Grekes fen

That was engendred then

By Chemerus flames,

And all the deadly names,

Of infernall poety

Where soules frye and rusty.

By the stygial flode, and the streames wode  
Of Coecytus botumlease well.  
By the ferryman of hell

Caron with his berde hore  
That roweth with a rude oxe,  
And with his frounsed fore toppe  
Gydeh his bote with a proppes.  
I coniure Philippe and call  
In the name of kynge Saul.  
Primo regum expres, he had the Phitones  
To wytche craffe her to dres,  
And by her abusions,  
Aud damnable illusions,  
Of merveyous 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 should dye,  
wylly my selfe discharge  
To lettred men at large.

But Philip I coniure the  
Nowe by these names thre  
Diana in the woddess 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 perpleixite,  
Inferias Philippe tuas Scroupe pulchra Ioanna  
Instanter peccit, cur nostri carminis illam  
Nunc pudet est sero, minor est infamia vero  
Than suche as haue disdayned,  
And of this worke complayned,  
I praye God they be paine  
No worse than is contayned  
In verses two or thre,  
That folowe as ye maye se.  
Luride cur linor uolueris pia funera damnas  
Talia te rapiant, rapiunt que fata uolucrum,  
Est tamen incidia mors tibi continas.

The grouting and the groining of the groning  
Also the mournyng of the mapely rote [swyne  
Howe the grene conerlet suffred great pype.  
Whan the sic net was set for to catche a cote  
Strake one with a byrdbolt to the heart rote  
Also a deuoute prayer to Moyses hoernes  
Metrified merily, medled with scores.

Of painantes that were played in ioyous garde  
He wrate of a mow through a mud wall  
Howe a doe cam trippynge in at the rere warde  
But lorde howe the parker was wroth with all  
And of castell Angell the fenestrall  
Glitttryng and glistryng and gloriously glassed  
It made some mennes eyen daylyd and dased.

The repete of the recule of Rosamundes bowre  
Of his pleasant paine there and his gladd desires  
In plantyng and plowynge a propre ieloffer flowre  
But howe it was, some were to recheles  
Nat withstanding it is remedieles  
What myght she say? what myght he do therto?  
Though Jack sayd nay: yet mok ther lost her sho.

Howe than lyke a man he wan the Barbican  
With a sattu of solace at the longe last  
The colour deedly, swart, bio, and wan

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

Howe dame Minerus first found the oliue tre  
she red  
And planted yet wher neuer before was none,  
vnshred  
An hynde whunt hit by casuete, nat bled  
Recouerd whan the forster was gone, and sped  
The hartes of the herd began for to grove, and fled  
The houndis began to yerne and to quest: and  
dred  
With lyttell busines standeth moche rest. in bed.

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

With wofully arayd and shamefully betrayde  
Of his making deuoute medytacions  
Vexilla regis he deuysed to be displayde,  
With Sacris solempnus, and other contemplicacions  
That in them comprised consideracions  
Thus passeth he the time both night and day  
Somtime with sadnes, somtime with play

Though Galene and Dioscorides  
With Hipocrates, and mayster Auicen  
By theyr phisike done many a man ease  
And though Alburnassar can the enforme and ken  
What constellacions ar good or bad for men:  
Yet whan the raine raineth and the gowe winketh  
Litell wotteth the gosling what the gosse thinketh

He is nat wise agayne the streame that striueth  
Dun is in the mire, dame reche me my spur  
Nedes must he ren that the deuill dryueth  
Whan the stede is stolen spare the stable dur  
A gentyll hounde shoulde neuer playe the kur  
It is soone aspyed where the thorne pricketh  
And well woteth 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 vnkinde  
This goudly flowre with stormes was vtwinde

This ieloffer gentill, this rose, this lylly flowre,  
This prime rose petelea, this propre violet,  
This delicate dasy, this straubery prately set,  
This columbyne clere and freshest of coloure  
With frowarde frostis aias was all so fret  
But who may bave more vngracious life  
Than a childes byrde and a knaues wife?

Thinke what ye will  
Of this wanton byll.  
By Mary Gipcie  
Quod scripai scripai  
Vxor tua sicut Vitis  
Habetis in custodiam

Custodite sicut scitis.  
Secundum Lucam. &c.

Of the bone horns of Assbrige beside Barcanstede  
That goodly place to Skelton most kynde,  
Where the sange royall is, Christis blode so rede  
Wherryon he metrifid after his mynde. [finde  
A pieasant place than Assbrige is, hard were to  
As Skelton reherseth with wordes fewe and playne  
In his distichon, made on verses twayne.

Fraxinus in eliuo frondetque Viret sine riuo.  
Non est sub diuo similis sine flumini uiuo.

The nacion of folcs he lefte nat behinde,  
Item Apollo that whirled up his chare,  
That made some to snurre and snufe in the winde  
It made them to skip, to stampe, and to stare,  
Which (if they be happy) haue cause to beware  
In rymyng and raylyng with him for to weil  
For drede that he lerne them theyr. A. B. C. to spell.

## POETA SKELTON.

WRITH that I stode vp, halfe sodaynly afrayde  
Supplieng to Fame, I besought her grace  
And that it wolde please her full tenderly I prayd  
Out of her bookes Appollo to rase.  
Nay syr 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 wolde no better be  
But that my peticion wolde nat 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  
Appollo to rase out of her ragman rolles.

Nowe here of it erketh me lenger to wryte,  
To Occupacion, I wyll agayne resort  
Whiche redde on styll, as it came to her syght  
Reddryng my deuises I made in disporte  
Of the mayden of Kent called comforte  
Of louers testamentes and of theyr wanton willis  
And howe Iollas loued goodly Phillis.

Diodorus Siculus of my translation  
Out of fresche Latine into our Englysshe playne,  
Recountyng commodites of many a strange nacion  
Who redeth it ones wolde rede it agayne  
Six volumes engrosed together it doth contayne.  
But whan of the laurell she made rehersail  
Al orators and poetes with other great and smal

A thousande thousande 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 growed and trembled that noyse was  
so stout [hooke  
The queene of Fome commaunded, shet fast the  
And therewith sodaynely out of my slope I woke

My minde of the great din was soindele amased  
I wyped myn eyen for to make them clere  
Than to the heauen spherical all upwarde I gased  
Where I sawe Janus with his double chere  
Makyng his airmask for the newe yere  
He turned his trickes his volu-ell ran fast  
Good lucke this newe yere the olde yere is past.  
Mens tibi sit consulta petis? sic consulte menti,  
Emula sis Ieni, retro speculetur & ante.

Skeltonis alloquitur librum suum,  
Ite Britannorum lux o radiosa Britannum  
Carmina nostra pium Vestrum celebrate Catullum  
Dicite Skeltonis Vester Adonis erat.  
Dicite Skeltonis Vester Homerus erat.  
Barbara cum iacio pariter iam currite Versu.  
Et licet est Verbo pars maxima texta Britanno,  
Non magis incompta nostra Thalia patet:  
Est magis inculta nec mea Calliope.  
Nec nos poenitent liuoris tela subire.  
Nec nos poenitent rubiem tolerare canamam,  
Nam Maro dissimiles non tulit ille minas,  
Immuus nec enim musa Nasonis erat.

## LENUOY.

Go little quaire  
Demease you faire  
Take no dispaire  
Though I you wrate  
After this rate  
In Englishs ietter  
So muche the better  
Welcome shall ye  
To some men be  
For Latin warkes  
Be good for clarkes  
Yet nowe and then  
Some Latin men  
May happily loke  
Vpon your boke  
And so procede  
In you to rede  
That so in dede  
Your fame may sprede  
In lengthe and brede  
But that I drede  
You shall haue ned  
You for to spede  
To harness bryght  
By force of might  
Agaynst enuy  
And obloquy  
And wote ye why  
Nat for to fyght  
Agaynst dispyght  
Nor to demayne  
Batayle 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 and correction  
With toleracion  
And supportacion  
Of reformacion  
If they can spye  
Circumspectly  
And worde defaced  
That myght be rased  
Els ye shall praye  
Them that ye may  
Continue styll  
With theyr good wyll.

Ad serenissimam Maiestatem Regiam, pariter

cum Domino Cardinali Legato a latere honorificatissimo &c.

L'AUTRE ENVOY.

PERGE liber, celeberrimam proum regem venerare  
Henricum octauum, resonans sus premia laudis.  
Cardineum dominum pariter venerando salutes,  
Legatum a latere & fiat memor ipse precare,  
Prebende, quam promiset mihi credere quondam.  
Meque suum referas pignus sperare salutis  
Inter spemque metum.

Twene hope and drede  
My lyfe I lede                      Small sekernes.  
But of my spede  
How be it I rede  
Both worde and dede              In noblenes.  
Should be agrede  
Or els. &c.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE BOUGE OF  
COURTE.

In Autumpne whan the sonne in vyrgyna  
By radyaute hete enryped hath our come  
Whan Luna full of mutabylyte  
As emperes the dyademe hath worne  
Of our pole artyke, amplyng halfe in scorne  
At our foly, and our vnstedfastnesse  
The tyme whan Mars to warre hym dyd dres,

I callynge to mynde the greate auctoryte  
Of poetes olde, whiche full craftely  
Vnder as couerte termes as coulde be  
Can touche a trowth, and cloke subtylly  
With freshe vtteraunce full sentencyously  
Dyuerse in style some spared not vyce to wryte  
Some of mortalitie nobly dyd endyte.

Wherby I rede, theyr renome and theyr fame  
Maye neuer 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 sayd I was to dulle  
Aduysynge me my penne awaye to pulle

And not to wryte, for he so wyll attayne  
Exceedyng ferther than his connyng is  
His heed maye be harde, but feble is brayne  
Yet haue I knowen suche er this  
But of reproche surely he maye not mys  
That clymmeth hyer than he maye fotinge haue  
What and he slyde downe, who shall hym saue?

Thus vp and downe my mynde was drawn and  
That I ne wyste what to do was beste                      [cast  
So sore enwared that I was nt the laste  
Enforced to slepe, and for to take some reste  
And to lye downe as soone as I my drete  
At Harwyche porte slumbryng as I laye  
In myne hostes house called Powers keye

Me thought I sawe, a shypp goodly of sayle  
Come saylyng forth into that hauen broad  
Her takelyng ryche and of hys apparayle  
She kast an anker and there she laye at rode  
Marchauntes her borded to se what she had  
Therein they founde royall marchaundyse  
Fraghted with pleasure of what ye could deuise

But than I thought I wolde not dwell behynde  
Arrange all other I put my seife in prece  
Than there coulde I none aquentaunce fynde  
There was moche noyse anone one cryed cese  
Sharply commaundyng eche man holde his pece  
Maysters he sayd, the shypp that ye here se  
The Bowge of courte it hyghte for certeynte.

The owner thereof is lady of estate  
Whos name to tell is dame saunce pere  
Her marchaundyse is ryche and fortunate  
But who will haue it muste paye therfore dere  
This royall chaffre that is shypped here  
Is called fauoure to stonde in her good grace  
Than should ye se there presynge in a pace.

Of one and other that wolde this lady se  
Which sat behynde a tranes of sykke fyne  
Of goide of tesswe the fynest that myght be  
In a tronc whiche ferre clere dyd shyne  
Than Phebus in his spere celestyne  
Whos beautie honoure goodly porte  
I haue to lytell connyng to reporte

But of eche thyng there as I toke hede  
Amonge all other was wryten in her trone  
In goide letters this worde whiche I dyd rede  
Garde le fortune que est mouselz et bone  
And as I stode redyng this verbe my selfe alone  
Her chyef geutylwoman daunger by her name  
Gau me a taunte and sayd I was to blame.

To be so pette to prese so prouedly uppe  
She sayd she trowed that I had eaten sauce  
She asked yf euer I dranke of sauces cuppe  
And I than softly answered to that clause  
That so to saye, I bad gyuen her no cause  
Than asked she me Syr so God the spede  
What is thy name? and I sayd it was Drede.

What moued the quod she hydder to come  
Forsoth quod I to bye some of your ware  
And with that worde on me she gau a glome  
With browes bente and gan on me to stare  
Full daynously and fro me she dyd fare  
Leuyng me stondyng as a maed man  
To whome there came an other gentilwoman.

Desyre her name was and so she me tolde  
Sayenge to me brother be of good chere  
Abashe you not but hardly be bolde  
Auaunce your selfe to aproche and come nere  
What though our chaffer be neuer so dere  
Yet I auyse you to speke for ony drede  
Who spareth to speke, in faith he spareth to sped

Maistres quod I, I haue none aquentaunce  
That wyll for me be medyatoure and mene  
But this another I haue but smale substaunce  
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  
Bone auenture haue here nowe in your hoods.

Shyffe now therwith let se as ye can  
In Bowge of courte cheuysaunce to make  
For I dare saye that there nys ertly man  
But and he can bone auenture take  
There can no fauoure nor frendshyp him forsake  
Bone auenture may bryngye 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  
Maystrea 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  
Whyles she laugheth and bath iuste for to playe  
Whome she hateth she carteth in the dyche  
For whan she frouneth she thinketh to make a fray  
She cheryshed hym and hym she chasserth away  
Alas quod I how myght I haue her sure  
In fayth quod she by bone auenture.

Thus in a row of marchauntes a grete route  
Sued to fortune that she wolde be theyr frynde  
They thronge in faste and flocked her aboute  
And I with them prayed her to haue in mynde  
She promysed to vs all she wolde be kynde  
Of Bouge 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 our all  
Fauoure we haue tougher then any elme  
That will abide and neuer frome vs fall  
But vnder honie ofetime lieth bytter gall  
For as me thoughte in our shippe I did se  
Full subtell persones in nombre foure and thre

The first was Fauell full of flaterie  
With fables false that well coude fayne a tale  
The seconde was Suspecte whiche that dayly  
Myndempte eche man with face deedly and pale  
And Harry Haster that well coude picke a male  
With other foure of theyr affynyte  
Dyslayne, Ryotte, Dysseymuler, Subtylte.

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

And oftentimes I wold myselfe auance  
With them to make solace and pleasur  
But my dysporte they coude not well endure  
They said they hated for to dyle with Drede  
Than Fauell gan with fayre speche me to fede.

## FAUELL.

NOTHING ertly that I wonder so sore  
As of our conninge that is so excellent  
Deuyte to haue with vs suche one in store  
So vertuously that hath his dayes spent  
Fortune to you gyffes of grace hathe lente  
Lo what it is a man to haue conninge  
All ertly tresoure 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 pounce  
I herde her speke of you within shorte space  
When there were dysurse that sore did you mannce  
And though I saye it, I was myselfe your frend  
For here he dysurse 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

Nayp naye be sure whiles 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 wyll so shall our greate shyppe sayle  
These lewd cok witts shall neuermore preuaile  
Againste you hardely therfore be not affrayde  
Fare wel till soone but no worde that I sayde.

## DREDE.

THAN thanked I him for his great gentylnes  
But as me thought he ware on him a cloke  
That lyned was with doubtfull doublenes  
Me thoughte of wordes that he had full a poke  
His stomake stuffed oftentimes dyde reboke  
Suspycyon me thoughte mett hym at a bwyde  
And I drawe nere to herke, what they two sayde

In fayth quod Suspecte, spake Drede no worde  
of me

Why what than wylte thou lette men to speke  
He sayth he cannot well accorde with the  
Twyssem 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 croked loke  
Me thoughte his heed was full of gelousy  
His eyen rollynge his bondes fast they quoke  
And to me warde the strayghte way he toke  
God sped brother to me quod he than  
And thus to talk with me he began,

## SUSPICION.

YE remembre the gentyman ryght now [spake  
That commaund with you me thought a party  
Beware of hym for I make God auowe  
He wyll begyle you and speke fayre to your face  
Ye neuer dwelte in suche an other place  
For here is none that dare well other truste  
But I wolde tell you a thinge and I durste

Speke he a sayth no worde to you of me  
I wote and he dyde ye wolde me tell  
I haue a fauoure to you whcrof it be  
That I muste shewe you muche of my counsell  
But I wonder what the deuyl of hell  
He sayd of me whan he with you dyd talke  
By myne aduysse vse not with him to walke

The soueraynst thinge that any man may haue  
Is litill to saye, and much to herc and se  
For but I trusted you so God me saue  
I wolde nothing so playne he  
To you onely me thynke I durste shryue me  
For nowe am I plenaryly dysposed  
To shewe you thyngs that may not be disclosed.

## DREDE.

THAN I assured hym my fydelite  
His counseyle secrete neuer to dyscure  
Yf he could fynde in herte to truste me

Eis I prayed hym with all my hevy care  
To kepe it hymselfe for than he myght be sure  
That no man erthly 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 shewed me al and some  
Farre well quod he we will talke more of this  
So he departed there he wolde he come  
I dare not speke I promised to be dome  
But as I stode musinge in my minde  
Herry Haster came lepinge light as linde,

Vpon his breste he bare a versinge boxe  
His throte was clere and lustely coude fayne  
Me thought his gowne was all furred with foxe  
And euer he sange, sithe I am nothings plaine  
To kepe him from pikinge it was a grette paine  
He gased on me with his gotishe berde  
Whan I lokod on him me purse was half aferde.

#### HERUY HASTER.

SYM God you saue why loke ye so sadde  
What thinge is that I maie 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 vers  
I could it skan and ye wolde reherse

But to the pointe shortelle to procede  
Wher hathe 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 helme loke vp and lete God stere  
I wolde be merie what wind that euer blowe  
Hege and how rombelow row the bote Norman  
rowe.

Princes of youghte can ye singe by rote  
Or shall I saile with you a feloship assaie  
For on the booke I cannot singe a note  
Wolde to God it wolde please you some daye  
A ballade booke before me for to laye  
And lerne me to singe (ke mi fa sol)  
And when I faile bobbe me on the noil

Loo what is to you a pleasure great  
To haue that conige and waies that ye haue  
By Goddes soule I wonder howe ye gete  
Soo great pleasure or who to you it gaue  
Sir pardone me I am an homelle knaue  
To be with you thus pette and thus bolde  
But ye be welcome to our housholde

And I dare saie there is no man here inne  
But wolde be glade of your companie  
I wiste neuer man that so soone coude winne  
The fauoure that ye haue with my lady  
I prayc to God that it maie neuer dy  
It is your fortune for to haue that grace  
As I be saued it is a wonder case

For as for me I serued here many a daie  
And yet vneth I can haue my iuyunge  
But I requyre you no worde that I saie  
For and I knowe ony erthly thynge  
That is agayne you ye shall haue wetyunge  
And ye be welcome syr so God me saue  
I hope hereafter a frende of you to haue.

#### DREDE.

WITH that as he departed so fro me  
Anone there mette with hym as me thoughte  
A man, but wonderly becaue was be  
He lokod hawtie he sette eche man at noughte  
His gawdy garment with scornes was all wrought  
With indygnacion lyned was his hode  
He frowned as he wolde swere by cockes blode.

He bote the lyppe he lokod passynge coy  
His face was belymmed as byes had hym stoung  
It was no tyme with hym to jape nor toye  
Rouye hath wasted his lycor and his lounge  
Hatred by the herte so had hym wroung  
That he lokod pale as ashes to my syghte  
Dysdayne I wene his comorous crabes byghte

To Herry Haster than he spake of me  
And I drewe nere to harken what they two sayde  
Now quod Dysdayne as I shall saued be  
I haue grette scorn and am ryght euyl apayed  
Than quod Herry why arte thou so dysmayde  
By Chbryst quod he for it is shame to saie  
To se Johan Dawes that came but yesterdaye

How he is now taken in conceyte  
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 Herry and it so happen myghte  
Lete vs therefore shortly at a worde  
Fynde some mene to caste hym ouer the borde

By him that me bought than quod Dysdayne  
I wonder sore he is in suche conceite  
Turde quod Haster I wyll the nothyng sayne  
There must for him be layde some prety beyte  
We tweyny I trowe be not without dysceyte  
Fyreste pycke a quarell and fall out with him then  
And so outface hym with a carde of ten,

Forthwith he made on me a proude assawte  
With scornfull loke menyd all in moode  
He wente about to take me in a sawte  
He frounde he stared he stampped wher he stode  
I lokod on bym I wende he had be woode  
He set the arme proudly vnder the syde  
And in this wise he gan with me to chlyde.

#### DYSDAYNE.

REMEMBRETH thou what thou sayd yester  
Wilt thou abide by the wordes againe [nyghte  
By God I haue of the now grette despito  
I shall the angr ones in euery vaine  
It is grette scorn to se suche an haine  
As thou arte one that came but yesterdaie  
With vs olde seruauntes suche maisters to plaje

I tell the I am of countenance  
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 mete with the  
Come whan it will oppose the I shall  
What soom euer auenture thereof fall

Trowest thou dreull I saie thou gawdis knaue  
That I haue deinte to se the cherished thus  
By Goddis side my sworde thy berde shall shawe  
Well ones thou shalt be cherned I was  
Nais strawe for tales thou shalt not rule vs

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

## DREDE.

With that came Ryotte rushing at at ones  
A rurtie galande to ragged and to rente  
And on the borde he whirled a paire of bones  
Quarter treye daws he clattered as he went  
Noue haue at all by saint Thomas of Kente  
And euer he threwe and kyet I wote nere what  
His here was growen thorowe out his hat

Than I behyde how he dysgyssed was  
His heed was heuy for watchinge ouer night  
His eyeu biered 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 bose was garded with a lyste of grene  
Yet at the kneo they were broken I wene

His cote was checkerd with patches rede and  
Of kyrkeby kendall was his shorte denye [blewe  
And ay he sauge in fayth decon thou cwee  
His elbow bare he ware his gere so nye  
His nose droppinge, his lippes were full drye  
And by his syde his whyzarde and his pouche  
The deuyll myght dance therein for any crouche

Counter he coude (O lux) upon a pottie  
And cestriche fedder of a cepons tayle  
He set vp frassheily vpon his hat alofte  
What reuell route quod he and gan to rayle  
How ofte he hit lenet on the tayle  
Of felycie fetewe and lytell preyte cate  
Howe ofte he knocked at her klycket gate

What should I tell more of his ryhandrye  
I was ashamed so to here hym prate  
He had no pleasure but in barlotrye  
Ay quod he in the deuyles date  
What art thou I sawe the nowe but late  
Forsoth quod I in this courte I dwel nowe  
Welcome quod Ryote I make God auowe.

## RYOT.

And syr in fayth why comste not vs amonge  
To make the mery as other felowes done  
Thou must sware and stare man afdaye longe  
And wake all nyght and slepe tyll it be none  
Thou mayste not studye or muse on the mone  
This worlde 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 nale  
What the deuyll man myrth is here within  
What lo man se here of dyce a bale  
A byrdelynge caste for that is in thy male  
Nowe haue at all that lyeth vpon the burde  
Fye on this dyce they be not worth a turde

Haue at the hasarde or at the dosen browne  
Or els I pas a penny to a pounce.  
Nowe wolde to God thou wold leye money down  
Lorde how that I wolde 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

Nowe renne muste I to the stewes syde  
To wete yf malkyn my lenman haue gete ought  
I lete her to hyre that men may on her ryde

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

Had I as good an hors as she is a mare  
I ragged a venture 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 wyneche and prounce  
To her wyll I now all my poverty lege  
And tyll I come I haue here myne hat to plege.

## DREDE.

GOWE is this knaue this rybaude foule and leude  
He ranne as faste as euer that he myghte  
Vnthyrtynnes in him maye well be shewed  
For whome tyborne groneth both daie and nighte  
And as I stode and caste asyde my syghte  
Daedayne I sawe with Dysymulacyon  
Standyng in saddle communicacyon

But there was poyntyng and poddyng with the  
And many wordes sayd in secreta wyse [hede  
They wandred ay and stode styll in no stede  
Me thoughte alwaye Dissymular dyde deuyse  
Me passyng sore myne herte than gan aryse  
I dempte and drede their talkyng was not good  
Anone Dysymular came where I stode

Than in his hode I sawe there faces tweyne  
That one was lone and lyke a pynded ghost  
That other loked as he wolde me haue slayne  
And to me warde as he gan for to coast  
Whan that he was euen at me almost  
I sawe a knyfe hyd in his one sleue  
Wheron was wryten this worde myschefe

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

## DYSYMULACYON.

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

I knowe your vertue and your lytterkture  
By that lytell connyng that I haue  
Ye be maligned sore I you ensaure  
But ye haue crafte your selfe alwise to saue  
It is grete skorne to se a misproude knaue  
With a clerke that connyng is to prate  
Let them go, lowse them in the deuyles date

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

I wold eche 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 wis I coulde tell but humlery home  
I dare not speke we be so layde awaite  
For all our courte is full of descrite

Now by saint Frauncys that holy man and frere  
I hate this wayes agayne you that they take  
Where I as you I wolde 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 grote  
For some shall wene be baged by the throte.

I haue a stoppyng oyster in my poke  
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 maye brede to a confusyon  
Without God make a good concluayon.

Naye as where yonder stondesth the teder man  
A flateringe knaue and false he is God wote  
The dreuill stondesth to herken and he can  
It were more thyrifte he bought him a new cote  
It will not be, his purse is not on fote  
All that he wereth it is borrowed ware  
His wytte is thynne his hode is threde bare.

More could I saye but what this is ynowe  
Adewe till soone we shall speke more of this  
Ye muste be ruled as I shall tell you howe  
Amendes may be of that is now a mys  
And I am your syr so haue I hys  
To euery poynte that I can do or saye [daye  
Gyue me your houde fare well and haue good

## DREDE.

SODAYNLY as he departed me fro  
Come presynge in one in a wonder araye  
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 quykely fledde the touche  
He had plucte out the nobles of my pouche.

He was trussed in a garmente straye  
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 fyngere he toke none other wage  
Harken quod he lo here myne honde in thyne  
To vs welcome thou art by saint Zuyntyne.

## DISCEYTE.

BUT by that lorde 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 when ye were there  
There I wynde on you, wote ye not where  
In (A) loco I mene iuxta (B)  
Woo is hym that is bynde and maye not se

But to here the subtylte and the crafte  
As I shall tell you yf ye will harke agayn  
And when I sawe the horsons wolde you hafte  
To holde myns honde by God I had great payne  
For forthwith there I had hym slayne  
But that I drede, mordre wolde come oute  
Who deleth with shrewes, hath nede to loke about.

## DREDE.

AND as he rounded thus in myne ere  
Of false collusion confetryd by assente  
Me thought I so lewde folowes here and there  
Came for to slee me of mortall entente  
And as they came the shypborde fast I hente  
And thoughte to lepe, and euen with that wote  
Caughte penne and ynke and wrote this lityl boke

I wolde therewith no man were myscontente  
Beseehyng you that shall it se or rede  
In euery poynte to be indyfferente  
Syth all in substance of alumbryng dooth pro  
I wyl not saye it is matter in dede [code  
But yet oflyme, such dremes be founde trest  
Now constrewe ye, what is the resydewe.

Thus endeth the Bouge of Courte.

## SKELTON LAUREATE, &amp;c.

HOW THE DOUTY DUKE OF ALBANY LYKE A COW-  
ARD KNYGHT, RAN AWAYE SHAMFULLY WITH  
AN HUNDRED THOUSANDE TRATLAWE SCOTTES  
AND FAINT HARTED FRENCHMEN: BESIDE  
THE WATER OF TWEDDE, &c.

RIOYSE Englande  
And vnderstande  
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 ieste  
Is my delyght  
Of this cowarde koyght  
And for to wright  
In the dispyght  
Of the Scottes ranke  
Of Huntley banke  
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 cowardes starke  
At the castell of Warke  
By the water of Twede  
Ye had euill spede.  
Lyke cankerd curren  
Ye loste your spures  
For in that fraye  
Ye ranne awaye  
With hey dogge hay.

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

And viler shame  
 Of your Scottyshe name.  
 Your chefe cheftayns  
 Voyde of all brayne  
 Duke of all Albany.  
 Than shamefully  
 He reculed backe  
 To his great lacke  
 When 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 royall  
 After the auncient manner  
 With saint Cutberdes 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 host  
 Lyke a cowarde knyght  
 He fledde and durst nat fyght:  
 He ranne away by night  
 But now must I  
 Your duke ascry, of Albany  
 With a worde or twayne  
 In sentnce playne:  
 Ye duke so doutty  
 So sterne so stoutty  
 In shorte sentens  
 Of your pretens  
 What is the grounde:  
 Breuely 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 eyes out  
 And put hym downe  
 And set hys crowne  
 On your owne heed  
 When he were deed  
 Such trechery: and traytory  
 Is all your cast.  
 Thus ye haue compast  
 With the Frenche kyng  
 A fals rekenyng  
 To ennade Englande  
 As I vnderstande.  
 Rut our kyng royall  
 Whose name ouer all  
 Noble Henry the eyght  
 Shall cast a beyght  
 And sette suche a snare  
 That shall cast you in care  
 Both kyng Fraunces and the  
 That knowne ye shall be  
 For the moost recrayd  
 Cowardes afraid  
 And falsest forsworne  
 That euer were borne.

O ye wretched Scottes  
 Ye puantt pypottes  
 It shalbe your lotes  
 To be kuytte vp with knottes  
 Of baiters and ropes  
 About your traytours throtes:  
 O Scottes periured  
 Unhaply vrod  
 Ye may be assured  
 Your falshod 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 flery, flatter and feyne  
 And euer to remayne  
 In wretched beggary  
 And maungy misery  
 In lousy lothsumnesse  
 And scabbed scorffynesse  
 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 polles  
 And byrne you all to colles  
 With twyt Scot, twyt Scot twyt  
 Walke Scot go beggs a byt  
 Of brede, at ylike mannes hecke  
 The fynde Scot hreke thy necke  
 Twyt Scot agayne I saye  
 Twyt Scot of Galaway  
 Twyt Scot, shake thy dogge bay  
 Twyt Scot thou ran away  
 We set nat a flye  
 By your duke of Albany  
 We set nat a prans  
 By such a drunken drane  
 We set nat a myght  
 By such a cowarde knyght  
 Suche a proude palyarde  
 Suche a skyrgaliarde  
 Suche a sterke cowarde  
 Suche a proude pultroune  
 Suche a foule Coyatrowne  
 Suche a doutty dagawayne  
 Sende him to Fraunce agayne  
 To bring with hym more brayne  
 From kyng Fraunces of Frauns  
 God sende them bothe myschaunt:  
 Ye Scottes all the rable  
 Ye shall neuer be hable  
 With vs for to compare  
 What though ye stampe and stare  
 God sende you sorow 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 rase  
 And your worshyp deprave  
 Nat lyke duke Hamyicar  
 With the Romayns that made war  
 Nor lyke his sonne Hanyball  
 Nor lyke duke Hadruball  
 Of Cartage in Aphrike  
 Yet somewhat ye be lyke  
 In some of their condicions  
 And their false sedycions  
 And their dealyng double  
 And their weywarde troubles:  
 But yet they were bolde  
 And manly manyfolde  
 Their enemyes to assaile  
 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 deuyl downe dyng  
 Yet ye dare do nothyng  
 But lepe away lyke frogges  
 And hyde you vnder logges  
 Lyke pygges and lyke hogges  
 And lyke maungy dogges.  
 What an army were ye?  
 Or what actyute?  
 Is in you beggers braules  
 Full of scabbes and scabies:  
 Of vermyne and of lyce  
 And of all maner vyce.

Syr duke: nay syr ducke  
 Syr drake of the lake: sir ducke  
 Of the donghyll, for small lucke  
 Ye haue in feates of warre  
 Ye make nought but ye marre  
 Ye are a fals entrusar  
 And a fals shusar  
 And an vntrewe knyght  
 Thou hast to lytell myght  
 Agaynst Englande to fyght  
 Thou art a graceles wyght  
 To put thy selfe to fyght  
 A vengeance and dispight  
 On the must 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 erte of Surrey  
 That put the in suche fray  
 Thou durst no felde derayne  
 Nor a battayle mayntayne  
 With our stronge captaine  
 For you ran home agayne  
 For feare thou shoulde be slayne  
 Lyk a Scottyshe ketyeryng  
 That durst abyde no reknyng  
 Thy hert wolde nat serue the  
 The fynde of hell mot sterue the

No man bath harde  
 Of such a cowarde  
 And such a mad ymage  
 Caried in a cage:  
 As it were a cotage  
 Or of suche a mawment  
 Caryed in a tent,  
 In a tent: nay nay  
 But in a mountayne gay

Lyke a great hill: for a wyndmil  
 Therin to couche styl  
 That no man bym kyll  
 As it were a gote  
 In a shepe cote  
 About hym a parks  
 Of a madde warke  
 Men call it a toyle  
 Therin lyke a royle  
 Sir Dankayne dared  
 And thus ye prepared  
 Yourse carkas to kepe  
 Lyke a sely shepe  
 A shepe of Cottyswolde  
 From rayne and from colde  
 And from raynyng of rappes  
 And suche after clappes  
 Thus in your cowardly castell  
 Ye decte you to dwell  
 Such a captayne of fort  
 He made no great for  
 If that ye had tane  
 Your last deedly hane  
 With a gon stone  
 To make you to grone  
 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 lugges  
 Thy munnynys and thy crug  
 For thou can not but brag  
 Lyke a Scottyshe hag  
 Aduie nowe sir wrig wrag  
 Aduie sir dalyrag  
 Thy melling 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 bolde captayne  
 That dare nat turue 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 fyght  
 Lyke a cowarde knyght  
 Aduie cowarde adue  
 Fals knight and mooste vntrewe  
 I render the fals rebelle  
 To the flingande fende of belle.

Harke yet sir duke a worde  
 In ernest or in borde  
 What haue ye villayn forged?  
 And virulently dysgorged  
 As though ye wolde perbrake  
 Your sauans to make  
 With words enboaed  
 Ungraciously engrosed  
 Howe ye wyll vnder take  
 Our oyall kyng to make  
 His owne realme to forsake  
 Suche lewde langage ye spake:

Sir Dukan in the deuill waye  
 Be well ware what 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 anyther of you twayne  
 So hardy nor so bolde  
 His countenance to beholde  
 If our moost royall Harry  
 Lyst with you to vary  
 Full soone ye should miscary  
 For ye durst nat tarry  
 With hym to stryue a stownde  
 If he on you but frounde  
 Nat for a thousande pounce  
 Ye durst byde on the grounde  
 Ye wolde ryn awy rounde  
 And cowardly tourne your backes  
 For all your comly crackes  
 And for feare par case  
 To loke hym in the face  
 Ye wolde defoyle the place  
 And ryn your way apace  
 Though I trym you thys trace  
 With Englyshe somewhat base  
 Yet sana voster grace  
 Therby I shall purchace  
 No displeasunt rewardes  
 If ye wele can regarde  
 Your cankarde cowardnesse  
 And your shamfull doublenesse

Are ye nat frantike madde?  
 And wretchedly bestadde  
 To rayle agaynst his grace  
 That shall bring you full hance  
 And set you in suche case  
 That bytwene you twayne  
 There shalbe drawn a trayne  
 That shalbe to your payne  
 To flye ye shalbe fayne  
 And neuer tourse agayne:

What wold Fraunces our friar?  
 Be suche a false liar  
 So madde a cordylar  
 So madde a murmurar  
 Ye muse somewhat to far  
 All out of joynt ye jar  
 God let you neuer thrine  
 Wene ye daucookes to driue  
 Our kyng, out of his reme  
 Ge beme ranke Scot ge beme  
 With fonde Fraunces French kyng  
 Our mayster shall you brynge  
 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 quibbylle  
 For it is impossible  
 For you to bring about  
 Our kyng for to drine out  
 Of this his realme royall  
 And lande imperiall  
 So noble a prince as he  
 In all actyuite  
 Of bardy merciall actes  
 Fortunate in all his faytes:

And nowe I wyll me dresse  
 His ralliance to expresse

Though insufficient am I  
 His grace to magnify  
 And laude equiuallently  
 Howe be it loyally  
 After myne allegyaunce  
 My pen I will stauance  
 To extoll his noble grace  
 In spyght of thy cowardes face  
 In spyght of king Fraunces  
 Denoyde of all nobles  
 Denoyde of good corage  
 Denoyde of wysdome sage  
 Mad: frantike, and sauage  
 Thus he dothe disparage  
 His blode with fonde dotage:

A prince to play the page  
 It is a rechelesse rage  
 And a lunatyke ouerage  
 What though my stile be rude?  
 With trouthe it is ennewde  
 Trouth ought to be rescude  
 Trouthe should nat be subdude

But nowe will I expounde  
 What noblenesse dothe abounde  
 And what honour is founde  
 And what vertues be resydent  
 In our royall regent  
 Our perelme president  
 Our kyng most excellent:

In merciall 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 glory to increas  
 Lyke to Scipiades  
 In royal mageste  
 Lyke vnto Ptholome  
 Lyke to duke Josne  
 And the valiaunt Machube:

That if I wolde reporte  
 All the roiall sorte  
 Of his nobilyte  
 His magnanymyte  
 His animosite  
 His fragalite  
 His tyberalite  
 His affabilite  
 His humanyte  
 His atabilite  
 His humilite  
 His benignite  
 His royall dignyte,  
 My lernyng is to small  
 For to recount them all.

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

He rules his cominalte  
 With all beuignite  
 His noble baronage  
 He patteth them in corage  
 To employte dedes of armys  
 To the domage and harmys  
 Of suche as be his foos  
 Wherauer he rydes or goos

His subiectes he dothe supporte  
Maintayne them with comforte  
Of his moste princely porte  
As all men can reporte:

Than ye be a knappishe sorte  
Et faitez a luy grant torte  
With your enbosed 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 houres 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  
Always in redynesse.

To assyst his noble grace  
In spyght of thy cowardes face  
Moost false attaynted traytour  
And false forsworne faytour.

Auaunte cowarde recrayed  
Thy pride shalbe alayd  
With sir Fraunces of Fraunce  
We shall pype you a daunce  
Shall tourne you to myschauns:

I rede you luke about  
For ye shalbe driuen 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 drede:

The fals Scottes for dred  
With the duke of Albany,  
Beside the water of Twede  
They fled full cowardly.

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

SKELTON LAUREAT: OBSEQUIOUS AND LOYAL  
TO MY LORDS CARDYNALE RIGHT NOBLE  
GRACE, &c.

## LENUOY.

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

Je, Poy 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 deuised, of a wonderous kynd  
Dientell dieted, with diuers delicate spice  
Tyl Euphrates that foud, driueth me into Inde  
Where men of that countrey, bi fortune me find  
And send me, to great ladyes of estate  
Then parrot must haue an almon or a date

A cage curiously caruen, with silver pin  
Properly painted, to be my couertowre  
A myrroure of glasse, that I may tote therin  
These maidens ful mekely with many a diuers flour  
Freshly they dresse, and make swete my boure  
With speke parrot I prai you, ful courteously thei  
Parrot is a goodly byrd, a prety popagey [my

With my berke bent, my litle wanton eye  
My feders freshe, as is the emrawde grene  
About my necke a circulet, lyke the ryche robe  
My litle legges, my fete both fete and cleane  
I am a minion, to wagt vpon the queene  
My proper parrot, my lytle pretty foule  
With ladies, I learne, and go with them to scole.

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 Percius that poet, doth report of me  
Quis expedituit psitaco suum Chaire.

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

With Katherin incomparable: our roial queene  
also [grace  
That parelez pomgarnet Christ saue her noble  
Parrot sauius, babler castiliano  
With si dasso de costo, in Turkey and in Trace  
Vis consilii experts, as teacheth me Horace  
Mole ruit sua, whose dices at preguante.

My lady maisters, dame Philology  
Gawe me a gift, in my oest when I lay  
To learne al language, and it to speke aptely  
Now pandez mory, wax franticke som men saye  
Proneles or freneses, may not hold her way  
An almon now for parrot, delicately drest  
In salue feste dies toto, their doth best

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



Beey, beey, beey, and besides agayne  
 Sue penses vox parrot, what meenth this besines  
 Vitulus in Oreb, troubled Arous brayn  
 Melchisedecks mercifull, made Moloc merolles  
 To wise is no vertue, to meddling, to restles  
 In measure is treasure, cam sensu marturato  
 Ne tropo saung, ne tropo mato

Aram was fired, with caddies fire called Ur  
 Job was brought up, in the land of Hus  
 The lineage of Lot, toke supporte of Assur  
 Jeroboath is Ebrue, who list the law discus  
 Peace parrot ye prate, as ye were ebruis  
 Howt the lyuar god, van hemrick ic seg  
 In popeting: grew peres, whan parrot was an eg.

What is this to purpose, ower in a whinnin meg  
 Hop Lobin of Lowdeon, wold haue a bit of bread  
 The Jebet of Baldock, was made for Jacke leg  
 A narrow vnfeathered, and without an hed  
 A baggyppye 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.

Io dien serueth for entrych fether  
 Io dien, is the language of the land of Beme  
 In Affric tongne, Byrsa is a tonge of lether  
 In Palestina, there is Jerusalem  
 Collustrum now for parot, whit bred and swete  
 creme

Our Thomase she doth trip, our Jenet she doth  
 sbail  
 Parrot hath a blacke beard, & a faire grene tayle

Moryah myne owne sheff, the ostermonger say  
 Fate, fate, fate, ye trysh water lag  
 In flecting fablen, men fynde but lytel fayth  
 But mouetur terra, let the world wag  
 Let syr wrig wrag, wrastle wyth sir declarag  
 Euery man, after his maner of wayes  
 Pawbe rene aruer, so the Welche man sayes

Suche shredis of sentence, strowed in the shop  
 Of anciant Aristippus, and such other mo  
 I gather together, and close in my crip  
 Of my wanton conceyt, unde depromo  
 Dilemata docta, in pedegogio  
 Sacro vatam, 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 parrot, ware ryot, ware that  
 Meate, meate for parrot: meate I say how  
 Thus diuers of language, by learning I grow  
 With bas me swete parrot: bas me swete swete  
 To dwel amonge ladies, parrat is meta.

Parrot, parrot, parrot, praty popigay  
 With my beke I can pyke, my lytle prty too  
 My delight is solas, pleasure: disport and play  
 Lyke a wanton whan I will, I rele to and fro  
 Parrot can say, Cesar, aue, also  
 But parrot, hath no fauour to Eschon  
 Aboue all other byrdes, set parrot alone.

Ulula, Eschon, for Jeremy doth wepe  
 Sion is in sadnes, Rachel ruly doth loke  
 Madlionita, Jetro, our Moyses kepeth hys shepe  
 Gedeon is ron, that Zalmane vnderoke  
 Oreb and Zeb, of Iudicum rode the boke

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

O Eschon Eschon, to the is come agayne  
 Seon the regent amoreorum  
 And hog that fat hog, or bassan dothe retayne  
 The crafty colstroinou canaucorum  
 And assilum, whilom, refugium miserorum  
 Non phannum sed prophanum, standeth in little  
 sted  
 Ulula Eschon, for lept is starke ded.

Esthon, Maribon, Wheston, nexts Bernet  
 A trim tram for an hora mill it wer a nise thing  
 Deintes for dammoysela, Chaffer far fet  
 Bo ho doth barkwel, but hough ho ruleth the ring  
 From scarpary to tartari renoun therin doth spring  
 With he said, & we said ich wot now what ich  
 Suid magnus est dominus ludas Scarioth. (wot

Ptholomis, and haly were cunnyng and wyse  
 In the voi vel, in the quadrant, and in the astrolohy  
 To prognosticate truli the chance of fortunes dise  
 Some trete of their tirikis, some of astrology  
 Some pseudo propheta with chiromancy  
 If fortune be frendly, and grace be the guyde  
 Honour with renowne, will reane of that side  
 Manon calon  
 Agaton quod parato. In Greca

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

Neither frame a silogisme, in phriescosomorum  
 Formaliter & grece, cum medio termino  
 Our Grekes ye walow, in the washbol argolicorum  
 For though ye can tel in Greke what is phormio  
 Yet ye scke out your Greke, in Capricornio  
 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 rekened, pro Ariopagita  
 And some make distinctions, multipliciter  
 Whether ita were before non, or non before ita  
 Nether wise nor well lerned but like hermuphra-  
 dita

Set Sophia aside, for euery Jacke rakrr.  
 And euery mad medler must now be a maker.

In achademia parrot, dare no probleme kepe  
 For grecisari, so occupieth the chayre  
 That latinum fari, may fal to rest and slepe  
 And sylogisari, was drowned at Sturbridge faire  
 Triuiale, and quatruiuiale, so sore now they appair  
 That parrot that popagay, hath pity to beholde  
 How the rest of good lerning, is roulled up and  
 troble

Albertus de modo significanli  
 And Donatus, be dryuen out of schole  
 Prisiens hed broken, now handy dandy  
 And interdidascalos, is rekened for a file  
 Alexander, a gander of Menanders pole  
 With da canuales, is cast out of the gate  
 And da racionales, dare not shew his prate,

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

Can skantly the tensis, of his conjngacions  
Setting their mindes, so much of eloquence  
That of theyr scole maters, lost is the hole sen-  
tence

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

The myrrour that I tote in, quasi diaphonum  
Vel quasi speculum, in Enigmat  
Blencum, or eles, Entimaticum  
For logicians to loke on, somewhat sophistice  
Retorcions and oratours, in freshe humanite  
Support parrot, I pray you which your suffrage  
ornat  
Of confuse tantum, avoyding the checkmat

But of that suposicion, that called is arte  
Confuse distributive, as parrot hath deuised  
Let euery man, after his merit, take hys part  
For in this proces, parrot nothing hath surmised  
No matter pretended, nor nothing enterprysed  
But that metaphora, alegoria with all  
Shall be his protection, his paus and his wall.

For parrot is no churlish chough nor no fleked  
py  
Parrot is no pendugum, that men call a carlyng  
Parrot is no woodcocke, nor no butterfly  
Parrot is no stamring 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  
Whan parrot is dead she doth not putrify  
Ye all thinge mortall shall turn vnto noughte  
Except mannes soule, that Christ so dere bought  
That neuer may dye, nor neuer dye shall  
Make much of parrot, that popegay royal.

For that pereles prynce, that parrot did creat  
He made you of nothing, by his magisty  
Pointe wel this problem, that parrot doth prate  
And remembre among, how parrot and ye  
Shal lepe from this life, as merye as we be  
Pompe, pryde, 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 remembre  
Pitacus ecce cauo nec sunt mea carmina pbeo  
Digna scio Tamen est  
Plepa camens deo.

Secundum Skeltonida famigeratum  
In picroorum Cathalago numeratum  
Galathea.

Itaque Consolamini inuicem  
In uerbis istia.  
Candidi lectores callide callet  
Vestrum fauete, pitacum.  
Galathea.

Now kus me parrot, kus me, kus, kus, kus  
Gods blessing light on thy swete litle mus

Vita & anima  
Zoe kai psyche  
Aquinates Amen,  
Concubent grece, Non  
est hic sermo pudicus

Actica dictamina  
Ergo Suus plumbilamina  
Vel spuria Vitulamina  
Auertat hoc Vxania.

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 KINGE EDWARD THE FORTH,

PER SKELTONIDEM LAUREATUM.

Misererimi mei, ye that be my frendes  
This worlde hath formed me down to fall  
How may I endure when that euery thyng eodes  
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 unidoing  
What availleth it, friends to be my fo  
Sith I can not resist, nor amead 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 liue 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 therppon, it is but a vanitie!  
Not certaine: but as a chery fayre ful of wo  
Raygned not I of late: in grate felicitie  
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where was in my lyle, such one as I  
White lady fortune with me had continuance  
Graunted not she me, to haue victory  
In England to raine, and to contribute France  
She toke me by the hand, and led me a daunce  
And with her sugred lips, on me steyled  
But what for ber dissembled countenance  
I could not beware, til I was begyled  
Now from this world, she hath me excild  
When I was lothest, hens for to go  
And I am in age, but as who saith a child.  
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had ynough, I held me not contents  
Without remembrance, that I should dye  
And more ouer to inrocha, redy was I bent  
I knew not how long, I should it occupy  
I made the tower stronge, I wust not why  
I knew not to whom, I purchased Tetersall  
I amended Douer, on the mountayne hye  
And London I prouoked, to fortify the wal  
I made Notingham, a place royal  
Wyndbor, 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 courses, and my horses hye  
Where is my myrth, my solas, and play  
As vanite to nought, al is wandred away  
O lady Besse, longe for me may ye cal  
For I am departed, til domes day.  
But love ye that lord, that is soveraygne of all  
Where be my castels, and buildinges royall  
But Winsore alone, nowe I have no mo  
And of Eton, the prayers perpetuall  
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Why shoulde a man, be proud or presume hye  
Saiuct Bernard, therof nobly doth treat  
Sythe a man, is nothing but a sacke of stercorri  
And shall retarne, vnto wormes meate  
Whye, what came of Alexander the great  
Or else of stronge Sampson, who can tell  
Wher no wormes ordened, theyr flesh to feat  
And of Salomon, that was of wit the well  
Absolon, profered 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 all, I was of no great yeld  
This al thing concluded, shalbe at the last  
When death approche, then lost is the felde  
When sithen this worlde, me no longer up helde  
Nor nought wold conserue me, here in my place  
In manus tuas domine, my spirite vp I yealde  
Humbly beseeching, the God of his grace  
O ye curtesse commens, your hartes vnbrace  
Beningly now to pray for me also  
For right wel you know, your kyng I was  
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

FINIS.

SKELTON LAUREATE AGAINST THE  
SCOTTES.

Against the proud Scottes clattering  
That neuer wyll leave theyr trauyng  
Wan they the felde, and lost their kyng  
They may wel say, fye on that winning.

Lo these fond Scottes,  
And tralling Scottes  
How they are blind,  
In their owne minde  
And will not know,  
Their ouerthrow  
At Branston more,  
They are so stoure

So frantlike 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 euer they say  
Jemmy is dead.  
And closed in leade  
That was theyr own king.  
Fye on that winning.

At Floddon hills,  
Oure bowes our bylles  
Slewe all the floure,  
Of theyr honoure,  
Are not these Scottes,  
Foles and sottes  
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.  
Wrytten and told  
Within this quaire,  
Who list to repair  
And ther in need,  
Shal find in deed  
A mad reckening,  
Considering all thing  
That the Scottes may sin.  
Fye on the winning

WHEN THE SCOTTE LYUED.

IOLY Jemmy, ye scornefull Scot  
Is it come vnto your lot  
As solempne summer for to be  
It greeth nought for your degre  
Our kyng of England for to fight  
Your soueraine lord, our prince of might  
Ye for to send, such a citaicon  
It shaineth al your noughty nacion  
In comparison, but kyngs koppyng  
Unto our prince, anointed kyng  
Ye play Hop Lobbyn of Lowdean  
Ye shew ryght wel, what good ye can  
Ye may be lord of Loerian  
Chryst sence you, with a frying pan  
Of Edingborow, and sainte Ionis towne  
Adieu syr sommer, cast of your crowne.

WHEN THE SCOT WAS SLAYNE.

CONTINUALLY I shall remember  
The mery moneth of September  
With the xi. day of the same  
For then began, our myrthe and game  
So that now I haue deuised  
And in my minde, I haue comprised  
Of the proude Scot, kyng Jemmy  
To wryte some lytell tragedy  
For no manner consideration  
Of any sorrowful lamentation  
But for the special consolation  
Of al our royal Englysh nacion  
Melpomene, O muse tragediall  
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 aloes and bitter gall  
 I may compound, confections for accordiall  
 To angr the Scottes, and Irish kiteringes withal  
 That late were discomfort, with bataille marcial  
 Thalia, my muse, for you also call  
 To touche them with tauntes of your armonye  
 A medley to make, of mirth with sadness  
 The hartes of England, to comfort with gladnes  
 And now to begyn, I wyll 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 barrold 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, than ran before your wyt.

Your lege ye layd, and your aly  
 Your franticke fable, not worth a fly  
 Frenche kyng, or one or other  
 Regarded you should your lord your brother  
 Trowed ye sir Jemmy, his noble grace  
 From you sir Scot, would tourne his face  
 With gup syr Scot, of Galawey  
 Now is your pryde 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, Melchisedecke  
 And ye were disloyall Amalecke  
 He is oure noble Scipione  
 Annoynted kyng, and ye were none  
 Though ye vnturlye your father haue slayne  
 His tytle is true, in Fraunce to raygne  
 And ye proude Scot, Dundee, Dunbar  
 Fordy ye were, his homager  
 And suter to his parliament  
 For your vnturthe, now are ye shent  
 Ye bare yourself, somewhat to bold  
 Therefore ye lost, your copy hold  
 Ye were bonde tenant, to his estate  
 Lost is your game, ye are checke mate  
 Unto the castell of Norram  
 I understande, to some ye came  
 At Branxston more, and Flodden hilles  
 Our Englysh bowes, our Englysh bylles  
 Against you gaue so sharpe a shower  
 That of Scotland, ye lost the flower  
 The white lyon: there rampaunte of moode  
 He ragged and rente out your hart bloude  
 He the white, and you the red  
 The white there slawe the red starke ded  
 Thus for your guerdon quyt are ye  
 Thanked be God in trinjte  
 And swete saint George our ladyes knyghte  
 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 might 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 hundy banke  
 Your pryde was peuysh to play suche pranks  
 Your pouerts could not attayne  
 With our kyng royal, war to maintaine.

Of the kyng of Nauerne, ye myght take heed  
 Ungraciously howe he dothe speede  
 An double dealyng, so he dyd dreame  
 That he is kyng, withoute a reame  
 And for example, he woulde none take  
 Experiens hath brought you in such a brake  
 Your weathe, your joy, your sport, your play  
 Your braggyng boost, your royal aray  
 Your beard so brym, as bore at baye  
 Your seuen systers, that gou so gay  
 All haue ye lost, and caste awaye.  
 Thus fortune hath turned you: I dare wel saye  
 Now from a kyng, to a clot of clay  
 Oute of robes, ye were shaken  
 And wretchedly ye lay, starke all naked  
 For lacke of grace, hard was your hap  
 The popes cures, gaue you that clasp.

Of the out yles, the rough foted Scottes  
 We haue wel eased them of the bottles  
 The rude rancke Scottes, lyke droncken Dances  
 At Englysh bowes haue fetched theyr bases  
 It is not sitting, in tower and towne  
 A summer, to were a kynges crowne  
 Fortune on you, therefore did frowne  
 Ye were to hie, ye are cast downe  
 Syr summer now, where is your crowne  
 Cast of your crowne, cast vp your crowne  
 Syr Summer, now ye haue lost your crowne  
 Quod Skelton laureate, oratoure to kynges most  
 royal estate.

SCOTIA redactam formam provincie  
 Regis parabit nutibus Anglie:  
 Alloquin (per desertum sin) super cherubin  
 Cherubin, seraphim, seraphinque argo, &c.

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

I AM now constraigned  
 With words nothyng fayned  
 This inuective to make. For som people sake  
 That lyst for to jangell  
 And waywardly to wrangell  
 Againste this my makeyng  
 Their males threath shakynge  
 At it reprehending. And venemously stingyng  
 Rebukyng and remordyng  
 And nothyng accordyng  
 Cause they haue none other  
 But for that he was hys brother  
 Brother vnnaturall. Unto our kyng royall  
 Against whome he dyd fighte  
 Falslye agaynst all ryghte  
 Lyke that vntur rebell  
 Falsie Cayne agaynst Abell.  
 But who so threath pyketh mood  
 The tokens are not good  
 To be true Englysh blood  
 For if they understand  
 His traitourly dispight  
 He was a reccrayd knyghte  
 A subtill symmatike  
 Righte neare an heretike  
 Of grace out of the state  
 And died excommunicate

And for he was a kynge  
The more shameful rekenyng  
Of hym shoulde men reporte  
In earnest and in sports  
He scantlye loueth oure kynge  
That grudgeth at this thinge  
That caste suche ouertwartes  
Percease haue hollowe hartes.

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

SALVE festa dies toto resoumibilis æuo  
Quæ Scottus Iacobus obrutus esse cadit  
Barbara Scottorum gens perfida plena malorum  
Vincitur ad Nortm, uertitur inque fugam  
Vasta palus sed campestris (horie memoratur  
Brauxion moræ) scottins terra perosa fuit  
Scottica castra fremunt Flodduu sub montibus altis.  
Quæ valide inuadens dissipat angli manas  
Millia Scottorum trusit gens anglica passim  
Luxuriat tepido sanguine pinguis humus  
Pars animas miseri miseræ, misere sub umbras  
Pars ruit in foueas, pars subit latebras  
Iam quid agit Iacobus, damnorum germine cretus  
Persidus. Vt nemroth lapsus ad ima ruit  
Dic modo Scottorum dudum malesane ualorum  
Rector nunc regeris mortuus ecce iaces  
Sic Leo te Rupidus Leo candidus inolitus ursit  
Quo Leo in Robins ultima fata luis  
Anglia duc choreas resonent tua tympana psallas  
Da laudes Domino. Da pia vota Deo.

HÆC LAUREATUS SKELTONIS REGINÆ ORATOR  
CHORUS DEDIS. &c SUPER TRIUMPHALI VIC-  
TORIA CONTRA GALLOS, &c. CANTAUIT SOLEM-  
NITER HOC ELOGIUM IN PROPESTO DIUI  
IOHANNIS AD DECOLLATIONEM.

SALVE festa dies toto memorabilis æuo.  
Quæ rex Henricus Gallico bella premit  
Henricus rutilans Octauus hostis in armis  
Tir winne gentis moenia strauit humi  
Sceptryger Anglorum bello ualidissimus hector  
Francorum gentis colla superba terit  
De Cleremount clarus dudum dic galle superbe  
Vnde superbus eris? carcere nonne gemis?  
Discite Francorum gens cetera capta, Britannum  
Noscite magnanimum, subdite vosque sibi  
Gloria Cappadociæ diuæ miles quæ Mariæ  
Illius hic sub ope Gallica regna reget.  
Hoc insigne bonum diuino Numice 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 soules  
That be so farre abused  
They cannot be excused

By reason nor by lawe  
But that they play the daw  
To hawke or elsse to hunte  
From the sulter to the funte  
With crye vnreuerente  
Before the sacramente  
Within the holy church boundis  
That of our faith, the ground is  
That prycaut that hawkes so  
All grace is farre him fro  
He semeth a sismatike  
Or elsse an heritike  
For faith in him is faynte  
Therefore to make complaynte  
Of suche mysdeuided  
Parsons, and disgyded  
This boke we haue deuised  
Compendiouslye comprised  
No good priest to offend  
But such dawes to amend  
In hope that no man shall  
Be miscontent withall.

I shall you make relacion  
By waye of apostrofacion  
Under supportacion  
Of your pacient tolleracion  
How I Skelton laureat  
Deuided and also wrate  
Upon a lewde curate  
A person beneficed  
But nothing well aduised  
He shall be as now namcles  
But he shall not be blameles  
Nor he shall not be shameles  
For sure he wrought amis  
To hawke in my church of Dis  
This fonde frantike fauconer  
With hys poluted pawtner  
As priest vnrouerent  
Straight to the sacrament  
He made his hawke to fly  
With hogeneous showte and crye  
The hye sulter he strypt naked  
There on he stode and craked  
He shoke downe all the clothes  
And sware horrible othes  
Before the face of God  
By Moyses and Arons rod  
Or that he thence yede  
His hawke should pray and fede  
Upon a pigeons mawe  
The bloude ran downe raw  
Upon the sulter stone  
The hawke tyred on a bonne  
And in the holy piace  
She muted there a chace  
Upon my corporis face  
Such sacrificium laudis  
He made with such gambawdis.

OBSERVATE.

His second hawke waxed 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 endode  
 She was not cleane ensaymed  
 She was not wel reclaymed  
 But the fawconer unfayned  
 Was much more febler brained  
 The hawke had no lyst  
 To come to his fyst  
 She loked as she had the frounce  
 With that he gave her a bounce  
 Ful vpon the gorge  
 I wyl not fayne nor forge  
 The hawke with that clap  
 Fell down with euil hap  
 The church dores wer sparred  
 Fast bolted and barred  
 Yet with a prety gin  
 I fortunad to come in  
 This rebell to beholde  
 Whereof hym I contrould  
 But he sayd that he wolde  
 Agaynat my myade and will  
 In my churche hawke styl.

## CONSIDERATE.

On saint John decollacion  
 He hawked on this facion  
 Tempore, vesperrum  
 Sed, non secundum Sarum  
 But like a marche harum  
 His braynes were so parum  
 He sayde he would 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 might handell  
 Cross staffe, lectrine and banner  
 Fel done on thys manner.

## DELIBERATE.

With troll, citrace and troy  
 They ranged hankin bouy  
 My church all about  
 Thys fawconer gan aboute  
 These be my gspellers  
 These be my pistillers  
 These be my queristers  
 To help me to singe  
 My hawkes to mattens 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 else prouinciats  
 Thus within the wals  
 Of holy churche to deale  
 Thus to ringe a peale  
 With his hawkes belles  
 Dontles suche losels  
 Make the church to be  
 In smal auctorite

A curate in speciall  
 To snapper and to fall  
 Into this open crime  
 To loke on this wete time

## VIGILATE.

But who so that lokes  
 In the officials bokes  
 Ther her may see and reed  
 That this is matter in deed  
 How be it mayden meed  
 Made them to be agread  
 And so the scribe was fass  
 And the Pharaseys  
 Than durst nothing say  
 But let the matter slip  
 And made truth to trip  
 And of the spirimall law  
 They made but a gew gaw  
 And toke it out in drynke  
 And this the cause doth shrink  
 The church is thus abused  
 Reproched and polluted  
 Correction hath no place  
 And al for lacke of grace

## DEPLORATE.

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

## DEUNITATE.

Then much more by the rode  
 Where Christes precious blood  
 Daily offered is  
 To be poluted this  
 And that he wished with all  
 That the downe donge downe might  
 fall  
 nto my chalis at mas  
 When consecrated was  
 The blessed sacrament  
 O priest unreuerent  
 He sayde that he would hunt  
 From the sulter to the funt

## REFORMATE.

Of no tyrande I rede  
 That so farre dyd excede  
 Neither yet Dioclesian  
 Nor yet Domisian  
 Nor yet croked Cacus  
 Nor yet drunken Baccus  
 Nother Olibrius nor Dionisius  
 Nother Phalaris  
 Rehered in valery  
 Nor Sardanapall  
 Unhappiest of all  
 Nor Nero the worst  
 Nor Clawdius the curst

Nor yet Egges  
 Nor yet syr Pherumbras  
 Nother Zorobabell  
 Nor cruell Jessabell  
 Nor yet Tarquinius  
 Whome Titus Liuins  
 In writings doth enroll  
 I haue red them poll by poll  
 The storye of Aristobel  
 And of Constantinobel  
 Whiche citey Miscresantes wan  
 And slus many a christen man  
 Yet the Sowden nor the Turke  
 Wrought neuer such a worke  
 For to let their hawkes flye  
 In the church of Saint Sophy  
 With much matter more  
 That I kepe in store

## PENSITATE.

Then in a tabel playne  
 I wrote a verse or twayne  
 Whereat he made diadayne  
 The pekyashe parsons brayne  
 Couolds not reache nor attaine  
 What the sentence menta  
 He sayde for a croked intent  
 The wordes were paruerted  
 And this he overthwarted  
 Of the whiche processe  
 Ye maye knowe more expresse  
 If it please you to loke  
 In the residue of this booke.

## HERE AFTER FOLLOWETH THE TABLE.

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

Sicculo lutueris est colo bunraad  
 Nixpedras uisurarum canuiter tauntantes.  
 Raterplas Natanbrianum sudus itnugenus,  
 18. 10. 2. 11. 12. 4. 13. 3. 8. 1. tenualet.  
 Cartula stet precor hac vello temeranda petulco  
 Hos rapiet numeros non homo az mala bos.  
 Ex parta. Rem carte aduerte aperte, pone  
 musam arethusam hanc.

Whereto shoulde I rehers  
 The sentence of my vers.  
 In them be no scholes  
 For braynacke franticke foles  
 Construas hoc, domine Dawcocke,  
 Ware the hawke.

Maister Sophista  
 Ye simplex, siglista  
 The denelyshe dogmatista  
 Your hawke on your lista  
 To hawke when your lista  
 In ecclesia ista domine cacapiisti  
 With thy hawke on thy listy  
 Nunquid sic dixisti. Nunquid sic fecisti  
 Sed vbi hoc legisti  
 Ant vnde hoc, doctor Dawcocke.  
 Ware the hawke.

Doctor Dialectica  
 Where finde you in Ipotetica  
 Or in Cathagoria. Latina, siue doric  
 To vse your hawkes, forica  
 In propiciatorio, tanquam, diuresorio

Unde hoc, domine Dawcocke.  
 Ware the hawke.

Saye to me Jacke Haris  
 Quare accuparis ad sacramentum altaris  
 For no reuens thou spares  
 To shake my pygeons federis  
 Super arcum federis  
 Unde hoc, doctor Dawcocke  
 Ware the hawke.

Sir dominus vobiscum par accupium  
 Ye made your hawke to cum  
 Desuper candelabrum  
 Christi crucifixi  
 To fede vpon your statye  
 Die inimice crucis Christi. Ubi didicisti  
 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 ostium tabernaculi  
 In quo est corpus Domini  
 Caus hoc, doctor Dawcocke  
 Ware the hawke.

This doutlesse ye rauded  
 Dis churche ye thus deprauded  
 Wherefore as I be rauded  
 Ye are therefore be knauded  
 Quare, quia euangelia  
 Concha, et conchalia  
 Accipiter, et sonalia  
 Cetera, quoque talia  
 Tibi sunt equalia  
 Unde hoc domine Dawcocke  
 Ware the hawke.

Et relis et ralis et reliqualia  
 From Granado to Gailis  
 From Winchelesse to Wales  
 Non est brainsicke tales  
 Nec minus racionalis. Nec magis bestis  
 That singges with a chalis  
 Construas hoc doctor Dawcocke  
 Ware the hawke.

Mawed wites smery smyth  
 Hamper 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 ualete doctor indiacrete

SKELTONIS APOSTROPHAT AD DIUUM IOHANNEM  
 DECOLLATUM IN CUIUS PROFESTO FERBAT HOC  
 ACCUPIUM.

O MEMORANDA dies qua decolare Iohannes Accu-  
 pium facit haud quamquam quod fecerit infra eccle-  
 siam de dis uiolans sua sacra sacrorum rector de  
 Whiphostocke dector cognomine Dawcocke, et  
 dominus Wodcocke, probatis. probat hic. probat  
 hac hoc.

Libertas veneranda pils concessa poetis, discendi  
 est quecumque placeat quecumque iurabunt te vel  
 quecumque valent iustas defendere causas vel  
 quecumque valent stolidos mordere petulcos.  
 Ergo dabis veniam.

## QUOD SKELTON LAUREAT.

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

To hastye of sentence  
To feare for none offence  
To scarce of your expens  
To large in neeligence  
To slecke in recompens  
To hawte in excellence  
To lighte intelligence  
And to lyghte of credence  
Where these kepe residence  
Reason is banysed thence  
And also dame Prudence  
With sober pacience.

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

Then wythoute collusion  
Marke well this conclusion  
Thorowe suche abusio  
And by suche illusion  
Unto greate confusion  
A nobell man may fall  
And hys honoure appall  
That yf ye thinke this shall  
Not rub you on the gnil  
Then the deuill take all

All nobell men of this take bede. &c.

## QUOD SKELTON LAUREATE.

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

TIME is a thing, that no man may resist  
Time is transitory, and irruocable  
Who saith the contrary, time passeth as him list  
Time must be taken, in season couenable  
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

Time to be sad, and time to play and sports  
Time to take rest, by way of recreation  
Time to study, and time to use comfort  
Time of pleasure, and time of consolacion  
Thus time hath his time, of diuers maner facion  
Time for to este and drynke, for thy repast  
Time to be liberall, and time to make no wast

Time to travel, and time for to rest  
Time for to speake, and time for to hold thi peace  
Time woulde be used, when time is best  
Time to begia, and time for to cease  
And when time is, put thy self in please  
And when time is, to holde thy selfe a backe

The rotes take their sap, in time of vere  
In time of sommer, floures freshe and grene  
In time of harvest, men their corne sere  
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 liue 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 essentiall most perfite  
O Maker of mankind, that formed day and night  
Whose power imperial, comprehendeth every  
place

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

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

## TO THE SECONDE PARSONE.

O BERIGNE Jesu, my souerain lorde and kyng  
The only sonne of God, by filiation  
The second parson, without beginning  
Both God and man, our faith maketh plain relacion  
Mary the mother, by way of incarnation  
Whose glorious passion, our soules doth reuiue  
Again al bodely, and ghostly tribulacion  
Defend me with thy piteous woundes sue

O pereles prynce, paynted to the death  
Rufally rent, thy body wan and blo  
For my redemption, gaue vp thy rytal breathe  
Was neuer sorrow, lyke to thy deadly wo  
Graunt me, out of this world when I shal go  
Thiae endles mercy, for my preseruatiue  
Against the world, the flesh, the deuill also  
Defende me with thy piteous woundes sue.

## TO THE HOLY GHOST.

O FIRE sentence, inflamed with all grace  
Eukyndeling hertes, with brandes charitable  
The endlessse rewarde of pleasure and solace  
To the Father, and the Son, thou art communicable  
In vnitate, which is inseperable  
O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion  
Against al suggestions deadly, and dampnable  
Rescu me good Lorde, by your preseruacion.

To whome is appropriated, the Holy Ghost by  
The third parson, one God in Trinite [name  
Of perfyt loue, thou art the ghostlye flame  
O mirroure of mekenes, peace and tranquillite  
My comfort, my counsel, my parfitt charity  
O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion  
Against all storms, of hard aduersitie  
Rescu me good Lord, by thy preseruacion.

Amen.

Quod Skelton laureate.

Here after foloweth the boke called Elynour  
Rumming.

THE TUNNYNG OF ELYNOUR  
RUMMING.

PER SKELTON LAUREATE.

TELL you I chilt  
If that ye wyll

A woman who sold ale near Leatherhed in  
Surrey. C.



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

Her lothelye leare  
Is nothyng cleare  
But vglye of cheare.  
Droupye and drowsye  
Scurry and lowsy  
Her face all bowsey  
Comelye crinckled  
Wonderously wrynkled  
Lyke a rote pigges care  
Brysted with here

Her lewde lyppe twayne  
They slauer men sayne  
Lyke a ropye rayne  
A gummy glayre  
She is vglye fayre  
Her nose some dele hoked  
And camousye croked  
Nener stoppage  
But euer dropping  
Her skin lose and slacke  
Grained like a sacke  
With a croked backe

Her eyen gowndyo  
Are full vnsowndy  
For they are blered  
And she graye heard  
Jawed lyke a Jetty  
A man would have pity  
To se how she is gumbed  
Fingured and thumbed  
Gently joynted  
Gresed and annointed  
Up to the knockles  
The bones her buckles  
Together made faste  
Her youthe is farre paste  
Foted lyke a plane  
Legges like a crane  
And yet she wyl let  
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 yeare  
And so it dothe appeare  
And the grene bare thredes  
Looke lyke sere wedes  
Wythered lyke haye  
The woll worne awaye  
And yet I dars saye  
She thinketh her selfe gaye  
Uppon the holye daye  
When she dothe her araye  
And girdeth in her getes  
Stitched and pranked with pletes  
Her kirtell Bristowe red  
With clothes vppon her heade  
That they way a soue of leade

Wrythen in a wonder wise  
After the Sarazins gise  
With a whim wham  
Kuit with a trim tram  
Uppon her brayne panna  
Like an Egiptian  
Capped aboute  
Whan she goeth oute  
Her selfe for to shewe  
She driueth downe the dewe  
With a paire of beles  
As brode as two whales  
She hobbles as a guse  
With her blauket hose  
Her shone smered with talow  
Gresed vpon dyrt  
That boudeth her skyrt.

## PRIMUS PASSUS.

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

But to make vp my tale  
She breueth noppys ale  
And maketh therof poorte sale  
To trauellers, to tinkers  
To sweters, to awinkers  
And all good ale drynkers  
That wyl nothinge spare  
But dryncke tyll they stare  
And bringe them selfe bare  
With now away the mare  
And let vs slepe care  
As wise as an hare

Come who so wil  
To Elynour on the hill  
With fill the cup fill  
And sit there by still  
Earelye and late  
Thither cometh Kate  
Cislye and Sare  
With theyr legges bare  
And also theyr fete  
Hardely full vnsweate  
With their beles dagged  
Theyr kyrtelles all to iagged  
Theyr smockes all to ragged  
With titters and tatters  
Bryngge dysches and platters  
With all theyr mighte runnyng  
To Elynoure Rummyng  
To haue of her tunning  
She leaneth them of the same  
And thus beginneth the game  
Some venches come vnbraced  
Wyth theyr naked pappes  
That flippes and flappes  
It wygges and it wagges  
Lyke tawny saffron bagges  
A sorte of foul drabbes  
All scuray with scabbes  
Some be fyve bytten  
Some skewed as a kyttten

Some with a sho cloute  
 Bynde their beades aboute  
 Some have no herelace  
 Theyr lockes about their face  
 Theyr tresses untruste  
 All full of vnlaste  
 Some looke strawrye  
 Some cawrye mawrye  
 Full untidye legges  
 Lyke rotten' egges  
 Such a lewde sorte  
 To Elynoure resorte  
 From tyde to tyde  
 Abyde shyde  
 And in you shall be toude  
 Howe her ale is soude  
 To mawte and to molde

## SECUNDUS PASSUS

Some have no monye  
 That thither comye  
 For their ale to paye  
 That is a shrewde aray  
 Elynoure swaered maye  
 Ye shall not beare awaye  
 My ale for noughte  
 By him that me boughte  
 With hey dogge haye  
 Have these dogges awaye  
 With gette me a staffe  
 The swyne ate my draffe  
 Strike the hogges with a clubbe  
 They haue dronk vp mi suilling tub  
 For be there never so much prese  
 These swine go the hys dese  
 The sowe with her pygges  
 The bore his taile wrygges  
 Against the hys bench  
 With fo, ther is a stench  
 Gather vp thou wench  
 Seest thou not what is fall  
 Take vp drit and all  
 And beare out of the hal  
 God gone it il preuig.  
 Cleuly as euil cheuing.

But let us turne plain,  
 Ther we left againe  
 For as ill a patch as that.  
 The hens run in the maalfat  
 For they go to roust  
 Straight ouer the ale ioust  
 And donge whan it commes  
 In the ale tunnes  
 Then Elynour taketh.  
 The mash bol and shaketh  
 The hennes donge away.  
 And skommeth it in a tray  
 Where as the yeast is.  
 With her maungy fistis  
 And somtime she biens  
 The donge of her hennes  
 And the ale together.  
 And sayth gossip come hither  
 This ale shal be thicker  
 And floure the more quicker  
 For I may tel you  
 I learned it of a Jewe  
 Whan I began to brew  
 And I have founde it trew  
 Drinks nowe while it is new

And ye may it broke  
 It shall make you loke  
 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 kysee and playe  
 In luste and in likyng  
 He calleth me his whiting  
 His mullinge and his nittine  
 His nobbes and his counye  
 His sweting and hys honny  
 With basse my pretty bonny  
 Thou arte worthe good and monny  
 This make I my falyre fanny  
 Tyll that be dreame and dronnye  
 For after all oure sport  
 Than will he rout and snort  
 Then swetely together we ly  
 As two pygges in a sty.

To cease me semeth best  
 And of this tale to ceast  
 And for to leaue this letter  
 Because it is no better  
 And because it is no swetter  
 We wyll no farther ryme  
 Of it, at this time  
 But we wyl turne playne  
 Where we left agayne.

## TERTIUS PASSUS.

Some instede of coine and monny  
 Will come and bryng her a conny  
 Or else a pot with bonni  
 Some a knife and some a spon  
 Some bryngs their hose, some ther shone  
 Some ran a good trot  
 With a skyllet or a pot  
 Some fylil their pot full  
 Of good Lemster woll  
 An huswife of truste  
 Whan she is a thrust  
 Suche a webbe can spyn  
 Her thryfte is full thyn

Some go straighte thither  
 Be it slaty or slider  
 They holde the hys 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 tyll they swete  
 Bryng with them malt or whete  
 And dame Elynoure entreat  
 To byrle them of the best

Than cometh an other gest  
 She swaered by the rode of rest  
 Her lypes are so drye  
 Without drynke she must dye  
 Therefore fylil it by and by  
 And haue here a pecke of ry  
 Anone cometh another  
 As drye as the other  
 And wyth her dothe bryng  
 Mele, salt, or other thing

Her harness girdle, her wedding ringe  
To paye for hir scoot  
As cometh to her lot  
Som bringeth her husbandes hood  
Because the ale is good  
Another brought her his cap  
To offer to the ale tap  
With flaxe and with towe  
With hey and with howe  
Syt we down a rowe  
And dryncke tyll we blowe  
And pype lirye tyriowe

Some layde to pledge  
Theyr hatchet and their wedge  
Their bekel and their rele  
Their rock, their spinning whele  
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 meate  
But drincke still drynke  
And let the cat winke  
Let vs washe oure gomme  
From the dry crommes

## QUARTUS PASSUS.

Some for very nede  
Lay down a skain of threde  
And some a skain of yarne  
Bothe beanes and pease  
Small chaffer dothe ease  
Sometime, now and than  
Another there was that ran  
With a good brassepan  
Her coloure was full wan  
She ran in al the haste  
Unbrused and vnlate  
Tawnye swart and swallows  
Lyke a cake of tallowe  
I sweare 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 warpye  
She began to yane and gaspy  
And bad Elynoure go bet  
And fyll in good meate  
It was dere that was farre fet

Another broughte a spycke  
Of a bacon sickle  
Her tongue was verye quicke  
But she spake somewhat thicke  
Her felowe did stammer and stut  
But she was a foule slut  
For her mouthe fomed  
And her bellye groned  
Jone sayne she had eaten a fyest  
By Christe sayde she thou lyst  
I haue as swete a breathe  
As thou with shamefull deathe

Then Elinour sayd, ye callettes  
I shall breake your palattes

Without ye nowe cease  
And so was made the dronken pease  
That thider came dronken Ales  
And she was full of tales  
Of tidinges in Wales  
And of sainct James in Gales  
And of the Fortyngales  
With lo gosaip I wis  
Thus and thus it is  
There hath ben greate warre  
Betweue Temple bare  
And the crosse in Cheape  
And there came an heape  
Of mil stones in a route  
She speaketh thus in her snoute  
Snelynge 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 sale  
And as she was drynkyng  
She fell in a wynkyng  
With a barye hoode  
She pyste where she stode  
Than began she to wepe  
And forthwith fell on slepe  
Elynoure tooke her vp  
And blessed her wyth a cup  
Of new ale in cornes  
Ales founde therein no thornes  
But suppet it vp at ones  
She founde therein no bones

## QUINTUS PASSUS.

Now in cometh another rebel  
Fyrst one with a ladell  
Another with a cradell  
And with a syde sadell  
And there began a fabel  
And clatteryng and a babell  
Of foles silly  
That had a fole with willy  
With iast you, and gup gillye  
She coule not lye stilye  
Then came in a genet  
And swore by sainct Bennet  
I dranke not this sennet  
A draughte to my paye  
Elynoure I the pray  
Of thyne ale let vs assaye.  
And haue here a pilch of gray  
I weare skynnes of coonye  
That causeth I loke so donny  
Another than dyd hycbe her  
And broughte a pottel pycher  
A tonnel, and a bottel  
But she had lost the stoppel  
She cut of her sho sole  
And stopped therwith 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 semed some deals sake  
And brought vp a peny chaks

To dame Elinoure  
 For a draughte of lycour.  
 Than Margery milke ducke  
 Her kirteil she did vp tucke  
 An ynche aboue her kne  
 Her legges that ye might se  
 But they were sturdy and stubbled  
 Mighty pertels and clubbed  
 As fayre and as white  
 As the fote of a kite  
 She was somewhat foule  
 Croke necked lyke an owle  
 And yet she broughte ber fees  
 A cartel of Essex chese  
 Was well a fote thicke  
 Full of maggottes quicke  
 It was huge and greate  
 And mightye stronge meate  
 For the deuill to eate  
 It was tarte and punyete  
 Another sorte of sluttis  
 Some broughte walutes  
 Some apples, some peseres  
 Some brought their clippinge sheras  
 Some broughte thys and that  
 Some broughte I wote nere what  
 Some broughte theyr husbandes hat  
 Some podynges and lynkes  
 Some tripes that stynkes  
 But of all thys thronge  
 One came them amonge  
 She semed halfe a leche  
 And began to preach  
 Of the tuesday in the weke  
 Whan the mare doth keke  
 Of the vertue of an vnset leke  
 Of her husbandes breke  
 With the feders of a quaite  
 She could to bourde on sayle  
 And with good ale barne  
 She could make a charm  
 To healpe with all a styliche  
 She seemed to be a wyche  
 And another brought two goalings  
 That wer naughty froslings  
 Some brought them in a wallet  
 She was a cumlye callet  
 The goalinges were untide  
 Elinour began to chide  
 They be wretchocke thou haste brout  
 They ar shyre shaking nought

## SERPENS PASSUS.

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

She had also the goute  
 In all her joyntes aboute  
 Her breth was soure and stale  
 And smelled all of ale  
 Suche a bedfellowe  
 Wold make one cust his craw  
 But yet for all that  
 She drancke on the mashe fat  
 There came an olde rybibe  
 She halted of a kybe  
 And had broken her sbyn  
 At the threshold cummyng in  
 And fell so wyde open  
 That one myght se her token  
 The deuil there on be wroken  
 What nede all this be spoken  
 She yelled lyke a calfe  
 Ryse vp on God's halfe  
 Sayde Elynoure Rummyng  
 I be shrows the for thy cummyng  
 As she at her did plucke  
 Quake, quake, sayde the ducke  
 In that lamptrams lap  
 With fye, couer the shap  
 Wyth sum slip flap  
 God geue it yit happe  
 Sayde Elynoure for shame  
 Lyke an honest dame  
 Up she stearts, halfe lame  
 And stantlye coulde go  
 For payne and for wo

In came another daut  
 Wyth a gose and a gaut  
 She had a wide wesant  
 She was nothyng pleasaunt  
 Necked lyke an oliphant  
 It was a bullifant  
 A gredy cormerante  
 Another brought ber gariik heda  
 Another brought her bedes  
 Of jet or of coale  
 To offer to the ale pole  
 Some brought a wimble  
 Some brought a thymble  
 Some brought a silke lace  
 Some brought a pincase  
 Some her husbandes gowne  
 Some a pillowe of downe  
 Some of the napery  
 And all this shyfte they make  
 For the good ale sake

A straw said hele stande vter  
 For we haue egges and butter  
 And of pigeons a payre.

Then starts forthe a fluggis  
 And she brought a bore pigge  
 The flesh thereof was ranke  
 And her breath strongly stanke  
 Yet or she wente she dranke  
 And gate her greate thancke  
 Of Elynoure for her ware  
 That she thither bare  
 To paye for her share  
 Nowe truye to my thiakyng  
 This is solempe drakyng

## SERPENS PASSUS.

Soft quoth one high sibbill  
 And let me with you bibill

She sate downe in the place  
With a sorye face  
Whey wormed aboute  
Garnished was her snoute  
With here and there a puscull  
Lyke a scabbed muscull  
This ale sayde she is noppye  
Let us sippe and soppye  
And not spill a droppye  
For so mote I hoppye  
It coyleth well my coppye

Dame Elynoure sayde she  
Hane here is for me  
A cloute of London pienes  
And with that she begynnes  
The pot to her plucke  
And dranke a good lucke  
She swinge up a quart  
At ones for her part  
Her panche was so puffed  
And so with ale stuffed  
Had she not hyed apace  
She had defoyled the place

Than began the sport  
Amonge that drunken sort  
Dame Elynoure sayde they  
Lende here a cocke of hay  
To make all thyng cleane  
Ye wote well what we meane

But syr amonge all  
That sate in that hall  
There was a pricke me deintie  
Sate lyke a saintye  
And began to paintye  
As though she woulde faintye

She made it as koy  
As a lege demoy  
She was not halfe so wise  
As she was peuysh nyse  
She sayde neuer a worde  
But rose from the horde  
And called for our dame  
Elynoure by name  
We supposed I wys  
That she rose to pisse  
But the verye grounde  
Was for to compoude  
With Elynour in the sponce  
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 theyr one  
Neyther gelt nor pawne  
Sache were there mennye  
That had not a penny  
But whan they should walke  
Were fayne with a chalke  
To scoure on the balke  
Of score on the tayle  
God geue it yll hayle  
Fbr. say fyngers ythe  
I haue written to mych  
Of this mad mummyng  
Of Elynoure Rummyng

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

LAUREATI SKELTONIDIS IN RESPECTU MALIG-  
NANTIUUM DISTICON.

QUAMVIS insanis, quamvis marcescis insanis  
Inuidi cantamus, hæc loca plena locis

Bien men souient.

Omnes feminas, que vel nimis bibule sunt, vel  
que sordida labe squaloris, aut quam spurca  
feditatis macula, aut verbosa laqueitate notantur,  
poeta invitât ad audiendam hanc libellum, &c.

Ebria, squalida, sordida femina, prodiga verbis  
Hæc currat, properet veniat sua facta libellis  
Iste volutabit: Pœan sua plectra sonando  
Matorum risus 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 prelates and presidents  
as well spiritual as temporal as sadly to loke  
vpon, deuised in English by Skelton.

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

To hastye of sentence  
To feare for none offence  
To scarce of your expence  
To large in negligence  
To slacke in recompence  
To haut in excellence  
To lyght intellygence  
And to lyght in credence  
Where these kepe resydence  
Reason is banished thence.  
And also dame Prudence  
Wyth sober Pacience  
All noble men, &c.

Than without collusion  
Marke well thys conclusion  
Through such abuson  
And by suche illusion  
Unto great confusion  
A noble man may fall  
And his honour appall  
And yf ye thynke thys shal  
Not rubbe you on the gall  
Than the deuyl take all, &c.

Hæc 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 haue corage  
To come to court agayne.

But  
 Helas, sage ouerage  
 To madly decayes  
 That age for dottage  
 Is recoouer now a dayes  
 Thus age graunt domage  
 Is nothyng set by  
 And rage in auerage  
 Doth renne lamentably.

So  
 That rage must make pillage  
 To catche that catche maye  
 And wyth suchc forage  
 Hunte the boshage  
 That hartes wyl runne awaye  
 Bothe hartes and hundes  
 With all good mindes  
 Fare well, than haue good day  
 Than haue good day adew  
 For defaute of rescaw  
 Some men may happely rwe  
 And theyr heades mew  
 The time doth faste ensw  
 That bales begin to brew  
 I drede by swete Jesu  
 This tale will be to trow  
 In fayth dicken thou crew.

In fayth dicken, thou crew, &c.

DICKEN, thou crew doutles  
 For truelye to expresse  
 There hath be much exces  
 With banketyng braynlesse  
 With ryoting rechles  
 With gambaudyng thryftles  
 With spend, and waste wylles  
 Treating of troce restlesse  
 Pratyng for peace penlosse  
 They countyng at Cales  
 Wrangle vs on the wales  
 Chief counceleur was caroles  
 Grounyng grouching graceles  
 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 fole  
 And Mocke hath lost her shoo  
 What may she do thertoo  
 An end of an old song  
 Do right and no wrong  
 As right as a rammes borne  
 For thrift is threde bare borne  
 Our shepe are shrewdlye shorne  
 And trouthe is all to torne  
 Wisdome is laught to scorne  
 Fauel is false forsworne  
 Jauel is nobly borne  
 Hauel and Haroy hafter  
 Jacke Trauell and Cole crafter  
 We shall heare more hereafter  
 With polling and sbuuyng  
 With borowyng and crauyng  
 With reuyng and rauyng  
 With swearing and staruyng  
 There wayleth no reasonyng  
 For wil doth rule al thyng  
 Wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl,  
 He ruleth alway styll  
 Good reason and good skyl

They may garlicke pill  
 Cary sackes to the mil  
 Or pescoddes they may shill  
 Or els go roste a stone  
 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 croked  
 Thys bil wel ouer lokod  
 Clerely perceiue we may  
 There went the hare awaye  
 The hare, the fox, the gray,  
 The hart, the hinde, the bucke  
 God send vs better lucke.

God send vs better lucke, &c.

TWIT Andrew, twit Scot  
 Get heme, ge scoure 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 Lyse wulce  
 Opus male dulce.  
 The deuill kysses his cule  
 For whiles he doth rule  
 All is warse and warse  
 The deuill kysses his arse  
 For whether he blesse or curse  
 It can not be muche worse  
 From Baumberow to Bothambar  
 We haue cast vp oure war  
 And made a worthy truse  
 Wyth gup leuel ause  
 Our mony madly sent  
 And more madly spent  
 From Croydon to Kent  
 Wote ye whither they went ?  
 From Winchelsey to Rye  
 And all not worthe a flye  
 From Wentbridge to Hull  
 Our army waxeth dull  
 With turne all home agayne  
 And neuer 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 Frenchemen he hath fainte  
 And made their hertes 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 cowardes all  
 Like heons in a stone walle  
 They kepe them in their holdes  
 Lyke hen herted cokoides  
 But yet they ouer shoote us  
 With crownes and with scutus  
 With scutes and crownes of golds  
 I drede we are bought and solds  
 It is a wondrous warke  
 They shoote all at one marke  
 < At the cardinals hat  
 They shote all at that  
 Out of their stronge townes  
 They shote at him with crownes .

With crownes of gold emblased  
 They make him so amased  
 And his eyes so dased  
 That he ne see can  
 To know God nor man  
 He is set so bye  
 In his ierarchy  
 Offrante freney  
 And folysh fantasy  
 That in the chambre of stare  
 All matters there he mare  
 Clapping bis rod on the borde  
 No man dare speake a word  
 For he hath all the saying  
 Without any reneying  
 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 ruleth al the roste  
 With bragging and with boste  
 Borne vp on euery syde  
 With pompe and with pryde  
 With trompe vp alleluya  
 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  
 Welcome dame Simonia  
 With danse Castrimeria  
 To drynke and for to eate  
 Sweet Ipoena and sweet 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 hait is sory  
 To tall of vayne 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 stewes  
 I vnderstande howe that  
 The sygn of the Cardinal hat  
 That inne is now shit vp  
 With gup whore gup, nowe gup  
 Gup Gilliam Traullian  
 With iast you I say Iulian  
 Wyll ye beare no coles  
 A many of maresalles  
 That occupy their holes  
 Full of pocky moles.  
 What heare ye of Lancashire  
 They were not payd theyr hyre  
 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 afrayde  
 Of the Scottishe hoste  
 For all their crake and hoste  
 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 sottes  
 Popyng folysh dawes  
 They make vs to pylt strawes  
 They play their old pranks  
 After huntly bankes  
 At the streme of Banokes burne  
 They did vs a shrowde turne  
 Whan Edward of Karwaruan  
 Lost all that his father wan

What here ye of the lord Dakers  
 He maketh vs lacke rakers  
 He sayes we are but creakers  
 He calleth vs England meu  
 Stronge harted lyke an hen  
 For the Scottes and he  
 To well 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 things vnder cure

But as the world nowe goose  
 What heare ye of the lord Rose  
 Nothyng to purpose  
 Not worth a cockly fose  
 Their hertes be in their hose  
 The erle of Northumberland  
 Dare take nothing on hand  
 Our barons be so bolde  
 Into a moue hole they wold  
 Runne away and creep  
 Like a mainy of sheep  
 Dare not loke out a dur  
 For drede of the maystife cur  
 For drede 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 shukes them by the care  
 And bryng them in suche feare  
 He baiteth them lyke a beare  
 Lyke an oxe or a bul  
 Their wittes 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 dawes  
 Sergeauntes of the coyfe eke  
 He sayeth they are to seke  
 In pleating of their case  
 At the communc place

Or at the Kinges benche  
 He wringeth them such a wrenche  
 That all our learned men  
 Dare not set theyr peyne  
 To plete a true trial  
 Within Westmin ter hall  
 In the Chauncery where he sittes  
 But suche as he admittes  
 None so hardy to speake

He saith, thou huddy peake  
 Thy larning is to lewd  
 Thy tounge is not well therwe  
 To seeke before our grace  
 And openly in that place  
 He rages and he raves  
 And calls them cankerd knaves  
 Thus royally he doth deale  
 Under the kinges brode seale  
 And in the Checker he them checkes  
 In the Ster chambre he nods and becks  
 And beareth him there so stout  
 That no man dare rout  
 Duk, earle, baron, nor lorde  
 But to his sentence must accorde  
 Whether he be knight 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 striplyng  
 Her is a whiapping and a whiptyng  
 He should be hither brought  
 But and it were wll sought  
 I trow all will be nought  
 Not worth a shittel cocke  
 Not worth a soure calstocke

There goeth many a lye  
 Of the duke of Albany  
 That of shoud go his head  
 And brought in quicke or dead  
 And all Scotland oures  
 The mountenaunce of two houres  
 But as some men fayn  
 I drede of some false trayn  
 Subtely wrought shalbe  
 Under a fained treate  
 But within monethes three  
 Men may happely see  
 The trechery, and the pranks  
 Of the Scottishe bankes

What heare ye of Burgonions  
 And the Spanyardes onions?  
 They haue slain our Englishmen  
 About thre score and ten  
 For al your amice  
 No better they agree  
 God saue my lord Admirall

What heare ye of Muttrel?  
 There wyth I dare not mel  
 Yet what heare ye tell  
 Of our graund counsel?  
 I could say some what  
 But speake ye no more of that  
 For drede of the red hat  
 Take peper in the nose  
 For than thyns head of guse  
 Of by the hard arse  
 But there is some trauers  
 Betwene some and some  
 That makes our sire to glum

It is some what wrong  
 That his berde is so long  
 He morneth in blacke clothing  
 I pray God saue 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 court?  
 To the kinges court  
 Or to Hampton court?  
 Nay to the kinges court  
 The kynges court  
 Should haue the excellence  
 But Hampton court  
 Hath the preeminence  
 And Yorkes place  
 With my lordes grace  
 To whose magnificence  
 Is all the confluence  
 Sutes and supplications  
 Embassades of all nacions  
 Straw for law canon  
 Or for the law common  
 Or for lawe ciuill  
 It shall be as he wyll  
 Stop at law tancrete  
 An abstract or a concrete  
 Be it soure be it sweets  
 His wisedome is so discrete  
 That in a fume or an hete  
 Warden of the Flets  
 Set him fast by the fets  
 And of his royal poure  
 Whan him lyst to loure  
 Than haue him to the Tour  
 Saunz aultor 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 sleights dotbe fynde  
 That the kinges mynde  
 By him is subuerted  
 And so strealy courted  
 In credensing his tales  
 That al is but nutshules  
 That any other sayth  
 He hath in him such faith  
 Now, yet al this might be  
 Suffred and taken in gree  
 If that, that he 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 cofers ryche  
 But he layeth al in the dyche  
 And vseth such abusyn  
 That in the conclusion  
 All commeth to confusyn



Perceiue the cause whye  
 To tell the trouth plainlye  
 He is so ambitious  
 So shameles, and so vicious  
 And so superstitious  
 And so much obliuious  
 From whence that he came  
 That he falleth in Acisiam  
 Which trulye to expresse  
 Is a forgetfulnes  
 Or wyfyl blindnes  
 Wherwith the Sodomites  
 Lost their inward sightes  
 The Gommorians also  
 Were brought to deadly wo  
 As scripture recorles  
 A cecitate cordis  
 In the Latyn synge we  
 Libern nos Domine  
 But this mad Amalecke  
 Like to Amamelek  
 He regardeth lordes  
 No more than pot shordes  
 He is in suche elacion  
 Of his exaltacion  
 And the supportacion  
 Of our soueraine lordie  
 That God to recorde  
 He ruleth al at will  
 Without reason or skyl  
 Howbeit they be prymordyall  
 Of hys wretched originall  
 And his base progeny  
 And his greys genealogy  
 He came of the sanke roiall  
 That was cast out of a bouchers stall.

But howe euer he was borne  
 Men would haue the lesse 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 souerayne lord, chief ground  
 Of all thys prelacy  
 And set hym nobly  
 In great auctorite  
 Out from a low degre  
 Which he can not see  
 For he was parde  
 No doctour of deinitie  
 Nor doctour of the law  
 Nor of none other saw  
 But a pore maister of arte  
 God wot had little part  
 Of the quatriuials  
 Nor yet of triuials  
 Nor of philosophie  
 Nor of philology  
 Nor of good pollicy  
 Nor of astronomy  
 Nor acquainted worth a fly  
 With honourable Haly  
 Nor with royal Ptholomy  
 Nor with Albumasar  
 To treate of any star  
 Fyxt or els mobil  
 His Latin toungue doth hobbyl  
 He doth but clout and cobbell  
 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 amonge blynd men.  
 Than our proces for to stable  
 This man was ful vnable  
 To reche to such degre  
 Had not our prince be  
 Royall Henry the eyght  
 Take him in such conceyte  
 That he set him on heyght  
 In exemplyfing  
 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 nough  
 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 vassal  
 He made a kyng royal  
 And gaue him a realme to rule  
 That occupied a showel  
 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 withyn an hower  
 And worke such a miracle  
 That shaibe a spectacle  
 Of renouwe and worldly fame  
 In likewise now the same  
 Cardinall, is promoted  
 Yet with lewd conditions hoted  
 As hereafter bene noted  
 Presumpcion and vain glorie  
 Enuy, wrath, and lechery  
 Couetes, and gluttony  
 Slothful to do good  
 Now frantike, now starke wode  
 Shuld this man of such mode  
 Rule the sward 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 throne triumphantly  
 Make him a great estate  
 And he wil play checke mate  
 With royall maistee  
 Count hym self as good as he  
 A prelate potenciall  
 To rule vnder Bellyall  
 As ferce and as cruell  
 As the feende of hel  
 His seruantes mensiall  
 He dothe remite and hral  
 Lyke Mahound in a play  
 No man dare bim withsaye  
 He bath dispight and scorne  
 At them that he wel borne

He rebukes them and rayles  
 Ye horsons, ye vassayles  
 Ye knaues, ye churles sonnes  
 Ye ribands, not worth two plumms  
 Ye rainbeaten beggars reigged  
 Ye recrayed ruffins all ragged  
 With stoupe thou huel  
 Renne thou iauel  
 Thou peuish pie pecked  
 Thou losel long necked  
 Thus daily they be decked  
 Tsauted 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 he be  
 Of spiritust dignitie  
 Nor duke of hie degree  
 Nor marques, earle, nor lord  
 Which shrewdly doth accord  
 Thus he borne so base  
 All noble men should out face  
 His countinaunce 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 sufferance  
 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 neuer the nere  
 This daungerous dowsipers  
 Like a kinges pere  
 And within this sixteen yere  
 He wold have ben right fayn  
 To haue ben a chaplajn  
 And haue taken right great pain  
 With a pore knight  
 What so euer he hight  
 The chief of his own counsel  
 They can not well tell  
 When they with him should mel  
 He is so fierce and fel  
 He rayles and he rates  
 He calleth them dōddy 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 bluded  
 That he can not perceiue  
 How he doth him disceyue  
 I doubt leas by sorcery  
 Or such other loselry  
 As witch craft, or charming  
 For he is the kinges deriyng  
 And his sweete hart rote  
 And is gouerned by this mad koothe  
 For what is a man the better  
 For the kynges latter

For he wil tere it a sunder  
 Wherat much I wonder  
 How such a hōddy poule  
 So boldly dare controule  
 And so melapertly 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 demensy  
 But what his grace doth thinke  
 I haue no pen or ynke  
 That therwith can mel  
 But wel I can tel  
 How Frannces 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 nicromancy  
 By carectes and coniuracion  
 Under a certayne constellacion  
 And a certyne fumigacion  
 Under a stone on a gold ryng  
 Wrought to Charlemain the kyng  
 Whiche constrayned him forcebly  
 For to loue a certaine body  
 Aboute all other inordinatlye  
 This is no fable nor no lie  
 At Acon it was brought to pat  
 As by mine auctor tried it was  
 But let my masters mathematical  
 Tel you the rest, for me they shal  
 They haue the ful intelligence  
 And dare vse the experience  
 In there absolute conscience  
 To practique such abolete science  
 For I abhor to smatter  
 Of one so deuillysbe a matter  
 But I will unke further relacion  
 Of this Isagogicall colation  
 How master Gaguine the crownicler  
 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 aforesayd  
 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 fist  
 And agayne all reason  
 Committed open treason  
 And against his lord souverain  
 Wherefore he suffred pain

Was heded drawn and quarterd  
 And dyed stinkyngly martred  
 Loe yet for all that  
 He ware a cardinals hat  
 In him was small fayth  
 As mine auctor sayth  
 Not for that I meane  
 Suche a casuelty should be seeme  
 Or suche chaunce should fal  
 Unto our cardinal.

Almightye God I trust  
 Hath for him discuste  
 That of force he muste  
 Be faythfull, true and iuste  
 To oure most royal kynge  
 Chief rote of his making  
 Yet it is a wylye mouse  
 That can bylde his dwelling house  
 Within the cattes eares  
 Withouten drede or feare  
 It is a nice reoning  
 To put al the gouernyng  
 All the rule of this land  
 Into one mans hand  
 One wise mans head  
 May stand somewhat in stede  
 But the wittes of many wyse  
 Much better can denise  
 By their circumspection  
 And their sad direction  
 To cause the commune weale  
 Longe to endure in heale  
 Christ kepe king Henry the syght  
 From trechery and disceipt  
 And graunt him grace to know  
 The faucon from the crow  
 The wolfe from the lambe  
 From whens that maistife came  
 Let him neuer confounde  
 The gentil greybound  
 Of this matter the ground  
 Is easy to expound  
 And some may be perceyued  
 How the world is conusyed  
 But harke my frend one worde  
 In earnest or in borde  
 Tel me now in this stede  
 Is maister Mewt as dead  
 The kinges French secretary  
 And his vntreue aduery  
 For he sent in writing  
 To Fraunces the French kyng  
 Of our masters counsel in euery thing  
 That was a perillous rekenyng  
 Nay, nay, he is not dead  
 But he was so payned in the head  
 That he shall neuer eat more bred  
 Now he is gone to another stede  
 With a bul under lead  
 By way of commission  
 To a strange iurisdiction  
 Called Diminges Dale  
 Farre beyonde Portyngale  
 And hath his pasporte to pas  
 Ultra sanro matas  
 To the deuill syr Sathanas  
 To Pluto and syr Belliall  
 The deuils vicare generall  
 And to his colledge conuentuall  
 As wel calodemoniall

As to cacademoniall  
 To pursey for our cardinal  
 A palace pontifficall  
 To kepe his court prouinciall  
 Upon articles iudiciall  
 To contend and to striue  
 For his prerogatiue  
 Within that consistory  
 To make sommons peremptorye  
 Before some prouthonotory  
 Imperial or papal  
 Upon this matter mysticall  
 I haue told you part, but not all  
 Here after perchauce I shall  
 Make a large memoriall  
 And a further rehersall  
 And more paper I thinke 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 euery 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 ruthes  
 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 recorde  
 That there wantes grace  
 In whose place  
 Dothe occupys  
 Full vngraciously  
 Fals flattery  
 Fals trechery  
 Fals hryberye  
 Subtyle Sym Sly  
 With mad folye  
 For who can beat lyn  
 He is best set hy  
 Than farewell to thees  
 Welthfull felicitie  
 For prosperitie  
 Awaye than wyll flee  
 Than muste we agree  
 With pouertye  
 For misery  
 With penurye  
 Miserably  
 And wretchedly  
 Hathe made Askry  
 And oute crye  
 Folywng the chase  
 To dryue away grace  
 Yet sayest thou perchauce  
 We can lacke no grace  
 For my lordes grace  
 And my ladyes grace  
 With troy deuse ase

And ase in the face  
 Some haute and some bace  
 Some daunce the trace  
 Euer in one case  
 Marke me that chase  
 In the tennis play  
 For sinke quater trey  
 Is a tal man  
 He rob, but we ran  
 Hay the gye and the gan  
 The graye goose is no swan  
 The waters were wan  
 And beggers they ban  
 And they cursed Datan  
 De tribu Dan  
 That this worke began  
 Palam 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 pewter  
 To copper, to tyn  
 To leade, or alumin  
 A goldsmyth your mayre  
 But the chefe of your fayre  
 Might stand now by potters  
 And suche as sel trotters  
 Pytchurs and potshordes  
 This shrewdly accordes  
 To be a cupboorde for lordes  
 My lord now and sir knyghte  
 Good euen and good nyghte  
 For now sir Tristram  
 Ye muste weare buckram  
 Or Canuax of Cane  
 For silkes or wane  
 Our royals that shone  
 Our nobles are gone  
 Amonge the Durgions  
 And Spanyardes onyons  
 And the Flanderkyne  
 Gyl sweates and Cate spinnes  
 They are happy that wynnes  
 But Englande may well say  
 Eye on this winnyng alway  
 Now nothing, but pay pay  
 With laughe and lay downe  
 Borough, cite and towne  
 Good springe of Lanam  
 Muste counte what became  
 Of his clothe makyng  
 He is at such takyng  
 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 satisfact  
 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 pound and more  
 Which pincheth hym sore

My lordes grace wil bryng  
 Downe thys hys spryng  
 And bryngs it so lowe  
 It shal not euer flow  
 Suche a prelate I trow  
 Were worthy to row  
 Thorow the streytes Marocke  
 To the gybbet of Baldock  
 He wold dry vp the streames  
 Of nine kynges realme  
 Al riuers and wels  
 Al waters that awels  
 For with vs he so melis  
 That within England dwels  
 I would he were somewhere els  
 For els by and by  
 He will drinke vs so dry  
 And sucke vs so nye  
 That men shall scantly  
 Haue penny or halpenny  
 God saue hys noble grace  
 And graunt him a place  
 Endlesse to dwel  
 With the deuill of bel  
 For and he were there  
 We need neuer feare  
 Of the feedes blacke  
 For I vndertake  
 He wold so brag and crake  
 That he wold than make  
 The deuils to quake  
 To shudder and to shake  
 Lyke a fier drake  
 And with a cole rake  
 Bruise them on a brake  
 And biude them to a stake  
 And set hel on fyre  
 At his owne desire  
 He is such a grym syre  
 And such a potestolate  
 And suche a potestate  
 That he wold breke the braynes  
 Of Lucifer in his chaines  
 And rule them eche one  
 In Lucifers trone  
 I would he were gone  
 For amonge vs is none  
 That ruleth, but he alone  
 With oute all good reason  
 And all oute of season  
 For Folam Peason  
 With him be not geson  
 They grow very ranke  
 Upon euery banke  
 Of his herbers greene  
 With my lady bright and sheene  
 On their game it is seen  
 They play not al cleen  
 And it be as I weene  
 But as touching discretion  
 With sober direction  
 He kepeth 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 whittle

Bot brainsicke and braynlesse  
 Willes and reachlesse  
 Careles and shamelesse  
 Thriftles and gracelesse  
 Together are bended  
 And so condisceded  
 That the commune welth  
 Shal neuer haue good helth  
 But tattered and tugged  
 Ragged, and rugged  
 Shauen and shorne  
 And all threde bare worne  
 Such gredines  
 Such nodines  
 Miserablenes  
 With wretchednes  
 Hath brought in distres  
 And much heuines  
 And great dolour  
 England the flour  
 Of relucent honour  
 In old commemoration  
 Most royal English nacion  
 Now all is out of facion  
 Almost in desolacion  
 I speake by protestacion  
 God of his miseracion  
 Send better reformation  
 Lo, for to do shamefully  
 He iudgeth 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 simplenes resiting  
 Remording and biting  
 With chiding and with fiting  
 Shewyng him Goddes laws  
 He calleth the preachers dawes.  
 And of holy scriptures sawes  
 He counteth them for gigawes  
 And putteth them to scilence  
 And with wordes of violence  
 Like Pharao, void of grace  
 Did Moyses sore manase  
 And Arou sore he thret  
 The word of God to let  
 This Mannet in likewise  
 Against the church doth rise  
 The prechoure he doth dispise  
 With crakyng in such wise  
 So bragging all with boist  
 That no prechour almost  
 Dare 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 gatt  
 With other abusions great  
 Whereof to trete  
 It wold make the denll to swet

For all priuiledged places  
 He brakes and defaces  
 All places of religion  
 He hath them in derision  
 And maketh such prouision  
 To driue them at diuision  
 And finally in conclusion  
 To bring them to confusion  
 Sainct Albons to recorde  
 Whereof this vngnacious lords  
 Hath made him self abbot  
 Against their willes god wot  
 Al this he doth deale  
 Vnder strength of the great seall  
 And by his legacy  
 Which madly he doth applye  
 Unto an extrauagancye  
 Pyked out all good law  
 With reasons that ben raw  
 Yet whan 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 iniuries he wold repress  
 Al perjuries he wold oppresse  
 And yet this graceselfe  
 He is periured himselfe  
 As plainlye it dothe appere  
 Who list to enquire  
 In the rogestry  
 Of my lord of Cantorbury  
 To whome he was professed  
 In thre pointes expressed  
 The first to do him reuerence  
 The second to owe him obedience  
 The third with whole affection  
 To be vnder his subiection  
 But now he maketh obiection  
 Under the protection  
 Of the kinges great seals  
 That he setteth neuer a deale  
 By his former othe  
 Whether God be pleased or wroth  
 He maketh so proud pretence  
 That in his equipolens  
 He iudgeth him equiualent  
 With God omnipotent  
 But yet beware the rod  
 And the stroke of God  
 The apostel Peter  
 Had a pore miter  
 And a pore cope  
 Whan he was create pope  
 Fyrst in Antioche  
 He did neuer approche  
 Of Rome to the see  
 Wyth suche dignitie  
 Sainct Dunstan what was he  
 Nothing he asiethe lyke to me  
 There is a diuersitie  
 Betwene him and me  
 We passe hym in degre  
 As legutus a latere  
 Ecce sacerdos magnus  
 That wyl bed vs and hang vs  
 And straightly strangle vs  
 That he maye fang vs  
 Decree and decretall  
 Constitution prouinciall

Nor nol awe canonical  
 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 Sirius  
 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 harted  
 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 hangus  
 In Balthosor, which heald  
 Domingo's nose, that was whiled  
 That Lumberdes nose mean I  
 That standeth yet awry  
 It was not heald alderbest  
 It standeth somewhat on the west  
 I mean: Domingo Lomelyn  
 That was wonte to win  
 Muche mony of the kyng  
 At the cardes and baserding  
 Balthosor that heald Domingo's pose  
 From the puskilde pocky pose  
 Now with his gunnes of Araby  
 Hath promised to hele our cardinals eie  
 Yet some surgions put a dout  
 Lest he will put it clean out  
 And make hym lame of bis nether lins  
 God send hym sorow for his sinnes  
 Sum men might aske a question  
 By whose suggestion  
 I toke 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 vnfayned  
 I am forcebly constrained  
 At Juinal's request  
 To wryght of this glorious gest  
 Of this vaine glorious beast  
 His fame to be encreast  
 At euery solemne feast  
 Quia difficile est  
 Satiram non scribere?  
 Now master doctour, how saye ye  
 What so euer your name be  
 What though ye be namelesse  
 Ye shall not escape blamelesse  
 Nor yet shal scape shamelesse  
 Mayster doctour in your degre  
 Your self madly ye ouer see  
 Blame Juinal and blame not me  
 Maister doctour dirieum  
 Omne animi victum, &c.

As Juinal doth record  
 A small defeate 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 cockes coome  
 Your foud hed in your furred hood  
 Hold ye your toung ye can no good  
 And at more conuenient time  
 I may fortune for rime  
 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 ye cannot byde thereby  
 For Saegma non est sinamomum  
 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 deucooke ye be, and so shalbe still  
 Sequitur epitoma  
 De morbillosa Thoma  
 Nec non obsceno  
 De Poliphemo, &c.

PORRO perbelle dissimulatum  
 Illum Pandulphum tantum legatum  
 Tam formidatum nuper prelatum  
 Naman Syrum nunc longatum  
 In solitudine jam commoratum  
 Neapolitano morbo gravatum  
 Malagmate, cataplasmati statum  
 Pharmacopole ferro foratum  
 Nihil magis alleviatum  
 Nihil melius aut medicatum  
 Relictis famulis ad famulatum  
 Quod tollatur infamia  
 Sed major patet insaniam  
 Amodo ergo Ganea  
 Abhorreat ille Ganeus  
 Dominus male Cretecus  
 Aptius Dicitur Tetricus  
 Phanaticus freneticus  
 Graphicus sicut Melricus  
 Autumat.

HOC genus dictaminis  
 Non egit examinis  
 In centiloquio nec centimetro  
 Honorati Grammatici Mauri.  
 Decasticon virulentum in galeratum,  
 Licaonia marinum, &c.  
 Proh dolor, ecce maris lypus &  
 nequissimus, ursus  
 Carnificis vitulus Britonumque  
 bubalculus iniquus  
 Conflatus, vitulus, vel Oreb vel  
 Smanus, vel Zeb.  
 Gardus, & crudelis Asaph qui  
 Datan reprobatus  
 Bisudus & Achitophel, regis  
 scelus omne Britannum  
 Ecclesias, qui namque Thomas  
 Confundit ubique  
 Non sacer iste, Thomas  
 Sed duro corde, Goleas  
 Quem gestat Malus

athane caret (obsecro culus  
Fundens Aspartum (precor)  
hunc versum lege cautum  
Asperius nihil est misero

Apostropha ad Londini cives (citando mltum  
asino aureo galurato) in occurram asini, &c.

EXCITAT asinus multum mirabile, visu  
Calcibus O vestro cives occurrere Asello  
Eui regnum regemque regit qui vestra gubernat  
Prædia, divitias, nummos, gasas, spoliando.

Dixit alludens, immo filudens perodoxam de  
asino aureo galurato. xxxiii.

Hec vatis ille, de quo loquuntur mille.

FINIS.

NEAR AFTER FOLOWETH A LITTLE BOKE CALLED  
COLYN CLOUT,

COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON POET LAU-  
REATE.

Eius consurgat necum adversus malignantes? aut  
quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniqui-  
tatem? Nemo domine.

WHAT can it anle  
To dryue forth a brayne  
Or to make a sayle  
Of an herynges taile  
To ryme or to ryle  
To write or to indyte.  
Eyther for delite  
Or els for despite  
Or bookes to compile  
Of diuers maner of style  
Vyce to reuile  
And signe to exyle  
To teache or to preche  
As reason wyll reach  
Saye thys and saye that  
His head is so fat  
He wotteth neuer what  
Nor whorof he speaketh  
He cryeth and he ercketh  
He pryeth and he peketh  
He chydes and he chatters  
He prates and he patters  
He clytters and he clatters  
He medles and he smatters  
He glases 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 stoule  
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 deuyll they say is dead  
The deuill is dead,  
It may wel so be  
Or els they wold see  
Otherwise and flee  
From worldly vanitie  
And foule covetousnes  
And other wretchednes  
Fickell falsnesse

Varyebienesse  
With vnstablenesse  
And if ye stand i doubt  
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 rime be ragged  
Tattered and iagged  
Rudely 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 temporalty  
Accuseth the spiritualty  
The spiritually agayn  
Doth grudge and complain  
Upon temporall men  
Thus eche of other blotter  
The tone against the tother  
Aias they make me shoder  
For in hoder moder  
The church is put in faulte  
The prelates ben so haut  
They say and loke so hys  
As though they wold flye  
Above the stery sky  
Lay men say indee  
How they take no hede  
Their seiy shepe to fede  
But plucke away and pul  
The feces of their wull  
Unnettes they leue a locke  
Of wall amonge their flocke  
And as for theyr connyng  
A glumming and a mummyng  
And make therof a iape  
They gaspe and they gaspe  
Al to haue promocion  
There is their whole deuocion  
With money, if it will hap  
To cath the forked cap  
Forsoth they are to lewd  
To say so all be shrewd  
What trow ye they say morow  
Of the byshoppes lore  
How in matters they be raw  
They lumber forth the law  
To herke Jacke and Gyl  
Whan they put vp a bil  
And judge it as they will  
For other mens skill  
Expounding out their clauses  
And leaue their owne causes  
In their principal cure  
They make but lyle sure  
And meddols very light  
In the churches right  
But ire and venire  
And sol fa, so aiamfre  
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

And whiles the heades doe this  
 The remnaunt is amis  
 Of the clergy all  
 Both great and small  
 I wot neuer how they warke  
 But thus the people carke  
 And surely thus they say  
 Byshoppes if they may  
 Smal houses wold kepe  
 But slumbe forth and slepe  
 And assay to crepe  
 Within the noble walles  
 Of the kinges halles  
 To fat their bodies full  
 Their soules lame and dul  
 And haue ful little care  
 How ouit their shepe fare

The temporality say plain  
 How bishoppes disdain  
 Sermons for to make  
 Or such labour to take  
 And for to say trowth  
 A great part is ful sloth  
 But the greatest part  
 Is for they haue but smal art  
 And right selender cunningg  
 Within their heades 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 hee  
 Almost two or three  
 Of that dignity  
 Full worshipful Clerkes  
 As appeareth by their werkes  
 Like Aaron and Ure  
 The wolfe from the dore  
 To wary and to kepe  
 From their gostly shepe  
 And their spiritual lammes  
 Sequestred from rammes  
 And from the berded gotes  
 With their bery cotes  
 Set nought by gold ne grottes  
 Their names if I durst tel.

But they are lothe to mel  
 And lothe to bang the hel  
 About the cattles necke  
 For dred to haue a checke  
 They are fain to play, deuz deck  
 How be it they are good men  
 Much harted lyke an hen  
 Their lessons forgotten they haue  
 That Becket them gaue  
 Thomas manum mittit ad fortia  
 Spernit damna spernit opprobria  
 Nulla Thomam frangit injuria  
 But now euery spirituall father  
 Men say they hed rather  
 Spende muche of their share  
 Than to be combed with care  
 Spende, nay but spare  
 For let see who that dare  
 Shoe the mockish mare  
 They make her winch and kicke  
 But it is not worthe a lecke  
 Boldnesse is to secke

The churchs for to defende  
 Take me as I intende  
 For lothe I am to offende  
 In thyis that I haue pende  
 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 darke.

What hath laymen to doe  
 The gray gose for to shoe  
 Lyke bouades of bell  
 They cry and they yell  
 How that ye sell  
 The grace of the Holy Gost  
 Thus they make their best  
 Through euery cost  
 How some of you do eat  
 In Lenton season flesh meat  
 Fesauntea patriche and cranes  
 Men call you therefore prophanes  
 Ye picke no thrympes nor pranes  
 Saltfish, stockfish nor herring  
 It is not for your wearing  
 Nor in holy Lenton season  
 Ye wil neither beanes ne peason  
 But ye looke to be let loose  
 To a pygge or to a goose  
 Your george not endowed  
 Without a capon stewed  
 Or a stewed cocke  
 Under her surfled smocke  
 And her wanton wodicocke

And how when ye geue orders  
 In your prouinciall borders  
 As insipientes  
 Some are insufficientes  
 Some parum sapientes  
 Some nihil intelligentes  
 Some valde negligentes  
 Some nullum sensum habentes  
 But bestially and vntaught  
 But whau they haue once caught  
 Dominus vobiscum by the bed  
 Than rence they in euere stode  
 God wot with dronken nolles  
 Yet take they cures of soules  
 And woteth neuer what they rede  
 Pater noster nor Crede  
 Construe not worth a whistle  
 Nether Gospel nor Pistle  
 Theyr Mattins madly sayde  
 Nothing deuoutly praid  
 Their learning is so small  
 Their prymes 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 wife  
 But of their aposties lyfe  
 Cum ipsa vel illis  
 Sui moment in villis  
 Est uxor vel ancilla  
 Welcome Jacke and Gilla  
 My prey Petronylla  
 And you will be stilla  
 You shall haue your wylla  
 Of such pater noster pekes  
 All the worlde speakes.  
 In you the fault is supposed  
 For that they are not apposed  
 By iust examination  
 By conning and conuersation  
 They haue none instruction  
 To make a true construction  
 A priest without a letter  
 Without his vertue be greater  
 Doubtesse were much better  
 Upon him for to take  
 A mattocke or a rake  
 Alas for very shame  
 Some can not decliue their name  
 Some cannot scarcely rede  
 And yet will not drede  
 For to kepe a cure,  
 And in nothing is sure  
 This domine vobiscum  
 As wyse a Tom a thrum  
 A chaplayne of truste  
 Layth all in the dust  
 Thus I Colin Clout  
 As I go about  
 And wandryng as I walke  
 I heare the people talke  
 Men say for syluer and golde  
 Miters are bought and sold  
 There shall no clergy appose  
 A nayter nor a crosse  
 But a full purse  
 A straw for Goddes curse  
 What are they the worse  
 For a simoniake,  
 Is but a hermoniake  
 And no more ye make  
 Of symony men say  
 But a childes play  
 Ouer this the forsayd laye  
 Report how the pope maye  
 A holy anker call  
 Out of the stony wall  
 And hym a byshopp 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 lapped  
 Some hatted and some capped  
 Ryebely be wrapped  
 God wot to theyr great paynes  
 In rotchettes of fine raynes  
 Whyte as morowes mylke  
 Their tabertes of fine silke  
 Their stirops of mixt golde begarded  
 Their may no coat be spared  
 Their moyles golde doth este  
 Theyr neighbours dye for meat.  
 What care they though Gill sweat

Of Jacke of the Noke  
 The pore people they yoke  
 With sommons and citations  
 And excommunications  
 Abouts churches and market  
 The byshop on his carpet  
 At home full soft doth tyt  
 This is a fearful fyt  
 To heare the people langle  
 Now waresly they wrangle  
 Alas why do ye not handle  
 And them all mangle  
 Full falsly on you they lye  
 And shamefully you asory  
 And say as vntuly  
 As the butter dy  
 A man might say in mocke  
 Ware the wethercocke  
 Of thee steple of Poules,  
 And thus they hurt their sooles  
 In sclauderyng you for truth  
 Alas it is great rute  
 Some say ye sit in trones  
 Like prynces squilonis  
 And shryne your rotten bones  
 With pearles and precious stones  
 But how the commons groanes  
 And the people mones  
 For preestes and for lones  
 Lent and neuer payde  
 But from day to day delaid  
 The commune welth decayd  
 Men say ye are tunge layde  
 And therof speake nothing  
 But dissimuling and glosing  
 Wherefore 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 monks to laue the culerage  
 For coueryng of an old cottage  
 That committed is a collage  
 In the charter of dottage  
 Tenure par service de sottage  
 And not par service de socage  
 After old segoyours  
 And the learning of Littleton tenours  
 Ye haue so ouerthward  
 That good lawes are subuerted  
 And good reason peruerted  
 Religious men are fayne  
 For to turne agayne  
 In secula seculorum  
 And to forsake their corum  
 And vagabundare per forum  
 And take a fyne meritourum  
 Contra regulam morum  
 Aut blacke monastorium  
 Aut canonicorum  
 Aut Bernardinorum  
 Aut crucifixorum  
 And to synge from place to place  
 Lyke apostataas  
 And the selfe same game  
 Begon and now with shame  
 Amongst the sely nunnas  
 My lady now she runnes

Dame Sybly our abbesse  
 Dame Dorothe and lady Besse  
 Dame Sare our pryoresse  
 Out of theyr cloyster and quere  
 With an beaue cheere  
 Must cast vp their blacke rayles—  
 What Colin there thou shailes  
 Yet thus with yll hayles  
 The lay fee people rayles  
 And all they laye  
 On you prelates and say  
 Ye do wrong and no righte  
 To put them thus to fight  
 No Matins at midnight  
 Boke and chalis gone quite  
 Plucke away the leades  
 Ouer their heades  
 And sel away theyr bails  
 And at that they haue els  
 Thus the people tels  
 Rayles lyke rebels  
 Rede shrewdly and apels  
 And wyth foundations mels  
 And talke lyke titiuelles  
 How ye breake the deades willes  
 Turne monasteria 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 masses  
 Spent among wanton lasses  
 The Diriges are forgotten  
 Their founders iye there rotten  
 But where theyr soules dwell  
 Therwith I wil not mel  
 What could the Turke do more  
 Wyth all hys falsc lore  
 Turke, Sarazen or Jew  
 I report me to you  
 O merciful Jesu  
 You support and rescite  
 My stile for to directe  
 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 deliys  
 Drowned in deliciis  
 In gloria et diuiciis  
 Into honorable honore  
 In gloria et splendore  
 Fulgurantes haste  
 Viventes parum caste  
 Yet swete meat hath soure sauce  
 For after gloria laus  
 Christ by crueltie  
 Was nayled vpon a tree  
 He payed a bitter pencion  
 For mans redemption  
 He dranke eisel and gall  
 To redeme vs withall  
 But swete Ipcrus ye drynke  
 With let the cat winke  
 Ich wot what eche other thynk  
 How be it per assimule  
 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 Pthoime told me  
 The Sunne somtyme to bee  
 In Ariete  
 Ascendent a degree  
 What Scorpion decending  
 Was so then pretending  
 All fatal for one  
 That shall sit on a trone  
 And rule all thinges alone  
 Your teeth whet on this bone  
 Amongst you suery chone  
 And let Collyn Clout haue none  
 Maner of cause to more  
 Lay saile to your own more  
 For els as I sayd before  
 After gl'ria laus  
 May come a soure sauce  
 Sory therefore am I  
 But trouth can neuer lye  
 With language thus poluted  
 Holy church is bruted  
 And shamefully confuted  
 My pen now wyl I sharpe  
 And wrest vp my harpe  
 With sharpe twinking trebels  
 Agaynst al such rebels  
 That labour to confound  
 And bring the church to the ground  
 As ye may dailly see  
 Howe the laye fee  
 Of one affinitee  
 Consente and agree  
 Agaynst the church to be  
 And the dignitee  
 Of the byshoppes fee  
 And eyther ye be to bad  
 Or els they are mad  
 Of this to report  
 But vnder your supporte,  
 Tyll 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 depraue  
 And some there are that raue  
 Presuming on their wit  
 Whan there is neuer a whit  
 To maintaine argumentes  
 Against the sacramentes  
 Some make epilogation  
 Of highe predestination  
 And of residenation  
 They make interpretation  
 Of an awquard facion  
 And of the preacience  
 Of diuine essence  
 And what ipostatias  
 Of Christes manhode is  
 Such logike men wyl chop  
 And in their fury hope  
 Whan 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 abroad  
 Railing hainously  
 And disdainously  
 Of priestly dignities  
 But their malignities  
 And some haue a smacke  
 Of Luthers sacke  
 And a brenning sparke  
 Of Luthers warke  
 And are somewhat suspect  
 In Luthers sect  
 And some of them berke  
 Clatter and carpe  
 Of that heresy art  
 Called Wicleuista  
 The deuilshe dogmatista  
 And some be Husians  
 And some bee Arrians  
 And some be Pollegians  
 And make much varians  
 Betwene the clergy  
 And the temporality  
 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 commune like Scottes  
 As cometh 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 outeryes  
 They cannot kepe theyr wiues  
 From them for theyr lynes  
 And thus the losels striues  
 And lewdly says by Christ  
 Agaynste the sely priest  
 Alas and wel awaye  
 What ayles theym thus to saye  
 They mought be better aduised  
 Then to be disgiad  
 But they beas enterprysed  
 And shamefullye surmised  
 How prelacy is sold and bought  
 And come vp of nought  
 And where the prelates be  
 Come of low degre  
 And set in maiesty  
 And spirituall dignity  
 Farwel benignity  
 Farwell simplicitye  
 Farwel humilitye  
 Farwel good charity  
 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 euery light quarel  
 And cal a lord a iauel  
 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 all  
 Men say how ye appal  
 The noble bloud royal  
 In earnest and in game  
 Ye are the lesse to blame  
 For lordes of noble bloude  
 If they wel understand  
 How conning might theu auance  
 They would pype you another daunce  
 But noble men borne  
 To learne they haue scorue  
 But hunt and blowe an horne  
 Leape over lakes and dikes  
 Set nothing by politikes  
 Therefore ye kepe them bace  
 And mocks them to their face  
 This is a petious case  
 To you that ouer the wheele  
 Lordes must couch and knele  
 And breake theyr hose at the knece  
 As daily men may see  
 And to remembraunce call  
 Fortune so turneth the ball  
 And ruleth so ouer all  
 That honour hath a great fall.  
 Shal I tel you more, ye abal  
 I am loth to tel all  
 But the communalty ye call  
 Idols of Babilon  
 De terra Zabulon  
 De terra Neptalym  
 For you love to go trim  
 Brought vp of poore estate  
 Wyth pryde inordinate  
 Sodaynly vpratarte  
 From the dong cart  
 The matlockes and the shule  
 To reynge and to rule  
 And haue no grace to thinke  
 How they were wont to drynke  
 Of a lether bottell  
 With a knauish stoppel  
 When mamockes was your meate  
 With mould bread to eat  
 Ye would none other geate  
 To chew and to gnaw  
 To fill therwith your maw  
 Lodged in the strawe  
 Couching your drousy heades  
 Somtime in lousy beddes  
 Alas this is out of minde  
 Ye grow now out of kynde  
 Many one haue but winkle  
 And make the commonns blinde  
 But qui se existimat stare  
 Let him wel beware  
 Least that his fote slip  
 And haue such a trip  
 And falle in such decay  
 That all the world myght say  
 Come down on the duels way  
 Yet ouer all that  
 Of byshops they chat  
 That though ye ronnd your heare  
 An yuche about your care

And aures patentes  
 And parum intendentes  
 And your couriers be trapped  
 Your eares they be stopped  
 For maister adulator  
 And doctour assentator  
 And blandior blandiris  
 With mentor mentiris  
 They folow your desyres  
 That ye can not espie  
 And so they bliere your eye  
 How the male doth wrye

Alas for Gods will  
 Whye sytte ye prelates styl  
 And suffer all this yll  
 Ye bishoppe of estates  
 Shoulde open the brode gates  
 For your spiritual charge  
 And confort at large  
 Like lanternes of light  
 In the peoples sight  
 In pulpettes antetlike  
 For the wele publike  
 Of priesthod in this case  
 And alwayes to chace  
 Sucbe manner of simatikee  
 And halfe heretikee  
 That wold intoxicabe  
 That wold conquinatz  
 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 ratefyed  
 And also gratefyed  
 By boly sinodals  
 And buls papals.  
 As it is res certa  
 Conteygned in Magna Carta.

But maister Damian  
 Or some other man  
 That clerkely 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 maysters of art  
 Some doctours of law  
 Some learned in othar saw  
 As in diuinitie  
 That hath no dignitie  
 But the pore degree  
 Of the vniuersitie  
 Or elses frere Fredericke  
 Or els frere Dominike  
 Or frere Hugulinnus  
 Or frere Agustinus  
 Or frere Carmelus  
 That gottly can heale vs  
 Or elses if we maye  
 Get a frere Graye

Or elses of the order  
 Uppon Grenewiche border  
 Called obseruaunce  
 And a frere of Fraunce  
 Or elses the poore Scot  
 It muste come to his lot  
 To shote futh his shot  
 Or of Babael beside Bery  
 To postell vpon a kyrry  
 That woulde it shoulde be noted  
 How scripture should be coted  
 And so clerke promoted  
 And yet the frere doted

Men say  
 But your auctority  
 And your noble fee  
 And your dignitie  
 Shoulde be imprinted better  
 Then all the freres letter  
 For yf ye wolde take payne  
 To presche a worde or twayne  
 Though it were neuer so playne  
 With clauses two or thre  
 So as they mighte be  
 Compendiousye conveyed  
 Those wordes shoulde be more weid  
 And better perceuyed  
 And thankfully receuyed  
 And better shoulde remayne  
 Amonge the people playne  
 That wolde your wordes retayne  
 And reberse them agayne  
 Than a thousand thousand other  
 The blaber, barke and blotter  
 And make a Walshman's hose  
 Of the text and of the glose

For protestation made  
 That I will not wade  
 Farther in this brooke  
 Nor farther for to looke  
 In deuying of this boke  
 But answer that I may  
 For my self alwaye  
 Eyther analogice  
 Or els rathagorice  
 So that in diuinitie  
 Doctors that learned be  
 Nor bachelers of that faculty  
 That hath taken degree  
 In the vniuersitie  
 Shall not be objected for me.

But doctour Bullatus  
 Parum litteratus  
 Dominus doctoratus  
 At the brode gates  
 Doctour Daupatus  
 And bacheler bacheloratus  
 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 diuine  
 As wise as Walltons caife  
 Must presche a godles haife  
 In the pulpyt solemnly  
 More meet in a pillory  
 For by saint Hilley

He can nothing smatter  
Of logike nor scole matter  
Neyther silogisare  
Nor of emptiniare  
Nor knoweth his eloquences  
Nor his predicamence.

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 hauen  
Nor how far Temple bare is  
From the seven starres

Nowe will I goe  
And tel of other moe  
Semper protestando  
De non impugnando  
The foure orders of fryers  
Thoughte some of them be lyers  
As limiters at large

Wyll charge and discharge  
As many a fryar God wot  
Preaches for his grote  
Flatteryng for a new cote  
And for to have hys fees  
Some to gather cheese  
Lothe they are to lese  
Byther corne or mault  
Sometime meale and sault  
Sometime a bacon flicke  
That is three fingers thycke  
Of larde and of grease  
Their coent to encrease

I put you out of doubt  
This cannot be brought about  
But they their tonges fle  
And make a pleasaunte style  
To Margerye and to Mande  
Howe they hane no fraude  
And somtyme they prouoke  
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at noke  
Their duties to withdraw  
That they ought by the laws  
Their curates to content

In open time and in Lente  
God wot they take great payne  
To batter aud to fayne  
But it is an olde sayd saw  
That neede hath no lawe  
Some walke aboute in melottes  
In gray russet and hery cotes  
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 rale, and the old ranen  
Sed libera nos a malo. Amen.  
And by dudum their clementine  
Against curates repine  
And say properly they are sacerdots  
To shryue, assoyle and reles  
Dame Margeries soule out of hel  
But when the frier fel in the wel  
He could not sing himselfe therout  
But by the helpe of Christian clout

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

And through all the world they go  
With dirige and placebo.

But now my minde ye vnderstand  
For they muste take in hand  
To preach and to withstand  
Al maner of abiections  
For bishops haue protection  
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 face  
To occupy such places  
To sow the sede of graces  
Their hartes are so faynted  
And they be so attaynted  
With coueitous and ambicion  
And othar supersticion  
That they be deafe and dum  
And play scylens and gum  
Can say nothing but mum.

They occupy them so  
With singing placebo  
They wil no farther go  
They had leter 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 quarelles  
The lay men call them barrelles  
Full of plotony  
And of hypocrysie  
That counterfaytes and paints  
As they were santes  
In matters that them lyke  
They shew them politike.

Pretending grautie  
And sygnyorytie  
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 fyshe that cometh to net  
Building royally  
Thier mancions curiously  
With turrettes and with toures  
With halles and with boures  
Stretching to the starres  
With glasse windowes and barres  
Hangyng about the walles  
Clothes of golde and pallas  
Arras of ryche araye  
Freshe as floures in Maye  
Wyth dame Dyana naked  
Howe lustye Venus quaked  
And howe Cupide shaked  
His darte and hente bys bowe  
For to shote a crowe  
At her tyrl tyrdowe  
And how Paris of Troye  
Daunced a lege de moy  
Made lustye sports and ioye  
With dame Helyn the queene  
With such storyes by deen  
Their chambres wel be seen

With triumphes of Cesar  
 And of his Pompcius war  
 Of renouwe and of fame  
 By them to get a name  
 Nowe all the world stares  
 How they ryde in goodly chares  
 Conueyed by olybantes  
 With lauriat garlantes  
 And by vnycoones  
 With their semely bornes  
 Upon these heastes riding  
 Naked boyes striding  
 With wanton wenches winkyng  
 Now truly to my thiukyng  
 That is a speculation  
 And a mete meditacion  
 For prelates of estate  
 Their courage to abate  
 From worldly wontonnes  
 Their chambre thus to dres  
 With such parfettes  
 And all such holynes  
 How be it they let down fall  
 Their churches cathedra  
 Squire knight and lord  
 That the church remord  
 With all temporal people  
 They runne against the steeple  
 Thus talkyng and telling  
 How some of you are mellynge  
 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 gouerne ouer all  
 And rule a realme royall  
 By one mannes wit  
 Fortune may chance to slit  
 And when he weneth to ryt  
 Yet may he mysse the quisson  
 For I red a preposicion  
 Sum regibus dmicare  
 Et omnibus dominare  
 Et supra te prauare  
 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 meruaile so muche lesse  
 For ye play so at the chesse  
 As they suppose and gesse  
 That some of you but late  
 Hath played so checkmats  
 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 heare a masse  
 And not so hardy on his head  
 To loke on God in forme of bread  
 But that the parysbe clerke  
 There vpon murr herke

And graunt him at his askyng  
 For to see the sacryng  
 And how may this accord  
 No man to our souerayne lords  
 So hardy to make sute  
 Nor to execute  
 His commaundement  
 Without the assent  
 Of our president  
 Not to expresse to his person  
 Without your assentacion  
 Graunt him his licence  
 To preece to his presence  
 Nor to speake to him secretly  
 Openly nor preuily  
 Without his president be by  
 Or els his substitute  
 Whome he wyl depute  
 Neither earle ne duke  
 Permitted by saint Luke  
 And by sweet saint Marke  
 This is a wonderous warke  
 That the people talke this  
 Somewhat there is amis  
 The deuill cannot stop their mouthes  
 But they will talk of suche uncouthes  
 All that euer they kan  
 Against all spiritual men.

Whether it be wronge or ryghte  
 Or els for dispyghte  
 Or howe euer it hape  
 Theyr tounges thus do clap  
 And through such detraction  
 They put you to your action  
 And whether they say truly  
 As they may abide thereby  
 Or els that they do lye  
 Ye know better than I  
 But now, debetis scire  
 And groundlye audire  
 In your conuenire  
 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 staud in your grace  
 But olde seruauntes ye chase  
 And put them out of their place  
 Make ye no murmurecion  
 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 despite  
 Wherefore take no disdaine  
 At my stile rude and playne  
 For I rebuke no man  
 That vertuous is, why than  
 Wieke ye your anger on me  
 For those that vertuous be  
 Haue no cause to say  
 That I speake out of the way.  
 Of no good byshop spenke I  
 Nor good prest of the clergy

Good frere nor good chanon  
 Good nunne, nor good canon  
 Good monke, nor good clerke  
 Nor of no good werke  
 But my recountyng is  
 Of them that do amis  
 In speaking and rebelling  
 In hindering and disuauing  
 Holy church our mother  
 One against another  
 To vse such dispising  
 Is all my whole wryting  
 To hinder no man  
 As neyve 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 spiritualty  
 Or of the temporalye .  
 That doth thinke or wene  
 That his conscience be not clene  
 And feleth hymselfe sicke  
 Or touched on the quicke  
 Such grace God them send  
 Themself to amend  
 For I wyll not pretend  
 Any man to offende

Wherfore as thinketh me  
 Great ydottes they bee  
 And lytle grace they haue  
 This treatise to deprave  
 Nor wil heare no preaching  
 Nor no vertuous teaching  
 Nor wil haue no resiting  
 Of any vertuous wryting  
 Wil know none intelligence  
 To reforme their negligence  
 But lise still out of facion  
 To their owne damnation  
 To do shame, they haue no shame  
 But they wold no man should them 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 railingé  
 That nothing is ausyling  
 The preachers with euil hailing .  
 Shal they vaunt vs prelates  
 That be their prymates:  
 Not so hardy on their pates  
 Harke how the losel prates  
 With a wide wesaunte  
 Auauante sur Guy of Gaunt  
 Auauante lewde preest auauant  
 Auauant syr doctoure Dyuers  
 Prate of thy matters and thy masse  
 And let oure matters passe  
 How darest thou Daucocke mel?  
 How darest thou losel!  
 Alligate the gospel  
 Against vs of the counsel  
 Auant to the deuill of hel  
 Take him warden of the Flete  
 Set him faste by the fete

I say lytelmeunt of the Toure  
 Make this larden for to ioure  
 Lodge him in litle ease  
 Fede him with beanes and pease  
 The Kinges bench or Marshalay  
 Haue him thetber by aod by  
 The villaine preacheth openly  
 And declareth oure villany  
 And of our fre simplenesse  
 He sayes that we are recklessse  
 And full of wyfulnesse  
 Shameles, and merciles  
 Incorrigible and insaciate  
 And after this rate  
 Against vs doth prate

At Paules crosse 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- creakers  
 How we wyl rule al at will  
 Without good reason or skyl  
 And say how that we be  
 Full of parcialitie  
 And how at a pronge  
 We turne right to wrong  
 Delay causes so longe  
 That right no man can fong  
 They say many matters be born  
 By the right of a rammes horne  
 Is not this a shameful scoorne?  
 To be treatead thus and torne.

How may we thus indure  
 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 wil rule and rayne  
 And our matters maintaine  
 Who dare say there agayne  
 Or who dare dysdaine  
 At your pleasure and wil  
 For be it good or be it yil  
 As it is, it shalbe stil  
 For al master doctour of ciuill  
 Or of diuine, or doctour Dryuill  
 Let him cough, roughe or sneuill  
 Renne God, renne deuill  
 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 drede men sayes  
 Lest they bee sadncies  
 As they be 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 scrolles  
Of their drunken noles  
Nor of their noddie polles  
Nor of theyr sely soules  
Nor of some wittles 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 smoothly slip  
Out of the waues wode  
Of the stormye floode  
Shote anker and iye at rode  
And sayle not farre a brode  
Til the cooste be clere  
That the lode starre appere  
My shyp now wyl I pere  
Towarde the port Sala  
Of our Sauour Jesu  
Such grace that he us sende  
To rectify and amend  
Things that are amis  
Whan that his pleasure is,  
In opere imperfecto  
In opere semper perfecto  
Et in opere plusquam perfecto

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH

**A LITTLE BOKE OF PHILIP SPAROW,**

COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE.

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

WHAN I remembre agayne  
How my Philip was slaine  
Neuer halfe the paine  
Was betwene you twayne  
Pyramus and Thisbe  
As than befell to me  
I wept and I wayled  
The teares down hayled  
But nothing it auailed  
To call Philip agayne  
Whom Gib our cat hath slayne.  
Gib I say our cat  
Worrowed her on that  
Which I loue beste  
It cannot be exprest  
My sorrowful heuynes  
But al without redres

For within that stound <sup>flast</sup>  
Half slumbryng in a sound <sup>curron</sup>  
I fell downe to the ground  
Unneth I keat 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 heuynes 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 hie or low degre  
Great sorow then ye might as  
And learne to wepe at me  
Such paynes did me freat  
That mine harte did beat  
My visage pale and dead  
Wanne, and blue as lead  
The pangges of hateful death  
Wel nye stopped my breathe.

Heu heu me  
That I am woe for thee  
Ad dominum cum tribularer clamavi  
Of God nothing els craue I

BUT Philips soule to kepe  
From the mareg deepe  
Of Acherontes wel  
This is a foud of hel  
And from the greates Pluto  
The prince of endles woe  
And from foule Alecto  
With visage blacke and blo  
And from Medusa that mare  
That lyke a feende doth stare  
And from Megeras eddes  
From rufflinge of Philips fethers  
And from her fry sparklinge  
For burning of his winges  
And from the smokes soora  
Of Proserpinas boure  
And from the dennes darke  
Wher Cerberus doth barke  
Whom Theseus did afray  
Whom Hercules did out tray  
As famous poetes saye  
For that hel hounde  
That lyeth in chaynes bound  
With gastly heades three  
To Jupiter pray wee  
That Philip preserued maye bee  
Amen say ye wyth me,  
Do mi nus

Helpe now sweet Jesus  
Leuavi oculos meos in montis  
Wold God I had Xenophontis.

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



So feruently I shake  
 I fele my body quike  
 So vrgently I an broughte  
 Into careful thought  
 Like Andromach Hectors wife  
 Was weary of her lyfe  
 When she had lost her joy  
 Noble Hector of Troy  
 In like maner also  
 Encreaseth my deadly woe  
 For my Sparow is go  
 It was so prety a foute  
 It wold syt on a stooles  
 And learned after my scoole  
 For to keepe his cut  
 With Phillip keepe your cut.  
 It had a veluet cap  
 And wold syt upon my lyp  
 And seke after smal wormes  
 And sountime 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 flye or a gnat  
 He wold fly at that  
 And pretely he wold pant  
 When he saw an ant  
 Lord how he wold pry  
 After the butter fly  
 Lord how he wold hup  
 After the greasop  
 And whan I sayd, Phyp Phip  
 Then he wold leape and skip  
 And take me by the lip  
 Alas it wyl me sloe  
 That Phillip is gone me fro  
 Si in i qui ta tes  
 Alas I was euil at base  
 De profundis clamavi  
 When I saw my Sparow dye.  
 Nowe after my dome  
 Dame Sulpicia at Rome  
 Whose name registred was  
 For euer in tables of bras  
 Because shee did pas  
 In poeay to endyte *l. c.*  
 And eloquently to write  
 Though she wold pretend  
 My Sparow to commend  
 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 asleepe  
 And his fethers shake  
 Wher wyth hee wold make  
 Me often for to wake  
 And for to take him in  
 Upon my naked skyn  
 God wot we thought no syn  
 What though he crept so low  
 It was no hurt I trow  
 He did nothinge perdes  
 But syt vpon my knees

Phillip though hee were aise  
 In hym it was no vise  
 Phillip had leaue to go  
 To pike my little too  
 Phillip myght be bold  
 And do what he wold  
 Phillip would seke and take  
 All the fees blake  
 That he could there espye  
 With his wanton eye  
 O pe ra  
 Ia sol fa fa  
 Confitebor tibi domine toto corde meo  
 Alas I wold ride and go  
 A THOUSAND mile of grounde  
 If any such might be founde  
 It were worth an hundreth pounds  
 Of kyng Cresus goide  
 Or of Artalus the old  
 The ryche prynce of Pargame  
 Who so list the story to see  
 Cadinus that his sister sought  
 And he should be boughte  
 For gold and foe  
 He should ouer the see  
 To wete, if he coulde bryng  
 Any of the sprynge  
 Or any of the bloude  
 But who so vnderstode  
 Of medias arte  
 I wold I had a parte  
 Of her crafty magike  
 My Sparow than shoulde be quycle  
 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 nones  
 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 sports  
 But whan I was sowing his beke  
 Me thought my Sparow dyd speake  
 And open his prety bill  
 Saying, maid ye are in wil  
 Again me for to kil  
 Ye pricke me in the bead  
 With that my needle ware red  
 Me thought of Philyps bloude  
 Mine here right vpstode  
 And was in such a fraye  
 My speche was taken awaye  
 I kest downe that there was  
 And sayd alas, aise  
 How commeth this to pas  
 My fingers dead and cold  
 Could not my sampler held  
 My needle and threde  
 I thus awaye for drede  
 The best now that I may  
 Is for his soule to pray.  
 A porta inferi  
 Good Lord haue mercie  
 Upon my Sparowes soule  
 Written in my beds royle

Au di vi vo cem  
Iaphet Cam and Sem  
Ma gai fi cat  
Shew me the right path

To the hilles of armonye  
Wherfore the birdes yet cry  
Of your fathers bote *benefit*  
That was somtime a flote  
And now they lye and rote  
Let some poetes wryte  
Deucauous foud it highte  
But as verely, as ye be  
The naturall sonnes thres  
Of Noe the patriarke  
That made that great arke  
Wherin he had apes and owles  
Beustes, 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 prety and as prest  
As my Sparow was  
But my Sparow dyd pas  
All Sparowes of the wod *was his flock*  
That were since Noes floud  
Was never none so good  
King Philip of Macedony  
Had no such Philip as I  
No no sir hardely.

That vengeance I aske and cry  
By way of exclamacion  
On al the whole nacion  
Of catteres wilde and tame  
God send them sorow and shame  
That cat specially  
That slew so cruelly  
My litle prety Sparow  
That I brought vp at Cerow.

O cat of churlyshe kynde  
The feend was in thy minde  
Whan thou my byrd vntwynde  
I wolde 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 venomously  
The dragons with their tungen  
Might poison thy liuer and lunges  
The manticors of the mountaynes  
Mighte feed them on thy braines

Melanchates that hound  
That plucked Acteon to the grounde  
Gauē him his mortal wound  
Chaunged to a decre  
The story doth appere  
Was chaunged to an harte  
So thou foule cat, that thou arte  
The selfe same hounde  
Might the confound  
That his own lord bote  
Mighte bite asunder thy throte

Of inde the greedy gripe  
Might tear out all thy tripes  
Of Arcady the beares  
Might piucke away thine eares  
The wilde wolfe Licaon  
Bite asondre thy backe bone

Of Ethna the breunning hyl  
That day and night breunneth styll  
Set in thy taylor a biase  
That al the world may gase  
And wonder vpon thee  
From Occion the greates sea  
Unto the lies of Orcbadye  
From Tilbery fery  
To the playne of Salisbery  
So traiterously my bird to kyll  
That neuer ought the euill will  
Was neuer bird in cage  
More gentil of corage *heart*  
In doing his homage  
Unto his soueraine  
Alas I say agayne  
Death hath departed vs twayne  
The false cat hath the slaine  
Fare well Phillip adewe  
Our Lorde thy soule rescowe  
Farewell without restore  
Farewell for euermore  
And it were a Jew  
It wold make one rew  
To se my sorow new  
These vilanus false catteres  
Were made for mise and rattes  
And not for byrdes small  
Alas my face waxeth pale  
Telling this pyteous tale  
How my byrd so fayre  
That was wont to repayre  
And go in at mys payre  
And crepe in at my gor  
Of my gounce before  
Flickering with his winges  
Alas my hert it stynges  
Remembering prety thynges  
Alas myne hart it sleeth  
My Philips doleful death  
Whan I remembre it  
How preteily it would sit  
Many tymes and oft  
Upon my finger aloft  
I played with him tittel tattel  
And fed him with my apattell  
With his bil betwene my lips  
It was my prety Phipps  
Many a prety 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 chauce  
Standeth at varyaunce  
Oft time after pleasaunce  
Trouble and greuaunce  
No man can be sure  
Alway to haue pleasure  
As wel perceiue ye may  
How my disport and playe  
From me was taken awaye  
By Gyb our cat sauge  
That in furions rage  
Caught Phillip by the head  
And stue him there starke dead.  
Kyrie eleyeson  
Christe eleyeson.  
Kyrie eleyeson.  
For Phillip Sparowes soule  
Set in our bead roule

*C. S. Sparrowe  
kyndred to the  
11*

Let us now whisper  
A pater noster.

Lauda anima mea dominum.  
To weep with me Ioke that ye come  
All manner of byrds in your kynd  
See none be left behynd  
To morning Ioke that ye fawll  
With dolorous songes funerall  
Some to sing, and some to say  
Some to weep and some to praye  
Euery bird in his Iay  
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 warbeling  
With helpe of the red sparow  
And the chattering swallow  
This hearse for to helow  
The lark with his long toe  
The spinke and the martinet also  
The shoucler with his brode becke  
The doterell that folieth pecke  
And also the mad coote  
With a halde face to toote  
The felde fare and the snyte  
The crowe and the kyte  
The rauen called rolfe  
His playne songe to soife  
The partryche, the quayle  
The pioner wyth vs to wayle  
The wodhacker that singeth churre  
Horsly as hee had the murre  
The iusty chaunting nightingale  
The poppingaye 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 powyt the Iapwing  
The vericycles shal syng  
The bitter with his burp  
The crane with his trumpe  
The swan of Menander  
The goose and the gander  
The ducke and the drake  
Shal wathe at thys wake  
The pecocke so proude  
Because hys voyce is Ioud  
And hath a glorious tale  
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 choug  
The rout and the kough  
The barnacle the bussard  
With the wilde mallard  
The diuendop to sleep  
The water hen to weep

The puffin, and the tele  
Honey they shall dele  
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 afray  
And the deinty curlew  
With the turtill most true  
At this Placebo.  
We may not well forgo  
The countring of the co  
The storke also  
That maketh this nest  
In chimneyes to rest  
Within those walles  
No broken galies  
May there abide  
Of cokoldry syde  
Or els philosophy  
Maketh a great Iye  
The estridge that wil eate  
And horshowe so greate  
In the stede of meat  
Such feruent heat  
His stomake doth freat  
He cannot wel fly  
Nor syng tunably  
Yet at abraide  
He hath well assayd  
To self a aboute Ela  
Fa lorell fa fa  
Ne quando  
Male cantando  
The best that we can  
To make him our belman  
An let him ring the bells  
He can do nothing els,  
Chaunteclere our cocke  
Must tell what is of the clocke  
By the astrologye  
That he hath naturally  
Conceyued and caught  
And was neuer taught  
By Albumazer  
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 parriot his hen  
Whome now and then  
Hee plucketh by the hed  
Whan he doth her tred  
The bird of Arabye  
That potenciallye  
May neuer dye  
And yet there is none  
But one alone  
A phenix it is  
This herse that must his  
With armaticke gummes  
That cost great summes  
The way of thurification  
To make fumigacion

Swete of reflarye  
 And redolent of syre  
 This come for sence  
 With great reuerence  
 As patriarke or pope  
 In a blacke cope  
 Whites he senseth  
 He shal syng the verse  
 Libera me  
 In de la sol re  
 Softly bemole  
 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 creaton  
 Of the same facion  
 Wythout alteracion  
 Sauting that old age  
 Is turned into corage  
 Of fresch youth agayne  
 This matter true and playne  
 Playne matter indeed  
 Who so lyst to rede  
 But for the egie doth fly  
 Hiest in the sky  
 He shalbe thy sedean  
 The queere to demeane  
 As prouost principall  
 To teach them their ordinall  
 Also the noble fawcon  
 With the gerfawcon  
 The tarseil gentil  
 They shall morne softe and still  
 In theyr amisse of gray  
 The sacre with them shal say  
 Dirige for Phillips soule  
 The goshauek shal haue a roal  
 The queresters to controule  
 The lannars and marlons  
 Shall stand in their mourning gounes  
 The hobby and the musket  
 The sensers and the crosse shall set  
 The kestrel in al this warke  
 Saibe holy water clarke  
 And now the darke cloudy night  
 Chaseth away Phebus hryght  
 Chaseth his course toward the weste  
 God send my Sparowes soule good rest  
 Requiem eternam dona eis domine  
 Fa fa fa my re  
 A por ta in fe ri  
 Fa fa fa my my  
 Credo videre bona domini  
 I pray God Philip to Heven may fie  
 Domine exaudi oracionem meam  
 To Heven he shal from Heven he came  
 Do mi nus vo his cum  
 Of al good praiers God send him sum  
 Oramus.  
 Deus cui proprium est miserere & parcere  
 On Phillips soule haue pity.  
 FOR he was a prety cocke  
 And came of a gentill stocke  
 And wrapt in a maidens smock  
 And cherished full deintely  
 Tyll cruel fate made him to dye  
 Aias for doleful destiny

But whereto shuld I  
 Lenger morne or cry?  
 To Jupiter I call  
 Of Heauen emperial  
 That Philip may fy  
 About the sterry sky  
 To treade the prety wren  
 That is our ladies heu  
 Amen, amen, amen  
 Yet one thing is behinde  
 That now cometh to mind  
 An epitaphe I wold haue  
 For Phillips groue  
 But for I am a mayde  
 Timerous, halfe asfayde  
 That neuer yet asynde  
 Of Elycones well  
 Where the muses dwell  
 Though I can rede and spell  
 Recount report and tell  
 Of the talles of Caunterbury  
 Some sad storyes, some merry  
 As Palomon, and Arcet  
 Duke Theseus and parteil  
 And of the wife Bath  
 That worketh much scathe  
 Whan her tale is told  
 Among buswines bold  
 How she controid  
 Her husbandes as she wold  
 And them to dispise  
 In the homeliest wise  
 Bring other wines in thought  
 Their husbandes to set at naught  
 And though that red haue I  
 Of Gawen and fyr Guy  
 And tel can a great peece  
 Of the golden fleece  
 How Jason it wan  
 Like a valiaunt man  
 Of Arturs round table  
 With his knyghtes commendable  
 And dame Gaynour hys queene  
 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 cuckoldes men call  
 And of sir Libius  
 Named Diaconius  
 Of quarter fylz Amunde  
 And how they were sommond  
 To Rome to Charlemayne  
 Upon a great payne  
 And how they rode each one  
 On Bayard Mountabon  
 Men se him now and then  
 In the forest Arden  
 What though I can frame  
 The storyes by name  
 Of Judas Machabeus  
 And of Cesar Julius

And of the looe betwene  
 Paris and Viene  
 And of the duke of Hamybalt  
 That made the Romaynes al  
 For drede and to quake  
 How Scipion did wake  
 The cite of Cartage  
 Which by his vmercifull rage  
 He beat down to the ground  
 And though I can expound  
 Of Hector of Troy  
 That was al theyr ioye  
 Whome Achilles slue  
 Wherefore all Troy did rue  
 And of the looe so hote  
 That made Troylus to dote  
 Upon fayre Cresseide  
 And what they wrote and myd  
 And of their wanton wils  
 Pandaer bare the byls  
 From one to the other  
 His maisters looe to further  
 Somtime a precious thyng  
 An ouche or els a ryng  
 From her to him agayn  
 Somtime a prety chain  
 Or a bracelet of her heare  
 Prayed Troylus for to weare  
 That taken for her sake  
 How hartely he did it take  
 And much thereof did make  
 And al that was in vayne  
 For shee 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 loosers laye  
 Musing night and daye  
 Moorninge al alone  
 Comfort had be none  
 For she was quite gone  
 Thus in conclusion  
 She broughte him in aburion  
 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 hath lost  
 On her muche loue and cost  
 And now must kisse the poet  
 Pandaer that went betwene  
 Hath won nothyng I ween  
 But light for somer greene  
 Yet for a special laud  
 He is named Troylous band  
 Of that name be, is sure  
 Whiles the world shal dure  
 Though I remember the fable  
 Of Penelope most stable  
 To her husband most trew  
 Yet long time she ne knew  
 Whether he were on liue or ded  
 Her wit stode her in sted  
 That she was true and iuste  
 For anye bodelye luste  
 To Ulixes her make  
 And neuer wold him forsake

Of Marcus Marcellus  
 A proses I could tel vs  
 And of Anteoceus  
 And of Josephus  
 De antiquitatibus  
 And of Mardocheus  
 And of great Assuerus  
 And of Vesca his queene  
 Whom he forsoke with teare  
 And of Hester his other wife  
 With whom he led a pleasaunt life  
 Of kyng Alexander  
 And of kyng Euander  
 And of Porcena the greats  
 That made the Romans to smart

Though I haue enrolld  
 A thousande newe and old  
 Of these historyous tales  
 To fill bougets and males  
 With bookes that I haue red  
 Yet I am nothyng speed  
 And can but lythe skyl  
 Of Ouid or Vergil

Or of Plutarke  
 Or of Fraunoes Petrarke  
 Alcheus or Sapho  
 Of suche other poetes moos  
 As Linus and Homerus  
 Euphorion and Theocritus  
 Anacreon and Arion  
 Sophocles and Philemon  
 Pindarus and Dimocrides  
 Philliston and Pborocides  
 These poetes 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 digest  
 With englysh wordes elect  
 Our naturall tonge is rude  
 And hard to be enueide *understand*  
 Wyth polyshed tearmes lustye  
 Oure language is so rustye  
 So cankered and so ful  
 Of frowardes and so dul  
 That if I wold apply  
 To write ordinally  
 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 enrolld

In Chauser I am sped  
 His tales I haue red  
 His mater is delectable  
 Solaciou and commendable  
 His englyshe wel allowed  
 So w<sup>ch</sup> it is enproued  
 For as it is employed  
 There is no englyshe voyd  
 At those dayes muche commended  
 And now men wolde haue amended  
 His englyshe where at they barks  
 And marre all they warke  
 Chauser that famous clarke  
 His tearmes were not darcke  
 But pleasaunt, easy and playne  
 No worde he wrote in vayne

Also John Lydgate  
 Wryteth after an hyer rate  
 It is diffuse to fynde  
 The sentence of his mind  
 Yet wryteth he in his kind  
 No man that can amende  
 Those maters that he hath pend  
 Yet some men fynde a faut  
 And say he wryteth to haut  
 Wherefore hold me excused  
 If I haue not wel perused  
 Myne englysh haife abused  
 Though it be refused  
 In worth I shall it take  
 And fewer wordes make  
 But for my Sparowes sake  
 Yet as a woman maye  
 My wit I shall assay  
 An epytaphe to wryghte  
 In latyne playne and lyght  
 Whereof the elegy  
 Followeth by and by  
*Fius volucrina formosa vale,  
 Philippe sub isto  
 Marmore iam recubas,  
 Qui mihi carus eras;  
 Semper erunt nitido  
 Radiantia sidera celo,  
 Impressaque meo  
 Pectore semper eris:  
 Per me laungerum  
 Britanum Skeltonida vatem  
 Hæc cecinisse licet  
 Ficta sub imagine texta  
 Cuius eris volucris  
 Prestanti corpore Virgo  
 Candida Nais erat:  
 Formosior ista Joanna est;  
 Docta Corinna fuit,  
 Sed magis ista sapit  
 Bien men souient.*

## THE COMMENDACION.

BEAT' immaculati in via  
 O gloria formina  
 Now mine hole imagination  
 And studious meditation  
 Is to take this commendacion  
 In this consideracion  
 And vnder pacient tolleracion  
 Of that most godly mayd  
 That Placido hath sayd  
 And for her Sparow prayd  
 In lamentable wyse  
 Now wyl I enterpryse  
 Thorow the grace diuine  
 Of the muses nine  
 Her beauty to commend  
 If Arethusa wyl send  
 Me enflunce to endite  
 And with my pen to write  
 If Apollo will promise  
 Melodiouslye it to deuise  
 His tunable harpe stringes  
 With armonye that synges  
 Of princis and of kynges  
 And of all pleasaunt thynges  
 Of lust and of dellyght  
 Thorow his godly might  
 To whome be the laud ascrybed  
 That my pen hath enbided

With the aureat droppe  
 As verelye my hope is  
 Of Thagus that golden foud  
 That passeth all the earthly good  
 And as that foud dothe pas  
 Al foudes that euer was  
 With hys golden sandes  
 Who so that vnderstandes  
 Cosmography: and the streames  
 And the foudes in straunge remes  
 Ryght so she dothe excede  
 Al other of whom we rede  
 Whose fame by me shall sprede  
 Into Perce and Mede  
 From Britona Abbion  
 To the toure of Babilon  
 I trust it is no shame  
 And no manne wyl me blame.  
 Though I register her name  
 In the courte of fame  
 For thys most goodly foure  
 This blossome of freshe coloure  
 So Jupiter me succoure  
 She florysheth new and new  
 In beauty and vertue  
 Hac claritate gemina  
 O gloriosa formina  
 Retribue seruo tuo, vivifica me.  
 Labia mea inudabunt te.

But enforced am I  
 Openlye to asky  
 And to make an outcry  
 Againste adyoues enuye  
 That euermore wyl lye  
 And saye cursedlye  
 With hys lether eye  
 And cheeke drye  
 With vysage wan  
 As swarte as tau  
 His bones crake  
 Leave as a rake  
 Hys gummes rustye  
 Are full valusty  
 Hys harte with all  
 Bytter as gall  
 His liuer his longes  
 With anger is wronge  
 Hys serpentes tonge  
 That many one hath stonge  
 He frowne euer  
 He laugheth neuer  
 Euen nor morowe  
 But other mens sorowe  
 Causeth him to grin  
 And reioice therein.  
 No slepe can hym catche  
 But euer doth watche  
 He is so hete  
 With malice and frete  
 Wyth anger and yre  
 His foule desire  
 Wyl suffer no sleep  
 In his head to creep  
 His foule semblaunte  
 Al displeasaunte  
 When other are glad  
 Than is hee sad  
 Franticke and mad  
 His toungue nener styll  
 For to saye yll

Writhing and wringing  
 Biting and stingyng  
 And thus this elf  
 Consumeth himselfe  
 Hymselfe doth slee  
 Wyth payne and woe  
 Thys false enuy  
 Sayth that I  
 Use greates follie  
 For to indite  
 And for to wryte  
 And spende my time  
 In prose and rime  
 For to expres  
 The nobleses  
 Of my maystres  
 That causeth me  
 Studios to be  
 To make a relation  
 Of her commendacion  
 And there agayne  
 Enuy doth cumplayne  
 And hath disdaine  
 But yet certayne  
 I will be playne  
 And my stile dres  
 To this proses  
 Nowe Phebus me kera  
 To sharpe my pen  
 And leade my fysts  
 As him best lyst  
 That I may say  
 Honour always  
 Of women kynde  
 Trouthe dothe me hynde  
 And loyalte  
 Euer to be  
 Their true bedel  
 To wryte and tel  
 How women exal  
 In nobleses  
 As my maystres  
 Of whome I thinke  
 With pen and yaks  
 For to comyle  
 Some goodly stile  
 For thys moste goodly floure  
 This blossom of fresh colour  
 So Jupiter me succour  
 She florisheth new and new  
 In beutie and vertue  
 Hac claritate gemina,  
 O gloriosa femina:  
 Legem pone mihi domine in viam justifi-  
 cationum tuarum.  
 Suemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes  
 aquarum.  
 Howe shall I reports  
 Al the gudly sort  
 Of her fetures cleere  
 That hath none earthly peers  
 Her fauoure of her face  
 Ennewed with al grace  
 Comfort pleasure and solace  
 Mine hart doth so embrace  
 And so hath ramished me  
 Her to behold and se  
 That in wordes playnes  
 I cannot me refrayne  
 To loke to her agayne

Alas what shooke I fayne  
 It were a pleasmunte payne  
 With her eye to remayne  
 Her eyen graye and stepe  
 Causeth myne harte to leape  
 With her browes beute  
 She maye wel represente  
 Fayre Laeres as I weene  
 Or els fayre Polixene  
 Or els Caliope  
 Or els Penelope  
 For thys moste goodly floure  
 This blossome of freshe colour  
 So Jupiter me succour  
 She florisheth new and new  
 In beauty and vertue  
 Hac claritate gemina  
 O gloriosa femina  
 Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo  
 Servus tuus sum ego

THE lady saphyre blew  
 Her raynes doth ennew  
 The orient pearle so cleare  
 The witness of her here  
 The lusty ruby ruddes  
 Resemble the rose buddes  
 Her lippes soft and mery  
 Emblomed like the chery  
 It were an heavenly byasse  
 Her sugred mouthe to kyasse  
 Her beauty to augment  
 Dame nature hath her lents  
 A warte upon her cheke  
 Who so lyst to seeke  
 In her visage a skar  
 That seemeth from a far  
 Lyke to a radiant star  
 Al with fauour fret  
 So properly it is set  
 She is the violet  
 The daisy delectable  
 The columbine commendable  
 This ielofier amiable  
 This moste goodly floure  
 This blossome of freshe colour  
 So Jupiter me succour  
 She florysheth new and new  
 In beauty and vertue  
 Hac claritate gemina  
 O gloriosa femina  
 Bonitatem fecisti cum seruo tuo domina  
 Et ex precordiis sonant precocia

AND when I perceined  
 Her wart and conceiud  
 It cannot be denaid  
 But it was wel conuaid  
 And set so womanly  
 And nothing wantonly  
 But right comueniently  
 And full congruentlye  
 As nature could deuise  
 In moste goodly wyse  
 Who so lyst behold  
 It maketh louers bold  
 To her to sue for grace  
 Her fauour to purchase  
 The sker upon her chin  
 Enchased on her fayrs skin

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

Defecit in salutate tua anima mea;  
Suid petis filio, mater dulcissima: baba!

SOFT and make no din  
For now I will begin  
To haue in remembrance  
Her goodly dalyaunce  
And her goodly pastaunce  
So bad and so demure  
Behaving her so sure  
With wordes of pleasure  
She wold make to the lure  
And any man conuert  
To geue her his whole hart  
She made me sore amased  
Upon her when I gased  
Me thought mine hart was crazed  
My eyes were so dased  
For this most goodly flour  
The blossome of fresh colour  
So Jupiter me succoure  
She florysbeth new and new  
In beauty and vertew  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriosa femina

Suomodo dilexi legem tuam domina.  
Recedant vetera, nova sunt omnia.

AND to amend her tale  
Whan she lyst to anate  
And with her fingers small  
And bandes soft as silke  
Whiter than milke  
That are so quickly vayned  
Wherwith my hand she strained  
Lord how I was payned  
Unneth I am refrayned  
How she me had reelayned  
And me to her retayned  
Embrazing 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 tyce  
Nor yet no villany  
But only fantasy  
For this most goodly flour  
The blossome of fresh colour  
So Jupiter me succour  
She florysbeth new and new  
In beauty and vertue  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriosa femina;  
Iniquos odio habui;  
Non calumniatur me superbi.

But whreto shold I note  
How often dyd I tote

Upon her pretye fote  
It raysed myne hart rote  
To see her trende the grounde  
With heles short and round  
She is plainly expresse  
Egeria the goddeesse  
And lyke to her ymage  
Importured with corage  
A louers pilgrimage  
There is no best sauage  
Ne no tygre so wood  
But she wold change his mood  
Suche relucant grace  
Is formed in her face  
For this most goodly flour  
This blossome of freshe coloure  
So Jupiter me succour  
She florysbeth new and new  
In beauty and vertue  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriosa femina  
Mirabilis testimonia tua  
Sic utnovellæ plantationes in iuventute sua

So goodly as she dresses  
So properly she presses  
The bryght golden tresses  
Of her heare so fyne  
Lyke Phebus beames thyns  
Where to shoud I disclose  
The garteryng of her hose  
It is for to suppose  
How that she can weare  
Gorgiouslye her gear  
Her freshe habilementes  
With other implementes  
To serue for all ententes  
Lyke dame Flora queene  
Of lusty somer grene  
This moste goodly flour  
This blossome of freshe coloure  
So Jupiter me succoure  
She florysbeth new and new  
In beauty and vertew  
Hac 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 thinke  
For thought 'hath liberti  
Thought is franke and free  
To thinke a mery thought  
It cost me litle or nought  
Wold God mine homely stile  
Were polished with the file  
Of Ciceros eloquence  
To prayse her excellence  
The most goodlye flour  
This blossome of freshe coloure  
So Jupiter me succoure  
She florysbeth new and new  
In beauty and vertue  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriosa femina  
Principes persecuti sunt me gratis



*Omnibus consideratis. Paradisus voluptatis,  
hæc virgo est dulcissima.*

My pen it is vnstable  
My head it is vnstable  
My reason rude and dull  
To prayse her at the full  
Goodly maistres Jane  
Sobre, demure Diane  
Jane this maistres hight  
The lode star of delight  
Dame Venus of all pleasure  
The wel of worldly treasure  
She doth exceede and passe  
In prudence dame Pallas  
The most goodly floure  
This blossome of freshe coloure  
So Jupiter me succoure  
Sbe flourisheth new and new  
In beauty and vertue  
Hæc claritate gemina  
O gloriosa femina

*Requiem eternam dona eis domine.*  
With this psalm. Domine probasti me.  
Shall saile ouer the sea  
With tibi domine commendamus  
Our pilgrimages to saint Jamys  
For ahrympes, 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 reformation  
I haue not offended I trust  
If it be sadly discaunt  
It were no gentle guyse  
This treatise to dispise  
Because I haue writen and sayd  
Honour of this fayre mayd  
Wherfore should I be blamed  
That I Jane named  
And famously proclaimed  
She is worthy to be enrold  
With letters of golde.  
Car elle vault.

*Pra me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem  
laudibus eximii merito, hæc redemita puella est  
Formosam cecini qua non formosior ulla est;  
Formosam potius, quam commendaret Homerus  
Sic iurat interdum rigidos recreare labores  
Nec minus hoc titulo tersa Minerva mea est.  
Rien que plaisere.*

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

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

No man to miscontent  
With Phillippes enterment  
Ales that goodly mayd  
Why should she be afraid  
Why should she take shame  
That her goodly name  
Honorably reported  
Should be set and sorted  
To be matriculate  
With isdyes of estate  
I coniare the Philip Sparow  
By Hercules that hel dyd harow  
And with a venemous arow  
Siewe of the Epidaurus  
One of the Centaures  
Or Onocentaures  
Or Hippocentaures  
By whose might and mayne  
An hart was slayne  
With hornes twayne  
Of glittering goid  
And the appeis of gold  
Of Hesperides withhold  
And with a dragon kept  
That neuer more slept  
By marcial strengthe  
He wan at length  
And slue Gerion  
With thre bodies in one  
With mighty corage  
Auaunted the rage  
Of a lyon sauage  
Of Dyomedes stable  
He brought out a rable  
Of coursers and rounses  
With leapes and bounses  
And with mighty lugging  
Wrestlyng and tugging  
He plucked the bul  
By the horned skul  
And offred to Cornucopia  
And so forth per cetera  
Also by Ecates bower  
In Plutus gastly tower  
By the vglye Eumenides  
That neuer haue rest nor ease

By the venemous serpent  
That in hel is neuer brente  
In Lerna the Grekes fen  
That was engendred then

By Chemeras flames  
And all deadly names  
Of infernal posty  
Where soules fry and rosty

By the stigial flood  
And the streames wood  
Of Cocitus botumles wel  
By the ferryman of hel  
Caron with his beard hore  
That roweth with a rude oar  
And with his fore top  
Gideth bis bote with a prop  
I coniare Philip and cal  
In the name of king Saul  
Primo regum expresse  
He had the Phitonesse  
To wythecraft her to dree  
And by her abusions  
And damnable illusions

Of merueylous conclusions  
 And by her superstitious  
 And wonderful condicions  
 She raysed 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 Saule dyd he tell  
 The Philistines shuld him ascry  
 And the next day he should dye  
 I wil my self discharge  
 To lettred men at large  
 But Philip I coniuere thes  
 Now by these names three  
 Diana in the woodes grene  
 Luna that so bright doth shyne  
 Proserpina in hell  
 That thou shortly tell  
 And shew now vato me  
 What the cause may be  
 Of this perplexitie

Interit, Philippe Scroupe, pulchra Johanna,  
 Instant perit, cur nostri caminis illam  
 Nunc pudor, est auro, minor est infamia vero.

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

Luride cur livor volucris pia funera damnas  
 Talia te rapiant, rapiunt que fata volucrum  
 Est tamen invidia mors tibi continua

SKELTON LAUREATE AGAINST A COMELY COYS-  
 TROWNE THAT CURIOUSLY CHAUNTYD AND  
 CARRYSHLY COWNTRED, AND MADLY IN HIS  
 MUSIKES MOKEYSHLY MADE, AGAYST THE IX  
 MUSIS' OF POLITIKE POEMS AND POETTY'S MA-  
 TRICULAT.

Of all nacyns vnder the Heuyn.  
 These frantye foolys I hate most of all.  
 For though they stumble in the synnes scuyen.  
 In peuyshnes yet they snapper 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 snger lofe and sowre bayards bou.  
 Beaumdele lyke in forme and shap  
 The one for a duke the other for dun.  
 A maunchet for Morell theron to snap.  
 His bart is to hy to haue any hap.  
 But for in his game ut carp that he can.  
 Lo Jak wold be a jentylman.

Wyth hey trolly lolly lo whip here Jak.  
 Alumbek sodyldym syllylorym ben.  
 Curyowly he can both counter and knak  
 Of Martyn Swart and all hys merry men.  
 Lord how Perkyen is proud of his Poben.  
 But ask wher he fyndyth among his monacordes.  
 Au holy water clark a ruler of lordes.

He can not fynd it in rule nor in speec.  
 He solfyt to haute hys trybyll is to hy.

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

He lumbryth on a lewde lewte roty bulle joyse.  
 Rumbill downe tumbill downe hey go now now.  
 He fumblyth in his fyngering an vgly good noyse.  
 It semyth the sobhyng of an old sow.  
 He wold be made moch of and he wost how.  
 Wele sped in spyodels and turning of taucelys.  
 A bungler, a brawler, a pyker of quarellys.

Comely he olappyth a payre of clauycordys.  
 He whystetyth so swetely he makyth me to swet.  
 His discant is dashed full of discordes  
 A red angry man but easy to intrete.  
 An vasher of the hall fayn wold I get.  
 To poynte this proude page a place and a rose  
 For Jak wold be a jentilman that late was a grouse

Jak wold jet and yet Jyll sayd nay.  
 He counteth in his countenance to check which  
 the best.

A malaperte medler that pryeth for his pray  
 In a dysh dare he rush at the rypst,  
 Dreming in dumpys to wrangil and to wrest.  
 He findeth a proporcion in his prycke souge.  
 To drynke at a draught a larg and a long

Nay iape not with hym he is no smal fole  
 It is a solemupne syre and a solayne.  
 For lordes and ladyes terme at his scole  
 He techyth them so wysely to self and to fayne  
 That neither they singe wel prike song nor plain  
 This docter Dellias commensyd in a cart.  
 A master, a mynstrel, a fyddler, a fart.

What though ye caun cownter Custodi nos.  
 As wel it becomith yow a parysh towne clarke.  
 To syng Sapinitati dedit agros  
 Yet bere ye not to bold to braule ne to bark  
 At me, that medeled nothing with youre warck.  
 Correct first thy seife, walk and be nought.  
 Deme what you list thou knowist not my thought.

A proerbe of old say well or be still.  
 Ye are to vnhappy occasion to fynde.  
 Uppon me to clater or els to say yll.  
 Now haue I shewyd you part of your proud mind  
 Take this in worth the brut is behynde.  
 Wryten at Croydon by Crowland in the Clay.  
 On Candelman eyn the Kalendas of May.

FINIS.

Contra alium Cantitantem & Organisantem  
 Asinum, qui impugnabat Skeltonida  
 Pierium, Sarcasmos.

PRESOPONDA meis non sunt tua plectra canonicis.  
 Nec quantum nostra fistula clara tua est.  
 Saepe licet lyricos modularis arundine psalmos,  
 Et tremulos calamis concinis ipse modos:  
 Quamvis mille tuas digitus dat carmine plausus,  
 Nam tua quam tua vox est imago docta manus:  
 Quamvis cuncta facis tumida sub mente saperbus,  
 Gravior est Placbo fistula nostra tamen,  
 Ergo tuum studeas animo deponere fastum,  
 Et violare sacrum desine stulte virum.

SKELTON LAUREAT VPPON A DREEMERS HED  
THAT WAS SENT TO HYM FROM AN HONOR-  
ABLE JERTIL WOMAN FOR A TOKEN, DEUYSD  
THIS COSTLY REHITACION IN ENGLYSH, COUEN-  
ABLE IN SENTENCE COMENDABLE, LAMENT-  
ABLE, LACHRIMABLE, PROFITABLE FOR THE  
SOULE.

YOURE 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 sinnewa wyderyd,  
From deth holow eyed.  
With bonys shyderyd,  
With hys worme etyn maw,  
And his gastly jaw.  
Gaspyng asyde,  
Nakyd of hyde,  
Neyther flesh not fell.

Then by my counsell,  
Loke that ye spel,  
Well thys gospell.  
For wher so we dwell,  
Deth wil us quell,  
And with us mell.

For all our pamparde paunchis  
Ther may no fraunchys,  
For worldly blys,  
Redene vs from this,  
Ouro days be datyd,  
To be chek matyd,  
With drawtys of deth,  
Stoppynge oure breth,  
Oure eyen synkyng,  
Oure bodys styngyng,  
Oure gummys gryonyng.  
Oure soulys bryumyng.  
To whom then shall we sew,  
For to haue reakew,  
But to swete Jesu,  
On vs then for to rew.

O goodly child,  
Of Mary maylde,  
Then be oure shyld.  
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 purchace,  
Thyne henenly place.  
And thy palace,  
Full of solace.  
Above the sky,  
That is so hy. Eternally.  
To beholde and se.  
The Trynyte. Amen.  
Mirres vous y.

WOMANHOOD wanton ye want,  
Your meddling mastrea is manerles.

Plenty of yll of goodnes skant.  
Ye rayll at ryot recheles.  
To prayse youre porte it is nedeles.  
For all your draffe yet and youre draggys.  
As well borne as ye full oft tyme baggys.

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

Though angelyk be youre smylyng.  
Yet is youre tong an adders taylor.  
Full lyke a scorpion styngyng.  
All those by whom ye haue anyle.  
Good mastres Anne there ye do shayle.  
What prate ye praty pyggys ny.  
I truste to quyte you or I dy.

Your key is mete for eery lok.  
Your key is commen and hangyth oute.  
Your key is redy we nede not kuok.  
Nor stand long wrestyng there aboute.  
Of youre doregate ye haue no doute.  
But one thyng is that ye be lewde.  
Holde youre tong now all be shrewde.

To mastres Anne that fairly swete.  
That woundes at the key in Temmys strete.

### THE BOKE OF THREE FOOLES

M. SKELTON POETE LAUREATE, GAUE TO MY  
LORD CARDYNALL

#### THE FYRST FOOLE.

THE man that doth wed a wyfe  
For her goodes and her rychesse  
And not for lygnage femynatyfe  
Procureth doloure and dystresse  
With infynyte payne and heynnesse  
For she wyll do hym moche sorowe  
Bothe at eyn and at morowe.

#### THE SEKOND FOOLE.

The darter ryght cursed of enuye  
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 euyl synne  
Where body and soule is lost in

#### THE THYRD FOOLE.

Dyuers by voluptuousnesse  
Of women the which be present  
Be brought in to full great dystres  
Forgettyng vertues excellent  
Of God the whych is permanent  
And suffreth themselfe to be bounde  
In cordes as it were a hounde.

COME hyther and take this boke and redetherein  
for your lernyng with clere iyen, and loke in this  
boke that sheweth you folysh fooles, without wyt  
or vnderstanding Pecunious fooles that bee ana-  
ryce, and for to haue good tyme, and to lye  
meryly, woldeth this olde wyddred womme

whych hath sackes full of nobles, claryfye here your syghte, and ye shal know what goodnes cometh therby, and what joye and gladnes. Some there be that habandoneth themselves for to gather together the donge that ysseth of their asses ase, for to fynde euermore grece, 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 ane olde wyfe, for her goodes and is much to blame.

They the whiche do so, procureth all trybulacions. For with her he shall neither haue ioy, recreation, nor rest. He norysbeth strifes, and greatedebates, thoughte, payne, anguyshe, and melancholy. And yf he wolde accomplyshe the workes of maryage, hee may not, for shee is so debylyte colde, vnpropyee, vnnaturall, and vndyscurrente, for the coldenes that is in her. The husbände of this olde wyfe hath none esperance to haue lygnage by her, for he neuer loued her. The man is a very foole to make his demourance vpon such an olde wyfe, whan he thinketh somtime vpon such thynges, he leseth his naturall with, in cursyng hymselfe more then a M. tymes with the golde and the syluer, and the cursed hasarde 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 constrayneth to haue patience, he putteth his cure to draw to hym the money of the olde wyddred woman in makyng to her glade chere. And whan hee hath the money and the bagge wyth nobles, God knoweth what chere he maketh, withoute thynginge on them that gathereth it. And when he hath spent al, he is more vnhappier than hee was before, yf that the foole be vnhappye, it is well ryghte, for hee hath wedded auaryce, mother of all euylles, yf hee had taken a wyfe that had ben fayre and yong, after his conception, he had not fallen into so great an inconuenience. It is wryten in aucient booke that hee whiche weddeth a wyfe by auaryce, and not for to haue lygnage, hath no cure of the honestie of matrymony, and thynketh full euyl on his conscience. The unyon of maryage is decayed, for vnder the coloure of good and loyall maryage is wedded auaryce as we se every day by experience through the world. And one wil haue a wyfe, and that hee marke his to be demaunded in maryage, they will enquiryre of his ryches and conninge. And on the other syde be wyl demaunde great goodes with her, to noryshe her with. For and her father and mother and frendes haue no grete ryches, he wyl not of her. But, and she be ryche hee demaundeth none other thinge. It is wrytten that one were better haue his house in dierie, wheras no mencion shoulde be of hym, thence to hie with such wyues, for they be replete with all cursednes. And the pore foole breketh his hearte, he loseth his soule and corrupeth his body. He selleth his youth vnto the olde wyfe that weddeth her for auaryce, and hath but noyse and disceccion, in vsyng his lyfe thus in synne. Consydre you foolles what scrnyttude ye put your self in, whan ye wedde such wyues. I pray you be chast if that ye wyl lyue without vnhap. My frends whiche be not in that hande, 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 bodely and gostly, and thereby to wyn the ioyes of paradys.

OF ENUYE, THE SECONDE FOOLE.

APPROCHE you foly sbe enuyous, the which can say no good by them that ye hate, come and se in this booke, youre peruerso and euyl condycions. O enuy that deuoureth the condycions of men, and dyssepens of honour. Thou makest to haue reuysyng heartes famysed, thou brennest the desyres, and sleeth the soule in the ende, thou engendrest the darte enuyrouned with mischefe that whiche traueyleth diuers folkes. Cursed foole how haste thou thy heart so replete with crueltie, for if I haue temporal goodes thou wilt haue enuy 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 tenementes, or if that I am exalted vnto honoure by my science, or won it by my hardynes truly and iustlye, or if that I am beloued by dyuers persons whiche reclaymeth mee good and vertuous, and of a noble courage, thou wyll vilepande me with thy wordes, thou wottest neuer in what manner thou mayst aduynchell mine honour. Thy malicious bert is hurt with a mortall wounde in such wise that thou hate no ioye nor solace in this world, for the darte of Enuye perceeth thy herte lyke a apert. Thou hast wyde lycoure, the whiche maketh all thy stomacke to be on a flambe. There is no medicine that maye hele thy mortall wounde. I beyng in a place, wheras as myne honoure was magnyfyed, thoughte for to haue taken alyanace with an odlyferant floure, but all sodaynely I was smyten with a darte of enuye behinde my backe, wherthroughe altho that were on my partye turned theyr backes upon me, for to agree to one of Venus dissolote seruantes, procedyng, frome a hearte, enuynymed with enuye. Wherfore I shall specyfy vnto you the condycions of the enuyous, who that holdeth hym of the subgetes of enuye, she constytueth to deuoure, and byte every hodye: gyuyng vnhappes and myseries vnto her seruantes. Suche folkes doth the innocente a thousande wronges. They be replenyshed with so many treasons, that they can not slepe in their beddes, they haue no swete cantyces nor songes. They haue theyr tonges honyed with swete words vnder the coloure of loue, they be lene, and infecte of rygoure: these enuyous more bytterer thenne the gull of the fyshe glauca, wyth theyr eye beholdinge a traueser of stomackes chaufed synfully, and without these mouthes as the vyue that is newe cut, they be enuyrouned with rage and grete anguyshe, beholdinge euermore to destroy some body. Conceyue the history of Joseph in your myndes, the which had vii. brethren that were enuyous against him which was the yongeste and solde hym vnto the marchauntes of Egypte by enuy, and betrayed him. The which were debytered of a longe time to haue destroyed him. These enuious neuer laughe, but whan some good man hath damage upon the see or lande, or at the disfortune of some body, he drynketh his bloud as milke. Notwithstanding, his heart is euer embraced with enuy, and as long as he lyueth it shall gnawe his hert. Hee resembleth vnto Ethas whiche brenneth awayes. As of Romulus and Remus his brother, the whiche Romulus edefyd

first Rome, and gave it to name Rome, after his owne name. Neuertheles they were pastours for they established lawes in the citie. And Romulus punished euerye body equally. He dyd institute lymittes or markes aboute the citie, and ordeyned that he that passed the lymittes should be put to death. His brother passed them, wherefore he was put vnto death incontynente in the same place. Wee rede also how Cayme slewe his owne brother by enuy. Haue we not ensample seemblye of Atrous, of whom his brother occupied the parke, how well that they were in the realme stronge and puyssante, for to defende them. It was Thesius that expulsed his brother oute of the realme by enuy, and was called agayne bycause that he had taken the parke, and fynally was banyshed, and by enuye 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 reated, and made them to drynke their bloude. O what horrore was it to see his two children dye that were so dyscrete? In lykewise Ethnocles by his brethren receyued great enormities by that cursed enuye. O thou prudent man if thou wilt be dyscrete, good, and wise flye from enuy, and thou shalt finde thy selfe sounde of body and soule.

OF THE VOLUPTUOUSNES CORPORALL  
THE THIRD FOOLE.

RYGHE heartely I beseeche you folyashe 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 yours both body and goodes, for truelye I haue an ardaunte desyre to doo you some meditorious dede, because that I haue euer frequented your seruyce.

Nowe herken what I haue found you cautelous women. They that the pappes be sene all naked, their heyre combed and trussed in dyuers places mercynously be vnreasonable foolles, for they dreame them like voluptuous harlottes that make their heyre to appere at their browes yalowe as fine golde made in lytel tresses for to drawe yonge folke to their looe. 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 disportes, they pill them as an union. The other for to haue their pleasures mondaye cheseth them that we loue best and maketh synnyfaunce to them saying that she is enamoured on them. Thou art a verye idyot so to abandone thy selfe vnto the vyle synne of lecherye, for thou leetest thy selfe be wrapped therein, lyke as a calfe, or a shepe is bounde in a corde. In suche wise that ye can not vnynde youre selfe. O foole haue aspecte vnto that whiche thou commyttest for thou puttest thy poore soule in great daunger of damnation eternall, thou puttest thy goodes, thyue vnderstandinge, and thy joy, vnto dolorous perdition for all that yee see in your worldly pleasures, yet it is mingled with dystres, or with mysery, greate thoughte or melancoly. I requyre thee lene thy worldly pleasures that endureth no lenger then the grasse of the feelde. Yf you haue ioye one only momente thou shalt haue waye of sorrow for it. Wee rede of Sardanapalus that for his lecherye and lybidinosite fell into hell, the whiche put himselfe in the gaue of a poore woman, his men seinge hym so obstinate in that

vile sinne, slewe him, and so fynished hee his dayes for folowinge of his pleasance mondaye. The soueraigne Creatour was more puyssante thenna this wretched sinner, let vs not apply our selfe therto with that hee punysheth sinners so asprely, but with all our hertes enforce we our selfe for to resist againste that vyle and abhomyneable sinne of lechery, the whiche is so full of enfencion and bytternes, for it distayneth the soule of man: fle from the foolishhe women that pylleth the louers vnto the harde bones, and you shal be beloued of God and also of the worlde.

EN PARLEMENT A PARIS.

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

Out of Frenche into Latine.

Abstulit atra dies Astream: cana fides sed  
somno pressa jacet: jus iter arripuit.  
Et secum ratio proficiens limite longo.  
Nemo duas primas vigilare parat,  
Atque duo postrema abant, & numerum tantum  
Impediunt, nequeuntque remcari domum.

Out of Latine into Englyshe

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

EPITAPH.

THIS tretise deuyed it is  
Of two knaves somtyme of dys.  
Though this knaues be deade  
Full of myschiefe and queed  
Yet where so euer they ly  
Theyr names shall neuer dye.

COMPENDIUM DE DUOBUS VERSIPEL-  
LIBUS

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

A DEVOUTE TRENTALE FOR OLD JOHN CLARED,  
SOMETyme THE HOLY PATRIARKE OF DIL.

SEQUITUR trigentale  
Tale quale rationale  
Licet parum curialis  
Tamen satis est formale

Joannis Cleric hominis  
 Cujusdam multimonis  
 Joannis Jayberd qui vocatur  
 Cleric clericibus nuncupatur  
 Obiit sanctus iste pater  
 Anno domini M.D. Sexto  
 In parochia de dia  
 Non erat sibi similis  
 In malicia vir insignis  
 Duplex corde & bilinguis  
 Senio confectus  
 Omnibus suspectus  
 Namini dilectus  
 Sepultus est amonge the wedes  
 God forgave hym bis mysdedes

Dulce melior  
 Penetrans Celos.

Carnipa cum cannis  
 Cantemus festa Joannis  
 Clerke obiit vere  
 Jayberde nomenque dedere  
 Dis populus notus  
 Clerke clericibus etque vocatus  
 Hic vir caldeus  
 Nequam vir cen Jebuseus  
 In Christum Domini  
 Fremuit de more cameli  
 Rectori proprio  
 Tam verba retorta loquendo  
 Unde resultando  
 Suae acheronta boando tonaret  
 Nunquam sincere  
 Solitus sua crimina flere  
 Cui male lingua loquax  
 Suae dicax mendaque fuere  
 Et mores tales  
 Resident in nemine quales  
 Carpens vitales  
 Auras torbare sodales  
 Et cines socias  
 Asinus mulus velut & bos  
 Omne suum studium  
 Robiam pictum per amictum  
 Diacolor & victum  
 Faciens semper maledictum  
 Ex intestinis ovium  
 Suae boumque caprorum  
 Tendens adque forum  
 Fragmentum colligit horum  
 Dentibus exemptis  
 Mastigat eumque potentis  
 Lanigerum caput  
 Aut vacce mugientis  
 Quid petis? hic sit quis  
 John Jayberd. Nicolaus de dia  
 Cui dum vixerat is  
 Sociantur iurgia vis his

Jam Jacet hic starke deed  
 Neuer a toth in his heed  
 Adieu. Jayberd adue  
 I faith dikkon thou crue  
 Fratres orate  
 For 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 Jayberdas soule  
 Bibite multum  
 Ecce sepultum  
 Sub pede stultum  
 Asinum & mulum  
 The deuill kis his culum  
 Wit hey cowe rumbelowe  
 Rumpopulorum  
 Per omnia secula seculorum.  
 Amen.

Requiem, &c.  
 Per Fredericum Hely  
 Fratrem de Monte Carmeli  
 Qui condunt sine sale  
 Hoc devotum trigintale  
 Vale Jayberd, valde male.  
 Finis.

Adam Uddersale. alias dictus  
 Adam all. a knowe his epitaph.  
 Poloweth devoutly,  
 He was sometime the holy  
 Baillyne of dia.

Of dia.  
 Adam degebat  
 Dum vixit falsa gerebat  
 Namque extorquebat  
 Quicquid nativus habebat  
 Aut liber natus. Rapidus  
 Lupus inde vocatus.  
 Ecclesiamque satus  
 De belial iste Pilatus  
 Sub pede calcatus  
 Violavit nunc violatus  
 Perditus iratus  
 Numquam fuit ille beatus  
 Uddersall stratus  
 Benedictus est spoliatus  
 Improbos inflatus  
 Maledictus jam laceratus  
 Sis tibi baccatus  
 Balianus praedominatus  
 Hic fuit ingratus  
 Porcus velut insociatus  
 Pinguis crassatus  
 Velut Agug fit reprobatos  
 Crudelisque Cacus  
 Baratro peto sit tumultos  
 Belsabub his soule saos  
 Qui jacet hic like a knaue.  
 Jam scio mortuus est  
 Et jacet hic like a best.

Anima eius,  
 De malo in pejus. Amen.  
 De dia hac semper erit camena,  
 Adam Uddersall sit anathema.

Auctore Skelton rectore de dia.

Finis, &c. Apud Trumpinton scriptor per  
 curantam ejusdem quinto die Januarii anno domini  
 secundum computat. Angliae M.D.VII.  
 Adam Adam ubi es. Genesis R. ubi nulla  
 requies. [Job.  
 Ubi nullus ordo, sed sempiternus horror inhabitat.  
 Finis.

Diligo rusticum cum portant bis duo quantana  
 Et cantant delos est mihi dulces melos.  
 I. Canticum dolorosum.

## LAMENTATIO URBS NORWICEN.

O LACRIMOSA locus nimis O quam febile fatum  
 Igaibus exosis urbs veneranda ruis  
 Fulmina sive Jovis sive vltima fata vocabant  
 Vulcani rapidis ignibus ipsa peris  
 Ou decus ou partim specie pulcherima dudum  
 Urbs Norwicensis labitur in cineres [ponam,  
 Urbs tibi quid referam? breviter tibi pauca re-  
 Prospera raro movent, utere sorte tua.  
 Perpetuum mortale nihil, sors omnia versat,  
 Urbs miseranda vale, sors miseranda tua est.  
 Skelton.

VILITIBUS SCOTUS DUNDAS ALLEGAT CAUDAS  
 CONTRA ANGLIGERAS CAUDATOS ANGLOS, SPUR-  
 CILLINE SCOTE QUID EFFERS? EFFROUS ES,  
 QUOQUE SONS: 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,  
 Diffamas patriam qua non  
 est melior usquam  
 Cum cauda plaudis dum  
 possis ad hostia pultes  
 Mendicans mendicis eris,  
 mendaxque bilinguis,  
 Scabidus, horribilis, quem  
 vermes neque pedales  
 Corrodunt misere, miseris  
 genus est maledictum.  
 Gup Scot, ye blot,  
 Laudate Caudate  
 Set in better  
 Thy pentameter  
 This Dundas  
 This Scottishe as  
 He rymes and rayles  
 That Englishmen haue tailles.  
 Skeltonus laureatus,  
 Anglicus natus,  
 Provocat musas  
 Contra Dundas  
 Norpacissimum Scotum,  
 Undique notum,  
 Rusticè fotum  
 Vapidè potum,  
 Skelton laureat  
 After this rate  
 Defendeth with his pen  
 All English men.  
 Agayn Dundas  
 The Scottishe ase  
 Shake thy tayle Scot lyke a cur,  
 For thou beggest at every mannes dur.  
 Out Scot I sey  
 Go shake thy dog hey  
 Dundas of Gulaway  
 With thy versyfyng rayles  
 How they haue tayles.

VOL. II.

By Jesu Christ, fals Scot thou lrest,  
 But behynd in our hose  
 We bere there a rose  
 For thy Scottysbe nose,  
 A spectacle case  
 To couer thy face  
 With tray deux ase  
 A tolmán to blot  
 A rough foted Scot  
 Dundas sir knaus  
 Why doste thou deprave,  
 This royall reame,  
 Whose radiant beames  
 And relucent light  
 Thou hast in despite  
 Thou doughyll knyght  
 But thou lakest might  
 Dundas, drooken, and drowsy  
 Skabed scurvy and lowy  
 Of vnhappy generacion  
 And most vngracious nacion.  
 Dundas that dronke asse  
 That ratis and rankis  
 That prates and prankes  
 On huntley banks  
 Take this our thankes  
 Dunde bar,  
 Waikie Scot  
 Walke sot  
 Rayis not to far.

ADMONITIO SKELTONIS UT OMNES ARBORES  
 VIRIDI LAUREO CONCEDANT.

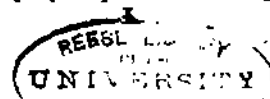
Fraxinus in silvis, altis in montibus ornus  
 Populus in fluviis, abies patulissima, fagus  
 Lenta salix, platanus pinguis, sculnes ficus,  
 Glandifera & quercus, pirus, osculus, ardua  
 Basamus exudans, oleaster, oliva Minervæ, [pinus,  
 Juniperus, buxus, lentiscus cuspidate lenta  
 Botrigera, & domino, vitis gratissima, baccho,  
 Ilex & sterilis, labruata palosa colonis,  
 Mollibus exudans fragrantia thura sabeis  
 Thus redolens, arabis panter, notissima mirra,  
 Et vos O corili fragiles, hamilesque myrice  
 Et vos O cedri redolentes, vos quoque myrti.  
 Arboris omnes genus viridi concedite Lauro.

Prenes en gre. The Lauralle.

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

IN BEDELL QUONDAM BELIAL INCARNATUM, DE-  
 VOTUM EPITAPHIUM.

ISMAL ecce Bedel, non meli, sed fel, sibi des ei.  
 Perfidus Achitophel: Luridus atque Jorell:  
 Nunc olet iste Jebal. Nabal. S. Nabal ecce Ribaldus  
 Omnibus exosus atque perosus erat.  
 In plateaque cadens animam spiravit offeto,  
 Presbyteros odians sic sine mente ruit  
 Discite vos omnes quid sit violare sacratos  
 Presbyteros, quia sic corruit iste canis.  
 Cocitus cui sic petus per Tartara totus  
 Sit peto promotus Cerberus huncque voret  
 At mage sancta tamen mea musa precabitur atros  
 Hos leuresque eat sic Bedel ad superos  
 Non est, immo ruat, non scandat sed mage tendat,  
 Inque caput princeps mox Acherronte petat.



Bedel. Quanta malignatus est inimicus in sanctum.  
Psal. 73.

Mortus est asinus  
Qui vixit multum  
Hic jacet barbarus  
The deuill kys his culum. Amen.

Hanc volo transcribas, transcriptam moxque re-  
mittas paglaum: qui sunt qui mea scripta sciunt  
Redde. Igitur quia sunt qui mala cuncta fremunt  
Nec tamen expaveo de fatuo labio  
Nec multum paveo de scoldo Rabulo.

PORTA SKELTON LAUREATUS LIBELLUM SUUM  
METRICE ALOQUITUR.

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

SKELTON LAUREAT VPOV THE DOULOURE DETHE  
AND MUCHE LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE  
MOST HONORABLE RELE OF NORTHUMBER-  
LANDE.

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

Of heuently poema. O. Clio calde by name  
In the colege of musis goddess hystoriall  
Adres the to me whiche am both halt and lame  
In elect vterance to make memoryall  
To the for soucoure to the for help I call  
Mine homely rudnes and dryghnes to expell  
With the freshe waters of Elyconys well.

Of noble actes aunciently enrolde  
Of famous pryncis and lordes of asiate  
By thy report ar wout to be extold  
Regestringe trewly euery formare date  
Of thy bounte after the vsuall rate  
Kynell in me suche plenty of thy nobles  
These sorowfulle dities that I may shew expre.

In seasons past who hath herde or sene  
Of former writyng by any presidente  
That vilane bastardds in their furious tens  
Fulfylled with malice of froward entente  
Confetered togeder of cominon conceite  
Falsly to see theyr mozte singuler god lord  
It may be regestrede of shamafull recorde.

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

Were not these commons vncerteis karte of kind  
To sie their owne lorde: 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 discust  
What shuld I flatter what shuld I glose or paint  
Fy fy for shame their hartes 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 blede  
'Unkynedly they slew him, that bolp them oft at  
nede  
He was their bulwark their paces and their wall  
Yet shamfully they slew hym that shame mot  
them befall

I say ye comoners why wer ye so stark mad  
What frantyk frensy fyll in your brayne  
Where was your wit and reason ye should have had  
What wilful foly made you to ryse agayne  
Your naturall lord: alas I cannot fayne  
Ye armyd you with will, and left your wit behynd  
Well may you be called comones most vnkyn.

He was your cheffteyne your shelde your chaf  
Redy to assayst you in euery time of nede [defence  
Your worshyp depended of his excellence  
Alas ye mad men to far ye did excede  
Your hap was vnhappy to ill was your spede  
What moued you againe him to war or to fyght  
What alyde you to sie your lord agayn all ryght.

The ground of his quarel was for his souerein  
The well concerning of all the hole lande [lord  
Demandyng suche duties as nedes most accord  
To the ryght of his prince which 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 him nay

But ther was fals packing or els I am begyldo  
How be it the mater was euident and playne  
For if they had occupied their spere and their  
shilde

This noble man doutles had not bene slayne  
But men say they wer lynked with a double chaine  
And held with the comones vnder a cloke  
Which kindeled the wild fyr that made all this  
smoke.

The commons renyed ther taxes to pay  
Of them demaunded and asked by the kyng  
With one voice importune they plainly sayd nay  
They huskt them on a bushment themselfe in  
balle to bring  
Agayne the kyngs pleasure to wrestle or to wring  
Blundy as beat is with boote and with crye  
They sayd they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

The noblenes of the north this valiaunt lord and  
knyght  
As man that was innocent of trechery or traine  
Prested forth boldly to withstand the myght  
And lyke marciall Hector he faught them agayne  
Vygorously vpon them with might and with maine



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

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

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

Alas for pite that Percy thus was spykt  
The famous erle of Northumberland  
Of knyghtly prowes the sword pomel and hyt  
The myghty lyon doubted by se and lande  
O dolorous chance of fortunes froward hande  
What man remembryng how shamefully he was  
From bitter weping himself can restrain. [slaine]

O cruell Mars thou dedly god of war  
O dolorous towsday dedicate to thy name  
When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to  
O ground vngacious vnhappy be thy fame [mar  
Which wert ended with rede bloud of the same  
Most noble erle: O foule mysuryd ground  
Whereon he gat his small 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 freest, all that thou can  
So forcibly vpon this erle thou ran  
That with thy sword enharpit of mortall drede  
Thou kit asonder perflight vitall threde.

My wordes unpullysht be nakide and playne  
Of Aureat poems they want ellumynynge  
But by them to knowlege ye may attayne  
Of this lordes dethe and of his murdrynge  
Which whiles he lyved had foyson of euery thing  
Of knyghts of squyers chyf lord of toure and towne  
Tyll fykkell fortune began an hym to frowne

Paragall to dukes with kynges be might compare  
Surmountinge 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 euery marciall nede  
Prudent, discrete, circumspect and wyse  
Tyll the chance ran agayne hym of fortunes du-  
ble dyse.

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame  
With my rude pen eunankerred all with rust  
Whose noble actes show worshiply his name  
Transcending for myne homly muse, that muste  
Yet somewhat wright surprisshd with derty hast  
Truly reportyng his right noble estate  
Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode neuer destayned was  
Trew to his prince for to defend his ryght  
Doblenes hatyng, fals matters to compas  
Treytory and treason he banyshyt out of syght  
With truth to medle was al hisholl delight

As all his country can testify the same  
To se suche a lorde alas it was great shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne  
In me all onely wer set and comprysed  
Enbrethed with the blast of influence deuyne  
As perfydy as could be thought or deuised  
To me also all though it were promised  
Of Laurent Pbebus holy the eloquence  
Ali were to lytell for his magnificence

O yonge lyon but tender yet of age  
Grow and excrese remembre thyn estate  
God the assyt unto thyn berytage  
And geue the grace to be more fortunate  
Agayn rebellyones arme the to make debate  
And as the lyone whiche is of beastes kyng  
Unto thy subiectes be curteis and benygne

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

With hevy 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 saught  
Al kynges, all princes, al dukes, well they ought  
Both temporall and spiritual for to complayne  
This noble man that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barones and those knyghtes bold  
And al other gentilmen with him enterteined  
In fee: as menyall men of his houshold  
Whom he as lord worabyly mainteyned  
To sorowful weping they ought to be constringed  
As oft as they call to theyr remembrance,  
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chance.

Perlesse Prince of Heven emperyall  
That with one word formed al thing of noughte  
Heven, hell, and erthe, obey unto thy call  
Which to thy resemblaunce wonderly hast  
wrought

All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast bought  
With thy bloud precious our finace thou did pay  
And vs redeemed, 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 eternabile  
The soull of this lord from all daunger of hell  
In endless blys with the to byde and dwell  
In thy palace, above the orient  
Where thou art Lord, and God omnipotent.

O Quene of mercy, O Lady full of grace  
Mayden most pure and Goddess milder dere  
To sorowful hautes chef comfort and solace  
Of all women O floure without pere  
Pray to thy son aboute the sterr is clere  
He to vouchsafe by thy medicacion  
To pardon thy seruauant and brynge-to saluacion

In joy triumphaunt the heuently gerarchy  
With all the hole sorte of shat glorious place  
His soull mot receyue in to theyr company  
Thorow bounty of hym that formed all solace  
Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace

The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost  
In Trinitate one God of myghts moste.

Non sapit humanis qui certam ponere rebos  
Spem cupit est hominum raraque facta fides  
Tetrasticon Skeltoni ad magistrum Rakshaw  
Sacrae theologiae egregium professorem  
Auripe nunc doctum doctor celeberrime Rakshaw  
Carmina: de calamo quae cecidere tunc,  
Et quae placidis non sunt modulata carmenis  
Sunt tamen ex nostra pectore prompta pia.  
Vale feliciter, virorum laudatissime.  
FINIS.

### ELEGIA

IN SERENISSIMAE PRINCIPIS ET DOMINAE DOMINAE  
MARGARITAE NUPER COMITISSAE DE DAREY  
STRENUISSIMI REGIS HENRICI SEPTIMI MATRIS  
FUNEBRE MINISTERIUM. PER SKELTONIUM  
LAUREATUM ORATOREM REGIUM XVI. MENSIS  
AUGUSTI. ANNO SALUTIS M.D.XVI.

Aspirate meis elegis pia turba sororum,  
Et Margaretam collacrimate piam.  
Hac sub mole latet regis celeberrima mater  
Henrici magni, quem locus iste fovet;  
Quem locus iste sacer celebri celebrat Poliandro,  
Illius en genitrix hac tumulatur humo;  
Cui cedit Tanquil (Titus hanc super astra re-  
cedat Penelope carus Ulyssis amor. [portat])  
Hec Abigail velut Hester erat pietate secunda,  
En tres jam proceres nobilitate pares:  
Pro domina precor implora pro principe tanta  
Flecte deum precibus qui legis hos apices.  
Plura referre piget calamus torpore rigescit,  
Dormit Mecenas, negligitur prohibas  
Nec jurat aut modicum prodest nunc ultima verba  
Facta recensere (morta mori reor est)  
Queris quid decus est? decus est modo dicier  
hircum  
Cedit honos hircu, cedit honore capro.  
Falleris ipse Charon iterum surrexit Abyron  
Et stygios remos despiciet ille tuos.  
Vivitur ex voto: mentis praecordia tangunt  
Nulla sepulchra ducum nec monumenta patrum;  
Non regum non ulla hominum labentia fato  
Tempora nec totiens mortua turba ruens.  
Hunc statuo certe periturae parcere carae  
Ceu Juvenalis ovat eximius satirus.  
Disticon execrationis in fagolidoros  
Qui lacerat, violat, ve rapit praesens Epitoma  
Hunc laceretque voret Cerberus absque mora.

Calon. Agaton, cum Arta. Re in. Pa.  
Hanc tecum statuas dominum (precor) sator orbis,  
Quo regnas rutilans rex sine fine manens.

ORATOR REGIUS SKELTONIUS LAUREATUS IN  
SINGULARE MERITISSIMUMQUE; PRECONIUM  
NOBILISSIMI PRINCIPIS HENRICI SEPTIMI NU-  
PER STRENUISSIMI REGIS ANGLIAE HOC EPITA-  
FIUM EDIDIT. AD SINCERAM CONTEMPLA-  
TIONEM REVERENDI IN CRISTO PATRIS AC DO-  
MINI BOMPHI JOHANNIS ISLIP ARBATIS WEST-  
MONASTERII OPTIME MERITI ANNO DOMINI  
M.D.XII. FRIDERICI DOMINI ANDREAE APOSTOLI, &c.

TRISTIA melpomene cogor mode plectra sonare  
Hos elegos foreat Cinthius ille meos

Si quas fata movent lacrimas: lacrimare videret  
Jam bene maturum si bene mente sapis  
Flos Britonum, regum speculum Salamonis imago  
Septimus Henricus mole sub hac tegitur,  
Punica dum regnat (redolens rosa digna vocari  
Jam jam marcescit ceu levis umbra fugit)  
Multa novercantis fortunam multa faventis  
Passus: & infractus tempus utrunque tolit  
Nobilis Anchises, armis metuendus Atrides,  
Hic erat: hunc Scollus rex timuit Jacobus.  
Spiramenta animae vegetans dum rescitur aura  
Francorum populus contuitur pavidus.  
Immensas sibi divitias cumulasae quid horres  
Ni cumulasset opes forte Britannia Ivas  
Urgentes casus tacita si mente volutes,  
Vix tibi sufficeret aurea ripa Tagi  
Ni sua te prohibas consulta mente laborans  
Rexisset satius: vix tibi tanta salus;  
Sed quid plura cano? meditans quid plura voluto  
Quisquae vigil sibi sit mors sine lege rapit?  
Ad dominum qui cuncta regit pro principe tanto  
Funde preces quisquis carmina nostra legis  
Vel iunge si placeat hunc  
Hunc timuit Jacobus  
Scottorum dominus  
Qui sua fata luit  
Zucum leo candidior  
Rubeum necat ense leonem  
Et jacet vsque modo  
Non tumulatus humo.

Refrigerii sedem quietis beatitudinem laudans  
habeat claritatem.

AMEN.

### EULOGIUM

PRO SUORUM TEMPORUM CONDITIONE TANTA  
PRINCIPIBUS NON INDIGNUM PER SKELTONIUM  
LAUREATUM ORATOREM REGIUM.

Huc pia Calliope perpera mea casta puella,  
Et mecum resona carmina plena deo,  
Septimus Henricus Britonum memorabilis heros,  
Anglica terra tuus magnanimus Priamus:  
Aitalus hic opibus rigidus Cato, clarus Aestes  
Sub gelido clausus marmore jam recubit  
Hic honor omnis opes, prohibitas sic gloria regum  
Omnia nutabant mortis ad imperium. [obitas?]  
Anglia nunc lacrimas: rides: lacrimare quid  
Dum vixit lacrimas: dum moritur jubilas.  
Cauta tamen penses, dum vixerat Attiligenes  
Vibrabant enses, bella nec ulla timent,  
Undique bella fremunt nunc undique prelia sur-  
Noster honor solus filius ecce suus; [guar,  
Noster honor solus qui pondera tanta subire  
Non timet: intrepidus arma gerenda vocat,  
Arma gerenda vocat (superi sua cepta accendit)  
Ut quatit Pallas Aegida saepe rogat.  
Sors tamen est veranda diu sors vitima belli  
Myrmidonum dominus matre silente 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 sub incerto militat omnis homo.  
Omne decus nostrum, nostra & spes unica tantum,  
Jam bene qui regnat hunc Jovis umbra tegat  
Ut quamvis mentem labor est inhibere valentem,  
Pauca tamen licet dicere pace sua;

Face tua liceat mihi nunc tibi dicere pauca,  
Dulce meum decus, & sola Britanna salus.  
Summa rei nostre remanet celeberrime princeps,  
In te precipuo. qui modo sceptris geris.  
Si tibi fata favent precor atque precabor  
Anglia tunc plaude sin minus ipse vale.

Policronitudo Basileoa.

TETRASTICHON VERITATIS.

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

FINIS.

IN THE FLEETE MADE BY ME WILLIAM CORNISH  
OTHERWISE CALLED NYMKEWHETE CHAPEL-  
MAN WITH THE MOST FAMOUS AND NOBLE  
KING HENRY THE VII. HIS REYGNE THE XIX.  
YERE 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 deuill knowith all il thing, consented or done  
And man knoweth nothing, saur only by reason  
And reason in man, is diuerse of operation  
How can then man be parfite of cogition  
For reason shall so reason that somtyme among  
A man by information may ryghte w.aly do wrong

GOSPELL.

The auctorised gospel and reason holdeth ther-  
with  
Whose litterral sence agreith to the fore seyng  
Qui ambulat in tenebris nescit quo vadit  
Now moralysse ye farther and peyse the contriuyng  
I meane, bytwene trowth and sotele conueynge  
Who gothe in the darke, must stumble amonge  
Blame neuer a blynd man, thou he go wronge.

EXAMPLE.

A iuge to the jury nedes must geue credence  
How what yf they purpose fals inaters to compass  
The iudge must procede yet in him non offence,  
For as they geue verdit, the iugement must passe.  
But wher the faulte is, non dormit Judas  
For by fals information many tymes amonge  
Right shalbe rewted and the rightouse shal do  
wrong

SUELL 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  
Disorgyth theyr venome under that coloure  
Alas not remembryng their soules doloure  
When, dies illa, dies ire, shalbe their songe  
Ite maledicti, take that for your wronge.

A PARABLE BETWEEN INFORMATION AND MUSIKE.  
THE EXAMPLES.

Musike in his melody requirith true soundes  
Who setteth a song, should geue him to armony  
Who kepeth true his tuences may not passe his soundes  
His alterations and prolacions must be pricked  
treuly  
For musike is trew though minstrels maketh maystry  
The harper 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 vtunablye  
Yf he play wrong good tunes he doth lette  
Or by mystunynge the very trew armonye  
A harpe well playde on shewyth swete melody  
A harper with his wrest maye tune the harpe wrong  
Mystunynge of an instrument shal hurt a true songe

A SONGE.

A songe that is trew and ful of swetnes  
May be euyll songe and tundry 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 tuncyth to the players mynde  
For as it is wrested so must it nedes showe  
As hy this reason ye may well know  
Any instrument mystunyd shall hurt a trew song  
Yet blame not the claricord the wrester doth  
wrong.

A TROMPET.

A trompet blown 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 trompet 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 be should play trew  
Who syngeth a songe, let his voice be tunable  
Who wresteth the claricorde mystunynge esbew  
Who bloweth a trompet let his wind be mesurable  
For instruments in them self be ferme and stable  
And of trowth, wold trowth to euery manes songe  
Tune them then truly fur in them is no wronge.

COLOURS OF MUSYKE.

In musyke I haue learned iiii colours as this  
Blake, ful blake, verte, and in lykewyse redde  
By these colours many subtil alterations ther is  
That wil begile one tho in cunning 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 skyl  
Saur lital practiac I haue by experience

I meane but trowth and of good will  
To remembre the doers, that vsyth such offence  
Not one sole, but generally in sentence  
By cause I can skylle of a litle songe  
To trye the true corde to be knowen from the wropp.

## TRUTH.

Yet trowth was drownde he not sanke  
Rut still dyd flecte aboue the water  
Informacion had played hym suche a pranke  
That with power the pore had lost his mater  
Bycause that trouthe begane to clater  
Informacion hath taught hym to solfe his songe  
Paciens parforce, content you with wronge.

## TRUTH.

I assayde this tunes me thought them not swete  
The concordes were nothyng musicalle  
I called masters of musike canyng and discreete  
And the first prynciple whose name was Taballe  
Guido Boice, John de Murris, Vitryaco and them  
I prayed them of helpe of this combrous songe [al  
Priked with force and lettred with wronge.

## TRUE ANSWER.

They sayd I was horce I might not synge  
My voice is to pore it is not awdyble  
Informacion is so curyous in his chauntynge  
That to bere the trow plainsong, it is not posible  
His proporcions be so hard with so highe a qua-  
trible [bound  
And the playn song in the margyn so craftely  
That the true tunes of Taball can not haue the  
right sounde.

## TRUTH.

Well quod treuth, yet ones I trust verely  
To haue my voyce and synge agayne  
And to flecte our treuth and clarify truly  
And ete suger candy adaye or twayne  
And then to the deske to synge true and playn  
Informacion shall not alwaye entune hys song  
My parts shalbe true, when his countrycers shalbe  
wropp.

## INFORMACION.

Informacion hym enbolded of the monacorde  
From consonaunts to concordes he musyd his  
mastry

I assayde the musyke both knyght and lord  
But none wold speke, the sounde bord was to bye  
Then kept I the plain keyes the marred al my  
melody

Enformacion draue a crochet that part al my song  
With proporcion parforce, dreuen on to loonge.

## DIALOGUE.

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

## TRUTH.

Informacion wil teche a doctor his game  
From superacuts to the noble dyapason  
I assayd 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 subtil semetrees most met for this  
Paciencie parforce, content you with wronge

## TRUTH.

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

Nonysswhete parabolan.

## FINIS.

THE  
POEMS  
OF  
*HENRY HOWARD,*  
EARL OF SURREY.

THE

# LIFE OF HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

1517<sup>?</sup> - 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 Westminster<sup>1</sup>, 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 Christchurch, 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

<sup>1</sup> 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 justed 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-marshal 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 Briex, 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. 8, 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 so 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 informations 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 Norfolk<sup>a</sup>, 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,

<sup>a</sup> 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. 266, but corrects it [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 youths, (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 Vertue'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 improves<sup>3</sup> 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 knight-errantry.

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

<sup>3</sup> 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 1520<sup>4</sup>. 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 older<sup>5</sup>, 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, æt. 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 æt. 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 jousts 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

<sup>4</sup> 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 furie of rechelesse 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.

<sup>5</sup> 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 1554<sup>6</sup>: he was consequently born in 1536; and his father, it is surely reasonable to suppose, was married in 1535<sup>7</sup>. 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 farther 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

<sup>6</sup> Collins, &c. C.

<sup>7</sup> 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 as 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<sup>8</sup> 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 irreconcilable with probability, and how amply 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 Hunston. 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 litle soune." 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

<sup>8</sup> 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 Ezeid 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 Ezeid 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, Chapmans, Marlow, &c.<sup>9</sup>

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. Sewall to be the editor of Surrey's, Wyatt'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 *Æneid* 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 printed<sup>10</sup>, but not published, many years ago, by Dr. Percy, from a MS. now in the possession of Thomas Hall, esq. who, with his usual liberality, has permitted a transcription for the present edition<sup>11</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> 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.

<sup>10</sup> The whole impression was consumed in the destructive fire which took place in Mr. Nichol's premises, Jan. 1808.

<sup>11</sup> This MS. descended from the Harrington family: see Mr. Park's edition of the *Nugæ Antiquæ*. 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.

**T**HAT to have wel written in verse, yea, and in smal parcelles, deureth great prayse, the workes of disert Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficiently. That our tong is able in that kinde to doe as prayse worthely as the rest, the honorabie stile of the noble Earle of Sarrey, and the weightinesse of the depo-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 euyl done, to publish to the honor of the Englishe tong, and for profit of the studios of Englishe eloquence, those workes which the ungentle borders up of such treasure have heretofore enuied thee. And for this point (good reader) thine owne profite and pleasure, in these presently, and in moe hereafter, shal answere for my defence. If perchappes some mislike the statelynesse of style remooued from the rude skil of common cares, I aske helpe of the learned to defende theyr learned frendes, the authours of this worke: and I exhort the unlearned, by reading to learne to bee more skilful, and to purge that swislike grossenesse, that maketh the swete maijerome not to smell to their delight.



# POEMS

OF

HENRY HOWARD,

EARL OF SURREY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE  
OF A LOUER,  
WITH SUITS TO HIS LADIE, TO RUE ON HIS DYING  
HART.

THE Sunne hath twice brought forth his tender  
grene,  
Twice clad the earth in lively lustinesse;  
Ones have the windes the trees dispoyled cleue,  
And ones againe begins their cruellnesse,  
Sins I haue hid under my brest the harme,  
That neuer shal recouer healthfulnesse.  
The winters hurt recouers with the warme:  
The parched grene restored is with shade:  
What warmth, alas! may serue for to disarm  
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 see nothing hath hurt so sore,  
But Time, in time, reducoth a returne:  
In time my harme increaseth more and more,  
And seemes to haue my cure alwayes in scorne:  
Strange kindes 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 thynge alive, that seeth the heauens with eye,  
With cloke of night may couer, and excuse  
It selfe from travailes of the dayes unrest,  
Sae I, alas! against al others use,  
That then stirre up the torments of my brest,  
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate.  
And when the sunne hath eke the darke oppress,  
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate  
The traualles of mine endlesse smart and paine;  
For then as one that hath the light in hate,  
I wish for night, more covertly to plaine;  
And me withdraw from every haunted place,  
Lest by my chere my chance appere to plaine:  
And in my mynde I measure pace by pace,

To seeke the place where I my self had lost,  
That day that I was tangled in the lace,  
In seeming slack, that knitteth ever most.  
But never yet the traualles of my thought,  
Of better state could catch a cause to boast:  
For if I founde, some time that I have sought,  
Those sterres by whom I trusted of the port,  
My sailes do fall 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 seeke, how do I finde my sore?  
And yf I flee, I cary with me still  
The venomd shaft, which doth his force restore  
By haste of flight: And I may plaine my fill  
Unto my self, unless this carefull song  
Print in your hart some parcel of my tene  
For I, alas! in silence all to long,  
Of mine old hurt 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,  
WHEREIN ECHY THING RENUEWES SAUR ONLY THE  
LOUER.

THE soote season, that bud and blome forth  
brings,  
With grene bath 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 euery 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 adler all her slough away she flings;  
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;  
The busy bee her hony now she mings,  
Winter is worne, that was the flowers bale.

And thus I see among these pleasant things  
Eke care decays; and yet my sorrow springs.

**DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE  
OF A LOUER.**

WHEN youth had led me halfe the race  
That Cupides scourge had made me runne,  
I looked backe to mete the place,  
From whence my weary cours begonne.

And then I sawe how my desire,  
Misguiding me, had led the way,  
Myne eyes to greedy 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 boyling smoke did still bewray  
The present heate of secreete flame.

And when salt teares do bain my brest,  
Where Loue his pleasent traines hath sowne,  
Her beauty hath the fruites opprest,  
Ere that the buds were sprong and blowne.

And when mine eyes did still pursue  
The flying chace of theyr request,  
Their gredy lokes did oft renew  
The hidden wounde within my brest.

When every loke these chekes might staine,  
From deadly pale to glowing red;  
By outward signes appeared plaine,  
To ber for help, my hart was fled.

But all to late Loue learneth me,  
To paint al kind of colours new,  
To blinde their eyes that els should see  
My specked chekes with Cupides dew.

And now the covert brest I claime,  
That worshipt Cupide secretly;  
And nourished his sacred barne,  
From whence no blessing sparkes do flye.

**DESCRIPTION OF THE FICKLE AFFEC-  
TIONS, 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 beguile and mocke  
The simple hartes, whom he doth strike with  
froward divers stroke. [dart;

He causeth th' one to rage with golden burning  
And doth slay with leaden colde again the others  
hart. [of flame

Whote gleames of burning fire, and easy sparkes  
In balance of vsegal weight be pondereth by  
aime. [well,

From easy ford where I might wade and passe full  
He me withdraws, and doth me drie into a  
depe dark hell: [place:

And me withholdes, where I am cold and offered  
And willes me that my mortal foe I do beseke  
of grace.

He lettes me to pursue a conquest well-nerre woone,  
To folow where my paines were lost ere that  
my sute 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 stuffe unto my selfe to weave a web of  
trust: [chere,

And how to hide my harmes with soft dissembling  
When in my face the painted thoughtes would  
outwardly asera. [dred;

I know how that the blood forsakes the face for  
And how by shame it staines againe the chekes  
with flaming red.

I know under the grene the serpent how he turkes:  
The hammer of the restlesse forge, I wote eke  
how it workes. [fel;

I know and can by roate the tale that I would  
But oft the wordes come forth awrie of him that  
loueth wel.

I know in heate and cold the louer how he shakes,  
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, resolving 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;  
And 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 helieve!) with sprite  
from life removed.

I know in hartie sighes and laughers of the spiene  
At ones to change my state, my wyll, and eke  
my colour cleene.

I know how to deceaue my self with others help:  
And how the lion chastised is by heating of the  
whelp.

In standing nere the fire, I know how that I freeze:  
Farre off I burne: in both I wast, and so my  
life I lese.

I know how loue doth rage vppon 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:  
Reiued with a glimpse of grace old sorowes to  
let fall.

The hidden traines I know and secret snare of loue:  
How soone a loke will print a thought, that  
nener may remove. [wealth,

The slipper state I know, the solein turnes from  
The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and sure  
dispeire 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 might, and vertue great, his  
stormy blasts to quail; [grene,

And when he clothed faire the earth about with  
And every tree new garmented, that pleasure  
was to sene:

Mine hart gas new reioice, and changed blood did  
stur

Me to withdraws my wynter woes, that kept  
within the dore.

Abrude, quod my desire, assay to set thy fote  
Where thou shalt finde the savour swete, for  
sprong is every rote.

And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,  
Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire  
to fele a space.

There shalt thou heare and se al kyodes of birdes  
y wrought,

Wel tune their voice with warble smal, as nature  
hath them taught. [leave:

Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to  
And for my health I thought it best such counsell  
to receaue.

So on a morow furth, vvwist of any wight,  
I went to prooe how well it woulde my beauty  
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 euery blossome  
And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how  
they went:

And in their songes me-thought they thanked nature  
much,

That by her licence al that yere to loue their  
happe was such,

Right as they could deuise to chose them feres  
throughout;

With much reioysing to their Lord then flew  
they al about. [ceane:

Which when I gan resolue, and in my head con-  
What pleasant lyfe, what heapes of joy these  
little birdes receaue;

And saw in what estate I very man was wrought,  
By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at  
nought:

Lord, how I gan in wrath vvwisely me demeane!  
I cursed Loue and him defied: I thought to  
turne the streame.

But when I well beheld he had me vnder awe,  
I asked mercy for my fault, that so transgress  
his lawe,

Thou blinded God (quod I) forgoue me this offence,  
Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy pre-  
tence. [swore:

Wherwith he gaue a becke, and thus me-thought he  
Thy sorrow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it  
were more.

The vertue of which sound mine hert did so reioice,  
That I, me-thought, was made as whole as any  
man alive.

But here I may percele mine errour al and some,  
For that I thought that so it was; yet was it still  
vndone: [minde:

And al that was no more but mine expressed  
That feine would haue some good reliefe of  
Cupide wel asinde.

I turned home forthwith and might perceiue it wel,  
That be agreed was right sore with me for my  
rebel. [more:

My hartnes haue, euer since, increased more and  
And I remaine without his help, vndone for  
euermore.

A mirror let me be vnto ye louers all:  
Striue not-with Loue, for if ye do, it will ye thus  
befall.

## COMPLAINT OF A LOUER REBUKED.

Loue, that liueth and reigneth in my thought,  
That built his seat within my captiue breast,  
Clad in the armes wherin with me he fought,  
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.  
She, that me taught to loue, and suffer paine:  
My doubtful hope, and eke my bot desire  
With shamfast cloke to shadowe and restraine;  
Her smiling grace conuerteth straight to ire.  
And coward Loue then to the hart aspac:  
Taket hie flight, wheras he-turkes and plaines  
His purpose lost, and dare not shewe his face.  
For my lordes gilt thus faultlesse bide I paines;  
Yet from my lordes shal not my fote remoue:  
Swete is his death, that takes his end by Loue.

## COMPLAINT OF THE LOUER DISDAINED.

In Cyprus springes, whereas dame Venus dwelt,  
A well so hote, that whose tastes the same,  
Were he of stone, as thawed yee should melt.  
And kindled find his breast with fixed flame:  
Whose moyst poyson dissolved bath my hate,  
This creepings fire my colde lims so opprest,  
That in the hart that harborde fredome late,  
Endlesse despayre long thraldome hath impress.  
Another<sup>2</sup> so colde in frozen yee is founde,  
Whose chilling venom of repugnant kinde  
The feruent heat doth queneche of Cupides wounde,  
And with the spot of change infects the minde:  
Wherof my dere hath tasted, to my paine,  
My seruice thus is growen into disdaine.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOUE  
GERALDINE.

FROM Taskane came my ladies worthy race;  
Faire Florence was sometime her<sup>2</sup> auuncient seate  
The western yle, whose pleasant shore doth face  
Wilde Cambers clifs, did gyve her likly estate:  
Fostred she was with milke of Irish breast;  
Her sire, an Erle; her dame of princes blood:  
From tender yeres, in Britain she doth rest  
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.  
Honslon did first present her to mine yien;  
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight:  
Hampton me taught to wishe 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;  
Flouring to day, to morowe apt to faile:  
Pickell treasure, abhorred of reason:  
Daungerous to deal with, vaine, of none assaile;  
Costly in keeping, past not worthe two peason:  
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile;  
Hardle to attaine, once gotten not reason:

<sup>1</sup> Another well.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Orford would read "their."

Iewell of jeopardie that peril doth amalle;  
 False and vntrue, enticed oft to treason;  
 Enny to youth, that most may I bewaile:  
 Ah, bitter swete, infecting as the poyson.  
 Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken,  
 To day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken.

**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 beastes, the ayer, the birdes their songe doe  
 The night's chare the starres aboute doth bring;  
 Calme is the sea, the waves worke lesse and lesse:  
 So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,  
 Bringing before my face the great encrease  
 Of my desires, wherat 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;  
 Geues me a pang, that inwardly doth sting;  
 When that I thinke what grief it is againe,  
 To lue and lack the thing should rid my paine.

**HOW ECHE THING SAUE THE LOUER IN  
 SPRING REUIUETH TO PLEASURE.**

WHEN Windsor walles susteined my wearied  
 arde,  
 My hand my chin, to ease my restlesse hed:  
 The pleasant plot reuented green with warme,  
 The blossomed bowes with lusty Ver vnpred,  
 The flowred meades, the wedded biries so late  
 Mine eyes discouer: and to my minde resorte  
 The ioly woes, the hateless short debate,  
 The rakehell life that longes to loues disporte:  
 Wherewith, alas, the heauy charge of care  
 Heapt in my breast breakes forth, against my will,  
 In smoky sighes, that ouercast the ayer,  
 My vapour eyes such dreary teares distill, [fall,  
 The tender spring which quicken where they  
 And I halfe bent to throwe me downe withall.

**A VOW TO LOUE FAITHFULLY HOW SO-  
 EUER 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 sene:  
 In presence prest of people madde or wise:  
 Set me in hie, 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 heauen, in earth, or els in hell,  
 In byll or dale, or in the foming flood,  
 Thrall, or at large, aloue whereso I dwell,  
 Sick or in health, in euill fame or good:  
 Hess will I be, and onely with this thought  
 Content my self, although my chaunce be nought.

**COMPLAINT THAT HIS LADY AFTER SHE  
 KNEW OF HIS LOUE, KEPT HER FACE  
 ALWAYS HIDDEN FROM HIM.**

I NEVER sawe my Lady laye apart,  
 Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,

Sith fyrst she knew my grieue was growen so grende,  
 Whiche other fancies driueth from my hart  
 That to my self I do the thought reserue,  
 The which vnwares did wound my woeful breast;  
 But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest:  
 Yet sins she knew I did her loue and serue,  
 Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke;  
 Her smyling lokes that hid thus enermore,  
 And that restraines whiche I desier so sore!  
 So dothe thys cornet gouerne me slacke:  
 In somer, sunne: in winters breathe, a frost:  
 Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

**REQUEST TO HIS LOUE TO IOINE BOUNTIE  
 WITH BEAUTIE.**

THE golden gift that nature did the giue,  
 To fasten frendes and fede them at thy will;  
 With souerne and fauour, taught me to beleue,  
 How thou arte made to shoue her greatest shill,  
 Whose hidden vertues are not so vnknownen,  
 But lively dames mighte gather at the first  
 Where beauty so her perfecte seede hath sownen,  
 Of other graces folow nedes there must.  
 Now certesse Ladie, sins all thys is true,  
 That from aboute thy gyles are thus elcet;  
 Do not deface them than with fausies newe,  
 Nor change of mindes let not the minde infect:  
 But mercy hym thy frende, that doth thee serue,  
 Who seekes alway thine honour to preserue.

**PRISONER IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNT-  
 ETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.**

So cruel prison, how could betide, alas!  
 As proude Windsor: where I in lust and joye,  
 Wythe a kinges sonne, my childishe yeres did  
 passe,  
 In greater feast, than Priam's Sonnes of Troye:  
 Where eche swete place returnes a taste full sower:  
 The large grene courtes where we were wont to  
 houe,  
 With eyes cast vp into the mayden tower,  
 And easie sighes, such as folk 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 rewe,  
 Where ech of vs did pleade the others right.  
 The palme play, where, despoyled for the game,  
 With dazed yies oft we by gleames of loue,  
 Haue mist the ball, and gote sighte of our dame,  
 To bayte her eyes, which kept the leads about.  
 The grauell grounde, wythe skussa tide on the  
 beime  
 On fomyng horse, with swordes and friendly  
 hartes;  
 With chear as though one should another whelme,  
 Where we haue fought, and chased oft with dartes;  
 With silver dropes the meade yet spred for ruthe,  
 In artieue games of nimblous and strength,  
 Where we did straine, trayued with swarmes of  
 youth,  
 Our tender limmes, that yet shot vp in length:

<sup>1</sup> The young duke of Richmond. W.

<sup>2</sup> The ladies were ranged on the leads or battlements of the castle to see the play. W.

The secrets grooves which oft we made resounde,  
Of pleasant playnt, and of our ladies praise,  
Recording oft what grace eche one had founde,  
What hope of speede, what drede of long delays:  
The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene,  
With rayns auailed and swift ybreathed horse;  
With Erie of houndes and mery blastes betwene,  
Where we did chase the fearful harte of force.  
The wide vales eke, that harboure vs eche nighte,  
Wherwith (alas) reuiueth 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 talke, the diuers change of play,  
The friendship sworne, eche promise kept so  
iust;

Wherwith we past the winter night away.  
And with this thought, the blood forsakes the face,  
The teares berryne my cheekes of deadly heave,  
The whyche as some as sobbing sighes, alas,  
Unmappd haue, thus I my plaint renewe:  
O place of blisse! remuer of my woer,  
Giue me accompt, where is my noble fere;  
Whom in thy wailles thou dost eche night enclose;  
To other leafe, but unto me most dere:  
Echo alas, that doth my sorow rewe,  
Returns therto a hollow sounde of playnte.  
Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,  
In prison pine with bondage and restrainte,  
And with remembrance of the greater greefe,  
To banish the lesse, I find my chief releefe.

#### THE LOUER COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH THE WORTHINESSE OF HIS LOUE.

WHEN raging tone with extreme paine,  
Most cruelly distrains my hart;  
When that my teares, as floudes of raine,  
Feare witness of my wofull smart:  
When sighes haue wasted so my breath,  
That I lye at the poynt of death:

I call to minde the manye great,  
That the Grekes brought to Troy towne,  
And how the beystorous windes did beate  
Their ships, and rent their sailles adowne,  
Till Agamemnon's daughters blooded,  
Appaere the Goddess 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 ferre,  
There caughte his hane (alas) to some:  
Aed many a good knight overroone,  
Before the Grekes had Helene wonne.

Then thinke I thus: sithe suche repaysre,  
So longe time warre of valiant men,  
Was all to winne a Lady fayre;  
Shall I not learne to suffre then,  
And think my life well spent to be,  
Seruing a worthier wight than she?

Therefore I neuer will repent,  
But paines contented stil endure;  
For like as when, rough winter spent,  
The pleasant spring straight draweth in vnto;  
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 plight.  
Of me, that wanted to reioyce,  
The fortune of my pleasant choice:  
Good Ladies, help to fill my mourning voyce.

In ship, freight with the remembrance  
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 auaille,

Alas! how oft in dremes I se  
Those eyes that were my food,  
Whych sometime so delighted me  
That yet they do me good:  
Wherwith I wake with his returne,  
Whose absent flame did make me burne;  
But when I finde the lack, Lord! how I mourne!

When other louers in armes acrossse,  
Reioice their chiefe delight;  
Drowned in teares to mourne my losse  
I stand the bytter 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 fantasies in that mood,  
Assaile my restlesse 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 doubtful hope doth cause me plaine:  
So drede cuts off my ioye.  
Thus in my wealth mingled with wo,  
And of eche thought a dout doth grow,  
Now he comes! will he come? alas, no.

#### COMPLAINT OF A DYING LOUER RE- FUSED UPON HIS LADIES INIUST MIS- TAKING OF HIS WRITING.

In winters iust returne, when Boreas gan his  
raigne, [them plaine:  
And euery tree unclothed fast, as nature taught  
In misty morning darke, as shepe are then in  
holde, [unfolde.  
I hyed me fast, it sat me on, my shepe far to  
And as it is a thing that louers haue by fittes,  
Under a palme I heard one Erie, as he had lost  
his wittes. [playnt,  
Whose voice did ring so shrill in utteryng of his  
That I amazed was to heare, how loue couldde  
hym attain, [ridde this wo;  
Ah! wretched man, quod he; come death and  
A iust reward, a happy end, if it may chanc  
thee so.

Thy pleasures past have wrought thy woe without  
redresse; [ben the lease.  
If thou hadst never felt no joy, thy smart had  
And retchlesse of hys life, he gan both syghs and  
grone,  
A full thing, methought, it was, to heare him  
make such mone.  
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 pen that so  
Unhappy hand! it had been happy time for me,  
If, when to write thou learned first, vnjoynted  
hairt thou be.  
Thou cursed he himself, and enery other wight,  
Sawe her slowe whom Loue him bound to serer  
both day and night. [fordid,  
Which when I heard, and saw, how he himself  
Against the ground with bloudy strokes, him-  
self euen there to rid; [tho;  
Had ben my heart of flint, it must haue melted  
For in my life I neuer 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 heauy  
Tormentes thy selfe with such despite, here in  
this desert place? [dread,  
Wherewith, as all agast, fulfid with ire, and  
He cast on me a staring loke, with colour pale  
and deet; [plight,  
Nay; what art thou, quod he, that in this heauy  
Doest find me here, most wofull wretch, that  
lyfe hath in despight?  
I am (quod I) but poore and simple in degre;  
A sheperde charge I haue in hand, vnworthy  
though I be: [should fall,  
Wyth that he gave a sighe as though the skie  
And lowd alas he shrieked oft, and Shepard, gan  
he call;  
Come hie thee fast at ones, and print it in thy hart;  
So thou shall know, and I shall tell thee, gilltesse  
how I smart. [faint,  
His back against the tree, sore febled all with  
With weary sprite, he stretcht hym up, and  
thus he told his plaint: [lour  
Ones in my hart (quod he) it chanced me to  
Such one, in whom hath nature wrought, her  
ronning for to proue:  
And sure I cannot say, but many yeres werē spent,  
With such good will so recompenst, as both we  
were content.  
Whereto then I me bound, and she likewise also,  
The Sunne should runne his course awry, ere  
we this faith forego. [blisse?  
Who joyed then but I? who had this worldes  
Who mighte compare a life to myne, that neuer  
thought on this?  
But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest joy,  
Is me befallen a greater losse, then Priam hed  
of Troy;  
She is recoverd cleue, and beareth me in hand,  
That my deserts haue geuen cause to breke this  
faithfull band;  
And for my iust excuse auailleth no defence:  
Now knowest thou all; I can no more; but  
shepherd hie thee hence,

And geue him leaue to dye, that may no longer  
liue,  
Whose record to I claime to haue, my death I  
do forgoe; [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 gasping oft  
Into his armes a tree he raught, and said, wel-  
come my death:  
Welcome a thousand folke, now dearer unto me,  
Than should without her loue to liue an empe-  
rour to be.  
Thus in this wofull state, he yielded up the ghost;  
And little knoweth his lady, what a louer she  
hath lost.  
Whose death when I beheld, no marvel was it, right  
For pitie though my heart did blede, to see so  
piteous sight. [sore;  
My blood from heat to cold oft changed woundes  
A thousand troubles there I found I neuer 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 eeh 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 Creusids love, king Priams soune 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 soone,  
But to the heauenus, lo, it fled, for to receive his  
done.

#### COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOUER 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 a while:  
And such as by their lordes do set but little price,  
Let them sit still, it skilles them not what chance  
come on the dice:  
But ye whom loue hath bound by order of desire,  
To loue your lordes, whose good desertes none  
other wold require:  
Come ye yet ones againe, and set your fote by mine,  
Whose wofull plight, and sorowes great, no tong  
may well define. [welts,  
My lone and lord, alas! in whom consistes my  
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazarde  
of his helth: [minde,  
Whom I was wont t'embrace with well contented  
Is now amid the foming floods at pleasure of the  
winde: [me sende,  
Where God will him preserue, and some hie 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 anone, yet causeth  
not my payne:

The fearfull dreames I haue, oft times do greue  
me so,

That when I wake, I lye in dout, where they be  
true or no: [so hie,

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 litle sonne.

So, forth I goe apace to see that leafsome sight,  
And with a kisse, methinke, I say, welcome my  
lord, my knight;

Welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfare,  
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me,  
and my care:

Then liuely doth he loke, and salueth me againe,  
And sayth, my dere, how is it now, that you  
haue all this payne? [brest,

Wherewith the heauy cares that beart are in my  
Breake forth, and me dischargen cleue of all my  
huge unrest.

But when I me awake, and find it but a dreame  
The anguish of my former wo beginneth more  
extreme,

And me tormenteth so, that unneath may I find,  
Some hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing  
of my mind.

Thus euery way you se, with absence how I burn,  
And for my wound, no cure I find, but hope of  
good return; [the more,

Sense when I thinke, by sowre, how swete is leit  
It doth abate some of my paines, that I abode  
before:

And then unto my self I say, when we shall meete,  
But litle while shall seme this paine, the joy  
shall be so swete.

Ye windes I yon conjure in cheifest of your rage,  
That ye my lord me safely send, my sorowes to  
seawage.

And that I may not long abide in this excesse,  
Do your good wil, to cure a wight, that liueth in  
distresse.

=====

**A PRAISE OF HIS LOUE, WHERIN HE  
REPROUETH THEM THAT COMPARE  
THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.**

Geve place, ye louers, here before,  
That spent your bostes and bragges in vain,  
My ladies beauty 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 Penslope the faire,  
For what she sayth, ye may it trust,  
As by it writing sealed were:  
And virtues hath she many more,  
Than I with pen have skill to showe.

I could reherse if that I would,  
The whole effect of Natures plaint,  
When she had lost the peritte mould,  
The like to whome she could not paint:  
With wringyng hands, how she did cry,  
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 nere her hart;  
And this was cheifely all her paine,  
She could not make the like againe.

Sith Nature thus gaue her the praise,  
To be the cheifest worke she wrought;  
In faith me thinke some better wayes,  
On your behalfe 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 check t,  
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 hede,  
And marke this foolish verse;  
For I will so provide,  
That I will haue your forse.

And when your forse 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 capitaine full of might;  
And such I will deuour,  
As vse to shew me spight.

And for because you gaue  
Me checke in your degre;  
This vantage to 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 derefly had I boughte my grene and youthfull  
yeres, [love apperus:

If in mine age I couide not finde, when craft for  
And reldome though I come in court among the  
rest, [the best.

Yet can I iudge in colours dim, as depe as can

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to chess. C.

Where grief tormentes the man that suffreth se-  
cret smart, [the hart:  
To breke it forth unto some friend, it easeth well  
So standes it now with me for my beloved frinde  
This case is thine for whom I fele such torments  
of my minde;  
And for thy sake I burne so in my secret brest,  
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 yeides to thy desire, and folowes thee  
by fittes, [thy power,  
Where thou hast loued so long, with hart and all  
I se thee fed with fained wordes, thy freedom to  
deuour; [withstand,  
I know, (though she say nay), and would it well  
When in her grace, thou held thee most, she  
bare the but in hand;  
I see her pleasant chere in chiefest of thy suite,  
When thou art gone, I se him come, that gathers  
up the fruite;  
And eke in thy respect, I se the base degre,  
Of him, to whome she gaue the hart, that prom-  
ised was to the. [sure,  
I see (what woulde you more) stode never man so  
On womans word but wisdome would mistrust  
it to endure.

THE FORSAKEN LOUER DESCRIBETH,  
AND FORSAKETH LOUE.

O LOUSOME place, where I  
Have sene and hard my dere;  
When in my hart her eye,  
Hath made her thought appere.  
By glimsing with such grace,  
As fortune it ne would  
That lasten any space,  
Between us lenger should.

As fortune did auance,  
To further my desire,  
Even so hath fortunes chance,  
Thrown al amidst the mire;  
And that I have deserued,  
With true and faithfull hart;  
Is to his handes rescrued,  
That neuer felt the smart.

But happy is that man,  
That scaped hath the grieffe,  
That Loue wel teache him can,  
By wanting his reliefe.  
A scourge to quiet mindes,  
It is, who taketh hede;  
A common plague that bindes,  
A traueil without mede.

This gift it hath also,  
Who so enioies it most,  
A thousand troubles grow,  
To vex his werial ghost.  
And last it may not long,  
The truest thinge of all;  
And sure the greatest wrong,  
That is within this thrall.

But sips thou desert place,  
Canst geue me no account;  
Of my desired grace,  
That I to haue was wont:  
Farewell! thou hast me tought  
To thinke me not the first  
That loue hath set aloft,  
And carten in the dust.

THE LOUER DESCRIBES HIS RESTLESS  
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 sight, that I desire,  
Appease my grief and deadly paine.

First when I saw those christal streames,  
Whose beaauty made my mortall wounde,  
I little thought within her beames,  
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 grieffe in worth:  
My frutelesse hope my barne did hide.

As cruel waves full oft be found,  
Against the rockes to rore 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;  
Forgets 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 fanay strange,  
And wilful wyl to wite;  
If I sought now to change  
A falcon for a kite.

All men might well dispraise  
My wit and enterprise,  
Yf I esteemde a pece  
Above a perle in price:  
Or iudged the owle in sight,  
The sparehawk to excell;  
Which flyeth but in the night  
As all men know right well.



Or if I sought to saile,  
Into the brittle port;  
Where anker-hold doth faile,  
To such as do resort;  
And leaues the haueu sure,  
Where blowes no blustering winde;  
Nor sickelence in are  
So farforth as I finde.

No, thinke me not so light,  
Nor of so churlish kinde,  
Though it lay in my might,  
My bondage to unbinde;  
That I woulde leaue the binde  
To boat the ganders so:  
No, no, I haue no minde  
To make exchanges so:

Nor yet to change at all,  
For thinke it may not be,  
That I should seeke to fall  
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 free,  
For it is not his kinde;  
Nor true loue cannot leese  
The constance of the minde:  
Yet as some shall the fire,  
Want heate to blase and burne,  
As I in such desire  
Masse once a thought to turne.

**A CARELESSE MAN, SCORNING AND DESCRIBING THE SUTTLE VSAGE OF WOMEN TOWARDE THEIR LOUERS.**

WRAPT in me carelesse cloke, as I walk to and fro, [in his bow;  
I see, how loue can shew that force their reigneth  
And how be shoteth eke a hardy hart to wound;  
And where be glanceth by againe, that litle hurt  
is found.

For seldom is it seen, be woundeth hartes alike;  
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often  
farre to seeke: [mee,

All this I see, with more; and wonder thinketh  
How he can strike the one so sore, and leaue the  
other free; [wrong,

I see, that wounded wight, that suffreth all this  
How he is fed with yeas, and nays, and lineth all  
to long.

In silence though I kepe such secretes to my self;  
Yet do I see, how she somtimes doth yeld a looke  
by stealth; [so,

As though it semde, ywis, I will not lose thee  
When in her hart so swete a thought did neuer  
troly grow; [blisse

Then say I thus; alas, that man is farre from  
That doth receiue for his relief, none other gaine  
but this;

And she thet fedes him so, I fele, and find it plain,  
Is but to glory in her power, that ouer such can  
reign: [that he,

Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinkes  
Ah wried man! is fully bent such fancies to let be,

Then to retain him still, she wrasteth new her  
grace, [the man embrace:  
And smileth so, as though she would forthwith  
But when the prooffe is made, to try such lookes  
withall, [full of gall:

He findeth then the place all void and freighted  
Lord what abuse is this! who can such women  
praise? [ways:

That for their glory do deuise to vse such craftie  
I, that amonge the rest do sit, and marke the row,  
Find, that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty  
me, [sped,

Whose tender years, alas! with wiles so wel are  
What will she do, when bory heares are powdered  
in her head?

**AN ANSWERE IN THE BEHALFE OF A WOMAN OF AN UNCERTAIN AUCTOR.**

GIRT in my gittles gowne, as I sit here and sow  
I see that thinges are not in dede as to the out-  
ward shew. [what nere,

And who-so list to loke, and note thinges some-  
Shal find where plainesse seemes to haunt, nothing  
but craft appear: [cerne,

For with indifferent eyes my self can well dis-  
How some to guide a ship in stormes seeke for to  
take the sterne; [charge,

Whose practise if were proved in calme to stere a  
Assuredly beleue it well, it were to great a charge:  
And some I see againe sit still and say but small,  
That could do ten times more then they that say  
they can do all; [understand,

Whose goodly giftes are such, the more they  
The more they seeke to learne and know, and take  
lesse charge in hand. [fast,

And to declare more plain, the time flectes not so  
But I can beare full well in mind the song now  
sung and past; [cloke,

The auctor whereof came, wrapt in a craftie  
With will to force a flaming fire, where he could  
raise no smoke; [plaine,

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 perceiue, and I may safely se  
The innocent that gittlesse is, condemned should  
haue be.

**THE CONSTANT LOUER LAMENTETH.**

Sins fortunes wrath enuieh the welth  
Wherin I raigned by the sight  
Of that, that fed mine eyes by stealth,  
With soure swete, dread and delight:  
Let not my grieffe moue you to mone,  
For I will wepe and waile alone.

Spite drane me into Boreas raigne,  
Where bory frostes the frutes do bite,  
When hills were spread, and euery plaine,  
With stormy winters mantle white;  
And yet, my dere, such was my bestie,  
When others frace, then did I sweate.

And now, though on the sunne I drive,  
Whose fervent flame all things decays,  
His beames in brightnesse may not strive,  
With light of your sweete golden rayes;  
Nor from my brest this beate remoue,  
The frozen thoughtes grauen by loue.

Ne may the waues of the salt floodes  
Euenche that your beautie set on fire,  
For though mine eyes forbear the foodes,  
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.

Eche beast can chose his fere according to his  
minde, [beastly kinde;  
And eke can shew a friendly chere lyke to their  
A lion saw I late as whyte as any snow,  
Which semed well to leade the race, his port the  
same did shoue.

Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,  
For still, me thoughte, he semed well of noble  
blood to be. [make,

And as he praunced before, still seeking for a  
As who would say, there is none here, I trowe will  
me forsake; [bone,

I might perceauie a wolfe as white as whales  
A fairer beaste, of fresher hue, beheld I neuer 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  
unmeete. [warded

But such a scornfull chere wherwith she him re-  
Was neuer sene I trow the like to such as well  
deserued. [twaine,

With that she start aside well nere a foote or  
And vnto him thus gan she say with spite and  
great disdain, [before,

Lion, she saide, if thou hadst knowen my mind  
Thou hadst not spent thy trauaile thus, nor all thy  
paine forlore; [with mee,

Do way, I like thee wete, thou shalt not play  
Go range about where thou maist finde some meter  
fere for thee. [flame,

With that he bet his taile, his eyes began to  
I might perceiue his noble hart, much moued by  
the same; [swage,

Yet saw I him refraine, and eke his wrath as-  
And vnto 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 deuoured 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 hoo?  
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 he, for his assured truth;  
Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas the  
more the ruth: [remoue,

This gentle beate so dyed, whom nothing could  
But willingly to leese his life for loss of his true  
love. [paine,

Other there be, whose lines do linger still in  
Against their wylls preserved are, that woulde  
haue dyed faine. [you,

But now I do perceiue, that nought it mooueth  
My good intent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kinde  
so true: [traide,

But that your will is such to fere me to the  
And other some full many yeres trace by the craft  
ye made. [farr,

And thus behold our kindes how that we differ  
I seke my foes, and you your frendes do thretes  
still with warre. [you,

I fawne where I am fed, you slay that sekes to  
I can deuour 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 thirste on sack  
as to you yeld:

Wherefore I woulde you wist, that for your  
coyed lokes,  
I am no man that will be trapt, nor tangled with  
such hokes.

And though some lust to loue where blame full  
well they might,

And to such beastes of current sort that would  
haue travell bright;

I will observe the lawe, that nature gaue to me,  
To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go  
free:

And as a falcon free, that seeth in the ayre,  
Which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no state  
doth care.

While that I liue and breathe such shall my  
custome be,

In wildnes of the woods, to seke my pray where  
pleaseth me: [offence,

Where many one shall rue, that neuer 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 shall commit, I neuer 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  
sailes so low.

Sith that a Lions hart is for a wolfe no pray,  
With bloody mouth go slake your thirst on sim-  
ple shepe I say, [preme,

With more despite and ire, than I can now ex-  
Which to my paine though I refrain, the cause  
you may wel gesse.

As for because my self was aucthor of the game,  
It bootes me not that for my wrath, I should dis-  
turbe the same.

**THE FAITHFULL LOUER DECLARETH HIS PAINES AND HIS UNCERTAIN IOYES, AND WITH ONLY HOPE RECOMPORTETH SOMWHAT HIS WOFULL HEART.**

If care do cause men cry, why do not I com-  
 plaine? [my paine?  
 Ifeche man do bewaile his wo, why shew I not  
 Since that amongst them all, I dare well say, is  
 none, [cause to none.  
 So farre from weale, so full of wo, or hath more  
 For all things haueing life, sometime hath  
 quiet rest, [beast:  
 The bearing asse, the drawing oxe, and every other  
 The peasant, and the post, that serues at all as-  
 sayes; [take their ease.  
 The ship boy, and the galley-slave, haue 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 destinie  
 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 see some have their most desired sight,  
 Alas! thinke I, eche man hath weale, save I, most  
 wofull wighte.  
 Then as the stricken dere withdrawes himself  
 alone, [make my none.  
 So do I seek some secrete place, where I may  
 There do my bowing eyes shew forth my melt-  
 ing hart, [declare my smart.  
 So that the stormes of those two welles right well  
 And in thoses cares as colde I force my self a  
 best, [seife 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 see right plaine  
 appere  
 My hartes delight, my sorowes feche, myne  
 earthly goddesse here;  
 With every sundry grace that I have sene her  
 haue, [and grave;  
 Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paint  
 And in my thought I rol her bewties too and  
 fro, [that perused so.  
 Her laughing chere, her lovely looke, my hart  
 Her strangenes when I sued her servant for to  
 be, [that she pittied me.  
 And what she said, and how she smilde, when  
 Then comes a sodaine feare that riveth all my  
 rest, [her brest.  
 Let absence cause forgetfulness to sinke within  
 For when I thinke how farre this earth doth us  
 divide, [how that I slide.  
 Ah, me sennes, love throwes me downe, I fele  
 But when I thinke againe, why should I thus  
 mistrust, [and just.  
 So wrote a wight, so sad and wise, that is so true

For loth she was to lone, and wauering is she  
 not; [their know;  
 The farther off, the more desire; thus louers tie  
 So in dispaire and hope plunged 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 cleme put away dispaire out  
 And bids me for to serve and suffer patiently;  
 For what wot I the after-weale that fortune wille  
 to me, [trouble,  
 For those that care do know, and tasted haue 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 seme the sweter.  
 And so determine I to serue until my breath,  
 Yes rather dye a thousand times than once to false  
 my faith. [smart,  
 And if my feble corps, through weight of wofull  
 Do faile or faint, my will it is that still she kepe  
 my hart, [farde,  
 And when this carcas here to earth shall be re-  
 I do bequeth my wried ghost to serue her after-  
 warde.

**THE MEANES TO ATTAINE HAPPY LIFE.**

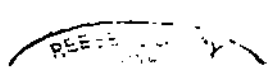
MARTIAL, the things that doe attain  
 The happy life, be these I finde,  
 The riches left, not got with paine;  
 The fruitfull ground, the quiet minde;  
 The egall frend; no grudge, no strife;  
 No charge of rule, nor gouernance;  
 Without disease, the healthfull life;  
 The household of continuance:  
 The meane dyet, no delicate fare;  
 Trew wisdomes joynde with simprenesse;  
 The night discharged of all care;  
 Where wine the witte may not oppresse.  
 The faithfull wife, without debate;  
 Such sleepes as may beguie the night;  
 Contented with thine owne estate,  
 No wish for death, us feare his might.

**PRAISE OF MEANE AND CONSTANT ESTATE.**

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS WYAT.

Of thy life, Thomas, this compass wel mark  
 Not aye with full sailes the hie seas to beat,  
 Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes dark,  
 On shallow shores thy keel in peril fret.  
 Who so gladly halseth the golden meane,  
 Voide of daungers advisdly hath his home  
 Not with lothsome truck, as a den uncleane,  
 Nor palace like, wherat disdain may glome.  
 The lofty pine the great wind oftou rives;  
 With violenter swey false tarrets stepe;  
 Lightnings assault the hie mountaines and clives;  
 A hart well stayd, in overthwartes depe

From Horace. C.



Hopeth ampedes; in swete, doth feare the sowre.  
 God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp,  
 Now ill, not aye thus. Once Plebus to lowre,  
 With bowe unbent, shall cesse, and frame to bary,  
 His voice. In strait estate appers thou stout  
 And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde  
 All thy putt sailes shall ~~the~~ looke well about,  
 Take in a rift. Heast is wast, profe doth fende.

---

**PRAISE OF CERTAIN PSALMES 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 Dan Homers rimes he placed,  
 Who feigned gestes of heathen princes song.  
 What holy grave, what worthy sepulture  
 To Wyates' psalmes should christians then pur-  
 chase;

Where he doth paint the lively faith and pure;  
 The stedfast hope, the swete retourne to grace,  
 Of just David by perfite penitence,  
 Where rulers may see in a mirrour clerg  
 The bitter frute of false concupiscence,  
 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 Cessars teares upon Pompeius hed,  
 Some that watched with the murders knife,  
 With eger thirst to drinke thy giftlesse blood,  
 Whose practise brake by happy end of life,  
 With envious teares to heare thy fame so good.  
 But I, that knewe what harbred in that hed,  
 What vertues rare were temptred in that brest,  
 Honour the place that such a jewel bred,  
 And kisse the ground wheras the corse doth rest,  
 With vapord eyes, from whence such streames  
 avall,  
 As Pyramus did on Thisbes brest bewail.

---

OF THE SAME.

WHAT resteth here, that quick could never rest,  
 Whose heavenly giftes encrease with disdain,  
 And vertue sank the deper in his brest,  
 Such profit he by enny could obtain.

A hed, where wisdom misteries did frame,  
 Whose hammers bet still 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 growe,  
 Vice to contemne, in vertue to gijoyce:  
 Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so,  
 To live vpright, and smile at fortunes choyce.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Wyatt. See his works. C.

A hand that taught, what might be said in rime;  
 That rest Chaucer the glory of his wit.  
 A mark, the which (unperfited, for time)  
 Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tong, that served in forein realmes his king;  
 Whose courteous talke to vertue did enlarge  
 Eche noble hart; a worthy guide to bring  
 Our english youth, by traamil vnto fame.

An eye, whose judgment none effect could blinde,  
 Freeddes to allure, and foes to reconcile;  
 Whose persing looke did represent a minde  
 With vertue fraught, reposed, voyd of gile.

A hart, where drede was neuer so imprest,  
 To hide the thought, that might the trowth aunce;  
 In neyther fortune loft, nor yet represt,  
 To swel in welth, or yield vnto mischaunce,

A valiant corps, where force and beauty met,  
 Happy, alas! to happy, but for foes;  
 Lived, and ran the race, that nature set;  
 Of manhoods shape, where she the mold did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soule is fled;  
 Which left with such, as covet Christ to know,  
 Witness of faith, that neuer shall be ded;  
 Sent for our helth, but not received so.

Thus for our gilt, this jewel have we lost;  
 The earth his bones, the heavens possesse his  
 ghost.

---

OF THE SAME.

In the rude age when knowledge was not rife,  
 If Ioue in Crete, and other were that taught  
 Artes to convert to profite of our life,  
 Wend after death to have their temples sought;  
 If vertue yet no voide unthankfull time,  
 Failed of some to blast ber endies fame,  
 A goodly meane both to deterre from crime,  
 And to her steppes our sequele to enflame.  
 In daies of truth, if Wyates frendes then waile,  
 The only det that dead of quick may claime,  
 That rare wit spent, employd to our aunyle,  
 Where Christ is taught we led to vertues traine.  
 His lively face their brestes how did it freat,  
 Whose cindres yet, with enny they do cate.

---

**OF SARDANAPALUS DISHONORABLE  
 LIFE, AND MISERABLE DEATH.**

THE Asirian king in pence, with foole desire,  
 And filthy lustes, that staynde his regall hart;  
 In warre, that should set princely hartes on fire,  
 Did yeld, vanquisht for want of marciall arte,  
 The dint of swordes from kisses semed strange;  
 And harder, than his ladies side, his targe;  
 From glutton frastes, to souldiers fare, a change,  
 His helmet, farre about a garlands charge,  
 Who scarce the name of manhode did retaine;  
 Drenched in slouth, and womanish delight;  
 Feble of sprite, impatient of pain;  
 When he had lost his honor, and his right,  
 Proud, time of wealth; in stormes, appalled with  
 dred,  
 Murdered himself, to shew some manfull dede.

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 smile, as cause of  
thoughtes 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 fees his bones with  
How he would be a rich olde man, to lise and lye  
at rest: [so sore,

The rich olde man that sees his end drawe on  
How he would be a boy again, to lise so much  
the more.

Wherat full oft I smile, to se how all these three,  
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop  
and change degree:

And musing thus, I think, the case is very strange,  
That man from welth, to lise in wo, doth ever  
sake to change. [akin,

Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my withered  
How it doth shew my dented chews, the flesh  
was worn so thyn, [right way,

And eke my toothles chaps, the gates of my  
That opes and shuttes as I do speake, doe thus  
vnto me say; [age,

The white and horish heeres, the messengers of  
That shew like lines of true belief, that this life  
doth asswage; [thy chin,

Byds thee lay hand, and fele 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 therein beaten art, the happiest life  
define: [joy,

Wherat I sighed, and sayde, farewell my wonted  
Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from me, to ouery  
little boy; [happy is,

And tell them thus from me, their time most  
If to their time they season had, to know the  
truth of this.

BONUM EST MIHI QUOD HUMILIASTI ME.

THE stormes are past, these cloudes are over-  
blowne,

And humble chere great rigour hath represt,  
For the default is set a paine fore knowne;  
And patience graft in a determined brest:

And in the hart where heapes of griefes were  
growne

The swete reuenge hath planted mirth and rest;  
No company so pleasant as mine owne;  
Thradom at large hath made this prison frer,

Danger wel past remembered workes delight;  
Of lingring doubtles such hope is sprong pardie,  
That nought I finde displeasent in my sight:

But when my glasse presented vnto me,  
The curelesse wound, that bledeth day and night;  
To think, alas, such hap should granted be

Vnto a wretch that hath no hart to fight,  
To spyll that blood that hath so oft bene shed,  
For Brittaines sake (alas) and now is ded.

EXHORTACION TO LEARNE BY OTHERS  
TROUBLE.

My Ratclif, when thy retchlesse youth offendes,  
Receue thy scourge by others chastisement.  
For such calling, when it workes none amendes,  
Then plages are sent without aduertisement  
Yet Salamon sayd, ~~the~~ wronged shall recure;  
But Wiat said Cress, the skarre doth eye endure<sup>1</sup>.

THE FANSIE OF A WERIED LOUER.

THE fansy, which that I have serued long,  
That hath alway bene enemy to myne ease,  
Semed of late to rue vpon my wrong,  
And had me flye the cause of my mis ease.  
And I forthwith did passe out of the throng,  
That thought by flight my painfull hart to please  
Some other way: till I saw faith more strong;  
And to my self I said: alas, those daies  
In vain were spent, to runne the race so long!  
And with that thought; I met my gyde: that  
pleas,

Out of the way wherein I wandered wrong,  
Brought me amidst the hilles in hase Bulayn,  
Where I am now, as restles to remayne,  
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 Thomae Clere qui fato functus est  
1543, suctore Henrico Howard comite Surriensi  
in cuius felicis ingenii specimen et singularis fa-  
cundiae argumentum appensa fuit haec tabula  
per W. Howard, filium Thomae nuper Ducis  
Norf. filii ejusdem Henrici comitis Surriensis.

NORFOLKE sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead,  
Clere of the count of Cleremont thou hight,  
Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,  
And sawest thy cosin crowned in thy sight:  
Skelton for love, Surrey for Lord thou chaste,  
Aye me while life did last that league was tender,  
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsall's blase,  
Launderswy\* burnt and batter'd Bulleyn's<sup>2</sup>  
reuder<sup>3</sup>:

At Muttrell\* 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 full fill,  
Aye, Clere, if love had hooted care or cost  
Heaven had not wonne, nor earth so timely lost.

<sup>1</sup> See Wyat's Works "Wyat being in prison to Bryan." C.

<sup>2</sup> Towns taken by Lord Surrey in the Boulogne expedition.

<sup>3</sup> Surrender.

## AGAINST LONDON.

LONDON! hast thou accused me  
 Of breche of lawes, the roote of stryfe?  
 Within whose brest did boyle to see  
 (So fervent hott) thy dissolute lyfe:  
 That even the hate of synners, that groo  
 Within thy wicked walls so ryfe,  
 For to breake forthe, did convert soo  
 That terror colds it not repress.  
 The which by wordes since prechers knoo,  
 What hope is left for to redress?  
 By unknowen means it liked me  
 My hidden burden to expresse:  
 Whereby yt might appere to the,  
 That secret synn hath secret spight:  
 From justice rodd no fault is free:  
 But that all such, as wotrck unright,  
 In most quyct are neat ill rest.  
 In secret sylicnce of the night  
 This made me, with a reckles brest,  
 To wake thy sluggards with my howe:  
 A figure of the Lords behest:  
 Whose scourge for synn the scriptures show:  
 That as the fearfull thunders clapp  
 By soddayne flame at hand we knowe:  
 Of peble stones the sowndles rapp,  
 The dreadfull plage might mak thee see  
 Of Godda wrath, that doth thee enwrap:  
 That pryde might know, from conscyence free,  
 How lofty works may her defend:  
 And envye fynd, as he hath sought,  
 How other seke hym to offend.  
 And wrath tast of each crewell thought  
 The just shape hyer in the end:  
 And ydel slouth, that never wrought,  
 To heven his spirite lift may begyn;  
 And greedy lucre lyue in drede  
 To see what hate ill gott goods wynn:  
 The lechers, yez, that luste do feed,  
 Perceue what secrecye is in synne:  
 And gluttons harts for sorow biede,  
 Awaked when their faulte thy fynd.  
 In lothsome vyce echoe drunken wight  
 To styrr to Godd this was my trynd.  
 Thy wyndowes had don me no spight:  
 But proud peopel, that dreke no fall,  
 Clothed with falsed aud 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 gou?  
 Be suche thy foes, as meane thy weale?  
 Oh! membre of false Babylon!  
 The shop 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 pest lamentable  
 Stricken shalbe thy lechers all:  
 Thy proud towers and turrets hye,  
 Enmys to God, beat stone from stone:  
 Thyne idolls burnt, that wrought iniquitye:

\* 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 rayne shall bestowe:  
 But render unto the rightwise Lord,  
 That so hath judged Babylon,  
 Immortal praise in one accord.

## TO HIS MISTRESSE.

FROM THE SAME.

Yf he, that erst the fountne so lively drew  
 Of Venus face, triumpht in paynter's arte:  
 Thy father then what glory did ensue,  
 By whose pencill a goddesse made thow arte?  
 Touched with flame, that figure made some rew,  
 And with her love surprysed manye a hart:  
 There lackt yet that should cure their hot desyer:  
 Thow canst enflame, and quenche the kyndled fyre.

## TRANSLATIONS.

THE SECOND BOKE OF VIRGILES  
AENEÏS.

THEY whisted all, with fixed face attent,  
 When prince Aeneas from the royal seat  
 Thus gan to speak. O queene, it is thy wil,  
 I shold renew a woe cannot be told:  
 How that the Grekes did spoile and owerthrow  
 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 refrain from teres?  
 What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopes?  
 What stern Ulysses' waged soldiar?  
 And loe moist night now from the welkin failes,  
 And sterres declining counsel vs to reat.  
 But sins so great is thy delight to here  
 Of our mishaps, and Troyes last decay:  
 Though to record the same my minde abhorres,  
 And plaint echue: yet thus wil I begyn.  
 The Grekes chieftains all irked with the war,  
 Wherin they wasted had so many yeres,  
 And oft repulsed by fatal destinie,  
 A huge herse made, bye raised like a hill,  
 By the divine science of Minerva:  
 Of clouen fire compacted were his ribba:  
 For their return a fained sacrifice:  
 The fame whereof so wandered it at point.  
 In the dark bulk they cloade bodies of men  
 Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stralth  
 The hollow womb with armed soldiers.  
 There stands in sight an isle hight 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 vnder the desert shore.  
 And, wening we they had ben fed and gone,  
 And with that winde had fet the land of Greece,  
 Troye discharged her long continued dole:  
 The gates cast vp, we issued out to play,  
 The Grekish camp desirous to behold,  
 The places void and the forsaken coster.  
 Here Pyrrhus band, there ferce Achilles pight:  
 Here rode their shippes, there did their battell  
 joyne.  
 Antonued some the southefull gift bebed,

Behight by vow vnto the chaste Minerve:

All wondering at the hugeness of the horse.

And fyrst of all Timotheas gan aduise,  
Within the walles to leade and drawe the same,  
And place it eke amide the palace court:  
Whether of guile, or Troys fate it would.  
Capys, wyth some of iudgement more discrete,  
Wyl'd it to drown, or vnderset with flame  
The suspect present of the Grekes deceit,  
Or bore and gage the hollow caues vncouth.  
So diuers ran the giddy peoples minde.

Loe foremost of a rout, that followd him,  
Kindled Laocoon hasted from the towre,  
Crieng far of: O wretched citizens,  
What so great kind of frensie freteth you?  
Deme ye the Grekes our enemies to be gone?  
Or any Grekish giftes can you suppose  
Deceid of guile? Is so Ulysses known?  
Either the Grekes are in this timber hid:  
Or this an engin is to annoy our walles,  
To view our towres, and oerwhelme our towne.  
Here lurkes some craft. Good Troians gave no  
trust

Unto this horse, for what so euer it be.  
I dred the Grekes, yea when they offer gyftes,  
And wib that word, with all his force a dart  
He launced then into that croked wombe:  
Which trembling stack, and shoke within the side,  
Wherwith the caues gan hollowly resound.  
And but for faites, and for our blind forecast,  
The Grekes deuise and guile had he discrid:  
Troy yet had stand, and Priams towres so hie.

Therwyth behold, wheras the Phrygian herdes  
Brought to the king, with clamor, all vnkown  
A yong man, bound his handes behinde his back:  
Whoe willingly had yelden prisoner,  
To frame his guile, and open Troys gates  
Unto the Grekes: with courage fully bent,  
And minde determed either of the twaine,  
To work his feat, or willing yeld to death.  
Nere him, to gaze, the Troyan youth gan flock,  
And straue whoe most might at the captiue scorne.  
The Grekes deceit beholde, and by one profe  
Imagine all the rest.

For in the preasse as he vnarmed stood,  
Wyth troubled chere, and Phrygian routes beset,  
Alas (quod he) 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 seke to wreke  
Their haicous wrath wyth shedyng of my blood.  
With this regrette our hartes from rancor moued,  
The brute appeasde, we askte him of his birth,  
What newes he brought, what hope made hym to  
yeld.

Then he (as dred remoued) thus began.  
O kyng: I shall, what euer 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 eares the name  
Nobled by fame, of the sage Palamede,  
Whom traitrously the Grekes condemnd to dye,  
Giltlesse by wrongfull dome, for that he dyd  
Dysuade the warres: whose death they nowe in-  
ment:

Undermeth him my father bare of wealth  
Into his hand yong, and nere of his blood,  
In my prime yeres vnto the war me sent.  
White that by fate his state in stay did stand,

And when his realm did florish by aduise,  
Of glorie then we bare som fame and brute.  
But sins his death, by false Ulysses sleight  
(I speak of things to all men wel bekowne)  
A dreery life in doleful plaint I led,  
Repining at my gyttlesse frends mischaunce.  
Ne could I fool refreiū my tong from thretes:  
That if my chance were euer to return  
Uictor to Arge, to folowe my reuenge.  
With such sharp words procured I great hate,  
Here sprang my harm. Ulysses euer sithe  
With new formd crimes began me to affray:  
In common eares false rumours gan he sowe:  
Weapons of wreke his gylty minde gan seke:  
Ne rested ay, till he by Calchas meane—  
But wherunto these thanklesse tales in vaine  
Do I rehere, 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 reioise?  
Yea and either Atride wold hys it dere.

This kindled us more egge to enquire,  
And to demaund the cause: without ensue  
Of so great mischief thereby to ensue,  
Or of Grekes craft. He then with forged words,  
And quiuering lims, thus toke hys tale again.

The Grekes oft times extended their return,  
From Troys towne, with long warrs all ytired,  
For to dislodge: which, would God, they had done,  
But oft the winter storms of raging seas,  
And oft the boisterous winds did them to stay:  
And chiefly when of elinched ribbes of firre  
This hors was made, the storms rored in the aire.  
Then we in dout to Phebus temple sent  
Enripilas, to wete the prophesye:  
From whens he brought these woful newes again:  
With blood (O Grekes) and slaughter of a maid  
Ye pleasde the winds, when first ye came to Troy:  
With blood likewise you must sake your return.  
A Grekish soule must offred be therefore.

But when this sound had pearst the peoples  
eares,  
With sodain fere astonied were their mindes.  
The chilling cold did oerrunne their bowes,  
To whom that fate was shapte, whom Phebus wold.  
Ulysses then amid the preasse bringes in  
Calchas with noyse and wil'd him to discusse  
The Gods intent. Then some gan deme to mo  
The cruell wreke of him that framde the craft:  
Foreseing secretly what wold ensue.  
In silence then, yshrooding him from sight  
But dayes twise siue he whistled, and refused  
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 granated all:  
And that, that erst eche one dred to himself,  
Returned all vnto my wretched death.  
And now at hand drew nere the wofull day:  
All things preparte wherwyth to offer me,  
Salt, corne, fillets my temples for to bind,  
I scape the deth, I graunt, and brake the bands,  
And lurked in a marrise all the nyght,  
Among the ooze, while they did set their sailes:  
If it so be that they indeede so dyd.

Now restes my hope my uatiue land to see,  
My children dere, nor long desired sire:  
On whom perchance they shall wreke my escape:  
Those harmless wights shal for my fault be slayn.  
Then by the gods, to whom all truth is known:

By fayth unfild, if any any where  
Wyth mortal folke remains: I thee beseeche.  
O king thereby, rue on thy traual great:  
Pitie a wretch that gilleth suffreth wrong.  
Life to these teres, with pardon eke, we graunt.  
And Priam first him self commaundes to loose  
His gyues, his bands: and friendly to him sayd:  
Whose thou art, learn to forget the Grekes:  
Hencefourth be oures, and answeere me with troth:  
Wherto was wrought the masse of this huge hors?  
Whoes the deuise? and wherto should it tend?  
What holy voy? or engin for the warres?

Then he, instruct with wiles and Grekish craft,  
His loosed hands lift upward to the sterres.  
Ye euerlasting lampes I testifye,  
Whose powr diuine may not be violate:  
Th' altar, and sword, spod be, that I haue scapt:  
Ye sacred haudes, I wore as yelden hoste:  
Lefull be it for me to breke mine othe  
To Grekes, lefult to hate their nacion,  
Lefull be it to sparcle in the ayre  
Their secretes all, what see 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 behest,  
If I speake trith, and opening thinges of weight  
For graunt of life requite thee large amendea.

The Grekes whole hope of undertaken war  
In Pallas help consisted euermore,  
But sith the time that wicked Diomedes,  
Ulysses eke that forger of all guile,  
Auentarde from the holy sacred fane  
For to berene dame Pallas fatal forme,  
And slew the watcher of the cheifest towre,  
And then away the holy statue stele:  
That were so bold with handes embred in blood,  
The virgin goddesses veiles for to defile:  
Sith that, their hope gan fail, their hope to fall  
Their powr appeir, their goddesses grace withdraw.  
Whych with no dontfull signes she did declare.  
Scarce was the statue to our tentes ybroughte,  
But she gan stare with sparceld eyes of flame:  
Along her limes the salt sweate trickled downe:  
Yea thrise her selfe (a hideous thinge to tell)  
In glaunces bright she glittered from the ground,  
Holding in hand her targe and quouering spere.  
Calchas by sea then bad vs hast our sight:  
Whoes engins might not break the walles of Troy,  
Unless 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 cease their godde, and war afresh prepare;  
And crosse the seas unloked for eftsones  
They wil return: This order Calchas set.

This figure made they for thagreded god,  
In Pallas stede, to clesne 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 receiue,  
Ne yet your people might defended be  
By the good zele of old deuotion.  
For if your hands did Pallas gift defile,  
To Priams realm great mischief shold befall:  
(Which fate the Gods first on him self return)  
But had your owne handes brought it in your town,  
Asie should passe, and carrie offred warr  
In Grece euen to the walls of Pelops town,  
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 teres  
Whom neither Diomedes, nor great Achille,  
Nor ten yerres war, ne a thousand saile could daut.

Us cauites then a far more dreadful chauce  
Befell, that troubled our vnarmed brestes.  
Whiles Laocoon, that chosen was by lot  
Neptunus priest, did sacrifice a bull  
Before the holy altar, soderly  
From Tenedon behold in circles great  
By the calm seas come fletyng adders twaine,  
Which plied towardes the shore (I lothe to tell)  
With rered brest lift vp about the seas:  
Whoes bloody crestes aloft the waues were seen:  
The hinder parte swame hidden in the flood:  
Their grisly backes were linked manifold:  
With sound of broken waues they gate the strand,  
With gloiing eyes, tainted with blood and fire:  
Whoes waltring tonges did lick their hissing mouthes.  
We fled away, our face the blood forsoke,  
But they with gate direct to Lacon ran.  
And first of all eche serpent doth enwrap  
The bodies small of his two tender sonnes:  
Whoes wretched limes they byt, and fed thereon.  
Then raught they hym, who had his wepen caught  
To rescue them, twise winding him about,  
With folded knottes, and circled tailles, his wast:  
Their scaled backes did compass twise his neck,  
Wyth rered hedges aloft, and stretched throtes.  
He with his handes straued to vnloose the knottes:  
Whoes sacred filletes all besprinkled were  
With silt of gury blod, and veinm rank:  
And to the sterres such dreadful shoutes be sent,  
Like to the sound the roring bull fourth looues,  
Which from the altar wounded doth astart,  
The swaruing axe when he shakes from his neck,  
The serpentes twine, with hasted traile they glide  
To Pallas temple, and her towres of beighte:  
Under the frete of which the Goddess stern,  
Hidden behinde her targettes boose they crept.  
New gripes of dred then pearse our trembling  
brestes.

They sayd Lacons deserues had derely bought  
His hainous dede, that pearced had with stele  
The sacred bulke, and throuwen the wicked launce:  
The people cried with sondry greiing shoutes,  
The bring the horse to Pallas temple blise,  
In hope therby the goddesses wrath appeare.  
We cleft the walles, and closures of the towne;  
Whorto all helpe: and vnder set the feet  
With sliding roles, and bound his neck with ropes:  
This fatal gin thus ouerclambe our walles,  
Stuff with armed men: about the which there ran  
Children, and maides, that holy carolles sang:  
And well were they whos hands might touch the  
cordes.

With threating chere thus slided through our towne  
The subtil tree, to Pallas temple ward.  
O native land, Ilion, and of the goddess  
The mansion place! O warrlik walles of Troy!  
Four times it stopt in thentrie of our gate:  
Four times the harness clattered in the womb,  
But we go on, vnbound of memorie.  
And blinded eke by rage perseuer still:  
This fatal monster in the fane we place.

Camandra then, inspired with Phebus sprite,  
Her prophetes lippes yet neuer of us leasde  
Disclosed est, forespeking thinges to come.  
We wretches loe, that last day of our life,  
With bowes of fest the town, and temples deck.  
With this the skie gan whirle about the sphere:



The cloudy night gan thicken from the sea,  
With mantells spread; that cloked earth, and skies,  
And eke the treason of the Grekish guile:  
The watchemen lay disperst, to take their rest:  
Whoes worried limes sound slepe had them opprest:

When well 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 fourth his mark of fire,  
Sion, preserued by froward destinie,  
Let fourth the Grekes enclosed in the womb,  
The closures eke of pine by stealth vnpind:  
Wherby the Grekes restored were to aire.  
With ioy down hasting from the hollow tree,  
With cordes let down did slide vnto the ground  
The great captaines, Sthenel, and Thesander,  
The fierce Uliuses, Athana, and Choas,  
Machson first, and then king Menolae,  
Epens eke that did the engin forge.  
By cordes let fall fast gan they slide adown:  
And straight inuade the town yburied then  
With wine, and slepe. And first the watch is slain,  
Then gates vnfold to let their fellows in,  
They ioyne them selves with the coniuert bandes.

It was the time, when graunted from the godds  
The first slepe crepes most swete in wery fult.  
Loe in my dreame before mine eyes, me thought,  
With rufull chere I sawe where Hector stood:  
Out of whoes eyes there gushed streames of teares;  
Drawn at a cart as he of late had be,  
Distained with bloody dust, whoes 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 Grekish shippes  
The Trojan flame? so was his beard defiled,  
His crisped lockes all clauert with his blood:  
With all such wounds, as many he receiued  
About the walles of that his native town.  
Whome frankly thus, me thought, I spake vnto,  
With bitter teares and dolefull deadly soies:  
O Trojan 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 trauail of the people, and thy town,  
Aueried, lord! how gladly we behold.  
What sory chauce hath staid thy liuely face?  
Or why see I those woundes, alas, so wide?  
He answered nought, nor in my vain demaunders  
Abode: but from the bottom of his breast  
Sighing he said: Flee, flee, O Goddess son,  
And save thee from the furie of this flame.  
Our enemies now ar 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,yne to thee, as felowes of thy fate:  
Large walles were thow for them: For so thou shalt,  
After time spent in thouer-waudred food.  
This said, he brought fourth Uesta in his hands,  
Her fillettes eke, and euerlasting flame.

In this meane while with diuerse plaint the town  
Therabout was spread: and lowder more and more  
The din resounded: with rattling of armes  
(Although mine old father Auchises house

Remoued stood, with shadow hid of trees)  
I waked: therwith to the house top I clambes  
And harking stood I: the as when the flame  
Lightes in the corne, by drift of boisterous winde:  
Or the swift stream, that driueth from the hill,  
Rootes vp the felkes, and presseth the ripe corne,  
And plowed ground, and ouerwhelmes the groue:  
The silly herdman all astonied standes,  
From the hie 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 ouerspred with flash.  
His next neighbour Uealagon afaire:  
The Sygean seas did glisten all with flame.  
Upsprang the crye of men, and trumpettes blast,  
Then as distraught I did my armure on:  
Ne could I tell yet wherests armes auailde,  
But with our ferres to throng out from the preasse  
Toward the toure our hartes brent with desire:  
Wrath prickt us fourth; and vnto vs it seemed  
A semely thing to dye armed in the feld.

Wherwith Panthus scapte from the Grekish  
dartes,  
Otreus sonne, Phebus prest, brought in hand  
The sacred reliques, and the vanquist gods:  
And in his hand his litle nepheue 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?  
Scarse spake I this, when wailing thus he sayd:  
The later day and fate of Troy is come,  
The which no plaint or prayer may auailde.  
Troyans we were, and Troye was sometime,  
And of great fame the Teucrian glorie erst:  
Fierce Ioue to Greece hath now transposed all,  
The Grekes ar lordes ouer this fired town.  
Yonde huge horse, that stands amid our walles,  
Sheds armed men: And Sinon victor now,  
With scoorne of vs, doth set all things on flame:  
And rushed in at our vnfolded gates  
Are thousands moe, than euer came from Greece.  
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 preasse:  
As furie guided me, and whar 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 moonellight:  
Dymas and Hypaus ioyning on our side,  
With yong Choroebus Mygdonius son;  
Which in those dayes at Troye did arise  
Burning with rage of darre Cassandrae loue,  
In Priams ayd and rescue of his town:  
Unhappy he that wold no credit geue  
Unto his spouses wordes of prophecie.

Whom when I saw assembled in such wise,  
So desperately the battail to desire:  
Then furthermore thus sayd I vnto them:  
O ye yong men, of courage stout in vaice;  
For nought ye strue to saue 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 altars eke are left both wast and voyd:  
But if your will be bent with me to proue

That uttermost, that now may vs befall;  
Then let vs dye, and runne amid our foes:  
To vanquish folk despaire is only hope.  
With this the yong-mens courage did encrease:  
And through the dark, like to the rauening wolues,  
Whom raging furie of their empty mawes  
Driues from their den, leauing with hungry throtes  
Their whelpes behinde: among our foes we ran,  
Upon their swerdes 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 corpesa slaine?  
Or can in teres bewaile them worthely?  
The ancient famous citie falleth down,  
That many yeres did hold such seignorie.  
With senselesse bodies euery strete is spred,  
Eche palace, and sacred porch of the Gods.  
Nor yet alone the Troyan blood was shed:  
Manhod oft times into the vanquish brest  
Returns, wherby some victors Grekes ar slain.  
Cruel complaintes, and terror euery where,  
And plentie of grisly pictures of death.

And first with us Androgeus there met,  
Fellowed with a swarming rout of Grekes:  
Deming vs, unware, of that feloship:  
With frendly words whom thus he cald vnto:  
Hast ye, my frendes; what slouth hath tariid  
ye?

Your fees 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,  
Mazle he withdrew his foote back with his word:  
Like him, that wandring in the bushes thicke,  
Tredes on the adder with his reckless foote,  
Rered for wrath swelling her speckled neck,  
Dismayd, geues back all sodenly for fore.  
Androgeus so feard of that sight stept back:  
And we gan rish amid the thickest rout:  
When here and there we did them ouerthrow,  
Striken with dred, vaskiffull of the place.  
Our first labour thus lucked well with vs.

Chorebus thus encouraged by his chance,  
Reioysing sayd: Hold fourth the way of health  
(My fees) that hap, and manhod hath vs taught:  
Change we our shields; the Grekes armes do we on:  
Craft, or manhod, with force what reckes it which?  
The slaine to vs their armure they shall yeld,  
And with that word Androgeus crested helme,  
And the rich armes of his shield did he on:  
A Grekish sward he guided by his side:  
Like gladly Dimas, and Ripheus 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 Plutoes court.  
Other there fled and hasted to their ships,  
And to their costes of saueguant ran againe.  
And some there were, for shameful cowardrie,  
Clamb vp againe vnto the hucie horse,  
And did them hide in his wel-known womb.

Ay me, bootelasse it is for any whight  
To hope on ought, against the will of the Gods.  
Loe where Cassandra, Priams daughter dere,  
From Pallas churich was drawn with sparkled tresse,  
Lifting in vain her flaming eyes to heuen:  
Her eyes: for fast her tender wrestes were bound.  
Which sight Chorebus raging could not bere,

Reckelasse of death; but thrust amid the throng:  
And after we through thickest of the swerdes.

Here were we first ybatred with the dartes  
Of our owne fees, from the hie temples top:  
Wherby of ve greke slaughter did ensue,  
Mistaken by our Grekish armes and cretes  
Then flockt the Grekes, moued with wrath, and ire,  
Of the Urgan from them so rescued;  
The fell Ajax, and either Atrides,  
And the great hand eleped the Dotopes.  
As wrastling windes, out of dispersed whir,  
Besight themselves, the west with southern blast,  
And gladsome east proud of Auroraes horse:  
The woods do whiz; and fomy Nereus,  
Raging in furie, with three forked mace  
From bottoms depth doth welte 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 wepons then they found,  
And by sound our discording voice they knew.  
We went to wreck with number ouerlayd.

And by the hand of Peneleus first  
Chorebus fel before the altar dead  
Of armed Pallas: and Rypheus eke,  
The iustest man among the Troians all,  
And he that best obserued equitie;  
But otherwyse it pleased now the Gods.  
There Hipanis, and Dimas both were slaine,  
Through pearced with the wepons of their feet:  
Nor thee, Penthus, when thou wast ouerthrow,  
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 witness, that at your last fall  
I fled no stroke of any Grekish sward:  
And if the fates wold I had fallen in flight,  
That with my hand I did deserue it well.  
With this from thence I was reuiled back,  
With Iphytus, and Pelias alone:  
Iphytus weke and feble all for age,  
Pelias laned 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 rushed fast  
And couered with engins the gates beset,  
And rered vp ladders against the walles,  
Under the windowes scaling by their steppes,  
Fenced with sheides in their left hands, wheron  
They did receive the dartes, while their right hands  
Criped for hold th' embattel of the wall.  
The Troians on the tother part rend down  
The turrets hie, and eke the palace roofe:  
With such wepons they shope them to defend,  
Seeing al lost, now at the point of death:  
The gilt sparres, and the boames then threw they  
down,

Of old fathers the proud and roial workes:  
And with drawn swerdes some did beset the gates,  
Which they did watch and kepe in routes full thicke.  
Our sprites restore to rescue the kings house,  
To help them, and to geue the vanquishit strength.  
A postern with a hinde wicket there was,  
A common trade to passe through Priam's house;  
On the backside wherof wast houses stood:  
Which way estisith, while that our kingdome  
dured,

Th' unfortunate Andromache alone  
 Resorted to the parentes of her make,  
 With yong Astyanax his grandsire to see.  
 Here passed I vp to the hiest toure,  
 From whence the wretched Troyans did throw down  
 Dartes spent in wast. Unto a turret then  
 We slept, 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 Grekish nanie, 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 Grekish routes it light.  
 But some another sort slept in theyr stede:  
 No stone vnthrown, nor yet no dart vacast.

Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, in the porche,  
 Reioysing in his dartes, with glittering armes;  
 Like to the adder with venomous herbes fed,  
 Whom cold winter all boine hid vnder ground:  
 And shining bright when she her slough had slough.  
 Her slipper back doth rowle with forked tong,  
 And raised breast, lift vp against the sun.  
 With that together came great Periphias,  
 Antomedon eke that guided had sometime  
 Achilles horse, now Pyrrhus armure bare:  
 And eke with him the warlike Scyrian youth  
 Amyd the house, and threw flame to the top:  
 And he an axe before the foremost saught;  
 Wherwith he gan the strong gates hew, and brake:  
 From whence he bet the staples out of brasse,  
 He brake the barres, and through the timber pearst  
 So large a hole wherby they might disorne  
 The house, the court, the secret chambers eke  
 Of Priamus, and ancient kings of Troy,  
 And armed foes in thebtrie of the gate.

But the palace within confounded was  
 With waying, and with rufal shrikes and cries:  
 The hollow halles did howle of womens 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 assaileth with his fathers might:  
 Whom the closures ne keepers 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 thebtrie brake.  
 And now the Grekes let in, the foremost siew:  
 And the large palace with soldiars gan to fill.  
 Nor so fiercely doth ouerflow the felde:  
 The fuming flood, that brekes out of his bankes:  
 Whoes rage of waters beares away what heapes  
 Stood in his way, the coates, and eke the herdes:  
 As in thebtrie of slaughter furious  
 I saw Pyrrhus, and either Atrides.

There Hecuba I saw with a hundred moe  
 Of ber sons wyues, and Priam at the altar,  
 Sprinkling with blood his flame of sacrifice.  
 Fiftie bed-chambers of his childrens 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 possess.

Parcase yow wold ask what was Priams fate,  
 When of his taken town 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 face long diused:  
 His bootelesse sword 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 statues 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 wepons for to wield?  
 Why hastest thou? This time doth not require  
 Such succor, ne yet such defenders now:  
 No, though Hector my son were here againe.  
 Come hether: this altar shall saue 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 loe Polites, one of Priams sons,  
 Escaped from the slaughter of Pyrrhus,  
 Comes seeing through the wepons of his foes  
 Searching all wounded the long galleries;  
 And the voyd courtes: whom Pyrrhus all in rage  
 Followed fast, to reache a mortal wound;  
 And now in hand well nere strikes with his spere,  
 Who sieing fourth, till he came now in sight  
 Of his parentes, before their face fell down,  
 Yelding the ghost, with flowing streames 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 iustice be,  
 That of such things takes any care or kepe,  
 According thanks the gods may yeld to the:  
 And send thee eke thy iust deserued hyre,  
 That made me see the slaughter of my childe,  
 And with his blood defile the fathers face.  
 But he, by whom thou faintest thy self begot,  
 Achilles was to Priam not so stern.  
 For loe he, teudring my most humble sute,  
 The right, and faith, my Hectors bloodlesse corps  
 Rendred, for to be layd in sepulture,  
 And sent me to my kingdome home againe.

Thus sayd the aged man; and therewithall  
 Forcelesse he cast his weake vnwieldy dart:  
 Which repulst from the brasse, where it gace dint  
 Without sound, hong vainly in the shields bosse,  
 Quod Pyrrhus, Then thou shalt this thing report:  
 On message to Pelide my father go:  
 Shew vnto him my cruel dedes, and how  
 Neoptolem is awared out of kinde.  
 Now shalt thou dye, quod he. And with that word  
 At the altar him trembling gan he draw,  
 Wallowing through the bloodshed of his son:  
 And his left hand all clasped in his beare:  
 With his right arme drewe fourth his shining  
 sword,

Which in his side he thrust vp to the hilts:  
 Of Priamus this was the fatal sine,  
 The wofull end that was slotted him:  
 When he had seen his palace all on flame,  
 With ruine of his Troyan turrets eke.

That royal prince of Asia, which of late  
Reign'd o'er so many peoples and realms,  
Like a great stock now lieth on the shore:  
This hed and shoulders parted ben in twaine:  
A body now without reuenge, 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 Iulius eke.  
I looked back to seeke what nomber then  
I might discern about me of my feeres.  
But wried they had left me all aloner  
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 Uestoes temple sit  
Dame Helen, lurking in a secret place:  
(Such light the flame did giue as I went by,  
While here and there I cast mine eyen about)  
For she in dred, leas that the Troians shold  
Reuenge on her the ruine of their wallis,  
And of the Grekes the cruel wrekis also,  
The furie eke of her forsaken make,  
The common bane of Troy, and eke of Greece,  
Hateful she sate beside the altars hid.  
Then boyld my brest with flame, and burning  
wrath,

To reuenge my town vnto such ruine brought:  
With worthy paines 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 queene returne with victorie  
Home to her spouse, her parentes, and children,  
Folowed with a traine of Troyan Insaides,  
And serued with a band of Phrygian slaues:  
And Priam eke with iron murdered thus,  
And Troye town consumed all with flame,  
Whoes shore hath ben so oft forbadeth in blood?  
No no: for though on women the reuenge  
Vnmetely is; such conquest hath no fame:  
To geue an end vnto such mischief yet  
My iust 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 feere.

With furious minde while I did argue thus,  
My blessed mother then appeared to me,  
Whom erst so bright mine eyes had neuer seen,  
And with pure light she glistred in the night,  
Disclosing her in forme a Goddess like,  
As she doth seme 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 vtamed 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 Grekish bands haue round beset:  
And, were they not defended by my care,  
Flame had them rought and ennies sword ere this.  
Not Heiens beautie hateful vnto thee,  
Nor blamed Paris yet, but the Gods wrath  
Rest yow this wealth, and ouerthrow your town.  
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 thou to do thy mothers will,  
Nor her aduise refuse thou to performe)  
Here where thou seest the turrets ouerthrowen,  
Stone bet from stone, smoke rising mixt with dust,  
Neptunus those shakes with his mace the wallis,  
And eke the loose foundations of the same,  
And ouerwhelms the whole town from his seat:  
And cruell Iuno with the foremost bere  
Doth kepe the gate that Scæa cleped is,  
Nere wood for wrath, whereas she standes, and calls  
In harness bright the Grekes out of their ships:  
And in the turrets hys behold where standes  
Bright shining Pallas, all in warlike wede,  
And with her shield where Gorgons hed apperes;  
And Iupiter my father distributes  
Auyaling strength, and courage to the Grekes:  
Yet ouermore, against the Troyan power,  
He doth prouoke the rest of all the gods.  
Flee then my son, and geue this trauail end:  
Ne shall I thee forsake, in safegard till  
I haue thee brought vnto thy fathers gate.  
This did she say: and therewith gan she hide  
Her self in shadow of the close night.

Then dreadfull figures gan appere to me,  
And great Gods eke aggreued with our town.  
I saw Troye fall down in burning gledes:  
N ptunus town cleue razed from the soil:  
Like as the elm forgrow in mountains hys,  
Round hewen with axe, that husbandmen  
With thick assaultes strue to teere up, doth threat;  
And hact beneath trembling doth head his top,  
Till yold with strokes, geuing the latter crack,  
Rent from the heightis, 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 sunient building of my fathers house:  
My father, whom I hoped to conuey  
To the next hills, and did him thearto 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,  
Whoes strength remaines entier and in full post,  
Take ye your flight.

For if the Gods my life wold haue prorog'd,  
They had rewurd for me this wooming place.  
It was enough, alas, and eke to much,  
To see the town of Troy thus razed ouer:  
To haue liued after the citee taken.

When ye haue sayd, this corps layd out forsake:  
My hand shall seeke my death, and pitie shal  
Mine ennies moue, or els hope of my spoile.  
As for my graue, I wey the losse but light:  
For I my yeris disdainfull to the Gods  
Haue lingred fourth, vnable to all nedes,  
Sins that the fire of Gods and king of men  
Strake me with thonder, and with leuening blast.  
Such thinges he gan reherse, thus firmly bent:  
But me besprent with teres, my tender son,  
And eke my swete Creusa, with the rest  
Of the houshold, my father gan beseeche,  
Not so with him to periah all at ones,  
Nor so to yeld vnto the cruel fate,  
Which he refused, and stack to his entent.

Driven I was to harness then againe,  
Miserably my death for to desire.  
For what aduise or other hope was left?

Father, thoughtst thou that I may ones remove  
 Quod I, a foote, and leave thee here belinke?  
 May such a wrong passe from a fathers mouth?  
 If Gods will be, that nothing here be saued  
 Of this great town, and thy minde bent to ioyne  
 Both thee and thine to ruine of this town:  
 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 altar eke.  
 O sacred mother, was it then for this,  
 That thou me led through flame, and weapons sharp,  
 That I might in my secret chamber see  
 Mine enemies, and Ascanius my son,  
 My father, with Creusa my swete wife,  
 Murdered, alas, the one in thothers blood?  
 Why seruants 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 vnwroken dye this day.

About me then I girt my sword again,  
 And eke my shield on my left sholder cast,  
 And bent me so to rush out of the house.  
 Lo in my gate my spouse clasping my feet,  
 Foreagainst his father yong Iulus set.  
 If thou wilt go, quod she, and spill thy self  
 Take vs with thee in all that may bejide.  
 But as expert if thou in armes haue set  
 Yet any hope, then first this house defend,  
 Whbearas thy son, and eke thy father dere,  
 And I sometime thine owne dere wife, ar left.  
 Hershrilloud voice with plaint thus filld the house;  
 When that a sodein monstrous maruel fell:  
 For in their sight, and woefull parents armes,  
 Behold a light out of the batten sprang  
 That in tip of Iulus cap did stand:  
 With gentle touch whos harmlesse flame did shine,  
 Upon his heare, about his temples spred:  
 And we afraid trembling for dreadfull fore  
 Set out the fire from his blasing tresse,  
 And with water gan quench the sacred flame.  
 Anchises glad his eyes lift to the sterres:  
 With hands his voice to heauen thus he bent.  
 If by prair, almighty Jupiter,  
 Inclined thou mayst be: behold, vs then  
 Of ruth: at least if we so much deserue.  
 Graunt eke thine ayd, 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 blazing sterne, dragging a brand or flane:  
 Which with much light gliding on the house top,  
 In the forest of Ida hid her beames:  
 The which full bright crouching a farrow shoue,  
 By a long tract appointing vs the way:  
 And round about of brimstone rose a fume.  
 My father vanquish, then beheld the skies,  
 Spake to the Gods, and tholy sterre adored:  
 Now, now, quod he, no longer I abide:  
 Fellow I shall where ye me guide at hand.  
 O native Gods, your familie defend,  
 Preserue your liue, this warning comes of you,  
 And Troy stands in your protection now:  
 Now geue I place, and wherso that thou goe,  
 Refuse I not, my sonne, to be thy feer.

Thus did he say: and by that time more cleere  
 The cracking flames was heard throughout the walles,  
 And more and more the burning heat drew nere.

Why then haue done, my father dere, quod I,  
 Bstride my neck fourthwith, and sit thereon,  
 And I shal with my sholders thee susteine:  
 Ne shal this labor do me any dere.  
 What so betide, come perill, come welfare,  
 Like to vs both and common there shal be.  
 Yong Iulus shall beare me company;  
 And my wife shal follow far of my steppes.  
 Now ye my seruantes, mark well what I say:  
 Without the town ye shall find, on an hill,  
 And old temple there standes, wheras sometime  
 Worship was don to Ceres the Goddess:  
 Beside which growes an aged cypresse tree,  
 Preserued long by our forefathers zele.  
 Behind which place let vs together mete,  
 And thou father receiue into thy handes  
 The reliques all, and the Gods of the land:  
 The which it were not lawfull I should touch,  
 That come but late from slaughter and bloodshed,  
 Till I be washed in the running flood.  
 When I had said these wordes, my sholders brode,  
 And laied neck with garments gan I spred,  
 And theron coat a yellow lions skin,  
 And therupon my burden I receiue.  
 Yong Iulus, clasped in my right hand,  
 Followeth me fast with vnegal pace:  
 And at my beck my wife. Thus did we passe,  
 By places shadowed most with the night,  
 And me, whom fate the dart which enemies threw,  
 Nor preasse of Argiue routes could make amaze,  
 Eche whispering wind hath power now to fray,  
 And enery sound to moue my doubtfull mind:  
 So much I dred my burden and my feer.

And now we gan draw nere vnto the gate,  
 Right well escapt the daunger, as we thought:  
 When that at hand a sprind of feet 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 vnfreedly God.  
 My troubled wit from me birst for feer:  
 For while I ran by the most secret stretes,  
 Excluding still the common haunted track,  
 From me catif, alas, bereaued was  
 Creusa then my spouse, I wote not how:  
 Whether by faie, or misuing of the way,  
 Or that she was by werinesse retaine:  
 But neuer sithe these eyes might her behold:  
 Nor did I yet perceiue that she was lost;  
 Ne neuer backward turned I my mind,  
 Till we came to the hill, wheras 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 compaignie.  
 What God, or man did I not then accuse,  
 Nere wood for ire? or what more cruell chauce  
 Did hap to me, in all Troia ouerthrow?  
 Ascanius to my feeres I then betoke,  
 With Anchises and eke the Troian 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 town,  
 And yeld my hed to perils ones 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 ugly sights I saw,

The silence selfe of night agast my sprite,  
From hence againe I past vnto our house,  
If she by chance 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 Iunous sanctuar  
In the void porches Phenix, Uisses eke,  
Sterne guardens stood, watching of the spoile.  
The richesse here were set rest from the brent  
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 fright,  
Long ranged on a rowe stode round about.

So bold was I to shoue my voice that night;  
With cleges and cries to fill the steres through-  
out,

With Creusa name in sorrow, with vain teres;  
And often sithes the same for to repete.  
The town restlesse with furie as I sought,  
Th' unucky figure of Creusas ghost,  
Of stature more than want, stood fore mine eyen.  
Absced then I waxe: therewith my heare  
Can start right vp: my voice stuck in my throate.  
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 Creusa hence with thee:  
The king of the hie heuen 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,  
Wber Lidian Tiber with his gentle strome  
Mildly doth flow along the fruitfall feides.  
There mirthful wealth, there kingdom is for thee,  
There a kinges child preperde to be thy make.  
For thy beloued Creusa stitth 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 gae a slane to aerie the Grekish dames.  
Me here the Gods great mother holdes.  
And now farewell: and kepe in fathers brest  
The tender loue of thy young son and myne.

This hauing said, she left me all in teres,  
And minding much to speake: but she was gone,  
And suttly Bed into the weightlesse aire.  
Thrise taught I with mine armes taceoll her  
neck:

Thrise did my hands vaine holde thimage escape;  
Like nimble wixles, and like the fying dreame.  
So night spent out, return I to my feeres:  
And ther wondring I find together swarnd  
A new number of mates, mothers, and men,  
A rout exiled, a wrecbed multitude,  
From echo-where flockke together, prest to  
passe,

With hart and goods, to whatsoeuer land  
By sliding seas me listed them to lede.  
And now rose Lucifer aboue the ridge  
Of lusty Ide, and brought the dawning light,  
The Grekes held thentrics of the gates beset:  
Of help there was no hope. Then gae I place,  
Toke up my sire, and hasted to the hill.

## THE FOURTH BOKE OF VIRGILES AENEID.

BUT now the wounded Quene, with heavy care  
Throughout the veines she norished the playe,  
Surprised with blind flame; and to hir mind  
Gan eke resort the prowenesse of the crow,  
And honour of his race: while in her brest  
Imprinted, stuck his wordes, and pictures forme.  
Ne to her limmes care graunteth quiet rest.  
The next morow, with Phoebus laump, the earth  
Alighted clere: and eke the dawning day  
The shadowes dark gan from the poale remoue;  
When all vnsoond her sister of like minde  
Thus spake she to: O sister Ann, what dreames  
Be these, that me tormented thus afay?  
What new guest is this, that to our resin is come?  
What one of chere? how stout of hart in armes?  
Truly I think, ne vain is my belefe,  
Of Goddish race some offspring shold he be:  
Cowardry notes hartes swarued out of kind.  
He driven, lord, with how hard destiny!  
What battailes eke atchieued did he recount!  
But that my mind is fixed vnmoouably,  
Neuer with wight in wedlock ay to ioyne;  
Sith my first loue me left by death discouered:  
If geniall brands and bed me lothed not,  
To this one gilt perchances yet might I yeld.  
Arise, for I graunt, with wretched Sicchus deeth,  
My spouse and house with brothers daughter  
staid,

This onely man hath made my senses bend,  
And prickted fourth the mind, that gan to slide:  
Now feelingly I taste the steppes of mine old  
flame.

But first I wish, the earth me swallow down:  
Or with thunder the mighty Lord me send  
To the pale gostes of hel, and darknes deepe:  
Ere I thee staine, shamefastnes, or thy lawes.  
He that with me first coppeld, looke away  
My loue with him; enjoy it in his graue.

Thus did she say, and with suppressed teares  
Bained her brest. Wherto Anne thus replied:  
O sister, dearer beloued then the lyght:  
Thy youth alone in plaint still wilt thou spill!  
Ne children swete, ne Uenus giftes wilt know?  
Cinders, thinkest thou, mind this? or graued  
ghostes?

Time of thy doole, thy spouse new dead, I graunt,  
None might thee moue: no not the Libyan king,  
Nor yet of Tirc: larbes set to light;  
And other princes mo: whom the rich soile  
Of Affrick breedes, in bonoure triumphant.  
Wilt thou also gainstand thy liked loue?  
Comes not to mind vpon whoes (and thou dreid):  
On this side, loe the Getule town behold.  
A people bold vnvanquished in warre;  
Eke the vndaunted Numides compass thee;  
Also the Sirtes, vnfriendly harbroughte:  
On thother hand a desert realme foe-thrust,  
The Barceans, whose fury stretcheth wide.  
What shall I touch the warres that none from  
Tirc?

Or yet thy brothers threates?  
By Gods purueiuaunce it blewes, and Iunus helpe,  
The Troiaynes shippes, I think, to runn this course.  
Sister, what town shalt thou see this become?  
Through such allie how shall our kingdom rise?  
And by the aid of Troiane armes how great?  
How many waies shal Cartages glorie grow?  
Thou onely now besech 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, vnfrendly the season.

Such wordes enflamed the kindled mind with  
 loue,

Looked at shame, and gaue the doubtful hope.  
 And to the temples first they hast, and seeke  
 By sacrifice for grace, with hogreles of two yeares  
 Chosen as ought, to Ceres, that gaue lawes,  
 To Phebus, Bacchus, and to Iuno chiefe,  
 Which hath in care the bandes of marriage.

Faire Dido held in her right hand the cup,  
 Which twist the hornes of a white cowe she shed  
 In presence of the Gods, passing before  
 The altiers fatte, which she renewed oft  
 With giftes that slay, and beasts dewolued;  
 Gasing for counsell on the entrales warme.  
 Ay me, vnskillfull mindes of prophesy!

Temples, or vowes, 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 town she wandreth vp and down:  
 Like the stricken Hinde with shaft, in Crete  
 Throughout the woods which chasing with his darte  
 Aloofe, the shepherd smiteth at vnwares,  
 And leaues vnwilt in her the thirling head:  
 That through the graeces, 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;  
 Offring to speak, amid her voice, she whistes.  
 And when the day gan faile, new feastes she  
 makes;

The Troies trauailes to heare a-new she listes,  
 Inraged al: and stareth in his face  
 That tels the tale. And when they were al gone,  
 And the dimme mone doth eft without the light,  
 And shiding sterres prouoked vnto 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 lappes she holdes  
 Ascanius, trapt by his fathers forme:  
 So to begile the loue, can not be told.

The turrets now arise not, erst begonue;  
 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:  
 Sataras daughter thus hurdes Uenus then:

Great praise, quod she, and worthy spoiles you  
 You and your son: great Gods of memory, [win,  
 By both your wiles one woman to dewower.  
 Yet am I not deceiued, that foreknew  
 Ye dread our walles, and biddings gan suspect  
 Of high Cartage. But what shal be the ende?  
 Or wherunto now serueth such debate?

But rather peace, and bridale bandes knit we,  
 Sith thou hast speede of that, thy heart desired:  
 Dido doth burne with loue, rage frettes her boones;  
 This people now as common to vs both,  
 With equal fauour let vs govern then;  
 Lefull be it to serue a Troian spouse;  
 And Tirianes yeld to thy right hand in dowre.

To whom Uenus replied thus; (that knewe

Her wordes proceeded 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 strine in warr?

So bet it fortune thy tale bring to effect:  
 But destemies I dout: least loue will graunt,  
 That folk of Tirc, and such as came from Rome,  
 Should hold one town; or graunt these nacions  
 Mingled to be, or ioyned ay in leage.  
 Thou ar his wife; lefall it is for the  
 For to attempt his fansie by request:  
 Pausse on before and folow the I shal.

Euene Iuno then thus tooke her tale againe:  
 This trauaile be it mine: but by what means  
 Marke, in fewe wordes I shal thee lerne aftooone,  
 This worke in hand may now be compassed.  
 Aeneas now, and wretched Dido eke  
 To the forest a hunting minde to wende  
 To morne, as soon as Titan shall ascend,  
 And with his beames hath ouerspred the world:  
 And whiles the winges of youth do swarm about,  
 And whiles they range to ouer-set the groues,  
 A cloudie showr mingled with haile I shal  
 Poure down, and then with thonder slake the  
 skies,

Thassemble scattered the mist shall cloke.  
 Dido a cause, the Troian prince the same  
 Shall enter to; and I will be at hand:  
 And if thy will stickes vnto mine, I shal  
 In wedlocke sure knit, and make her his own:  
 Thus shal the marryage be. To whose request  
 Without debate Uenus did seme to yeld,  
 And singled soft, as she that found the wyle.

Then from the seas, the Dawning gan arise:  
 The Sun once vp, the chosen youth gan throug  
 Out at the gates: the hayes so rarely knit;  
 The hunting staues with their brod heads of  
 steele:

And of Masie the horsemen fourth they brake;  
 Of senting boundes a kenel huge likewise.  
 And at the threshold of her chamber dore,  
 The Cartage Lords did on the Quene attend.  
 The trampling steed with gold and purple trapt,  
 Chawing the fomie bit, there fiercely stood.  
 Then issued she, awayted with great train,  
 Clad in a cloke of Tyre embraided riche.  
 Her quyuer hung behind her back, her tresse  
 Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke  
 Butned with gold. The Troians of her train  
 Before her go with gladsome Iulus.

Aeneas eke the goodliest of the routes  
 Makes one of them, and ioyneth close the througs:  
 Like when Apollo leaueh Lycia  
 His wintring place, and Xanthus floods likewise,  
 To viset Delos his mothers mansion;  
 Repairing eft and furnishing her quire:  
 The Caudians, and folkes of Driopes,  
 With painted Agathiries shoute and crye,  
 Enuironing the altars round about:

When that he walks vpon mount Cynthus top:  
 His sparkled tresse repeat with garlandes soft  
 Of tender leaues, and trussed vp in gold:  
 His quivering dartes clattring behind his back.  
 So fresh and lustie did Aeneas seme:  
 Such lordly port in present countenance.

But to the hills, and wild holtes when they came:  
 From the rocks top the driuen sauage 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 forsake.  
The child Iulus, blithe of his swift steede,  
Amids the plain now prickts by them, now these:  
And to encounter wisheth oft in minde  
The foming Bore, in-steede of ferefull beasts;  
Or Lion brown might from the hill descend.

In the mean while the skies gan rumble sore:  
In tayle therof, a mingled shower with hayle.  
The Tyrian folk, and eke the Troyans youth,  
And Uentus nephew the cotages for feare  
Sought round about; the floods fell from the hills.  
Dido a den, the Troyan prince the same,  
Chaunced vpon. Our mother then the Earth,  
And Iuno that hath charge of marriage,  
First tokens gaue with burning gledes of flame:  
And priue to the wedlock, lightning Skies:  
And the Nymphes yelled from the mountains top.  
Ay me, this was the first day of their mirth,  
And of their harmes the first occasion eke.  
Respect of fame no longer her withholdes:  
Nor museth now to frame her loue by stealth.  
Wedlock she eals it: vnder the pretence  
Of which fayre name she cloketh now her fault.

Forthwith Fame flieth through the great Lybian  
towns:

A mischefe Fame, there is none els so swift;  
That mouing groves, and sitting gathers force:  
First small for dred, none after climes the skies:  
Stayeth on earth, and hides her hed 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 dreedfull to descriue.  
In euery plume, that on her body sticks,  
A thing in dede much maruelous to heare,  
As many waker eyes lurk vnderneath,  
So many moutbes to speak, 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 sleepe her eyes:  
By day she sits to mark on the house top,  
Or turrets hie, 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 outsproug of Troyan blood,  
To whom fair Did: wold her self be wed.  
And that; the while, the winter long the passe  
In foule delight, forgetting charge of reigne;  
Led against honour with vnhonest lust.

This in erbe mouth the sibble Goddesses sprede,  
And takes her course to king Miarbas straight;  
Kindling his minde; with tales she feedes his  
wrath.

Gotten was he by Ammon Iupiter  
Upon the rauisht Nymph of Garamant.  
And hundred hugie great temples he built  
In his farre stretching realmes to Iupiter;  
Altars as many kept with waking flame,  
A watche always vpon the Gods to tend:  
The floores embrede with yelded blood of beastes,  
And threshold spred with garlands of strange hue.  
He wood of minde, kindled by bitter brutes,  
Tofore thaltars, in presence of the Gods,  
With reared hands gan bumble love entreate:  
Almighty God, whom the Moores nacio

Fed at rich tables presenteth with wine,  
Seest thou these things? or feare we thee in vain,  
When thou lettest flye thy thonder from the  
cloudes?

Or do those flames with vaine noyse us affray?  
A woman, that wandring in our coastes hath  
bought

A plot for price, where she a citie set;  
To whom we gaue the stroud for to manure,  
And lawes to rule our town; our wedlock lothed,  
Hath chose Aeneas to commaund her realme.  
That Paris now with his vnanly sorte,  
With mitred hats, with oynted bush and beard,  
His rape enioyeth: whiles to thy temples we  
Our offerings bring, and folow rumors vaine.

Whom praing in such sort, and griping eke  
The altars fast, the mighty father heard:  
And writeth his loke toward the royal walls,  
And louers eke, forg-ting their good name,  
To Mercurie then gane he thus in charge.  
Hense son in haste, and call to thee the windes:  
Side with thy plumes, and tell the Troyan priuce,  
That now in Carthage loytereth, rechesse  
Of the towus graunted him by destiny:  
Swift through the skies, see thou these words  
couney:

His faire mother behight him not to vs  
Such one to be; ne therefore twyse him saued  
From Grekish armes; but such a one  
As mete might seme great Italie to rule,  
Dreedfull in arms, charged with scigalorie,  
Shewing in profie his worthy Teucrian race;  
And vnder lawes, the whole world to abduue.  
If glorie of such thingsought him inflame,  
Ne he that listes seke honour by som paine:  
The towens yet of Rome, being his sire  
Doth be enuie to yong Ascanius?  
What mindeth he to frame, or on what hope  
In enemies land doth he make hys abode?  
Ne his ofspring in Italie regardes?  
Ne yet the land of Lauin doth behold?  
Bid him make sayle: haue here the sun and end  
Our message thus report. When Ioue had sayd,  
Then Mercurie gan bend him to obey  
His mighty fathers will: and to his heeles  
His golden wings he knits, which him transport  
With a light winde about the earth, and seas.  
And then with him his wande he take, whereby  
He calles from hell pale gostes; and other some  
Therher also be sendeth comfortlesse:  
Wherby he forceth sleepes, and them bereoes;  
And mortal eies he closeth vp in deth.  
By power wherof he driues the windes away;  
And passeth eke amid the troubled cloudes:  
Till in his flight he gan descrie the top,  
And the stepe flanks of rocky Atlas hill;  
That with his crowne sustaines the welkin vp:  
Whome head forgroven with pine, circled alway  
With misty cloudes, beaten with wind and storme:  
His shoulders spred with snow, and from his chies  
The springs descend: his beard frozen with yse.  
Here Mercury with equal shining winges  
First touched; and with body heading bette  
To the water thend took he his descent:  
Like to the foule, that endlong costes and stroudes  
Swarming with fish, flies sweping by the sea:  
Cutting betwixt the windes and Lybian landes,  
From his graundfather by the mothers aide,  
Cyllene's child so came, and then alight  
Upon the houses with his winged feete:



Tofore the towers when he Aeneas saw  
Foundations cast, streering lodges new;  
Girt with a swerd of Iasper starry bright;  
A shining pærl, flamed with stately eie  
Of Tirian purple, hong his shoulders down,  
The gift and work of wealthy Didoes hand,  
Stripped throughout with a thin thred of gold.

Thus he encounters him: Oh careless wight  
Both of thy realme, and of thine own affaires;  
A wifeboard 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 commaundes  
Both heuen and earth: in hast he gaue me charge  
Through this light aire this message thee to say:  
What framest thou? or on what hope thy time  
In idleness doth wast in Africk land?  
Of so great things if nought the fame thee stirr,  
Ne list by travail honour to pursue:  
Ascenus yet, that waxeth fast, behold;  
And the hope of Iulus seede thine heir;  
To whom the realm of Italy belonges,  
And soile of Rome. When Mercury had said:  
Amid his tale, far of from mortal eies  
Into light aire, he vanish out of sight.

Aeneas with that vision stricken down,  
Well nere bestraight, vpstart his beare for dread,  
Amid his throtel his voice likewise gan stick.  
Far to depart by night he lengthen now,  
And the sweet land to leaue, astonished sore  
With this aduise and message of the Gods.  
What may he do, alas? or by what words  
Dare he persuade the raging Quene in loue?  
Or in what sort may he his tale beginne?  
Now here, now there his recklesse mind gan run,  
And diuersly him drawes discouraging all.  
After long doubts this sentence seemed best:  
Mnestheus first, and strong Cleanthus eke,  
He calles to him, with Sergeant: vnto whom  
He gaue in charge his nauie secretly  
For to prepare; and driue to the sea coast  
His people: and their armour to address:  
And for the cause of change to faime excuse:  
And that he, when good Dido least foreknew,  
Or did suspect so great a losse could break,  
Wold wait his time to speke thereof most inuete;  
The nearest way to hasten his entent.  
Gladly his wil, and biddings they obey.

Fa' soone the Quene this crafty sleight gan smell,  
Who can deuise a losse in forecast?  
And first foresaw the motions for to come:  
Things most assured fearing: vnto whom  
That wicked Fame reported, how to fight  
Was armed the fleet, all redy to auale,  
Then ill bested of counsell, rageth she;  
And whisketh through the town: like Bacchus  
roue.

As Thias stirres, the sacred rites begon,  
And when the wouted third yeres sacrifice  
Doth prick her fourth, heryng Bacchus name  
And that the festiul night of Citheron [hallowed:  
Doth call her fourth with noyes of dauncing.

At length her self bordeth Aeneas thus.  
Unfaithfull wight, to cover such a fault  
Coldest thou hope? vnwist to leaue my land?  
Nor thee our losse, nor yet right hand betrothed,  
Ne cruell 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 unknowne? or auncient Troye yet stode?  
In rough seas, yet shoudl Troys towne be sought?  
Shannest thou me? By these teares, and right  
hand,

(For nought els hane I wretched lefte my self)  
By our spousals and marriage begonne,  
If I of thee descreued euer well  
Or thing of mine were euer to thee lefte;  
Rue on this realme, whoes ruine is at hand:  
If ought be left that praiser may auaille,  
I thee beseeche to do away this minde.  
The Libians and tirans of Nomadaue  
For thee me hate: my Tirians eke for thee  
Ar-wroth: by thee my shamefastnes eke stained,  
And good reuoume, whereby vp to the starres  
Perelesse I claime. To whom wilt thou me leaue  
Redy to dye, my sweete guest? with this name  
Is all as now, that of a spouse remaimes.  
But wherto now shold I prolong my death?  
What? vntil my brother Figmalion  
Beate downe my walls? or the Getulian king  
Hiarbes yet captiue lead me away?  
Before thy fight 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 seeme forsaken.

Thus sayd the Quene: he to the Gods aduise  
Unmoued held his eies, and in his brest  
Represt his care, and stroue against his wil:  
And these few wordes at last then forth he cast.  
Neuer shall I desire (Quene) thy deserte,  
Greater than thou in wordes may well expresse:  
To think on thee, ne irk me aye it shall,  
Whiles of my selfe I shal 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,  
Sclaunder me not, ne to escape by flight:  
Nor I to thee pretended marriage  
Ne hyther cam to ioine me in such leage.  
If destiny 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 haudes,  
The walles again vnto thee vanquished,  
And palaces 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 turrets thee Phenician borne,  
And of a Libian town the sight deteine:  
To vs Troians why dost thou then enuy  
In Italy to make our resting seat?  
Lefall is eke for vs strange realmes to seeke.  
As oft as night doth cloke with shadowe darke  
The earth as oft as flaming starres aper  
The troubled ghost of my father Anchises  
So soft in sleepe doth fray me, and aduise:  
The wronged bed by me of my deare sonne,  
Whom I defraud of the Hispanian crowne,  
And landes allotted him by destiny.  
The messenger eke of the Gods but late  
Sent down from loue (I sware by eyther bed)  
Passing the ayre, did this to me report:  
In bright day light the God my self I saw  
Entre these walles, and with these cares him  
heard.

Leue then, with plaint to vex both thee and me:  
Against my will to Italy I go.

Whiles in this sort he did his tale pronounce;  
With waivard looke she gau him ay behold,  
And rōling eyes, that moued to our ay;  
With silence looke discouraging ouer al;  
And fourth in rage at last thus gau she brayde:  
Faithlesse, forsworn, ne Goddesses was thy dam,  
Nor Dardanus beginner of thy race;  
But of hard rockes mount Caucase monstrous  
Bred thee, and tents of Tyger gau thee suck.  
But what should I dissemble now my chere?  
Or me reserue to hope of greater things?  
Mindes be our teares? or euer moued his eyen?  
Wept he for ruth? or pitied he our loae?  
What shall I set before? or where begin?  
Iuno nor Ioue with iust eyes this beholds.  
Faith is no where in suretie to be found.  
Did I not him throw vpon my shore  
In neede receiue, and fonded eke inuict  
Of halfe my realme? his nanie lost, repair?  
From deathes daunger his fellows eke defend?  
Ay me, with rage and furies los I driue!  
Apollo now, now Lycien prophecies,  
Another while the messenger of Gods  
(He sayes) sent down from mighty Ioue himself  
The dreadfull charge amid the skies hath brought.  
As though that were the traueil of the Gods,  
Or such a care their quietnes might moue.  
I hold thee not, nor yet gainsay thy words:  
To Italy passe on by helpe of winde,  
And through the floods go searche thy kingdom  
new.

If ruthfull gods haue any power, I trust,  
Amid the rocks, thy guerdon thou shalt finde;  
When thou shalt clepe full oft on Didon name,  
With buriall brandes I absent shall thee trace:  
And when cold death from life them times decidet,  
My gost eche where shall still on thee awaite:  
Thou shalt abyde, and I shall here thereof:  
Among the soules below thy brute shall come.—  
With such like wordes she out of half her tale,  
With pensiu hart abandoning the light:  
And from his sight, her self gau far remove;  
Forsaking him, that many things in fere  
Imagined, and did prepare to say.  
Her swooning lims her damsel gaun releue,  
And to her chamber bare of marble stone:  
And layd her on her bed with tapets spred,  
But iust Aeneas, though he did desire  
With comfort swete her sorow to appease,  
And with his words to banish all her cares  
Wailing her much, with great looe overcome:  
The Gods will yet he woortheth, and resortes  
Unto his nanie. Where the Troyans fast  
Fell to their works from the shore to vntock  
High rigged ships: now fleetes the talowed kele:  
Their oars with leasens yet greue from wood they  
bring,

And masts unshate for last, to take their flight.  
You might haue sene them throug out of the town:  
Like ants, when they do spoile the bing of corse,  
For winters dred, which they beare to their den:  
When the black swarm creeps ouer all the fields,  
And thwart the grasse by strait pathes drags  
their pray: [trusse,

The great graines then som on their shoulders  
Some driue the troupe, some chasticke she the slow:  
That with their traueil chased is eche path.

Beholding this, what thought might Dido haue?

What sighes gau she? when from her towers hye  
The large coasts she saw haunted with Troyans  
workes,

And in her sight the seas with din confounded?  
O witlesse Ioue, what thing is that to do  
A mortall minde thou canst not force thereto?  
Forced she is to leaues ay to returne,  
With new requestes, to yeld her hart to Ioue:  
And least she should before her causelesse death  
Leaue any thing vntried: O sister Anne,  
Zuoth she, behold the whole coast round about,  
How they prepare, assembled eury where:  
The streaming sailes abiding but for wynde:  
The shipmen crowne their ships with bows for joy.  
O sister, if so great a sorow I  
Mistrusted had, it were more light to beare.  
Yet nathelesse this for me wretched wight,  
Anne, shalt thou do: for faithles, thee alone  
He reuerenced, thee eke his secretes tolde:  
The metest time thou knewest to horde the uss:  
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 fleets:  
Nor cynders of his father Anchises  
Disturbed heare out of his sepulture.  
Why keetes ha not my wordes sinke in his eares  
So harde to oerreate? whether whirles he?  
This last boone yet graunt he to wretched Ioue:  
Prosperous winde for to depart with ease  
Let him abide: the foresayde mariage now,  
That he betrayed, I do not him require;  
Nor that he should faire Italy forego:  
Neither I would, he should his kingdom leaue.  
Zuiet I aske, and a time of delay,  
And respite eke my furey to assuage,  
Till my mishap teach me, all comfortlesse,  
How for to wayle my grief. This latter grace,  
Sister, I craue; haue thou reserue of me:  
Whiche if thou shalt vouchsafe, with heapes I  
shall

Leaue by my death redoubled vnto thee. [playne:  
Moued with teares, thus wretched gaun she  
Which Anne reportes, and answers brings againe.  
Nought teare him moue, ne yet to any wordes  
He can be fraued with gentile minde to yelde.  
The Werdes withstande, a God stops his meke  
cares.

Like to the aged boysteous bodied oke,  
The which among the Alpes the Northern winde  
Blowing now from this quarter, now from that,  
Betwixt them strue to oerwhelme with blastes;  
The whistling ayre among the braunche rores;  
Which all at once bow to the earth her croppes,  
The stocke once smit: whiles in the rockes the  
tree [toppe

Sticks fast: and loke, bow bye to the brauen her  
Beares vp, so deepe her roote spredes downe to  
hell.

So was this Lorde now here now there beset,  
With wordes, in whose stoute brest wrought many  
cares:

But still his minde in one remaines, in vaine  
The teares were shed. Then Dido frayde of fates,  
Wiseth for death, irked to see the skyes.  
And that she might the rather worke her will,  
And leaue the light (a grisly thing to tell)  
Upon the altars burning full of cense  
When she set giftes of sacrifice, she saw  
The holy watir stocks waxe blacke within:

The wine eke shed change into filthy gore.  
This she to none, 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 oft the Owle with rufull song complaind  
From the house top, drawing long dolefull tunes.  
And many things forespoken by prophets past  
With dreadfull warning gau her now affray:  
And stern Acteus seemd in her slepe  
To chase her still about, distraught in rage:  
And still her thought, that she was left alone  
Unaccompanied great viages to weade,  
In desert land her Tyrrian folk to seeke.  
Like Pentheus, that in his wadnes saw  
Swarming in flocks the furies all of hell,  
Two sons remoue, and Thebes town shew twaine,  
Or like Orestes Agamemnon's son:  
In tragedies who represented aye  
As driven about, that from his mother fled  
Armed with brands, and eke with serpents black;  
That sitting found within the temples porche  
The ylgie furies his slaughter to reuenge.

Yelden to wo, when phrensia 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 intent,  
Presenting hope vnder a semblant glad:  
Sister reioyce, for I haue found the way  
Him to returne, or lose me from his loue.  
Toward the end of the great Ocean flood,  
Wheress the wandering Sun descendeth hence,  
In the extremes of Ethiope, is a place,  
Where huge Atlas on his sholders turne  
The sphere so roud with flaming starres beset.  
Borne of Massyle, I heare should be a Nunne;  
That of th' Hesperian sisters temple old  
And of their goodly garden, keper was;  
That genes vnto the Dragon eke his foole,  
That on the tree preserues the holy fruit;  
That hooie moyst, and sleeping poppy castes.  
This woman doth asunt, by force of charme  
What hart she list to set at libertie:  
And other soules to perre with heuy cares:  
In running flood to stop the waters course;  
And eke the sterres their mouings to reuerse:  
Tassemble eke the rosters that walk by night:  
Under thy feete, the earth thou shalt behold  
Tremble and rore: the okes come from the hill.  
The Gods and thee, dere sister, now I call  
In witness, and thy hed to me so sweete,  
To magike arts against my will I bend.  
Right secretly within our inner court,  
In open ayre reare vp a stack of wood;  
And hang thereon the weapon of this man,  
The which he left within my chamber stick:  
His weedes despoiled all, and bridal bed  
(Wheroin alas, sister, I found my bane)  
Charge thereupon: for so the Nunne commandes  
To do away what did to him belong,  
Of that false wight that might remembrance  
bring.

Then whistled she; the pale her face gau staine,  
He could yet Anne beleue, her sister ment  
To cloke her death by this new sacrifice;

Nor in her breast woch furie did conceiue:  
Neither doth she now dred more greuous thing,  
Then followed Siches death: wherfore  
She put her will in vre. But then the Queene,  
When that the stak of wood was reared vp  
Under the ayre within the inward court  
With clouen oke, and billets made of fyrr,  
With garlandes she doth all beset the place,  
And with greue bows eke crown the funeral,  
And thereupon bis wodes and sward ylest,  
And on a bed bis picture she bestowes,  
As she that well foreknew what was to come.  
The alters stonde about, and eke the Nunne  
With sparkeled tresse; the which thre hundred  
Gods

With a loude voyce doth thunder out at once,  
Erebs the grimy, and Chaos huge,  
And eke the threfold Goddess Hecate,  
And thre faces of Diana the virgin:  
And sprinckles eke the water counterfet  
Like vnto blacke Auernus lake in hell:  
And springyng herbes rapt up with brazen sithe  
Were sought after the right course of the Mooone;  
The venus blacks intermingled with milke;  
The lumps of fleshe twene the new borne foules  
eye

To reue, that winneth from the damme her loa.  
She with the mole all in her handes devout  
Stode neare the aulter, bare of the one foote,  
With vesture loose, the handes vulcened all;  
Bent for to dye, calls the Gods to recorde,  
And gilty starres eke of her destiny:  
And if there were any God that had care  
Of louers hartes 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 wried bodies caught;  
The woodes, the ragyng seas were faine to rest;  
When that the starres had halfe their course de-  
clined; [hue

The feldes whist, beastes, and fowles of diuers  
And what-so that in the brode lakes remainde,  
Or yet among the bushy thickes of bryar,  
Laid downe to slepe by silence of the night  
Gan swage their cares, mindlesse of trauels past.  
Not so the spirite of this Phenician;  
Unhappy she that on no slepe could chance,  
Nor yet nightes rest enter in eye or breast:  
Her cares redoble; lone doth rise and rage againe,  
And ouerflows with swelling stormes of wrath.  
Thus thinkes she then, this routes she in her minde;  
What shall I do? shall I now beare the scoone  
For to assaye mine olde woers againe?  
And humbly yet a Numid spouse require,  
Whose marriage I haue so oft disdayned?  
The Troyan nauy, and Trociana vile commander  
Folow shall I? as thou it shouldst auile,  
That whilom by my helpe they were releued;  
Or forbeccause with kinde, and mindfull folke  
Right well doth sit the passed thankfull 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's kinde.  
What then? alone on mery mariners  
Shall I waite? or borde them with my power  
Of Tyrians assem led me about?  
And such as I with traualle brought from Tyre,  
Driue to the seas, and force their saile againe?  
But rather dye, euen as thou hast deserved;

And to this wo with iron gear thou ende.

And thou, sister, first vanquish with my teares,  
Thou in my rage with all these mischiefs first  
Didst burden me, and yelde me to my foe.  
Was it not graunted me from sponsals free,  
Like to wilde beastes, to liue without offence,  
Without taste of such cares? Is there no fayth  
Reserued to the cinders of Sichee?

Such great complaints brake forth out of her  
breast:

While Aeneas full minded to depart,  
All things prepared, slept in the poupe on high.  
To whom in slepe the wanted godheads furme  
Gan say appere, returning in like shape  
As semed him; and gan him thus aduise:  
Like unto Mercury in voice, and hue,  
With yelow bushe, and comely lymmes of youth.  
O Goddesses sonne, in such case canst thou slepe?  
Ne yet, bestraight, the dangers doest foresee  
That compass thee? or hearest the faire windes  
blowe?

Dido in minde routes vengeance and desceite;  
Determd to dye, swells with unstable ire.  
Wilt thou not flee whyles thou hast time of flight?  
Straight shalt thou see the seas covered with  
sayles,

The blasting brandes the shore all spred with flame  
And if the morow steale vpon thee here.  
Come of, haue 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;  
Cals up his feers; Awake, get up, my men,  
Abord your ships, and boyse vp sayl with speede:  
A God me wills, sent from aboue againe,  
To hast my flight, and written cabels cut.  
Oh holy God, whatso thou art, we shall  
Folow thee, and all blithe obey thy will;  
Be at our hand, and frendly vs assist;  
Adresse the sterres with prosperous influence.  
And with that word his glistening sword unbethes;  
With which drawn, be the cabels cut in twaine.  
The like desire the rest embraced all;  
All thing in hast they cast, and fourth they whurle;  
The shores they leave; with ships the seas are  
spred;

Cutting the fume, by the blew seas they swepe.  
Aurora now from Titans purple bed  
With new day light had ouerspred the earth;  
When by his windowes the Queene the peping day  
Epyed, and nauie with splaid sailen depart  
The shore, and eke the porte of vessels voyde.  
Her comely brest thrise or fourtimes she smote  
With her own hand, and tore her golden tresse.  
Oh ioue, quoth she, shall he then thus depart,  
A stranger thus, and scorne our kingdom so?  
Shall not my men do on their armore prest,  
And eke pursue them throughout all the town?  
Out of the rode some shall the vessel warpe.  
Hast on, cast flame, set sayle, and welde your  
owers.

What said I? but where am I? what phrennie  
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: {goddess,  
His body might I not haue caught and rent?

And in the seas drenched him, and his feers?  
And from Ascanius his life with iron reft,  
And set him on his fathers bord for meate?  
Of such debate perchance the fortune might  
Haue been doubtful; would God it were assured!  
Whom should I feare, with I my selfe must die?  
Might I haue throwen into that nauy brandes,  
And filled eke their deckes with flaming fire,  
The father, sonne, and all their nation  
Destroied, and fallu, my selfe ded ouer all! {criest;  
Sunne, with thy beames, that mortal workes dis-  
And thou Iuno, that wel these trauales knowest:  
Proserpine thou, vpon whom folk do vse  
To houle, and call in forked waies by night;  
Infernal fories, ye wreakers of wrong:  
And Didos Gods, who standes at point of death,  
Receiue these wordes, and eke your heauy power  
Withdraw from me, that wicked folk deserue:  
And our request accept, we you beseeche:  
If so that yonder wicked head must needs  
Reconer port, and saile to laude, of force;  
And if Ioues will haue so resoluod it,  
And such ende set as no wight can fordoe;  
Yet at the least assailed might he be  
With armes, and warres of hardy nations;  
From the boundes of his kingdom farre exiled;  
Iulus eke rayyshed out of his armes;  
Driuen to call for helpe, that he may see  
The gittlesse corpses of his folke lie dead:  
And aft r hard condicions of peace,  
His realme, nor life desired may be brooke;  
But fall before his time vngraued amid the sandes.  
This I require, these wordes with blood I shed.  
And Tiriens, ye his stocke and all his race  
Pursue with hate; rewarde our cinders so:  
Nor loue nor leage betwixt our people be;  
And of our bones, some wrecker may there spring,  
With sword and flame that Truians may pursue:  
And from henceforth, when that our powr may  
Our costes to them contrary be for aye, {stretch,  
I craue of God; and our streames to their Suddes;  
Armes vnto armes; and ouerspung of eche race  
With mortell warr eche other may fordoe.

This said, her mind she writhed on all sides,  
Seking with speede to end her irksome life.  
To Sicchees nurse Barcen then thus she said  
(For hers at home in ashes did remaine)  
Cal unto me, deare purse, my sister Anne:  
Bid her, in hast in water of the fudde  
She sprinkle the body, and bring the beastes,  
And purging sacrifice, I did her sheue:  
So let her come: and thou thy temples bind  
With sacred garlandes: for the sacrifice,  
That I to Pluto haue begonne, my mind  
Is to performe, and geve end to these cares:  
And Trojan statue throw into the flame.  
When she had said, redouble gan her nurse  
Her steppes, forth on an aged womans trot.

But trembling Dido egerly now bent  
Upon her stern determinacion;  
Her bloodshot eies rolling within her head;  
Her quivering cheekes, flecked with deadly stains,  
Both pale and wan to think on death to come;  
Into the inward wardes of her palace  
She rusbeth in, and clam vp, as distraught,  
The buriall stack, and drew the Troian sword,  
Her gift sometime, but meant to no such vnd:  
Where when she saw his wead, and well known  
Weping a while in study gan she stay, {bed,  
Fell on the bed, and these last wordes she said.

Swete spoiles, whiles God and destenies it wold,  
 Receive this spritz, and aid me of these cares:  
 I lived and ranne the course, fortune did graunt;  
 And vnder earth my great gost now shall wraude:  
 A goodly town I built, and saw my walles;  
 Happy, alas too happy, if these costes  
 The Troyan shippes had neuer touched aye.

This said, she laid her mouth close to the bed.  
 Why then, quoth she, vnbroken 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  
 Sbal wel discern this flame; and take with him  
 Eke these vn lucky tokens of my death!  
 As she had said, her damself might perceue  
 Her with these wordes fal pearced on a sword;  
 The blade embrued and hands besprent with gore.  
 The clamor rang vnto the pallace toppe:  
 The brute ranne throughout al thastonied towne:  
 With wailing great, and womens shrill yelling  
 The roofes gan roare: the aire resound with  
 plaint:

As though Cartage, or thancient town of Tyre  
 With prease 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, spritleesse for dread to heare  
 This fearefull sturte, with nailes gan teare her  
 face,

She smote her brest, and rushed through the rout:  
 And her dieng she cleapes thus by her name:  
 Sieter, for this with craft did you me bound?  
 The stak, the flame, the stars, bred they this?  
 What shall I first complaine, forsaken wight?  
 Lothest thou in death thy sisters fellowship?  
 Thou shouldst haue calld me to like destiny;  
 One wo, one sword, one hour mought end vs both.  
 This funerall 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 woundes;  
 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 strueth to lift vp againe  
 Her beavy eyen, and hath no power therto:  
 Deepe in her brest that fixed wound doth gape.  
 Thrice leaning on her elbow gaine she raise  
 Her self, vppward: and thrise she ouerthrew  
 Upon the bed: ranging with wandring eies  
 The skies for light, and wept when shee it found.

Almighty Iuno hauing ruth by this  
 Of her loog paines, and eke her lingring death:  
 From heauen she sent the Goddess Iris downe,  
 The throwing spirit, and iointed limmes to loose.  
 For that neither by lot of destiny,  
 Nor yet by kindly death shee perished,  
 But wretchedly before her fallall day,  
 And kiddled 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 shee flye adowne  
 On Didos head: where as she gan a light,  
 This beare (quod shee) to Pluto consecrate

VOL. II.

Commaunded I reue; and thy spirit vnloose  
 From this body. And when shee thus had said,  
 With her right hand shee cut the beare in twaine:  
 And therwith al the kindly heat gan quench,  
 And into wind the life forthwith resoule.

ECCLESIASTES AND CERTAIN  
 PSALMS.

ECCLESIASTES.

CHAPTER I.

I SALAMON Dauids sonne, king of Jerusalem,  
 Chosen by Gnd to teache the Jewes, and in his  
 lawes to leade them, [vayne,  
 Confesse, vnder the sonne that eury thing is  
 The world is false, man he is frayle, and all his  
 pleasures payne. [fynde

Alas! what stable frute may Adams children  
 In that they eate by sweate of browes, and travill  
 of their mynde? [decaye]

We that lue on the earthe, drawn toward our  
 Ower children fill our place a while, and then  
 they fade awaye.

Such changes makes the earthe, and dotbe re-  
 moue for none,

But serues us for a place to play our tragedes  
 vppon. [course hath ronne,

When that the restless sonne westwarde his  
 Towards the east he hests as fast, to ryac where he  
 begonne. [blast,

When hoary Boreas hathe blownen his frozen  
 Then Zephirus with his gentill breathee dissolues  
 the ice as fast:

Fludds, that drinke vpp small broks, and swel  
 by rage of rayte,

Discharge in sees, which them replesse, and  
 swallowe straye againe. [ronne their race,  
 These worldly pleasures, (Lord,) so swift they  
 That scarce our eyes may them discern, they  
 byde so littel space. [shall:

What bathe bin, but is now, the like hereafter  
 What new deuice grounded so suer, that dreadeth  
 not the fall: [tymes past

What may be called new, but suche things in  
 As time buryed, and dotbe reuiue, and tyme  
 agayne shall waste. [brate at all;

Things past right worthy fame, have now no  
 Even so shall dey suche things, as now the simple  
 wounders call.

I, that in Dauides seate sit crowned, and reioice,  
 That with my septer rule the Jewes, and teach  
 them with my voyce, [sonne,

Have archied long to know all things vnder the  
 To see how in this mortal lyef a suerty might be  
 wonne: [to desyer:

This kyndled will to knowe, straunge things for  
 God hathe grafte in our gredeye breasts a torment  
 for our byer. [knoo

The end of eache travell furthwith I sought to  
 I found them vaine mixed with gall, and burden  
 with muche woo

Defaults of natures works no mans hand may  
restore;  
Whiche be in number like the sandes vpon the  
salte floods shore. [mynd  
Then, vaunting in my witte, I gan call to my  
What rewles of wisdom I hadde taught, that elders  
could not find. [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 payne, and  
losse of tyme. [mynd,  
For he to wiadomes skooles, that doth applie hys  
The further that he wades therin, the greater doubtis  
shall find; [ure,  
And such as enterprise to put newe things in  
Of some that shall skorne their devise may well  
them selves assure.

## CHAPTER II.

From pensif fauzies then I gau my hart reuoke,  
And gaue me to such sporting plaies, as laughter  
myght prouoke: [blinded me,  
But euen suche vain delight, when the moste  
Allwayes me-thought with smiling grace a king  
did yll agre. [muchc wine,  
Then sought I bow to please my belly with  
To feede me fatte with costly feasts of rare del-  
ights, and sue; [rest,  
And other pleasures eke too purchase me with  
In so great choise to find the thing, that might  
content me best: [stormes of ire,  
But, Lord! what care of mynd, what suddaine  
With broken slepes enduryd I, to compassc my  
desier. [cure  
The hynde my howses fairer, then set I all my  
By princely actes thus stroue I still to make my  
fame indure.  
Delicious gardens eke I made to please my sight,  
And grafte therein all kindes of frutes that might  
my mouth delight: [I drewe,  
Conditis by liuely springs from their owld course  
For to refreshe the frutefull trees, that in my  
gardynes grewe:  
Of catell great encrease I bred in littell space;  
Bondmen I bought; I gave them wyfes; and  
saw'd me with their race:  
Greate heapes of shining gold by sparing gan I  
sawe, [to haue  
With things of price so furnyshed, as fits a prince  
To heare fairer women sing sometyme I did re-  
ioyce,  
Rauysbed with their pleasaunt tunes, and sweetnes  
of their voyce:  
Lemans I had so fairer, and of so liuely hewe,  
That who so gased in their face, myght well their  
bewty rewe: [sente;  
Never erst sat there king so riche in Dauids  
Yet still me thought, for so small gaine, the trauaile  
was too great.  
From my desirous eyes I hyd no pleasaunt sight,  
Nor from my hart no kind of myrth, that might  
geve them deliyght: [paynr,  
Which was the only frute I rept of all my  
To feede 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 vnrest, that I had sought, so wastfull  
frute to fynd:

Then was I streken strayte with that abused fier,  
To glorye in that goodly witte, that compassc my  
desyer. [renewe;  
But freshe before mayne eyes grace did my faults  
What gentill callings I hadd feld, my ruyne to  
pursue; [escape:  
What raging pleasurs past, perill, and hard  
What fancis in my bed had wrought the licor of  
the grape. [doth moore;  
The erroours then I sawe, that their fraile hartes  
Which striue in vaine for to compare with him  
that sits aboue: [peryth playne,  
In whose most perfect worcks suche craft ap-  
That to the least of them there may no mortal  
hand attayne.  
And lyke as lightsome day dothe shine aboue  
the night: [beames as bright:  
So darke to me did folly seme, and wiadomes  
Whose eyes did seme so clere motes to diacern  
and fynde,  
But will had closed follies eyes, which gaped  
like the blynde. [worldly fause;  
Yet death, and time consume all wit, and  
And looke what ende that folly hath, and wiadome  
hath the same. [cure  
Then sayd I thus, O Lord, may not thy wiadome  
The wayfull wrongs, and hard conflicts, that folly  
doth endure?  
To sharpe my witte so fine, then why toke I  
this payne?  
Now finde I well this noble serche maye eke be  
called vayne. [reward,  
As slanders lothsome brute soundes follies iust  
Is put to silence all be-time, and brought in  
amale regard: [fame,  
Euen so dothe tyme deuoure the noble blast of  
Which shold resounde their glories great, that  
do deserue the same.  
Thus present changes chase away the wondrous  
past: [to last.  
Ne is the wise mans fattal thred yet lenger spounne  
Then in this wretched vale our lyef I lothed  
playne,  
When I beheld our frutes paynes to compassc  
pleasurs vayne;  
My trauayll this avails hath me produced, too!  
An heire unknowen shall reape the frute that I in  
sede did sowe;  
But wherinto the Lord his nature shall inclyne  
Who can fore-knowe, into whose lands, I must  
my goods resine?  
But Lord, how pleasaunt swete then seemd the  
idell liefc,  
That never charged was with care, nor burdened  
with stryfe: [sore,  
And vile the gredye trade of them, that toil to  
To leaue to suche ther trauells frute, that neuer  
swet therfore. [relief,  
What is that pleasaunt gaine, what is that swet  
That shold 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 slepes, 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,  
Yf that be trow, who may him selfe so happy  
As I, whose free and sumptuous spence doth shyne  
beyoude them all?

Sewerly it is a gift, and favour of the Lorde,  
Liberally to spende our goods, the grounde of all  
discord.

And wretched herts haue they, that let their  
And carrey the rodde that skorgeth them, that  
glory in their gold.

But I do knowe by prooffe, whose ryches berea  
suche brute, [suche freute.  
What stable weith may stand in wast, or keeping of

## CHAPTER III.

LIKE to the sterles boate, that swarues with every  
wynde, [prof I finde.

The slipper topp of worldly welthe by crewell  
Sharce hathe the seade, whereof that nature  
formethe man,

Receaid lief, when deaths him yields to earth  
wher he began: [frute.

The grafted plants with payn, whereof wee hoped  
To roote them vpp with blossomes sprede then  
is our cheif porsute:

That erst we rered vpp we undermyne againe,  
And shred the spraes, whose growthe some-tyme  
we laboured with paine:

Each froward thretning chere of fortune maiks us  
playne, [herts againe.

And every pleasant showe reuiues our wofull  
Ancient walles to race is our unstable guyse,  
And of their wetherbeten stones to buylde some  
new deuyse. [moou;

New fancies dayly springs which vaddes, returning  
And now we practyse to obtayne that strait we  
must forgoo. [wast;

Some tyme we seke to spare, that afterward we  
And that we traveled sore to knitt, for to vnloose  
as fast.

In sober syllence now our quiet lipps we close:  
And with unbruylded toungs furthwith our secret  
herts diaclouse.

Suche as in folded armes we did embrace, we hate:  
Whom straite we reconcail againe, and banishe  
all debate. [me;

My sece, with labour sowne, suche frute produceth  
To waste my lief in contraries, that never shall  
agre.

From God these heuy carcs ar sent for our unrests,  
And with suche bardens for our weith he frant-  
eth full our brests.

All that the Lord hathe wrought, hath bewtey 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: [Iudge moste

Which arte though it approche the heuenly know-  
To serche the naturall grounde of things, yet  
all is labour loste.

But then the wandering eyes, that longe for surtey  
sought,

Founde that by paine no certayne weith might  
in this world be bought.

Who liveth in delight, and sekes no gredy thyrste,  
But frely spendis his goods may thinke it is a  
secret gifte.

Fulfilled shall it be what so the Lord intende,  
Which no deuce of mans witt may aduaunce,  
nor yet defende: [dren might

Who made all things of nought, that Adams chyl-  
Lerne how to dread the Lord, that wrought such  
wonders in their sight.

The grealy wonders past, which tyme wears out of  
mynde,

To be renewed in our days the Lord hath so  
asnynde.

Lo thus be carefull skourge dothe stele on us va-  
ware, [doth againe repaire,

Which when the fleabe hath clene forgott, he  
When I in this uaine serche had wanderyd ore my  
witt, [should have sitt:

I saw a roiall throne eke where as Justice  
In stede of whom I saw, with fyerce and crewell  
mode [drounke the gittles biode.

Wher Wrong was set, that bloody beast, that  
Then thought I thus, one day the Lord shall sit in  
dome [spotted have no rone.

To weve his flock, and chose the pure; the  
Yet he suche skourges sent, that each agreuid  
mynde,

Lyke the brute beasts that swell in rage, and  
fury by ther kynde, [longe,

His errours 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 doth de-  
uoure, [fatal bowre.

Unto the noble kynde of men presents the  
The perfitt forme, that God hathe geuen to othe  
man, [began;

Or othe beast, dissolve it shall to earth wher it  
And who can tell yf that the sowle of man ascende,  
Or with the body if it dye, and to the groun  
decende: [gayne;

Wherefore each gredy hart, that riches seks to  
Gather may he that sauey 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 dothe sus-  
teyne; [amassed with mnche payne.

The haire 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 [chastyced were doon;

By foolke of power what crewell workes 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:

Devoide of comfort clene, in terroure and dis-  
tresse; [to repress:

In whose defence none wolde aryse, such rigour  
Then thought I thus: O Lord, the dead, whose  
fatal bowre

Is clene ronne out, more happy ar; whom that  
the wormes deuoure:

And happiest is the sece, that neuer did conceure;  
That neuer felt the wayfull wrongs, that mortal  
folke receue. [guyne

And then I saw, that weith, and euery honest,  
By traueill wounne, and swete of browes, gan  
growe into disdayne,

Through sloth of careles folke; whom ease so fat  
doth feale;

Whose idell hands doo nought but waast the  
frute of othe seede:

Which to themselves perswade, that little gott  
with ease,  
More thankfull is then kynddomes won by  
trauayle and disease.  
Another sort I saw without both frend or kynne;  
Whose greddy wayes yet neuer sought a faith-  
full freud to wyne; [could;  
Whose wretched corpe no toile yet euer wery  
Nor gluttid euer wer their eyne with heaps of  
shyning gould;  
But yf it might appear to their abused eyne,  
To whose auayte they trauill so, and for whose  
sake they pyne:  
Then should they see what cause they haue for to  
repent  
The fruitles paynes, and eke the tyme, that they  
in vayne haue spent.  
Then gan I thus resolve: More pleasant is the lyef  
Of faythefull frends, that spend their goods in  
commone without stryfe:  
For as the tender freud appeasith euery gryef;  
So yf he falls that liues aloone, who shall be his  
relyef? [faste;  
The frendly feeres ly warme, in armes embraced  
Who sleapes aloone at euery tourne dothe feale  
the winter blast:  
What can he doo but yeld, that must resist aloone?  
Yf ther be twaine, one may defend the tother  
our-throwne: [dure,  
The single twyned cordes may no such strosse in-  
As cabies brayded thre-foald may, together  
wretched sure.  
In better far estate stand children poore and wyse,  
Then aged kyngs wedded to will, that worke  
without aduysse.  
In prison haue I sene, or this, a wofull wyght,  
That neuer knewe what freedom ment, nor tast-  
ed of dellyght, [mette,  
With such unhoped happ, in most despaier, hath  
Within the hands, that erst ware gyves, to haue  
a septure sette; [staate,  
And by conjures the seade of kyngs is thrust from  
Whereon agreuyd people worke osteymes their  
hidden haate.  
Other, without respect I saw of frend or foe  
With feet worne bare in tracing such whereas  
the honours grow.  
Aid at deeth of a prynce great rowtes reuiued  
strange,  
Which, faine their owld 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 greddy gayne bath his un-  
certayne end.  
In humble sprite is set the temple of the Lorde;  
Wher yf thou enter, loke thy mouth and con-  
science may acorde:  
Whose churche is buylte of louse, and decte with  
botte deuyrs,  
And simple sayth: the golden ghoost his marcy  
doth requyre:  
Wher perfectly, for aye, he in his woord doth rest;  
With gentill eare to heare thy sute, and grant  
to thy request.  
In hoost of outwarde works he takith no dellyght,  
Nor wast of wordes: suche sacryfice unassereth  
in his sight.

WHEN that repentant teares hath censed clere  
from ill [amending will:  
The charged brest: and grace hath wrought therein  
With bold demands then may his mercy well  
assaile [may none preuaile:  
The speche mans sayth; without the which request  
More shall thy pennynt slygh his endles  
mercy please, [worris Gods wrath appease;  
Then their importune suits, which dreame, that  
For hart contrite of fault, is gladsome recom-  
pence; [synne dispense.  
And prair fruct of faith, wherby God doth with  
As ferful broken slepes spring from a restles  
hedde; [breddes.  
By chattering of unholy lippes is fruitles 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 vowes fullfild by grace right swaely  
smoke [God provoke.  
But bold behests, broken by lusta, the wrath of  
Yet bette, with humble bert, thy fraylyte to  
confesse, [fraude expresse.  
Then to boost suche perfittnes, whose works such  
With fayned wordes and othes, contract with  
God no gyle; [thy self dedde:  
Suche craft returns to thyn own barne, and doth  
And thoughte the myst of sinne perswad such  
error light, [his sight.  
Therby yet ar thy outward works all dampid in  
As sondry broken dreame vs dyuersly abuse:  
So ar his errors manifold, that many wordes dothe  
use  
With humble secret playnt, fewe words of botte  
effect, [neglect.  
Honor thy Lord; allowaunce 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 redress: [dred,  
For suche unrighteous folke, as rule withouten  
By some abuse, or secret lust, he enffereth to be  
led. [lent,  
The cheif blisse, that in earth to liuing man is  
Is moderat welth, to nourish lief, yf he can be  
content.  
He that hath but one felde, and gredely seke  
the nought [in his thought.  
To fence the tillers baud from nede, is king with  
But such as of ther gokke ther only idoll make,  
Noe treasure may the rauyn of their hungry hands  
aslake. [gayne,  
For he that gapes for good, and hordeth all his  
Trauells in wayne to hyde the sweet, that should  
releue his payne.  
Wher is gret welth, there should be many a  
nrdy wight [man's cheif dellyght.  
To spend the same, and that should be the riche  
The sweet and quiet slepes that wery limmes  
oppresse,  
Begile the night in dyet thynns, and feasts of great  
excesse: [rest  
But wakenlye the riche, whose lyuely heat with  
Their charged bookes with change of meats cannot  
so sone dygest.  
An other righteous dome, I sawe, of greddy gayne  
With busy cares suche treasures oft preseruyed  
to their bayne:



The plenteous houses sackt, the owners end  
with shame [should rejoyce the same  
Their sparkelid goods; their nedey heyres, that  
From welth dyspoyled bare; from whence they  
came they went, [them sent:  
Clad in the clothes of pouerte, as nature fyrst  
Naked, as from the wombe we came, if we de-  
part, [to vex the hart?  
What toyle to seeke that we must leue? what bote  
What lyef leads testey men, they that consume  
their dayes [sum alwaies,  
In inwards frets, untemperd bates, as stryef with  
Then gasp I prayce all those, in suche a world of  
stryffe, [in lyffe;  
As take the profite of the goods, that may be had  
For sure the liberali hand that hath no hart to  
spare [vertu rare:  
This fading weltbe, but powres it forthe, it is a  
That makes welthe slave to nede, and gold be-  
com his thrall, [his chest with all;  
Clings not his gutts with niggeshe fare to heape  
But feeds the lusts of kynde with costly meats  
and wyne, [that pyne:  
And slacks the hunger and the thurst of nedey folke  
No gluttonous feast I meane in wast of spence to  
stryve, [thus to renice  
But temptat meales the dullist spryts, with joye  
No care may perce where myrth hath tamped  
such a brest; [may digest.  
The bitter gaul, seasond with swete such wydom

PSALMS.

POEM.

WHEN recheles youthe in a unquiet brest,  
Set on by wrath, reveuge, and crueltye,  
After long war, pacyens had opprest,  
And justice wrought by pryncelye equitie,  
My deuy then, myne error depe imprest,  
Began to worke dispaire of libertye;  
Had not David, the perfytt warriour, taught  
That of my fault thus pardon should be sought.

DOMINE DEUS SALUTIS. PSALM LXXXVIII.

OH Lorde upon whose will dependeth my wel-  
fare, [night 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 fraughted full with greif of follies  
My restles bodye doth consume and death ap-  
procheth fast; [in twayne,  
Like them whose fathall threde thy hand hath cut  
Of whome ther is no further brewte, which in  
their graves remeyne.  
Oh, Lorde, thou hast cast me hedlong, to please  
my foe, [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 distresse:  
The faithfull friends ar fled and bannyshed from my  
sight: [frendshipp light.  
And such as I have heid full dere have sett my

My durance doth perswade of freedom such dis-  
paire, [eye sight doth appaie:  
That by the teares that bayne my brest, myne  
Yet did I never cease thine ayde for to desyre,  
With humble hart and stretched hands, for to  
appease thy yre.  
Wherefore dost thou forbear in the defence of  
thyne, [Adams lynce;  
To show such tokens of thy power in sight of  
Wherby oobe feble hart with fayth might so be  
fedd, [might be spredd.  
That in the mouthe of thy elect thy mercyes  
The fleshe that fedeth wormes can not thy love de-  
clare, [hand of dispaire;  
Nor suche set forth thy faith as dwell in the  
In blind endured herts light of thy lovely name  
Can not appeare, as can not judge the brightnes  
of the same:  
Nor blasted may thy name be by the mouth of  
those [may not disclose:  
Whom death hath abutt in sylence, so as they  
The lively voyce of them that in thy word delight,  
Must be the trumpe that must resound the  
glorye of thy myght:  
Wherefore I shall not cease in chief of my distresse,  
To call on Thee till that the sleape my weryd  
tymes oppresse;  
And in the morning eke when that the sleape is  
fled, [my restles bedd.  
With floods of salt repentaunt teares to washe  
Within this careful mynd, boundynd with care and  
greif, [be his relief.  
Why dost thou not appere, oh Lord, that shouldest  
My wretched state beholde, whom death shall strait  
assaile, [but waile;  
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 roring waves the sunken shippe sur-  
rounde, [succour found;  
Great heape of care did swallow me, and I no  
For they whom no myschaunce could from my  
love devyde, [face to hyde.  
Ar forced, for my greater greif, from me their

POEM.

THE soudden stormes that heave me to and froe,  
Had wel neare perced faith, my gayding saile,  
For I, that on the noble voyage goo  
To succher trueth and falsed to assaile,  
Constrayned am to beare my sayles full loo,  
And never could attayne some pleasaunt galle:  
For unto such the prosperous winds doo bloo  
As rounne from porte to porte to seke availle:  
This bred dispaire, whereof such doubts did groo,  
That I gasp faint, and all my courage faile;  
But now, my blage, mine error well I see,  
Such goodlye light king David giveth me.

QUAM BONUS ISRAEL, DEUS. PSALM LXXIII.

THOUGHTS, Lord, to Israell thy graces plenteous  
be,  
I meane to such, with pure intent as fix their  
trust in Thee;

Yet whiles the faith did faynt that shold have  
 been my guyde, [began to slide:  
 Lyke them that walk in slipper pathes my feet  
 Whiles I did grudge at those that glorye in their  
 golde, [they wolde.  
 Whose lothsom pryde rejoyseth welth in quiet as  
 To se by course of yeres what nature doth ap-  
 pere, [heire to heire;  
 The palayces of princely fourme succede from  
 From all such travayles free as longe to Adams  
 sede; [nor by dread.  
 Neither withdrawne from wicked works by daunger  
 Whereof thire skornfull pryde, and gloried with  
 their eyes; [clad in vyce:  
 As garments clothe the naked man, thus are they  
 Thus, as they wishe, succede the mischief that  
 they meane,  
 Whose glutton chokes slouth feeds so fatt, as scant  
 their eyes be sene. [fayne  
 Unto whose crewel power most men for dred ar  
 To bend and bow with lofty looks, whiles they  
 vawnt in their rayne; [frame.  
 And in their bloody hands whose creweltye that  
 The wailfull works that skourge 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 defence, [to waver,  
 Such proofes before the just, to cause the harts  
 Be sett, lyke cupps myngled with gall, of bitter  
 tast and savor: [foode,  
 They saye thy foes in skorne, that fast no other  
 But sucke the fleshe of thy elect and bath them in  
 their blood, [this]  
 Shold we beleve the Lorde doth know and suffer  
 Foled be be with fables vayne, that so abused is.  
 In terror of the just, thus raignes iniquitye,  
 Armed with power, laden with gold, and dred for  
 crueltie, [faythe mayntayne  
 Then vayne the warr might seme, that I by  
 Against the fleshe, whose false affects my pure  
 hart wold distayne. [doon,  
 For I am scourged still that no offence have  
 By wrathe children, and from my byrth my  
 chastening begoon. [thy hand,  
 When I behelde their pryde, and slackness of  
 I gan bewaile the wofull state wherin thy chosen  
 stand;  
 And as I sought wherof thy sufferance, Lord,  
 shold groo,  
 I found no witt could perce so far, thy holy domes  
 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 buyld on worldly welth, and dye their  
 colours faire, [buylding vayne,  
 Oh! how their ground is false, and all their  
 And they shall fall, their power shall faile that did  
 their pryde mayntayne, [pleasautourne,  
 As charged harts with care, that dreame some  
 After their sleape fynd their abuse, and to their  
 plaint retourne: [geauce shall  
 So shall their glorye faade, thy sword of ven-  
 Unto their drunken eyes in blood disclose their  
 errors all. [yshorne,  
 And when their golden fleece is from the backe  
 The spots that under neth were hidd, thy chosen  
 shepe shall skorne:

And till that happye daye, my hert shall swell  
 in care,  
 My eyes yeld teares, my yeres consume, bitwene  
 hope and dispayre. [ments darke,  
 Loo, how my sprits ar dull, and as thy judg-  
 No mortall hedd may scale so highe, but wonder  
 at thy warke.  
 Alas! how oft my foes have framed my decaye,  
 But when I stode in drede to drunche, 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 then, O Lord, why should I  
 But only thyn, whom I have found in thy behight  
 so just: [refuse,  
 And suche for drede or gayne as shall thy name  
 Shall perishe with their golden godde that did their  
 harts seduce; [and joye,  
 Where I, that in thy worde have set my trust  
 The high reward that longs thereto shall quiettye  
 enjoye: [grace,  
 And my unworthye lyppe, inspired with thy  
 Shall thus forespeke thy secret works, in sight of  
 Adams race.

## EXAUDI, DEUS, ORATIONEM MEAM. PSALM LV.

GIVE eare to my suit, Lord, fromward hide not  
 thy face,  
 Beholde, sinking in grief, lamenting, how I praye;  
 My foes they bray so lowde, and eke threpe on  
 so fast,  
 Buckele to do me scathe, so is their malice bent.  
 Care perceth my entrayles, and traveyleth my  
 spryte;  
 The greaie feare 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 place  
 of rest [care.  
 In wylder woods, where I might dwell far from these  
 What speedy way of wing my playnts shold  
 ther lay on, [me;  
 To skape the stormye blast that threatned is to  
 Rayne those unhyrdlad tungs, breake that con-  
 jured leauge,  
 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 myselfe joynd with care doth kepe the mar-  
 Whilst wickidness with craft in heaps swarme  
 through the strete.  
 Ne my declared foe wrought me all this reproche,  
 By harme so loked for, yt wayeth halfe the lesse;  
 For though myne enemyes happ had byn for to  
 prevail, [eye:  
 I cold not have hidd my face from venym of his  
 It was a frendly foe, by shadow of good will,  
 Myne oil fere and dere frende, my gayde that  
 trapped me,  
 Where I was wont to fetche the cure of all my care,  
 And in his bosome hyde my secreat zeale to  
 God.  
 Such soden surprys quicke may hym heli devoure,

Whilst I invoke the Lord, whose power shall me  
 defend: [descend  
 My prayer shall not cease, from that the sunne  
 Till he his aulture wynn, and hyde them in the  
 sea. [countrie,  
 With words of hott effect, that moveth from hert  
 Such humble sute, O Lord, doth perce my pay-  
 cent care. [of those  
 It was the Lord that brake the bloody compactts  
 That preloked 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. [hand,  
 The conseyence unquyet he strykes with hevy  
 And pruvés their force in fayth, whome he swars  
 to defend.

Butter fais not so soft as doth his pacyence longe:  
 And over passeth fine oyle running not haife so  
 smothe: [provoks,  
 But when his suffraunce fynds that brydled wrath  
 He thremeth wrath, he whets more sharppe than  
 any tool can fyle. [wicked sort,  
 Friour, whose harme and tounge presents the  
 Of those false wolves with cooles which doo their  
 ravin hyde; [Lord,  
 That swears to me by beaven, 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 lies:  
 But in the thother psalme of David find I ease,  
 Lacta curam tuam super Dominum et ipse te  
 enutriet.

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 Wyatt 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 Wyatt, the only son and heir of sir Henry Wyatt 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 him<sup>1</sup>. 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*<sup>2</sup>. 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

<sup>1</sup> Hasted's History of Kent, vol. ii. p. 183.

<sup>2</sup> LeGge'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 reasonable 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 dullness 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 imprisoned<sup>2</sup>, 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 Bullen. 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 conventual church there<sup>3</sup>.

Lord Orford informs us, that in Vertue's manuscript collections he found that Vertue was acquainted with a Mr. Wyatt, 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 curiosities<sup>4</sup>.

Our poet has usually been termed sir Thomas Wyatt *the Elder*, to distinguish him from sir Thomas Wyatt, 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 Cobham<sup>5</sup>. His son left issue, by Jane his wife, daughter and co-heir of William Hawte of Bourne, knight, a son named George Wyatt of Boxley in Kent, restored 15. Elizabeth.

<sup>2</sup> See his Sonnet to sir Francis Bryan. C.

<sup>3</sup> 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 *Atbenæ*. See *Misc. Antiquities*, p. 18. note, and compare with Wood, vol. i. col. 57. C.

<sup>4</sup> "Drayton, in his Verses to Master George Sandys, treasurer for the English colony in Virginia, mentions the name of a Wyatt, who probably might be a descendant of our poet's. Sandys was related to the Wyatt family." Headley's *Beauties*, i. lxxvi.

<sup>5</sup> 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 Wyatt 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 "*Næniæ in mortem Thomæ Wiani, equitis incomparabilis, Joanne Lelando Antiquario, Auctore, 4to.*" This scarce pamphlet has a wood cut of Wyatt, 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 Wyatt'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 Wyatt, 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 contrarities, 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 *Certaine 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 Wyatt 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 Vaux<sup>7</sup> 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

<sup>7</sup> 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 Devises*. Mr. Ritson<sup>o</sup> 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 Songs 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.

<sup>o</sup> Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, in art. Churchyard.

# POEMS

OF

## SIR THOMAS WYAT.

### THE LOUER FOR SHAMEFASTNESSE HIDE- ETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITH- FUL HEARTJ

THE long love, that in my thought I harbor  
And in my hart doth kepe his residence,  
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,  
And there campeth, displaying his banner;  
She that me learns to loue, and to suffer,  
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence  
Be reined by reason, shame, and reuerence  
With his hardinesse takes displeasure.  
Wherewith loue, to the hartes forest he fleeth,  
Leauing his enterprize with paine and crye,  
And there him hideth and not appeareth.  
What may I do? when my maister feareth.  
But in the field, with him, to liue and dye,  
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

### THE LOUER WAXETH WISER, AND WILL NOT DYE FOR AFFECTION.

YET was I neuer of your loue agreed,  
Nor neuer shall, while that my life doth last;  
But of hating my self, that date is past,  
And teares continual sore hath me veried:  
I will not yet in my grave be buried;  
Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed fast,  
As cruel cause, that did my sprite sone hast,  
From thunhappy boones by great sighes stirred.  
Tbes if an hart of amorous faith and will  
Content your minde withouten doing grief;  
Please it you so to this to do relief;  
If otherwysc you seeke for to fulfill  
Your wrath, you erre, and shall not as you wene  
And you your self the cause thereof haue bene.

VOL. II.

### THE ABUSED LOUER SEETH HIS FOLY AND ENTEDETH TO TRUST NO MORE.

Was never file yet halfe so well yfled,  
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 loe, bath at my foly soiled,  
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent,  
Of my last yerer, and of my time mispent.

For youth led me, and falshod me misgoided,  
Yet, this trust I haue of great apparence,  
Sins that disceit is ay returnable,  
Of very force it is agreeable,  
That therewithall be done the recompence,  
Then gile begiled, playnd should be neuer,  
And the reward is little trust for ever.

### THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING STRIKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOUE.

THE lively sparkes, that issue from those eyes,  
Against the which there vailleth no defence,  
Have perat my hart, and done it none offence,  
With quaking pleasure, more than once or twice.  
Was neuer man could any thing deuise,  
Sunnne beames to turne with so great vehemence  
To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence  
Dased am I, much like vnto the gise,  
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 payn of my fall patiently bearing.  
For straight after the blase (as is no wonder)  
Of deadly noyse heare I the fearfull thunder.

know not

23

**THE WAUERING LOVER WILLETH AND  
DREADETH TO MOUE HIS DESIRE.**

SUCH vaine thought, as wonted to misleade me,  
In desert hope by well assured mone,  
Makes me from company to lise 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 holdeth straight the way; then seke I bow  
To vther forth the smart I byde within;  
But such it is, I not<sup>1</sup> how to begin.

**THE LOUER HAVING DREAMED ENJOY-  
ING OF HIS LOUE, COMPLAINETH  
THAT THE DREAME IS NOT EITHER  
LONGER OR TRUER.**

UNSTABLE dreame, according to the place,  
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true;  
By tasted sweetness, make me not to raw  
The soleyne losse of thy false fayned grace.  
By good respect in such a dangerous case,  
Thou brooghtest not her into these toasing seas;  
But modest my sprite to lise, my care t' encrease,  
My body in tempter her delight t' embrace,  
The body dead, the sprite had his desire,  
Painless was th' one, the other in delight.  
Why then, alas! did it not kepe it right,  
But thus returns 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.**

Y<sup>e</sup> that in loue find lucke and swete abundance,  
And lise in lust of joyful jollitie,  
Arise for shame, do way your sluggardy;  
Arise, I say, do May some observance,  
Let me in bed lye, do I pray of mischaunce,  
Let me remember how I shappes vnhappy,  
That me betyde in May most commonly.  
As one whose loue list little to advance.  
Stephan aside true, that my nativitie  
Mischaunced was with 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.**

If waker care, if sodayn pale colour;  
If many sighes with little speche to plaine;

<sup>1</sup> I know not.

Now joy, now wo, if they my chere distaine;  
For hope of smil, if much to feare therefore,  
To hast or slacke, my pace to leese, 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' unfained chere of Phyllis hath the place  
That Brunet had; she hath and ever shall;  
She from my self now hath me in her grace;  
She hath in hand, my wit, my will and all:  
My hart alone wel woorthy she doth stay,  
Without whose helpe skant do I lise a day.

**OF OTHERS FAINED SOROW, AND THE  
LOUERS FAINED MIRTH.**

CEAR, when that the traytour of Egypt  
With t' honorable bed did him present,  
Covering his hartes gladnesse, did represent  
Pliant with his teares outward, as it is writ.  
Eke Hannibal, when fortune him out shitt  
Clene from his reigne, and from al his entent,  
Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,  
His cruel dispite for to disgorge and quit.  
So chaunced me, that euery passion  
The minde hideth by colour contrary,  
With fained visage, now sad, now merry;  
Wherby if that I laugh at any season,  
It is because I have none other way  
To cloake my care, but vnder sports and play.

**OF CHANGE IN MYNDE.**

EACHE man me telth, I change most my devise;  
And on my faith, methinke it good reason  
To change purpose, like after the season.  
For in eche case to kepe still one gulse,  
Is mete for them, that would be taken wise;  
And I am not of such manner condicion;  
But treated after a diuers fashion;  
And thereupon my diuersenesse doth ryse.  
But you, this diuersenesse that blames most,  
Change you no more, but still after one rate  
Treate you me well; and kepe you in that state;  
And while with me doth dwell this worried ghost,  
My word nor I shall not be variable;  
But always one, your own both firme and stable.

**HOW THE LOUER PERISHETH IN HIS  
DELIGHT, AS THE FLIE IN THE FIRE.**

SOME fowles there be that haue so parite sight,  
Against the sunne their eyes for to defende;  
And some, because the light doth them offende,  
Neuer appere, but in the darke or night:  
Other reioyce 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 loks I am not able;  
Yet can I not hide me in so darke place;  
So foloweth me remembrance of that face,  
That with my teary eyes, swaine, and vnstable,  
My destiny to behold her doth me leade,  
And yet I know I runne into the gleade.

17 *AGAINST HIS TONG THAT FAILED TO  
VTTER HIS SUTES.* 13 ✓

BECAUSE I still kept thee fro eyes and blame,  
 And to my power always thee honoured,  
 Unkinde tongue, to yll hast thou me rendred,  
 For such desert to do me wreke and shame.  
 In neede of succour most when that I am,  
 To ask reward, thou standes lyke one afraid;  
 Alway most cold, and if one word be said,  
 As in a dreame, vnperfit is the same;  
 And ye salt teares, against my wyll eche night,  
 That are with me, when I would be alone;  
 Then are ye gone, when I should make my moene,  
 And ye so ready sighes, to make me shrigh,  
 Then are ye slacke, when that ye should out start,  
 And ouely doth my loke declare my hart.

13 *DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOS  
PASSIONS IN A LOUER.* ✓

I **FINDS** no peace, and all my warre is doge,  
 I feare and hope; I burne, and freeze lyke yce,  
 I flye aloft, yet can I not arise,  
 And nought I haue, and all the world I reason,  
 That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,  
 And holdes me not, yet can I scape no wyse:  
 Nor lettes me liue, nor dye, at my deuise,  
 And yet of death it geneth me occasion.  
 Without eye fee, without tong I playne:  
 I wish to perish, yet I aske for helth,  
 I love another, and I hate my selfe;  
 I fede me in sorow, and laugh in all my paine.  
 Lo, thus displeaseth me, both deatu and life,  
 And my delight is causer of this strife.

14 *THE LOUER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO  
A SHIPPE IN PERILIOUS STORME TOSS-  
ED ON THE SEA.* 3 ✓

MY gally charged with forgetfulnessse,  
 Through sharp seas, in winter nightes doth passe,  
 Twene rocke, and rocke, and eke my foe (alas)  
 That is my lord, stereth with cruellnesse.  
 And euery houre, a thought in readinesse,  
 As though that death were light in such a case,  
 An endlessse wynde doth tear the sayle space  
 Of forced sighes and trusty fearfulnessse:  
 A rayne of teares, a clowde of darke diadsine,  
 Have done the wried coardes great hinderance;  
 Wrethed with errour, and with ignorance,  
 The starres be hidde, that lead me to this paine.  
 Drounde is reason that should be my comforte,  
 And I remayne, disparting of the porte.

15 *OF DOUBTFUL LOUE.* 135 ✓

AVYING the bright beames of those faire eyes,  
 Where he abides that mine oft moystes and washeth;  
 The wried mynde straight from the hart de-  
 To rest within his worldly paradysse; [parteth,  
 And bitter findes the swete, under his gise.  
 What webbes there he hath wrought, well he per-  
 ceiveth,  
 Wherby then with himselfe on love he plaineth,  
 That spurs with fyre, and bridleth eke with yae:

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 seildome glad, and many a diners thought;  
 In sore repentance of his hardnesse,  
 Of such a roote, loe, commeth frute frutelesse.

*THE LOUER SHEWETH HOW HE IS FOR-  
SAKEN OF SUCH AS HE SOMETIME  
ENIOYED.*

THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seke,  
 With naked fote stalking within my chamber:  
 Once haue I seene 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 aray, after a pleasant gise,  
 When her loose gowne did from her shoulders fall  
 And she me caught in her armes long and small;  
 And therewithall, so sweetly did me kisse,  
 And softly sayd, dear hearte, how like you this?

It was no dreame; for I lay broade awaking:  
 But all is turnde now through my gentlenessse,  
 Into a bitter fashion of forsaking:  
 And I haue leaue to go of her goodnessse;  
 And she also to use new faunglenessse,  
 But, sins that I vnkindly so am serued,  
 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 leaue your boordes,  
 And use your wit, and shew it so.  
 For with a becke you shall me call;  
 And if of one, that burnes alway,  
 Ye haue pittie, or ruth at all,  
 Aunswere him faire with yea or nay.  
 If it be yea; I shall be faire.  
 If it be nay; frendes as before.  
 You shall another man obtaine;  
 And I mine own, and yours no more.

*TO HIS LOUE WHOM HE HAD KISSED  
AGAINST HER WYL.*

ALAS, madam, for stealing of a kisse,  
 Haue I so much your mynde therin offended?  
 Or haue I done so greuously 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 cleue out of my brest it plucke.

*OF THE IELOUS MAN THAT LOUED  
THE SAME WOMAN, AND ESPIED THIS  
OTHER SITTING WITH HER.*

THE wandering gadding in the sommer tide,  
 That findes the adder with his rechelesse foote;

Startes not dismayde in sodainly aside,  
As ieaious 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 styng the hart, that would haue had my place.

---

**TO HIS LOUE FROM WHOM HE HAD  
HER GLOUES.**

WHAT nedes these threatening wordes, and wasted  
winds?

All this cannot make me restore my pray.  
To robbe your good, ywis is not my mynde:  
Nor causeless your fair hand did I display.  
Let loue be iudge, or els whom next we finde,  
That may both heare what you and I can say.  
She rest my hart, and I a gioue from her:  
Let us se then, if one be worth the other.

---

**OF THE FAINED FRENDE.**

RIGHT true it is, and sayd full yere ago;  
Take hede of him that by the back the claweth:  
For none it worse than is a frendly fa.  
Though thee seme 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  
ALLUREMENTES.**

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 wordes, that from your mouth last came,  
Of sodaine change make me agast,  
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

Alas! I tread an endles masse,  
That seke t' accord two contraries;  
And hope thus still, and nothing haue,  
Imprisoned in liberties:  
As one vnheard, and still that cries;  
Always thirsty, and nought doth taste;  
For dread to fall, I stand no fast.

Assured, I dout I be not sure;  
Should I then trust unto such suertie;  
That oft hath put the profe in ure,  
And never yet have 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 DOTHT NOT PITTIE HIM.**

RESOUNDE my voyce, ye woods, that heare me  
Doth hills and vales causing reflexion, [plaine,  
And riuers eke, record ye of my payns,  
Which haue oft forced ye by compassion,  
As iudges, lo, to heare my exclamacion,

Among whom ruth (I finde) yet doth remayne;  
Where I it seeke, alas! there is disdain.

Oft, ye riuers, to heare my wofull sounde  
Haue stopt your course, and plainly to expresse  
Many a teare by moisture of the ground,  
The earth hath wept to heare my heauinesse:  
Which causeless I endure without redresse:  
The hugy okes haue roared in the winde:  
Eche thing, methought, complaining in theyr kind.

Why then alas! doth not she on me reu?  
Or is her hart so harde that no pitie,  
May in it sinke, my joy for to renew?  
O stony hart, who hath thus framed thee  
So cruel, that art cloked with beautie;  
That from thee may no grace to me procede,  
But as rewardes, death for to be my mede?

---

**THE LOUER REIOYSETH AGAINST FOR-  
TUNE 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 makst 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 seekst by change to doe me paine:  
Mens mindes yet mayst thou not so order,  
For honestie, if it remaine,  
Shall shine for all thy cloudy raine;  
In vaine thou seekst 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 willes ben oft put vnder,  
Weeing to lower, then didst thou smile:  
Lord, how thy self thou didst begile,  
That in thy cares 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 fearefull 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 nought his pain leaeth.  
In ioyful paine, reioyce my hart,  
Thus to sustaine of eche apart.  
Let not this song from thee astart,  
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

*THE LOUER TO HIS BED, WITH DESCRIBING OF HIS UNQUIET STATE.*

The restfull place, reuer of my smart,  
The labours aloue encreasing my sorrow,  
The bodie ease, and troubler of my hart,  
Quieter of minde, mine unquiet foe,  
Forgetter of payne, remember of my woe,  
The place of slepe, wherein I do but wake,  
Besprent with teares, my bed, I thee forsake,  
The frosty snowes may not redresse my heat,  
Nor, heat of Sunne abate my feruent cold,  
I know nothing to ease my paines so great  
Eke cure causeth encrease by twenty fold,  
Renewing cares upon my sorowes old,  
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make,  
Besprent with teares, my bed for to forsake.

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;  
Wherefore with teares, my bed I thee forsake.

*COMPARISON OF LOUE, TO A STREAME FALLING FROM THE ALPES.*

From these his hilles as when a spring doth fall,  
It tricketh downe with still and suttle course,  
Of this and that, it gathers aye and shall,  
Till it haue iust downe flowed to streame and force,  
Then at the foote it rageth ouer all:  
So fareth looe, when he hath tane a source,  
Rage is his raine, resistance vaileth none,  
The first eache is remedy alone.

*WYATES COMPLAINT VPON LOUE TO REASON, WITH LOUES AUNSWERE.*

MINE old dere enemy, my froward maister,  
Afore that quene I cauld to be acited,  
Which holdeth the diuine part of our nature;  
That like as golde 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 iustice alway seketh.

And thus I sayd: "Once my left foote, madame,  
When I was yong, I set within his raigne;  
Whereby other then fyry burning flame,  
I neuer felt, but many a greuous paine,  
Torment I soffred, anger and dislaine:  
That mine oppressed patience was past,  
And I mine owne life hated at the last.

Thus hitherto haue I my time passed  
In paine and smart; what waies is profitable,  
How many pleasant daies haue I escaped,  
In seruing this false Iyer so deceauable?  
What wit haue wordes so preat and forceable,  
That may containe my great misshappinesse?  
And iust complaintes of his vngentleness?

So small hony, much aloes, and gall,  
In bitterness, my blinde life haue I tasted:  
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,

With faire and amorous daunce, made me be traced,  
And where I had my thought and minde araced  
From earthly frailtinesse, and from vaine pleasure,  
Me from my rest he toke and set in error.

God made he me regardlesse, than I ought,  
And to my self to take right little bede:  
And for a woman haue I set at nought,  
All other thoughtes, in this only to spede:  
And he was onely counseler of this dede.  
Whetting alwaies my youthly fraile desire,  
On cruel whetston, tempered with fire.

But (oh alas!) where had I euer wit,  
Or other gift geuen to me of nature?  
That sooner shal be changed my wried sprite,  
Then the obstinate will, that is my ruler:  
So robbeth he my freedom with displeasure,  
This wicked traitour, whom I thus accuse;  
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant vse.

He hath me hasted, through diuers regions,  
Through desert woodes, and sharpe hye mountaines,  
Through froward people, and through bitter passions,  
Through rocky seas, and ouer hilles and plaines:  
With wery trauel, and with laborous paines,  
Alwaies in trouble and in tedious-sease,  
All in error, and daungerous distresse.

But nother he, nor she, my tother foe,  
For all my slight did euer me forsake;  
That though my timely death hath bene to slowe  
That me as yet, it hath not ouertake:  
The heavenly gods of pite doe it shake,  
And note they this his cruel tyranny,  
That feedes him, with my care, and misery.

Sins I was his, hower rested I neuer,  
Nor looke to do, and eke the waky nightes,  
The banished slepe may in no wise recouer.  
By guile and force, ouer my thralld sprites.  
He is ruler, sins which he neuer strikes,  
That I heare not as sounding to reueue  
My plaintes. Himself he knoweth that I say true.

For neuer wormes olde rotten stocke haue eaten,  
As he my hart, 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 perauerue other,  
Judge thou that knowest the one and eke the other."

Mine aduersair with such greuous reproofe,  
Thus he began, "Heare lady the other part:  
That the plaintrouth, from which he draweth aloofe,  
This vnkind mouth may shew, ere that I part:  
In his yong age, I tooke him from that art,  
That sellet wordes, and make a clattering knight,  
And of my wealth I gaue him the delight.

Now shames he not on me for to complain,  
That held him evermore in pleasant game,  
From his desire that might haue besu his paine,  
Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame,  
Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame;  
And toward honour quickned I his wit,  
Whereas a dastard els he mought haue sit.

He knoweth how great Atride that made Troy  
And Hannibal to Rome so troubeulous, [frank,  
Whom Homer honored, Achilles that great;

And th' Africaine Scipion the famous,  
And many other, by much honour glorious,  
Whose fame and actes, did lift them vp above,  
I did let fall in base dishonest loue.

And vnto him, though he vnworthy were,  
I chose the best of many a million;  
That vnder sunne yet neuer was her pere,  
Of wisdom, womanhod, and of discrecion;  
And of my grace I gave her such a facion,  
And eke such way I taught her for to teache  
That neuer base thought his hart so bie might  
reache.

Euer more thus to content his maistresse,  
That was hys only frame of honestie,  
I stirred him still toward gentleness;  
And caused him to regard fidelitie;  
Patience I taught him in aduersitie:  
Such vertues learned he in my great schoole,  
Wherof repenteth now the ignorant foole,

These were the same deceites, and bitter gall,  
That I haue used, the torment and the anger,  
Sweeter than euer did to other fall;  
Of right good sede, ill fruite, so, thus I gather  
And so shall be that the unkinde doth further:  
A serpent nourish I vnder my wing,  
And now of nature giueth he to sting.

And for to tell at last, my great seruice,  
From thousand dishonesties haue I him drawn,  
That, by my meanes, him in no manner wyse,  
Neuer vyle pleasure once hath overthrowen;  
Wher in his dede, shame hath him alwaies  
guawen;  
Douting report that should come to her eare:  
Whom now he blames, her wanted he to feare;

What euer he hath of any honest custome,  
Of her, and me, that holds he euery white:  
But lo, yet neuer was there nightly fantome,  
So farre in error, 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 grieve his gaine.

But one thing yet there is aboue all other:  
I gaue him winges, wherewith he might up flie  
To honour and fame; and if he woulde to hygher  
Then mortal things, aboue the starry skye;  
Considering the pleasure, that an eye  
Might geue in earth, by reason of the loue;  
What should that be, that lasteth still aboue?

And he the same himself hath sayd ere this,  
But now, forgotten is both that and I,  
That gaue him her, his only wealth and blisse;  
And at this word, with dedly skreke and crye:  
"Thou gaue her once (quod I) but by and by  
Thou tooke her ayen from me, that sworth 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 reuerence,  
"Lo, thus, as we eche other haue accused,  
Dere lady, now we wayte thine only sentence;"  
She smiling, at the whisted audience,  
It liketh me, quod she, to haue heard your question,  
But leger time doth aske a resolution."

**THE LOUERS SORROWFULL STATE MAKETH HIM WRITE SORROWFULL SONGES, BUT (SOUCHE,) HIS LOUE MAY CHANGE THE SAME.**

MARCEL no more altho  
The songs, I sing do more;  
For other life then wo,  
I neuer proued none.

And in my hart also,  
Ls grauen with letters depe,  
A thousand sighes and me  
A flood of teares to wepe.

How many a man in smart,  
Find a matter to rejoyce!  
How many a moorning hart,  
Sent forth a pleasant voice:

Play who so can that part,  
Nedes must in me appere,  
How fortune ouerthwart  
Doth cause my moorning chere.

Perdy there is no man  
If he saw neuer sight,  
That perfilly tell can,  
The nature of the light.

Alas, how shoulde I than,  
That never tart but sowre,  
But do as I began,  
Continually to lowre.

But yet parchance some chance,  
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 song,  
To sing some pleasant chong.

**THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIMSELF FORSAKEN.**

WHERE shall I haue at mine owne will,  
Teares to complaine? where shal I fet  
Such sighes, that I may sigh my fill,  
And then again my plaintes repete?  
For though my plaint shall haue none end,  
My teares cannot suffice my wo  
To moone my harme, haue I no frend,  
For fortunes frend, is mishaps foe.  
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none,  
But in the wind to wast my wordes;  
Nought moueth you my dedly moone,  
But still you turn it into border:  
I speak not now to moue your heart,  
That you should rue vpon my paine;  
The sentence geuen may not reuert,  
I know such labour were but vain.  
But sins that I for you (my dere)  
Haue 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 winde,  
Yet shall they shew your falshed 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 all; but my mischance,  
Did lift me vp, to throw me down.

And you with her, of crueltie,  
 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 sins 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 salve, my sore,  
 Farewell also, with you my breath,  
 For I am gone for evermore.

OF HIS LOUE THAT PRICKED HER FIN-  
 GER 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 wisht my hart the sampler, that it lay.  
 The blind maister, whom I haue serued so long,  
 Grudging to heare that he did heare her say,  
 Made her own weapon do her finger blede,  
 To feele, if pricking were so good indeede.

OF THE SAME.

WHAT man hath heard such cruelty before?  
 That, when my pain remembered 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 pricked hard, and made her self to blede.

REQUEST TO CUPIDE FOR REVENGE OF  
 HIS VNKINDE LOUE. / C

BEHOLD, Loue, thy power how she despiseth,  
 My greuous pain how little she regardeth:  
 The solemne othe wherof she takes no care,  
 Broken she hath, and yet she bydeth sure,  
 Broken she hath, and yet she bydeth sure,  
 Right at her ease, and little thes she dredeth:  
 Weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed sitteth;  
 To the disdainfull, all her life she leadeth  
 To me spitefull, without iust cause or measure:  
 Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth.  
 I am in hold, but if the pittie meueth,  
 Go, bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh,  
 And with some stroke, reuenge the great displea-  
 Of thee, and him that sorrow doth endure, [sure  
 And as his lord thee lowly here entreateth.

COMPLAINT FOR TRUE LOUE VNRE-  
 SUITED. / T

WHAT vaileth troth? or by it, to take pain?  
 To strive by stedfastnesse fur to attain  
 How to be iust, and see from doublenesse?  
 Since all alike, where ruleth craftinesse,

Rewardd is both crafty, false, and plain.  
 Soonest he speedes, that most can lye and faine.  
 True meaning hart is had in hye disdain.  
 Against deceit and cloked doublenesse,  
 What vaileth troth, or profit 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 maistrasse,  
 Where crueltie dwelles, alas, it were in vain.

THE LOUER THAT FLED LOUE, NOW  
 FOLOWES IT WITH HIS HARME.

SOMETIME I fled the fire, that me so brent,  
 By sea, by land, by water, and by winde;  
 And now the coales I folow, that be quant,  
 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,  
 Meashed in the breers, that erst was onely torne.

THE LOUER HOPETH OF BETTER  
 CHAUNCE.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fall,  
 The summe 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 sene a ship in haueu fall,  
 After that storme hath broke both maste and shroud;  
 The willow eke, that stoupeth with the winde,  
 Doth rise againe, and greater wood doth binde.

THE LOUER COMPARETH HIS HART TO  
 THE OUER-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 syer do rote  
 The sheuered peeces: so doth my desire,  
 Whose flame encreaseeth 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. / S

ACCUSED though I be, without desert,  
 Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true:  
 For never yet, since that you had my bert,  
 Intended I to false, or be vntrue.  
 Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,  
 Than breake one word of that I promised you;  
 Accept therefore my seruice in good part:  
 Noue is aliué, 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 feyn,  
 Except thou minde to put thy frend to payn.



*THE LOUER ABUSED RENOUNCETH  
LOVE. 19*

My loue to scorn, my seruice to retaine,  
Theriu me thought you used crueltie,  
Since with good wyll I lost my libertie,  
Might neuer wo yet cause me to refraine;  
But only this, which is extremitie,  
To geue me nought (also) 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 seruant true and fast,  
Displease you not, my doting time is past,  
And with my losse to leaue I must agree;  
For as there is a certaine time to rage,  
So is there tyme such madnes to assuage.

*THE LOUER PROFESSETH HIMSELFE  
CONSTANT.*

Within my brest I neuer thought it gaine  
Of gentle mindes the freedom for to lose;  
Not in my hart sank neuer such disdain,  
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 retreat to euery traine.

*HE LOUER SENDETH HIS COM-  
PLAINTEES AND TEARES TO SUB FOR  
GRACE.*

Pass forth my wouted cryes,  
Those cruel eares to pearce,  
Which in most hatefull wyse,  
Do still my plaintes reuerce.  
Do you; my teares, also  
So wet her barren hart  
That pitie there may grow,  
And crueltie depart.

For though hard rocks among  
She comes 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 vnknown and strange  
She now away doth chase.

And as the water soft,  
Without forcing or strength,  
Where that it falleth oft,  
Hard stones 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.

Wherefore, my plaintes, present  
Still so to ber my sute,  
As ye through her assent,  
May bring to me some frute.  
And as she shall me proude,  
So bid her me regarde,  
And render loue for loue,  
Which is a iust rewarde.

*THE LOUERS CASE CANNOT BE HIDDEN  
HOW EUBR HE DISSEMBLE.*

Your lokes so often cast,  
Your eyes so frendly rolde,  
Your sight fixed so fast,  
Always one to beholde:  
Though hide it faine ye woulde,  
It plainly 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 winne:  
Abrode nedes must it glide,  
That brens so hotte within.

Four cause your self do wink,  
Ye judge all other blinde,  
And secret it you think,  
Which euery man dothe finde.  
In wast oft spende ye winde,  
Your self in loue to quit;  
For agues of that kinde,  
Wyll show, 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.  
Depely oft swere ye, No;  
But all those othes are vaine,  
So well your eye doth shew,  
Who puttes your hart to paine.

Thinke not therefore to hide,  
That still it self betrayes,  
Nor seke meanes to provide  
To dark the sunny dayes.  
Forget those wouted wayes,  
Leave of such frowning chere,  
There wyll be found no stayer,  
To stoppe a thing so clere.

*THE LOUER PRAIETH NOT TO BE DIS-  
DAINED, REFUSED, MISTRUSTED,  
NOR FORSAKEN.*

DISDAINE me not without desert;  
Nor leaue me not so sodenly;  
Siuce well ye wot, that in my hart,  
I meane ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why;  
Nor think me not to be unjust,  
Since that by lot of fantasie,  
This careful knot nedes kuit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be,  
That faine woulde spot my steadfastnesse;  
Beleue them not, sins that ye se,  
The profe is not, as they expresse.

Formake me not, till I deserue,  
Nor bate me not, till I offende,  
Destroy me not, till that I swerue,  
But sins ye know what I entende.

Deniue me not, that am your owne,  
 Refuse me not, that am so true,  
 Mistrust 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 van hope with your steadfastnesse.  
 Awake therefore of gentlenesse,  
 Regard at length, I you requiro,  
 My swelling paines of my desire.

Betimes who gereth wyllingty,  
 Redoubtd thanks eye doth deserue,  
 And I that sue unfeinedly,  
 In fruitlesse hope, alas! do sterue.  
 How great my cause is for to swerue,  
 And yet how steadfast is my sute,  
 Lo! here ye see: where is the frute?

As bounde that hath his keper lost,  
 Seke I your presence to obtaine;  
 In which my hart deliteth most,  
 And shall delight though I be slain.  
 You may release my band of paine;  
 Lose then the care that makes me drie  
 For want of helpe, or els I dye.

I dye, though not incontinent;  
 By processe yet consumingly;  
 As wast of fire, which doth relent:  
 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  
 IOYES.

If eery man might him asaut,  
 Of fortunes friendly chere,  
 It was my self I must it graunt,  
 For I haue bought it dere:  
 And deuely haue I held also  
 The glory of her name,  
 In yielding her such tribute, lo,  
 As did set forth her fame.

Sometime I stode so in her grace,  
 That as I would require,  
 Ech ioy I thought did me embrace  
 That furthered 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 perdie?)  
 Ech grace that I did craue.  
 Thus fortunes will was vnto me  
 All thing that I would haue:  
 But all to rathe, alas! the while,  
 She built on such a ground:  
 In little space, to greate a guile,  
 In her now haue I found.

For she hath turned so her whole,  
 That I vnhappy men  
 May wayle the time that I dyd fele,  
 Wherewith she fed me than;  
 For broken now are her behestes,  
 And pleasant lookes she gaue,  
 And therefore now al say requestes  
 From perill cannot saue.

Yet would I well it might appere  
 To her my chiefe regard;  
 Though my desertes haue been to dere  
 To merite such reward.  
 Sins fortunes will is now so bent  
 To plague me thus poore man,  
 I must my self therewith content,  
 And bear it as I can.

TO HIS LOUE THAT HAS GIVEN HIM  
 ANSWERE OF REFUSELL.

THE answeere that ye made to me, my dere,  
 When I did sue for my poore hartes redress,  
 Hath so appalide my countenance, and my chere,  
 That in this case, I am all comfortlesse,  
 Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.

I haue no wrong, where I can claim no right,  
 Nought tane me fro, where I haue nothing had,  
 Yet of my wo, I cannot so be quite;  
 Namely sins that another may be glad  
 With that, that thus in sorow makes me sad.

Yet none can claime (I say) by former graunt,  
 That knoweth not of any graunt at all;  
 And by desert; I dare well make auant,  
 Of faithfull will; there is no where that shall,  
 Beare you more truth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call againe that bitter word,  
 That toucht your friend so nere with pangs of  
 paine;  
 And say, my dere, that it was said in bord:  
 Late or to soone, let it not rule the gaue,  
 Wherewith free will doth true desert retaine.

TO HIS LADIE, CRUEL OUER HER  
 YELDEN LOVER.

SUCH is the course that natures kind hath wrought,  
 That snakes haue time to cast away their stinges:  
 Against charmed prouers what neede 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 mischief malice many wayes it bringes:  
 Consider eke, that spite awaileth 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 all kinde,  
That with his colde withers away the greene  
This other night me in my bed did finde,  
And offered me to rid my fever cleane,  
And I did graunt so did dispaire me blinde:  
He drew his bow with arrowes sharp and kent,  
And strake the place where love had hit before,  
And drave the first dart deper more and more.

**THE LOUER REIOYCETH THE ENIOY-  
ING OF HIS LOUE.**

ONCE, as methought, fortune me kist,  
And bade me aske, what I thought best,  
And I should haue it as me list,  
Therwith to set my hart in rest.

I asked but my ladies hart,  
To haue forevermore myne owne;  
Then at an end were all my smart;  
Then should I nede no more to mone.

Yet for all that a stormy blast,  
Had ouerturnde this goodly day:  
And fortune semed at the last,  
That to her promise she said nay.

But like as one out of dispaire,  
To sodeine hope reuined 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 nede not long for to besech,  
Her that hath power me to commaunde.

What earthly thing more can I craue,  
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 promise,  
In graunting me my most desire,  
Of my soueraigne I haue redresse,  
And I content me with my hire.

**THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THE VN-  
KINDNES OF HIS LOUE.**

MY lute awake perform the last  
Labour, that thou and I shall wast:  
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 care is done,  
As leade to graue in marble stone;  
My song may pearse her hart as coole,  
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone,  
No, no, my lute, for I haue done.

The rockes do not so cruelly  
Repuise the waues 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 harts through loones shot,  
By whome vnkind thou hast them wonne:  
Think not he hath his bow forgot;  
Although my lute and I haue done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain  
That makest but game on earnest payne,  
Think 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 nightes that are so colde,  
Playning in vaine unto the mope;  
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 sworne;  
Then shalt thou know besutie but lent,  
And wish and want as I haue done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last  
Labour, that thou and I shall wast,  
And ended is that we begonne:  
Now is this song both song and past;  
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 poyson by straunge attraction.  
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,  
With one kisse by secret operacion.

Both these at once in those your lips to finde,  
In change wherof, I leaue my hart behinde.

**THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING  
TAKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOUE.**

UNWARELY so was neuer no man caught,  
With stedfast loke upon a goodly face,  
As I of late; for sodeinely me thought,  
My hart was torne out of his place.

Thorow mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,  
And downe directly to my heart it ranne,  
In help wherof the blood therto did glide,  
And left my face both pale and wanne.

Then was I like a man for wo amazed,  
Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fire;  
For whyle that I vpon her beautie gazed,  
The more I burnde in my desire.

Anon the blood start in my face agayne,  
Inflamde with heat, that it had at my hart,  
And brought therwith throughout in euery veine,  
A quaking heat with pleasant smart.

Then was I like the strawe, when that the flame,  
Is driuen therin, by force and rage of wynde;  
I can not tell, a las! what I shall blame,  
Nor what to seke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot, the griefe doth hold me sore  
In heate and cold, betwixt both hope and drede,  
That, but her help to health do me restore,  
This restlesse lyfe I may not leade.

THE LOUER PRAIYETH HIS OFFRED HART TO BE RECEAUED. 379

TO HIS LOUER TO LOKE VPON HYM.

ALL in thy loke my life doth whole depende,  
Thou hydest thy self, and I must dye therefore;  
But since thou maist so easely helpe thy friend,  
Why doest thou stick to saue 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 lue and haue reliefe,  
I in thy loke, and thou most in my grieffe.

THE LOUER EXCUSETH HIM OF  
WORDES, WHERWITH HE WAS VN-  
JUSTLY CHARGED.

PERRY I said it not,  
Nor neuer thought to do:  
As well as I ye wot,  
I haue no power thereto,  
And if I did, the lot,  
That first did me enchaine,  
May neuer stike the knot,  
But straitte 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 saie.  
And if I did, eche starre  
That is in heauen above,  
May frowne 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 turue my song;  
My life may soone decaye,  
Without redresse by wrong.

If I be cleare from thought,  
Why do you then complayne?  
Then is this thing but sought  
To turue my hart to paine.  
Then this that you haue wrought,  
You must it now redresse;  
Of right therefore you ought  
Such rigour to repressae.

And as I haue deserued,  
So grant me now my hyre,  
You know I neuer swarued,  
You neuer found me lye.  
For Rachel haue I serued,  
For Leah carde I neuer,  
And her I haue reserved  
Within my hart for euer.

OF SUCH AS HAD FORSAKEN HIM.

LOX my faire fawcon, and thy fellows all,  
How well pleasant it were your libertie,  
Ye not forsake me, that fayre mought you fall,  
But they that sometimes liked my company.

Like lice away from dead bodies they crawl,  
Loe! what a proof in light aduersitie,  
But ye my birds I swere by all your belles,  
Ye be my frandes and very few elites.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS  
HE WOULD LOUE.

A FACE that should content me wonderous well,  
Should not be faire, but lowely to behold,  
Of liuely loke all grieffe for to repell,  
With right good grace so would I that it should  
Speke without word, such wordes as nose can tell,  
Her tresse also should be of crisped golde;  
With wit, and these perchance it might be tride,  
And knit againe with knot that should not slide,

HOW YMPOSSIBLE IT IS TO FINDE  
20 QUIET IN LOUE. 20

EVER my hap is slack and slow in comyng  
Desire encreasing aye my hope vncertaine,  
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 waterlesse, and fish upon the mountaine,  
The Temmes shall back returne into his fountaine,  
And where he rose, the Sunne shall take his lodging.  
Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse:  
Or that lous, or my ladie right wisely,  
Leaue to conspire against me wrongfully.  
And if I haue after such bitterness  
One droppe of swete, my mouth is out of taste,  
That al my trust and trauell is but waste.

OF LOUE, FORTUNE, AND THE LOUERS  
24 MINDE. 2

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 enny them beyond all measure.  
Love fleeth my hart, while fortune is depriuer  
Of all my comfort; the foolish minde than  
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seildam  
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 faileth my trust,  
And all my thoughtes are dashed into dust.

THE LOUER PRAIYETH HIS OFFRED  
22 HART TO BE RECEAUED. 23

How oft haue I, my deere and cruell foe,  
With my great paine to get some peace or truce,  
Geven you my hart: but you doe not see,  
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 abuse;  
And that thus I disdain, that you refuse,  
It was once mine, it can no more be so.

If you it chafe that it in you can finde  
In this exile no manner of comforte,  
Nor live alone, nor where he is calde, resort,  
He may wander from his naturall kinde.  
So shall it be great hurt vnto vs twaine,  
And yours the losse, and mine the deadly paine.

**THE LOUERS LIFE COMPARED TO THE  
ALPES.**

LYKING vnto these vnmeasurable 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 leaues 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 beasts in them, fierce loue in me is fed:  
Vnmoueable am I, and they steadfast.

Of singing-birdes, they haue the tune and note,  
And I alwayes plaintes passing through my throte.

**CHARGING OF HIS LOUE AS VNPITEOUS  
AND LOUING OTHER.**

If amorous faith, or if an hart vnfinid,  
A swete languor, a greates lowely desire,  
If honest wyll kindled in gentle fire,  
If long errour in a blind maze chained,  
If in my visage eche thought distained,  
Or my sparkeling voice, lower or hier,  
Which feare and shame so wofully doth tyre,  
If pale colour which lone alas hath stained,  
If to haue another then my self more dere,  
If wailing or sighing continually,  
With sorrowful anger fedder busily,  
If burning farr, of end if frising nere,  
Are cause that I by loue my self destroy,  
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

**A RENOUNCING OF LOUE.**

FAREWELL loue, and all thy lawes for ever,  
Thy hayted hookes shall tangle me no more:  
Senec, and Plato call me from thy lore,  
To partit weith, my witt for to endueer.  
In blinde errour when I did perseuer,  
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore  
Thought me in trifles that I set no store;  
But scape forth thence since libertie is leuer:  
Therefore, farewell, go trouble younger harts,  
And in me claime noe more auctoritie:  
With ydle youth goe vse thy propertie,  
And theron spend thy many brittle darters.  
For hiterto though I haue lost my time,  
Me list no lenger rotten boughs to chime.

**THE LOUER FORSAKETH HIS VNKINDE  
LOUE.**

MY hart I gaue thee, not to doe it paine,  
But to preserue, lo, it to thee was taken,  
I serued thee, not that I should be forsaken,  
But, that I should receiue 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.  
Vnasciat of my wo and thy desire;  
Assured by cruelt for to excuse thy fault:  
But sins it pleaseth thee to faim default,  
Farewell I say, departing from the fire.  
For be that doth beleue, bearing in hand,  
Floueth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

**THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS REST-  
LESSE STATE.**

THE flaming sighes that boyle within my breast,  
Sometime break forth and they can well declare,  
The hartes vrest, and how that it doth fare,  
The paine therof, the griefe, and all the rest.  
The watered eyes from whence the teares do fall,  
Do feele some force or aice they would be dry,  
The wasted flesh of colour ded can try,  
And sometime tell what swetness is in gall.  
And he that lust to see, and to disceame,  
How care can force within a wried mind,  
Come be to me I am that place asside;  
But for all this, no force, it doth no harme,  
The wounde, alas, heppe in some other place,  
From whence noe toole away the skarre can reare.

But you that of such like haue had your part,  
Can best be iudge. Wherefore my friend so deare,  
I thought it good my state should now appere  
To you, and that there is no great deare.  
And whereas you in weighty matters great,  
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,  
For triding thinges I now am stricken so,  
That though I fele my hart doth wound and sore,  
I sit alone saue on the second day  
My feuer comes, with whome I spend my time  
In burning heat while that she list assigne.  
And who hath helth and libertie alicke,  
Let him thank God, and let him not prouoke,  
To haue the like of this my painfull stroke.

**THE LOUER LAMENTETH THE DEATH  
OF HIS LOUE.**

THE pillar perisht is wherto I lent,  
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet minde;  
The like of it no man againe can finde,  
From east to west still seeking though be went  
To mine vnhappy. For happe away hath rest  
Of all my ioy the very bark and rinde,  
And I (alas!) by chance am thus asside,  
Dayly to moorne till death do it relent.  
But sins that thus it is by destiny,  
What can I more but haue a wofull hart;  
My penne 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 state.

**THE LOUER SENDETH SIGHES TO  
MOUE HIS SUTE.**

Go burning sighes vnto the frozen hart,  
Goe break the yce which pities painfull dart

Might never perce, and if that mortall praiser  
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 leaue me then in rest, I you require.  
Goe burning sighes fulfill that I desire,  
I must go worke, I see, by craft and art,  
For truth and faith in her is laid apart:  
Alas I cannot therefore now assaile her,  
With pittifull complaint and scalding fier,  
That from my brest deceiuably doth start.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HIS  
LOUE.

So feeble is the thred that doth the burden stay,  
Of my poor life; in heauy plight that falleth in de-  
cay, [succours,  
That but it haue elsewhere some ayde or some  
The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his  
course. [part,  
For since thounhappy hoare that dyd me to de-  
From my wete weale one only hope hath stayed  
my life apart, [minde,  
Which doth perswade such words vnto my sored  
Maintaine thy selfe, O wofull wight, some better  
luck to finde: [sight,  
For though thou be deprived from thy desired  
Who can thee tell, if thy returne be for thy more  
delight? [couer,  
Or who can tell, thy loss if thou mayst once re-  
Some pleasant bover thy wo may wrap, and thee  
defend and couer. [trained,  
Thus in this trust, as yet it hath 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 howers do  
So fast, that I haue scant the space to marke my  
comming end. [his light,  
Westward the Sunne from out the east scant shewes  
When in the west he bias him stragglyte 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 lye so short so frayle, that mortall men liue  
See great a weight, so heauy charge the bodies  
that we bere; [space,  
That when I think vpon the distaunce and the  
That doth so farre decide me from my dere desired  
face,  
I know not how t'attaine the wings that I require,  
To lyft me up, that I might fly, to follow my desyre.  
Thus of that hope that doth my life something  
sustaine,  
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-  
ioyed that grace, [well embrace.  
My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might  
And for because my want should more my woe  
encrease, [doth neuer 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 neuer thing that mought in ought my wofull

Thounsey life I leade, doth teach me for to mete,  
The floodes, the seas, the land, the hilles, that doth  
them entermete. [to clere,  
Twene me and those shene lights that waoted for  
My darked pang of cloudy thoughts, as bright as  
Phebus sphere  
It teacheth me also, what was my pleasant state,  
The more to fele by such record how that my  
wealth doth hate.  
If such record (alas) prouoke thenflamed minde,  
Which sprang that day that I did leaue the best  
of me behind.  
If loue forget himselfe by length of absence let,  
Who doth me guide (O wofull wretch) vnto this  
hated net [for me,  
Where doth encrease my care, much better were  
As dumme as stone, all thing forgot, still absent  
for to be. [glaace,  
Alas the clear christall, the bright transparent  
Doth not bewray the colours hid which vnderneath  
it haue; [throws discover,  
As doth thacombred sprite the thoughtfull  
Of seares delite of feruent loue, that in our hartes  
we couer. [light;  
Out by these eyes it sheweth that evermore de-  
In plaint and teares to seek redress, and eke both  
day and night. [reioyce,  
Those kindes of pleasures most wherein men so  
To me they do redouble still of stormy sighes the  
voyce, [tent,  
For, I am one of them, whom playnt doth well con-  
It fittes me well my absent wealth me seemes for to  
lament; [twaine,  
And with my seares tassy to charge mine eyes  
Like as my hart about the brink is fraughted full  
of payne: [treate  
And for because thereto, that those fair eyes to  
De 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;  
Wherefore I shall returne to them, as well, or spring  
From whom descends my mortal woe, about all  
other thing.  
So shall mine eyes in payne accompany my hart,  
That were the guides, that did it lead of loue to  
fele the smart. [pride,  
The crisped gold that doth surmount Appollo  
The liuely 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 curteis gift, that carst had  
neuer done.  
Be farre from me alas, and euery other thing,  
I might forbear with better will, then this that did  
me bring [payne,  
With pleasand woord and cheer, redress of lingred  
And wanted oft in kindled will to vertue me to  
trayne.  
Thus am I furst to hear and harken after newes,  
My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful  
trust renues.  
And yet with more delight to moue my wofull  
case,  
I must complaine those hands, those armes, that  
firmly do embrace

Me from my self, and rule the sterce of my poor  
life,

The swete diuidaynes, the pleasant wrathes, and  
eke the lonely strife.

That wouted well to tune in temper iust 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 dyspayr  
fulfills. (disease,

And if my hope sometime ryse vp by some re-  
It stumblenth straight for feable faint my fear hath  
such excess.

Such is the sort of hope, the less for more desyre,  
And yet I trust ere that I dye, to see that I require.

The resting place of loue, where virtue dwells and  
grows, (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 grieft wherein  
I serue, (these reserue,

Between her breasts she shall thee put there shall she  
Then tell her, that I come, she shall me shortly  
see,

And if for waights the body fayle, the soul shall to  
her flee.

---

**THE LOUER BLAMETH HIS LOUE FOR  
RENTING OF THE LETTER HE SENT  
HER.**

Suffised not (Madame) that you did teare,  
My wofull hart, but thus also to rent  
The weping paper that to you I sent;  
Whereof eoh letter was written with a tear?  
Could not my present paynes (also) suffice  
Your gredy hart, and that my hart doth fele,  
Torments that prick more sharper than the stele?  
But new and new must to my lot arise.  
Vse then my death: see shall your cruelty,  
Spite of your spyte rid me from all my smart,  
And I no more such torments of the hart  
Fete as I doe. This shall you gain thereby.

---

**THE LOUER CURSETH THE TIME WHEN  
FIRST HE FELL IN LOUE.**

WHEN fyrst mine eyes did view and marke,  
Thy fair beawtie to behold,  
And when my ears lystned 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 fyrst to moue,  
Whereby 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 folow this my fancies will,  
And when my hart did first relent,  
To taste such bait my life to spill.  
I would my hart had bene as thine,  
Or els thy hart had been as mine.

---

**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 aduersitie.  
I shall alway my selfe apply,  
To serue and suffer patiently.

Though for good will I finde but hate,  
And cruelly my life to wast,  
And though that still a wretched state  
Should pine my days vnto the last:  
Yet I profess it willingly,  
To serue and suffer patiently.

For since my hart is bound to serue,  
And I not ruler of mine owne,  
What see befall, till that I sterue,  
By prooffe full well it shall be knowne,  
That I shall still my selfe apply,  
To serue and suffer patiently.

Yet though my grieft finde no redresse,  
But still encrease before mine eyes,  
Though my reward be cruelnesse,  
With all the harme, happe can denise,  
Yet I professe it willingly  
To serue and suffer patiently.

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 patiently.

There is no grieft, no smart, no wo,  
That yet I fele, or after shall,  
That from this minde may make me go,  
And whatsoever me befall,  
I do profess it willingly  
To serue and suffer patiently.

---

**THE LOUER SUSPECTED BLAMETH YLL  
TONGUES.**

MISTRUSTFULL minde be moued,  
To haue me in suspect,  
The truth it shall be proved,  
Which time shall once detect.  
Though falsed go about,  
Of crime me to accuse,  
At length I do not dout,  
But truth shall me excuse.  
Such sawce, as they haue serued,  
To me without desert,  
Euen as they haue deserued,  
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 hath inflam'd thy  
*Lo.* A certaine point as feruent as the fyre. [her?]  
*Lo.* The heat shall cease if that thou wilt conuert.  
*Lo.* I cannot stop the feruent raging yre.  
*Lo.* What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart?  
*Lo.* Heare my request, and reu my weeping chere.  
*Lo.* With right good will say on: lo, I thee bere.  
*Lo.* That thing would I, that maketh two content.  
*Lo.* Thou seekest, perchance of me, that I may not.  
*Lo.* Would God, thou wouldest, as thou mayest,  
well assent.  
*Lo.* That I may not the griefe is mine, God wot.  
*Lo.* But I it fele, whatso thy wordes haue ment.  
*Lo.* Suspect me not, my wordes be not forgott.  
*Lo.* Then say, alas! shall I haue help or no?  
*Lo.* I see no time to answer, yea, but no.  
*Lo.* Say yea, dere hart, and stand no more in dout.  
*Lo.* I may not grant a thing that is so dere.  
*Lo.* Lo with delaies, thou driues me still about.  
*Lo.* Thou wouldest my death, it plainly doth appere.  
*Lo.* First may my heart his blood, and life blede  
*Lo.* Then for my sake, alas! thy will forbere.  
*Lo.* From day to day, thus wastes my life away.  
*Lo.* 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 should therof ensue?  
*Lo.* An hart in payne of succour so should speede,  
Twint yea, and nay, my doute shall still renew,  
My swete, say yea, and do away this drede.  
*Lo.* Thou wilt neede so; be it so; but then be trew.  
*Lo.* Nought would I els, nor other treasure none.  
Thus hearts be woune by loue, request, and  
mone.

## WHY LOUE IS BLIND.

Of purpose, loue chose first for to be blinde,  
For he with sight of that, that I beholde,  
Vanquisht had been, against all godly kinde,  
His bow your hand, and trusse should haue vnfolde.  
And he with me to serue had been assinde,  
But, for he blind, and reckless would him holde,  
And still, by chance, his dedly 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 wery thus mye  
Within my bones to rangle is assinde, [minde?  
What poyson pleasant swete?

Lo see myde eyes flow with continual teares,  
The body still away slepelesse it weares,  
My foode nothing my fainting strength repaires  
Nor doth my limmes sustaine.

Is depe wide wound, the dedly stroke doth turne,  
To circles skarre that neuer shall returne,  
Go to, triumph, reioyce thy goodly turne,  
Thy frend 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, neuer beloued again,  
So loue thou still, and not thy loue obtain,  
So wrathfull loue with apites of iust disdain,  
May thret thy cruell 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 driues me to and fro;  
Some time thou leadst, that leadeth thee and mee,  
What reason is to rule thy subjectes so,  
By forced law and mutabilitie?  
For where by thee I doutted 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 fee,  
Of all my losse 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 auiseth me to mone?  
Since troth and pitie hath no place  
In them, to whom I see and serue,  
And other haue that I deserue.

To seeke by meane to change this mind,  
Alas, I proue 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 least,  
And to my paine to seeke and craue  
The thing, that other haue possent:  
So thus in vaine alway I serue,  
And other haue that I deserue.

And till I may appease the heate,  
If that my happo will beppe so well,  
To wayle my wo my heart shall create,  
Whose pensif paine my tong can tell;  
Yet thus unhappy must I serue,  
And other haue that I deserue.

## OF HIS LOUE CALLED ANNA.

WHAT word is that, that changeth not,  
Though it be turnde and made in twaide?  
It is mine Anna, God it wot,  
The only causer of my paine;  
My loue that medeth with disdain.  
Yet is it loued, what will you more?  
It is my salue, and eke my sore.



*THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH  
EVERY PAIN.*

VENEMOUS thornes that are so sharpe and kene,  
Beare flowers we se, full fresh and faire of hue,  
Poison is also put in medicine,  
And vnto man his health doth oft renue:  
The fire that all things eke consumeth cleue,  
May hurt and heale: then if that this be true,  
I trust some time my harm may be my health,  
Sins every woe is ioynd with some wealth.

*A RIDDLE OF A GIFT GEVEN BY A  
LADIE.*

A LADY gaue me a gyft she had not;  
And I receiued her gift which I took not;  
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not;  
And I receiued it albeit I could not.  
If she giue it me I force not;  
And if she take it againe she cares not.  
Couster what this is, and tel not;  
For I am fast sworne, I may not.

*THAT SPEAKING OR PROFERING  
BRINGES ALWAYS SPEDING.*

SPEAKE thou and spede, where will or power  
ought helpeth, [weith:  
Where power doth want, will must be wonne by  
For meile will spede, where will workes not his  
kinde, [finde.  
And gayne thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee  
For sute and golde, what do not they obtayne?  
Of good and bad the tryers are these twayne.

*HE RULETH NOT THOUGH HE RAIGNE  
OUEER 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 foule yoke of sensual bondage;  
For though thine empire stretche to Indian sea,  
And for thy fear trembleth the fardeth Thylee,  
If thy desire haue oer thee the power,  
Subject then 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 geues 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 conquer thee.

All were it so thou had a flood of gold  
Unto thy thral, yet should it not suffice;  
And though with Indian stones a thousand folde,  
More precious then can thy self deuise.  
Ycharged were thy bercke; thy couetise,  
And busy byting yet should neuer 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.*

LYKE as the birde within the cage enclosed,  
The dore unsparred, her foe the hawke without  
Twixt death and prison piteously opprest,  
Whether for to chose standeth in dout;  
L<sup>e</sup>so do I, which seke 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 deliuered,  
Then hide in painfull life, thraldome and dore.  
Small is the pleasure where much pain we suffer,  
Rather therefore to chuse me thinketh wisdom,  
By loss 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 things 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 deliuerance where life length  
paine,  
Of these two yllies let see now choose the best,  
This bird to deliuer 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 hateful mde,  
In depe dispaire, as did a wretch go,  
With ready corde out of his life to spede,  
His stumbling foote, did finde an horde, to,  
Of gold, I say, where he prepare this deale  
And in exchange, he left the corde tho.  
He that had hid the golde, and found it not,  
Of that he found, he sbapt his neck a knot.

*DISCRPTION OF A GONNE.*

VULCANE begat me, Minerva me taught,  
Nature my mother, craft nourisht me yere by yere  
Thre bodies are my foode; my strength is in  
naught. [dote.  
Anger, wrath, wast, and noyse, are my children  
Gonne frende, what I am, and how I am wrought,  
Monster 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 end.

*WYATE BEING IN PRISON TO BRIAN*

SIGNS are my foode, my drink are my teares;  
Clinking of fetters would such musike craue,  
Stink, and close ayre, away my life it wears;  
Poor Innocence is at the bope I beare,

Rain, winde, or wether, judge I by my eares,  
Malice assautes that righteousness should haue.  
Sure am I, Brian, this wound shall heale againe,  
But yet, alas! the skarre shall still remaine.

---

OF DISSEMBLING WORDES.

THROUGHOUT the world if it were sought,  
Faire words ynough a man shall finde;  
They be good chepe, they cost right nought,  
Their substance is but only winde:  
But well to say, and so to mene,  
That swets accord is seldom sene.

---

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

(From Seneca's Chorus.)

STAND who so list upon the slipper wheele,  
Of his estate, and let me here reioyce,  
And use my life in quietnesse eche dele,  
Unknown in court that hath the wanton toys,  
In hydden 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 knowen is to all, but to himself, alas!  
He dyeth unknown, dased with dreadfull face.

---

THE COURTIERS LIFE.

IN court to sence decked with freshe aray,  
Of sugred meates feling the swete repast,  
The life in baskets and sundry kindes of playe,  
Amid the prease of worldly lookes to waste,  
Hath with it joynde oft times such bitter taste,  
That who so loyes such kinde of life to hold,  
In prison loyes fettered with chaines of gold.

---

OF DISAPPOINTED PURPOSE BY NEGLIGENCE.

OF Carthage he that worthy warrior,  
Could overcome, but could not use his chance;  
And I likewise of all my long endeavour,  
The sharpe conquest though fortune did advance,  
Ne could I use. The hold that is given over,  
I possessesse, so hangeth now in balance  
Of warre, my peace, rewards of all my payne,  
At Mounton thus I restless rest in Spaine.

---

OF HIS RETURNE FROM SPAINE.

TAGUS farewell, that westward with thy strames,  
Turnes vp the graines of gold already tried;  
For I with sparre and saile go seke the Temmes,  
Gainward the Sunne that sheweth her welthy  
pride;  
And to the town that Brutus sought by dremes,  
Like bended mone that leaues her lusty side,  
My king, my country I seke, for whom I live,  
O mighty loue the windes for this me giue.

VOL. II.

OF SODAIN TRUSTING.

DRAWN by desire I did this dede,  
To danger my selfe without cause why,  
To trust thuntrue not like to speede,  
To speake and promise faithfully:  
But now the prooffe doth verify,  
That who so trusteth ere he woow,  
Doth hurt himself and please hy foe.

---

OF THE MOTHER THAT EATE HER CHILD AT THE SIRGE OF IERUSALEM.

IN doutfull 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 POINS.

MY mothers maides when they do sowe and spinne,  
They sing a song made of a feldishe mouse:  
That for bicause her lincod was but thinne,  
Would nedes go se her townish sisters house.  
She thought her self endarde to greuous paine,  
The stormy blastes her caue so sore did sowee;  
That when the furrowes swimmid with the raine,  
She must lye colde, and wet in sory plight;  
And worse then that, bare meate there did remaine,  
To comfort her, when she her house had right.  
Some time a barley corne, sometime a beane,  
For which she laboured hard both day and night.  
In harvest time, while she might go and glean.  
And when her store was stroyed with the floodes,  
Then welaway for she vndone was done:  
Then was she faine to take, instead of foode  
Slepe if she might, her hunger to begile.  
My sister, quod she, hath a liuing 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 craue nor cry;  
By see, by land, of delicates the most  
Her cater sekes, and sparreth 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 licour of the grape  
Doth glad her hart, till that her belly swell.  
And at this iourney makes she but a iape,  
So forth she goes, trusting of all thys 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 appeare;  
Of euery noyse so was the wretch agast.  
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,  
c c

Peace (quod the towne mouse) why speakest 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?  
 Amid this ioy befell a sory chance,  
 That, welaway, the stranger bought full dere,  
 The fare she had; for as she lookte a stauce,  
 Under a stole she spied two stemming eyes  
 In a rounde head, with sharp eares: in France  
 Was never mouse so feard, for the vnwise  
 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 shift, but wonders sore;  
 Feard of her life, at home she wisht 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 trippe,  
 And ere she might recouer it again,  
 The traytour cat had caught her by the hippe,  
 And made her there against her wyll remaine,  
 That hath forgot her power suertie, and rest,  
 For seking wylth, wherein she thought to raigne.

Alas (my Poynts) how men do seke the best,  
 And finde the worse, by error as they straye;  
 And no maruell, when, sight is so oppress,  
 And blinds the guide, anone out of the way  
 Goeth guide and all in seking quiet lyfe.  
 O wretched mindes! there is no golde that may,  
 Graunt that you seke, no warre, no peace, no  
 strife:

No, no, although thy head were hoopt with  
 Serjeant with mace, with hawbart, sword nor knife,  
 Can not repulse the care that folow should.  
 Erke kinde of life hath with him his disease,  
 Liue in delites, even as thy lust would,  
 And thou shalt finde, when lust doth most thee  
 please,

It irketh straight, and by itself doth fade.  
 A small thing is it, that may thy minde appease?  
 None of you all there is, that is so madde  
 To seke for grapes on brambles, or on bryars,  
 Nor none I trow, that hath a witte so badde  
 To set his hay for conies ouer riuers;  
 Nor ye set not a dragge 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 of dreade, and so thy will be bare  
 From all affectes, whom vice hath never spotted;  
 Thy self content with that is the asside,  
 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 passe, and gape on time to come,  
 And depe thy self in trauell more and more.  
 Henceforth (my Poynts) this shall be all and some,  
 These wretched foolles shall haue nought els of me:  
 Not, 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 lokyng backward vertue they may see

Euen as she is, so goodly faire and bright;  
 And whilst they clage their lusts in some  
 acrusse,  
 Graunt them, good Lord, as thou maist of thy  
 To freat inward, for loosing such a losse.

### OF THE COURTIER'S LIFE, WRITTEN TO JOHN POYNTS.

MYNE OWN John Poynts, since ye desire to know  
 The causes why that homeward I me draw,  
 And flee the prease of courtes, where-so they go,  
 Rather then to liue thrall vnder the aw  
 Of lordly lokes, wrapped within my cloke;  
 To will and lust learning to set a lawe:  
 It is not, that because I accuse or mocke  
 The power of them whom fortune here hath led  
 Charge over vs, of right to strike the stroke;  
 But true it is, that I haue always ment  
 Lesse to esteeme them, then the common sort,  
 Of outward thinges that iudge in theyr entent  
 Without regarde what inward doth resort.  
 I graunt, some time of glory that the fire,  
 Doth touch my hart. Me list not to report  
 Blame by honour, and honour to desire.  
 But how may I this honour now attaine,  
 That cannot dye the colour blacke a lier?  
 My Poynts, I cannot frame my tune to floure,  
 To cloke the truth, for praise without desert  
 Of them that list all vice for to retaine.  
 I cannot honour them, that set their part  
 With Venus and Bacchus all theyr life long.  
 Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.  
 I cannot crouche nor knele to such a wrong;  
 To worship them like God on earth aloor,  
 That are as wolues these sely lambes among.  
 I cannot with my wordes complayne and moane,  
 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 Ince still to print.  
 I can not wrest the law to fill the coffe;  
 With innocent bloud to fede my selfe false,  
 And do moat hurt, where that most helpe I  
 I am not he, that can allow the state,  
 Of hie Ceasar, and damne Caty to dye,  
 That with his death did scape out of the gate,  
 From Ceasars hands, if Liny doth not lie.  
 And would not liue where liberty was lost;  
 So did his hart the common wealth apply.  
 I am not he, suche eloquence to bost,  
 To make the crow in singing, as the swan;  
 Nor call the lion of onward beastes the most;  
 That can not take a mouse, as the cat can;  
 And he that dyeth for hunger of the golde,  
 Call him Alexander, and say that Pan  
 Passeth Apollo in musike manifoide,  
 Praise syr Topas for a noble tale,  
 And scorne the story that the knight tolde,  
 Praise him for counsell, that is dronke of ale;  
 Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the way,  
 Frowne when he frownes, and growne when he is  
 pale;  
 On others lust to hang both night and day.  
 None of these pointes would euer frame in me:  
 My wit is nought, I can not heare the way.  
 And much the lesse of thinges that greater be,  
 That asken helpe of colours to deuyse;

To ioyne the meane with eche extremitie,  
 With nercest vertue ay to cloke the vice;  
 And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,  
 To presse the vertue that it may not rise:  
 As dronkenness good fellowship to call;  
 The friendly foe with his faire double face,  
 Say he is gentile, and curties therewithall,  
 Affirme that Fauel hath a goodly 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 reckless vnto eche mans shame.  
 Say he is rude, that can not lye and fayne.  
 The lecher a louter; and tyranny  
 To be right of a princes raigne:  
 I can not lye, no no, it wyll not be.  
 This is the cause that I could neuer yet,  
 Hang on their sickeas that weigh (as thou maist se)  
 Achippe of chaunce, more then a pound of wit;  
 This maketh me at home to hunt and hawke,  
 And in fowle weather at my booke to sit;  
 In frost and snow, then with my bowe to stalke;  
 No man doth marke wherso I ride or go,  
 In lusty leas at libertie I walke;  
 And of these newes I fele no weale nor woe;  
 Save that a clogge doth hang yet at my heele.  
 No force for that, for that is ordred so,  
 That I may leape both hedge and dike full wole.  
 I am not now in Fraunce, to iudge the wine,  
 With saunery sauce those delicates to felle,  
 Nor yet in Spaine, where one must him incline,  
 Rather then to be, outwardly to seme.  
 I meddle not with wittes that be so fine,  
 Nor Flaunders chere lettes not my sight to deme  
 Of black and white, nor takes my wittes away,  
 With heastiness, such doe those beastes esteme.  
 Nor I am not, where truth is given 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 Pains to come,  
 Thou shalt be iudge, how I do spende my time.

**HOW TO VSE THE COURT AND HIMSELFE  
 THERIN, WRITTEN TO SIR FRAUNCES  
 BRIAN.**

A SPENDING hand that alway powreth out,  
 Had neede to haue a bringer in as fast,  
 And on the stone that still doth turne about,  
 There groweth no moose: these proverbs yet do  
 Reason hath set them in so sure a place, [last.  
 That length of yerres their force can neuer wast.  
 When I remembre this and eke the case [write  
 Wherein thou standst, I thought fourthwith to  
 (Brian) to thee, who knowes how great a grace  
 In writing is to counsaile man the right.  
 To thee therefore that trottes still up and downe,  
 And never restes; but running day and night,  
 From realme to realme, from citie, strete, and  
 towne;  
 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;  
 Fele thy self fatte, and heape vp pounde by pound.  
 Lykest thou not this? No, why? for swine so  
 groces

In sty, and chaw dung moulded on the ground;  
 And driuel on pearlea, with head still in the  
 maunger:

So of the herpe the asse doth heare the sound,  
 So sakes of durt be slide. The neat courtier  
 So serues for lesse then do these fatted swite.  
 Though I seme leane and drie withouten moister,  
 Yet will I serue my prince, my lord and thynge,  
 And let them live to fede the paunch that list,  
 So may I liue to fede both me and mine.  
 By God well said. But what and if thou wilt  
 How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spende  
 That would I learne. 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 trowth shall but  
 offeude;

Flee therfore trowth, it is both weith and ease.  
 For though that trowth of every man hath praise,  
 Full nere that winde goeth trowth in great mis-  
 Use vertue, as it goeth now a daies. [case.  
 In worde alone to make thy language swete;  
 And of thy dede, yet do not as thou sayes,  
 Els be thou sure, thou shalt be farre vnmete,  
 To geat thy bread, eche thing is now so skant.  
 Seke still thy profit vpon thy bare fate.  
 Lend in no wise, for feare that thou do want,  
 Unless 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 leese.  
 Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote,  
 From under the stall, withouten landes or fees  
 Hath lept into the shoppe; who knowes by rote  
 This rule that I haue tolde thee here before.  
 Somtime also riche age beginnes to dote;  
 Se thou when there thy gayne 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,  
 Executour is: And what is he the worse?  
 But if so chance, thou get nought of the man,  
 The widow may for all thy paine disburse:  
 A riveld skinne, a stinking breath, what than?  
 A tottlelesse 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 mulc bite upon the bridle, [warmer;  
 Whilst there do lie a sweter in thine arme.)  
 In this also se that thou be not idle,  
 Thy nece, thy cousin, suster or thy daughter  
 If she be faire, if haunsome be her middle,  
 If thy better hath her lous beaought her,  
 Ausance his cause and he shall helpe thy nede:  
 It is but loue, turne thou it to a laughter.  
 But ware I say, so gold thee helpe and spede,  
 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.  
 Laughst thou at me? why? do I speak in vaine?  
 No not at thee, but at thy thrifty iest:  
 Wouldest thou, I should be for any losse or gaine  
 Change that for golde that I haue tane for best  
 Next godly thinges, to haue an honest name?  
 Should I leaue that? Then take me for a beast:  
 Nay then farewell, and if thou care for shame  
 Content the then with honest powertie;

With free tong, what thee mistykes, to blame  
And for thy trouthe somtime adversitie,  
And therewithall this gyft I shall thee giue,  
In this world now litle prosperitie,  
And enoyne to kepe, as water in a iive.

=====

THE SONG OF IOPAS VNFINISHED.

WHEN Dido feasted the wandring Troian knight,  
Whom Junos wrath with stormes did force in Libik  
sands to light.  
That mighty Atlas taught the supper lasting long,  
With crisped 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 liuing things the mother, place  
Without the which in exall weight this heauen  
doth hold his course. [heauen,  
And it is calde by name the first and moving  
The firmament is placed next, containing other  
season. [thicke,  
Of heavenly powers that same is planted full and  
As shining lights which we call starres, that therein  
cleue and sticke. [less sours,  
With great swift sway, the fyrst, and with his rest-  
Carieth it self, and all those eyght, in euen con-  
tinual course.  
And of this world so round within that rolling case,  
Two points there be that neuer moue, but firmly  
kepe their place:  
The tone we see alway, the tother stands obiect,  
Against the same, deciding just the ground by line  
direct; [other,  
Which by imagination, 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, describe by starres  
Artlike the one northward we see, antartlike th'other  
hight.  
The line, that we devise from those to thother so,  
As axell is; upon which the beavens 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 vnmixt;  
And so we say been all those starres, that in those  
same be fixt;  
And eke those erring seven, in circle as they stray,  
So calde, because against that first they have re-  
pugnant way;  
And smaller bywayes too, albeit sensible to man,  
To busy worke for my poor harpe; let sing them  
he that can.  
The wydest sane the fyrst of all these nyne above,  
One hundred yere doth aske of space for one de-  
gree to moue: [heaven,  
Of which decrees we make in the first moving  
Three hundred and threscore, in partes justly  
diuided euen; [two,  
And yet there is another between those beavens  
Whose mouing is so sly, so slacke, I name it not  
for now.

The aenenth heauen, or the shell, next to the starry  
sky,  
All those degrees that gatherth vp with aged past,  
so sly, [hath been,  
And doth performe the same, as elders count  
In nine and twenty yeres complete, and daies  
almost sixtene;  
Do carry in his bowt the starre of Saturne olde,  
A threatner of all liuing things with drought, and  
with his cold. [younger past,  
The sixt whom this contains, doth stalke with  
And in twelve yere doth somewhat more than  
thothers vinge was, [signe,  
And this in it doth beare the starre of Iovr be-  
Twene Saturnes malice, and vs men, friendly de-  
fending signe:  
The fifth beares bloudy Mars, that in three hun-  
dred daies,  
And twice eleuen with one full yere hath finish,  
all those waies. [star  
A yere doth aske the fourth, and bowers thers  
And in the same the daies eye the sune, therein  
he sticke. [or,  
The third that governd is by that, that goores  
And loue for loue, and for no loue prouokes, as of  
we see, [the tother,  
In like space doth performe that course, that d'yd  
So doth the next, unto the same, that second is  
in order;  
But it doth beare the starre, that cold is Mercury;  
That many a crafty secret steppe doth treade, as  
Calcears try. [hath gone  
That sky is last, and fixt next us those waies  
In seven and twenty common daies, and she be  
third of one;  
And beareth with his sway the diuers moone about;  
Now bright, now brown, now bent, now ful, and  
now her light is out: [these seven,  
Thus have they of their owa two mouinges all  
One, wherin they be carried still, eche in his seue-  
ral heauen;  
Another of themselves, where their bodies be layd  
In bywayes, and in lesser roundes, as I afore haue  
sayd; [strait,  
Sauer of them all the sunne doth stray lest from the  
The starry sky hath but one course, that we haue  
calde the eight. [to east,  
And all these mouinges eight are ment from west  
Although they seme to clime aloft, I say from  
east to west;  
But that is but by force of theyr first moving sly,  
In twice twelve houres from east to east that  
carieth them by and by: [seuen,  
But marke me well also, these mouinges of these  
Be not about the axeltree of the fyrst moving  
heauen; [the tother, &c.  
For they haue their two poles directly tone in

=====

OF LOUE.

LYKE as the wynde with raging blaste  
Doth cause eche tree to bowe and bende:  
Euen so do I spende my tyme in waste,  
My lyff consumyng unto an eade.

For as the same by force doth quench the fire,  
And punnyng stremes consume the rayne;  
Eueq so do I my self desyer  
To augment my greif, and deadly payne.

Whear as I fynde that whot is whott,  
And colde is colde by course of kynde,  
So shall I knet an endles knott:  
Soche fruite in love, alas! I fynde.

When I forsw those christall streames,  
Whose bewtie dothe cause my mortall wounde,  
I lyttyl thought within those beames  
So swete a tenym for to have founde.

I fele and see my owne decaye;  
As on that beate the flme in his brest,  
Forgetfull thought to put away  
The thyng that breadethe my unrest.

Like as the fyre dothe seke the flame,  
And afterwarde playeth in the fyre,  
Who fyndeth ber woe, and seeketh her game,  
Whose grasse doth growe of her owne desyer.

Lyke as the spider doth drawe ber lyns,  
As labour lost so is my sute;  
The gayne is here the losse is myne:  
Of evill sowne seade suche is the frute.

O GOODLY hande  
Whear in doth stande  
My herte dystraught in payne:  
Dere hand, alas!  
In lyttel space  
My lyf thou dost restrayne.

O fyngers slyght,  
Departed ryght,  
So long, so small, so rounde!  
Goodly begonne,  
And yet a bone  
Most cruell in my wounde.

With lyllys whyght,  
And roses bryght  
Doth strayne this color fayer:  
Nature did lende  
Eche fingers ende  
A perle for to repayre.

Consent at laste,  
Since that thou hast  
My hart in this demayne,  
For service trew  
On me to rewe,  
And recbe me love agayne.

And yf not soo  
Ther with more woo  
Eforce thi self to strayne  
This simple hart,  
That suffered smert,  
And ryd yt owte of payne.

AN EPITAPH OF SIR THOMAS  
GRAVENER, KNIGHT.

UNDER this stone ther lyeth at rest  
A frendlie man, a worthie knight;  
Whose bert and mynde was ever prest  
To favour truth, to farther ryght.

The poores defence, his neighbors ayde,  
Most kynde always unto his kynne;  
That synt all stryf, that might be stayed:  
Whose gentell grace great love dyd wyane.

A man, that was full earnest sett  
To serve his prince at all assayes:  
No sycknes could hym from 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 worde whie shoulde I tell,  
Or farther shewe, that well knowne is:  
Sins that the teares of more and less,  
Right well declare his worthynes.  
Virit 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:  
Thoughte he be deade, yet doth he quicke appere  
By immortal fame that death can not confoude  
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

CHOSEN OUT OF THE PSALTER OF DAVID COM-  
MONLY CALLED THEE VII PENITENTIALL  
PSALMES, DRAWEN INTO ENGLISHE METER BY  
SIR THOMAS WYAT KNVIGHT, WHEREUNTO IS  
ADDED A PROLOGE OF THE AUCTORE BEFORE  
EVERY PSALME, VERY PLEASANT AND PRO-  
FITTABLE 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, your most  
bounden orator at commaundment, John Harring-  
ton, wysbeth helth and prosperite wyth increasse  
of vertue and the mercy of God for ever.

Consydering the manyfolde duties and abound-  
ant services 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 redy endea-  
voure) to gratify your good lordshyp by all meanes  
possyble, and to applye my selfe wholye to thee  
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 ac-  
knowledge 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 unto my parentes  
and predycissors; and also to my selfe, as to one  
least able to do any acceptable service, though  
the wil be at all tymes most ready. In token  
wherof, your lordshyp shall at all tymes perceave,  
by simple things that my littel wit shall be able  
to invent, that yf myne harte could do you any  
servyce, no labour or travayle shold withhold me

from doynge my duetie, and that yf busy labour  
and the hart myght be able to paye the duetie  
that love oweth, your lordshyp shouide in no point  
fynde me ingrate or unthankful. And to declare  
this my ready wyl, I have dedicated unto your  
name thys littyll treatyse, whyche after I had  
perused and by thadvise of others (better learned  
than my self) determined to put it in priate,  
that the noble fame of so worthy a knyghte, as was  
the auctor hereof, sir Thomas Wyat, should not  
perish but remayne, as well for hys syngular learn-  
ing, as valiant dedes in mercyal festes, I thought  
that I could not find a more worthy patron for  
such a man's worke than your lordship, whom I  
have alwayes kuowen to be of so godlye a zeale, to  
thee furtheraunce of God's holy and a sacred  
Gospel, most humbly beseechynge your good iorde-  
shippe berin to accepte my good wyl, and too  
esteme me as one that wisheth unto the same al  
honour, helthe, and prosperous successe.

Amen

Your good lordshyppes  
most humble at commaundment  
John Harrington.

## THE PROLOGE OF THE AUCTOR.

Love, to geve lawe unto hys subjectes hartes,  
Stode in the eyes of Bataché the brighte;  
And in a looke anon hym selfe convertes  
Crucilly pleasaunt before king David's syght:  
Fyrst dased hys eyes, and further forth he startes  
With venomed brethe, as softly as he myghte  
Touches his senewes, and overtrunns a hys bones  
With crepyng fyre, sparkeled for the nones.

And when he sawe that kindeled was the flame,  
The noysome poyson in his harte he launced,  
So that the soule dyd tremble wyth the same:  
And in this brawle, as he stode entrained,  
Yeldynge unto the fygure and the frame,  
That those fayre eyes hadde in his presens  
glauced:

The forme, that Love had printed in hys breste,  
He honoureth as a thing of thynges beate.

So that, forgotte the wysdom and forecaste,  
Whyche woe to realms, when that the kynge doth  
Forgettinge eke Goddes maiestye as faste, [lacke;  
Yea and hys own: forth wyth he dothe to make  
Urye to goo into the felde in haste,  
Urye, I saye, that was hys Jeweles make,  
Under pretence of certayne victory,  
For the enemy's swordes, a ready prey to be.

Whereby he may enjoy her out of doubtte,  
Whome more then God or himselfe he myndeth:  
And after he hadde broughte thys thyng about,  
And of that luste possesed hymselfe, he fyndeth  
That hath and dothe reverse and cleue turne out  
Kynge from kyngdomes and cytyes undermyndeth;  
He blynded thynges, thys trayne so blynde and  
close,  
To blynde al thynges, that ought maye it disclose.

But Nathan hath spied out this trecherye  
With rusful cheare; and settes afore hys face  
The greate offence outrage and iniurie,  
That he hath done to God, as in thys case,  
By murder fur to cleoke adulterye:  
He sheweth eke from heuven the threattes, alas!

So sternly sore thys prophete, thys Nathan,  
That al amazed was thys woful man.

Like him that metes wyth horror and vyll  
feare;  
The heate doth streyght fersake the lymbes cold  
The colour eke droppeth down from hys cheere;  
So dothe he feele hys fyre manyfolde  
Hys heate, hys luste, his pleasure all in-fere  
Consume and waste: and streygut his crowne of  
gold,  
Hys purple pauls, hys scepter he letteth fall,  
And to the ground he throweth him self wythal.

Then pompous pryde of state, and dignite  
Forth-with rebates repentaunt humblenes:  
Thinner vyle clothe then clotheth ponerte  
Doth scandlye hyde and claddes his nakednes:  
Hys fayre hoore bearde of reverente gravite  
Wyth ruffled heyre, knowyng his wickednes:  
More lyke was he the self same repentaunt  
Then statlye prynce of worldelye gowernans

Hys harpe he takethe in hand to be his guide,  
Wherwyth he offreth playttes his soule to save,  
That from his hearte dystylleth on every syde  
Wythdrawynge hymselfe into a dark depe cave  
Within the ground, wherein he might hym hyde,  
Flynge the lyghte, as in the pryson or grate;  
In which, as sone as David entred had,  
The darcke horror dyd make hys soule adrad.

But he, without prolongyng or delaye [pense,  
Of that, whyche myghte hys Lorde hys God up-  
Fallieth on hys knees, and with hys harpe, I saye,  
Afore hys breste, yfraughted wyth the dyscease  
Of stormy syghes, depe draughtes of hys desyre,  
Dressed vpryghte, sekyng to conterpease  
His songs wyllie syghes, and touchage of the  
stringes,  
Wyth tender harte, loo, thus to God he synge

## DOMINE ME IN FUROR. PSALM VI.

O LORD! sins in my mouthe thy myghtie name  
Suffereth it selfe, my Lord, to name and call,  
Here hath my harpe betaken by the same;  
That the repentaunce, whyche I haue and shall  
Maye at thy hande seke mercy, as the thyng  
Of onely comfort to wretched sinners all:  
Whereby I dare with humble bemyonyng,  
By thy goodnes, this thyng of thee requyre;  
Chastyce me not for my deservyng  
According to thy iuste conceaued yre.  
O Lord, I dreade: and that I did not dreade  
I me repente; and enermore deayre  
Thee, thee to drede. I open here, and sprede  
My faulte to thee: But thou, for thy goodnes,  
Measure it not in largenes, nor in dreade:  
Punyshe it not, as asketh the grates  
Of thy furor, prouoked by myne offence.  
Temper, O Lord, the harme of my excess,  
Wyth mendyng wyl that I fur reconte  
Prepare agayne: and rather pytye me;  
For I am weake, and cleue wythout defence:  
Now is the nede I have of remedye.  
For of the whole the leche taketh no cure: [see,  
The shepe, that strayeth; the shepards seekes to  
I, Lord, am strayed: and, sick wythout recure,  
Fele all my lymbes, that have rebelled, for feare  
Shake in despayre, unlesse thou me assure:

My fleshe is troubled, my harte doth feare the speare:

That drede of deaths, of deaths that ever lastes,  
Therewith of right, and draweth nere and nere.  
Moch more my soule is troubled by the blastes  
Of these assautes, that come as thicke as hayle,  
Of worldly vanities, that temptation castes  
Agaynst the hulwerke of the fleshe frayle.  
Wherin the soule in greate perplexitie  
Feeleth the seuces wyth them that assaile  
Conspire, corrupte by pleasure and vanitie:  
Whereby the wretche doth to the shade resort  
Of hope in the, in thys extremyte.  
But thou, O Lorde, how longe after thys sorte  
Forberest thou to see my myserye?  
Soffer me yet, in hope of some comforto  
Feare, and not feele that thou forgettest me.  
Retourne, O Lorde: O Lorde, I thee beseech!  
Unto thy olde wonted benygnyte.

Reduce, reuive my soule: be thou the leche;  
And reconeyle the greate hatred, and stryfe,  
That it hath tane agaynst the fleshe: the wretche,  
That styrred hath the wrath by fylthy lyfe.  
So howe my soule doth freate it to the bones:  
Inward remorse so sharpe it lyke a knyfe,  
That but thou helpe the cattife, that bemoes  
Hys greate offence, it turneth anon to duste.  
Here hath the thy mercy matter for the noes;  
For yf thy righteous hande, that is so iuste,  
Suffe noo synne, or stryke wyth dampnation,  
Thy infinite mercye wante nedes it muste  
Subiect matter for hys operasyon:  
For that in deathe there is no memorye  
Amonge the dampned, nor yet no mencyon  
Of thy greate name, grounde of all glorye.  
Then yf I dye, and goo where as I feare  
To thinke ther on, howe shall thy great mercye  
Sounde in my mouthe unto the worldes care?  
For ther is none, that can thee laude and loue,  
For that thou wilt no loos among them there.  
Soffer my cryes the mercye for to moue,  
That wonted is a hundred yeares offence  
In a moment of repentaunce to remoue.  
Howe ofte have I called up with dylygence  
Thys shouthfull fleshe long afore the daye  
For to confes hys faulte, and negligence:  
That to the denne, for oughte that I coude saye,  
Hath the styll returned to shroude hymselfe from  
colde?

Wherby it suffreth nowe for soche delaye,  
By myghty playntes instede of pleasures olde.  
I washe my bedde with teares continuall  
To dull my syghte, that to be never holde  
To sterc my harte agayne to soche a fall.  
Thes drye I up, among my foes, in woo,  
That wythe my fall doo ryse, and growe withall,  
And me besett even nowe where I am, so  
Wyth secret trappes, to trouble my penance.  
Some do presente to my wepinge eyes, lo,  
The chere, the manner, bewtye, or countenance  
Of her, whose looke, alas! dyd make me blyde:  
Some other offer to my remembraunce  
Those pleasaunt wordes, now bytter to my mynde:  
And some shewe me the power of my armour,  
Triumph, and conquest, and to my head assynde  
Double diademe: Some shew the favours  
Of people frayle, palace, pompe and riches.  
To these meremaydes, and theyr baytes of error  
I stoppe my eares, wyth helpe of thy goodnes.  
And for I fele, it cometh alone of thee

That to my harte these foes haue none access  
I dare them bid, Auoide, wretches, and fles;  
The Lorde hath hearde the voyce of my com-  
playnte;

Your engynes take no more effect in me:  
The Lorde hath heard, I saye, and seure me saynt  
Under your hand, and pytyeth my dystresse.  
He shall too make my senses, by constraynte,  
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 compass me, by mysynge of theyre praye!  
Shame and rebuke redownd to soche dysceyte!  
Soden confusio, as strok without delaye,  
Shall so deface theyr crafty suggestion,  
That they to hurte my helth noo more assaye  
Sense I, O Lorde, remayne in thy protection.

## THE AUCTOR.

WHOSO hath the sene the sycke in his fevour  
After truce taken with the heate or colde,  
And that the fyte is past of hys fervour,  
Drawe faynting syghes: let hym, I saye, beholde  
Sorrowfull Dauid, after hys languor, (rollede  
That wyth his teares, that from his eyne downe  
Paused his playnte, and layd adown hys harpe,  
Faythfull recorde of all hys sorowes sharpe.

Yt semed nowe that of hys faulte the horror  
Dyd make aserde no more hys hope of grace:  
The threates wherof in horrible terour  
Dyd holde hys harte as in despaire a space,  
Tyll he had wyll to seke for hys succoure:  
Hymselfe accusynge, beknowynge hys case,  
Thynkyng so beste hys Lorde to appease,  
And not yet healed he feeleth hys dyscase.

Nowe semeth fearful no more the darke cause,  
That erst dyd make his soule for to tremble:  
A place deuoute of refuge for to saue  
The succurles it rather dyd resemble:  
For who had sene so kneeling within the graue  
The chiefe pastoure of the Hebrewes assemble,  
Wolde judge it made by teres of penyence  
A sacred place worthy of reuerence.

Wythe vapored eyes he loketh heare and there,  
And when he hath a wyle himself bethoughte,  
Gatherynge his spirites, that were dismayde for  
feare,

His harpe agayne into hys hand he roght,  
Tunynge accorde by judgment of hys care,  
His hartes botome for a syghe he soughte:  
And there withall upon the holow tree  
With strayned voyce againe thus cryeth he.

HEATI. QUORUM REMISI SUNT INIQUITATIA.  
PSALM XXXII.

OH! happy are they, that haue forgiveness  
Of their offence, not by theyr penyence (gotte  
As by merite, which recompenceth not:  
Although that yet pardon hath not offence  
Wythoute the same; but by the goodnesse  
Of hym that hath the perfyte intelligence  
Of harte contrite, and couerth the greatesse  
Of synne wythin a mercyfull discharge.  
And happye are they, that haue the wyfulness  
Of iust restrayned afore it went at large;  
Prouoked by the drede of Gods furor:  
Wherby they haue not on their backs the charge



Of others fautes to suffer the dolor:  
 For that theyr faulte was never excecute  
 In open syghte, example of error.  
 And happy is he to whome God doth impute  
 No more hys faulte, by knowledgyng hys synne:  
 But clenched now the Lorde dothe hym repute:  
 As adder freshe newe strypped from hys skynne:  
 Nor in hys sprete is oughte undiscovered.  
 I, for bycause I hydde it styll wythin,  
 Thynckng by state in fault to be preferred,  
 Do fynde by hyding of my fault my harme:  
 (As he, that fyndeth his healtre byodered  
 By secrete wounde concealed from the charme  
 Of leches cure, that also had had redressaie)  
 And fele my bowen consume, and waxe unferme  
 By dayly rage, roryng in excesse.  
 Thy heavy hand on me was so encrease  
 Both daye and nyght, and held my harte in presse,  
 Wyth prickinge thoughtes byreunge me my reste;  
 That wythered is my lustynes awaye,  
 As somer heates that haue the greyne oppreste,  
 Wherefore I dyd another waye assaye,  
 And sought forthwyth to open in thy syght  
 My faulte, my feare, my fylthines, I say,  
 And not to hyde from the my great vnyghte.  
 I shall, quoth I, agaynst myselfe confesse  
 Unto thee, Lorde, all my synfull plyghte:  
 And thou forthwith diddest wash the wyckednesse  
 Of myne offence. Of truthe ryght thus it is  
 Wherefore they that haue tasted thy goodnesse,  
 At me shall take example, as of thys,  
 And praye, and seke in tyme for tyme of grace.  
 Then shall the stormes and fluddes of harme hym  
 mysse,  
 And hym to reche shall neuer haue the space.  
 Thou art my refuge, and only sauergarde  
 From the troubles that compas me the place.  
 Such joyes, as he that scapeth his enemyes warde  
 With losed bandes, hath in his libertye;  
 Suche is my joye, thou haste to me preparte.  
 That, as the see-man in his jeopardye  
 By soden lyght perceaued hath the porte,  
 So by thy great merciful propertye  
 Within thy boke thus reade I my comforte:  
 "I shall the teache, and geve understandyng  
 And point to thee what way thou shalt resorte  
 For thy address, to kepe the from wanderyng:  
 Myne eyes shall take the charge to be thy guyde:  
 I seke therto of the only thys thyng,  
 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 bridled lest hys guyde be byte or throwe."  
 Oh! diverse are the chastesinges of siume [blowe,  
 In meate, in drinke, in brethe, that man doth  
 In slepe, and watch, in fretyng styll within:  
 That neuer suffer rest unto the mynde  
 Filde wythe offence; that rewe and new begynne  
 Wyth thousand feares the harte to strayne and  
 But for al thys, be 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 holdeth you so styll:  
 In hym youre glorye always set you muste,  
 All you that be of upryght hart and will.

## THE AUCTOR.

THYS songe endyd, Dauid dyd stynte hys voice;  
 And in that whyle he aboute with hys eye

Dyd seke the darcke case; with whyche, sub  
 outen voyce,  
 Hys sylence seemed to argue, and replye  
 Uppon hys penance thys peece, that dyd reioyes  
 The soule with mercye, that mercye so dyd call,  
 And founde mercye at plentifull mercyes hand,  
 Neuer denied, but where it was wythstaade.

As the seruante that in hys marster face  
 Fynde yng pardon of hys passed offence,  
 Courdyerunge his greate goodnes and hys gract,  
 Gladde teares dystylls, as gladsome recompense:  
 Ryghte so Dauid seemed in the place  
 A marble image of syngular reuerence,  
 Carued in the rocks, with eyes and hande on hygh  
 Made as by craft to playne, to sobbe, to ryge.

Thys whyle a beame that bryght some forth  
 sendeth, [hyde,  
 That sonne, the whyche was never cloude coulde  
 Perceth the caue, and on the harpe descendeth:  
 Whose glaunsing lyght the corde dyd our glyde,  
 And anche luyster upon the harpe extendeth,  
 As lyght of lampe upon the golde cleane tryd  
 The lome whereof into his eyes did sterte,  
 Suppryed with ioye by penance of the harte.

He then enflamed with farre more hote affect  
 Of God, then he was erste of Batahd,  
 His left foot dyd on the earthe erecte,  
 And juste thereby remayneth the other knee:  
 To the lefte syde hys wayght he doth direct:  
 For hope of helthe hys harpe agayne taketh he;  
 Hys hande, hys twayne, hys mynde, the soules  
 thys laye,

Whyche to the Lord with sober voyce did saye,

## DOMINE, NE IN FUROR TEO. PSALM XXXVIII.

O LORD, as I have the both prayed, and praye,  
 (Although in the be no alteracion,  
 But that we men, like as our selves, we saye,  
 Mesuryng thy justice by our mutacion)  
 Chastice me not, oh Lord! in thy furor,  
 Nor me correct in wrathful castygacion:  
 For that thy arrowes of feare, of terror,  
 Of sword, of syknes, of famine, and of fyre  
 Sticke depe in me: I, loo, from myne error,  
 Am plunged up; as horse out of the myre  
 With stroke of spurres; such is thy hande on me,  
 That in my fleshe, for terror of thy yre,  
 Is not one poynt of ferme stabilitye;  
 Nor in my bones ther is no stedfastnes;  
 Suche is my dreade of mutabyltye:  
 For that I knowe my frayfull wyckednes.  
 For why? my synnes aboue my head are bornde,  
 Lyke heuy weighte, that doth my force oppreste:  
 Under the whych I stoupe and howe to the grounde,  
 As wyllow plante haled by vyolence.  
 And of my fleshe eche not well cured wounde,  
 That festered is by folye and negligence,  
 By secrete luste hath rankled under skynne,  
 Not only cured by my penytence.  
 Perceyunge thus the tyrannye of synne,  
 That with hys weyght hath lumbled and deprest  
 My pryde: by gnawyng of the worne within,  
 That neuer dyeth, I lyue withouten rest.  
 So are myne entrayles infect with feruent sore,  
 Fedyng the harme that hath my welth oppreste.  
 That in my fleshe is lefte no helthe therefore.  
 So wonderous great hath ben my rezacyon,  
 That it hath forste my harte to cry and rore.

© Lorde! thou knowest thiowarde contemplacyon  
Of my desire: thou knowest my sighes and  
plaintes:

Thou knowest the teares of my lamentacyon  
Cannot expresse my hartes inward restrayntes.  
My harte pantethe, 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 unjoste,  
As kyn unkynde, were fardeste gone at nede:  
So had they place ther venome out to thruste,  
That sought my death by naughty worde and dede.  
Theer tonges reproche, their wit dyd frawde applye,  
And I, lyke deafe and dom, forthe my waye yede,  
Lyke one that heres not, nor hath to replie  
One worde agayne: knowyng that from thyne  
hande [plye

These thynges procede, and thou, Lord, shalt 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 fall they shewed suche pleasaunte chere.  
And therewithal I alway in the lashe  
Abide the stroke; and with me every where  
I beare my faulte, that greatly doth abashe  
My doleful cheare; for I my faulte confesse,  
And my deserte dothe al my comforte dashe.  
In the mene whyle mine enemyes still increase;  
And my prouokers hereby doo augmente,  
That without cause to hurt me do not cease:  
In euell for good agaynste me they be bente.  
And hynder 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 haste apace,  
O Lord, the Lord of al my heilth alone.

## THE AUCTOR.

LYKE as the pylgrime, that in a longe way  
Faintinge for beate, prouoked by some wynde,  
In some freshe shade lyeth downeat middes of day:  
So dothe of Dauid the wery voyce and mynde  
Take breathe of syghes, when he had songe thys  
laye,

Under suche shade as sorowe hath assynde:  
And as the one stylly myndes hys vyage ende,  
So dothe the other to mercy stylly pretende.

On honour cordes hys fingers he extendes,  
Without hearyng the judgement of the sounde:  
Downe from hys eyes a streame of teares discentles,  
Without felynge, that tryckell on the grounde.  
As he that bledes in wayne ryghte so intendes  
Thaitred senses to that they are bounde.  
But syghe and wepe he can none other thyng,  
And loke up stylly vnto the heaues kyngs.

But who had ben wythoute the caue mouthe  
And hearde the teares and syghes 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 hut God was record of hys payne,  
Els hadde the wynde blownen in all Israell eares  
Of theyr kyng the wofull playnte and teares.

Of which some part when he up supped had,  
Lyke as he, whome hys owne thoughte affrayes,  
He turnes hys loke: hym sermyth that the shade  
Of hys offence agayne hys force assayes  
By vyolente dispayre on hym to lade;  
Stertyng lyke hym, whom sodayn feare dismayes,  
His voyce he straynes, and from his harte oute  
bringes

Thyssonge, that I note whether he cryeth or synges,

## MISERRERE MEI, DEUS. PSALM LI.

SEE on me, Lord, for thy goodnes and grace,  
That of thy nature arte so bountifull;  
For that goodnes that in the worlde dothe brace  
Repugnant natures in quiet wonderfull;  
And for thy mercyes number withoute ende  
In heauen and earth perceaued so plentifull,  
That euer al they do themselves extende,  
For those mercyes moche more then man can sygne  
Do away my synnes, that so thy grace offende  
Ofte tymes agayne. Washe, washe me well wythin,  
And from my sygne, that thus makes me affrayde,  
Make thou me cleane, as aye thy wouthe hath bene.  
For unto thee on nombre can be layde  
For to prescribe remyssions of offence  
In hartes returned, as thou thy selfe haste sayde:  
And I bekuowe my fault, my neglygence:  
And in my syght my synne is fixed faste,  
Thereof to have more perfect penytence.  
To the alone, to the have I trespaste:  
For none can measure my faulte but thou alone:  
For in thy syghte, I have not been agaste  
For to offend: judging thy sight as none,  
So that my faulte were hydde from syghte of man:  
Thy maiesty so from my mynde was gone,  
This knowe I, and repent: pardon thou than:  
Wherby thou shalt kepe styll thy worde stable,  
Thy iustye pure and cleane, because that when  
I pardoned am, that forthwith iustye able  
Iuste I am judged by iustice of thy grace.  
For I myselfe, loo! thynges moste vnstable.  
Formed in offence, conceaued in lyke case,  
Am noughts but synne from my natyuytie  
Be not these sayde for myne excuse, alas!  
But of thy helpe to shewe necessitie:  
For, loo! thou louest trithe of the inwarde harte,  
Whych yet dothe the lyue in my fidelitie  
Thoughe I have fallen by fraylitie ouerthwarte:  
For wyfull malyce ledde me not the waye  
So moche as hathe the fleabe drawn me aparte.  
Wherfore, O Lorde, as thou haste done alwaye,  
Teach me the hydden wysdom of thy lore;  
Since that my faythe dothe not yet decaye.  
And, as the ioyce to heale the lypper sore,  
Wythe isoppe cleanse, cleanse me and I am cleane.  
Thou shalt me washe, and more then snowe  
therefore

I shal be whyte, howe fowle my faulte hath bene.  
Thou of my health shalt gladsome tydinges  
bringe,

When from aboute remission shal be sene.  
Descende on earth: then shalla for ioye upsprynge  
The bones, that were before consumed to duste.  
Loke not, O Lord! vpon myne offendyng,  
But do away my dedes, that are unjoste.  
Make a cleane harte in the middell of my breste  
Wyth spyryte upryghte voyded from fylthyte luste.  
From thyne eyes cure caste me not in vnreste,  
Nor take from me thy spyryte of holynesse.

Render to me joye of thy helpe and beste: [nesse:  
My wylle confirme wythe the spirite of stedfast-  
And by thys shall these godlye thynges ensue,  
Synners I shall into thy wayes addresse;  
They shall retorne to the, and thy grace sue.  
My tongue shall prayse thy justification:  
My mouthe shall spreade thy glorious praises true.  
But of thy selfe, O God, thys operation  
It must procede; by purgyng me from bloode,  
Amonge the iuste that I maye have relatyon:  
And of thy laudes for to let out the floodes,  
Thou muste, oh Lorde, my lypes fyrste unlose.  
For yf thou haddeste esteemed pleasaunt good  
The outwarde dedes, that outwarde men disclose,  
I wold have offered unto thee sacrifice:  
But thou delystest not in soche glorie  
Of outward dede, as men dreame and deuyse.  
The sacrifice that the Lorde lyketh moste  
Is spirite contryte: lowe harte in humble wyse  
Thou dost accept, O God, for pleasaunt hoste.  
Make Syon, Lorde, accordeynge to thy wyll  
Inward Syon the Syon of the goste:  
Of hartes Jerusalem strengthathe walles styll;  
Then shalt thou take for good the outwarde dedes,  
As a sacrifice thy pleasure to fulfill.  
Of thee alone thus all our good preceedes.

## THE AUCTOR.

Of deepe secretes, that David then dyd syng,  
Of mercye, of fayth, of fraytie, of grace;  
Of Goddes goodnesse, and of justifyinge  
The greatnes dyd so astonie hym apace, [thynges?  
As who myghte saye, Who hath expressed thys  
I synner, I, what have I saide? alas!  
That Gods goodnesse: wold in my songe entreate,  
Let me agayne consider and repeat.  
And so he doth, but not expressed by worde:  
But in hys harte he turneth oft and prayseth  
Eche word, that erst hys lypes mygth ferth  
aforde:  
He pants, he pawseth, he wondreth, he prayseth  
The mercy, that hydeth of iustyce the sworde:  
The iustyce, that so hys promyse complisheth  
For hys wordes sake to worthyles doerte,  
That gratis hys grace to men doth departe.

Here hath he comfort when he doth measure  
Measures mercye to mesures faulte,  
To prodigable synners infynite treasure,  
Treasure celestyall, that never shall defaulte:  
Ye, when that synne shall fayle, and may not  
dure, [assaute  
Mercy shall reigne, gaynste whome shall no  
Of hell preyale: by whome, loe! at thys daye  
Of heaven gates remysyon is the keye.

And when David had pondered wel and tryed,  
And seeth hymself not utterly depnyed  
From lyght of grace, that darke of synne dyd hyde,  
He fyndeth bys hope much therewith reuyed;  
He dare importune the Lorde on every syde,  
(For he knoweth wel that to mercy is ascribed  
Respectles labor) importune, cry, and call;  
And thus begynneth hys song there wythall.

## DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM. PSALM CII.

LORD, heare my praier, and let my crye passe  
Unto thee, Lord, without impediment.  
Do not from me tourne thy merciful face,  
Unto my selfe leauynge my government.

In time of trouble and aduersyete  
Encline unto me thyn care and thyn entente;  
And when I call, helpe my necessyete;  
Redely graunte the effects of my desyre:  
These bold demaundes do please thy majestyte:  
And eke my case soch haste dotli well requyre.  
For lyke as smoke my dayes are past awaye,  
My bones dried up, as fornaice with the fyre:  
My harte, my mynde is wythered up lyke haye:  
Because I have forgott to take my breade,  
My breade of lyfe, the worde of truth, I maye.  
And for my playntful syghes and for my drede,  
My bones, my strength, my very force of mynde  
Cleued to the fleshe, and from the spirit were fiedde,  
As desperate thy mercye for to fynde,  
So made I me the solen pellycane,  
And lyke the owle, that sleyth by proper kynde  
Lyght of the day, and hath herself betane  
To raise lyfe oute of all companye,  
Wyth waker care, that with this woo beganne,  
Lyke the sparrowe was I solyterrye,  
That syttes alone under the houses caves,  
Thys wylle my foes conspyred continually,  
And dyd prouoke the harme of my dyssease.  
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 eyes dyd rayse,  
Because I knowe the wrath of thy furour,  
Prouoked by right, had of my pryde dyslayne.  
For thou dydest lyfte me up to throwe me downe;  
To teach me howe to knowe my selfe agayne:  
Wherby I knowe that helples I shuld drowne:  
My dayes like shadowe doctyne, and I doo cry:  
And the for ever eternitie dothe crowne,  
Worlde wythoute ende doth last thy memory.  
For thys fraytie, that yoketh all mankynde,  
Thou shalt awake, and see this mysereye:  
Rue on Syon. Syon that as I fynde  
Is the people that lyue under this lawe.  
For now is tyme, the tyme at hande assaynde,  
The tyme so longe that thy seruantes drewe  
In great desyre to see that pleasaunte daye:  
Daye of redemyng Syon from synnes awe.  
For they have ruthe to see in suche decaye  
In duste and stunes thys wretched Syon lore.  
Then the Gentiles shall drede thy name alwaye:  
All earthly kynges thy glorye shall honour,  
Then when thy grace thy Syon thus redemeth,  
When thus thou hast declared thy myghtie power.  
The Lorde his seruantes wyshes so eatzmeth,  
That he hym turnethe vnto the poores request.  
To our dyscent this to be written semeth.  
Of all comforts as consolacyon beste:  
And they, that then shalbe regenerate,  
Shall prayse the Lord therefore both moste and leste.  
For he hath lokte from the height of hys estate,  
The Lorde from heauen in earth hath lookte on us,  
To beare the moene of them that are a' gate  
In fowle bondage: to lase and to discus  
The sonnes of deathe oute from theyre deadly  
Too gyve thereby occasion glorious [bonde;  
In thys Syon hys holye name to stoude,  
And in Jerusalem hys landes lastyng aye,  
When in one church the people of the londe  
And realmes her gathered to serve, to laude, to  
The Lorde above so iuste and merciful. [pray  
But to this samble runnynge in the waye,  
My strengthe fayleth to reache it at the full.  
He hath abreged my dayes, they may not dure

Wo as that terme, that terme so wonderfull:  
All though I have with hartie will, and cure,  
Prayed to the Lord, Take me not, Lord, awaye  
In middes of my yeares; though thyne ever sure  
Remayne eterne, whome tyme can not decaye.  
Thou wroughtste the earth; thy handes the heavens  
dyd make:

They shall peryshe, and thou shalt laste alwaye:  
And all thinges eye shall weare and ouertake,  
Lyke clothe, and thou shalt change them lyke  
apparell,

Tourne, and translate, and thou in wroth it take;  
But thou thy selfe thy self remaynest well  
That thou wast erste, and shalt thy yeares extende.  
Then, sens to thys there maye no thynge rebelle,  
The greateste comforte that I can pretende,  
Is that the children of thy seruantes deare,  
That in this word are gotte, shall wythout ende  
Before thy face be stabliste all in feare.

## THE AUCTOR.

WHEN Dauid hadde perceaued in hys breaste  
The spyrite of God retourne, that was exyled,  
Because he knewe he hath alone expreste  
These same great thynges, that greater spyryte  
complyed:

As showne or pipe lettes out the sounde impreste,  
By musykes arte forged to-fore and fylde:  
I saye when Dauid hadde perceaued this,  
The spirite of comfort in hym reuyned is.  
For thereupon he maketh argumente  
Of reconсылyng vnto the Lordes grace:  
Al though he somtyme to prophecy have lente  
Bothe brute bestes, and wycked hartes a place,  
But oure Dauid iudgeth in hys entente  
Hym selfe by penance cleane oute of thys case,  
Whereby he hath the remysyon of offence,  
And gyaneth to alove bys poyne and penitence.

But when he wayeth the fault, and recompence,  
He dampneth this hys dede and syndeth playne  
Aweene them two no whytt equialence:  
Whereby he takes all outward dede in wayne  
To beare the name of ryghtfull penitence:  
Whyche is alone the harte returned agayne,  
And sore contryte, that doth hys fault becomone;  
And outward dede the sygne or fruite alone.

Wyth thys he dothe defende the slye assaulte  
Of wayne alloweance of hys owne deserte:  
And all the glorye of hys forgeuen faulte  
To God alone he dothe it hole conuerte:  
Hys owne mercyte he syndethe in defaulte:  
And whyles he pondreth these thinges in hys harte,  
Hys knee, hys arme, hys hande susteyned bys  
chine,

When he bys songe agayne thus dyd begynne.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI AD TE, DOMINE.  
PSALM CXXX.

FROM depth of synne, and from a depe dyspayre,  
From depth of death, from depth of hartesorrowe,  
From this depe case, of darknes depe repayre,  
Thee have I calde, O Lorde, to be my bowe.  
Thou in my voyce, O Lorde, perceaued and heare  
My harte, my hope, my playnte, my ouertrowe,  
My will 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;  
No depte so depe, that thou ne mayste extende

Thyne care thereto; heare then my wofull playnte:  
For, Lord, yf thou observe what men offende,  
And putte thy natyue mercye in restreynte:  
Yf iuste exactyon demaunde recompence:

Who maye endure, O Lorde? Who shall not faiste  
At soche accompte? so drede, not reuerence  
Should raigne at large. But thou sekest rather  
For in thy hande is mercyes residencye: [lowe;  
By hope whereof thou doeste oure hartes eke moue.  
I in the Lorde haue sette my confydence:  
My soule soche truste doth euermore approue:  
Thy holye worde of eterne excellence,  
Thy mercyes promise, that is all-waye laste,  
Haue ben my stæye, my piller, and defence.  
My soule in God hath more desyrus truste,  
Then hath the watchmen loking for the daye,  
For his relief, to quenche of slepe the thirst:  
Lette Isræll truste vnto the Lord alwaye;  
For grace and fauor are hys proprietie:  
Plenteouse ransome shall come with hym, I saye,  
And shall redeme all our iniquitie.

## THE AUCTOR.

THYs worde Redeme, that in his mouthe dyd  
Dyd putte Dauid, it semeth vnto me, [soude,  
As in a trance, to star vpon the grounde,  
And with hys thoughte the hyghte of heauen to see:  
Where he beholdest the Worde that abolde confounde  
The worde of death, by humility to be  
In mortal Mayde, in mortal habite made,  
Eteralyte in mortal vayne to shade.

He seyeth that worde, when ful rypp tyme  
shulde come,  
Doo awaye that vayne by feruente affection,  
Torne off wyth death, for death shulde haue ben  
And kepeth lyghter from soche corruption: [dome,  
The glute of lyghte, that in the ayre dothe loure,  
Man redeemeth, death hath her destruction:  
That mortal vayne hath immortalitie;  
To Dauid assurance of hys iniquitie.

Whereby he frames thys reason in hys harte:  
That goodnes, which doth not forbear hys soune  
From death for me, and can thereby conuerte  
My death to lyfe, my synne to saluation,  
Bothe can and will a smaller grace departe  
To hym, that seeth by humble supplication:  
And syns I haue bys larger grace asseyde,  
To aske thys thinge why am I then affrayde?

He graunteth most to them that most do craue,  
And he dellyghtes in suit wythoute respect,  
Alas! my soune pursues me to the graue,  
Suffered by God my synne for to correcte.  
But of my synne, syns I may pardon haue,  
My sonnes pursuyte shall shortlye be reiecte:  
Then will I craue wyth aured confydence,  
And thus begynneth the sute of hys pretence.

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM.  
PSALM CXLIII.

HEARE my prayer, O Lord: heare my requeste:  
Complysye my boone: answer to my desyre.  
Not by desert, but for thyne owne behest:  
In whose firme truth thou promist myne empyre.  
To stande stable: and after thy iustyce,  
Performe, O Lorde, that thyuge that I requyre.  
Bu: not of law after the forme and guise  
To enter iudgement wythe this thrall-bonde slaue,  
To plede hys right; for in such maner wyse  
Before thy syghte noo man hys ryghte shall saue.

For of my self, lo! thys my ryghteousnesse  
 By scourge, and whyppe, and prickyng spures, I  
 Scant rysen up, such is my beastlines: [haue  
 For that myne enemye hath pursued my lyfe,  
 And in the duste hath soyled my lustynes;  
 To forreyn realmes, to flee hys rage so ryfe,  
 He hath me forate: 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 recoarse to times that have ben parte,  
 And dyd remember thy deades in al my drede,  
 And dyd peruse thy worckes that euer last:  
 Wherby I knew above these wonders 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 fall:  
 For sure I fell my spyrite 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: Showe me belimes thyn syde,  
 For on thy grace I wholly 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 rasede up my mynde,  
 Rydde me, oh Lorde, from them that do entende  
 My foes to be; for I have me assigned  
 Alwaye wythin thy secret protectyon.  
 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 reuise my spyrite  
 Wythin the ryghte, that I receiue by the:  
 Wherby my lyfte of daunger shall be quyte.  
 Thou haste fordone the great iniquitye,  
 That vext my soule: thou shalt also confounde  
 My foes, oh Lorde, for thy benignitie;  
 For thyn am I, thy seruaunte aye most bounde.

END OF SIR THOMAS WYAT'S POEMS.

## THE POEMS OF VNCERTAIN E AUCTORS.

### THE COMPLAINT OF A LOUER WITH SUTE TO HIS LOUE FOR PITTIE.

If euer woefull man might moue your hartes to  
 ruthe, [shall try his truth;  
 Good ladies heare his wofull plaint, whose deth  
 And rightfull iudges be on this his true report,  
 If he deserue a lover's name among the faithfull  
 sort. [in the west;  
 Fine hundred times the sunne hath lodgde him  
 Since in my hart I harbred first of all the good-  
 liest gest, [saynt,  
 Whose worthinesse 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 voide of vice was neuer 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 pillie 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  
 Shoold shote his arrowes from her eies, on me his  
 might to show.  
 I knew it was in vaine my force to trust vpon,  
 And well I wist it was no shame to yield 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, wherewith loue  
 might torment,  
 Could moue me from this faithfull band, or make  
 me once repent:  
 Yet haue I felt full oft the hottest of his fyre,  
 The bitter teares, the scalding sighs, the burning  
 hote desire; [hart;  
 And with a sodain sigh the trembling of the  
 And how the blood doth come and go, to succour  
 euery part: [eyes,  
 When that a pleasant looke hath lyft me in the  
 A frowne hath made me fall as fast into a dowe  
 despayer. [hart,  
 And when that I e're this, my tale could well by  
 And that my tong had learned it, so that no word  
 might 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 crampe my hart hath  
 That for the time my senses all, felt neither weale  
 nor wo. [content,  
 Yet saw I neuer thing that might my minde  
 But wist it here, and at her will, if she could so  
 consent: [please,  
 Nor neuer heard of wo that did her will dis-  
 But wist the same vnto my self, so it might do  
 her ease. [face,  
 Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer 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 neuer lay in any fortunes powre,  
To put that swete out of my thought one minute  
of an howre. [wynde:

No rage of drenching sea, nor woodnesse of the  
Nor cannous with their thundering cracks could  
put ber from my minde; [set,

For when both sea and land asunder had vs  
My whole delite was only then, my self alone to  
get; [gesse,

And thitherward to looks, as nere as I could  
Where as I thought that she was then, that might  
my wo redresse. [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 haue her sent a thousand  
sighes aday; [geuen thee,

And sayd unto the sunne, great giftes are  
For thou mayst see mine earthly blisse, where-  
euer that she be. [thy might

Thou aest in euery 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 haue  
And wanting all that I haue 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: [grauie,

Yet most of all me greues, 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 perce her hart that she may  
pitie me; [best

For and it were her will, for both it were the  
To saue my life, to kepe her name, and set my  
hart at rest.

#### OF THE DEATH OF MASTER DEUOROX, THE LORD FERRES SONNE.

Who iustly may reioyce in ought vnder the akye,  
As life or lands, as frendes, or fruites which only  
live to dye? [are vaiue,

Or who doth not well know all worldly workes  
And geueth nought but to thee lendes to take the  
same again?

For though it lift some vp as we long vppward all,  
Such is the sort of slipper weith, all thinges do rise  
to fall.

Thuncertainie is such, experience teacheth so,  
That what thinges men do couet most them son-  
er they forgo. [so dere,

Lo Deuorox where he lieth, whose life men held  
That now his death is sorowed so, that pitie it is  
to heare. [fame,

His birth of auncient blood his parents of great  
And yet in vertus farre before the formost of the  
same. [gayne,

His king and countrie bothe he sernde to so great  
That with the Brutes record doth rest, and euer  
shall remaine.

No man in warre so mete an enterprisse to take;  
No man in peyce that pleasurde more of enimies  
frendes to make,

A Cato for his counsell, his hed was surely such,  
Ne Theseus friendship was so great, but Deuorox  
was as much. [to bring,

A graffe of so small grothe, so much good frute  
Is sekdome heard, or neuer 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 liue,

Death and the graue, that shall accompany all  
Hath brought him heuen, though somewhat sone,  
which life could neuer give,

God graunt wel all that shall profess as he profess,  
To liue so well, to dye no worse; and send his  
soule good rest.

#### THEY OF THE MEANE ESTATE ARE HAPPIEST.

If right be rackt and overrone,  
And power take part with open wrong;  
If feare by force do yelde to soone,  
The lack is like to last to long.

If God for goodes shal be vnplaced,  
If right for riches lose his shape,  
If world for wisdome be embraced;  
The gesse is great, much hurt may hap.

Among good thinges I proue and finde  
The quiet life doth most abound:  
And sure to the contented minde  
There is no riches may be found.

For riches hates to be content;  
Rule is enemy to quietnesse,  
Power is most part impatient,  
And seldom likes to liue in peace.

I heard a herdman once compare,  
That quiet nights he had mo slept,  
And had no mery daies to spare,  
Then be which ought the beastes he kept.

I would not haue it thought hereby,  
The dolphin swimme I meane to teach,  
Nor yet to learne the falcon fly:  
I row not so farre past my reach.

But as my part aboue the rest,  
Is well to wish and well to will;  
So tyll my breath shall fail my brest,  
I will not cease to wish you still.

#### COMPARISON OF LIFE AND DEATH.

THE life is long, that lothsomly doth last,  
The dolefull dayes draw slowly to their date;  
Th epressent panges and painful plaques forepast  
Yelde grieue aye grepe to establish 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 ouerthrowe,  
At which conflict in thraldome 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 feeble force,  
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.

The pleasant yeres that seme so swift that runne,  
The merry 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, tiff all the world be wast,  
What meaneth man to dread death then so sore?  
As man might make that life should alway last,  
Without regarde the Lord hath led before  
The daunce of death, which all must runne on row  
Through how, or when the Lord alone doth know.

If man would minde what burthens life doth bring  
What greuous crimes to God he doth commit;  
What plagues, 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 pass to loy,  
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in payn,  
Death is so dere it ceaseth all annoy,  
Life is so leude that all it yeldes is vayne:  
And as by life to bondage man is brought,  
Even so likewise by death was freedom wrought.

Wherefore, with Paul, let all men wish and pray  
To be dissolde of this foule fleshy masse;  
Or at least be arme against the day,  
That they be found good soldiers 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 VPON THE BEAUTIE OF HIS LOUE.

In Grece sometime there dwelt a man of worthy  
fame, [his name,  
To graue in stone his cunning was, Pigmalion was  
To make his fame endure, when death had him  
bereft, [work were left.  
He thought it good of his own hand some filed  
In secrete study then such work he gan devise  
As might his cunning best commeed, 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 deuise  
And still within his wandring thoughtes new faucies  
did arise.

Thus varied he in minde what enterpryse to take  
"Till fancy moued his learned hand a women fayre  
to make. [fourme to frame

Whereon he stayde, and thought such perfitte  
Whereby he might amaze all Grece, and winne  
immortal name.

Of yvorie white he made so faire a woman than  
That nature scorn'd her perfitness so taught by  
craft of man. [face,

Wel shapd were her lims, full comly was her  
Eche little vain most lively coucht, eche part had  
semely grace. [great strife

Twixt nature and Pigmalion, there might appere  
So semely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothing  
but life.

His curious eye beheld his own deuised work,  
And gasing oft thereon, he found much venome  
there to lurk;

For all the featurde shape so did his fancie moue  
That with his idoll whom he made, Pigmalion fell  
in loue; [garlandes sweete

To whom he honour gawe, and decked with  
And did adourn with iewells rich, as is for louers  
mete. [would cry,

Sometimes on it he fawn'd, sometime in rage  
It was a wonder to behold, how fasy beard his eye.

Since that this ymage dumme enflamed 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 mould in great dispaire, your like  
she coule not frame.

#### THE LOUER SHEWETH HIS WOPULL STATE AND PRAIEETH PITTIE.

LYKE as the lark within the Marlians foote,  
With piteous tunes doth chiepe her yelden lay:  
So sing I now, seyng no other boote  
My rendering song and to your will obey.  
Your vertue mountes above my force so bye,  
And with your beautie ceased I am so sure,  
That there attil 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 crueltie do thirst my blood,  
Then let it forth if it may do you good.

#### VPON 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, lesse count I finde,  
The lesse account, the sooner made;  
The count soon made, the merier mind,  
The mery mynd doth thought euade;  
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,  
Wherfore come death, and let me dye.

Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,  
The ebbe of care, the flood of lyfe,  
The flood of life, the joyful fare,  
The joyful 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 iudge as ye wyll,  
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 leep at large,  
And was not shut within the garte  
Of loues desire, nor toke no charge  
Of any thing that did pertaie,  
As touching loue in any payn.

My thought was free, my hart was lycht,  
I marked not, who lost, who saught,  
I playd by day, I slopt 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 hede to tauntes nor toys  
As leef to see them frowne as smyle,  
Where fortune laught I scorde their ioyes  
I found their fraudes and euery wyle,  
And to my selfe oft times I smiled,  
To see how loue had them begiled.

Thus in the net of my conceit,  
I masked still among the sort  
Of such as fed vpon the bayte,  
That Cupide laide for his disport;  
And euer as I saw them caught  
I them beheld and therest laught.

Tyll at the length when Cupide spied  
My scorneful wyll and spitefull vse,  
And how I past not who was tyed  
So that my self myght still liue lose,  
He set bim selfe to lye in waite  
And in my way he threw a baite.

Such one as nature neuer made  
I dare well say saue she alone;  
Such one she was as would invade  
A hart more hard then marble stone,  
Such one she is, I know it right,  
Her nature made to shew her might.

Then as a man euen in a maze  
When vse of reason is away,  
So I began to stare and gaze,  
And sodeinly, without delay  
Or euer I had the wit to loke  
I swallowed vp both bait and hoke.

Which dayly greues me more and more  
By sundry surtes of careful wo;  
And none alius may saue 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  
Least you be caught within his snare.

OF FORTUNE AND FAME.

THE plage is great, where Fortune frowns,  
One mischief brings a thousand woes,  
Where trumpets geue their warlike sowndes,  
The weakie sustaine sharp overthrowes:  
No better life they tast and fele  
That subject are to Fortunes whele.

Her happy chauce may last no time;  
Her pleasure threatheth paines to come.  
She is the fall of those that clime;  
And yet her whele auanceth some:  
No force, where that she hates or looses,  
Her fickle minde so oft remoues.

She geues no gift, but craues as fast;  
She soone repentes a thankfull dede;  
She turneth after euery blast;  
She helpes them oft, that haue no nede;  
Where power dwelles, and riches rest,  
Faise Fortune is a common guest.

Yet some affirme and prooe by skylle,  
Fortune is not a feing Faune,  
She neither can do good nor yll;  
She hath no fourtne, yet beares a name,  
Then we but striue against the streames,  
To frame suchbe ioyes on fancies dreames.

If she haue shape or name alone;  
If she do rule or heare no sway;  
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 blisse.

The causes of thinges I will not blame,  
Lest I offende the prince of peace:  
But I may chide, and braule with Fame,  
To make her crye and neuer ceaso:  
To blowe the trumpe within her eares,  
That may appease my wofull teares.

AGAINST WICKED TONGES.

O WICKED tonges, which clap at euery winde,  
Ye slea the quicke, and eke the dead defame,  
Those that liue well, some faute in them ye fynde;  
Ye take no thought in slaudring their good name,  
Ye put iust men oft times to open shame;  
Ye rynge so loud, ye sounde vnto the ayes,  
And yet in proude, ye sow nothing but lyes.

Ye make great warre, where peace hath bern of  
Ye bring rich realmes to ruine and decay, [long;  
Ye pluck downe right, ye do enhance the wrong;  
Ye turne swete mirth to wo and well away;  
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 faise report.

HELL TORMENTETH NOT THE DAMNED  
GHOSTES SO SORE AS VNKINDNESS  
THE LOUER.

THE restles rage of depe deuouring bell;  
The blasing brandes, that neuer doe consume;  
The roryng route, in Phitoe den that dwell,  
The fiery breath, that from those ympes doth fume,  
The deopry drowth, that Tantale in the flood  
Endureth ay, all hopeless of reliefe,  
He hungerstuen, where fruite is ready foode;  
So wretchedly his soule doth suffer grief:



The lier gnawne of gylefull Prometheus,  
Which vultures fell with strained talent tyse,  
The labour lost of wretched Sisiphus,  
These hellish houndes with paines of quenchless  
Can not so sore the silly soules torment, [fire  
As her vnt ruth 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 soft in  
bed to lye [still myne eye:  
I would have slept, but then the watch did follow  
And sodeinly I saw a sea of woful scrowes presnt.  
Those wicked waies of sharp repulse bred mine  
unquiet rest. [degrease  
I saw this world, and how it went, eche state in his  
And that from wealth ygranted is, both life and  
libertee. [price,  
I saw how Envy it did raine, and bear the greatest  
Ye greater payson is not founde within the cock-  
atrice; [woe  
I saw also, how that Disdaine oft times to forge my  
Gauze me the cuppe of bitter swete to pledge my  
mortall for: [finde,  
I saw also, how that Desire, to rest no place could  
But still constrainde in endless paine to follow  
natures kinde. [forsake  
I saw also most strange 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 change, as is  
not for to trust.  
I saw how Steadfastnes did flee with wings of  
often change  
A syeing bird, but seldom seer, her nature is so  
strange.  
I saw how pleasant times did passe, as flowres do  
in the meade,  
To daie that flecth red as rose, to morowe fallet  
ded. [glasse,  
I saw my time how it dyd runne, as sande out of the  
Euen as eche howre appointed is, from time and  
tide to passe.  
I saw the yeres that I had spent, and losse of all  
my gayne,  
And how the sport of youthful playes my folly did  
retayne.  
I saw how that the little ant in somer still doth  
runne  
To seek her fooode, wherby to live in wynter for  
to come. [to spinne  
I saw eke Vertue how she sate the threde of lyfe  
Which sheweth the end of every worke before it  
doth beginne. [pardy  
And when all these I thus beheld, with many mo  
In me, me thought, eche one had wrought a per-  
fite propertie. [ha  
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 PHYLIDAE  
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 Auctioners. 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 Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's Poems, 4to. fol. 19. 49.

Though written perhaps near half a century before the Shepherds' Calendar, 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.]

PHYLIDA was a faire maide,  
As fresh, as any flower;  
Whom Harpalus the heard-man praiſe  
To be his paramoure.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,  
Were herdmen both yfere:  
And Phillida would twist and spinne,  
And thereto sing ful clere.

But Phillida was al to coye,  
For Harpalus to winne:  
For Corin was her only joye,  
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowres twine?  
How often garlands make  
Of coustips and of columbine?  
And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had hawkes to love,  
And forced more the felde:  
Of lovers law he tooke no cure;  
For once he was beguilde.

Harpalus preyed 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 unkept:  
A man most fit even for the grave,  
Whom epiteful love had stent.

His eyes were red, and all forwacht;  
His face besprent with teares:  
It seemed unhap had him long hatcht,  
In middes of his despair.

\* First published in 1529.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;  
As one forlone was he;  
Upon his head alwayes he ware  
A wreathe of wyllow tree.

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,  
And he sate in the dale;  
And thus with sighes and sorrows shrill,  
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! thus would he say;  
Unhappiest under sunne!  
The cause of thine unhappie day,  
By loue was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke  
A tygre to make tame,  
That settles not by thy tone a leake;  
But makes thy griefe her game.

As easy it were for to convert  
The frost into the flame;  
As for to turne a frowarde bert,  
Whom thou so faire wouldst frame.

Corin he liueth carelesse:  
He leapes among the leanes:  
He eates the frutes of thy redresse:  
Thou reape, he takes the sheaues.

My beastes a while your foode refraine,  
And harte your herdsmans sounde:  
Whom spitefull loue, alas! hath slaine,  
Through girt with many a wounde.

O happie be ye, beastes wilde,  
That here your pasture takes:  
I see that ye be not begilde  
Of these your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:  
The bocke hard by the do:  
The turtle doue is not unkinde  
To him that looes her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme:  
The yong cow hath the bull:  
The calfe with many a lusty lambe  
Do fede their hunger full.

But, wel-a-way! that nature wrought  
Thee, Phylida, so faire:  
For I may say that I haue bought  
Thy beauty all to deare.

What reason is that crueltie  
With beautie should haue part?  
Or els that such great tyranny  
Should dwell in womans hart?

I see 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 dispaire.

Of Corin that is carelesse,  
That she may craue her fee:  
As I haue done in great distresse,  
That looued her faithfullye.

VOL. II.

But since that I shal die her slau;  
Her slau, and eke her thrall:  
Write you, my frendes, upon my graue  
This chaunce that is befall.

" Here lieth unhappy Harpalus  
By cruell loue now slaine:  
Whom Phylida vjjustly thus,  
Hath murdered with diadaine."

---

VPON SYR JAMES WYLFORDES DEATH.

Lo here the ende of man! the cruell sisters three  
The web of Wylfordes lyfe uneth had half yspoone,  
When rashe upon misdeede 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 [sowne.  
Which trode the euen steppes that leaden to re-  
We that remaine aliue ne suffer shall to waste  
The fame of his desertes, 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 therefore his want, sith he so left the  
stage [hands,  
Of care and wretched lyfe, with ioy and clap of  
Who plaieih lenger parties, may wel haue greater  
age, [sandes,  
But few so well may passe the gulfe 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 fame,  
Though earthed be his corps, yet florish shall  
A gladsome thing it is, that ere he stept us fro,  
Such mirroure he us left our lyfe tharby to frame,  
Wherefore his praise shall last aye freshe in  
Britons sight, [his light.  
'Till sun shall cease to shine and lend the earth

---

OF THE WRETCHEDNES IN THIS  
WORLD.

Who list to liue vpright, and hold himself content,  
Shall see such wonders in this world, as neuer erst  
was sent, [sower,  
Such groping for the swete, such tasting of the  
Such wandering here for worldly welth that losse is  
in one houre.  
And as the good or badde get up in his 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 drine  
and draw that way.  
Yet such as long ago, great rulers wer assinde,  
Both lines and lawes are now forgot, and worse  
cleue out of minde,  
So that by this I see 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 iust desert;  
 Yet use them so that needy handes may helpe to  
 spend the part: [store,  
 For looke what heape thou hordest of rusty gold in  
 Thine enemies shall waste the same, that neuer  
 awat therefore.

THE REPENTANT SINNER IN DURANCE  
 AND ADUERSITIE.

Unto the liuing Lord for pardon do I pray,  
 From whom I graunt, euen from the sheel, I haue  
 run still astray; [clare)  
 And other liues 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 haue offended so,  
 That this small scourge is much to scant for mine  
 offence I know. [best,  
 I ranne without returne the way the world lykte  
 And what I ought most to regard, that I respected  
 lest.  
 The throng wherein I thrust, hath throwen me in  
 such case, [grace,  
 That Lord my soule is sore beset without thy greater  
 My giltes are growne soe great, my power doth  
 no appaire, [much dispaire.  
 That with great force they argue oft, and mercy  
 But then with faith I flee to thy prepared store,  
 Where there lyeth helpe for euery hurt, and salve  
 for euery sore,  
 My lost time to lament, my vaine waies to bewaile,  
 No day, no night, no place, no hower, no moment  
 I shall faile,  
 My soule shall neuer cease with an assured faith,  
 To knocke, to craue, to call, to crye, to thee for  
 helpe, which sayth, [it is;  
 Knocke and it shal be heard, but aske, and giuen  
 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 returne, than all the  
 It yldes full hope and trust, my strayed and  
 wandring ghost [were neuer lost.  
 Shal be receiued 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  
 payment set, [is at hande,  
 From this sharpe showre meshielde, which threatned  
 Wherby thou shalt great power declare, and I the  
 storme withstand.  
 Not my will Lord but thine, fullside be in eche case,  
 To whose gret will and mighty power all poweis  
 shall once geue place.  
 My faith, my hope, my trust, my God, and eke  
 my guyde [the body hide:  
 Stretch forth thy hande to saue the soule, what so  
 Refuse not to receiue that thou so deare hast  
 bought, [sought,  
 For but by thee alone I know all safetie in vain is  
 I know and knowlege eke, albeit very late,  
 That thou it is I ought to loue and drede in eche  
 estate,

And with repentant hart, to laude 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 semes mete.

THE LOUER HERE TELLETH OF HIS  
 DIUERS IOIES, AND ADVERSITIES IN  
 LOUE, AND LASTLY OF HIS LADIES  
 DEATH.

SITH singing gladdeth oft the harts,  
 Of them that feele the panges of loue;  
 And for the while doth ease their smart,  
 My self I shall the same way proue.

And though that loue hath smit the stroke  
 Wherby is lost my libertie  
 Which by noe meaneas I may reuoke,  
 Yet shall I sing, bow pleasantly:

Nye twenty years of youth I past,  
 Which all in libertie I spent;  
 And so from first 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 hidden lyes within my hart.

And then, the ioyes that I did feele,  
 When fortune lifted after this;  
 And set me bye vpon her whele,  
 And change me to pleasant blissae.

And so the sodein fall againe,  
 From all the ioyes that I was in;  
 All you that list to hear of paine,  
 Geue eare, for now I doe begiune.

Loe first of all when loue began  
 With hote desires my heart to burne,  
 Me thought, his might awake not than,  
 From libertie my heart to turne.

For I was free, and did not know  
 How much his might mans heart may graue,  
 I had profest to be his fo,  
 His law I thought not to beleue.

I went vntyed in lusty leas;  
 I had my wish alwaies at will;  
 Ther was no wo, might me displeas,  
 Of pleasant ioyes I had my fill.

No painful thought did pass my hart,  
 I spilt no teare to wet my brest;  
 I knew no sorow, 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 moose.

For al was joy that I did fele,  
And of voyde wandring I was free;  
I had no clogge 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 aduerntie;  
Till that my hart was set a fire,  
With lone, with wrath, and ielousie.

For on a day (alas 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 elide;  
He shot his sharpest fery dart,  
So hard, that yet vnder my aide

The head (alas) doth still remaine;  
And yet since could I neuer know  
The way to wring it out againe;  
Yet was it nie thre yere ago.

This sodein stroke made me agast,  
And it began to vex me sore;  
But yet I thought it would haue past,  
As other such had 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.

Kind taught me straight that this was loue  
And I perceiued it perfectly,  
Yet thought I thus; nought shall me moue  
I wil not thralt my libertie.

And diuers wayes I did assay,  
By sight, by force, by frend, by fo  
This ferie 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 neuer  
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 reioyce,  
Should turne my bliss to bitter wo.

For with that stroke my blisse toke ende,  
Inuade wherof forthwith I caught  
Hote burning sighes, that sins haue bred  
My wretched hart almost to nought.

And sin 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 libertie;  
The very thraldome seemed strange,  
But yet there was no remedie.

But must yeld and gere up all,  
And make my guide my cheefest fo;  
And in this wise became I thral,  
Lo love and happe would haue it so.

I suffred wrong and held my peace,  
I gaue my teares good leaue to ronne  
And neuer would seke for redre, se,  
But hopte to liue as I begonne.

For what it was that might me ease,  
He knew not thnt might it knowe;  
Thus drank I all myne own disease,  
And all along bewayide my wo.

There was no sight that might me please,  
I fled from them that did reioyce;  
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.

Sauce 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 paganes, and al this grief;  
For nought, me thought, might it amend  
Thus in dispaire to haue reliefe.

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 oftimes say,  
My life, alas, I thee despise.

Thys lasted well a yere, and more,  
Which no wight knew, but onely I;  
Soe that my life was nere forlore,  
And I dispaired vtterly.

Till, on a day, as fortune would,  
(For that, that shall be nedes must fall)  
I set me down, as though I should  
Haue ended them my life and al.

And as I sat to write my plaint,  
Meaning to shew my great vnrast,  
With quaking hood, 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 ought;  
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, Arise,  
Lo, mercy, where it may be found.

And therewith all I drew me nere,  
With feble hart, and at a braide  
(But it was softly 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 hear the iugment of my death.

But loue nor hap would not consent  
To end me then, but well away  
There gaue me blisse, that I repent  
To thinke 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  
Graunted, as I would it deuisse.

But Lord whosuer hard or knew  
Of half the joy that I felt than?  
Or who can think it may be true  
That so much blisse had euer man?

Lo, fortune thus set me aloft;  
And more my sorowes to reueuse,  
Of pleasant ioyes I tasted oft  
As much as loue or happe might gaue.

The sorowes old, I felt, before  
About my hart, were driuen 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 thing 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 stode  
That of a change I had no feare.

But why sing I so long of blisse?  
It lasteth not, that will away;  
Let me therefore bewaile the misse,  
And sing the cause of my decay.

Yet all this while there liued one  
That led his life more pleasantly,  
Nor vnder hap there was not one,  
Methought, so well at ease, as I.

But O blinde ioy, who may thee trust?  
For no estate thou canst assure:  
Thy faithful vowes prove al vaine,  
Thy fair behestes be full vnure.

Good prooffe by me, that bat of late  
Not fully twenty daies ago,  
Which thought my life was in such state,  
That nought might weeke my hart this wo.

Yet hath the enemy of mine ease,  
Cruel mishap, that wretched wight,  
Now when my life did most me please  
Deuised me such cruel spight.

That from the best place of all  
As to the pleasing of my thought,  
Downe to the deepest am I fall,  
And to my helpe availeth nought.

Lo, thus are al my ioyes quite gone,  
And I am brought from happinesse  
Continually to waile and mone;  
Lo, such is fortunes stablesse.

In weith I thought such sportie  
That pleasure should haue ended sooner,  
But now alas, aduenticie  
Doth make my singing cease for euer.

O! brittle ioye! O! weith vnable!  
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 hye  
That most hath known prosperitie.

For he that never blisse assayd  
May wel away with wretchednesse,  
But he shall finde that hath it sayd  
A pain to part with pleasantnesse;

As I do now; for ere I knew  
What pleasure was, I felt no grief  
Like unto this, and it tis true  
That blisse hath brought me of this mischief.

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 begon  
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 all this strife,  
And causeth all this wretchednesse.

For in the middes of all the weith  
That brought my hart to happinesse,  
This wicked death he came by stealth  
And robd me of my ioyfulness.

He came, when that I litte 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 forlure;  
And no help may the losse reuoke,  
For lost it is for euermore.

And closed vp are those faire eyes  
That gaue me first the signe of grace,  
My faire swete foes, mine enemies  
And earth doth hide her pleasant face.

The loke which did my life vpbold,  
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 hath no redrease;  
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 seeke mine owne decay  
And will, till that I may it finde.

OF HIS LOUE NAMED WHITE.

FULL faire and white she is, and White by name,  
Whose white doth striue the lilies white to staine;  
Who may contempe the blast of black defame,  
Who in darke night can bring day bright againe;  
The ruddy rose impresseth with clere beew  
In lips and chekes, right orient to behold,  
That the nerer gaser may that beauty reew,  
And fele disparat 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 possesse in full degree  
The hartie 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 VNRUIET STATE.

WHAT thing is that which I both haue and lacke,  
With good will graunted, yet it is denied;  
How may I be receiued and put a backe;  
Always doing, and yet vnoccupied:  
Most slow in that which I haue most aplyed,  
Still thus to seke, and lese all that I win  
And that was doon is newest to begin.  
In riches finde I wilful pouertie,  
In great pleasure, liue I in heauinesse;  
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 goues no heate  
Though it appere neuer so hot;  
And they that runne and cannot sweate  
And very leane and drie, God wot.

A perfect loche 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 neuer so long.

The rabbetes runne under the rockes,  
The snakes doe clime the highest towers,  
Gunpouder cleaues the sturdy bloekes;  
A feruent will all things deuoures.

When Wyt with Will and Diligent  
Applie themselves, and match as mates,  
There can no want of resident  
From force defend the castell gates.

Forgetfulness makes little baste,  
And slouth delights to lye full soft;  
That telleth the deaf, his tale doth wast,  
And is full drye that cruises full oft.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE PICTURE OF  
SIR JAMES WILFORD, KNT.

ALAS that euer death such vertues should forlet,  
As compast was within his corps, whose picture is  
here set!  
Or that it euer lay in any fortunes might,  
Through depe disdain to end his life, that was so  
worthy a wight!  
For sythe he first began in armour to be clad,  
A worthier champion than he was, yet England  
neuer 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 plight from place to place, where seruise  
was to don. [trouph  
Then should men well perceiue, my tale to be of  
And he to be the worthiest 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 throu 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 waues, they threaten my pore  
ghost. [be lost,  
And toss thee vp and downe the seas, in danger to  
Shall they not make me feare that they haue  
swallowed thee? [to me,  
But as thou art most sure sliue, so wilt thou come  
Wherby I shall goe se thy shippe 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,  
 And thou wilt thinke thine heart in ease, in  
 health to see me stand  
 And if thou come indeede (as Christ thee sende to  
 doe) [brace thee to.  
 Those arms which misse thee yet, shall then em-  
 Echo vaine to euery joint, the liuely blood shal  
 spread, [full pale and dead.  
 Which now for want of thy glad sight, doth shew  
 But if thou slip thy trowth, 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 trowth then liue forsaken

---

*THE MEANE ESTATE IS BEST.*

The doutfull man hath feuers strange,  
 And constant hope is oft disease;  
 Despaire caannot but brede a change,  
 Nor feting hartes cannot be pleasede;  
 Of all these bad, the best I think,  
 Is wel to hope, though fortune shrink.

Desired things are not ay prest,  
 Nor things decide left al unsought;  
 Nor new things to be loued best,  
 Nor all offers to be set at nought;  
 Where faithful hart hath ben refusede,  
 The chosers wit was there abusede.

The wofull ship of careful sprite,  
 Fleting on seas of wailing teares,  
 With sailer of wishes broken quite,  
 Hanging on waues of dolefull feares  
 By surge of sighes at wreck nere hand  
 Make fast on anker holde on land.

What helps 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 ground,  
 Shal be as free from cares and feares  
 As he that holdes a wolfe by th' eares.

And how muche mad is he that thinkes  
 To clime to heauen by the beames?  
 What ioy alas, hath he that winks  
 At Titan or his golden streames?  
 His ioyes not subiect to reasons lawes,  
 That ioeyth more than be hath cause.

For as the phenix that climeth hie  
 The sunne lightly in ashes burneth;  
 Againe, the faulcon so quick of eye,  
 Sone on the ground: the net mesheth:  
 Experience therefore the meane assurance  
 Prefers before the doutfull pleausance.

---

*THE LOUER THINKES NO PAINE TO  
 GREAT, WHEREBY HE MAY OBTAINE  
 HIS LADIE.*

SEEK that the way to welth is wo,  
 And after paine is pleasure prest,  
 Why should I then despaire so,  
 Ay bewailing mine vnrest,

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 much imbrast:  
 Should I then grudge in grieffe or gull,  
 That loke at length to whelme a whall?

The pore man ploweth his ground for graiue,  
 And soweth his seede increase to creue,  
 And for thepence of all his paine,  
 Oft holdes it hap his seede to saue:  
 These patient paines my part doth show  
 To long for loue ere that I know

And take no scorne to scape from skill,  
 To spend my sprites to spare my speche,  
 To win for welth the want of will,  
 And thus for rest to rage I reche,  
 Running my race as rect vpright,  
 Till teares of truth appease my plight.

And plant my plaint within her brest,  
 Who doubtlesse may restore againe  
 My hartnes to health, my ruth to rest,  
 That lased is within her chaine;  
 For earst we are the grieues so great  
 As is the ioy when loue is met.

For who couets so high to clime  
 As doth the bird that pitfull take?  
 Or who delightes so swift to swim,  
 As doth the fishe that scapes the boke?  
 If these had neuer entred wo,  
 How mought they have reioiced so?

But yet, alas, ye louers all  
 That here my joylesse thus rejoyce,  
 Judge not amiss what so befall;  
 In me there lieth no power of choyse:  
 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:  
 Those ease and wo full oft I finde,  
 What will you more? she knoweth my minde.

---

*OF A NEW MARRIED STUDIENT THAT  
 PLAIED FAST OR LOSE.*

A STUDIENT at his boke so plast,  
 That welk he might haue wonne;  
 From boke to wife did flete in hast,  
 From welth to wo to runne.  
 Now who hath plaied a feater cast  
 Since iugling first begonne?  
 In knitting of himselfe so fast,  
 Himselfe he hath vndoone.

---

*THE MEANE ESTATE IS TO BE AC-  
 COMPTED THE BEST.*

(From Horace.)

WHO craftly castes to stee his boate,  
 And safely skours the flattering flood,

He calteth not the greatest wanes;  
 For why, that way were nothing good:  
 Ne steteth on the croked shore,  
 Lest harme him hadde a wayting lest,  
 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 sittes aloft in high estate,  
 Where hatefull hartes eniue bys chance,  
 But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine  
 Ne proudly doth himselfe auance.  
 The highest tree in all the wood,  
 Is richest rent with blustering windes;  
 The higher hall the greater fall,  
 Such chance haue proude and lofty mindes.  
 When Jupiter from hye doth threat  
 With mortall mace and dint of thunder,  
 The best billes bene battred eft,  
 When they stand still that stoden vnder.  
 The man whose hed with wit is fraught  
 In welth will feare a worsen tide;  
 When fortune failes dispaireth naught,  
 But constantly doth stil abide.  
 For he that sendeth grisely myrmour,  
 With whisking windes and bitter blastes,  
 And fowth with haile the winters face,  
 And frotes the soile with hory frostes;  
 Euen he adawth the force of cold,  
 The springe in sendes with somer hote:  
 The same full oft to stormy hartes  
 Is cause of baile, of ioy the roote.  
 Not alwaies ill though so be now,  
 When cloudes ben driven, then rides the racke;  
 Phebus the freshe ne shooteth still,  
 Sometime he harpes his muse to wake.  
 Stand stif therefore, pluck vp thy hert;  
 Lose not thy port though fortune faile;  
 Againe when winde doth serue at will,  
 Take hede too hie to boyue 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 bowre, [creature.  
 That natura fyrst in me dyd fourme to be a liues  
 Sith that I must absent my self so secretly,  
 In place desert, where neuer man my secretes shall  
 diacry: [brute,  
 In doling of my dayes among the beastes so  
 Who with their tonges may not bewray the secretes  
 of my sute, [mynde,  
 Nor I in like to them may once to mooue my  
 But gaze on them, and they on me, as beastes are  
 wont of kinde.  
 Thus ranging as refuse, to reache some place of  
 rest,  
 And ruffe of heare, my nayles unnocht, as to such  
 seemeth best,  
 That wander by their wittes, deformed so to be,  
 That men may say, such one may curse the time  
 he fyrst gan see

The beauty of her face, her shape in such de-  
 gree, [mended to be.  
 As God himselfe may not discern one place  
 Nor place it in like place, my fansy for to please,  
 Who would become a heardsmans hyre, one bowre  
 to haue of ease; [nes,  
 Whereby I might restore to me some steadfast-  
 That haue no thoughtes heapt in my bed, then life  
 may long disges: [colde,  
 As oft to throwe me downe vpon the earth so  
 Whereas with teares most rufully, my sorowes  
 do vnfold:  
 And in beholding them I chiefly call to minde,  
 What woman could finde in her hart, such bond-  
 age for to blode. [care,  
 Then rashly forth I yede, to cast me from that  
 Lyke as the birds for foode doth eye, 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 reliefe,  
 But in the fine I finde not so, it doubleth but my  
 greife;  
 Wherefore I will my want a warning for to be  
 Vnto all men, wishing that they a myrmour make  
 of me.

THE FELICITIE OF A MINDE IMBRACING VERTUE, THAT BEHOLDETH THE WRETCHED DESIRES OF THE WORLDE.

WHEN dreadfull swelling seas, through boysterous  
 windy blastes,  
 So tosse the ships, that all for nought serues ancor,  
 saile, and mastes: [reat,  
 Who takes not pleasure then safety on shore to  
 And see with drede and depe dispayre, how ship-  
 men are distrest? [smart,  
 Not that we pleasure take, when others selen  
 Our gladnes groweth to see their harmes, and yet  
 to feele no part.  
 Delight we take also, well ranged in aray  
 When armies meete, to see the fight, yet free be  
 from the fray. [this,  
 But yet among the rest, no ioy may match with  
 T'spyre unto the temple hye where wisdoms  
 throned is.  
 Defended with the sawes of bory heads expert,  
 Which clere it keep from errors mist, that might  
 the truth peruert. [under foote,  
 From whence thou maist loke downe, and see as  
 Mans wandring will and doubtful 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 deuse.  
 O miserable myndes, O hartes in folly drent,  
 Why see you not what blindness in this wretched  
 life is spent?  
 Body deuoyde of griefe, minde free from care  
 and drede,  
 Is all and some that nature craues, wherewith our  
 lyfe to feede:  
 So that for natures turne fewe thinges may well  
 suffice, [surpryce.  
 Dolour and griefe clene 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 grisly stormes ne longer  
dare abide, [hath newly dide.  
The pleasant grasse with lusty greene, the earth  
The trees have lesse, the bowes don sprud, new  
changed is the yere;  
The water brokes are clean souk down, the pleas-  
ant banks aspre;  
The spring is come, the goodly nymphes now  
daunce in euery place,  
Thus hath the yere most pleasantly of late  
ychaungde his face.  
Hope for no immortalitie, for welth will weare  
away, [euery day.  
As we may learn by enery yere, yea howers of  
For Zephirus 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  
stuff the barnes with corn,  
Then winter eates and empties all, and thus in  
autumn woro.  
Then hory frostes possesse the place, then tem-  
pestes work much harm,  
Then rage of stormes done make al cold, which  
somer had made so warm.  
Wherefore let no man put his trust in that, that  
will decay, [weare away.  
For slipper wealth will not continue, pleasure will  
For when that we haue lost our lyfe, and lye under  
a stone, [pleasure gone.  
What are we then; we are but earth, then is our  
No man can tell what God almight of every wight  
doth cast, [shall last.  
No man can say, to day I live, till morne my life  
For when thou shalt before thy iudge stand to re-  
ceiue thy dome, [of thee become.  
What sentence Minos doth pronounce that must  
Then shall not noble stocke and bloud redeme thee  
from his handes, [from his bandes:  
Nor sugred talke with eloquence shall loose thee  
Nor yet thy life vprightly led can helpe thee  
out of heil,  
For who desendeth downe so depe, must there  
abide and dwell.  
Diana could not thence deliuer chaat Hypolitus,  
Nor Theseus could not call to lyfe his friend  
Perithous.

---

*A COMPLAINT OF THE LOSSE OF LIBER-  
TIE BY LOUE.*

In seeking rest, wraest 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 darked as the night;  
Let furious rage it cleane denour;  
Ne sunne nor moone therin giue light,  
But it consume with streame and showre.

Let so small birds strayne forth their voyce,  
With pleasant tunes, ne yet no beset  
Finde cause whereat he may reioyce  
That day when chanced mine vrest.

Wherin alas, from me was raught  
Mynes owne free choyce and quiet minde,  
My lyfe, my death in balance braught,  
And reason rasde through barke and rinde.

And I as yet in flower of age,  
Both wit and will did still aduance,  
Ay to resist that burning rage:  
But when I darted then did I glance.

Nothing to me did seeme so hys,  
In minde I could it strait attaine;  
Fancy perswaded me therby,  
Loue to esteeme a thing most vaine.

But as the bird upon the bryer  
Doth picke and pryne her without care,  
Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere  
She is unto the fowlers snare:

So I amid deceitfull trust  
Did not mistrust such wofull 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 yelde to ouerthrowe,  
So frayle to sit from ioy to paine.

From when in welth will did me leade,  
Of libertie to boyne my saile,  
To hale at shete, and cast my leade,  
I thought free choyces would still preuaile.

In whose calme streames I sailde so farre,  
No raging storme had in respect,  
Until I raide a goodly starre,  
Wherto my course I did direct.

In whose prospect in doofull wis,  
My teele failde, my compasse brake  
Through hote desires such stormes did rise,  
That stern and top went all to wrake.

Oh cruell hep, oh fatal chauce,  
O fortune why wert thou vkinde,  
Without regard thus in a traunce,  
To reue from me my ioyfull minde?

Where I was free now must I serue,  
Where I was lone now am I bound;  
In death my life I do preserue,  
As one through girt with many a wound.

---

*A PRAISE OF HIS LADYE*

GEVE place you ladies and be gone,  
Boast not your selues at all,  
For here at hande approacheth one,  
Whose face will staine you all.

THE COMPLAINT OF THESTILIS AMID THE DESERT WOOD. 409

The vertue of her liuely lokes  
Excels the precious stone,  
I wishe to haue none other bokes  
To reade or loke vpon.

In eche of her two cristall eyes,  
Smileth a naked boye;  
It would you all in hart suffice  
To see that lampe of joye.

I think nature hath lost the moulde,  
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 neuer sene nor hard,  
That any man can finde.

In life she is Diana chast  
In trowth Penelopey,  
In word and ake in dede stedfast;  
What will you more we sey?

If all the world were sought so farre,  
Who could finde suche a wight?  
Her beuty twinkleth like a starre  
Within the frosty night.

Her rosiall colour comes and goes  
With such a comly grace,  
More ruddier too, then doth the rose,  
Within her liuely 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 vyce she doth wholly refuse,  
And hateth ydlenesse.

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 exceede,  
Our women now adayes,  
As doth the iellifoure, a weede,  
And more a thousand wayes.

How might I do to get a graffe  
Of this vnspotted 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 liue  
Within the mouth of man.

THE PURE 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 climbes 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 low is  
cost,  
Decciued is the byrd by sweetnesse of the call,  
Expell that pleasant taste, wherin is bitter gall.

Such as with oten cakes in poor estate abides,  
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with myrth  
they rost;  
More ease fele they then those, that from their  
height down slides,  
Excesse doth drede their wo, they saile in Scilias  
cost,  
Remayning in the stormes tyll shyp and all be lost.  
Serue God therefore thou pore, for lo, thou liuert  
in rest,  
Eschue the golden ball, thy thatched house is bert

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 moae,  
And pine away with careful thoughtes, vnto thy  
loue vnknown.

Thy lady thee forsakes whom thou didst honor so,  
That ay to her thou wert a frend, and to thy self  
a fo.

Ye louers that haue lost your heartes desired  
Lament with me my cruel happo, and help my  
trembling voice.

Was neuer man that stoode so great in fortune's  
grace,

Nor with his swete, alas, to deare, possesed so high a  
As I whose simple hart aye thought himself full  
sure.

But now I see hye springing tides they may not ay  
She knowes my glitlesse heart, and yet she lets it  
pine.

Of her vntrue professed loue, so feble is the twine.  
What wonder is it than, if I berent my beares,  
And crauing death continually do haue myself in  
tears?

When Cresus king of Lide was cast in cruel  
bandes,

And yielded goodes and life also into his enemies  
What tongue could tell his wo? yet was his grief  
much lesse

Then mine, for I haue lost my loue, which might  
my wo redresse.

Ye woodes that shroude my liues, giue now your  
hollow sound,

That ye may help me to bewaile the cares that  
Ye riuers rest a while and stay the streames that  
runne,

Rew, Thestilis, most woful man, that liues under  
Transport my sighs, ye wyndes, unto my pleasant  
foe,

My trickling tears shal witnesse beare of this my  
O happy man wer I, if al the goddes agreed,  
That now the sisters three should cut in twaine  
my fatal threde.

Till life withe loue shall ende, I here reaigne al  
Thy pleasant swete I now lament, whose lacks  
brades mine annoy;

Farewell, my deare therefore, 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 complayne?

If nedes thy loue will thee forsake, thy mourning is in vayne. [course to runne,

For none can force the streames 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 sails be rent, yet hope to scape the seas.

Though strange she seme a while, yet thinke she will not change.

Good causes drive a ladies loue, sometime to seme full strange. [happe,

No louer that hath wit, but can foresee such That no wight can at wish or will sleepe 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 seme decay,  
He springes may cease from swelling still, but never drye away. [increase

Of stormes of louers yre, do more their loue As shyning sunne refreshe the frutes, when raining gins to cease. [flowe again,

When springes are waxen lowe, then must they So shall thy hart aduanced be, to pleasure out of paine. [paine,

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 reioyce. [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 minde to change, 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 leaue the desert woodes and wayling thus And seke to saue 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 licke where I do loue,

Inforced him, whereas my lady sat,  
With humble sute before her falling flat,  
As in his sorte he might ber pray and moue  
To rue vpon his lord and not forget  
The stedfast faith he beareth her, and loue  
Kissing her hand: whome she coule not remoue.  
Away, that would, for frowning nor for threte,  
As though he would haue sayd in my behoue,  
Pity my lord your slave that doth remaine,  
Lest by his death, you giltlesse 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 lifes stay,  
Grauen within which I do here expresse;  
That soer 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 choise of other loue,  
Do euer seke my fancy to remoue.

---

THE CHANGEABLE STATE OF LOUERS.

FOR that a restless hed must somewhat haue in vre, [iure,

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 styl by day.

In hoping for to haue, and fearing for to finde  
The salue that should cure his sore, and soroweth but the minde.

Such is the guise of loue, and the vncertayn state,  
That some should haue their hoped hap, and other hard estate. [had,

That some should seme to ioy in that they neuer  
And some again shall frowne as fast, where cause-  
lesse they be sad. [large,

Suche trades do louers use, when they be most at  
That guyd the stee when they themselves lye  
fettred in the barge.

The greuisse of my youth cannot therof expresse  
The processe, for by profie vnkowen, all this is  
but by gesse. [peace,

Wherfore 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 auayle, a fruitles labour eke,  
My troubled hed with fancies fraught, doth paine  
it selfe to seke:

And if perhaps my wordes of none auayle do pricke  
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 seme by others fire, sometime my  
selfe to warne,

Which clerely I deny, as giltlesse of that  
crime,

And though wrong demde I be therin, truth it  
will trie in time.

## A PRAISE OF AUDLEY.

**W**HEN Audley had run out his race, and ended wer  
 his dayes, [some worthy prai-e.  
 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 bent by kind, whose mind  
 did never swarue [sarue.  
 A skillfull 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 torney was there he refunde, what service  
 did he boon? [exploit was doon?  
 Where he was not nor his aduice, what great  
 In town a lambe, 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 mirrou was to all that him  
 No poore estate nor hye renowne his nature could  
 peruert, [his constant hart;  
 No hard mischance that him befell could moue  
 Thus long he liued, loued of all, as one mislykte  
 of none, [paragon?  
 And where he went, who cald him not the gentle  
 But course of kinde doth cause eche frute to fall  
 when it is ripe, [gretuous gripe.  
 And spitefull death will suffer none to scape his  
 Yet though the grounde receiued haue his corps  
 into her wombe, [his tombe,  
 This epitaphe ygrave in brasse, shal stand upon  
 Lo! here he lies that hated vice, and vertuous  
 life imbrast, [he well plast.  
 His name in earth, his sprite above, deserues to

## TYME TRYETH TRUETH.

**E**CHE thing I see hath tyme, which tyme must  
 trye my trouth,  
 Which tyme deserues a special trust, on trust  
 gret frendship groweth; [found;  
 And frendship may not faile where faithfulness is  
 And faithfulness is full of fruite, and fruitful thinges  
 be sounde. [of prayse,  
 And sound is good at prooffe, and prooffe is prince  
 And precious praise is such a pearle, as seldome  
 nere decayes. [must abide,  
 All these thinges time tries fourth, which time I  
 How should I boldly credite craue till time my  
 truth haue tride;  
 For as I found a time to fall in fausies frame,  
 So I do wishe a lucky time for to declare the same.  
 If hap may sunswere hope, and hope may haue  
 his hire,  
 Then shall my hart possess in peace, the time  
 that I desire.

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 graue and I am one.

My mirth and ioyes are fled,  
 And I a man in wo;  
 Desirous to be ded,  
 My mischief to forgo.

I burne and am a colde,  
 I freeze amidst the fire,  
 I see 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 wyll be blinde,  
 I see in helping me,  
 She seeks and wyll not finde.

I see how she doth wry,  
 When I begin to moue,  
 I see when I come nye,  
 How faine she would be gone.

I see, what wyll ye more?  
 She wyll me gladly kyl;  
 And you shall see therefore  
 That she shall haue her will.

I cannot liue with stones,  
 It is to hard a food,  
 I will be dead at ones  
 To do my lady good.

## THE PICTURE OF A LOUER.

**B**EHOOLD my picture here wel portrayed for the  
 nones, [very bones.  
 With hart consumed and falling flesh, behold the  
 Whose cruel chauce alas, and deatly is such,  
 Onely because I put my trust in some folke all  
 to much.  
 For since the time that I did enter into this pine,  
 I neuer saw the rising sunne but with my weeping  
 eyes;  
 Nor yet I neuer 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 neuer lay,  
 But that it semed hard to me or euer it was day.  
 Yet in this body bare, that nought but life re-  
 taines, [yet still remains,  
 The strength whereof clene past away, the care  
 Like as the cole in flame doth spend it self you  
 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 wayne, whilst other  
 And shall do tyll that death doth geue me such a  
 grace, [case.  
 To rid this sely wofull sprite out of this doufull  
 And then would God were writ in stone or els in  
 leade, [dead.  
 This epitaph vpon my graue, to shew why I am  
 Here lyeth the louer lo, who for the loue he sought,  
 Aliue vnto his ladie dere, his death thereby he  
 caught.

And in a shield of blacke, lo here his armes ap-  
 pears, [all with teares.  
 With weping eyes as you may see, well poudred  
 Lo here you may beholde, 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 thanklesse louers  
 sarues.

---

OF THE DEATH OF PHILLIPS.

BEWAILE with me all ye that haue profert  
 Of musike tharte, by touch of corde or winde;  
 Lay downe your lutes and let your gitternes rest,  
 Phillips is dead, whose like you cannot finde,  
 Of musike much exceeding all the rest;  
 Muses, therefore of force now must you wrest  
 Your pleasant notes into another sounde:  
 The string is broke, the lute is dispossesed,  
 The hand is colde, the body in the grounde,  
 The lowring lute lamenteth now therefore,  
 Phillips her friend, that can her touche no more.

---

THAT AL THINGS SOM TIME FINDE  
 EASE OF THEIR PAINE, SAUE ONLY  
 THE LOUER.

I see there is no sort  
 Of things that liue in griefe,  
 Which at sometime may not resort  
 Whereas they haue reliefe.

The stricken dere by kynde  
 Of death that standes in awe,  
 For his recouie an herbe can finde,  
 The arrow to withdraw.

The chased dere bath soile,  
 To coole him in his beate;  
 The aue after his very toile,  
 In stable is vp set.

The cony hath its caue,  
 The little bird his nest,  
 From heate and colde themselves to saue,  
 At all times as they list.

The owle with feble sight,  
 Lyes lurking in the leaues,  
 The sparrow in the frosty night  
 May shroude her in the caues.

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 eyes and watry teares  
 To holde my hope abacke.

All things I see haue place  
 Wherein they bow or bend,  
 Saue this, alas, my woful case,  
 Which no where findeth ende.

THASSAULT OF CUPIDE VPON THE  
 FORT WHERE THE LOUERS HART LAY  
 WOUNDED, AND HOW HE WAS TAKEN.

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort  
 Wherein my hart lay wounded sore,  
 The batry was of such a sort  
 That I must yeelde or die therfore.

There saw I loue upon the wall,  
 How he his banner did display:  
 Alarme, alarme, he gan to call,  
 And bade his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes the which that Cupide bare,  
 Were pearced hautes with teares bespreot,  
 In siluer and sable to declare  
 The stedfast loue he alwayes ment.

There might you se his hand 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 powder he spared not,  
 Assault, assault, to crye aloude.

There might you heare the cannons rote,  
 Eche peece discharged a louers loke,  
 Which had the power to reut, and tore  
 In any place wheras they toke.

And euen with the trumpetts soone,  
 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 souldiours with their pikes,  
 And holhardiers with handy strokes,  
 The hargabushe in fleshe it lightes,  
 And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And as it is souldiours vse,  
 When shot and powder gins to want,  
 I hanged up my flag of truce,  
 And pleaded for my liues graunt.

When Foresy thus had made her breche,  
 And Beauty entred with her beade,  
 With bag and baggage sely wretch,  
 I yekled into Beauties hand.

Then Beauty had to blowe retreat,  
 And euery souldier to retire,  
 And Mercy wyild with spede to set  
 Me captiue bound as prisoner.

Madame (good I.) seith 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 handy wark,  
 Or salue my sore, or let me dye.

**THE AORED 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 at the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakspeare'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 manners, &c. for so I understand an ancient writer. "The lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he showeth the counterfeit action very lively and pleasantly." *Arte of Eng. Poesie*, 1589. p. 51. See also vol. 2. p. 41.—PERUCV.]

I LOVED that I did love,  
In youth that I thought swete:  
As tyme requires for my bebove,  
Me thinks they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,  
My fancies all be fled,  
And tract of time begins to weare  
Gray heares upon my hed.

For age with stealing steps,  
Hath clawed me with his crouch,  
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 rime  
And day by day to me she cryes,  
Leave off these toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my brow,  
The furrowes in my face  
Say, timpling age will lodge 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 piteax and a spade,  
And eke a shrowding shete,  
A howse of clay for to be made,  
For such a guest most mete.

Me thinks I heare the clarke,  
That knowes the carefull knell,  
And bids me leave my woful warke,  
Ere nature me compell.

My kepers knit the knot,  
That youth did laugh to skorne,  
Of me that cease shal be forget,  
As I had 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 beare.

Lo here the bar-hed skull,  
By whose balde signe I know,  
That stouping age away shall pull,  
Which youthful yeres did now.

For beauty with her hand,  
These crooked cares hath wrought,  
And shipped me into the lands,  
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that hyde behinde,  
Have ye none other trust:  
As ye of clay wer cast by kinde,  
So shall ye wast to dust.

**OF THE LADY WENTWORTH'S DEATH.**

To live to dye, and dye to live againe,  
With good renouwe 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 worldly 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 gaue her praise about the best,  
Not fame, her wedlockes chastaynes durst distain  
Wberin with child, deliuering of her wombe  
Thuntimely birth hath brought them both in  
tombe;  
So left she life by death to live againe.

**THE LOUER ACCUSING HIS LOUE FOR HER VNFAlTHFULNESSE PURPOSETH TO LIVE IN LIBERTIE.**

THE smoky sighes, the bitter teares,  
That I in vaine have wasted,  
The broken sleepes, the wo and feares,  
That long in me heve lasted;  
The loue and al I owe to thee,  
Here I renounce, and make me free.

Which fredome I have by thy guilt,  
And not by my deacralug,  
Since so vnconstantly thou wilt  
Not loue, but still be sweruing,  
To leaue me of, which was thynce owne,  
Without cause why, as shal be knowne.

The fruites were faire, the which did grow  
Within thy garden planted,  
The leaues were grene of euery bough,  
And moysture nothing wanted;  
Yet or the blossoms gan to fall,  
The caterpillar wasted all.

Thy body was the garden place,  
And sugred wordes it beareth;  
The blossomes all thy faith it was,  
Which as the canker weareth,  
The caterpillar is the same,  
That hath wonne thee and lost thy same.

I mean the louer loued now  
By thy pretenced folye,  
Which will proue like, thou shalt find how,  
Unto a tree of holy,  
That darke and berry bears alwaies,  
The one, birdes feedes, the other slayes.

And rig't wel mightest thou haue thy wish,  
Of thy loue new acquainted,  
For thou art like vnto the dish,  
That Adrianus painted,  
Wherin were grapes portraid 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 at the night hath waked,  
For none intent but to betray  
The sleping foule before the day.

Thus hath thy loue been vnto me,  
As pleasant and commodious,  
As was the fire made on the sea  
By Naulus hate so odious,  
Therwith to train the Grekish 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 sowed seede for drought that cannot sprout  
As gaping ground that rainles cannot close,  
As moultes that want the earth to do them hote,  
As fishe on land to whom no waters flowes,  
As chameleon that lackes the ayre so sote,  
As flames do fade when Phebus rarest showes.  
As salamandra repulsed from the fire;  
So wanting my wish I die for my desire.

---

*A HAPPY END EXCEEDETH ALL PLE-  
SURES AND RICHES OF THE WORLD.*

THE shining season here to come,  
The glory in the worldes sight,  
Renowned fame though fortune wonne  
The glittering golde the eyes delight,  
The sensual life that seemes so swete,  
The heart with ioyfull dayes replete,  
The thing whereto ech wight is thral  
The happy ende exceedeth all.

---

*AGAINST AN VNSTEDFAST WOMAN.*

O TEMEROUS taurtresse that delights in toyes,  
Tumbling cockboat totting too and fro,  
Jangling iestres, depravresse of swete ioyes,  
Ground of the graffe whence all my grief doth grow  
Sullen serpent, enuironed with despite,  
That ill for good at all times doest requite,

*A PRAISE OF PETRARKE AND OF LAURA  
HIS LADIE.*

O PETRARKE, hed and prince of poets al,  
Whose lively gift of flowing eloquence  
Wel may we seke, but find not how or whence,  
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fall;  
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortal  
Be to thy name; and to her excellence,  
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 fuith bringeth 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 had Petrarke for his paragone.

---

*THAT PETRARKE CANNOT BE PASSED  
BUT NOTWITHSTANDING THAT, LAU-  
RA IS FARRE SURPASSED.*

WITH Petrarke to compare ther may no wight,  
Nor yet attain vnto 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 semely forme and shape,  
Eche line of iust proporcion to her height,  
Her colour fresh, and mingled with such sleight,  
As though the rose sat in the lilies lap;  
In wit and tong to shew what may be sed,  
To euery dede she ioynes a parfit grace;  
If Laura liude, she would her cleane deface:  
For I dare say, and lay my life to wed,  
That Momus could not, if he downe descended,  
Once iustly say, Lo! this may be amended.

---

*AGAINST A CRUELL WOMAN.*

CRUEL unkinde, whom mercy cannot moue,  
Herbour of vnhappy where rigours rage doth  
raigne,  
Ground of any grief where pittie cannot proue:  
Trike to trust, of all vntruth the traine,  
Thou rigorous rocke that truth cannot remoue;  
Dangerous delph, depe dungeon of disdain,  
Sacke of self-will, the chest of craft and change,  
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?  
Ah! pitieles 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 withstanding Cupides stroke,  
Thou marueilous masse 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;  
Nct of neweltie, nest of newfanglencesse,  
Spring of al spite, from whence whole fuddes doe  
Thou caue and cage of care and craftinesse, [flow,  
Wauering willow that euery blast doth blow,  
Graffe without groth and cause of carefulnesse;  
Heape of mishap of all my greif the graunge,  
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Hart thou forgot that I was thine infelt  
 By force of loue, hadst 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 meanest thou then, at ryot thus to range;  
 And leauest thine owne that neuer thought to  
 change?

**THE LOUER SHEWETH WHAT HE  
 WOULD E HAUE, IF IT WERE  
 GRANTED 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 clyme to princely hys estate,  
 Which slipper is and slides so oft, and hath so  
 ficke fate: [hand,  
 Nor yet to conquer realmes with cruel sworde in  
 And so to shed the giltless 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 abhorde,  
 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 enioy that hath my  
 heart in holde. [euer,  
 Oh God, what lusty life should we liue then for  
 In pleasant ioy, and perfect blisse, to length our  
 liues together. [ly loue,  
 With wordes of frendly chere, and lokes of liue-  
 To utter all our hate desyres, which neuer 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 deuine,  
 Of parfit loue whereto hys wittes of knowledg do  
 encline.  
 A nigard of his golde such ioy can neuer haue,  
 Which gettes with toyle and kepes with care and  
 is his moneys slaue,  
 As they enioy 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. [suddre  
 As if that any thing should chance to make me  
 The touching of her corall lippes would straight  
 waies make me gladdre:  
 And when that in my hart I fele that did me greue,  
 Which one embracing of her armes she might me  
 sone releue.  
 And as the angels 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 RETURN, OR THE  
 END OF HER QWN LIFE.**

To loue, alas, who would not feare,  
 That seeth my wofull state,  
 For he to whom my heart I beare,  
 Doth me extremely hate:  
 And why therefore I cannot tell,  
 He will no leuger with me dwell.

Did you not sue and long me serue,  
 Ere I you granted grace?  
 And will you thus now from me swaue,  
 That neuer did traspasse?  
 Alas, pore woman! then alas!  
 A very life here 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 very life hence must I passe.

And is there now no remedy  
 But that you will forget her?  
 There was a tyme when that perdy  
 You would haue heard her better:  
 But now that tyme is gone and past,  
 And all your loue is but a blast,

And can you thus breake your behest  
 Indede and can you so?  
 Did you not swaue 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  
 Thy present painfull state,  
 When false Eneas did him stele  
 From thee at Carthage gate:  
 And left thee sleeping in thy bed,  
 Regarding not what he had sed.

Was neuer woman thus betrayed,  
 Nor man so false forsworne:  
 His faith and troth so strongly tiel,  
 Vntruth hath al to torne.  
 And I haue leaue for my good will,  
 To waile and wepe alone my fill.

But since it will not better be  
 My teares shall neuer 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 wofull smart:  
 To seke true loue let them not spare,  
 Before they set their hart,  
 Or els they may become as I,  
 Which for my truth am like to dye.



*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 reuert.

Her beutie bounde me first of all,  
And forst my will for 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 weith,  
She may do that she liketh best;  
If that she list I haue my helth,  
If she list not, in wo I rest:  
Sins I am fast within her bandes  
My woe and weith lye in her handes.

She can no lease 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 deuise.

But I thinke 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  
THINGS FOR OUR BEHOFE, HATH  
MADE WOMEN ALSO FOR OUR COM-  
FORT AND DELIGHT.*

Among dame natures workes such perfit law is  
wrought, [as they ought;  
That thinges be rulde by course of kind in order  
And serueth in their state, in such iust frame and  
sort, [thereof report.  
That slender wits may iudge the same, and make  
Bebold what secret force 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 deuise:  
Yet seldome do they passe their boardes, for nature  
The fire which boiles the leade, and tryeth out  
the gold, [force vnfolde,  
Hath in his power both helpe and hurt, if he his  
The frost which kils 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 liue, [doth she giue?  
At euery springe and fall of leafe, what pleasure  
The ayre which life desires, and is to belth so  
swete, [fories euery sprete.  
Of nature yeldes such linely smellies, 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 calld the lanterne of  
the night, [her light,  
Is halfe a guide to traueling 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 haue their duety 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 shapies we  
hate, [in their state,  
Are soueraigne salues for sundry sores, and needful  
Sith nature shewes her power, in eche thing  
thus at large, [natures charge?  
Why shoulde not man submit himselfe to be in  
Who thinks to flee her force, at length becomes  
her thrall; [gouerns all.  
The wisest cannot alippe her snare, for nature  
Lo, nature gaue vs shape, lo, nature fedes our  
liues, [her force that strueua.  
Then they are worse then mad, I think, against  
Though some do vse to say, which can do nought  
but faine, [to paine,  
Women wer made for this entent, to put vs mee  
Yet sure I think they are a pleasure to the  
minde, [assinde,  
A joy which man can neuer 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 dolorous;  
But all to late it comes to minde,  
To waile the want that makes me blinde.

Amid my myrth and pleasantnesse,  
Such chauce is chaunced sodainly,  
That in despaire without redresse  
I find my chiefest remedy;  
No new kinde of vnhappyenesse,  
Should thus haue left me comfortlesse.

Who would haue thought that my request  
Should bring me furth such bitter frute?  
But now is hapt that I feard least,  
And al thys harme comes by my sute.  
For when I thought me happiest  
Euen then hapt all my chief vrest.

In better case was neuer none,  
And yet vnwares thus am I trapt,  
My chief desire doth cause me moone,  
And to my harme my weith is hapt:  
There is no man but I alone,  
That hath such cause to sigh and moone.

Thus am I taught for to beware,  
And trust no more such pleasant chauce;  
My happy hap bred me thys care,  
And brought my myrth to great mischance;  
There is no man whom help wil spare,  
But when she list his weith is bare.

OF A LOUER THAT MADE HIS ONLY  
GOD OF HIS LOUE.

ALL you that frendship do professe,  
And of a frend present the place,  
Geue care to me that did possess,  
As frandly 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 as one of little skill  
To know what good might grow therby,  
Unto my welth I had no wyll,  
Nor to my neede I had none eye:  
But as the chyld doo learne to go,  
So I in time did learne to knowe,  
Of all good frutes the world brought forth,  
A faithful frend is thing most worth.

Then with all care I sought to finde  
One worthy to receiue such trust,  
One onely that was riche in minde  
One secret, sober, wise and iust,  
Whom riches could not raise at all,  
Nor pauerie procure to fall:  
And to be short in few wordes plaine,  
One such a frend I did attaine.

And when I did enjoy this welth,  
Who liued, lord, in such a case?  
For to my frendes is was great helth,  
And to my foes a fowle deface,  
And to my selfe a thing so riche,  
As seke the worlde and finde none anch;  
Thus by this frend I set such store,  
As by my selfe I set no more.

This frende so much was my delight,  
When care had cleue orecome my hart,  
One thought of her rid care as quite,  
As neuer care had caude my smart.  
Thus ioyed I in my frend so dere,  
Was neuer frende sat man so nere:  
I carde for her so much alone,  
That other God I carde for none.

But as it doth to them befall,  
That to themselves respect haue none;  
So my swete grasse is growen to gall;  
Where I sowed mirth I reaped mone:  
This ydoll that I honorde so,  
Is now transformed to my fo;  
That me most pleased, me most paines  
And in dispaire my heart remaines.

And for iust scourge of suche 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:  
Wherefore ye frendes I warne you all,  
Sit fast for feare of such a fall.

Vpon THE DEATH OF SIR ANTONY  
DENNY.

DEATH and the king's, did as it were contend,  
Which of them two haue Denny greatest loue;  
The king to shew his loue gan farre extende,  
Did him aduance his betters farre above,

Edward VI. C.

Nere place, much welth, great honor eke him  
gane,  
To make it known what powre gret princes haue.

But when death came with his triumphant gift,  
From worldly carke he quit his wried ghost,  
Free from the corps, and straight to heauen it list.  
Now deme that can, who did for Denny most,  
The kinge gaue welth but fading and vsure,  
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 vsed before to come in such a band,  
Striuent for grieft, although God wot in vain,  
To be as eret 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 chauce lament,  
Like thing hath brought me into paine and mis-  
Saeue willingly to it I did assent [chiese  
To bind the thing in fredome which was fre,  
That now full sore, alas, repenteth 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 wholly bent,  
So that he may your grace obtaine,  
As you by proffe haue alwayes sene,  
To liue 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 loking eye?  
Haue I of fortune fauour or despyte?  
I am of rock by profe as you may see  
Not made of waxe, nor of no mettal light:  
As leefe to dye, by change as to deceaue,  
Or breake the promise made, and so I leaue.

OF THE TOKEN WHICH HIS LOUE 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 receiued with a greater ioy,  
Then was the same (my loue) thou sent to me:  
It healed my sore, it made my sorows free,  
It gaue me hope, it banisht mine annoy:  
Thy happy hand full oft of me was blis,  
That can geue such a salue when that thou list.

*MANHOOD AVAILETH NOT WITHOUT  
GOOD FORTUNE.*

THE coward oft, whom deinty viandes fed,  
That boasted much his ladies eares to please,  
By help of them whom vnder him he led,  
Hath reapt the paine that valiance could not seize.  
The unexpected that shores unknowen pere sought,  
Whom Neptune yet apaled not with feare,  
In wandering shippe on trustles seas hath tought,  
The skill to fele that time to long doth leare.  
The sporting knight that skorneth Cupides kinde,  
With fained chere the pained cause to brede,  
In game unbinds the ieden sparkes of minde,  
And gaines the goile, where glowing flames should  
spede.

Thus I see prooffe the trouth and manlie hart  
May not awayle, if fortune chance to start.

*THAT CONSTANCY OF ALL 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 extemed 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 diamonds it is the greatest praise,  
So long to last and always one tappere.  
Then if we do esteeme that thing for best  
Which in perfection lengest time do last,  
And that most vaine that turnes with eury 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.

*THE UNCERTAYNE STATE OF A LOUER.*

LIES as the rage of rains  
Filles rivers with excesse,  
And as the drought againe,  
Doth draw them lesse and lesse,  
So I both fall and clime,  
With no and yea sometime.

As they swell bye and hie,  
So doth encrease my state;  
As they fall drye and drye,  
So doth my weath abate.  
As yea is mixt with no,  
So mirth is mixt with wo.

As nothing can endure,  
That liues and lacks reliefe;  
No nothing can stande sure,  
Where change doth raigue as chiefe.  
Wherefore I must intende  
To bowe when others bende.

And when they laugh to smile,  
And when they wepe to waille,  
And when they craft, begile,  
And when they fight, assaile,  
And thinke there is no change  
Can make them seeme to strange.

On, most vnhappy slane!  
What man may leade this course?  
To lacke he would faynest haue,  
Or els to do much worse.  
These be rewards for such,  
As liue and loue to much.

*THE LOUER IN LIBERTY SMILETH AT  
THEM IN THRALDOME, THAT SOME-  
TIME SCORNE HIS BONDAGE.*

AT libertie I sit and see  
Them that haue earst laught me to scorn,  
Whipt with the whip that scourged me,  
And now they banne that they were borne.

I see them sit full sobrelye  
And thinke their earnest lokes to hide:  
Now in themselves they cannot spye,  
That they or this in me haue spide.

I see them sitting all alone,  
Marking the steppes, ech worde and ioke,  
And now they treade where I haue gone  
The painful pathe that I forsoke.

Now I see well, I saw no whit  
When they saw well that now are blinde;  
But happy hap hath made me quit,  
And iust iudgment hath them asinde.

I see them wander all alone,  
And treade full fast in dredfull dout,  
The 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.

*A COMPARISON OF HIS LOUE WITH THE  
FAITHFUL AND PAINFUL LOUE OF  
TROYLUS TO CRESIDE.*

I REEDE how Troylus serued in Troy  
A lady long and many a day,  
And how he bnde so great annoy,  
For her as all the stories say,  
That halfe the paine had neuer man,  
Which had this wofull Trojan than.

His youth, his sport, his pleasant chere,  
His courtly state and company,  
In him so straugely alfred were,  
With such a face of contrary,  
That eury 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 mode,  
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 talke,  
To heare his great extremity,

In nothing els had he delight,  
But euen to be a martir right.

And now to call her by her name,  
And straight therwith to sigh and throbbe:  
And when his frenzies 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 shiftes of fits  
Of colde and heat successiuely;  
So had his head like change of wits,  
His patience wrought so dinerly:  
Now up, now down, now here, now there,  
Like one that was he wist not where.

And thus though he were Pryams sonne,  
And comen of the kings hye bloodde,  
This care be had ere be her wonne,  
Till she that was his maistresse good,  
And lothe to se her seruant so,  
Became physician 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 iudge you by this,  
Mine case, 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 leas of twaine.

For what he felt in seruice true,  
For her whome that he loued so,  
The same I fele as large for you,  
To whom I doe my seruice owe;  
Ther was that time in him no paine,  
But the now same in me doth raigene.

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 neede remorse 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 euen as faire as euer was she,  
And comen of as worthy blood,  
And haue in you as large pitie,  
To tender me your owne true man,  
As she did him her seruant than.

Which gift I pray God, for my sake,  
Fall soon and shortly you me send,  
So shall you make my sorowes stakke,  
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  
LYFFE.

FLIE from the prease and dwell with softfast-  
ness,  
Suffice to thee thy good though it be small;  
For horde hath hate, and clymyng ticklenes,  
Praise hath enuy, and weall is blinde in all:  
Fauour no more then thee behoue shall,  
Rede well thy self, that others well canst rede,  
And trowth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

Paine thee not eche croked to redresse,  
In hope of her that turneth as a ball;  
Great rest standeth in litle businesse,  
Beware also to spurne against a nail.  
Strive not as doth a crock against a wall,  
Deme first thy selfe, that demest others dede;  
And trowth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receiue in buzomnesse,  
The wrestling of this world asketh a fel;  
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,  
Forth pilgrime, forth, beest out of thy stall.  
Looke vp on hye, geve thanks to God of all,  
Weane well thy lust, and honest life aye leade,  
So trowth 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, [escapes with lyfe:  
Was neuer sene so feerce a fight, I scarce could  
Resist so long I did, till death approach'd so nye,  
To saue my self I thought it best with spede away  
to flye.

In danger still I fled, by flight I thought to 'scape  
From my deare foe; it vsayled not; alas it was to  
late.

For Venus from her camps brought Cupide with  
his bronde [thee in every londe  
Who sayd, now yelde, or els desyrs shall chace  
Yet would I not streight yelde, 'till fancy feroc-  
ly stroke, [me with this yake.  
Who from my will did cut the raines and charged  
Then all the dayes and nightes mine eare might  
here the sound [it self so bound.

What carefull sighs my hart wold steal, to feele  
For though within my brest, thy care I worke (he  
sayd) [eye displayde?

Why for good will didst thou beholde her persing  
Alas! the fish is caught through baite that hides  
the hooke, [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 ashes gray by flames my  
Desert of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,  
For fear of nay I neuer 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 stul man oft  
hath wrong.

! Among Chaucer's Poems. C.

**THE LOUER SHEWING OF THE CONTINU-  
AL PAINES THAT ABIDE WITHIN  
HIS BREST, DETERMINETH TO DYE  
BECAUSE HE CANNOT HAUE RE-  
DRESSE.**

The dolefull bell that still doth ring  
The wofull knell of all my ioyes,  
The wretched hart doth percee and wringe  
And files myne eare with deadly noyes.

The hungry viper in my brest  
That on my hart doth lye and gnaw,  
Doth daily brede me new vnaest,  
And deper sighes doth cause me draw.

And though I force both hande and eye  
On pleasant matter to attend,  
My sorowes to deceiue thereby,  
And wretched life, for to amend;

Yet goeth the mill within my hart,  
Which grindeth nought but paine and wo,  
And turneth all my ioy to smart,  
The euil come it yeldeth so.

Though Venus smile with yielding eyes,  
And swete musike doth play and sing,  
Yet doth my spretes feeble none of these,  
The clacke doth at mine eare so ring.

As smallest sparks vncaerd for,  
To greatest flames do sonest grow;  
Euen so did this mine inward sore,  
Begin in game, and end in woe.

And now by vae so swift it goeth,  
That nothing can mine eares 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 wheele doth go  
I will assay to strike it out,  
And so the mill to ouerthrow.

**THE POWER OF LOUE OUER GODS  
THEMSELVES.**

For loue Apollo (hys godhed set aside)  
Was seruant to the king of Thessaly,  
Whose daughter was so pleasant in his eye,  
That both his harp and sawtrey he deside,  
And bagpipe, solace of the rurall bride,  
Did puffe and blow, and on the holtes hys  
His cattell kept with that rude melody.  
And oft eke him, that doth the heauens gide,  
Hath loue transformed to shapen for him to base:  
Transmuted thus, sometime a swan is he,  
Leda to coy; and eft 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 ferrieth through the sea.

**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 twine that will not frette:

As fast as rocke, or pillar suerly set:  
So fast am I to you, and sy 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 frende, and will be to my last.

**AGAINST HIM THAT HAD SLAUNDERED  
A GENTLEWOMAN WITH HIMSELFE.**

FALSE may be, and by the powers above,  
Neuer haue he good spede or luck in looe  
That so can lie, or spot the worthy fame  
Of her, from whom thou R. art to blame.  
For chast 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 neuer hong the bow vpon the wall  
Of Dianes temple, no nor neuer 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 aduise  
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 payson bid vnder the sugar white.  
What danger such? so was the house defilde  
Of Colatine; so was the wife beguiled.  
So smarted she, and by a trayterous force;  
The Cartage queene, so she fordid her corse.  
So strangled was the Rhodopean mayde.  
Eye traytour fye, to thy shame be it saide:  
Thou doughtil crow, that crocket against the rain,  
Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe again;  
Carrion for thee, and lothsome be thy voyce,  
Thy song is fowle, I weary of thy noyse:  
Thy blacke fethers, which are thy wearing wede  
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 shouldst  
sleepe,

And neuer light where liuing thing hath life,  
But eat and drink, where stinche and filth is rise,  
For she that is a fowl of fethers bright,  
Admit she toke some pleasure in thy sight,  
As foule of state 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 dost break thy minde;  
Not for to treade with such foule fowle as thou.  
No, no, I swear, and dare it here avow,  
Thou neuer setst thy foot within her nest:  
Boast not so broode then to thine own vnaest;  
But blunbe for shame, for in thy face it standes,  
And thou canst not unspot it with thy handes:  
For all the heuens against thee recorde beare,  
And all in earth against thee eke will swear.  
That thou in this art euen none other man  
But as the judges were to Susan than;  
Forgers of that wherto their hart them prickt  
Bahe, blasen then, the truth hath thee conuict:  
And she a woman of her worthy fame  
Vnsported stands, and thou hast caught the shame:  
And there I pray to God that it may rest,  
False as thou art, as false as is the best

That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,  
 In whom all trouth first flourish'd and began.  
 And so hath 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:  
 Vtrue as thou, and forgers as thou art,  
 So as if we be blameless of thy part,  
 And of thy dede. And thus I do thee leaue  
 Still to be false, and falsely to deceaue.

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 lues could  
 justly craue; [worthy were to haue:  
 And bad'them shew what praise by truth they  
 Wherewith I saw how Venus came and put her self  
 in place, [plead their case:  
 And gaue her ladies leaue at large to stand and  
 Ech one was called by name a row, in that as-  
 semble there, [or other where:  
 That hence are gone or here remains, in court  
 A solemne silence was proclaimed, the iudges sat  
 and herd [who should be preferd:  
 What truth could tell, or craft could fain, and  
 Then beauty stept before the barre, whose brest and  
 neck was bare, [gold she ware.  
 With heare trust up, and on her head a caul of  
 Thus Cupids thralles began to flock, whose houn-  
 gry eyes did say, [were that day.  
 That she had stained all the dames that present  
 For ere she spake, with whispering words, the prease  
 was fld throughout, [a shout.  
 And fancy forced common voice, therat to giue  
 Which cried to fame, take forth thy trump, and  
 sound her praise on hye  
 That glads the hart of euery wight, that her be-  
 holdes with eye.  
 What stirre 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 soner said, but beauty  
 therewith blusht [thing was hushd.  
 The noise did cease, the hal was still and euery  
 Then fincesse thought by trainging talk to win that  
 beauty lost, [for no cost;  
 And what her tongue with ioly words, and spared  
 Yet wantonnes could not abide, but brake her  
 tale in hast, [nedes be hiest plast.  
 And peajsh pride for peccoaks plumes would  
 And therewithall came curiousnesse and carped  
 out of frame, [beheld the same.  
 The audiceoe laught to hear the strife, as they  
 Yet reason sone apeade the brute, her reverence  
 made and doon, [tale begoon.  
 She purchased fauour for to speak, and thus her  
 Sins bounty shall the garlond wear, and crowned  
 be by fame, [same.  
 O happy iudges call for her, for she deserues the  
 Wber temperance gouerns beauties flowers, and  
 glory is not sought,  
 And abamfaced mekenesse mastreth pride, and  
 vertue dwels in thought:

Bid her come forth, and shew her face, or els as-  
 sent ecbe one, [marble stone  
 That true report shall graue her name in gold or  
 For all the world to read at will what worthines  
 doth rest, [here possent.  
 In perfect pure unspotted life, which she hath  
 Then Skil rose vp and sought the prease, 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 shriek her self  
 a side, [grace did bide.  
 Whose sober lokes did shew what gifts her wisely  
 Lo here (quoth Skill, good people all) is Lucrece  
 left aloue, [praise did strue.  
 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 eccho in the ayre, and sowing  
 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  
 amidst the throng, [might prosper long.  
 And clapt my hands and wist of God, that she

OF ONE VNJUSTLY DEFAMED.

I MEAN can close in short and cunning verse  
 Thy worthy praise of bountie by desert,  
 The hatefull spite and sclauder to reherse  
 Of them that see, but know not what thou art.  
 For kinde by craft hath wrought thee so to eye,  
 That no wight may thy wit and virtue spy;  
 But be hane other fele than outward sight;  
 The lacke wherof doth hate and spigte to trye:  
 Thus kinde by craft is let of vertues light.  
 She how the outward shew the wittes may doll  
 Not of the wise, but as the most intend,  
 Minerva yet might neuer perce their scull,  
 That Circes cup and Cupides brand hath blend,  
 Whose fond affects now stirred haue the brain;  
 So doth thy hap thy hue with colour staine,  
 Beauty thy foe thy shape doubleth thy sore  
 To hyde thy wit, and shew thy vertue vaine;  
 Fell were thy fate, if wisdome were not more.  
 I mean by thee euen G by name,  
 Whom stormy wyndes of enuy and disdain  
 Do tosse with boistrous blastes of wicked fame;  
 Where stedfastnesse as chiefe in thee doth raigne.  
 Pacience thy settled mind doth guide and sterc;  
 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 COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

YET 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 treat.  
 But now (unthank to our desert be geyen,  
 Which merit not a heauens gift to kepe)  
 Thou must with me bewaile that fate hath reuen,  
 From earth a iewel laide in earth to slepe.

A jewel, yea a gemme of womanhood,  
Whose perfect vertues linked as in chaine,  
So did adorne that humble wisely hed,  
As is not rife to finde the like againe.  
For wit and learning framed to obey,  
Her husbandes wyll that wylled her to use,  
The loue he bare her chiefly as a stay  
For all her friends that would her furtherance  
chuse.  
Wel said therefore a heauens 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 chauce, that was her make by law;  
Whose loss to lose so great an ornament,  
Let them esteeme, 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 dost fede,  
Of grief or hurt, of paine or wo;  
Within eche thing is sowne the seede.  
So fine was neuer yet the cloth,  
No smith so hard his yron did heate,  
But those consumed was with moth,  
Thother with canker all to create.  
The knotty oke and waynscot old,  
Within, doth eate the selly-worme,  
Euen so a minde in enuy rold  
Alwayes within it selfe doth burne.  
Thus every thing that nature wrought,  
Within it selfe his hurt doth beare,  
No outward harme neede to be sought,  
Where enemies be within so near.

OF THE CHOISE OF A WIFE.

THE flickering fame that dieth with care to care,  
And aye her strength increaseth with her flight,  
Gives 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,  
Fanny doth bye, when reason makes no hast.  
And yet not so content they wishe 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 seke that may them after greue.  
Who knoweth not, how sight may loue allure  
And kindle in the hart a hot desire?  
The eye to worke that fame could not procure,  
Of greater cause there cometh hotter fire.  
For ere he wete himselfe bo feleth warme  
The fame and eye the causes of his harme.  
Let fame not make her knownen whom I shall know,  
Nor yet mine eye therein to be my gyde,  
Sufficeth me that vertue in her grow;  
Whose simple life her fathers walls do hide.  
Content with this I leaue 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 lokes, such friendship all  
for gaue; [men retain,  
Such cloked wrath in hateful hartes, which worldly  
Such fayned flattering faith, amongst both high and  
low; [ouerthrow,  
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 vnruth, which can  
Such restless sute for rowms, which bringeth mee  
to care, [not beware.  
Such sliding down from slippery seats, yet can we  
Such barking at the good, such bolstring of the ill  
Such threatening of the wrath of God, such vice  
embraced still,  
Such strining for the best, such clyming to estate,  
Such great dissembling euery where, such loue all  
mixt with hate,  
Such traines to trap the iust, such proding faulte to  
pike, [heard the like?  
Such cruel words for speaking trowth, whose  
Such strife for stirring strawes, such discord dayly  
wrought, [made of nought.  
Such forged tales dul wits to blind, such matters  
Such trifles told for trowth, such crediting of lyes,  
Such silence kept when foole do speak, such laugh-  
ing at the wise:  
Such plenty made so scarce, such crying for re-  
dreme, [dare not expresse,  
Such feared signes of our decay, which long  
Such changes lightly markt, such troubles still  
appere, [thousand yeres,  
Which neuer were before this time, no not this  
Such bribing for the purse, which euer gapes for  
more, [mock in store,  
Such hording vp of worldly wealth, such keeping  
Such folly founde in age, such will in tender youth,  
Such sundry sortes among great clerkes, and few  
that speake the trowth,  
Such falsed vnder craft, and such vntedfast  
wayes, [now a dayes,  
Was neuer seen within mens hartes, as is found  
The cause and ground of this, is our vquiet  
minde, [we must leue behind.  
Which thinkes to take those goodes away, which  
Why do men seke to get which they cannot pos-  
sess? [all for wretchednesse?  
Or breke their sleepes with careful thoughts, and  
Though one amongst a store, hath wealth and  
eue a while, [many a mile:  
A thousand want which toileth sore, and trauele  
And some although they sleepe, yet wealth fales  
in their lap; [time geues the hap;  
Thus some be riche and some be poore, as for-  
Wherefore 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.  
Uncertaine is their liues, on whom this world wyll  
frowne,  
For though they sit above the starres, a storm  
may strike them down.

In weith who feares no fall, may slide from joy full  
sone; [as the moon.]

There is no thing so sure on earth, but chaungeth  
What pleasure hath the rich, or ease 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 enuid by those which eat his  
bread, [are daily fed.]

With fawning speche and flattering tales, his ears  
In fine I see and proue the rich haue 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 liue in poore estate, than lead a  
To passe those troublesome times I see but little  
choise, [when they reioice.]

But hope to waile with those that wepe, and laugh  
For as we se to day our brother brought in care,  
To morrow may we haue such chance, to fall  
with him in snare.

Of this we may be sure, who thinks to sit most fast,  
Shall soonest fall like withered leaues, that cannot  
hide a blast;

Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as low  
doth runne; [shal be done.]

When euery man hath played his part, our pagent  
Who trusts this wretched world, I hold him worse  
then made, [to bad.]

Here is not one that feareth God, the best is all  
For those that seme as saints, are devilles in their  
dedes, [it beareth many wedes.]

Though that the earth bringes forth some flowers  
I see no present helpe from mischiefe to preuaile,  
But see the seas of worldly care or heare a quiet  
sayle:

For who that medleth least, shall saue himself  
from smart: [foolish part.]

Who stirres an oar in euery boate shall play a

### THE DISPAIRING LOUER LAMENETH.

WALKING the path of pensieue thought  
I sakt my heart how came this wo,  
Thine eye (quod he) this care me brought,  
Thy mind, thy witte, thy will also,  
Enforceth me to loue her euer,  
This is the cause ioy shall I neuer.

And as I walkt as one dismaide,  
Thinking that wrong this wo me lent,  
Right sent me word by wrath, which said,  
This iust iudgment to thee is sent,  
Neuer to die hut dying euer;  
Till breath thee fail, ioy shalt thou neuer.

Sith Right doth iudge this wo tendure  
Of health, of wealth, of remedy,  
As I haue done, so be she sure  
Of faith and truth vntill I dye,  
And as this paine cloke shall I euer,  
So inwardly ioy shall I neuer.

Griping of gripes greene not so sore,  
Nor serpentes sting causeth such smart,  
Nothing on earth may paine me more,  
Then sight that perwt my wofull hart;  
Drowned with cares still to perseuer,  
Come death betimes, ioy shall I neuer.

O libertie! why dost thou swerue  
And steal away thus all at ones?  
And I in prison like to sterue,  
For lack of food do gnaw on bones.  
My hope and trust in thee was euer,  
Now thou art gone, ioy shall I neuer.

But styll as one all desperate,  
To leade my life in misery,  
Sith feare from hope hath lockt the gate  
Where pity should graunt remedy;  
Dispaire this lot assigns me euer  
To liue in paine, ioy shall I neuer.

### THE LOUER PRAIETH HIS SERVICE TO BE ACCEPTED, AND HIS DEFAULTES PARDONED.

PROCRIN, that sometime serued Cephalus,  
With hart as true as any lower might;  
Yet her belid in louing this varright;  
That as in hart with loue surprized thus,  
She on a day to see this Cephalus,  
Where he was wont to shrowde him in the shade  
When of his hunting he an eade had made,  
Within the woodes with dredfull fote forth stalketh,  
So husily loue in her hed it walketh,  
That she to see him, may her not restraine.  
This Cephalus that heard one shake the leaues,  
Uprist all egre, thrusting after pray,  
With dart in hand him list to further daine  
To see his loue, but slew her in the greaues,  
That ment to him but perfect looe alway.

So curious bene alse the rites all  
Of mighty looe, that vnnethes may I thinke,  
In his high service how to loke or winke;  
Thus I complaine that wretchedst am of all  
To you my loue and souerain lady dere,  
That may my hart with death or life stere,  
As ye best list, that ye vouchsafe in all  
Mine humble service: And if me misfall  
By negligence, or els for lacks of wit,  
That of your mercy you do pardon it;  
And thinke that looe made Procrin shake the  
leues,  
When with vnrigh she slaine was in the greous.

### 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 seme in whom I most delight,  
If I might speak 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 lippes exceede the coral quite;  
Her yerry teeth where none exceeds the rest,  
Faultlesse she is from foot vnto the wast;  
Her body small, and straight as mast vpright,  
Her armes long in iust proportion cast,  
Her hands depaint with veines all blew and white:  
What shall I say for that is not in sight?  
The hidden parts I iudge them by the rest,  
And if I were the foreman of the quest,  
To give a verdict of her beautie bright,  
Forgeve me Phœbus thou shouldst be dispossent;  
Which doth vsurp my ladies place of right,  
Here wyl I cease least enuy cause despise,  
But nature when she wrought so faire a wight,  
In this her worke she surely did intend  
To frame a thing that God could not amond,

**THE LOUER DECLARETH HIS PAINES  
TO EXCEDE FARRE THE PAINES OF  
HELL.**

THEIR soules that lacked grace  
Which lye in bitter paine,  
Are not in suche a place,  
As foolishe folke do faigne;

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 freze there certain howres,  
And for their painful fities  
Appointed tormentours.

No, no! it is not so,  
Their sorow is not such;  
And yet they haue of wo,  
I dare say twice as much.

Which comes because they lacke  
The sight of the Godbed,  
And he 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 hets,  
No snake that euer was,  
With stinging can so frete.

A true and tender hart,  
As my thoughtes dayly doe,  
So that I know but smart,  
And that which louges therto.

O Cupid, Venus soone,  
As thou hast shewed thy might,  
And hast this conquest wooed,  
Now end the same aright:

And as I am thy slave,  
Contented with all this,  
So help me soone to haue  
My perfect earthly bliss.

**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 deprice.

**THE LENGTH OF TIME CONSUMETH  
ALL THINGES.**

WHAT harder is then 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 prooffe whereof we see,  
Time geues the greatest dint.

**THE BEGINNING OF THE EPISTLE OF  
PENELOPE TO ULISSES, MADE INTO  
VERSE.**

O LINGRINO make, Ulysses dere, thy wife to sendes  
to thee, [self to me.  
Her driry plaint: write not againe, but come thy  
Our hateful scourge, that woman's foe, proud Troy  
is now fardon; [kingdome woo.  
We buy it dere, though Priam slaine, and ad his  
O that the raging surges great that lechers banne  
had wrought [demon sought.  
When first with ship he forwed seas, and Lace-  
In desert bed my shiuering coarse then shold not  
haue sought rest, [to west.  
Nor take in grief the chereful sunne so slowly fall  
And whiles I cast long running nights, how best I  
might begile, [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 careful thing (god wot) and passing ful  
of drede.

**THE LOUER ASKETH PARDON OF HIS  
PASSED FOLLIE IN LOUE.**

You that in play peruse my plaint, and read in  
rime the smart, [boured in my hart  
Which in my youth with sighes full cold, I har-

THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS WHOLE STATE UNTO HIS LOUE. 425

Know ye that love in that frail age drave me to  
that distresse,  
When I was half another man, then I am now to  
gesse.  
Then for this work of wauering words, where I  
now rage now rew;  
Tost in the toys of troublous looe as care or com-  
fort grew,  
I trust with you, that looues affairs by prooffe 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 looe 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 learne  
at last.  
Looke what the world hath most in price, as sure  
it is to kepe,  
As is the dream which fancy driues, whiles sense  
and reason slepe.

THE LOUER SHEWETH 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 amidst 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  
looes pretence; [no defence.  
But farder as one, that feard no ill, nor forst for  
Thus 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 wexed me void of care, approcht  
to take his pray, [lay the way.  
And stept by stelh 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 forgeld  
Now vaunt thee, looe, which fleest a maid defendst  
with virtues rare,  
And wounded hast a wight vnwise, unweaponed  
and vnware.

THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS WHOLE  
STATE UNTO HIS LOUE, AND PRO-  
MISING HER HIS FAITHFUL GOOD  
WILL, ASSURETH HIMSELF OF HER  
AGAINE.

The sunne when he hath spread his raies,  
And shewed his face ten thousand waies;  
Ten thousand things do then begin  
To shew the life that they are in.  
The heauen shews lively art and hue,  
Of sundry shapes and colours new,  
And laughes upon the earth anon.  
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 fees that out and out,  
The sunne doth warme her rounde about;  
And dries her childee 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 riuers long:  
And euen for joy thus of this beate  
She sheweth furth her pleasures great;  
And sleepes no more but sendeth forth,  
Her clergions her own dere worth.  
To mount and fly up to the ayre,  
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 strait through wood and corne.  
On hilles then shew the ewe and lambe,  
And every youg one with his dambe;  
Then louers walk and tell their tale,  
Both of their blisse and of their bale;  
And how they serue and how they doe,  
And how their ladie looes 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 drammes do drench them of the night,  
Of foes that would 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 thinks not the butchers knife  
Should then bereue him of his life;  
For when the sunne doth once runne in,  
Then all their gladnes doth begin;  
And then their skips, and then their play,  
So falls their sadnes then away:  
And thus all thinges haue 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 rore for pain?  
Joy they in song that that do complain?  
Are martyrs in their torments 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 misse their blisfulnes;  
In martyrs tunes they sing and waile  
The want of that which doth them faile;  
And herof comes that in my braines,  
So many fancies work my paines;

But he on by that secretly beholds  
The state of things, and times hath in his hand,  
And pluckes in places, and them again unfolds,  
And hath appointed realmes to fall and stand;  
He in the midst of all this sturme and rout,  
Can bend his browes, and moue himself about.

As who should 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 about,  
And my handes doe hold your welth 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 shall geue you eche your fall  
Where eche of you shall haue your worthy shame;  
And in their handes I wyll your fall shall be,  
Whose fall in yours you sought so sore to see,

Whose wisdoms hie as be the same fore saw,  
So it is wrought, such lo! his iustice is,  
He is the Lord of man, and of his law,  
Praise therefore now his mighty name in this;  
And make accompt that this our case doth staode;  
As Israell free from wicked Pharaos hand.

=====

*THE LOUER TO HIS LOUE HAUING FOR-  
SAKEN HIM, AND BETAKEN HER  
SELFE TO AN OTHER.*

The birde that sometime built within my brest  
And there as then chiefe succour did receiue;  
Hath now elsewhere built her another nest,  
And of the old hath taken quite her leaue.  
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 haue may check, that now comes faire to fist.

=====

*THE LOUER SHEWETH THAT IN DIS-  
SEMBLING 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 wisdoms toke,  
Such in effect, as writeth Quides booke;  
As on the earth no lining wight can tell,  
That mighty Ioue did loue the queene so well.  
For had he come in golden garments bright,  
Or so as men mought haue stared on the sight;  
Spred had it bene, both through earth and aire,  
That Ioue had loued the lady Europa faire.  
And then had some bene angry at the hart,  
And some againe as ielous for their part.  
Both which to stop, this gentle god toke mind,  
To shape himselfe into a brutish kind;  
To such a kinde as hid what state he was,  
And yet did bring him, what he sought to passe.  
To both their ioyes, to both their comfort sone,  
Though known to none, till all the thing was done;  
In which attempt, if I 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 DISCEIVED 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 Troylus case hath caused me  
From Creased for to go,

And to bewaile Ulysses truth,  
In seas and stormy skies,  
Of wanton will and raging youth,  
Which me haue tomed sore,  
From Scylla to Charibdis cliues,  
Upon the drowning shore.

Where I sought haue, there found I hap,  
From danger unto death;  
Much like the mouse that treads the trap  
In hope to finde her foode,  
And bites the bread that stops her breath,  
So in like case I stoode.

Till now repentance hasteth him,  
To further me so fast,  
That where I sanke there now I swim,  
And haue both streame and winde,  
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 stone, no grounde of glasse,  
Now am I sure to saue,  
And not to flete from feare to feare,  
Such anker holde I haue.

=====

*THE LOUER HAUING ENIOYED HIS  
LOUE HUMBLY THANKETH THE GOD  
OF LOUE, AND AVOWING HIS HART  
ONELY TO HER FAITHFULLY PRO-  
MISETH VITTERLY TO FORSAKE ALL  
OTHER.*

THOU Cupid god of looe, whom Venus thralles do  
serue [well deserue;  
I yelde thee thanks upon my knees, as thou dost  
By the my wished ioyes haue shaken off dispaire,  
And all my storming dayes be past, and wether  
wareth faire;  
By the I haue received a thousand times more ioy  
Then euer Paris did possesse, when Helen was in  
Troy.  
By the haue I that hope, for which I longed so sore,  
And when I thinke vpon the same, my hart doth  
leape therefore.  
By the my heauy douts and trembling fources are  
fed, [thoughts are fed:  
And now my wits that troubled wer, with pleasant  
For dread is banisht clene, wherin I stood full oft,  
And doubt to speak, that lay full low, is lifted now  
aloft,  
With armes bespred abroad, with opende handes  
and hart, [my smart.  
I haue enjoyed the frute of hope, reward of all  
The scale and signe of looe, the key of trowth and  
trust, [the louers lost.  
The pledge of pure good will haue I, which makes

Each grace sins I haue founde, to one I me be-  
take,

The rest of Venus derlinges all, I utterly forsake;  
And to performe this vow, I bid my eyes beware,  
That they no strangers do salute, nor on their  
beauties stare.

My wits, I warne ye all, from this time forth take  
bede, [fede.

That ye no wanton toyes devise, my fancies new to  
My eares be ye shut up, and heare no woman's  
voice, [hart reioice.

That may procure me once to smile, or make my  
My feete full slow be ye, and lame when ye should  
moue.

To bring my body any where, to seake 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 sodain vengeance fall on me, I aske no better  
grace;

Away then silly 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 hath his most  
desired hap.

=====  
*TOTUS MUNDUS IN MALIGNO POSITUS.*

COMPLAIN we may, much is amisse,  
Hope is nie gone to haue redresse,  
These daies ben ill, nothing sure is,  
Kinde hart is wrapt in heaviness.

The sterpe is broke, the saile is rent,  
The ship is geuen to winde and waue,  
All helpe is gone, the rocke present,  
That will be lost, what man can saue?

Things hard, therefore, are now refused,  
Labour in youth is thought but vaine:  
Duty by will-not is excused,  
Remove the stop, the way is plaine.

Learning is lewd, and held a foole;  
Wisdoms is shent, counted to raille,  
Reason is banisht out of schole,  
The blinde is bold, and wordes prevaile.

Power without care slepeth at ease,  
Will without law, runneth where he list,  
Might without mercy cannot please,  
A wise man saith not, had I wist.

When power lackes care and forceth 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 booteth not,  
To strive against streame, it is but vaine.

Wyly is witty, brainsack is wise,  
Trowth is folly, and might is right,  
Wordes are reason, and reason is lies,  
The bad is good, darknesse is light.

Wrong to redresse wisdoms dare not,  
Hardy is happy, and ruleth most,  
Wilfull is witlesse, and careth not  
Which end go first, till all be lost.

Few right do loue, and wrong refuse,  
Pleasure is sought in every state,  
Liking 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 see?  
Two thinges preuaile, money and sleight,  
To sceme is better than to be.

The bowle is round, and doth downe slide,  
Eche one thrusteth, none doth uphold,  
A fall failes not, where blinde is guide,  
The stay is gone, who can him hold?

Folly and falshod prateth space,  
Trowth under bushel is faine to crepe,  
Flattery is treble, pride sings the base,  
The meane the best part, scant doth pepe.

This fiery plague the world infectes,  
To vertue and trowth it geves no rest,  
Mens harts are burnde with sundry sectes,  
And to eche man, his way is best.

With fodes and stormes thus be we tost,  
Awake, good Lord, to thee we crye,  
Our ship is almost sunk 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 cbickens under the hen;  
Our crookedness 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 dere 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 thers are inowe,  
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 hypocry.

Let wisdom 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 care to me, marke what I say,  
Remember well, beare it away.

Holde backe thy tong at meate and meale,  
 Speak but few wordes, bestow them well;  
 Ey 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 cares, one tong, onely thou hast,  
 Mo thinges to heare then wordes to wast.  
 A foole in wise can forbearc,  
 He hath two tonges, and but one care,  
 Be sure thou kepe a stedfast brayne,  
 Lest that thy wordes put thee to payne;  
 Wordes wisely set are worth much gold,  
 The price of rashnes is sone told.  
 If time require wordes to be had,  
 To hold thy peace I count thee mad.  
 Talke only of needeful verities,  
 Strive not for trifling fantasies;  
 With sobernesse the truth boult out,  
 Affirme no thing, wherin is doute,  
 Who to this lore will take good hede,  
 And spend no mo wordes, than he neede,  
 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 whome both raigne.

THE COMPLAINT OF A HOT WOER DE-  
 LAYED WITH DOUBTFULL COLD  
 ANSWERS.

A KIND of coal is as men say,  
 Which have assayed the same?  
 That in the fire, will wast away,  
 And outward cast no fame.

Unto my self may I compare  
 These coales, that so consume,  
 Where nought is sene, though men do stare,  
 Instede of flame but fume.

They say also, to make them burne,  
 Cold water must be cast,  
 Or els to ashes they will turne,  
 And half to sinder wast.

As this is wonder for to see,  
 Cold water warm the fire,  
 So beth your coldnesse caused mee  
 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 binde,  
 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 some;

Lyke to the corne that stands on stacke,  
 Which mowen in winter sunne,  
 Full fayre without, within is black,  
 Such heate therein doth runne;

By force of fire this water cold  
 Hath bred to burne within;  
 Even so am I that heate doth hold,  
 Which cold did first begynn.

Which heat is stint, when I do strive,  
 To have some ease sometime;  
 But flame a freshe I do revive,  
 Wherby I cause to clyme

Instede of smoke a sighing breath,  
 With sparks of sprinkled teares,  
 That I should live this living death,  
 Which wastes and never weares.

THE ANSWERE.

YOUR borrowed meane to moue your moone, of  
 fume withouten flame,  
 Being fet from smitthy smoaking coale, ye seeme  
 so by the same  
 To shew is what such coals use, taught by such  
 as have awayde,  
 As I, that most do wish you well, and so right  
 well appayd,  
 That you have such a lesson learnde, how either  
 to maintaine, [in vaine;  
 Your fredome of unkindled coale, upheaped all  
 Or how most fruitfully to frame, with worthy  
 workmans art, [of beated hart;  
 That cunning piece may pass therefro, by help  
 Out of the forge, wherin the fume of sightes  
 doth mount aloft, [mettal soft.  
 That argues present force of fire, to make the  
 To yield unto the hammer bed, as heat the work-  
 man likes, [temper strikes;  
 That the yron glowing after blast in time and  
 Wherin the use of water is, as you do seme to say,  
 To quench no flame, ne hinder heat, ne yet to  
 wast away;  
 But that which better is for you, and more de-  
 licteth me, [like to be;  
 To see you from the sodeyne wast, vaine cinder-  
 Which lasting better likes in love, as you your  
 semble ply, [teth by and by:  
 Then doth the baren blaze, that flames and set-  
 Sith then you know each use, wherin your cole  
 may be applide, [like,  
 Either to lye and last on boorde, in open ayre to  
 Withouten use to gather fat by falling of the  
 raimes, [in his veins,  
 That makes the pitchy joyce to grow, by soking  
 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 cun-  
 ning key to make, [undertake;  
 Or other pece as cause shall crane, and bid him  
 Do as you deme most fit to do, and wherupon  
 may grow [know.  
 Such joy to you, as I may joy your joyful case to

AN EPITAPH MADE BY W. G. LYING ON  
 HIS DEATH BED, TO BE SET UPON  
 HYS OWNE TOMBE.

Lo here lyeth G. under the grounde,  
 Among the greedy wormes,  
 Which in his life tyme never found  
 But strife and sturdy stormes.

And nashely through a wickel wife,  
As to the worlde apperes,  
She was the shortnyng of his life,  
By many deyes and yerres;

He might have lived long, god wot,  
His yerres they were but yong,  
Of wickel wises, this is the lot  
To kill with spitefull tong.

Whose memory shall still remayne  
In writing here with me,  
That men may know, whom she hath slayne,  
And say this same is she.

AN ANSWERE.

If that thy wickel wife had spon the thread,  
And were the weauer of thy wo,  
Thou art then double happy to be dead,  
As happily dispatched so;

If rage dyd caussesse cause thee to complayne,  
And mad moode; mouer of thy moene,  
If frensy forced on thy tasy brayne,  
Then blest is she to liue alone.

So whether were the ground of others grefe,  
Because so doubtful was the dome,  
Now death hath brought your payne a right re-  
And blessed be ye both becous: [Ise];

She that she liues no longer bound to beare  
The rule of such a froward hed,  
Thou, that thou liuest no longer fayne to feare  
The restless 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 misbeliefe,  
From cause of care that leadeth to lament,  
From vayne delight the ground of greater grefe,  
From fear for frendes, from matter to repent:  
From painfull pang; 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 increaser of our crimes doth us bereue,  
Our bliss that alway ought to be in minde.  
This wily world, whiles here we breath aloue,  
And flesh our fyned fo, do stify striue,  
To flatter us, assuring here the joy,  
Where we alas, do find but great annoy.

Untold heapes though we have of worldly  
wealth,  
Though we possess the sea and fruitful ground  
Strength, beauty, knowledge, and unharmed health,  
Though at a wish, all pleasure do abound,  
It were but vaine, no friendship can be founde,  
When death assaulteth with his dreadfull darte,  
No ransom can stay the home hasting harte.

And sith thou cut the lines-line in twaine,  
Of Henry, sonne to sir John Williams knight,  
Whose manly hart and proves 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 learne the lore that leadeth all,  
From whence we come with hast to bye,  
To lyue to dye, and stand to fast:

And learne that strength and lusty age,  
That wealth, and want of worldly woe  
Cannot with stand the mighty rage  
Of death, our best unwelcome foe.

For hopefull youth had bight me health,  
My lust to last till time to dye,  
And fortune found my virtue wealth,  
But yet, for all that, here I lye.

Learne 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 rache,  
Yet never finde Ulysses wife,  
Such change hath chanced in this case,

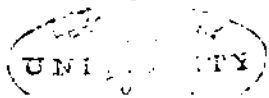
Lesse age will serve then Paris had,  
Small pain (if none be small inough)  
To finde good store of Helenes trade,  
Such sap the root doth yeide the bough;

For one good wife Ulysses slew  
A worthy knot of gentle blood;  
For one yll wife Greece overthrew  
The town of Troy. Sith bad 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 ceast her race,  
And far surmounts old Nestor's life;  
But now in mee than then it was,  
Such change is chanced in this case.

Ladies now liue in other trade,  
Farre other Helenes now we see,  
Then the 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,  
Spill 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 serue with all my force, and skill.

AGAINST A GENTIL WOMAN BY WHOM  
HE WAS REFUSED.

To false report and flying fame,  
Whilist my minde gaue credit light,  
Believing that her bolstred name  
Had stuffe 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 ber for bountie could passe none.  
Such one were faire, though form and face  
Were meane to passe in second place.

I sought it nere thinking to finde  
Report and dede both to agree,  
But change had tried her suttile 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 geason 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 fiering 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 lesse hath won,  
To vaunt she had me as her thrall;  
What though a gillot sent that note,  
By cocke and pye, I meant it not.

THE ANSWERE.

WHOM fanny forced first to love,  
Now frensy forceth for to hate,  
Whose minde erst madnesse 'gan to moue,  
Inconstance causeth to abate.  
No minde of meane, but heat of braine,  
Bred hate lous like heate hate agayne;

What hurdle your hart in so greate heat?  
Fanny forced by fained fame,  
Belike that she was light to get,  
For if that vertue, and good name,  
Moued 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 peere  
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 spread.

Sith she hath so kept her good name,  
Such praise of life and giftes of grace,  
As Brute selfe blusseth for 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 nere,  
Not as you take the brute to be,  
Belyke you ment by lowly chere,  
Bountie and hart, that you call free:  
But leud lightnesse easy to frame,  
To winne your will against her name.

Nay she may deme your deeming 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 blaine,  
Always saith ill, but forced by cause.

The mo there be such as is she,  
More should be Gods thanks for his grace,  
The more is her ioy it to see;  
Good should by geason earne no place,  
Nor nomber make nought, that is good,  
Your strange lusting hed wants a hood.

Her dealing greveth you (say ye)  
Besides your labour lost in vaine,  
Her dealing was not as we see;  
Scander the end of your great paine:  
Ha lewd lying lips, and hateful hart,  
What canst thou desire in such desert?

Ye wyl repent, and right, for done  
Ye haue a dede deseruing shame,  
From reasons race far have ye ronne,  
Hold your railing, kepe your tong tame;  
Her loue! ye lye, ye lost it not,  
Ye neuer lost that ye neuer got.

She reft ye not your libertie  
She vaunteth not she had you thrall,  
If oft haue done it, let it lye  
On rage, that reft you wit and all,  
What though a varlets tale you tell,  
By cocke and pye, you do it well.

THE LOUER DREDDING TO MOUE HE  
SUETE FOR DOUT OF DENIALL, AC  
CUSETH ALL WOMEN OF DISDAINE  
AND FICKLENESSE.

To walk on doubtful ground where danger is un-  
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 blantly runs, may light among the  
breers,  
And so be put unto his plunge, where danger least  
apperes.  
The bird, that selly foole, doth warne us to beware,  
Who lighteth not on every bush, he dreedeth as  
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 avoids the hook, though hunger bids him  
bite, [delite.  
And bouereth still about the worme, wheron is his  
If birdes and beastes can see, where their undoing lies,  
How should a mischief scape our heads that haue  
both wit and eyes?  
What madnesse may be more, than plow the barren  
felde? [unweilde?  
Or any frutfull wordes to sow, to eares that are  
They heare, and then mislike, they lyke, and then  
they lothe;  
They hate, they loue, they scorne, they praise, yea  
sure they can do both.  
We see what failes they haue that clime on trees  
unknowne; [ouerthrowne;  
As they that trust to rotten bowes, must nedes be  
A smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much  
more, [the sore.  
Then for to plaine where is no aalue, for to recure  
Wherefore my grieffe I hide 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  
appears, [smart,  
And breathes as from the brest, a smoke of kyndled  
Where only lurkes a depe deceit, within the hollow  
hart; [minde  
Betrayes the simple soote, whom plaine deceitlesse  
Taught not to feare that in it selfe it selfe did neuer  
finde.  
Not euery trickling teare doth argue inward paine,  
Not euery sigh doth surely shew the sigher not to  
faine;  
Nor euery smoke doth proue a presence of the fire;  
Not euery glittring geues the gold that greedy folk  
desire;  
Not euery wailing word is drawn out of the depe;  
Not grieffe, for want of granted grace, enforceth  
all to wepe:  
Or malice makes the minde to shed the boyled  
brine, [eyen:  
And enuious humour oft unlaides by conduites of the  
Or craft can cause the man, to make a seeming  
shew  
Of hart with dolour all distreind, where grieffe  
did neuer grow.  
As cursed crocodile most cruelly can tole  
With truthlesse teares unto his death the silly  
pitiing soule.  
Blame neuer those therefore, that wisely can beware  
The guilefull man, that truly saith himself to  
dread the snare: [song:  
Blame not the stopped eares, against the tyrrens  
Blame not the mind not moued with mone of fals-  
heds flowing tong.  
If guile do guide your wit, by silence so to speak,  
By craft to crane and faine by fraude the cause  
that you wold break. [same,  
Great harme your suttile soule shall suffer for the  
And mighty loos will wreke the wrong so cloked  
with his name;

But we, whom you haue warnde, this lesson learne  
by you, [rotten bow;  
To know the tree before we clime; to trust no  
To view the limed bushe, to look afore we light;  
To shunne the perillous baited hooke, and use a  
further sight,  
As do the mouse, the bird, the fish, by simple stuy  
shew, [simples wo.  
The wily wits and ginnes of men do worke the  
So simple sith we are, and you so suttile be,  
God help the mouse, the birde, the fish, and us  
your sleightes to flee.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIS FAULTE,  
THAT WITH UNGENTLE WRITING HAD  
DISPLEASED HIS LADY.

Ah! loue, how waiward is his wit? what panges  
do perce his brest [his rest,  
Whom thou to wait upon thy will hast reued of  
The light, the darke, the sunne, the moone, the day  
and eke the night:  
His daily dyeng life, himselfe, he hateth in de-  
spight. [in thralh,  
Sith first be light to loke on her that holdeth him  
His mouing eyen, his moued wit, be cometh, 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 chere, not with  
recourse of case,  
But with sere sortes of sorowes still he worketh  
as the seas: [ruly wise,  
That turning windes, not calme returnde rule in un-  
As if their holds of hills uphuride, they brasten  
out to rise;  
And puffe away the power that is unto their king  
assignde,  
To pay that, sith theyr prisonment, they deme to  
be behinde.  
So doth the passions long repret within the wofall  
wight,  
Breake down the bankes of all his wittes, and out  
they gushen quite [rule, and stay,  
To reare 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 grieffe, thus  
wears away his age.  
In wishing wants, in wailing woes. Death doth he  
dayly call [at all.  
To bring release, when of reliefe he seeth no hope  
Thence comes that oft in depe desperie to rise to  
better state, [of all his fate:  
On beauen and heauenly lampes he layeth the fault  
On God and Gods decreed dome crieth out with  
cursing breath,  
Eche thing that gaue and saues him lyfe he  
damneeth of his death.  
The wombe him here, the brestes he suckt, each star  
that with their might  
Their secret succour brought to bring the wretch  
to worldly light.  
Ye that to his soules perile is most beynous harme  
of all,  
And craves the cruellest revenge that may to man  
befall;



Her be blasphemous, in whom it lieth in present as  
 she please, [heavens ease]  
 To dampne him down to depth of hell, or plant in  
 Such rage constrainde my strayned hart to gyde  
 thunhappy hand  
 That sent unfitting blots to her on whom my lyfe  
 doth stand.  
 But graunt, O God, that he for them may beare the  
 worthy blame, [the same:  
 Whom I doe in my depe distresse finde guilty of  
 Even that blind boy that blindly guides the fault-  
 lesse to their fall;  
 That laughs when they lament, that he hath  
 thrown into thral].  
 Or Lord, saue louring lokes of her; what penance  
 els thou please, [ease.  
 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 brest, distilled through  
 his eyes;  
 And with thy fanny 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 hartly love  
 doth lend [happy end.  
 To them that meane by honest meanes to come to

THE LOUER WOUNDED OF CUPIDE,  
 WISHED HE HAD RATHER BEN  
 STRICKEN BY DEATH.

THE blinded boy, that hendes 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 borrow, as by bargeine made,  
 Eche others shaft; when he did range  
 With restlesse rousing to invade

Thunthralled mydes of simple wightes;  
 Whose gildes ghostes deserved not  
 To fele such fall of their delightes;  
 Such pangs, as I have past, God wot.

Then both in new unwonted wise,  
 Should death deserve a better name,  
 Not (as tofore hath ben his guise)  
 Of crueltie to bear the blame.

But contrary be counted kinde,  
 In lending life and sparing space,  
 For sicke to ryse, and seke to finde,  
 Away to wish their wery race

To drawe to some desired end;  
 Their long and lothed life to ryd,  
 And so to fele how like a friend,  
 Before the bargain made he did.

And loose should eyther bring agoine,  
 To wounded wightes their owne desire;  
 A welcome end of pining paine,  
 As doth their cause of ruth require:

Or when he meanes the quiet man  
 A harme, to hasten him to greve:  
 A better dede he should do then,  
 With borrowd dart to geue reliefe.

That both the sicke well demene may,  
 He brought me rightly my request,  
 And eke the other sort may saye,  
 He wrought me truly for the best.

So had not fanaye forced me  
 To bear a brunt of greater wo  
 Then leauing suche a life may be;  
 The grounde where only griefes do grow.

Unlucky liking linkt my hart  
 In forged bove and forced feare,  
 That oft I wisht the other dart  
 Had rather perced me as neare.

A fained trust, constrained care,  
 Most loth to lacke, most hard to finde;  
 In sunder so my judgment tare,  
 That quite was quiet out of kinde.

Absent in absence of mine ease,  
 Present in presence of my paine,  
 The woes of want did much displease  
 The sighes I sought did geue againe.

Oft grief that boyled in my brest,  
 Hath fraught my face with saltish teares,  
 Pronouncing proues of mine unrest,  
 Whereby my passed paine appeares.

My sighes full often have supplied,  
 That fayre with wordes I would have said;  
 My voice was stopt, my tong was tyed,  
 My wittes with wo wer over waid.

With trembling soule and humble chere,  
 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 labourde all to loose;  
 My selfe had been the carpenter;  
 That framed me the cruell crosse.

Of this to come, if dout alope,  
 Though blent with trust of better spede,  
 So oft hath moued my minde to mone,  
 So oft hath made my hart to blede.

What shall I say of it indee,  
 Now hope is gone, mine old reliefe,  
 And I enforced all to fede  
 Upon the frutes of bitter grieffe?

OP WOMENS CHANGEABLE WYLL.

I WOULD I found not, as I fele,  
 Such changing chere of womens will,  
 By fickle flight of fortunes whele,  
 By kinde or custom never still.

So should I finde no fault to lay  
 On fortune for their monyng minde;  
 So should I know no cause to lay  
 This change to chance by course of kinde;

To should not loose so work my wo,  
 To make death surgeon for my sore;  
 So should their wittes not wander so;  
 So should I recke the lesse therefore.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THE LOSSE  
 OF HIS LADY.

No joy have I, but linc in heavinesse,  
 My dame of price bereft by fortunes cruelnesse;  
 My hap is turned to unhappinesse;  
 Unhappy I am, unless I finde release.

My pastime past, my youthlike yeres are gone;  
 My mouthes of mirth, my glistring dayes of  
 gladnesnesse,  
 My times of triumphe turned into mome,  
 Unhappy I am unless I finde release.

My wonted winde to chaunt my chereful  
 chaunce [lesse;  
 Doth sigh, that song somtymes the halade of my  
 My sobbes, my sore, and sorow to advance,  
 Unhappy I am, unless I finde release.

I moorne my mirth, for griefe that it is gone,  
 I moorne my mirth, wherof my musing mind-  
 fulnesse,  
 Is ground of greater griefe that growes thereon,  
 Unhappy I am, unless I finde release.

No joy have I; for fortune frowardly [nesse;  
 Hath bent her browes, hath put her hand to cruel-  
 Bath rest my dame, constrained me to crye;  
 Unhappy I am, unless I finde release.

OF THE GOLDEN MEANE.

The wisest way, thy boate in waue and wind to  
 guide,  
 In neither still the trade of middle streame to trye,  
 Ne (warily shunning wrecke by wether) aye to  
 die,

To preesse upon perillous shore.

Both clenely flees be filth, ne womes a wretched  
 wight, [spite,  
 In calish coate; and careful court aye thrall to  
 With port of proude estate, he leues, who doth  
 delite,

Of golden meane to hold the lore.

Mornes richest rende the sturdy stonke pine  
 apple tree,  
 Of lofty ring towers the falles the feller he,  
 Most fers doth lightning light, where furthest wee  
 do see

The billes the valley to forsake.

Well furnished brest to byas ache chaunces  
 changing chere, [full feare  
 In we hath cherefull hope, in weak hath ware-  
 One selfe Ioue winter makes with luthfull lokes  
 appeare,

That can by course the same aslake.

What if into mishap thy case now casten be?  
 It forbeht not such forme of lucke to last to thee;  
 Nox alway bent is Phebus bowe, bis herpe and he  
 Coast siluar sound somtymes doth raise.

In hardest hap use helpe of hardy hopefull hart,  
 Some bolde to beare the front of fortune ouer-  
 thwart,  
 Eke wisely when forewinde too full breathes on  
 thy part,  
 Swage swelling saile, and doubt decayses.

THE PRAISE OF A TRUE FRENDE.

Whoso that wisely wayes the profite and the priue  
 Of thinges wherein delight by worth is won: to  
 rise,  
 Shall find no jewel is so rich, ne yet so rare,  
 That with the frendly hart in value may compare.

What other welth 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 unfrendly to forgoe.

If fortune frendly fauoe, and lend thee welthy  
 store,  
 Thy frendes conyoyed joy doth make thy joy the  
 more:  
 If frowardly she frown, and driue thee to distresse,  
 His ayde releues thy ruthe, and makes thy sorow  
 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 lesse is thy annoy.

Aloft if thou do liue, as one appointed here  
 A stately part on stage of worldly state to be,  
 Thy freind, as only free from fraude, wil thee aduise,  
 To rest within the rule of meane, as do the wise.

Hee seeketh to foresee 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 embrace.

If churlish cheere of chance heve thrown thee  
 into thrall,  
 And that thy nede aske aid for to releue thy fall:  
 In him thoue secret trust assured art to haue,  
 And succour not to seke, before that thou can  
 craue.

Thus is thy frend to thee, the comfort of thy  
 paine,  
 The stayer of thy state, the doubler of thy gaine;  
 In welth and wo thy frend, an other self to thee,  
 Such man to man a god, the proverb saith to bee.

As welth will bring thee frendes in louing wo to  
 proue,  
 So wo shall yeld thee frendes in laughing welth to  
 looe:  
 With wisdome chuse thy frend; with vertue him  
 retaine:  
 Let vertue be the ground, so shall it not be vaine.

*THE LOUER LAMENTETH OTHER TO  
HAVE THE FRUTES OF HIS SERVICE.*

SOME men would think of right to haue,  
For their true meaning, some reward:  
But while that I do cry and craue,  
I see that others be preferred.  
I gape for that I am debarde:  
I fare as doth the bound at hatch,  
The worse I speede, the lenger I watch.

My wastefull will is tried by trust;  
My fond fantasie is mine abuse;  
For that I would refraine my lust,  
For mine euill 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 hieue;  
I sow the seede, they reape the corne;  
I waste, they winne; I draw, they driue;  
Theirs is the thank, mine is the scorne;  
I seke, they speede: in wast my winde is worne;  
I gape, they get, and greedely I snatche,  
Still worse I speede, the lenger I watche.

I fast, they fede; they drink, I thirst;  
They laugh, I waile; they reape the corne;  
They gaine, I lose, I haue the wurst;  
They whole, I sicke; they cold; I burae;  
They leape, I lye; they slepe, I tosse and turne;  
I would, they may; I craue, they haue at will;  
That helpeth them; lo cruelty doth me kill.

*OF THE SUTTELTIE OF CRAFTY LOUERS.*

SUCH waiward waies haue some when folly stirres  
their braines,

To faine and plain full oft of loue, when least they  
fele his paines; [store,  
And for to shew a grief, such craft haue they in  
That they can halt, and lay a soles, 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, [driftes,

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 stere;

Nor beaten dogge to herd can wauer chose his game,  
Nor scholeman to his fantasie can a scholler better  
frame,

Then one of these which haue old Ouids are in ure,  
Can seke the waies unto their minde, a woman to  
allure.

As round about a hieue the bees do swarme alway,  
So round about the house they prese wherin they  
seke their pray:

And whom they so besege, it is wonderous thing,  
What crafty engins to assault these wily warriors  
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 herauild of the  
And both the handes, as oratours, do serue to  
point their part:

So shewes the countenance then with these frowne  
to agree, [swoorne be:

As though in witnes with the rest it would her  
But if she then mistrust, it woulde turne blacke to  
white:

For that the woorier lokes most smoth, when he  
would faintest bite,

Then wit, as counsellor, a helpe for this to finde,  
Straight makes the hand, as secretaire, forthwith  
to write his minde:

And so the letters straight embassadours are made,  
To treat in haste for to procure her to a better  
trade;

Wherin if she do think al this is but a shewe,  
Or but a subtle masking cloke to hide a crafty  
shewe. [the field:

Then come they to the farme, then shewe they in  
Then muster they in colours strange, the waies  
to make her yield: [is:

Then shoote they batry off, then compass they her  
At tilt and turney oft they striue this selly sood to  
win; [forth their song,

Then sound they on their lutes, then straine 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 pathes within a wood, or turnes within a man,  
So then they shewe of wiles and craftes they can a  
thousand waies.

*OF THE VANITY OF MANS LIFE.*

VAYNE is the feting welth  
Wheron the world stayer,  
Sith stalking time by priny steth  
Encrocheth on our dayes.

And elde which creepeth fast,  
To taint us with her wounde,  
Will turne eche blisse unto a blast,  
Which lasteth but a stumde.

Of youth the lusty floore,  
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 forbade his fume  
For beauty, pride, or lust?

*THE LOUER NOT REGARDED IN EAR-  
NEST SUTE, BEING BECOME WISER, RE-  
FUSETH HER PROFRED LOUE.*

Do way your physike, I faint no more;  
The salus you sent, it comes too late:  
You wist well al my grief before,  
And what I snifred 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 vaine you made me gape,  
And tho' my faith it were well knowne,  
Yet small regard thou take thereat;  
But now the blast is overblowne,  
Of vaine phisicke a salue you shape,  
Wherefore do way, you come to late.

How long to this have I bene faise  
To gaze for mercy at your gate;  
Untill the time I spide it plaine,  
The pitie and you fell at debate:  
For my redresse, then was I faine  
Your service cleane for to forsake,  
Wherefore do way, you come too late.

For when I brent in endless fire,  
Who ruled then but cruel hate?  
So that unpeeth 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 nougth to graunt, God wat:  
Then said disdain, too great expence  
It were for you to graunt me that:  
Therefore do way your rere pretence  
That you would binde that erst you brake,  
For to your salue comes all too late.

24

**THE COMPLAINT OF A WOMAN RAUISED,  
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) debowred my virginite:  
And not contented with this villanie,  
Nor with thoutragious terror of the dede,  
With bloody thirst of greater crueltie,  
Fearing his heinous gilt should be bewraied,  
By crying death and vengeance openly.  
His violent hand forthwith, alas, be layd  
Upon my guiltles sely childe and me:  
And like the wretche, whom no horrour dismayde,  
Drowde in the sinke of depe iniquitie,  
Mising 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.**

As! libertie! now haue I learned to know,  
By lacking thee, what jewell I possess,  
When I receiued first from Cupids bow  
The deadly wound that feareth in my brest.

So farrè (alas) forth strayed were mine eyes,  
That I ne might refraine them back; for, lo,  
They in a moment all earthly thinges despise,  
In heauenly sight now are they fixed so.

What then for me, but stil with mazed sight,  
To wonder at that excellence diuine,  
Where loue (my freedome hauing in despight)  
Hath made me thrall, through error of mine eyes,

For other guardon hope I not to haue,  
My foltring tong so batheth ought to craue.

**THE DIUERSE AND CONTRARIE PAS-  
SIONS OF THE LOUER.**

HOLDING my peace, alas! how loud I crye,  
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 moue.

HARD by my help, unto my belth not nie,  
MIDE of the calme my ship on rock it rone.  
I serue unbound, fast fettered yet I lie,  
INSTEDE of milks that fede on marble stones;  
MY most wil is, that I do espie,  
THAT workes my ioyes and sorowes both at ones:  
IN CONTRAIES standeth al my losse and gaine,  
AND lo the guiltlesse causeth al my paine.

**THE TESTAMENT OF THE HAWTHORNE.**

I SELLY haw, whose hope is past.  
In faithful, true, and fixed minde;  
To her whom that I serued last,  
Haue all my ioyfulness resigade;  
Because I know assuredly,  
My dieng day approacheth ny.

Dispaired hart, the carefull nest  
Of all the sighes that kept in store,  
Conuey my carefull corps to rest,  
That leaues his ioy for euermore.  
And when the day of hope is past,  
Gene up thy sprite and sigh thy last.

But, or that we depart in twaine,  
Tell her I loued with all my might,  
That though the corps in clay remaine,  
Consumed to ashes, pale and white;  
And though the vital powres do cease,  
The sprite shall loue her nathelesse.

And pray my lines, lady dere,  
During this litle time and space  
That I haue to abide here,  
Not to withdraw her wonted grace,  
In recompensing of the paine  
That I shal haue to part in twaine.

And that at least she will witnesse  
To graunt my iust and last request;  
When that she shal behold his graue,  
That lyeth of life here dispossest,  
In record that I once was here,  
To bathe the frozen stone with teares.

The service tree here do I make,  
For my executour and my frende;  
That liuing did not me forsake,  
Nor will I trust vnto my end,  
To see my body well conuede,  
In ground where that it shal be layde;

Tombed vnderneath a goodly oke,  
With iuy grene that fast is bound:  
There this my graue I haue bespoken,  
For there my ladies name doth sound;  
Beset euen as my testament tels,  
With oken leaues and nothing els.

Graven whereon shal be exprest,  
"Here lyeth the body in this place,  
Of him, that liuing neuer ceast  
To serue the fairest that euer was:  
The corps is here, the hart he gaue  
To her for whom he lieth in graue."

And also set about my herse  
Two lamps to burne, and not to queneit,  
Which shal betoken and rehearse,  
That my good will was neuer spent,  
When that my corps was layd alow,  
My spirit did swear to serue no mo.

And if you want of ringing bells,  
When that my corps goth into graue,  
Besets her name and nothing els,  
To whom that I was bunden slaue:  
When that my life it shall unframe,  
My sprete shal ioy to heare her name.

With dolefull note and piteous sound,  
Wherewith my hart did cleaue 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 geue to her I loued best  
My iust, my true, and faithful hart;  
Signed with hand as cold as stone,  
Of him that liuing was her owne.

And if he here might liue againe  
As Phenix made by death anew,  
Of this she may assure her plaine,  
That he will still be iust and true.  
Thus farewell she on liue my owne,  
And send her ioy when I am gone.

#### THE LOUER IN DESPAIRE, LAMBNETH HIS CASE.

ADIEU, 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 haste?  
Ah! pained hart, thou gapst for grace,  
Euen then where pitie hath no place.

As easy it is the stony rocke  
From place to place for to remoue,  
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 swear,  
That rigour reigneth and ruth doth faile,  
In thanklesse thoughts thy thoughts do weare;  
Thy truth, thy faith may nought auail

For thy good will, why should thou so  
Still graft, where grace it will not grow?

Alas! pore hart, thus hast thou spent  
Thy flouering time, thy pleasant yeres:  
With sighing voice wepe and lament;  
For of thy hope no frute apperes:  
Thy true meaning is paid with scorne,  
That euer soweth and repeth no corne.

And where thou seekes a quiet port,  
Thou dost but weigh against the winde;  
For where thou gladdest woldst resort,  
There is no place for thee asinde:  
Thy deuteny hath set it so,  
That thy true hart should cause thy wo.

#### OF HIS MAISTRESSE, M. BAYES.

In Bayes I boast, whose braunch I beare,  
Such ioy therein 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 serue,  
When other frutes and flowers decay,  
The Bay yet growes full greene;

Her berries fede the birdes full off;  
Her leues swete water make,  
Her bowes be set in curry loft  
For their swete sauous sake:

The birds do shewd 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 the aire,  
It doth delight me so.

But lo I stand, as I were dame,  
Her leues beauty for to blase,  
Wherewith my sprites be overcome,  
So long thereon I gase.

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 smilest thou? say lokers on,  
What pleasure hast thou found?  
With that I am as cold as stone,  
And ready for to swunde.

Vie, fie for shame, sayth Fancie than,  
Pluck up thy fainted hart,  
And speak thou boldly like a man  
Shrink not for litle smart,

Wherat I binah and change my chere  
My senses waxe so weake,  
O God, think I, what make I heve,  
That neuer a word may speake:

I dare not sigh, lest I be heard,  
My lokes I slyly cast,  
And still I stand, as one were scard,  
Until my stormes be past.

Then happy hap doth me reuize,  
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 in fancien fit:  
And though I be a homely gest,  
Before the Bayes I sit;

Where I do watche till leaues 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 bandes,  
My hart doth leap for ioy.  
These Bayes do ease me from my bandes,  
That long did me annoy;

For when I do beholde the same,  
Which makes so fair a show,  
I finde therein my maistres name,  
And so her vertues grow.

---

**THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIS HARTY  
LOUE NOT REQUITED.**

When Phoebus had the serpent slaine,  
He claymed Cupides boe,  
Which strife did turne him to great paine;  
The story well doth proue;  
For Cupide made him feele much woe,  
In seeking Daphnes loue.

This Cupide hath a shefte of kinde,  
Which wounded many a wight;  
Whose golden bed had power to binde  
Eche hart in Venus bandes;  
This arrow did on Phebus light,  
Which came from Cupides handes.

Another shaft was wrought in spight,  
Which headed was with lead;  
Whose nature quenched swete delight  
That loners most embrace.  
In Daphnes brest this cruel head  
Had founde a dwelling place.

But Phebus, fond of his desire,  
Sought after Daphnes so;  
He burnt with heat, she felt no fire,  
Full fast she fled him fro:  
He gate but hate for his good wyll,  
The gods assigned so.

My case with Phebus may compare;  
His hap and mine are one:  
I cry to her that knowes 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 kinde;  
And blame the cold and heavy lead,  
That doth my ladies minde.

**A PRAISE OF M. M.**

In court as I beheld the beautie of eche dame,  
Of right, me thought, from all the rest should M.  
steale the same;

But er I ment to judge, I viewed with such advise,  
As retchlesse dome should not invade the boundes  
of my deuise: [within,  
And whiles I gazed long, such heate did brede  
As Priamus towne felt 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 beautie  
should;

And fancie doubled that from beauen had Venus  
come, [yet doth blame;  
To norish rage in Brittaines heartes, while courage  
Her natiue 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 seme,  
Then lusty May the lodge of loue, that clothes the  
earth in grene;

So angel like she shines, she seemeth no mortal  
wight, [selfe to spight:

But one whom Nature in her forge, did frame her  
Of beauty pryncesse chief; so makelesse doth she  
rest; [paine in brest:

Whose eye would glad an heauy wight, and prison  
I waxe astonied to see the feator of her shape,  
And wondred that a mortall hart such heaucauly  
beames could scape.

Her limmes so answering were the mould of her  
faire face: [beauties grace:

Of Venus stocke she semde to spring the roote of  
Her preens doth pretend such honour and estate,  
That simple men might gesse her birth, if folly  
bred debate:

Her lokes in hertes of flint would such affects  
imprese, [yeres increase.

As rage of flame, not Nilus streames, in Nestors  
Within the subtle seat of her bright eyen doth  
dwell [freedome sel.

Blind Cupide with the pricke of paine, that prynces  
A paradise it is, her beauty to behold,  
Where natures stuffe so full is founde, that na-  
tures ware is solde.

---

**AN OLD LOUER TO A YONG GENTLE-  
WOMAN.**

Ye 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 bleare mine eyes;  
But trill the ball before my face,  
I am content to make you play;  
I wyll not see, I hide my face,  
And turne my backe and runne away.

But if you folow on so fast,  
And crosse the wayes where I should go,  
Ye may waxe verry at the last,  
And then at length your selfe oretbrow;  
I meane where you and all your flocks,  
Deuise to pen men in the pound:  
I know a key can picke your locke,  
And make you runne your selves on ground

Some birdes can eat the strawie corne,  
And see the lime that fowlers set;  
And some are ferde of euery thorne,  
And so thereby they scape the net:  
But some do light, and neuer loke,  
And seeth not who doth stand in waits,  
As fish that swallows up the hoke,  
And is begiled through the baite.

But men can loke before they leape,  
And be at price for euery ware,  
And peniworthes cast to bye good cheape;  
And in eche thing haue eye and care:  
But be that bluntly runnes on hed,  
And seeth not what the race shall 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 griefe that I  
did fele: [thee,

The gods revenge my wrong with equal place on  
What pleasure shal prick forth thy youth to learn  
what loue shall be:

Perchance thou prouest now to scale blind Cupides  
holde, [thy cardes are told:  
And matchest where thou maigest repent when all  
But blush not thou therefore, thy betters haue  
done so,

Who thought they had retainde a doue, when they  
but caught a crow:

And some do leuger time with lofty lokes wee see,  
That lightes at length as low or worse then doth  
the betell bee. [hie,

Yet let thy hope be good, such hap may fall from  
That thou maist be, if fortune serue, a princesse  
er thou die;

If chaunce preferre the so, alas pore sely man,  
Where shall I scape thy cruel handes, or seke for  
suceour than? [lesse blood,  
God shild such greedy wolnes should lap in gilt-  
And send short hornes to hurtfull heds that rage  
like lions wood,

I seeldome see the day but malice wanteth might,  
And hatefull hartes haue neuer hap to wreke their  
wrath aight.

The madman is unmete a naked sword to gide,  
And more unfit are they to clime that are ore-  
come with pride.

I touch not thee herein, thou art a fawcon sure,  
That can both soer and stoupe sometime, as men  
cast up the hurc. [hist;

The peacock hath no place in thee, when thou shalt  
For some no sooner make a signe, but thou per-  
ceiuest the flie: [gilde;

They saue that I do want, and that hath thee be-  
The lacke that thou dost see in me doth make the  
loke so wilde:

My luring is not good, it liketh not thine care;  
My call it is not halfe so swete, as would to-God  
it were.

Well wanton, yet beware thou do no tiring take  
At euery hand that woulde thee fede, or to thee  
friendship make.

This councell take of him that ought thee once to  
love;

Who hopes to mete thee after this among the  
saintes aboue. [place,

But here within this worlde, if he may shonne the  
He rather seeketh present death, then to behold  
thy face.

### THE LOUER PREFERRETH HIS LADY ABOUT ALL OTHER.

RESIGNE, you dames, whom tikeling brute de-  
light,

The golden praise the flatteries tromp doth sound,  
And vassels be to her that claims by right,  
The tytle iust that first dame beauty found,  
Whose dainty eyes such sugred baites do hide,  
As poyson harts where gliams of love do glide,

Come eke, and see how heauen and nature  
wrought

Within her face, where framed is such ioy,  
As Priams soune in vaine the seas had sought,  
If halfe such light had had abods in Troy;  
For as the golden soune doth darke ech starre,  
So doth her hue the fayrest dames as farre.

Ech heauenly gift, ech 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 staines:  
A sugred tong where eke such sweetnesse snowes,  
That well it scemes a fountain where it flowes.

Two laughing eyes so linked with pleasing  
As would entice a tygers hart to serue; [lokes,  
The haite is swete, but eager be the bookes,  
For Dynne sekes her honour to preserue:  
Thus Arundell sits throned still with fame,  
Whom enimies tromp cannot attain with shame.

My dased head so danted is with heapes  
Of gifts diuine that harbor in her brest;  
Her heauenly shape; that lo my verres leape,  
And touch but that wherein she cloudes the rest:  
For if I should her graces all recite,  
Both time should want, and I should wonder writ.

Her chere so swete, so cristal is her eyes,  
Her mouth so smal, her lips so liuely red,  
Her hand so fine, her wordes so swete and wise,  
That Pallas comes to sojourne in her hed:  
Her vertues great her form as far exceeds,  
As sunne the shade that mortall creatures leades.

Would God that wretched age would spare to  
Her liuely bew, that as her graces rare [rare  
Be goddesse like, even so her goddesse face  
Might neuer change, but still continue 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 bredeth all my smart?

A thousand times and mo  
I have attempted sore  
To rid this restless wo,  
Which reigneth more and more.

But when remembrance past  
Hath laid dead coals together,  
Olde loue renews his blast,  
That cause my ioyes 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 rotten wither'd wedes  
Can heale no gretous sore.

But then seen sodainly  
The feruent heat doth slake,  
And cold then straineth me,  
That makes my bodie 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 graue.

SONGES WRITTEN BY N. G.<sup>1</sup>  
OF THE NINE MUSES.

Isare of kyng Jove, and queen Remembrance lo  
The sisters nine, the poets pleassant feroc.  
Caliope doth stately stile bestow,  
And worthy praises paintes of princely poroc.

Clion in solem songes reneweth all day,  
With present yeres conjoyning age bypast,  
Delightful talke louses comical Tbailey,  
In fresh grene youth who doth lyke lawrel last.

With voyces tragical soundes Mcilpomen  
And as with cheynes thalidure care she byndes.  
Her stringes when Terpsicor doth touch, euen  
then  
She toucheth hartes, and reigneth in mens myndes:

Fine Erato, whose looke a lincly chere.  
Presents, in dancing kepes a comely grace.  
With sarnely gesture doth Polymnie sterc,  
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 tunes of instrument, (chase).  
With solace sweet, hence my heavy dumpes to

\* Nic. Grimmoeld.

Lord Phebus, in the myds, (whose heauenly  
These ladyes doth inspire) embraceth all. [sprite  
The graces in the muses woed, delite,  
To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall.

25- 122  
MUSONIUS THE PHILOSOPHERS SAYING.

In working well, if travell you sustaine,  
Into the winde shall lightly passe the paine;  
But of the dede the glory shall remaine,  
And cause your name with worthy wights to raigone.  
In working wrong, if pleasure you attaine,  
The pleasure soon shal vade, and voide as vaine:  
But of the dede throughout the life the shame  
Endures, defacing you with fowle defame;  
And stil torments the minde both night and day;  
Scant length of time the spot can wash away.  
Flee then yl-sounding pleasures, baites untrue,  
And noble vertues faire renown pursue.

DESCRIPCION OF VERTUE.

WHAT one art thou, thus in torne weed yclad?  
Vertue, in price whom auncient sages had.  
Why porely rayd? for fading goodes past care.  
Why double faced? I marke ech fortunes fare.  
This bridle what? Mindes rages to restraine.  
Tooles why beare you? I love to take great payne.  
Why winges? I teach about the starres to flye.  
Why tread you death? I onely cannot dye.

PRAISE OF MEASURE-KEPING.

THE auncient time commended not for nought  
The mean: what better things can there be sought?  
In meane is virtue 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 false upon:  
Ne cruel power, ne none too soft can raigone;  
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 coulede August so many yeres well passe?  
Nor overmeke nor overferce he was:  
Worship not Joue with curious faucies vain,  
Nor him despise; hold right atwene these twain.  
No wastfull wight, no gredy groom is praid,  
Stand largesse just in egall bailance paid.  
So Catoes meal surmountes Antonius chere,  
And better fame his sober fare hath here.  
Too slender building bard, as bad too grosse;  
One an eye sore, the tother fallies to loose.  
As medicines helpe in measure, so (God wot)  
By overmuch the sicke the bane have got.  
Unmete me seemes to utter this mo wajes;  
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  
care,  
With travel and with toyl ynough 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 thrift full harde to  
see: [to be.  
Yong brats a trouble, none at all, a mayme it seemes  
Youth fonde, age hath no hart, and pincheth all  
to nie; [to die.  
Choose then the lesser of these two, no life, or soon

### METRODORIUS MINDE TO THE CON- TRARIE.

WHAT race of lyfe rodd you? what trade will  
you assay? [day.  
In courts is glory got, and witt increased day by  
At home we take our ease, and beak our selues  
in rest:  
The felder 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 lousely thing: without, thy lyfe is loose  
Young bloodes be strong; olde syres in double  
honour dwell: [all is well.  
Do way the choyse, "No lyfe or soon to dye," for

### OF FRENDSHIP.

Of all the heauenly gifts that mortal men com-  
mend, [a friende?  
What trusty treasure in the world can counteruaile  
Our helth is soon decayed; goodes casual, light,  
and vain;  
Broke have wee seue 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 guyde of  
our pursute; [case:  
Whose harty zeale with ours accords in enery  
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 swerue, when  
frendes owe thee good will:  
What sweter solace shall befall, then one to flude,  
Upon whose brest thou mayst repose the secrets  
of thy minde?  
Hewailth at thy wo; his teares with thine be shed;  
With thee doth he all ioyz inioy, so lefe 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 alius remainst thou by thy sure frende  
be found.  
Eake houses, eake towne, eake realme by stedfast  
loue doth stande;  
Where fewle debate brookes bitter bale in eche di-  
uided laude,

O frendship, flowre of flowers, O liuely sprite of  
lyfe, [stanch of strife:  
O sacred bond of blisful peace, the stalworth  
Scipio with Lelius didst thou conioyn in care;  
At home, in warres, for weale and wo, with eall  
faith to fare.  
Gesippus eke with Tite, Damon with Pythias;  
And with Menethus sonne Achill by thee com-  
bined was:  
Euryalus and Nisus gaue Virgil cause to sing:  
Of Pylades doo many rimes and of Orestes ring,  
Downe Theseus went to hell, Pirith his frend to  
finde; [mates so kynd.  
O that the wiues in these our daies wer to their  
Cicero the frendly man, to Atticus, his frende,  
Of frendship wrote, such couples lo, doth lot but  
seldom send. [there see,  
Recount thy race now ronne, how few shalt thou  
Of whom to say, This some is he that neuer failed  
mee?  
So rare a jewell then must nedes be holden dere:  
And as thou wilt esteeme thy selfe, so take thy  
chosen fere.  
The tyrant in dispaire no lacke of gold beweyls,  
But out, I am undone (saith he) for all my frend-  
ships failes: [kinde,  
Wherfore sins nothing is moue kyndly for our  
Next wisdome thus that teacheth us, love wee the  
frendfull minde.

### THE DEATH OF ZOROAS, AN EGIPTIAN ASTRONOMER, IN THE FIRST FIGHT THAT ALEXANDER HAD WITH THE PERSIANS.

Now clattering armes, now raging broyls of warre,  
Can passe the noyses of dreadfull trumpets cleare,  
Shrowded with shafts the beauen; with cloude of  
darts  
Covered the ayre. Against full fatted bulls  
As forceth kyndled yre the lyons keet;  
Whose greedy gutts the gnawing hunger prick:  
So Macedons against the Persians fare.  
Nor corpses hyde the purpurde soyle with blood;  
Large slaughter on eche side; but Peres more:  
Moyst fieldes hebled, theyr hartes and numbers  
bate;  
Fainted while they geue backe, and fall to fighte.  
The lightning Macedon by swordes, by glaues,  
By bands and troupes of footemen, with his gaue,  
Speedes to Darie, but hym his neresst kyn,  
Oxate preserues, with horsemen on a plump  
Before his cart, that none the charge should gerr:  
Here grunts, here groans, echewhere strong youth  
is spent:  
Shaking her bloody hands, Bessone, among  
The Peres soweth all kind of cruell death.  
With throte ycut he roores; he lyeth along.  
His entrails with a launce through girded quite,  
Hym swaites the clib: him woundes farre dryk-  
ing bow:  
And him the sling; and him the shining sword;  
He dieth, he is all dead, he pants, he restes.  
Right ouer stood, in snow white armor beate,  
The Memphisite Zoroas, a cunning Clarke,  
To whom the beauen lay open, as his holes;  
And in celestiall bodies he could tell  
The mouing, meting, light, aspect, eclipse,

And influence, and constellations all;  
 What earthly chances would betide; what yere  
 Of plenty storde, what signe foreward death,  
 How winter goodroth snow; what temperance  
 In the primetyde doth season well the soyl;  
 Why somer burnes; why autumn hath ripe  
 grapes,

Whether the circle quadrate may become,  
 Whether our tunes heavens harmony can yelde,  
 Of four biggins among themselves howe great  
 Proportion is; what sway the erring lightes  
 Doth send in course, gayne that fyrst moning  
 heauen;

What grees one from another distant be,  
 What starr doth lett the hurtfull Sire to rage,  
 Or him more mylde what opposition makes,  
 What fyre doth qualifie Manors fyre,  
 What house eche one doth seke, what planet  
 reignes

Within this hemis sphere, or that small things  
 I speake, whole heauen he closeth in his brest.  
 This sage then in the starrs had spyed the fates  
 Threatned him death without delay; and, sithe  
 He saw he could not fatall order change,  
 Foreward he preat in battails, that he might  
 Meete with the rulers of the Macedoins;  
 Of his right hand desirous to be slaine,  
 The boldest burne, and worthiest in the feilde;  
 And as a wight, now wery of his lyfe,  
 And seking death; in fyrst front of his rage,  
 Comes desperately to Alexanders face;  
 At him with darts one after other throwes;  
 With reckles words and clamour him prouokes,  
 And sayth, Nectanabs bastard, shamefull stayne  
 Of mothers bed, why loest thou thy strokes  
 Cowardes among? Turne thee to me, in case  
 Manhod there be so much left in thy hart:  
 Come fight with me, that ou my helmet weare  
 Apolloes laurell both for learnings laude,  
 And eke for martiall praise; that in my shield  
 The seven fold sophie of Minerue contain,  
 A match more mete, syr king, then any here.  
 The noble prince amoued takes ruthe upon  
 The wilfull wight, and with soft wordes ayen,  
 O monstrous man (quoth he) what so thou art,  
 I pray thee lise, ne do not with thy death  
 This lodge of lore, the Muses mansion marre;  
 That treasure house this hand shall neuer spoyle,  
 My sword shall neuer bruse that skilfull brayne,  
 Long gather'd heapes of science sone to spill;  
 O how fayre frutes may you to mortall men  
 From wisdoms garden geve?—How many may  
 By you the wiser and the better prooe?  
 What error, what mad moode, what frenzy thee,  
 Perswades to be downe sent to depe Auerne,  
 Where no artes 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 quishes wounded him,  
 So that the blood down rayled on the ground:  
 The Macedon perceiuing hurt, gan gnash,  
 But yet his mynde he bent; in any wise  
 Him to forbear: sett spurs unto his stede,  
 And tarnde away, lest anger of his smarte  
 Should cause reuenger hand deale halefull blowes.  
 But of the Macedonian chieftaines knights,  
 One Melcager 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 came of souldieurs sterne,  
 And all in pieces hewed the sely aeg.  
 But happily the soules fled to the starrs,  
 Where, under him, he bath full sight of all,  
 Wherat he gased here with reaching looke.  
 The Persians wailde such sapience to forgo,  
 The very fone, the Macedonians, wisht  
 He would haue lined: king Alexander self  
 Demde him a man vnmete 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 hed so rare a jewel beares.  
 But ouer all those same Camenes, those same,  
 Deuine Camenes, whose honour he procurede,  
 As tender parent doth his daughters weale,  
 Laumented, and for thanks, all that they can,  
 Do cherish him deceast, and set him free,  
 From dark obliuion of deuouring death.

### MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO'S DEATH.

THEFORE, when restless rage of wynde and  
 waue,

He saw: By fates, alas, calde for, (quod he)  
 Is hapless Cicero; sayle on, shape course  
 To the next shore, and bring me to my death.  
 Perdy these thankes, reskued from ciuill sword,  
 Wilt thou my country pay? I see myne end:  
 So powers diuine so bid the gods aboue,  
 In cite saued that consul Marcus shend.  
 Speaking no more, but drawing from depe hart  
 Great grones, euen at the name of Rome reheart;  
 His cies and chekes with showres of teares he  
 washt;

And (though a route in daily dangers worne)  
 With forced face the shipmen held their teares;  
 And strivyng long the seas rough flood to passe,  
 In angry windes and stormy showres made way.  
 And at the last safe ancred 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.  
 Some swordes prepare; some theyr derelord assist:  
 In littour laid, they lead him unkouth wayes.  
 If so deceave Antonius cruell gleaues,  
 They might, and threats of following routs escape:  
 Thus lo, that Tullie went, that Tullius,  
 Of royal robe and sacred senate prince.  
 When he a far the men approche espieth;  
 And of his fone the ensignes doth acknowe,  
 And with drawn swordes Popilius threatning death;  
 Whose life and hole estate, in hazard once  
 He had preserue, when Rome, as yet too free,  
 Herd him, and at his thundring voice amazde:  
 Herennius eke, more eger than the rest,  
 Present, enflamde with furie, him pursues.  
 What might he do? Should he use in defence  
 Dysarned handes, or pardon ask for mede?  
 Should he with wordes attempt to turne the wrath  
 Of th'armed knight, whose safeguard he had  
 wrought?

No; age forbids, and fixt within depe brest  
 His countreys loue, and falling Romes ymage;  
 The charret turn, sayth he, let loose the raines,  
 Romn to the undeserued death; me, lo,

Hath Phoebus fowle, as messenger forward,  
 And Jove desires a new heavens man to make.  
 Brutus and Cassius souls, live you in blame?  
 In case yet all the fates gainstrie us not,  
 Neither shall wee, perchance, dye unrevenged.  
 Now haue I liued, O Rome! ynough for me;  
 My passed life nought suffereth me to dout  
 Noysome obliuion of the lothsome death.  
 Stea me: yet all the offspring to come shall know,  
 And this deceas shall bring eternal life;  
 Yea, and (unlesse I fayle, and all in vaine:  
 Rome, I somtime thy augur chosen was)  
 Not euermore shall frendly fortune thee  
 Favour, Antonius: once the day shall come,  
 When her dear wights, by cruel spight thus slaine,  
 Victorious Rome shall at thy hands require:  
 Me likes therwhile, go as the hoped heauen.  
 Speche had he left, and therwith, he, good man,  
 His throts prepard, and held his hed unmou'd.  
 His hasting to those fates the very knightes  
 Be loth to see, and rage rebated, when  
 They his bare necke beheld, and his hoare heares;  
 Scant could they hold the teares that furth gan  
 burst,  
 And almost fell from bloody hands the swordes;  
 Only the sterne Herennius, with grym looke,  
 Dastards, why stand you still? he sayeth: and  
 straight

Swape of the hed with his presumptuous yron.  
 Ne with that slaughter yet he is not fild:  
 Fowl shame on shame to heape, is his delite,  
 Wherefore the handes also doth he off smyte,  
 Which durst Antonius life so liuely paine.  
 Him yelding strained ghost, from welkin hie,  
 Whith lothy chere lord Phoebus 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 Pitho, (strange to tell)  
 Who had to him suffiade both sense and wordes.  
 When so he spake; and drest with Nectar soote  
 That flowing tong, when his wind pipe disclode,  
 Fled with her fleing 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 beare,  
 Unto Antonius board, with mischief fed.

---

OF M. T. CICERO.

For Tullie late a tomb I gan prepare,  
 When Cynthia, thus, bad me my labour spare:  
 Such maner things become the dead, quoth hee,  
 But Tully liues, and still aliuie 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 Litteraria*, 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 alius 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 entertained<sup>1</sup> whether such a pamphlet had ever existed.

<sup>1</sup> This ought not to have been the case, as Herbert mentions that Aggas 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, *Tam 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 further assistance, and, probably about this time, disinherited him.

Without blaming his father, unless by calling his disinherittance "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 plaste 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*<sup>1</sup>, 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 guine," 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 languages<sup>2</sup>.

On his return to England, he resided partly in Gray's Inn, and partly at Walthamstow. 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, Nevile, and Courttop, he wrote what he calls his *Memories*. These tasks, however, may have been per-

<sup>1</sup> Vol. I. p. 109. &c. C.

<sup>2</sup> 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 here poured 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 wayes 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*<sup>4</sup>. 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 Steek Glasse*, *The Glasse of Government*, *The Delicate Diet*, a *Book of Hunting*<sup>5</sup>, 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 insensibly 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 atone 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 indelicate 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 success<sup>6</sup>.

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

<sup>4</sup> See many curious particulars of this entertainment in Nichols' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. I. C.

<sup>5</sup> This is not known. He has commendatory verses before Turbervile's *Art of Venery*. C.

<sup>6</sup> By the author of his life in the *Censura Litteraria*. C.



even a much shorter period might be fixed upon with great probability. His stay at Cambridge was perhaps not long; in 1566<sup>7</sup>, 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 Flowres bounde vp in one small Poesie. Gathered partely (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 pleasaunt, and profitable to the well smellyng noses of learned Readers. Meritum petere; graue. At London, Imprinted for Richarde Smith."

This volume contains, "First an excellente and pleasaunte Comedie entituled Supposes. The second, the wofull tragedie of Jocasta, containing the vtter subuersion of Thebes. Thirdly, a pleasant discourse of the aduentures of master F. J. conteyning excellent letters, sonets, Lays, Ballets, Rondlets, Verlays and verses. Fourthly, diuers excellent deuises of sundry Gentlemen. Fifthly, certayne deuises of master Gascoyne, conteyning his anothemie, 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 vpon five sundry theames giuen to him by five sundry Gentlemen in five sundry meeters; gloze vpon *Dominus iis opus habet*; good morrowe; good night; counsell to Douglas Diue; 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 Don Bartholomew of Bathie, 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<sup>8</sup>."

Of this very rare edition, only two perfect copies are known, one which was in Mr. Steevens'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. Steevens'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 *unchastised* work, published, as it should seem, without the formal consent of Gascoigne, though not perhaps without his conuivance. The pages in all the copies extant break off abruptly at 164, and recommence at 201.

<sup>7</sup> It appears from the records of Gray's Inn, that in 1565 George Gascoigne being called an Advocate, 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.

<sup>8</sup> Ariosto allegorised, 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 Poies of George Gascoigne Esquire. Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour, 1575. *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.* Imprinted at London by H. Bynnenman 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 Anatomie of a Louer; the arraignmente of a Louer; the passions of a Louer; the disorce 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 Sands; praise of lady Grey; praise of the author's mistresse; Gascoignes good morrowe—good night—*De Profundis*—memories—an Epitaph upon Captaine Boucher; a devise of a Maske; the refusall of a Louer; pryde in Court; Despised things may live; in trust is treason; the constancie of a Louer; the frute of Foes; a Louer once warned and twice taken; a Louer encouraged by former examples; the Historie of Dan Bartholomewe of Bathe; the frutes of Warre. HEARBES, containing The Comedie called Suppore; 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 absenec; the praise of a Countesse; the affection of a louer; the complaint of a Dame suspected; a riddle; the shield of Lowe; the glose upon *Dominus nis opus habet*; Gascoignes counsell to Dine—counsell to Wythipole—wedmanship—gardening—journey into Hollande. WEEDES, containing, The frute of Fetters; the complaynt of the green Knight; the farewell to Fancie; the fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi and Leonora de Velasco; the praise of a Gentlewoman neither fair nor wel favoured; the praise of Phillip Sparrowe; Fawced with a mischief; the dole of disdaine; Mars in despite of Vulcane; Patience perforce; a letter for a yong louer; David saluteth Bersabe; Some acquainted, some 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 Ferdinando Jeronimi; Elinor to Leonora de Velasco, Fraunces into Francischini; and the signatored 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 Gouvernement. 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 Olive trees rounde about their table. Seen and allowed, according to the order appointed in the Queenes majesties iniunctions. 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, together with The Complaint of Phylomene. An Elegie devised by the same Author. *Tam 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 *Tam 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 mouthed Dronkards: wherein the fowle abuse of common carousing 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 Worshipfull his singular 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 dronkardes are beastes."

The Hermit's 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 understode the better)  
A soldier armed with penyale in his eare,  
With pen to fighte, and eworde 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 Cathaia," and probably to other works of contemporaries.

The only posthumous work of our author, published in 1586, is entitled "The Droom of Doomes Day. Wherein the frailties and miseries of mans life are lively portrayed and learnedly set forth. Decided as appeareth in the Page next following.

Translated and collected by George Gascoigne Esquyre. *Tam Marti quam Mercurii.* At London, Imprinted by John Windet, for Gabriel Cawood: dwelling in Pauls 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 pompes, pleasures, delights and vanities of this life. And the second part is named, *The shame of sinne*, Displaying and laying open the huge greatnesse and enormities of the same, by sundrie good examples and comparisons. And the third part is called, *The Needels Eye*, Wherein wee are taught the right rules of a true Christian life, and the straight passage vnto euerlasting felicitie. Hereunto is added a priuate Letter, the which doth teach remedies against the bitterness 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 his present time, and partly in consequence of the suggestion of a friend, who, after allowing his poetry its full merit, said "hee woulde like the gardiner much better if he would employ his spade in no worse ground, then either diuinitie or moral philosophie." The dedication is dated "From my lodging where I finished this trauaile in weake plight 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 compyled 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<sup>i</sup> Jeronimi, and the pleasure at Kenelworth Castle. London, Imprinted by Abell Jeffes, dwelling in the Fore Streete, without Creeplegate, 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 adait. Surreis et inclytus adait  
Gascoignoqué aliquis sit, mea Corda locus?

Arthur Hall, in the dedication prefixed to his Translation of Ten Books of Homer, compliments "the pretie pythic Conceits of M. George Gascoygne." Thomas Nash, in his Address to Gentlemen Students, prefixed to Green's Arcadia, says, "Who euer my priuate opinion condemmeth as faultie, Maister Gascoigne is not to be abridged of his deserved esteeme, who first beate the path to that perfection which our best poets

\* *Graduationes Veldloenses*, Edit. Binneman, 1578, Ho. Lib. IV. p. 23. C.

France expired to since his departure, whereto hee did ascend, by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully did *Græca 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 Penniless*, 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 *Tam 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 plentifull wayne." 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 *veras* 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 *Phœnissæ* 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 Delights of Manes Lyfe are displayed. Written to the Queenes most excellent Majestic, 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 REMEMBRANCE

of the wel employed life, and godly end of  
GEORGE GASKOIGNE Esquire, who  
deceased at Stalmaford in Lin-  
colne Shire the 7 of October  
1577

The reporte of GEOR. WHETSTONS  
Gent. an eye witness of his  
Godly and charitable  
end in this world.

*Formæ nulla Fides*

IMPRINTED AT LON-  
don for Edward Aggas, dwelling  
in Pauls Churchyard and  
are there to be solde.

The wel employed 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?  
tees all men joy? til no mā skil of bale?<sup>1</sup>  
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, *Durus est hic sermo,*  
Tis hard indeed, for such as feed oo sin.  
Yet trust me friends (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 (in first) must play his parte:  
Whose tale attend, for once the same is true,  
Yea Whetston thoo, has knowen my hidden hart  
And therefore I conjure thee to defend:  
(When I am dead) my life and godly end.

<sup>1</sup> 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 soune defeat<sup>2</sup>.

This froward 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 sine crimine vivit*.  
 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)  
 Truth 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 seld bites without a baigt,  
 So none unforst, mens needs will hear or see.  
 and begging sutes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:  
 the mounting minde, had rather sterve in need.

Wel leave I bear of thriftles 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, *saucer use* (quod I) will rust:  
 That pices were, for I to them must trust.

Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch,  
 (though rumours lewd, impayred my desert)  
 I boldely vaunt, the blast of fame is such,  
 As prooves I had a froward soure hart.

\* "He was Sir John G. soune and heire disinherited." Marginal note in the original. C.



My slender gaine a further witness is:  
for woorthiest men, the spoiles of war do mix.

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence,  
Cacht by sly hap, in prison vile was popt:  
Yea had not woordes, fought for my lifes defence,<sup>3</sup>  
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 awkward chance, lackt force to heard my hope  
In peace (quod I) he trust unto my wit,  
The windowes of my muse, then straight I ope  
and first I showe, 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 neyghboars harms, are items to the wise.  
And sure these toyes, do showe 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 checkt, in Glas of government,  
And (laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praise,)  
I wrought a Glasse, wherein eche man may see  
Within his minde, what canckred vices be.

The drunken soule, transformed to a beast,  
my diet helps a man, again to make.  
But (that which should, be praised 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 woorks (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.

<sup>3</sup> " He had the Latin, Italian, French and Dutch languages." Marginal note. C.

O Envy vile, foule fall thee wretched sot  
 Thou mortal 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 Envies poisoned 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 tearms, to paint a prattling tung,  
 When (God he knowes) he knows not what he saies  
 And lest the wise should finde his wit but yung,  
 he woorkes all means, their woorkes for to dispraise.  
 To smooth his speech, the beast this patch doth cresp  
 he shows the bad, the writers mouthes to stop.

Ye woorse than 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 breth, 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, he 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 woords, by fooles miscontred were  
 by whose fond tales reward held his hands back  
 To quite my woorth, a cause to settle care  
 within my brest, who wal deserv'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 soldiers spoile?

I am the wretch, whom fortune stirted see,  
These men were bribed, ere I had breth to speak.  
Musc then no whit, with this huge overthrowe  
though crushing care, my gittles hart 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 guaw upon his hart.

for prooffe myself, with care not so a feard,  
But as hurt Deere waile (through their wounds  
When 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 pearce  
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 then? 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 whorld.  
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 threashed 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:  
 pinde 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, stuff 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 forse 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 stuff, with wit and learmed skill  
 may now conceive, but not convey my wil.

What say you freends, this sudain change 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 mas of sinne, a desart of decett:  
 A moments joy, an age of wretched dole,  
 A lure from grace, for flesh a toothsome baigt,  
 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 shiftles wretch  
 Where bribing mists, the judges eyes doo blinde,  
 Where Parasites, the fattest crummes do catch.  
 Where good deserts (which challenge like reward)  
 Are over blowen, with blasts of light regard.

“ And what is man? Dust, Slime, a puff of winde,  
 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 Devises*. Edit. 1594. 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 plaste,  
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,  
Abuse your plumes, which makes you look so big:  
The Colliers cut, the Courtians steed wil tire,  
Even so the Clark, the Parsones grave dooth dig  
whose hap is yet, beer longer life to win:  
Dooth heap (God wot) but sorowe unto sinne.

“ And to be short, all sortes of men take beede,  
the thunder boltes, 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 will:  
The tired Jade, dooth trip at every pace,  
when pampered horse, will prounce against the hil,  
To helthfull men, at long discouraes 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 fry 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 sight 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 weith 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 doon)  
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 deserts, who still rewardes bestowea.

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 farwell Wife, my Sonne, and frends farwel,  
farwell O world, the baight of all abuse:  
Death where is thy sting? O Devil where is thy hel?  
I little forse, the forses you can use,  
yea to your teeth, I doo you both defye  
*Vt essem Christo, cupio dissolui.*

In this good mood, an end worthy the shoue,  
Bereft of speech, his hands to God he beavd:  
And sweetly thus, good *Gaskoigne* went a *Dio*,  
yea with such ease, as no man there preceivd  
By strugling signe, or striving from his breth;  
That he abode, the pains and pangs of Death.

## EXHORTATIO.

His *scena* is playd, you folowe on the act,  
 Life is but Death, til flesh and blood be slain :  
 God graunt his woords, within your barts be pact  
 As good men doo, holde earthly pleasures vain.  
 The good for their needs, *Vtuntur mundo* :  
 And use good deeds, *Vt fruuntur Deo*.

Contemne the change (use nay abuse) not God  
 Through holy showes, 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 ain 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 judgd, and therefore 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 jodged bee.

You Prelats now, whose woords are perfect good,  
 make showe in woorkes, that you your woords inue.  
 A Diamond, holdes his vertue set in wood,  
 but yet in Golde, it hath a fresher hue,  
 Euen 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 hreef 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 knowst 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.

*Vivit post funera virtus.*

*AN EPITAPH,*

WRITTEN BY G. W. OF THE DEATH, OF M. G.  
 GASKOYGNÉ.

FOR Gaskoygnés death, leave to none or mome  
 You are deceived, alive the man is stil:  
 Alive? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne,  
 in that, that he, his fleshy 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 Freend (to counterchange his paynes)  
 If now in heaven, he have his earned meade,  
 For once in earth, his toyle was passing great:  
 And we devourd 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 (PROFESSING ARMES IN DEFENCE OF  
GODS TRUETH) WISHETH QUIET IN CONSCIENCE, AND ALL CONSO-  
LATION IN CHRIST IESUS.

**R**IGHT REUERENDE: 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, which (being passed in clouds and figuratiue speeches) might percase both be offensive to your grauities and perilous to my credit.

It is verre neere 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 returne, I finde that some of them haue not only bin offensive for sundrie wanton speeches, and lasciuious phrases, but further I heare that the same haue heene doutfully construed, and (therefore) scandalous.

My reuerend and welbeloued: whatsoever my youth hath seemed vnto the grauer sort, I would be verie 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 shoulde 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 although there maie bee found in a Gentleman whereby to be reprehended or rebuked, yet ought hee not to be woorthie of reproofe 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 prooffe, so am I contented that if hereafter you finde me guiltie, your definitive sentence shall then passe pubhlikelie vnder the Seale of Seueritie.

It were not reason (right reuerend) that I shoulde be ignorant howe generallie we are all *magis pro ad malum quam ad bonum*. Euen so is fit requisite that I acknowledge a generall reformation of manners more necessarie to be taught, than anie whetstone of vanities is meete (in these daies) to be suffered. And therefore as your grauitie hath thought it requisite that all idle bookes or wanton pamphlets shoulde bee forbidden, so it might seeme that I were woorthie of great reprehension, if I should 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 receiued great summes of monie for the first printing of these Posies, whereby (if it were true) I might seeme not onelic a craftie Broker for the vtterance of garish toies, but a corrupt marchant for the sale of deceitfull wares.

For answere hereof it is most true (and I call heauen and earth to witnesse) that I neuer 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 vnwilling the same should 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 overhardie to put my name in ballance of doubtful judgements, yet nowe I am become so bashfull that I could rather bee content to leese the praise of my folles, then to hazard the misconceits of the graue and graue headed judges. But to confesse a trueth vnto you right reuerend (with whom I may not long dissemble 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 diuers authers, (both learned and well learned) which after they haue both reformed their liues, and conuerted their studies, haue not yet disdeined 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 onelic 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 (*quamis iam obsoleta*) than in borowing of other languages such Epithetes and Adiectiues as smell of the Inkhorne.

Thirdlie, as I seeke aduancement 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 Almightye 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 countrie. For manie a man which maie like mine outward presence, might yet haue doubted whether the qualities 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 vndouted prooffe, that I had laide aside vanities, and delighted to exercise my penn 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 drasse. 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 perswaded my selfe that as in the better sort of the same I shoulde purchase good liking with the honorable age, So euen in the worst sort, I might yet serue as a myrror for vnbridled youth, to auoid those perils which I had passed. For little may he doe which hath escaped the rocks of the sandes, if he cannot waite with his hand to them that come after him.

These considerations (right Reuerend) did first moue me to consent that these Poemes shoulde passe in print. For recapitulation wherof, and to answere vnto the objections that maie be geuea: I saie to the first, that I neither take example of a wanton Ouid, doting Nigidius, nor foolish Socrates: But I delight to thinke that the reuerend father Theodore Beza, whose life is woorthelie become a lantern to the whole worlde, did not yet disdaigne 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 reuerend iudgements behold in this second edition, my poemes gelded from all *stibbie phrases*, corrected in all erroneous places, and beautified with addition of manie morall examples.

To the seconde, although I be sometimes constryed for the cadence of *rimas*, or *per licentiam Poeticam*, to vse an *inkhorne terme*, or a strange word: yet hope I that it shall bee apparant, I haue rather regarde to make our native language commendable in it selfe, then gay with the feathers of strange birds.

To the third reason may be objected, that if I were so desirous to haue my capacitie knowne, I shoulde haue done much better to haue traualled in some notorious peece of worke, which might generally haue spread my commendation. The which 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 paie as much as I had, 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 (wherby also I sought some aduancement) I thought good to notife vnto the worlde before my returne, that I coulde as well perswade with pen, as pearce with lance or weapon. So that yet some noble minde might bee encouraged both to exercise mee in time of peace, and to emploie me in time of seruite in warra.

To the fourth and last considerations, I had alluded of late by a right reuerend father, that although in deede out of every flower the industrious Bee maie gather honie, yet by prooffe the Spider thereout suckes mischeuous poison. Wherunto I can none otherwise answer, but that he who wil throw a stone at euery dog which barketh, had neede of a great satobel or pocket. And if the learned iudgements and honest minds do both construe my doings aright, and take therein either counsel or coun-

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 enuious carping of ten thousand vnlettered tattlers.

To conclude (right reuerend) as these considerations did speciallie moue me at first to consent to the imprinting of these poesies, 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 sundrie well disposed mindes haue taken offence at certaine wanton words and sentences passed in the Fable of Ferdinando Ieronimi, and the Ladie Elinora de Valasco, the which in the first edition was tearmed The Aduentures of master F. I. And that also therewith some busie coniectures 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 reuerend) 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 coniecture. Alas, alas, if I had been so foolish as to haue passed in recitall a thing so done, yet all the world might thinke me very simple if I would call John, John, or Mary, Mary. But for the better satisfieng of all men vniversally, I doe here protest unto you (reuerend) euen by the hope of my salvation, that there is no liuing creature touched or to be noted thereby. And for the rest you sha) 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 eftsones, to the end al men might see the reformation of my mind: and that al suspitions maie be suppressed and throughe satisfied by this mine vnfeigned 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 prooffe of mine earnest zeale in Gods seruice, I require of you most instantlie that if herchie my skill 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 thinke me able to ouercome, 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 eyes 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 product<sup>s</sup> you, and me, and all his in quiet of conscience, and strength of spirit. Amen.

<sup>s</sup> 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 INCREASE 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 vsed in my youth, the which for the barbarousnes of the stile maie seeme worthless, and yet for the doubtfulnes of some darcke places they haue also seemed heretofore daungerous. So that men maie iustlie both condemne me of rashnesse, and wonder at my simplicitie 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 temptations of the flesh. But a man of middle yeres, who hath to his cost experimented 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 time past lost, and the rest poasting awaie in poast: Such a man had more need to be wel advised in his doings, and resolute in his determinations. For with more ease and greter favor maie we answeere for x. mad follies committed in greene youth, than one sober ouersight escaped in yeres of discretion. Licurgus the good princelie philosopher, ordeined that if an old man perceiuing a yong man to commit anie dishonestie, did not rebuke but suffer him, the aged should be chastized, and the yong man should be absouled.

All this rehearsed and considered, you maie (as I saie) grow in some doubt, whether I were worse occupied in first deuising, or last in publishing these toies and pamphlets, and much the rather, for that it is a thing commonlie seene, that (now addaies) fewe or no things are so well handled, but they shall be carped 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 bent, and rather desirous to continue in the fresh remembraunce of my follies, than content to cancell them in obliuion by discontinuance: especiallie since in a house where manie yong children are, it hath bene thought better pollicie quite to quench out the fire, then to leaue any loose cole in the imbers, wherewith babes maie plaie and put the whole edifice in danger.

But my lustie youthes, and gallant Gentlemen, I had an intent far contrarie vnto all these supposes, when I first permitted the publication hercof. And because the greatest offence that hath bene taken thereat, is, least your mindes might hereby become enuened with vanities, therefore vnto you I will addresse my tale, for the better satisfieng of common iudgements. And vnto you I will explaine, that which being before misticallie couered, and commonly misconstrued, might be no lesse perillous in seducing you, then grieuous euidence for to proue me guiltie of condemnation.

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, Iudicare in the Creede, chalke for cheese, and the common 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 addaies which wil mislike anie thing, being bred (as I thinke) of the spawne of a crab or creuish, which in all streames and waters will swim either sideways, or flat backwards: and when they can indeed find none other fault, wil yet thinke Iudicare 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 enill-fauoured.

Of this sort I make small account, because in deede they seeke a knot in the rash, and would seeme to see verie far in a milstone. There are also certeine others, (hauing 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 rehearse things

without booke: when within booke they vnderstand neither the meaning of the author, nor the sense of the figurative speeches, I will forebare to recite examples by anie mine owne doings. Since all comparisons are odious, I will not saie how much the arignment and diuorce of a louer (being written in a iest) haue bene mistaken in sad earnest. It shall suffice that the contentions passed in verse long althens, between M. Churchyard 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 Churchyard, it was supposed they had growen to debate because the camel came into the Churchyard. Laugh not at this lustie yonkers, since the pleasant dittie of the noble Erie of Shorrie beginning thus, "In winters just returne," was also construed to be made in deede by a shepheard. What should 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 knil of M. Edwards was also written in extremitie of sickness. Of a truth my good Gallants, there are such as hauing onlie learned to read english, interpret latin, greke, french and italian phrases or metaphors, euen according to their own motherlie conception and childish skill, The which shall neuer 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 needes alledge such iust excuse as may counteruaile their iust complaints. For else I shoulde remaine worthie of a seuerer punishment. They wiselie considering that we are all in youth more apt to delight in harmefull pleasures than to digest wholesome and sound aduice, 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 experience also, how the first copie of these my posies hath been verie much inquired for by the yonger sort, and hearing likewise that (in the same) the greater part hath bin written in pursuit of amorous enterprises, they haue iustlie conceyued that the continuance thereof hath bin more likelie to stirre in all yong Readers a venemous desire of vanitie, then to serue as a common mirror of greene and youthfull imperfections. Whereunto I must confesse, 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 proued, 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 shoue of sundrie weedes, hath medicinale plaisters for all infirmities. But if the Chirurgian which should seeke sorrell to ripen an vicer, will take rewe which maie more inflame the imposthume, then is he more to blame that mistoke his gathering then the Gardner which planteth aright, and presenteth store and choice to be taken. Or if the Physitian will gather hote percellie instead of colde ending, shal he not worthilie beare the hurthen of his owne blame?

To speake english it is your vniing (my lustie 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 auoide the subtle sandes of wanton desire) will 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 care your sundrie infirmities) you will spend the whol daie in gathering of sweet smelling posies, much will 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 diuision 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 inuented vpon a verie light occasioff, they haue yet in them (in my judgment) some rare inuention, and Methode before not commonlie vsed. And therefore (being more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them Floures.

The second (being in deede moral discourses, and reformed inuentions, and therefore more profitable then pleasant) I haue named Hearbes.

The third being Weedes, might seeme to some judgements 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 vrtne if it be rightlie handled. Marie you must take heede how you vse them, for if you delight to put Hemlock in your fellowes pottage, you maie chance both to poison him, and bring yourselve in peril. But if you take example by the

harmes of others who haue eaten it before you, then maie you chance to become so warie, that you will looke aduisedlie on all the Perceiie that you gather, leaſt among the ſame one branch of Hemlock 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 *miserris habere conſortium*, yet it is ſmall conſolation to a fellow, to haue a Coizer 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 yeelded 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 been more likeliſe to ſet them to ſale long ſithence, than a reformed man can be able now to protect them with ſimplicitie.

The ſcope of mine intent, and the marks whereto I ſhot is double, I meane grounded vpon two sundrie cauſes: the one that being indebted vnto the world (at the leaſt five thouſand daies verie vaine ſpent) I may yeelde him yet ſome part of mine account in theſe Poemes. Wherein as he maie finde great diuerſitie both in ſtile and ſenſe, ſo maie the good be encouraged to ſet me on worke at leaſt, though it were noone before I ſought ſeruiſe. The other reaſon is, that becauſe I haue (to mine owne great detriment) miſpent my golden time, I maie ſerue as enſample to the youthfull Gentlemen of Englande, that they runne not vpon the rocks which haue brought me to ſhipwracke. Beware therefore, luſtie gallants, howe you ſmell to theſe Poies. And learne you to vſe the talent which I haue highlie abuſed. Make me your myrror. And if hereafter you ſee me recouer mine eſtate, or reedifie the decayed walles of my youth, then begiune you ſooner to build ſome foundation which may beautifie your Pallace. If you ſee me ſinke in diſtreſſes (notwithſtanding that you iudge me quicke of capacitie) then learn you to mainteine your ſelues ſwimming in proſperitie, and eſchue betimes the whirlpoole of miſgouernment.

Finallie I beſeech you, and coniure you, that you rather encourage me to accompliſh ſome worthier trauei, by ſeing theſe Poies right ſmelled vnto, then diſcourage me from attempting other labours, when I ſhall ſee theſe firſt fruites reiected or miſuſed. I haue corrected ſundrie faults, which if they had not brought ſuſpition 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 craue of God, that they maie both pleaſure and profite you for the furtherance of your ſkil in anie commendable enterpriſe. From my poore houſe at Walthamſtows in the Forreſt, 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 coulede (as it were) transforme himself into all professions, thereby to winne all kinde of men to God: saieing, that with the Iewes he became a Jew: 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 thereby he might win some to saluation. 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 neuer heard him repent him that euer hee had persuaded anie scholler to become studious, in what sort soeuer it were that hee 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 smaced with wantonnesse than with wisdome. And as there are some ditties which may please and delight the godly and grauer sort, so there are some which may allure the younger 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.

Paracelsus, 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 wisdome, folie, emulation, and detraction. For as I neuer yet saw anie thing so clearklie handled, but that therein might be found some imperfections: so could I neuer 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 maticed, so the bad shal neuer escape the biting tongues of slaundersers.

But to returne to my purpose: if in the hardest flint there may be found sparks of liuelie fire, and the most knottie peece of box, may be wrought into a faire Dudgeon hefte: let these few suffice to persuade thee, that I have not procured the publication hereof to anie end, so muche as that the youthful sort might therein 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 bene misjudged. Truelie (gentle Reader) I protest that I haue not meant heerein to displease any man, but my desire hath rather bene to content most men: I meane the diuine with godlie himnes 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 thinke my selfe right happie. And if it fall out otherwise, I shall yet neuer be ashamed to become one of their corporation which reape floutes and reprehension for their trauels.

But because these Posies growe to a great bundle, 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 laies of lust. For I count greater difference betwixt *loue* and *lust*, than there is diuersitie betwene wit and wisdome: and yet wit and I did (in youth) make such a frise, that I feare his cousin wisdome will never become friends with me in my age. Well, though my folie be greater then my fortune, yet ouergreat were mine vnconstancie, if (in mine owne behalfe) I should compile so manie sundrie songs and sonets. I haue heard of an honest plaine meaning citizen, who (being overcharged with manie matters in the law, and hearing of a common sollicitour of causes in the citie) came home to comfort his wife, and told hir, that he had heard of one which dwelt at Billinggate 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 neuer furthered my selfe anie kind of waie. And by that it procedeth that I haue so often changed my Poisie 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 deuise, it might haue bewraied the same to haue bin of my dooing. And I was euer curious in that behalfe, as one that was loth to bewraie 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 deuise. And no maner, for he that wandereth much in those wildernesses, shall seldom continue long in one minde.

Well, it were folie to bewaile things which are vnpossible to be recovered, sith Hed I wist doth seldome serue as a blason of good understanding. And therefore I will spend no more words in this Preface, but I praie thee to smell vnto these Posies, as Flowres to comfort, Hearts to cure, and Weedes to be aucided, 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 praye the plough, that makes the fruitelesse  
soyle <sup>(might)</sup>  
To bring forth corne, (through helpe of heavenly  
And eke esteeme the simple wretches toyle,  
Whose painefull handes doe labour day and night.  
We praye the ground, whereon the herbes do  
grow,  
Which heale or helpe, our greenes and mortall  
paine,  
Yea weedes haue worth, wherein we vertoe know,  
For natures Art, nothing hath made in vaine.  
We praye those floures which please the secreta  
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 praye to Gascoignes paine 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 Fioures all other do excell.

### E. C. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

In gladsome Spring, when sweete and pleasant  
shoures  
Haue well renued, what winters wrath hath torne,  
And that we see, the wholesome smelling Floores,  
Begin to laugh rough winters wracke to scorne:  
If then by chauce, 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 bungrie sightes:  
Yea more, if then the owner of the soyle,  
Doth licence yeelde to vse all as our owne,  
And gladly thinkes, the fruites of all his toyle,  
To our behoofe to be well set and sowne.  
It cannot be, but this so great desert  
In basest breast doth breede thus due regarde,  
With worde of thankes, to prayse this friendly  
part,  
And wish that worth might pay a iust rewarde.  
Good Reader then, beholde what gallant spring  
This booke brings forth, of fruites of finest sortes,  
Be bolde to take, thy list of emerie thing,  
For so is ment. And for thy glad disportes  
The paine was tane: therefore lo this I craue,  
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 auayle) let his desertes now binde thee,  
In worde and deede, he may still thankfull finde  
thee.

### M. C. COMMENDING THE CORREC- TION OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

THE Beares blinde whelpes, which lacked doth nayles  
and heare,  
And lie like lumps, in filthie farrowed wise,  
Do (for a time) most ougly beastes appeare,  
Till dammes deare tongue, do cleare the clozed  
eyes.  
The gadde of steale, is likewise blunt and blacke,  
Till file and fire, do frame it sharpe and bright:  
Yea precious stones, their glorious grace do lacke,  
Till curious 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 culde 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 hir wise and learned crew,  
Did plant great store, and sow much cunning seede.  
That goddesse then, on whom the Muses wayte,  
To garde hir grounde from greedie gatherers spoyle,  
Hath here ordeyned, by fine and close conceyte,  
A greene knight chiefe, and master of the foyle.  
Such badge beares he that beautified this booke  
With glorious shew, of sundrie gallant flowers.  
But since he first this labor vnderooke,  
He giend therout, (to make the profite ours)  
A heape of Hearbes, a sort of fruitfull seedes,  
A needefull salue, compound of needlesse weedes.

#### APPENDIX.

All these (with more) my friend here freely giues:  
Nor naked wordes, nor streyne of strange deuise.  
But Gowers minde, which now in Gascoigne liues,  
Yeeldes here in view, (by iudgement of the wise)  
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 goodnesse of the gold, needes no mans  
praise ye know,  
(And euery coyne is iudged and found, by weight,  
by stamp, or show)  
Yet doth the prayse of men, giue gold a double  
grace, [euery place.  
And makes both pearls and jewels rich desire in

The horse full finely formde, whose pace and traine  
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 bestow 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  
vknowne  
And peoples loue is caried ther, where fame hir  
trump hath blown.  
A cunning workman sue, in Cloyster close may sit,  
And carue or paint a thousand things, and vse  
both art and wit,  
Yet wanting worldes 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 comon prayse of peoples voyce, brings pacients  
in by swarmes.  
A goodly stately house, hath seldome 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 prayse their vertues rare, that  
haue their odor amold,  
So by these foresayd proofes, I haue a pardon free,  
To speake, to write, and make discourse, of any  
worke I see,  
That worthie is of prayse: for prayse is all we get.  
Present the world with labors great, the world is  
in your det, [will giue:  
It neuer yeeldes rewarde, nor scarce iust prayse  
Then studie out to stand on fame, and strue 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 euery act they did,  
Vnto the Gods, from whose deepe sight, no secret  
can he hid. [heauen's 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 those, that seeks by new  
deuice, [in price,  
To honor learning euery way, and Vertue bring  
From Knowledge gardeyn gay, where science sowes  
hir seedes, [and Weedes.  
A pretie Posie gathered in, of Flowers, Hearbes,  
The Flowers by smel are found, the hearbs their  
goodnes shoves,  
The Weedes amid both hearbs and flowers, in decēt  
order growes.  
The soft and tender nose, that can no weedes abide,  
May make his choise of wholesome hearbes, whose  
vertues well are tride.  
The fine and flowing wittes, that feede on straunge  
delites, [weeds that bites:  
May tast (for seasing daintie mouthes) the bitter  
The well disposed minde, and honest meaning man,  
Shall finde (in Soures) proude Peacocks plumes, and  
feathers of the Swan.

The Curst and crabbed Carle, that Posies flings  
away, [Soures to play.  
By this (perhaps) may find some cause, with prettie  
The kinde and louing worme, that wouid his ladie  
please, [both much ease.  
May light on some such medicin here, shal do them  
both much ease. [ing talke:  
The Lad that lykes the schoole, and will good warn-  
May snatch some rules oute of this booke, that  
may him doctor make.  
The hastie trausyng head, that flies to foreyne  
place, [his rouing race.  
May wey by this what home is woorth, and stay  
The manly courage stout, that seeketh fame full  
farre,  
Shall find by this how sweete is peace, and see  
how soure is warre.  
This Posie is so pickt, and choysely 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  
thinkes no labor lost:  
To do his cuntry good, as many others haue,  
Who for their toyles a good report, of worlde did  
onely craue. [receyue,  
Grudge not to yeeld some fame, for fruites that you  
Make some exchaunge for franke good will, some  
signe or token leaue.  
To shew your thankfull harts. For if you loose to  
take, [no gift forsake,  
And haue a conscience growne so great, you can  
And cannot giue againe, that men deserue to respe,  
Adieu we leaue you in the hedge, and ore the stile  
we leape.  
And yet some stile or verse, we after shape in  
ryme, [selues in tyrant.  
That may by arte shewe you a glasse, to see your  
Thus wish I men their right: and you that iudge  
amisse,  
To mend your minds, or frame your Muse, to  
make the like of this.

---

G. W. IN PRAISE OF GASCOIGNE, AND  
HIS POSIES.

READER rewarde nought else, but onely good re-  
port, [sundrie sort.  
For all these pleasant Posies here, bound vp in  
The flowers fayre and fresh, were set with painefull  
toyle, [sant soyle.  
Of late in Gascoignes Garden plot, a passing plea-  
Now weedes of little worth, are calde from out the  
rest,  
Which he with double paine, did work, to gleane  
the bad frū best.  
The state is very strange, and fortune rare in vse,  
Whose heauie happe he neither helpes, nor blazeth  
their abuse. [be thrall,  
In thundring verse he wrayes, where highest mindes  
Where miscbeefe seekes to rayse it selfe, by force  
of others fall. [pride,  
He plukes the viciou of, from maskes of poscuith  
And wrayes what soure (in sweet prettice) the  
cously corts cā hide.  
In euerie gallant flower, he setteth forth to shew,  
Of Venus thralles, the hap, the harme, the want,  
the weale, the woe.

He finely findes their faultes, whose weth doth  
 foster wrong,  
 Who toucheth sinne (without offence) must plainly  
 sing his song.

His loftie vaine in verse, his stately stile in prose,  
 Foretels that Pallas ment by him, for to defende  
 his foes. [knit,

Wherwith to Mars his might, his lustie limmes are  
 (A sight most rare) that Hectors mind, should  
 match with Pallas wit.

By prooffe of late appeared (how so reportes here  
 ran) [hynmost man.

That he in field was foremost still, in spoyle the  
 No backward blastes could bruse the valour of his  
 thought, [credite sought,

Although she hap, forestoode his hope, in that he  
 In fortunes spight he strau, by vertues to aspire,  
 Resolude when due deserts might mount, then he  
 should haue his hire.

Thus late with Mars in field, a lustie Souldiour  
 shewde, [hatl bestowde,

And now with peace in Pallas schoole, he frendly  
 On thee this heape of flowers, the fruites 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 (percase) set here againe, no pleasant  
 satour yeeldes.

Yet who mislyketh most, the worst will hardly  
 mend, [will offend.

And be were best not write at all, which no man

**P. B. TO SUCH AS HAVE HERETOFORE  
 FOUND FAULT WITH GASCOIGNES  
 POSIES.**

GAYNE good deserts, both pride and ennie swell,  
 As neede repines, to see his neighbour ritche:  
 And slaunder chafes, where vertues prosper well,  
 As sick men thinke, all others health to mitch:  
 Such fittie faultes, mens harts oftymes inflame,  
 That spight preumes, to stayne the worthies  
 name.

Are brutall things, transferred so to men?  
 Or men become more sauage than the beast?  
 We see the dogge, that kenelles in his den,  
 (For onely foode) obeyes his Lordes behest:  
 Yet more than that, remembers so reliefe,  
 As (in his kinde) he mournes at masters grieffe.

If thou perceyue, wherto my tale intendes,  
 Then (slaunder) cease to wrong a frendly wight,  
 Who for his countreys good, his traucayle spendes,  
 Sometime where blowes are giuen in bloudie fight:  
 And other tymes he frames with skillfull pen,  
 Such verse, as may content eche moulede of men.

As nowe behold, he here presentes to thee,  
 The blossoms fayre, of three well sorted seedes.  
 The first he feynes, fresh Flowers for to be:  
 The second Herbes, the last he termeth Weedes.  
 All these, the soyle of his well fallowed brayne,  
 (With Pallas droppes bedewde) yeeldes for thy  
 gaine.

The Herbes to grace conceyt, and skillfull age,  
 The fragrant Flowers to sent of yonger smell:  
 The worthlesse Weedes, to rule the wantourage  
 Of rocklesse heades, he giues: then vse them well:

And gather (friend) but neyther spight nor spoyle,  
 These Posies made, by his long painfull toyle.

**A. W. IN COMMENDATION OF GAS-  
 COIGNES POSIES.**

I PRAYSE 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 deserued no such worde, as I therein  
 did wright.

Thus lept I ere I lookt, and wandred ere I wist,  
 Which giues (me haggard) warning since, to trust  
 no falleners fist.

And yet the booke was good, (by hap and not my  
 skill) [wordes fullfill.

But not a booke of such contentes, as might my  
 Well now I neede not feare, these Posies here to  
 prayse,

Bicauce I knew them euey flower, and where they  
 grew alwayes.

And sure for my conceyt, euen when they bloom-  
 ed first, [the very worst.

Me thought they smelt not much amisse, no not  
 Perhappes some daintie nose, no Batchlers button  
 lykea, [quarrell pykes.

And some at Pimpernell and Pinkes, a slender  
 Some thinke that Gillyflowers, do yeeld 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 buttons be, the brauest to beholde,  
 But sure that flower were best not grow, which can  
 abide no colde. [uiues winde,

For slaunder blowes so shrill, with easterne en-  
 And frosts of frumps so nip the rootes, of vertu-  
 ous meaning minds

That few good flowers can thrue, vnlesse they be  
 protected, [proppes erected.

Or garded from suspitious blastes, or with some  
 So seemeth by the wight, which gardened this  
 ground, [here abounde,

And set such flowers on euey bed, that Posies  
 Yet some tongues cannot well, afforde him worthe  
 prayse, [sene his wayes,

And by our Lorde they do him wrong, for I haue  
 And marked all his moodes, and haue had prooffe  
 likewise, [deuise.

That he can do as well in field, as pen can here  
 Not many monthes yet past, I saw his doughtie  
 deedes, [heauie hart it bleedde.

And since (to heare what slaunder sayes) my  
 Yet Reader graunt but this, to trie before thou  
 trust, [gallant, good and iust.

So shalt thou find his flowers and him, both

**I. B. IN COMMENDATION OF GAS-  
 COIGNES POSIES.**

THE sauerie sappes in Gascoignes Flowers that are,  
 Which strayned were by lofty learnings lore:  
 Could not content the surly for their share, [fore:  
 Ne cause them once, to yeeld him thagakes there-

Such was his hap, when first in bande he tooke,  
By labor long, to bring to light this Booke.

Yet bath be not (for all this) seemde to cease,  
Those Flowers fresh againe in ground to set,  
And yeeld them earth to bring forth their increase,  
With other slippes from forraine soyle yfet.  
Which be bath gaynde by hazarde of his life,  
In bloudie broyles, where pouldred spot 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 nought else sought to get:  
Wherefore (doubtlesse) they did him double  
wrong,  
Which F. and I. mysconstrued haue so long.

Yet least 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 honour to him dew:  
Since that his toyle doth well deserue the same,  
And sacred skill bath so aduauant his name.

First did I finde the Flower of Fetters 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  
disdain:  
And likewise there, I might perceyue full well,  
That fragrant Flower which fansie bad Farewell.

In fine I found the flowre that *Bellem* hight,  
Sweete vnto those, of sillie simple sense,  
Yet sharpe and sowre, to those that do delight  
In martiall martes, for gaine of peuisch pense.  
Such buddes full braue, good Gascoignes Garden  
gane  
To all estates, which list the same to haue.

Wherefore (good friend) flie enuies yrkesome yre,  
And tred the trace, which Reasons rule hath  
wrought,  
Yeeld not disdeyne to Gascoigne for his hyre,  
Whose braued 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.

Is Virgill how to till the Earth, to euery man  
doth tell, [excell,  
And Galen he in Phisicks arte doth many men  
If Poets olde deseruen prayse, by paynting out  
aright, [that wright,  
The frutes of vice, as Ouid doth, and many mo  
By learned skill of many things: If such exalt  
their name, [of Ladie Fame:  
And for their hyre, deserued prayse by trumpe  
Why should the Authour of this booke then leese  
his due desart, [skillfull arte?  
Sith he so frendly here to vs, hath shewed his  
The healthsome herbs and flowers sweet, frō  
weedes he hath diuided,  
The fruits of Giues in prison strōg he hath right  
wel decided.

Of warres also, and warrours too, euen like a  
martial knight,  
He hath discourst, 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 aliuē, and with vs kept  
This Authour liues, and Gascoigne lights, yet once  
to die most sure, [alwayes endure,  
Alas the while that worthie wightes may not  
But workes of his among the best, for euer more  
shall rest, [the blest.  
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 Parnassus springs,  
And Wiat wrote of wondrous things:  
Olde Rochford clambe the statly throne,  
Which Muses holde, in Hellicone.  
Then thither let good Gascoigne go,  
For sure his verse, deserueth so.

#### M. A. PERUGINO, A I LETTORI.

CONCIOSIA la cosa che a'l bono vino, non e'  
bisogna la ghirolanda nientedi meno, l'opere vir-  
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 altrui d'imitar' i  
loro vestigi. In tanto lo stimo l'opera presente  
vn'esempio chiaro & raro della gloria Inghlese.  
Quando vi si trouano non assaiete sonetti, rime,  
canzoni, & altre cose infinitamēte piaceuole, ma  
con cio non vi mancano discorse tragiche, mo-  
derne, & filosofichar, della Guerra, delli stati,  
& della vera Sapienza. Tutte procedute d'vn tal  
luchioso, che lo (sendo forastiero) lo trouo vn'  
Immitatore di Petrarca, Amico d'Ariosto, &  
Paragon di Boccaccio, Aretino, & ogni altro poeta  
quanto sia piu famoso & eccellente dell' età  
nostra.

#### I. DE B. AUX LECTEURS.

CEUX qui voiront, les Rymes de Gascoigne,  
(Estants François) se plaindront nuicts & iours  
Que la beauté & l'odeur de ces fleurs,  
A cest heur (de France) par Gascoign, tant s'es-  
loigne.

#### H. M. IN POEMATATA GASCOIGNI CARMEN.

Si iam vena viris eadem, que vatibus olim,  
Ingenioq. pari possunt disponere partas  
Materias, pedibus si incedunt Carmina certis,  
Claudenturq. suis numeris: Si turba sororum,  
Supplicibus potis est priuscos infare furores,  
Sed si quod magis est, nostri sua thēmata texant,

Consona scriptaris sacris, nec dissona rectis  
Moribus: amenos, sed quæ cognoscere flores  
Virtutis, quæ docent dulces colligere fructus.  
Si factas fabulas, falsiq. Cupidinis artes  
Cum Venere excludunt, (ut docta indigna poesi)  
Cur non censemus celebrandos iure Coronis  
Æquales virtute viros, equalibus esse?  
O ingrata tuis non reddere tanta peritis  
Præmia, quanta suis dignarunt prima Poëtis  
Sæcula num laudes tantas licet addere linguis  
Romanæ primum, (quæ nil tamen attulit ultra  
Vitæ) germanas, vifas sit spernere gemmas)  
Sed vitium hoc patriæ est & peculiariter Angliæ  
Conuenit, externis quæcumq. feruntur ab oris,  
Anteferre suis. Age si sic apertis, Ecce,  
Anglia quos profert flores Gasconia pressit.

*B. C. IN POEMATA GASCONI, CARMEN.*

MENS generosa solet generosos edere flores,  
Incassamq. suos, non sinit ire dies:  
Hæc tua Gasconi laus est, mercede remota  
Hæc, friget virtus, hæc tibi sufficiat.  
Hæc tibi (scu Belgas repetas, Martem ferocem,  
Seu patriam & Musas) inuicula comes.

*K. D. IN EUNDEM CARMEN.*

VIDERAT huius: est. I. Titulum nomenq. Poëta,  
Lætæ, vix potuit, dicere lingua, bene est:  
Mox ubi quæ voluit, libro non vidit in illo,  
Magniq. quæ fuerat, pars ibi parua fuit,  
Sciam male ait socio, Martem secrevit amore?  
Sui bene amat pugnât, qui bene pugnât amat.

*RIEUNDEM DE EODEM.*

QUI quondam graue Martis opus, sub gente ne-  
Miltitamq. tuli, non vno nomine duram [fanda,  
Arma quibus lætabar, Ego Tritonia Pallas,  
Pallas ego trado arma tibi, & nunc per iuga  
Cynthi  
Per sacrum to Hellicona tuis, per Thessalia  
Tempo  
Insequor, æternumq. sequar, dum sydera mundum,  
Dum deus æternos, certo moderamine Cœlos  
Dirigat, æthereasq. animas & sydera Cœli.  
O quæ felices cœlesti nectare mentes  
Perfundat, Diuinumq. doces nos dicere Cantus,  
Sætes Aonias inter celeberrima turbas  
Calliopea canit, vel gestis Clio loquendis  
Nata. (Nouenarum pars ingens Clio sororum.)  
Da regina tuis adytis, antrisq. recepto  
Cantari vates iater, diciq. Britannos.

*P. W. IN GASCOIGNUM, CARMEN.*

SUNT quorum mentes, tenebræ, Caligo, turpis  
Inscantem, vates qui totigisse timent.  
Tu pete Sorentem, facunde Poëta Corollam,  
Excultis patent, versibus iste locus.

*G. H. PRO EODEM.*

QUISQUIS es hæc nostri qui gaudes parte laboris,  
Iudicio nobis, cantus adesto precor.  
Perlege scripta prius, quàm pergas scripta probare,  
Et bene perfecta, inde videbis opus.  
Nam nihil in titulum, iquat in specimine libelli,  
Si vis materic sit tibi nota minus.  
Non etenim primò veniunt fundamenta rerum,  
Sed sunt in variis, inspicienda locis.  
Perge igitur quo sit pergendum, sine reperto,  
In tenebris tum quæ diluere proba.

*E. H. IN POEMATA GASCOIGNI, CARMEN.*

SI quam Romani laudem mœruere Poëta  
Siquit Graiis debitus vllus honor,  
Græcia si quondam vatem suscepit Homerum,  
Si domitrix magni Roma Maronis opus,  
Cur non Gasconii facunda poemata laudat  
Anglia? & ad cœli sydera summa ferat?  
Carmina nam cum re, sic consentire videntur,  
Egremium & præstant, vt videatur opus.  
Dixerit has aliquis Musas nimis esse iocosas,  
Et iuuenum facile posse nocere animis,  
Non ita, ni forsân, velit iisdem licitor abuti,  
Non obsent, pura si modò mens legas.

*THE OPINION OF THE AUCTIONER HIMSELF AFTER ALL THESE COMMENDATIONS.*

WHAT needs I speake myself, since other say so  
much?  
Who seeme to praise these poesies so, as if ther wer  
none such:  
But sure my silly self, do find therein no smell,  
Which may deserue such passing prayse, or seeme  
to taste so well, [deinge  
This boone I onely craue, 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 Virgills Pryapus, or Ouids wanton verse,  
Which he about Corinnaes conche, so clerly can  
rehearse.  
Reade Faustus filthy tale, in Ariostoës ryme,  
And let not Marots Alyx passe, without impeach  
of crime. [excuse  
These things considered well, I trust they will  
This muze of mine, although sbe seem, such toyes  
sometimes to vse.  
Beleeue me Lordings all, it is a Poetes parte,  
To handle eche thing in his kinde, for therein lieth  
his arte: [lawe,  
Lucillius ledde the daunce, and Horace made the  
That poetes by Aucthoritie, may call (a Dawe) a  
Dawe,  
And eke (a bore) a Bore, but yet in cleanly wordes,  
So that the vice may be rebukt, as though it were  
in bourdes: [faute)  
This phrase sometimes I vse, which (if it be a  
Condempne not all the rest therfore, that here in  
verse is taught,

Smell every poëtic right, and you therein shall  
 finde,  
 Fresh flowres, good hearbes, and bolsome weedes,  
 to please a skilfull minde.  
 Finis. Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

---

*HIS VLTIMUM VALE TO AMOROUS  
 VERSE.*

KINDE Erato, and waston Thalia,  
 (Whose name my muze, deuoutly did inuoke)  
 Adieu deare dames, Calliope sings *adieu*,

Which are more worth, and smell not of the  
 smoke.  
 And if blinde Cupide, chauce to stryke a stroke,  
 I vowe my verse, Apocrypha shalbe,  
 In silence shutte, that none (but you) may see<sup>1</sup>.

Finis.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

<sup>1</sup> These lines, and the "Opinion of the Amethor" are not in the edition of Gascoigne published 1587. C.