

THE
P O E M S
OF
GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

LIFE OF GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS poet, descended from a family of considerable note in Dorsetshire, was a younger son of Nicholas Turberville of Whitchurch, and supposed to have been born about the year 1530. He received his education at Winchester school, and became fellow of New College, Oxford, in 1551; but left the university without taking a degree, and resided for some time in one of the inns of court. He appears to have accumulated a stock of classical learning, and to have been well acquainted with modern languages. He formed his ideas of poetry partly on the classics, and partly on the study of the Italian school. His poetical pursuits, however, did not interfere with more important business, as his well-known abilities recommended him to the post of secretary to Thomas Randolph, esq. who was appointed queen Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of Russia. ✓

While in this situation he wrote three poetical epistles to as many friends, Edward Davies, Edmund Spenser (not the poet¹), and Parker, describing the manners of the Russians. ✓ These may be seen in Hackluyt's Voyages, vol. I. p. 384. After his return he was much courted as a man of accomplished education and manners; and the first edition of his Songs and Sonnets, published in 1567, seems to have added considerably to his fame. A second edition appeared in 1570, with many additions and corrections².

His other works were, translations of the Heroical Epistles of Ovid, of which four editions were printed; and the Eclogues of B. Mantuan, published in 1567. The only copy known of this volume is in the royal library. Wood, who appears to have seen it, informs us that one Thomas Harvey afterwards translated the same Eclogues, and availed himself of Turberville's translation, without the least acknowledgement. Among the discoveries of literary historians, it is to be regretted that such tricks are to be traced to very high antiquity. Another very rare production of our author, although twice

¹ Such at least is Mr. Park's opinion, preferable in this instance to that of Dr. Tanner, and certainly to that of Dr. Berkenhout. C.

² A perfect copy of this edition is very rare. That used on the present occasion was obligingly lent by Mr. Hill. There is another in Trinity College, Cambridge, a present from Mr. Capall. C.

printed in 1576 and 1587, is entitled "Tragical Tales, translated by Turberville, in time of his troubles, out of Sundrie Italians, with the argument and L'Envoye to each tale." What his troubles were we are not told. To the latter edition of these Tales was annexed "Epitaphs and Sonets, with some othier broken pamphlettes and Epistles, sent to certaine of his friends in England, at his being in Moscovia, Anno 1569." Wood has mistaken this for his "Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets," from which it totally differs.

Our author was living in 1594, and in great esteem; but we have no account of his death. There appear to have been two other persons of both his names, both natives of Dorsetshire, and nearly contemporaries; one of whom was a commoner of Gloucester Hall in 1581, aged eighteen, and the other a student of Magdalen Hall in 1595, aged seventeen. Wood was not able to tell which of the three was the author of "Essays, politic and moral," which were published in 1608, nor of the "Booke of Falconry and Hawking, heretofore published by G. Turberville, Gent. and now revived, corrected and augmented by another hand, Lond. 1611." But the intelligent editor of Philip's *Theatrum* is of opinion that this work was the production of our poet, from its being commendatory verses prefixed by Gascoigne; and, I may add, that the present collection confirms our poet's intimacy with the art of falconry and hawking. The curious biographical tract of Whetstone now printed in this volume before Gascoigne's work, notices a production of that author on hunting, which Mr. Park thinks is the one printed with the above Booke of Falconrye, and usually attributed to Turberville. Besides these, our poet wrote commendatory verses to the works of several of his contemporaries².

Among the "Elegant and Witty Epigrams of sir John Harrington, 1625," we find the following *Epitaph in commendation of George Turberville, a learned gentleman*.

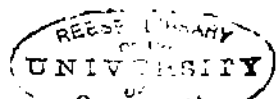
" When times were yet but rude, thy pen endeavour'd
To polish barbarism with purer style:
When times were grown most old, thy heart persever'd,
Sincere and just, unstain'd with gifts or guile.
Now lives thy soul, tho' from thy corpaè dissever'd:
There high in bliss here clear in fame the while:
To which I pay this debt of due thanksgiving:
My pen doth praise thee dead: thine grac'd me living."

Turberville has a place in these volumes as a sonneteer of great note in his time; although, except Harrington, his contemporaries and successors appear to have been sparing of their praises. It is probably to some adverse critics that he alludes in his address to Sycophants. We have seen Gascoigne complain of the Zoilus's of his time.

There is a considerable diversity of fancy and sentiment in his pieces; the verses in praise of the countess of Warwick are ingeniously imagined, and perhaps in his best style, and his satirical effusions, if occasionally flat and vulgar, are characteristic of his age. Many of his allusions, as was then the fashion, are taken from the amusement of hawking, and these and his occasional strokes on large noses and other personal redundancies or defects, descended afterwards to Shakspeare, and other dramatic writers. He entitles his pieces Epitaphs and Epigrams, Songs and Sonnets, but the reader will

² See Ritson's *Bibliographia*, art. Turberville. C.

seldom recognize the legitimate characteristics of those species of poetry. His epitaphs are without pathetic reflection, being stuffed with common place railing against "the cursed cruelty of death; and his epigrams are often conceits without point, or, in some instances, the point is placed first, and the conclusion left "lame and impotent." His love sonnets, although seemingly addressed to a real mistress, are full of the borrowed passion of a translator, and the elaborate and unnatural language of a scholar. The classics in his age began to be studied very generally, and were no sooner studied than translated; this retarded the progress of invention at a time when the language was certainly improving: and hence among a number of authors who flourished in this period, we seldom meet with the glow of pure poetry. It may, however, be added in favour of Turberville, that he seldom transgresses against morals or delicacy: it is also necessary to apprise his readers that his obsolete words are almost all to be found in the glossary to Chaucer.



TO

THE RIGHT NOBLE AND HIS SINGULAR GOOD LADY,

LADY ANNE, COUNTESSE WARWICK, &c.

GEORGE TURBERUILE WISHETH INCREASE OF HONOR AND ALL
GOOD HAPPEES.

As at what time (Madame) I first published this fond and slender treatise of Sonets, I made bolde with you in dedication of so vnworthy a booke to so worthie a Ladie: so haue I now also rubde my browe and wiped away al shame in this respect, aduenturing not to cease, but to increase my former follie, in adding moe Sonets to those I wrote before. So much the more abusing in mine owne conceite your Ladishippes pacience, in that I had pardon before of my rash attempt. But see (Madame) what presumption reignes in retchlesse youth. You accepted that my first offer of honorable and meere curtesie, and I thereby encouraged, blush not to procede to the lyke trade of follie, always hoping for the like acceptance at your hands, which if it should faile me (as I hope it shall not faile) then should I hereafter not once so much as dare to set pen to Paper for feare of controlment and check, which howe grieuous it is to a yong man nowe (as it were) but tasting with his lippe the brim of learnings fountaine, and saluting the Muses at the doore and threshold, neyther is your Ladiship ignoraunt, and I my self presume to know. Wherefore as I haue (Madame) by a little enlarging this Booke, enlarged not a little my follie: so is my humble sute to you a little to inlarge your bounteous curtesie. I meane in well accepting the increase of these my follies, proceeding not so much vpon any light affection, as desire to acknowledge a greater dutie. It shall not be long (I hope) but that my hande shall seeke in some part the requitall of your bountye by some better deuise, though not more learned treatise. But what shoulde I stand vpon terms of skill? knowing that it is not the worke that your Ladiship doth so much regarde as the Writer, neither the worthinesse of the thing, as the good will and meaning of the deuiser thereof, offering his dutie in such wise as best answeres his abilitie and power. For as if subjectes shoulde haue respect more to the vnworthinesse of such things as they giue their Princes, than regard the worthie mindes and good natures of their Souereignes in well accepting such slender trifles at their vassels handes, they should quite be discouraged from euer offering the like and slender giftes: so if I shoulde cast an eie rather to the basenesse of my Booke, than account of your Noble nature and accustomed curtesie in well receyuing the same: neither should I heretofore enboldned my selfe so farre as to haue offred you this trifling treatise, nor now haue the hart to aduenteure anew, although somewhat purged of his former faults and scapes. I cannot leaue to molest your noble eies with suruey of my rash compiled toyes. It may please your Ladiship to wey my well meaning heart, at what time occasion, ministers you the perusing of my booke, and this to deeme, that desire alone to manifest my dutie to you, was the onely cause of this my enterprize. Which done, I haue at this time no more to trouble your Ladiship, but ending my Epistle, to craue the Gods your happie preservation of present Honor, and luckie increase of blessed happes in all your life.

Your Ladishipe daily Orator

GEORGE TURBERUILE.

But thou that vewste this stile with stayd brow,
 Marke eric worde, unjoint eche V-rse of mine,
 Thy judgement I and censure will allow,
 Nor once will seeme for rancour to repine:
 Thou art the man whose sentence I expect,
 I scorne the scoffe of Zoyils shameful sect.

FINIS.

*IN PRAYSE OF THE RENOWNED LADIE
 ANNE, LADIE COUNTEESSE WARWICKE.*

When nature first in hande did take,
 The Clay to frame this Countesse coree
 The earth a while she did forsake,
 And was compelde of verie force
 With mowide in hande to flee to Skies,
 To ende the worke she did denie.

The Gods that tho³ in counsell sate,
 Where halfe amaze (against their kinde)
 To see so neere the stole of state
 Dame Nature stande, that was assignde
 Among hir worldly Impes to wonne,
 As she untill that day had donne.

First Jove began: what (Daughter deere)
 Hath made thee scorne thy Fathers will?
 Why doe I see thee (Nature) heere,
 That oughtst of dutie to fulfill
 Thy undertaken charge at home:
 What makes thee thus abroade to rome?

Disdainfull Dame, how didst thou dare
 So retchlesse to depart the grownde,
 That is allotted to thy share?
 (And therewithall his Godhead frownde)
 I will (quoth Nature) out of hande
 Declare the cause I fed the lande.

I undertooke of late a peece
 Of Clay a featurde face to frame,
 To match the courtly Dames of Greece
 That for their beutie beare the name:
 But (Oh good Father) now I see
 This worke of mine it will not bee.

Vicegerent since you mee assignde
 Below in Earth, and gaue me lawes
 On mortal Wightes, and wilde that kinde
 Should make and marre, as she sawe cause:
 Of right (I thinke) I may appeale
 And crave your help in this to deale.

When Jove saw how the case did stande
 And that the worke was well begunne,
 Hee prayde to have the helping hande
 Of other Gods till he had donne:
 With willing roindes they all agreede
 And set upon the clay with speede.

First Jove eche limme did well dispose
 And make a creature of the Clay:
 Next Ladie Venus she bestowes
 Hir gallant giftes at best she may,
 From face to foote, from top to toe
 She let no whit untouched to goe.

When Venus had donne what she coude
 In making of hir carkas braue,
 Then Pallas thought she might be bolde
 Among the rest a share to haue,

³ Then.

A passing wyt shee did counseye
 Into this passing peece of claye.

Of Bacchus shee no member had
 Sawe fingers fin: and frate to see,
 Her head with beare Apollo clad
 That Gods had thought it good to bee:
 So glistring was the tresse in sight
 Of this new forme and featurde wight.

Diana held hir peece a space
 Untill those other Gods had donne:
 At last (quoth she.) in Dian's chase
 Wyth Bove in hande this Nymph shall roome,
 And chiefe of all my Noble traine
 I will this Virgin entertaime.

Then joyfull Juno came and sayde
 Since you to hir so friendly are,
 I doe appoint this Noble Mayde
 To match with Mars his peere for warre:
 She shall the Countesse Warwick bee
 And yeeld Diana's Bove to mee.

When to so good effect it came
 And every member had his grace,
 There want-d nothing but a name:
 By hap was Mercurie then in place,
 That sayde: pray you all agree
 Pandora graunt hir name to bee.

For since your Godheads forged have
 With one assent this Noble Dame
 And eche to hir a v-rtno gave,
 This terme agreeth to the same:
 The Gods that heard Mercurius tell
 This tale, did lyke it passing well.

Report was Summonde then in hast
 And wilde to bring his Trumpe in hande
 To blowe therewith a sounding blast
 That might be heard throught Brutus lande:
 Pandora straight the Trumpet blew
 That eche this Countesse Warwicke knewe.

O siele Nature borne to paine,
 O wofull wretched kinde (I say)
 That to forsake the soile were faine
 To make this Countesse out of Claye:
 But oh most friendly Gods that woulde
 Vouchsafe to set your hands to mowide.

THE ARGUMENT

TO THE WHOLE DISCOURSE AND TREATISE
 FOLLOWING.

By sodaine sight of vnaacquainted shape
 Tymetes fell in loue with Pyndara,
 Whose beutie farre excellede Sir Paris rape,
 That Poets cleape the famous Helena.

His flame at first he durst not to displaye,
 For feare he should offended Pyndara:
 But covert kept his torments many a daye,
 As Paris did from worthy Helena.

At length the Coale so ferie redd became,
 Of him that so did fancie Pyndara,
 That fuming smoke did wrie the hidden flame
 To hir that farre excelled Helena.

Which when shee saw, shee seemde with friendly
To like with him that tyked Pyndara: [eye
 And made as though shee would eftsonee applye
To him, as to hir guest did Helena.

Tymetes (louing man) then hoped well,
And moude his sute to Ladie Pyndara:
 He plyde his Penne and to his wryting fell,
And sude as did the man to Helena.

Within a while dispayring wretched Wight
He found his Loue (the Ladie Pyndara) [light
 So strange, and coy, as though shee tooke de-
To paine hir friend, as did faire Helena.

Another time hir cheere was such to see,
That poore Tymetes hope that Pyndara
 Would yeelde him grace: But long it would not
Shee kept aloofe as did Dame Helena. [bee,

Thus twixt dispaire and hope the doubtfull man
Long space did lye that loued Pyndara,
 In wofull plight: At last the Nymph began
To quite his loue as did faire Helena.

Then joyed hee, and cheerefull ditties made
In prayse of his atchieued Pyndara:
 But sone (God wote) his pleasure went to
Another tooke to wife this Helena. [glade,

Thus euer as Tymetes had the cause
Of ioy or smart, of comfort or refuse:
 He glad or grieffull woxe, and euer drawes
His present state with Penne as here ensues.

TO A LATE ACQUAINTED FRIEND.

If Vulcan durst presume
 that was a Enooffe to see,
And strake with Hammer on the Stithe
 a cunning Smith to bee,

Whose chiefe and whole delight
 was aye to frye at Forge,
And listen to that melodie
 Smithes sorrowes to disgorge:

If Vulcan durst (I saye)
 Dame Venus to assaile
That was the worthyste Wight of all,
 if witness may preuaile:

Then may you muse the lesse
 though fansie force mee wright
To you a second Venus (friende)
 and Helen in my sight.

For what he sawe in hir
 a Goddesse by hir kinde,
That I in you (my chere friend)
 and somewhat else doe finde.

And as that sillie Smyth
 by Cupid was proccorde
To sawe on hir, to whome in fine
 hee firmly was assurde:

So by none other meanes
 my senses are in thrall,
But by procurement of the God
 that conquers Gods and all.

'Tis hee that makes mee bolde,
 'tis hee that willes me sue
To thee (my late acquainted friende)
 loue torment to eachoe.

Not too this day was seene
 that any durst rebell
Or kicke at Cupid Prince of Loue,
 as antique Poets tell:

But rather would with free
 and vncoacted minde
Applye to please in any case
 what so the God assignde.

What neede I here displaye
 the spyyles by Cupid woune?
Not I, but you (my friende) woulde faint
 ere halfe the tale were donoe.

His Banner doth declare
 what hearts haue bene subdude:
Where they are all in Sabels set
 with blood and gore imbrude.

Not mightie Mars alone,
 nor Hercules the stoute;
But other Gods of greater state,
 there standing in a route.

There may you plainly see
 how Ioue was once a Swanne,
To lure faire Leda to his lust
 when raging Loue beganne.

Some other when a Bull,
 some other time a showre
Of golden drops: as when hee coyde
 the closed Nuune in towre.

Apollo Loue appeares
 and euer will be knowne,
As long as Lawrell leaues shall last,
 and Daphnes brute be blowne.

May brainsick Bacchus brag
 or boast himselfe as free?
Not I, but Aryadnas crowne
 shewes him in loue to bee.

Since these and other mo
 that Gods were made by kinde
Might not asuide that guilefull God
 that winged is and blinde:

Should I haue hope to scape
 by force, or else by flight,
That in respect of those his thralls
 am of so slender might?

As they did yeelde to Loue
 fur feare of Cupids yre:
Euen so am I become his thrall
 by force of flaming fyre.

What time I first displayde
 mine eyes vpon thy face,
(That doth allure eche lookers heart)
 I did the P. imbrace.

And since that time I feele
 within my breast such ioye,
As Paris neuer felt the lyke
 when Helen was at Troye.

How coude so barraine soyle
bring furth so good a Graffe,
To whom the reast that seeme good Corne
are in respect but Chaffe?

(O God) that Cupid woude
vpon thy breast bestowe
His golden shaft, that thou the force
of liking loue mightst knowe.

Then should I stande in hope
and well assured be,
That thou wouldest be as friendly (P.)
as I am now to thee.

Whome (tyll thy friendship fayle,
and plighted Heat doe avarue)
I vaunt and vowe by mightie loue,
with heart and hande to sarue.

My senses all take hoede,
and yee my wittes beware
That you attentie be on hir
and for none other care.

You eyes that woonted were
light louing lookes to cast,
I giue commaundment on hir hue
that yee be ankred fast.

Mine cares admit no sounde
ne womans words at all:
He shutte against such Syrens Songes
repleate with lurking gall.

Tongue see that thou be tyde,
and vse no wanton stile:
By lawe of Loue I thee coniuere
such fonde toys to exile.

Legges looke that yee be lame
when you should reache a place
To take the vewe of Venus Nymphes
P. beautie to deface.

For such a one is shee
whome I would will you serue,
As to be plaste for Pallas peere
for wisdome may deserue.

So constant are hir lookes
and eake so chaste a face:
As if that Lucrece liuing were,
shoe Lucrece would disgrace.

So modest is hir mirth
in euery time and tyde,
As they that prick most neareste of all
their shiuerde shafts are wyde.

Pause Pen awhile therefore,
and vse thy woonted mane:
For Boccas braine, and Chaucers Quill
in this were foyled cleane.

Of both might neither boast
if they did liue againe:
For P. would put them to their shifts
to Pen hir vertues plaine.

Yet one thing will I vaunt
and after make an ende,
That Momus can not for his lyfe
deuise one iote to mende.

Thus to conclude at length,
see thou (my friend) perue
This slender verse, till leysure serue
abrode to bring my Muse.

For then you shall perceiue
by that which you shall see,
That you haue made your choyce as well
as I by choosng P.

THE LOUER

RETOLETH THE SINGULAR BEAUTIE OF HIS
LADYE.

LET Myron muse at Natures passing might,
And quite resigne his pieuissh Painters right;
For sure hee can not fraue hir featurde shape
That for hir face excels the Greekishe rape.

Let Zeuxis Grapes not make him proude at al,
Though Fowles for them did skyr against a wall:
For if hee should assay my Loue to paint,
His Art would fayle, his cunning fist would faint.

Let Praxitell presume with Peucill rude
Base things to biare the people to delude:
Hir featurde limmes to drawe let him not dare
That with the fayre Diana may compare.

Though Venus forme Apelles made so well,
As Greece did iudge the Painter to excell:
Yet let not that enbolde the Greeke to graue
Hir shape, that beauties prayse deserues to haue.

For Nature when shee made hir, did entende
To paint a weece that no man might amende:
A paterne for the reast that after shoulde
Be made by hande, or cast in cunning mould.

THE LOUER

DECLARETH HOW FIRST HE WAS TAKEN AND
ENAMOURED BY THE SIGHT OF HIS LADYE.

I THAT had neuer earet
the craft of Cupid tride,
Ne yet the wylie wanton wayes
of Ladie Venus spide,

But spent my time in sporte
as youth is woont by kinde,
Not forcing Fancies pinching powre
that other Wights did blinde:

By fortune founde a Face
that likte my heart so well,
As by the sodaine vewe thereof
to fancies frame I fell.

No sooner had mine eyes
vpon hir beautie stayde,
But Wit and Will without respect
were altogether wayde.

Unwarely so was none
in such a snare before:
The more I gazde vpon hir face,
I lyke my Loue the more.

Forthwith I thought my heart
oute of his roome was rapt:
And witts (that woonted were to wayts
on Reason) were intrapt.

Downe by mine eyes the stroke
descended to the harte:
Which Cupid neuer craide before
by force of Golden darte.

My blood that thought it bounde
his Maisters part to take,
No longer durst abide abroad,
but outwarde limmes forsake.

When it had bene in brest
and frostye colde dismayde:
It hasted from the heart againe
externall parts to ayde.

And brought with it such heats
as did inflame the face,
Distaying it with Scarlet redde
by rashnesse of the race.

And since that time I feele
such pangues and inward fits,
As now with hope, and then with feare
encombrd are my witts,

Thus must I Myser liue
till shee by friendly ruth
Doe pittie mee hir loouing thrall
whose deedes shall trie his truth.

Thrice luckie was the daye,
thrice happie eake the place,
And yee (mine eyes) thrise blessed were
that lighted on hir face.

If I in fine may force
hir pittie by my plaint:
I shall in cunningste verse I may
hir worthis prayse depict.

Thereis one thing makes mee ioy
and bids me thinke the best:
That cruell rigor can not indge
where Beautie is possess.

And sore valesse she salue
and heale this canked wounde
By yeelding grace, it must in time
of force my corps confounde.

For long it may not last
that in such anguish lyes:
Extremes in no case can endure
as Sages did deuise.

No Tyger gane hir Teate,
she is no Lyons whelpes:
Ne was she bred of cruell rockes,
nor will renounce to helpe

Such as she paynes with loue,
and doth procure to wo:
She is not of the Currish kynde,
hir nature is not so.

**MAISTER GEORGE HIS SONET OF THE
PAINES OF LOUE.**

Two lines shall tell the grieffe,
that I by loue sustaine:
I burne, I flame, I faint, I freeze,
of Hell I feele the peine.

**TURBERVILLE'S ANSWERE AND DISTICH TO THE
SAME.**

Two lines shall teach you how
to purchase loue anewe:
Let reason rule where Loue did raigne
and ydle thoughts eschowe.

**AN EPITAPH ON THE DEATH OF DAME
ELYZABETH ARHUNDLE.**

HERE graued is a good and godly wight,
That yeelded hath hir cynders to the soyle,
Who ran hir race in vertues tylt aright
And neuer had at Fortunes hande the foyle:
The guide was God whome shee did aye enue,
And Vertue was the marke whereat she thrue.

Descending of a house of worthis fame
Shee linckt at length with one of egall state,
Who though did change: hir first and former
name,
Did not enforce hir vertues to rebate:
For Dannat shee Dame Arundel was hight,
Whose Feere was knowne to be a worthy Knight.

Hir beautie I not blaze ne brute at all,
(Though with the best she might therein compare)
For that it was to age and fortune thrall:
Hir thewes I touch which were so passing rare,
As being eartht and rest hir vital breath,
Hir chiefest part doth liue and conquer death.

Let Spite not spare to speake of hir the worst,
Let Envie feede upon hir godly life,
Let Rancour rage, let Hatreda bellie burst,
Let Zoill now unsheath his cutting knife:
For death hath closde hir corse in marble graue,
Hir soule is fled in Skies his sexte to haue

Let Leyster laugh that such a Mirrour bred:
Let Matrons mourne for losse of their renowne,
Let Cornwall erie since Dannat now is ded,
Let Vertue eke doe on hir mourning gowne:
For she is rest that was at Vertues beck
Whome Fortune had no power to giue the check.

TO PIERO OF PRIDE.

FRIEND Piero, Pride infects a friendly minde,
The haughtie are pursued with deadly hate:
Wherefore eschue the proude and Peacocks kinde
That greedie are to sit on stooles of state:
The lowly hart doth winne the loue of all,
But Pride at last is sure of shamefull fall.

PIERO TO TURBERVILLE.

Good is the counsell (Turberuille) you giue
It is a vertue rare well to aduise,
But if your selfe in Peacocks sort doe liue
Men may deeme you are not perfitte wise:
Whose chiefest point in act consisteth aye,
Well doing farre excelleth well to saye.

VERSE IN PRAISE OF LORDE HENRIE
HOWARDE ERLE OF SURREY.

WHAT should I speake in praise of Surreys skil
Unlesse I had a thousand tongues at will?
No one is able to depaint at full,
The flowing fountaine of his sacred skull.
Whose Penne approoude what wit he had in mee
Where such a skill in making Song's grue.
Eche worde in place with such a sleight is conceit,
Eche thing whereof he treats so firmly toucht,
As Pallas seemde within his noble breast
To haue souournde, and bene a dayly guest.
Our mother tongue by him hath got such light,
As ruder speech thereby is banisht quite:
Reproue him not for fantasies that he wrought,
For fame thereby and nothing else he sought.
What though his verse with pleasant toys are freight?
Yet was his honours life a Lampe of light.
A myrrour he the simple sort to traine,
That euer b ate his brayne for Britains gaine.
By him the Nobles had their vertues blazde,
When spiteful death their honors liues had razde.
Eche that in life had well deserved aught,
By Surreys means an endless fame hath caught
To quite his boone and aye we'l meaning minde,
Whereby he did his Sequell seeme to binde:
Though want of skill to silence me procures,
I write of him whose fame for aye endures,
A worthie Wight, a Noble for his race,
A learned Lord that had an Earies place.

OF IALOUSIE.

A STRANGE disease, a griefe exceeding great,
A man to haue his heart in flame inrolde,
In sort that he can neuer choose but sweat,
And feele his feete benumde with frostie colde.
No doubt if he continue in this heats,
He will become a Cooke hereafter olde,
Of such diseases such is the effect,
And this in him we may full well suspect.

TO HIS LADIE,

THAT BY HAP WHEN HE KISSED HER AND
MADE HER LIPPE BLEEDE, CONTROLDE HIM
AND TOOKE DISDAINE.

DISCHARGE thy dole,
Thou subtle soule,
It standes in little steede
To curse the kisse
That canner is
Thy chirrie lipps doth bleede.

Thy blood ascends
To make amends
For damage thou hast donne:
For by the same
I felt a flame
More scorching than the Sunne.

Thou restst my harts
By secret Arte,
My sprites were quite subdude:
My Senses fled
And I was ded,
Thy lipps were scarce imbrude.

The kisse was thine,
The hurt was mine,
My hart felt all the paine:
Twas it that bled
And lookte so red,
I tell thee once againe.

But if you long
To wreake your wrong
Upon your friendly fo:
Come kisse againe
And put to paine
The man that hurt you so.

MAYSTER GOOGE HIS SONET.

ACCUSE not God if fancies foods
doe moue thy foolishne braine
To wayle for loue, for thou thy selfe
art cause of all the paine.

TURBERVILLE'S ANSWER.

NOT God (friend Googe) the louer blames
as worke of his woes:
But Cupid that his ferie flames
so frantically bestowe.

A COMPARISON

OF THE LOUERS ESTATE WITH THE SOULDIERES
PAINFUL LIFE.

If Souldiers may for seruice done,
and labours long sustaine,
For wearie watch, and perils past,
and armes with armour painde:

For push of pike, for holbers stroke,
for standing in the front,
If they expect rewarde (I say)
for hyding hattayles brunt:

Then what shall Cupids Captaines craue,
what recompense desire,
That wards the day, and wake the night
consumde with fretting fire?

No roome of rest, no time of truce,
no pleading for a peace:
When Cupid soundes his warlike Trumpe,
the fight will neuer cease.

First you shall see the shivering shafts
and view the thirled darts
Which from their eyes they cast by course
to pierce their ennies harts.

But if the Foe doe stande aloofe
(as is the Louers guise)
Then Canons with their cruell cracks
as thicke as thunder flies.

Sweete wordes in place of powder stande
by force which thinke to win,
That louing lookes of late had lest
when fight did first begin.

But on the breast to beare the brunt
and keepe them from the hart,
A sure and priuie cote is worne
repelling pellets smart.

They stop their eares against the sound,
which is the surest shield
Against the dreadful shot of wordes
that thousandes had beguide.

But when Cupidians flattery see
nor gunne, nor bowe preuaile,
Then they begin their friendly foes
with other fight v' assaile.

Then set the daskardes drest aside
and to the walles they run,
As though they would subdue the Forts
or ere the fight begun.

Forthwith the scaling Ladders come,
and to the walles are set,
Then sighs and sobbes begin to clime,
but they are quickly met.

Thus Cupid and his Souldiers all
the sharpe repulse sustaine:
Whome Beauty batters from the walles
whose Captaine is Diadaine.

When all are gone and yeelde it lost,
comes Hope and whot Desire,
To see where they can haue the hap
to set the Fort a fire.

But naught preuailes their lingring fight
they can not Beautie win:
Yet doe they skirmish still behinde
in hope to enter in.

At length when Beautie doth perceyve
those soldiers are so true,
That they will neuer from the walles
till they the holde subdue:

She calles for Pittie for the keyes
and bids hir let them in:
In hope they will be true to hir
as they to Loue had bin.

The gates no sooner are unlockt,
but souldiers all retire:
And enter into Beauties Fort
with Hope and hote Desire.

Now judge by this that I haue saide
of these two fightes aright,
Which is the greatest toyle of both
when warlike Tents are pight.

For Mars his men sometime haue ease,
and from their battaile bin:
But Cupids souldiers euer serue
till they Dame Beautie win.

THE LOUER

AGAINST ONE THAT COMPARED HIS MISTRESSE
WITH HIS DAME.

A MADNESS to compare
the Pipler with the Pine,
Whereof the Mariner makes his Mast
and hanges it all with line.

A follie to preferre
a Lampe before the Sonne,
Or brag that Balam's lumpish asse
with Bucephall shall runne.

Then cease for shame to vaunt,
and crowe in craking wise
Of hir that least deserves to haue
hir beauties fame arise.

Thou foolish Dame beware
of haughtie Peacocks pride:
The fruite thereof in former age
hath sundrie times beene tride.

Arachne can expresse
how angrie Pallas was,
When shee in needle worke would seeme
the Heauenly Wight to passe.

The Spider shows the spite
that she (good wench) abid,
In token of hir pride shee hanges
at rooffe by rotten thrid.

No foode she hath allowde
lesse Fortune sende the Flie:
The Cobweb is hir costly Couch
appointed hir to lie.

With venom rancok and vile
hir wombe is like to burst,
A token of hir inward hate
and hawtie minde at first.

And thou that surely thinkst
thy Ladie to excell,
Example take of others harms
for judgement that befell:

When Pan the Pastors prime,
and Rex of rustick route,
To passe Apollo in his play
and Musick went aboute:

Mount Tmolus was the Judge
that there the roome possesset,
To giue his verditte for them both
which uttered Musick best.

First came the Rustick forth
with Pipe and puffed bag,
That made his eies to runne like streames,
and both his lips to wag.

The noyse was somewhat rude
and ragged to the eare:
The simplest man aliuie would guess
that piewish Pan was there.

Then Phoebus framde his frets,
and wrested all his pinnes,
And on his curious strings to strike
the skilfull God begins.

So passing was his play
as made the trees to daunce,
And stubborn Rocks in deepeat vales
for gladsome ioy to prauince.

Amphyon blusht as red
as any glowing flame:
And Orpheus durst not show his face,
but hide his head for shame.

Ynough quoth Tmolus the,
my judgement is that Pan
May pipe among the ruder sort
that little Musick can.

Apollo playe doth passe
of all that ere I hearde:
Wherefore (as reason is) of mee
the Later is preferde.

Meanwhile was Mydas prest
not pointed Iudge in place:
But (lyke a dolt that went about
Apollo to deface)

Truhe Tmolus, tushe quoth hee,
Pan hath the better skill:
For hee the emptie bagge with winde
and strowing blast doth fill.

Apollo waggis his joints
and makes a jarring sounde:
Lyke pleasure is not in the Lute
as in the Bagpipe founde.

No sooner had hee spoke
those witlesse wordes and sed,
But Phœbus graft on Asses cares
vpon his beastly hed.

In proof of judgement wroong
that Mydas did maintaine,
He had a paire of sowsing eares
to shilde him from the raine.

Wherefore (my Friend) take heed
of afterclaps that fall:
And deeme not hir a Dearling that
deserues no prayse at all.

Your judgement is beguilde,
your Senses suffer shame:
That so doe seeke to blaze hir armes,
and to aduance hir fame.

Let hir go hide hir head
in lothsome lurking mue,
For crabbed Crowfoote marres hir face
and quite distaines hir bue.

THE LOUER

TO A GENTLEWOMAN, THAT AFTER GREAT FRIEND-
SHIP WITHOUT DEBART OR CAUSE OF MISLYK-
ING, REFUSED HIM.

HAVE you not heard it long ago
of cunning Fawkeners tolde,
That Hauke which loue their keepers Cal
are worth their weight in Golde?

And such as knowe the luring voice
of him that feedes them still:
And neuer rangle farre abroad
against the Keepers will,

Doe farre exceede the haggard Hauke
that stoopeth to no stale:
Nor forceth on the Lure awhit,
but mounts with euery gale?

Yes, yes, I knowe you know it well,
and I by proufe haue tride,
That wilde and haggard Hawkes are worse
than such as will abide,

Yet is there eke another kinde,
farre worse than the rest:
And those are they that flie at check,
and stoupe to euerie gest.

They leaue the lawe that nature taught
and shunne their wonted kinde,
In fleeing after euerie Foule
that mounteth with the winde.

You know what I doe meane by this,
if not, giue eare a while:
And I shall shewe you my conceits
in plaine and simple stile.

You were sometime a gentle Hawke,
and wont to feede on fat:
And knew my luring voice right well
and would repaire at list.

I could no sooner make a beck
or token with my hand,
But you would quickly iudge my will
and how the case did stand.

But now you are become so wyld
and rammage to be seene,
As though you were a haggard Hawke
your maners altdred cleene.

You now refuse to come to fat,
you shun my wonted call:
My luring liketh not your care,
you force mee not at all.

You flee with winges of often change
at random where you please:
But that in time will breede in you
some fowle and fell disease.

Liue like a haggard still therefore,
and for no luring care:
For best (I see) contents thy minde
at wishe and will to fare.

So some perhaps will liue in hope
at length to light on thee,
That earst reclaimde so gentle werte
and louing birde to mee.

But if thou chauce to fall to check,
and force on erie fowle,
Thou shalt be worse detested then,
than is the nightish Owle.

This counsell take of him that once
did keepe thee at his beck:
But now giues up in open field
for feare of flithie check.

THE LOUER

OBTAINING HIS WISHE BY ALL LYKELYNHOOD,
YET NOT ABLE TO ATTAINE HIS DESIRE, COM-
PARES HIMSELF TO TANTALUS.

Of Tantalus plight,
The Poets wright,
Complayning
And fayning
In sorrowfull sounding songes:
Who feeles (they saye)
For Apples gaye
Such payning
Not gayning
The fruits for which hee longes:

For when hee thinks to feede therone,
The sickle flattring Tree is gone:
And all in vaine hee hopes to haue
his fauour to expell
The sitting fruite that lookes so braue
and likes his eie so well:
And thus his hunger doth increase,
And hee can neuer finde release.

As want of Meate
Doth make him freate
With raging
And gazing,
To catch the fruite that flies:
Euen so for drythe
The Miser crythe,
Not swaging
But waging,
For licour that he sees:
For to his painefull parched mouth
The long desired water fouth,
And when he gapes full gredillie
unthriftie thirst to stake,
The river wasteth speedilie,
and awaywarde goes the Lake:
That all the licour from his lips
And dried chaps away it slips.

This kind of paine
Doth he sustaine
Not ceasing
Increasing,
His pittifull pining wo:
In plenties place,
Deroide of grace,
Releasing
Or ceasing
The pangs that pinch him so:
Of all the fretting fits of Hell
This Tantal's torment is most fell:
For that the reast can haue no hope
their freedome to attaine,
And he hath graunted him such scope
as makes the Myser faine:
But all for naught in fine it serues,
For he with dryth and hunger sterues.

Euen so fare I
That am as nie
My pleasure,
My treasure,
As I might wishe to bee:
And haue at will
My Ladie still
At leasure,
In measure,
As well it lyketh mee.
The amorous blynecks flee to and fro,
With sugred wordes that make a show
That fansie is well please withall
and findes it-elfe content:
Eche other friendly friend doth call
and eche of us consent:
And thus we seeme for to possesse
Eche others hart and haue redresse

We coll, we chip,
We kisse with lip,
Delighted,
Requighted,

And merely spend the day:
The tales I tell
Are fancide well,
Recited,
Not spited,
Thus weares the time away.
Looke what I like shre doth embrace,
Shee giues good care vnto my case
And yeeldes mee lawfull libertie
To frame my dolorus plaint,
To quite hir friend from jeopardie
Whome Cupid hath attaind:
Respecting nought at all his welth
But seeking meane to woork his helth.

I seeme to haue
The thing I craue,
Shee barres you,
Shae iarres not,
But with a verie good will
Shae heares my sute,
And for the fruite
Shae warres not,
But dares not
To let mee feede my fill.
Shae would (I know) with heart agree,
The fault is neyther in hir nor mee,
I dare auowe full willinglie
shae would consent thereto,
And gladly would mee remedie
to banish away my wo:
Lo thus my wish I doe possesse,
And am a Tantal naythelesse.

For though I stande
And touch with hands
Allured,
Procured,
The Sainct I doe desire:
And may be bold
For to enfolde,
Assured,
Indured,
The Corps that I require:
Yet by no meanes may I attaine
To haue the fruite I would so faine
To ryd mee from extremitie
and cruell oppressing care,
Euen thus with Tantal's penaltie
my destinie may compare:
Who though endure excessive paine,
Yet mine is not the least of twaine.

THE LOUER

TO THE TERMS OF LONDON TO FAVOR HIS LADIE
PASSING THEREON.

THOU stately Streame that with the swelling Tide
Gainst London walles incessantly dost beate,
Thou Terms (I say) where barge and hote doth
ride,
And snowwhite Swans do fish for needefull mente:

When so my Loue of force, or pleasure shall
Flit on thy flood as custome is to do:
Seeke not with dread hir courage to appall,
But calme thy tyde, and smoothly let it go:
As shae may loy, arruide to siker shore,
To passe the pleasant streame shae did before.

To waitre vp and surge in wrathfull wise,
 (As did the flood where Helle drenched was,)
 Would but procure defame of thee to rise:
 Wherefore let all such ruthlesse rigor passe,
 So wish I that thou mayst with bending side
 Haue powre for aye in woouted Goulife to glide.

TO HIS RING

GIVEN TO HIS LADIE, WHEREIN WAS GRAVEN
 THIS VERSE.

MY HEART IS YOURS.

THOUGH thou (my Ring) be small,
 and slender be thy price:
 Yet hast thou in thy compass coucht
 a Louers true device.

And though no Rubie redde,
 ne Turkesse wimme thy toppe,
 Nor other Iuell that commend's
 the golden Vulcans shoppe:

Yet mayst thou boldly vaunt
 and make a true report
 For mee that am thy Mayster yet
 in such a semblaunt sort,

That aye (my heart is hirs)
 of thee I aske no more:
 My Pen and I will shew the rest,
 which yet I keepe in store.

Be mindefull of thy charge,
 and of thy Maysters care:
 Forget not that (my heart is hirs)
 though I be not in place.

When thou hast tolde thy tale
 which is but short and sweete:
 Then let my Louse coniect the rest
 till she and I doe meete.

For as (my heart is hirs)
 so shall it be for aye:
 My heart, my hand, my life, my limmes
 are hirs till dying daye.

Yea when the spirite giues vp
 and bodie breathes his last,
 Say naythelesse (my heart is hirs)
 when life and all is past,
 Sit fast to hir finger,
 But doe thou not wring her.

THE DISPAIRING LOUER

GRAUES EITHER MERCIE IN TIME AT HIS LADYES
 HANDS, OR CRUELLE DEATH.

LIKE as the fearefull Fowle
 within the Fawcons foute
 Doth yeelde him selfe to die,
 and sees none other boote;

Even so dread I (my Deare)
 least ruth in thee will want,
 To mee that am thy thrall,
 who fearing death doe pant.

So fast I am in Gyoe
 within your Beauties Gayle,
 As thence to make a brach
 no engin may preuaile.

The heart within my breast
 with trembling feare doth quake:
 And saue your loue (my Deare)
 nought can my torment shake.

To slee a yielding prey
 I iudge it not your kinde:
 Your Beautie bids mee bope
 more ruth in you to finde.

Where Nature hath yformed
 such featurde shape to shoue,
 There hath she close in breast
 a heart for grace to growe.

Wherefore my lingring paines
 redresse with ruthfull hart:
 And doe in time become
 Phisition to my smart.

Oh shoue thy selfe a frinde
 and Natures Impe to bee,
 As thou a Woman art by kinde
 to Womans kinde agree.

But if you can not finde
 in heart my lyfe to saue,
 But that you long to see
 your thrall lye dead in graue:

Send mee the fatal boie,
 and cruell cutting Knife:
 And thou shalt see me rid
 my wretched limmes of lyfe.

No lesse to like thy minde
 than to abridge my smart:
 Which were an yll rewarde
 for such a good desert.

Of both I count it leas
 by cursed fate to fall,
 Than ruthiesse here to liue
 and aye to be a thrall.

TO HIS FRIEND

TO BE CONSTANT AFTER CHOYCE MADE.

WHAT made Vlysses Wife
 to be renowned so?
 What forced Fame hir endlesse brute
 in blasting trumpe to blow?

What Cleopatra caude
 to haue immortal prayse?
 What did procure Lucrecias hands
 to lasten to our dayes?

Cause they their plighted hostes
 vnbroken aye rewarde:
 And planted Constance in their hearts
 from whome they neuer swarude.

What makes the Marble stone
 and Diamonde so deare?
 Saue that they longest last of all,
 and alwayes one appeare?

What makes the waxen forme
to be of slender price?
but cause with force of fire it melts
and wasteth with a tricke.

Then if thou long for prayse
or blasted Fame to finde,
My friend) thou must not change thy choyce
or tarme lyke Cock with winde.

be constant in thy worde
and stable in thy deede:
This is the readiest way to winne
and purchase prayse with speede.

WHAT LOVERS MUST NOT DISPAIRE THOUGH
THEIR LADIES SEEME STRAUNGE.

THOUGH Neptune in his rage
the swelling Seas doe tosse,
and crack the Cables in despite
To further Shippmens losse:

Though Anckre helde doe fayle,
and Mysseas go to wrack,
Though Sayles with blustering blast be rent,
and Keale begin to crack:

Yet those that are a boorde
and guide the Ship with steare,
Although they see such daungers prest
and perils to appeare:

Yet hope to light at last
vpon some harbour holde,
And finde a Porte where they to cast
their Anckers may be holde.

Though Theseus be kept in Gayle
fast bound in sarest Gyues,
They lay not all good hope aside
for muing of their lyues.

They trust at length to see
such mercie in the Iudge,
As they in open presence quit
may from the Prison trudge.

And those for gieldie gaine
and hope of hidden golde
In deepest Mynes and Dongeon darke
that bide the bitter colde:

In fine doe looke to light
vpon some Golden vaine,
Which may be thought a recompence
for all their paused paine.

The Ploughman eke that toyles
and tarmes the ground for graine,
And sowes his seede (perhaps to losse)
yet standes in hope of gaine.

He will not once dispaire,
but hope till Haruest fall:
And then will looke assuredly
to stuffe his Barnes withall.

Since these in perils poynt
will neuer once dispaire,
Then why should Lovers stand in dread
of stormes in weather faire?

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Why should they haue mistrust
some better hap to finde,
Or thinck that women will not change
as is their woonted kinde?

Though straunge they seeme a while
and cruell for a space:
Yet see thou hope at length by hap
to finde some better grace.

For Tygers will be tame,
and Lyons shat were woode,
In time their Keepers learne to knowe
and come to them for foode.

What though they scorne as now
to listen to thy sute?
Yet thou in time when fortune seruet
shalt reape some better frute.

And though thy sighes they scorne
and mock thy Welling teares:
Yet hope (I say) for after stormes
the shining Sunne appeares.

And neuer cease to sue,
nor from lamenting stint:
For often drops of falling raine
in time doe pierce the Flint.

Was neuer stone so strong
nor womans heart so harde,
But th' one with toole, and th' other with teares
in processe might be scarde.

COUNSELL RETURNED BY PYNDARE TO TYMETES,
OF CONSTANCIE.

WHAT made the Troyan Duke
that wandring Prince to haue
Such yll report, and koule defame
as him Carthago gaue?

What faythlesse Jason forst
a Traytors name to gaine?
When he to Colchos came, and did
the golden Fleese attaine?

What Theseus caude to bee
reported of so yll,
As yet record thereof remaynes.
(I thinck) and euer wyll?

Cause they their faythfull Friendes
that sawd their doubtfull lyues
Forsooke at last, and did disdaie
to take them to their wyues.

They broke their vowed hertes,
by ship away they went:
And so betrayde thome sieley soules
that craft nor falsehood ment.

Wherefore if you (my Friend)
the like report will see
Stand euer to the promise made,
and plightd troth to mee.

Those Dames of whome you spake
were constant (as you say)
But sure these Lovers I alleage
unfaythfull partes did play.

Q Q

More cause haue I to doubt
of you, Tymetes, then,
For (as you see) we Women are
more trustie than you men.

A LETTER SENT BY TYMETES TO HIS LADIE
PYNDARA AT THE TIME OF HIS DEPARTURE.

Of Pennes I had good store,
ne Paper did I want
When I began to write to thee:
but luck was somewhat scant.

Yet Loue deuised a fetch,
a friendly sleight at neede:
For I with pointed Pensill made
my middle finger bleede.

From whence the blood as from
a clouen Conduite flue,
And these fewe rude and skillesse lines
with quaking quill I drue.

Now Friend I must depart
and leaue this lyked lande:
Now cankred Hap doth force mee take
a new founde toyle in hande.

Shoe spites that I should liue,
or leade a quiet life:
Aye seeking how to breede my bale
and make my sorrowes rife.

From whence I passe I knowe,
a place of pleasant blisse:
But whither I shall I wote not well,
I know not where it is.

Where she by Sea or Lande
me (cruell) will compell
To passe, or by the Desert Dales,
were verie hard to tell.

But needes I must away,
the Westerne winde doth blowe
So full against my back that I
of force from hence doe go.

Yet naythelesse in pawne
(O Friend) I leaue with you
A faithfull Heart, that lasting lyfe
will shew it selfe as true,

As loouing eart it bath:
and if mee trust you dare,
Fill vp the emptie place with yours,
if you the same may spare.

Inclose it in my breast,
in safetie shall it lie:
And thou shalt haue thy Heart againe
if I doe cbaunce to die.

Thus dubble is your gaine,
a dubble Heart to haue:
To purchase thee another Heart,
and eke thine owne to saue.

Line mindefull of thy Friend,
forget no promise past:
Be stout against the stubburne strokes
of frowarde Fortunes blast.

Penelope be true
to thy Vlysses still:
Let no newe chosen Friend break off
the threed of our good will.

Though I on seas doe passe,
the surge will haue no powre
To quench the flame that in my breast
increaseth day and houre.

And thus (the heart that is
your owne) doth wishe thee well,
With good increase of blessed haps
sinister chauce to quell.

Adue my chosen Friend,
if fortune say Amen,
From hence I go thine owne, and will
thine owne retourne agen.

PYNDARA'S ANSWERE TO THE LETTER WHECH
TYMETES SENT HER AT THE TIME OF HIS DE-
PARTURE.

WHEN first thy Letters came
(O louing Friend) to mee
I leapt for joy, in hope to haue
receyved good newes of thee.

I never stayde upon
those lines that were without:
But rashly ript the seale, to rid
my minde from dreadfull dout.

Which done (O cruell grieve)
I saw a mournfull sight
This Verse "Of Pennes I had good store"
with purple blood ywright.

With floods of flowing teares
straight drownd were mine eyes,
On eyther Cheeke they trickled fast
and ranne in river wies.

My minde did yll sbode,
it yrkt to reade the rest:
For when I saw the Inck was such,
I thought I saw the best.

Long sloods I in a dumpe,
my hart began to sike:
My Liver leapt within my bulck,
my trembling hands did shake.

My Senses were bereft,
my bowing knees did bende:
Out from my nose the blood it brake
much like the Letter pende.

Up start my staring Locks,
I lay for dead a space:
And what with blood and brine I all
bedewe the dreerie place.

From out my feeble fist
fell Neede, cloth and all,
I knewe no Wight, I saw no Sunne,
as deaf as stone in wall.

At last when stauders by
had brought my Senses againe,
And force of life had conquered grieffe
and banisht deadly paine:

I thought the worst was past,
 I deemde I could abide
 No greater torment than I had,
 unlesse I should haue dide.

To viewing then againe
 of bloodie lynes I go:
 And euer as I read the wordes,
 mee thought I saw the blo.

Which pointed Pensell gave,
 from whence that dolefull luck
 As from a cloven Conduit fne:
 remembrance made me shrink.

Oh Friend Tymetes why
 so cruell were thou than?
 What didst thou meane to hurt thy flesh
 thou rashe and retchlesse man?

What! didst thou deeme that I
 could vew that gorie scrole
 Withouten anguise of the minde?
 or thinke upon the hole

Of that thy friendly fist
 and finger that did bleede?
 No, no, I haue a womans hart,
 I am no Tygers seede.

As great a griefe it was
 for me to think in hart
 Of thy mishap, as if my selfe
 had felt the present smart.

O cruell cursed want
 of fitter luck to write:
 Good fayth that lycour was unmeete
 Such loving lines t'indite.

But yet in some respect
 it fitted with the case:
 For (out alas) I read therein
 that thou hast fled the place,

Where friendly we were woont
 like faithfull friends to bee:
 Where thou moughtst chat with mee thy fill
 And I conferre with thee.

Oh spitefull cruell Chaunce
 oh cursed canckred Fate:
 Art thou a Goddess (Monster vile)
 deseruing stooles of state?

O blinde and muffled Dame,
 couldst thou not see to spare
 Two faithfull hartes, but reauing th' one
 must breede the others care?

No wonder 'tis that thou
 dost stande on whirling whelle:
 For by thy deedes thou dost declare
 thou canst doe naught but reele.

Art thou of Womans kinde
 and ruthfull Goddesses race,
 And hast no more respect unto
 a sielie womans case?

Auaunt thou froward Fiend,
 thou so my Friend dost driue
 From shore well knowne to forraine coast
 our sugred ioyes to rine.

If so thy minde be bent
 that my Tymetes shall
 Depart the presence of his Friend:
 yet so doe guide the ball

As he at land may line
 not trying surge of seas:
 Nor ship him from the Hauens mouth
 to breede him more uncase.

(Good Friend) aduenture not
 so rashly on the fould,
 As carst thou did in writing of
 this Letter with thy blood.

Seek not tincrase my cares
 or dubble grieffe begoon:
 Think of Leanders bolde attempt
 the lyke distresse to shoon.

What suretie is in ship?
 what trust in oken plancks?
 What credit doe the windes deserue
 at land that play such prancks?

If houses strongly built
 and Towers battled hie,
 By force of blast be ouerthrowne
 when *Æols* impes doe flie:

In puffing windes the Pine
 and aged Oke doe teare,
 And from the bodie rent the boughes
 and lofty lugges they beare:

Then why shouldst thou affie
 in Keale or Cable so,
 Or hazard thus thy selfe upon
 the tossing Seas to go?

Hast thou not harde of yore
 how good Vlysses was
 With stormie tempest chased sore
 when he to Greece did passe?

A wearie traouile hee
 for ten yeares space abid.
 And all the while this noble Greeke
 on waltring wallow slid.

Hast thou not read in Bookes
 of fell Charybdis goulfe,
 And Scyllas Dogs, whom ships do dread
 as Lambes doe feare the Woulfe?

Nor of the raggie Rocks
 that under lurck the wane?
 And rent the Barcks that *Æols* blasts
 into their bosome draue?

Nor of the Monster huge
 that belch out frothie seame,
 And singing Sirens that doe drowne
 both man and ship in streame?

Alas the thought of Seas,
 and of thy passage paines
 (if once thou gage thy selfe to surge)
 my hart and members straines

The present fits of feare
 of afterclaps to euen,
 Amaze my louing tender breast
 And senses doe benum.

But needs thou must away,
(oh Friend) what hap is this
That ere thou see this friendly coast
thy lips I can not kisse?

Nor with my folded armes
imbrace that neck of thine:
Nor clap unto thy manly breast
these louing Dogs of mine?

Nor shed my trilling teares
upon thy moisted face?
Nor say to thee, Tymes adue,
when thou departst the place?

O that I had thy forme
in waxen table now,
To represent thy lively lookes
and friendly louing brow.

That mought perhaps abridge
some part of pinching paine:
And comfort me till better chauce
did send thee home againe.

Both winde and waue at once
conspire to worke my wo,
Or else thou shouldst not so be forste
from me (thine owne) to go.

O wayward Westerne blast
what didst thou meane so full
Against Tymetes back to blow,
and him from hence to pull?

Hast thou been counted earst
a gentle gale of winde,
And dost thou now at length bewray
thy fierce and froward kinde?

I thought the Northren blast
from frostie Pole that came
Had bene the worst of all the windes
and most deserued blame.

But nowe I plainly see
that Poets did but faine:
When they of Borias spake so yll
and of his cruell raigne.

For thou of Æolis brats
thy selfe the worst dost shoue:
And hauing no just cause to rage
to soone beginst to blowe.

If needs thou wouldst haue used
thy force and fretting mood,
Thou shouldst haue broyde among the trees
that in the Mountaines stooode:

And let us friends alone
that liue in perfite blisse.
But to request the windes of ruth
but labor lost it is.

Well Friend though cruell hap
and windes did both agree,
That thou on sodaine shouldst forgo
both countrie coast and mee.

Yet haue I founde the pawne
which thou didst leave behinde:
I meane thy louing faithful hart,
that neuer was unkinde.

And for that firme behest
and plighted truth of youre,
Wherein you vow that loue begooon
shall to the death endure:

To yeelde thee thy demands
my written lines protest,
Inclose my hart within thy bulck
as I will thide in brest.

Shrine up that little lump
of friendly flesh (my Friend)
And I will lodge in louing wise
the guest that thou didst send.

I ioy at this exchange
for I assured stande,
Thy tender hart that I doe keepe
shall safelie lie at lande.

Nor doe I doubt at all
but thou wilt haue regarde
Of that thy charge, and womans hart,
committed to thy ward.

Why dost thou write of death?
I trust thou shalt not die,
As long as in thy manly breast
a womans hart doth lie.

To cruell were the case,
the Sisters eke were shrooes:
If they would seeke the death of us
that are such friendly foes.

But if the worst should fall
and that the cruell death
Doe stop the spindles of our life,
and reave us both of breath:

Yet this doth make me ioy,
that thou shalt be the graue
Unto my hart, and in my brest
thy hart his Hierce shall haue.

For sure a sunder shall
these members neuer go,
As long as life in limmes doth lodge
and breath in lungs bylow.

I mindefull liue of thee,
and of my promise past:
I will not seeke to change my choise,
my love is fixed fast.

To my Tymetes I
as faithfull will be found:
As to Vlysses was his wife
while Troie was laide on ground.

As for new choise of Friends
presume upon thy P.
Thou knowst I haue thy hart in breast
and it will none but thee.

Abandon all distrust
and dread of mistie minde:
For to the hart (that is mine owne)
I will not be unkinde.

Adue my chosen Friend,
adue to thee agen:
Remaine my loue, but pray the write
no more with bloudie Pen.

Thine owne in life, thine owne death,
Thine owne whilst lungs shall leude me breath:
Thine owne whilst I on earth doe wonne
Thine owne whilst eie shall see the Sunne.

OF HIS ABSENT FRIEND THE LOUER WRITES OF
HIS VNIQUIST AND RESTLESSE STATE.

THOUGH curious skill I want to wel endite,
And I of sacred Nymphs and Muses nine
Was neuer taught with Poets pen to write,
Nor barrain braine to learning did incline
To purchase praise, or with the best to shine:
Yet cause my Friend shall finde no want of will,
I write, let hir accuse the lack of skill.

No lesse deserves the Lamme to be imbrast
Of lowring loue at sacred Altar slaine,
If with good zeale it offered be at last
By Irus, that doe Croesus bullocks twaine:
For no respect is to be had of gaine
In such assayres, but to the giuers hart
And his good will our Senses must conuert.

Wherefore to thee (my Friend) these lines I
As perfit proofe of no dissembling minde, [send
But of a hart that truly doth intend
To show it selfe as louing and as kinde,
As woman woulde hir Louer wish to finde:
And more than this my Paper can declare,
I loue thee (Friend) and wishe thee well to fare.

I would thou wist the torment I sustaine
For lack of hir that should my wo redresse,
And that you knew some parcell of my paine,
Which none may wel by seeming judgement gesse,
Nor I with quill haue cunning to expresse:
I know thou couldst but rue my wofull chance,
That by thy meanes was brought into this trauance.

The day doth breeds my doole, and ranccking
rage
Of secret smart in wounded breast doth boyle,
No pleasant pangue my sorrowes may assuage,
Nor giue an ende unto my wofull toyle:
The golden Sunne that glads the earthly soyle,
And erie other thing that breeds delight
Of kinde, to mee are forgers of my spite.

I loag for Phoebus glade and going downe,
My drearie teares more covertly to shed:
But when the night with ugie face doth frowne,
And that I am yplaste in quiet bed,
In hope to be with wisbed pleasure fed:
A greater griefe, a worsor paine ensues,
My vaporic eies their hoped sleepe refuse.

Then rowle I in my deepe despairing brest
The sweete disdaines, and pleasant anger past.
The lonely strifes: when Stars doe counsell rest
Incroching cares reuue my griefe as faste,
And thus desired night in wo I waste:
And to expresse the harts excessive paine,
Mine eies their dewie teares distill amaine.

And reason why they should be moysted so,
Is for they bred my hart this bitter bale:
They were the onely cause of cruell wo
Unto the hart, they were the guilefull stale.
Thus day and night ystost with churlish Gale

Of sighes in Sea of surging brine I bide,
Not knowing how to scape the scowring Tide.

At last the shining Rayes of Hope to finde
Your friendship firme, these cloudy thoughts repels,
And calued Skie returns to mistie minde:
Which deepe dispaire againe eftsoone compels
To fade, and ease by Dolours drift expels:
That Gods themselves (I judge) lament my fate,
And doe repine to see my wofull state.

Wherefore to purchase prayse, and glorie gaine,
Do ease your Friend that lines in wretched plight,
Doe not to death a louting hart constraine,
But seeke with loue his service to requight,
Doe not exchange a Hawleon for a Kite:
Refuse him not for any friendship nue
A worse may chance, but none more just and
true.

Let Cressed mirror bee that did forgo
Hir former faythfull friend king Priams Sonne,
And Diomed the Greeke imbraced so,
And left the loue so well that was begonne:
But when his Cards were tolde and twist ysponne
She found hir Troian friend the best of both
For he renouust hir not, but kept his oth.

This don, my griping griefe will somewhat swage
And sorrow cease to grow in pensive breast,
Which otherwise will neuer blim^s to rage
And crush the hart within his careful Chest
Of both for you and mee it were the best,
To saue my life and win immortal fame,
And thus my Muse shall blase your noble name
For ruine on my wofull case.

THE ANSWERE OF A WOMAN TO HIR LOUER, SUP-
POSING HIS COMPLAINT TO BE BUT FAYNED.

You want no skill to paint
or shew your pangues with Pen,
It is a worlde to see the craft
that is in subtile men.

You seeme to write of woes
and wayle for deadly smart,
As though there were no griefe, but that
which gripes your faythlesse hart.

Though we but women are
and weake by law of kinde,
Yet well we can discerne a Friende,
we winke, but are not blinde.

Not every thing that giues
a gleame and glittering showe,
Is to be counted Gold in deede
this prouerbe well you knowe:

Nor euery man that beares
a faire and fawning cheere,
Is to be taken for a Friend
or chosen for a Feere:

Not euery teare declares
the troubles of the hart,
For some doe weepe that feele no wo
some erie that taste no smart.

^s Or blin, to cease.

The more you seeme to me
in wofull wise to playne,
The sooner I perswade my selfe
that you doe naught but fayne.

The Crocodile by kinde
a flood of teares doth shed
Yet hath no cause of cruell crie
by craft this Fiend is led.

For when the siely soule
that ment no hurt at all
Approppeth neere, the slipper ground
doth give the beast a fall,

Which is no sooner done
but straight the monster vyle,
For sorrow that did weepe so sore
for ioy beginnes to smile:

Euen so you men are woont
by fraude your friends to traine
And make in wise you could not sleepe
in carefull Couch for paine:

When you in deede doe naught
but take your nightly nap,
Or hauing slept doe set your snare
and tytle your guilefull trap.

Your braynes as busy bee
in thinking how to snare
Us women, as your pillows soft
and bowsters pleasant are.

As for your dayes delights
our selues can witness well
To sundrie women sundrie tales
of sundrie iestes you tell:

And all to win their loues:
which when you doe attaine
Within a whyle you shew your kindes,
and giue them up in plaine.

A Fawcon is full bard
amongst you men to finde,
For all your maners more agree
unto the Kytish kinde:

For gentle is the one
and looses his keepers haude,
But thother Busserdlike doth scorne
on Fawconers fist to stande.

For one good turne the one
a thousand will requite,
But use the other neere so well
he shewth himselfe a Kite.

If Cressyd did amisse
the Trojan for sake
Then Dyomedes did not well
that did the Ladie take.

Was never woman false,
but man as false as shee
And commonly the men doe make
that women slipper bee.

Wherefore leaue off your plaintes
and take the sheete of shame
To shrowde your cloking hands from colde
and faying browes from blame.

If she that reads this rime,
be wise as I could wishe,
She should auoyde the hanted hooke
that takes the byting fishe.

And shoon the lymed twig
the flying fowle that tye
Tis good to feare of erie bushe
where threed of thraldome lye.

THE LOUER

EXHORTETH HIS LADIE TO TAKE TIME, WHILE
TIME IS.

THOUGH braue your beautie bee
and feature passing faire,
Such as Apelles to depaint
might vtterly dispaire:

Yet drawie drowping Age
incroching on apace,
With pensie Plough will raze your hae
and Beauties beames deface.

Wherefore in tender yeares
how crooked Age doth haste
Reuoke to minde, so shall you not
your time consume in waste.

Whilst that you may, and youth
in you is fresh and greene,
Delight your selfe: for yeares to sit
as fickle Floods are scene.

For water slipped by
may not be callde againe:
And to reuoke forepassed howres
were labour lost in vaine.

Take time whilst time applies
with nimble foote it goes:
Nor to compare with passed Prime
thy after age suppoes.

The Holtes that now are hoere,
both bud and bloume I sawe:
I ware a Garland of the Bryer
that puts mee now in awe.

The time will be when thou
that doste thy Friendes defye,
A colde and crooked Beldam shalt
in tothsome Cabbins lye:

Nor with such nightlie brawles
thy posterne Gate shall sounde,
Nor Roses strawde afront thy dore
in dawning shall be founde.

How soone are Corpeses (Lorde)
with filtie furrowes fid?
How quickly Beautie, braue of late,
and seemely shape is spild?

Euen thou that from thy youth
to haue bene so, wilt sweare:
With turne of hand in all thy head
shalt haue graye powdred beare.

The Snakes with shifted skinned
their lothsome age doo weare:
The Buck doth hang his hand on pale
to liue a longer daye.

Our good without recure
doth passe, receiue the slowre:
Which if you pluck not from the stalke
will fall within this bowre.

THE LOUER

WISHETH TO BE CONIOYND AND FAST LINCKT
WITH HIS LADIE NEUER TO SUNDER.

I READE how Salmacis sometime with sight
On suddain looude-Cythenus Sonne, and sought
Forthwith with all hir powre and forced might
Too bring to passe hir close conceyued thought:
Whome as by hap shee saw in open mead
Shee sude vnto, in hope to haue bene spead.

With sugred words she wood and sparde no
speech,

But bound him with many a pleasant tale,
Requesting him of ruth to be hir Leach
For whome shee had abyd such bitter bale:
But hee repleate with pride and scornfull cheare
Disdainde hir earnest sute and Songs to heere.

Away shee went a wofull wretched Wight,
And shrouded hir not farre from thence a space:
When that at length the stripling saw in sight
No creature there, but all were out of place,
Hee shifts his robes and to the riuier ran,
And there to bath him here the Boy began.

The Nymph in hope as then to haue attainde
Hir long desired Loue, retirede to food
And in hir armes the naked Nourie straine:
Whereat the Boy began to striue a good,
But strugling nought auailed in that plight
For why the Nymph surpast the Boy in might.

O Gods (quoth tho the Girle) this gift I craue
This Boy and I may neuer part againe,
But so our corpses may conioyned haue
As one we may appeare, not bodies twaine:
The Gods agreed, the water so it wrought,
As both were one, thy selfe would so haue thought.

As from a tree we sundrie times epie
A twisell grow by Natures subtle might,
And beeing two, for cause they grow so nie
For one are lane, and so appeare in sight:
So was the Nymph and Noorie ioynde yfere,
As two no more but one selfe thing they were.

O Ladie mine, howe might we seeme yblest?
How friendly mought we Gods account to bee?
In semblant sort if they would brends my rest
By licking of my carkasse vnto thee?
So that we might no more asunder go,
But limmes to limmes, and corse to carkasse grow?

O, where is now become that blessed Lake
Wherein those two did bath to both their loy?
How might we doe, or such prouision make
To haue the hap as had the Mayden Boy?
To alter forme and shape of eyther kinde,
And yet in proufe of both a share to finde?

Then should our limmes with louely linck be
tide,

And hearts of hate no taste sustaine at all,
But both for aye in perfect league abide
And eche to other liue as friendly thrald:

That th' one might feele the pangues the other had
And partner be of ought that made him glad.

O blessed Nymph, O Salmacys I say,
Would thy good luck vnto hir lot would light
Whom I imbrace, and louen shall for aye,
By force of flood to chaunge hir nature quight:
And that I might haue hap as had the Boy
To neuer part from hir that is my Joy.

I would not striue, I would not stirre awhit,
(As did Cythenus Sonne that stately Wight:)
But well content to be Hermaphrodit,
Would cling as close to thee as ere I might,
And laugh to thinke my hap so good to bee,
As in such sort fast to be linckt with thee.

THE LOUER

HOPING ASSUREDLY OF ATTAYNING HIS PURPOSE,
AFTER LONG SUTE, BEGINS TO IOY RENOUNCING
DOLORS.

Be farre from mee you woful woonted cries,
Aduce Dispaire, that madde my heart agries:
Ye sobbing sighes farewell and penaiue plaint,
Resigne your rooms to ioy, the long restraint
Without desart endure.

Reiect those ruthfull Rymes you (quaking Quill)
Which both declare me wo and want of skill:
(Mine eyes) that long haue had my Loue in chase,
With tears no more imbrue your Mistress face
But to your Springs retyre.

And thou (my heart) that long for lacke of
Grace

Forepinde hast bene and in a doolefull case,
Lament no more, let all such gripings go
As bred thy bale, and nurst thy cankred wo
With Milke of mournfull Dug.

To Venus doe your due (you Senses all)
And to hir Sonne to whome you are in thrall:
To Cupid bend thy knee and thankes repay
That after lingred sute, and long delay
Hath brought thy shippe to shore

Let crabbed Fortune now expresse hir might,
And doe thy worst to mee thou stinging Spite:
My heart is well defend against your force,
For she hath vowde on mee to haue remorse
Whome I haue looude so long.

Henceforth exchange thy cheere and wofull
voice

That hast yfounde such matter to reioyce:
With mirrie Quill and Pen of pleasant plight
Thy blisfull haps and fortune to endight
Enforce thy barraine skull.

THE LOUER

TO HIS CAREFULL BED DECLARING HIS RESTLESSE
STATE.

THOU that wert erst a restfull place
dost now renue my smart,
And woonted eake to salue my sore
that now increaseth wo,
Unto my carefull Corse an ease,
a torment to my hart,
Once quieter of minde perdie,
now an vnquiet fo:

The place sometimes of slumbring sleepe
wherein I may but wake,
Drenched in Sea of saltish brine
(O bed) I thee forsake.

No use of Apenynus top
my flaming fire may quent,
Ne heate of brightest Phoebus beames
may bate my chillie colde,
Nought is of stately strength ynough
my sorrowes to relent,
But (such is hap) renewed cares
are added to the oide:
Such furious fits and fonde affects
in mee my fancies make,
That bathed all in trickling teares
(O bed) I thee forsake.

The dreames that daunt my dazed hed
are pleasant for a space,
Whilst yet I lie in slumbring sleepe
my carkasse feesie no wo,
For cause I seeme with clasped armes
my Louer to imbrace:
But when I wake, and finde away
that did delight me so,
Then in comes Care to Pleasures place
that makes my limmes to quake,
That all besprent with brackish hryne
(O bed) I thee forsake.

No sooner styrras Auroras Starre,
the lightest Lampe of all,
But they that roused were in rest
not fraught with fearefull dreames,
Do pack space to labours left
and to their tasks doe fall:
When I awaking all intragde
doe baine my breast with streames,
And make my smokie sighes to Skyes
their upwarde waie to take,
Thus with a Surge of teares bedewde
(O bed) I thee forsake.

Thus hurle from hungrie Hope by Hap
I die, yet am alive
From pangues of plaint to fits of fume
my release minde doth runne,
With Rage and Fancie Reason fights,
they sitogither strive,
Resistance vayleth nough at all,
for I am quickly wunne:
Thus seeking rest no ruth I finde
that gladsome ioy may make,
Wherefore consume with flowing teares
(O bed) I thee forsake.

AN EPITAPH AND WOFUL VERSE

OF THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN TREGONWELL
KNIGHT, AND LEARNED DOCTOR OF BOTH
LAWES.

AND can you cease from plaint,
or keepe your Conduits drie?
May saltish brine within your breasts
in such a tempest lie?

Where are your scalding Sighes
the fittest foode of paine?
And where are now thy welling teares
I aske thee once againe?

Hast thou not heard of late
the losse that hath befall?
If not, my selfe (vnhappie Wight)
will now begin to tell:

(Though grieffe perhaps will gretch,
and stay my foltring tongue)
From whence this ragged roote of ruth
and mourning moode is sprong.

Was dwelling in this shære
a man of worthie fame:
A Justicer for his desart,
Tregonwall was his name.

A Doctor at the Lawes,
a Knight among the mo:
A Cato for good counsell callde
as he in yeares did grow.

A Patrone to the poore,
a Rampire to the rest:
As leefe vnto the simple sort
as friendly to the best.

No blinde Affect his eye
in iudgement beard at all:
Whose righteous verdit and decree
was quite deuouide of gall.

If hee in hateful hearts
(where roote of rancour grew),
Of faythfull friendship seedes might sow,
no paynes he would echew.

Minerva thought of like
and Nature did consent,
To proue in him by skilfull Arte
what eyther could inuent.

A plot of such a price
was neuer framde before:
To show their powre the Heauens had
Tregonwell kept in store.

The Prince did him imbrace,
and sought him to aduance,
And better former state of hyrth
by furthering of his chauce.

He still was readie bent
his seruice to bestowe,
Thereby vnto his natiue soyle
if gratefull gains might growe.

If sage aduice were scarce
and wholesome counsell scant,
Then should you see Tregonwells helpe
ne wisdome would not want.

When Legats came from farre
(as is there woonted gise)
To treat of truce, or talks of warre
as matters did arise:

Tregonwell then was callde
his verdit to expresse:
Who for the most part in the case
of fruitfull things could gesse.

Or if him selfe were sent
(which hap Tregonwell had)
Into a farre and forraine lande,
then was Tregonwell glad.

For so he might procure
wealepublick by his paine:
It was no corrie to this Knight
long traualie to sustaine.

But what? vndaunted death
that seekes to conquer all,
And Atropos that Goddess sterne
at length haue spit their gall:

And rest vs such a one
as was a Phoenix true,
Saue that now of his cindrie Corse
there ryseth not a nue.

Where may you see his match?
where shall you find his lecke?
None, though you from the farthest East
vnto the Ocean seeke.

O house without thy head,
O ship without a steare:
Thy Palynurus now is dead
as shortly will appeare.

In daunger of distresse
this Knight was euer woont
To yeelde him selfe to perils prest,
and bide the greatest broont.

No tumults tempest could
subdne his constant hart:
Ne would the man by any meanes
once from his Countrie start.

But (oh) it nought easyes.
for death doth strike the stroke
In things humaine, no worldly wealth
his friendship may prouoke.

Let Troians now leaue off
By mourning to lament
The losse of Priam and his towne,
when ten yeares warre was spent.

Yee Romaynes lay your Hoods
and black attyre away:
Bewaile no more your Fabians fall,
nor that sinister day

That rest a noble race
which might haue flowrisht long:
For neyther losse is like to this
our not deserved wrong.

Now Cornewall thou mayst crake,
and Dorset thou mayst cris:
For th' one hath bred, and th'other lost
Tregonwell sodainlie.

Whose corpe though earthed bee
in lothsome lumpes of soyle,
His peerlesse praye by vertue woonne
shall neuer feare the foyle.

Who so therefore shalt see
this Marble where he lyes:
Wish that Tregonwells soule may find
a place aboue the Skies,

And reach a rowme of rest
appointed for the nones:
For in this Tombe interred is
but flesh and bared bones.

THE LOUER

CONFESSETH HIM SELFE TO BE IN LOUE AND
FRAMORED OF MAISTRESSE P.

If banisht sleepe, and watchfull care,
If minde affright with dreaddfull dreames:
If torments rife, and pleasure rare,
If face beamearde with often streames:

If change of cheare from ioy to smart,
If alitred hue from pale to redde:
If foltring toogue with trembling hart,
If sobbing sighes with furie fed:

If sodaine hope by feare opprest,
If feare by hope supprest againe,
Be procues that lone within the brest
Hath bound the heart with fancies chaine:

Then I of force no longer may
In court keepe my piercing flame,
Which euer doth it selfe bewray
But yeelde my selfe to fancies frame.

And now in fine to be a thral
To hir that hath my heart in Oyne,
Shée may enforce mee rise or fall
Till Death my limmes of life deprise.

P. with hir beautie hath bereft
My freedome from my thralled minde,
And with hir louing lookes ycleft
My Reason through both Barke and Rinde.

Yet well therewith I am content
In minde to take it patiently,
Since sure I am shea will relent
And not enforce hir Friend to die.

So I in recompence may haue
Naught but a faythfull hart againe:
Then other friendship will I craue,
But thing my loue yient to gaice.

THAT ALL THINGS HAUE RELEASE OF PAINES SAUE
THE LOUER, THAT HOPING AND DREADING
NEUER TAKETH RESE.

WHATSO the Golden Sonne
beholds with blazing light,
When paine is past hath time to take
his comfort and delight.

The Oxe with lumpish pace
and leysure that doth drawe,
Hath respite after toyle is past
to fill his emptie mawe.

The lorde Asse that beares
the burden on his back,
His dutie done to stable plod,
And reacheth to the rack.

The Deere hath woonted soyle
his fervent beate to swage:
When worke hath ende to respite runnes
the Peasant and the Page.

The Owle that bates the day
and loues to flee by night,
Hath queschie bushes to defende
him from Apollos sight.

Eche Cunnie hath a Cave,
eche little foole a nest
To shroud them in at needfull times
to take their needfull rest.

Thus vewing course of kinde
it is not on the grounde,
That at sometime doth not resort
where is his comfort founde:

Save me (O cursed man)
whome neither Sunne ne shade
Doth serue the burthen of my breast
and sorrowes to unlade.

Eche sport procures my smart,
eche seemely sight annoy:
Eche pleasaunt time tormentis mine ease
and reaves my hoped ioy.

No Musick soundes so sweete
as doth the doolefull drum,
For somewhat neare unto my smart
that mournfull sounde doth cum.

A Gally slave I seeme
unto my selfe to bee:
The Maister that doth guide the ship
hath nere an eie to see.

You know were such a one
as Cupid is doth steare,
Amid the Goulfie of deepe dispaire
great perill must appeare.

Insteade of streaming sayles
hee wishes hangs aloft:
Which if in tempest chauce to teare
the Barck will come to nought.

For winde are scalding sighes
and secrets sobbings prest:
Mixt with a cloude of stormie teares
to baine the Louers breast.

Though Cupid neare so well
his beaten Barck doe guie,
By seeing flats and sinking sandes
that in the wallow lie:

Yet those that are a boarde
must ever stand in awe,
For cause a Busard is their guide
not forcing any flawe:

That follows none aduice,
but bluntly runnes on hed,
As proude as Peacock over those
that in his chaine are led.

Thus you may plainly see
that eche thing hath release
Of pensive paine, save Cupids thralls
whose tormentis aye increase.

A POORE PLOUGHMAN TO A GENTLEMAN, FOR
WHOM HE HAD TAKEN A LITTLE PAINES.

Your Culter cuts the soyle that earst was sownde
Your Harvest was forecreaped long agoe,

Your Sickle sheares the Medowe that was mownde,
Ere you the toyle of Tilmanis trade did knowe:
Good fayth you are beholding to the man
That so for you your husbandrie began.

He craves of you no Siluer for his Seede,
Ne doth demaunde a penny for his Graine,
But if you stande at any time in neede,
(Good Maister) be as bolde with him againe,
You can not doe a greater pleasure than
To choose you such a one to be your man.

TO HIS FRIENDE P. OF COURTING, TRAUAILING,
DYSING AND TENVS.

To liue in Court among the True is care,
Is nothing here but daylie diligence,
Nor cap nor knee, nor money must thou spare,
The Prince his Haule is place of great expence.

In rotten ribbed Barck to passe the Seas
The forraine landes and straungie sites to see,
Doth daunger dwell: the passage broades uncase,
Not safe the soyle, the men unfriendly bee.

Admit thou see the straungest things of all:
When eye is turnde the pleasant sight is gone:
The treasure then of trauaile is but small,
Wherefore (friende P.) let all such toyes alone.

To shake the bones and cog the craftie Dice
To carde in care of sodaine losse of Pence,
Unseemely is, and taken for a vice:
Unlawfull play can haue no good pretence.

To band the Ball doth cause the Coine to wast
It melts as Butter doth against the Sunne,
Naught saue thy payne, when play doth cease, you
To studie then is best when all is donne. [hart:
For studie stayes and brings a pleasant gaine,
When play doth passe as glare with gushing raine.

THE LOUER

DECLARES THAT UNLESSE HE VITTEH HIS LOR-
ROWES BY SUTE, OF FORCE HE DYETH.

LYKE as the Gunne that hath to great a charge,
And Pellet to the Powder ramde so sore,
As neyther of both hath powre to go at large,
Till shinerd flawes in sounding Skies doe ror:

Euen so my careful breast that fraughted is
With Cupids ware, and cloide with lurking Loe,
Unlesse I should disclose my dretinis,
And out of hande my troubled thoughts remoue:

A sunder would my cumbred Carcasse see,
The hart would breake the onercharged Chase
Of pensive breast, and you (my Loue) should see
Your faythfull Friend in lamentable case.

Wherefore doe what you may in gentle wyes
The Gunner to assist in time of neede,
And when you see the Pellet pierce the Skyes,
And Powder make a prooffe of hidden gloede:
Rue on his case, and seeke to quite his wo,
Least in short time bis Gunne to peece go.

THE LOUER

TO A FRIENDE THAT WROTE HIM THIS SENTENCE,
"YOURS ASSURED TO THE DEATH."

O FAITHFULL Friend thise happie was the fist
In so few words to such effect that wrought:
O friendly hart a thousand folke yblist
That hath conceivde so iust and ioyfull thought,
As not till death from pawned loue to bende
But Friend at first and Friend to be at ende.

Wherefore to connteruaile those wordes of thine,
And quit thy loue with faithfull hart againe,
I vow that I will ueuer once decline
A foote from that I am for losse or gaine:
If thou be mine "till death," I thee assure
To be thy Friend "as long as life shall dure."

OF CERTAINE FLOWERS

SENT HIM BY HIS LOUE VPON SUSPICION OF
CHANGE.

YOUR Flowers for their hue
were fresh and faire to see:
Yet was your meaning not so true
as you it thought to be.

In that you sent me Bame,
I iudge you ment thereby
That cleane extinct was all my flame
from whence no sparkes did flie.

Your Fenell did declaim
(as simple men can shew)
That flatterie in my breast I bare
where friendship ought to grow.

A Daisie doth expresse
great follie to remaine,
I speake it not by roat or gesse,
your meaning was so plaint.

Rosemarie put in minde
the Bayes weare out of thought:
And Loucinydie came behinde
for Loue that long was sought.

Your Cowslips did portend
that Care was layd away:
And Egleantine did make an ende
where sweete with sower lay:

As though the leanes at first
were sweete when Loue began:
But now in prooffe the prickes were curst,
and burfull to the Man.

THE ANSWERE TO THE SAME.

PERDIE I neede oo Bame
no forced heate by charme,
To set my burning breast in flame
whom Cupids gleames do warme

On Bayes is my delight,
Remembrance is not past:
Though Daysee hit the nayle aright
my friendship aye shall last.

Though Loue in ydle bee,
yet will I not forgoe
Ne cast off care as you shall see,
and time the truth shall shewe.

So I may tast the sweete,
I force not on the sowre:
The more is ioy when friends doe meete,
that Fortune earst did lowre.

Your Fenell failed quight
where such good fayth is ment:
For Bayes are onely my delight
though I for Bayes be shent.

*OF A FOXE THAT WOULD EATE NO
GRAPES.*

By fortune came a Foxe,
where grue a loftie Vine,
I will no Grapes (quoth hee)
this yarde is coone of mine:
The Foxe would none because that hee
Perceiude the highnesse of the Tree.

So men that Foxlike are,
and long their lust to haue,
But cannot come thereby,
make wise they would not graue:
Those subtle Merchants will no Wine
Because they cannot reach the Vine.

*OF THE STRAUNGE COUNTEANANCE OF
AN AGED GENTLEWOMAN.*

It makes mee laugh a good to see thee lowre,
and long to looken sad:
For when thy crummed countenance is so sowre,
thou art to seeming glad.
I blame not thee but Nature in this case,
That mought bestowde on thee a better grace.

TO THE ROUING PYRAT.

THOU winste thy wealth by warre
vngodly way to gaine:
And in an houre thy ship is sunck
goods drownd, the Pirat alaine.

The Gunne is all thy trust,
it serues thy cruell foe
Then brag not on thy Canon shotte
as though there were no mo.

OF ONE THAT HAD LITTLE WITTE.

I THEE aduise
If thou be wise
To keepe thy wit
Though it be small:
'Tis rare to get
And farre to fet,
'Twas euer yit
Deareste ware of all.

IN COMMENDATION OF WIT.

Wit farre exceedeth wealth,
Wit Princely pompe excels,
Wit better is than Beauties beames
Where Pride and Daunger dwels.

Wit matcheth Kingly Crowne,
Wit masters Witlesse rage:
Wit rules the fonde affects of youth,
Wit guides the steps of Age.

Wit wants no reasons skill
a faithfull Friend to know:
Wit wotes full well the way to voide
the smooth and beering fo.

Wit knowes what best becommes
and what unseemly shoves:
Wit hath a wile to ware the worst,
Wit all good fashion knowes.

Since Wit by wisdoms can
doe this and all the rest,
That I employ my painfull head
to come by Wit is best.

Whome if I might attaine,
then Wit and I were one:
But till time Wit and I doe cope,
I shall be post alone.

AN ANSWERS IN DISPRAYSE OF WIT.

THE Wit you so commend
with wealth cannot compare:
For wealth is able Wit to win
when Wit is waxen bare.

Wit hath no Beauties beames,
to Kingly crowne it yeeldes:
Wit subject is to wilfull rage,
Rage Wit and Reason weeldes.

Wit rules not witlesse youth,
nor aged steps doth guide:
Wit knowes not how to win a friende,
Wit is so full of pride.

Wit wots not how to flie
the smooth and flattering gest:
Wit cannot well discern the thing
that doth become it best.

Wit hath no wyle to ware
mishap before it fall,
Wit knowes not what good fashion means,
Wit can do naught at all.

Since Wit by wisdoms can
doe nothing as you weene,
If you doe toyle to come by Wit,
then are you over scene.

Whome when you doe attaine,
though Wit and you seeme one:
Yet Wit will to another when
your backe is turnde and gone.

THE LOUER TO CUPID FOR MERCE,

DECLARING HOW FIRST HE BECAME HIS THERALL,
WITH THE OCCASION OF HIS DEFFYING LOUE,
AND NOW AT LAST WHAT CAUSED HIM TO
CONVERT.

O MIGHTIE Lord of Loue
Dame Venus onely ioy
Whose Princely powre doth farre surmount
all other heavenly Roy:

I that haue swarvde thy lawes
and wandred farre astray:
Haue now returned to thee againe
thy statutes to obey.

And so thou wouldst vouchsafe
to let me pleade for grace:
I would before thy Barre declare
a sielie Louers case.

I would depoint at full
how first I was thy man:
And show to thee what was the cause
that I from Cupid ran.

And how I haue since that
yspent my wearie time:
As I shall tell, so thou shalt here
declare in doolefull time.

In greene and tender age
(my Lorde) till xviii yeeres,
I spent my time as fitted youth
in schole among my Feeres.

As then no beard at all
was growne upon my Chin,
Which well approude that mans estate
I was not entred in.

I neede not tell the names
of Authors which I read,
Of Proes and Verse we had ynough
to fine the dullest head.

But I was chiefly bent
to Poets famous Art,
To them with all my devor I
my studie did conuert.

Where when I had with ioy
yspent my time a while:
The reast refuse, I gave me whole
To Nasos noble stile.

Whole volumes when I saw
with pleasant stories fright:
In him (I say) above the rest
I laide my whole delight.

What should I bere reherse
with hase and barraine Pen,
The lincked tales and filed stuffe
that I perused then?

In fine it was my loare
upon that part to light
Wherein he teacheth youth to loue,
and women win by slight.

Which Treatise when I had
with lodging sie suruayde:
At last I found thy Godly kinde
and Princely powre displayde.

Of Cupid all that Booke
and of his raigne did ring,
The Poet there of Venus did
in sugred Dittie sing.

There read I of thy shafts
And of thy golden Bow,
Thy shafts which by their diuers heads
their diuers kindes did show.

I saw how by thy force
thou madest men to stoop:
And grisely Gods by secret slight
and Deuillish Traps did droope.

There were depainted plaines
thy quick and quiver wings,
And what so else doth touch thy powre
there Ouid sweetely sings.

There I thy conquests sawe
and many a noble spoyle:
With names annexed to the same
of such as had the foyle.

There Matrones marcht along
and Maydens in their roe,
Both Faunes and Satyrs there I saw
with Neptunes troupe also.

With other thousands else
Which Naso there doth write,
But not my Pen or barraine skull
is able to recite.

O mightie Prince (quoth I)
of such a fearefull force,
How blest were I, so thou of mee
would daime to take remorse?

And choose mee for thy thrall
among the rest to bee,
That live in hope and serue in trust
as waged men to thee?

With that (thy Godhead knowes)
thou gavst a friendly looke:
And (though unworthie such a place)
mee to thy seruice tooke.

In token I was thine
I had a badge of Blue
With Sables set, and charge withall
that I should aye be true.

Thou baidst me follow Hope
who tho thy Ensigne bare,
And so I might not doe amisse,
thus didst thy selfe declare.

Then who rejoyst but I?
who thought himselfe yblest?
That was in Cupids seruice plaste
as brauely as the best?

And thus in lustie youth
I grie to be your thrall,
And was (I witnesse of thy Dame)
right well content withall.

But nowe I minde to showe
(as promise was to doe)
How first I fled thy Tents, and why
thy campe I did forgoe.

When I had been retainde
well nigh a yeare or more,
And serude in place of wage and meade
as is the Souldiours lore:

I chaunst by hap to cast
my floting eyes awrie,
And so a Dame of passing shape
my fortune was to apie.

On whom Dame Nature thought
such beaultie to bestowe,
As she had neuer framde before
as proufd did playnely showe.

On hir I gazde a whyle
till use of sense was fled:
And colour paper white before
was woxen Scarlet red.

I felt the kindled sparkes
to flashing flames to growe:
And so on sodaine I did loue
the Wight I did not knowe.

Then to thy Pallace I
with frowarde foote did run,
And what I saide, I minde it yet,
for thus my tale begun.

O noble Sir (quoth I)
this is your free assent
I should pursue a Game unknowne
within your stately Tent?

If so (quoth I) thou wilt,
and giuest the same in charge:
I mynde of all my bryddled lust
to let the Raynes at large.

Then Hope did prick me forth
and bad mee be of cheere:
Who said I should within a while
subdae my Noble Feere.

He counseide me to shun
no dreadfull daungers place,
But follow him who Banner bore
unto your Noble grace.

He would maintaine my right
and further aye my cause,
And bannish all dispaire that grew
by frowarde Fortunes flaws.

Tis Cupids will (quoth hee)
our Maister and our Lorde
That thou with manly hart and hande
Shouldst lay the Barck aborde.

She shall not choose but veelede
the fruite for passed paines:
For shee is one of Cupids thralls,
and bound in Venus Chaines.

Thinkst thou our maister will
his servant live in woe?
No not for all his Golden darts
ne yet his crooked Bowe.

Wherefore with luckie Mart
giue charge unto the Wight:
Take Speare in bande, and Targe on arme,
and doe with courage fight,

With that I arunde me well
as fits a warring man,
And to the place of friendly fight
with lustie foote I ran.

My Foe was there before
I came unto the field,
I thought Bellona had bene there
or Pallas with hir shiekde.

So well shee was beset
with Plate and privie Maile
As for my life my limber Launce
might not a whit preuaile.

Yet naytbelesse with Speare
and Shiekde, we fought a space:
And last of all we tooke our Bowes
and Arrowes from the case.

Then Dartes we gan to fling
in wide and weightlesse Skies:
And then the fiercest fight of all
and combat did arise.

Instead of shivering shafts,
light louing lookes we cast,
And there I founde my selfe to weake
hir Arrowes went so fast.

But one above the reast
did cleave my breast so farre,
As downe it went, where lay my bart,
and there it gave a jarre.

So cruel was the stroke,
so sodaine eke the wounde,
As by the fearefull force I fell
into a senselesse sounde.

Thus having no refuge
to quite my selfe from death:
I made a vowe to looe hir well
whilst Lungs should leude me breath.

And since that time I have
eodeuorde with my might
To win hir loue, but naught preuailes
ahee wayes it not a Mite.

Shee scorns my yeelding bart
not forcing on my best:
But by disdaine of cloudy browe
doth further my unrest.

Yet ruthlesse though she were,
and farsed full of yre:
I lovde hir well as bart could think,
or woman might desire.

I sought to frame my speach
and countnance in such sort,
As she my couert hart might see
by shewe of outward port.

To Troilus halfe so true
unto his Creside was
And I to hir, who for hir face
did Trojan Creside passe.

At length when Reason saw
mee sotted so in loue
As I ne would, ne might at all
my fancie thence remoue:

She cause hir Trumpe be blowne
to cyte hir servants all
Into the place, by whose aduise
I might be rid from thrall.

Then Plato first appearde
with sage and solemne sawes:
And in his hande a golden booke
of good and Greekish lawes,

Whose honnie mouth such wise
and weightie wordes did tell:
Gainst thee and all thy troupe at once
as Reason lykts it well.

When Platons tale was done,
then Tullie prest in place:
Whose filed tongue with sugred talke
would good a simple case.

With open mouth I heard
and jawes ystrecht awyde,
How hee gainst Venus deariings all
and Cupids captiues cryde.

Then Plutarche gan to presobe
and by examples prove,
That thousand mischiefs were procurede
by meane of guilefull love.

Whole Cities brought to spoyle,
and Realmes to shamefull sack:
Where Kings and Rulers good advice
by meane of Loue did lack.

Next Plutarch, Senec came,
senere in all his sawes;
Who cleane decide your wanton tricks,
and scornde your childish lawes.

I neede not name the reast
that stode as then in place:
But thousandes more there were that sought
your Godhead to deface.

When all the Hall was busht,
and Sages all had donce:
Then Reason that in iudgement sawe
hir skillfull talke begonne.

Grazmercie Friends (quoth shee)
your counsell likes me well:
But now lend eare to Reasons wordes
and listen what I tell.

What madnesse may be more
than such a Lorde to haue,
Who makes the chieftaine of his bande
a ruke and raskall slave?

Who woonted is to yeelde
in recompense of paine?
A ragged recompense God wote
that turnes to meere disdaine?

Who gladly would esue
a Conduct that is bliode?
Or thrall himselfe to such a one
as shoves himselfe unkinde?

What Ploughman would be glad
to sowe bis seede for gaine,
And reape when Harvest time comes on
but trauaile for his paine?

What madman might endure
to watch and ward for nought?
To ride, to runne, and last to loose
the recompense he sought?

To waste the day in wo,
and restless night in care,
And haue in stead of better foode
but sobbing for his fare?

To heare his eies with brine
and salted teares yshend;
To force his fainting flesh to fade,
his colour pale and dead?

And to fordoe with carke
his wretched witherde hart?
And so to breede his bitter hale
and hatch his deadly smart?

I speake it to this fine,
that plainely might appere
Cupidos craft and guilefull guise
to him that standeth here.

Whose eies with fancies mist
and errors cloudes are dim,
By meane that bee in Venus lake
and Cupids goulfe doth swim.

And bath by sodaine sight
of unacquainted shape
So fixt his hart, as hope is past
for euer to escape.

Unless to these my wordes
a listning eare he londe:
Which oft are woont the Louers minde
and fancies to offende.

But he that would his health
sowre Sirops must assay:
For erie griefe hath cure againe
by cleane repugnant way.

And who so mindes to quite
and rid himselfe from wo,
Must seeke in time for to remooue
the thing that hurts him so.

For longer that it lastes
it frets the farder in
Untill it growe to carelesse maine
by passing fell and skin.

The Pyne that beares his head
up to the haughtie skie,
Would well haue been remooude at first
as daylie prooffe doth trie:

Which now no force of man
nor engine may subuert:
So wide the creeping rootes are run
by Natures subtle Art:

So Loue by slender sleight
and litle paine at furst
Would haue beene stopt, but hardly now
though thou wouldst do thy wurst.

The woonted saw is true,
shon Loue, and Loue will see,
But follow Loue and spite thy nose
then Loue will follow thee.

And though such grafted thoughts
on sodaine may not die,
Ne be forgone; yet process shall
their farther growth destrie.

No Giumt for his lyfe
can cleaue a knarrie oke,
Though he would seeke to doo his wurst
and utmost at a stroke.

But let the meaneest man
haue space to fell him downe,
And he will make him heade his head
and bring his boughes to grownde.

No force of falling showre
can pierce the Marble-stone,
As will the often drops of raine
that from the gutters gone:

Wherefore thou rethlesse man
my counsell with the mo
Is, that thou peccemesle do expell
the loue that paines thee so.

Renounce the place where shee
doth make sojourn and stay:
Force not hir traying truthlesse eies,
but turne thy face away.

Thinke that the hurtfull booke
is couerde with such baite:
And that in such a pleasant plot
the Serpent lurkes in waite.

Waie well his scornfull cheere,
and thinke shee seekes thy spoyle:
And though thy conquest were atchiude
may not acquite thy toyle:

Not ydle see thou bee,
take eye some charge in bande:
And quickly shalt thou quench the flame
of carelesse Cupids brande.

For what (I pray you) bred
Ægistus foule defame?
And made him spoken of so yll?
what put him to the shame?

What forste the Fooles to loue
his beastly ydle lyfe
Was cause that he beottled was
of Agamemnonns W'ye.

If he had fought in field
encountering with his Foe,
On stately steede, or else on foote
with giawe had giuen the bloe:

If he that Lecher lewde
had warlick walles assailde
With Cannou shot, or bownsing Ramme
his fenced enemies quailde:

He had not felt such force
of vile and beastly zin,
Cupidos shafts had fallen short
if he had busie bin.

What Myrrha made to loue,
or Byblos to desire
To quench the heate of hungrie lust
and flames of filthy fire?

What Canace enforced
to frie with frantick brandes,
In sort as up to yeelde hir selfe
unto hir brothers handes?

And other thousand mo
of whom the Poets wright?
Nought else (good fayth) but for they had
in ydle thoughts delight.

They spent their youthfull yeares
in foule and filthy trade,
They busied not their ydle braines
but God of Pleasure made.

Wherefore if thou (I say)
dost couet to avoide
That bedlam Boyes deceitfull Bowe
that others hath annoyde:

Eachewe the ydle life,
flee, flee from doing nought:
For neuer was their ydle braine
but bred an ydle thought.

And when those stormes are past
and clowdes remoovde away:
I know thou wilt no Reason think
and minde the wordes I say.

Which are: that loue is roote
and opely crop of care,
The bodies fos, the harts annoy,
and cause of pleasures rare.

The sicknesse of the minde,
the Fountaine of unreat:
The goulfe of gulle, the pit of paine,
of griefe the hollow Chest.

A fierie frost, a flame
that frozen is with ice,
A heauey burthen light to beare,
A Vertue fraught with Vice.

It is a wardlike peace,
a safetie set in dree,
A deepe dispaire annexed to hope,
a famine that is fed.

Sweete poyson for his taste,
a Forte Charybdis leeke,
A Scylla for his safetie thought,
a Lyon that is meeke.

And (by my Crown I sweare)
the longer thou dost loue,
The longer shalt thou liue a Thrall
as tract of time will proue.

Wherefore retire in haste
and speede thee home againe,
And pardned shall thy trespass bee,
and thou exempt from paine.

Take Reason for thy guide
as thou hast done of yore:
And spite of Loue thou shalt not loue
ne be a thrall no more.

Repaire to Platoes schoole
and Tullies true aduice:
Let Plutarch be and Seneca
thy teachers to be wise.

This long and learned tale
had broosed so my braine;
As I forthwith to Reason ran
and gave thee up in paine.

Fie, fie on Loue quoth I,
I now perceiue his craft:
For Reason hath declared at large
how hee my freedomes raft,

I see his promise is
farre fayrer than his pay:
I finde how Cupid bleards mine eyes,
and made me run astray.

I wote how hungrie Hope
hath led me by the lip,
And made me moue an endless sute
well worth an oken chip.

Hee trainde mee all by trust,
I farde as Hounde at hatch:
The lesser fruite I founde, the more
I was procedde to watch.

Thus (mightie Lorde) I left
thy lawes and statutes strong
For rayling Reasons trifling talke
and offred thee a wrong.

But now Dame Venus knowes,
and thou hir sonne canst tell
That I within my covert hart
doe loue thee passing well.

Now fully bent to be
(so thou wilt cleane put out
Of minde my passed injuries)
thy man and scouldier stout:

Preat to obey thy will
and neuer swarve againe,
As long as Venus is of force
and thou shalt keepst thy Raigone.

I weigh not Tullies tale,
ne prating Platoes talks:
Let Plutarch vouch what Plutarch can,
let skurvey Senec walke.

Olde Ouid will I reade,
whose pleasant wit doth passe
The reast, as far as stubborne Steele
excells the bricke Glasse.

In him thy deedes of Armes
and manly Maris appeere,
In him thy stately spoyles are scene
as in a Mirroure cleere.

Thy mothers prayse and thine
in him are to be founde,
For conquests which you had in heanen
and bere by low on grounde.

Forgiue my former guilt,
forget my passed toyes:
And graunt I may aspire againe
unto my woonted toyes.

If euer man did loue
or serue io better steade,
Then shape my wages to the same
and doe restraine my meede.

But so I fight in field
as Gercely as the best:
I hope that then your Godhead will
reward me with the rest.

AFTER MISADVENTURES COME GOOD
HAPS.

I NEVER thought but this that luck in fine
Would to my will and fansie well incline.
For daylie prooffe doth make an open show
That common course of things would have it so.
When stormie clouds from darkned skyes are fled,
Then Phoebus shewes his gay and golden hed.
His princely pride appeeres when showres are past,
And after day the night ensues as fast.
When winter hath his trembling carkas showne,
And with his froetic foote the spring down throwne,
Then in leapes *Estas* gay with gladsome gleames
That harvest brings and dries up winter streames.
The Bark that broyde in rough and churlish Seas
At length doth reach a Port and place of ease.
The waillefull warre in time doth yeelde to peace,
The Larans lowde and Trumpets sounde doth
cease:

Thus may we see that chaunce is full of change,
And Fortune feedes on foode that is full straunge,
Wherefore doe not dispaire thou louing Wight,
For Seas doe ebbe and flow by Natures might:
From wome to good our haps are changed oft,
And basest things sometimes are raysde aloft.
So Gods would have, and Fortune doth agree,
Which prooffe appeeres and is exprest by mee.

TO HIS LOUE

THAT CONTROLDE HIS DOGGE FOR FAWNING ON
HIM.

In deede (my Deare) you wrong my Dog in this
And shew your selfe to be of crabbed kinde,
That will not let my fawning whelp to kisse
You first, that faine would shew bys Maisters
mide:

A Maastife were more fit for such a one,
That can not let hir Louers dog alone.

He in his kinde for mee did seeme to sue,
That earst did stande so highly in your grace,
His Maisters minde the wittie Spanell knewe,
And thought his wonted Mistresse was in place:
But now at last (good faith) I plainly see
That Dogg more wise than women friendly bee.

Wherefore since you so cruelly entreate
My whelp, not forcing of his fawning cheere,
You shew your selfe with pride to be repleate,
And to your Friend your nature doth appeere:
The Prouerbe olde is veridide in you,
Loue mee and loue my Dog, and so adue.

Both I and hee that siely Beast sustaine
For loeing well and bearing faithfull harts,
Despitous checks, and rigorous disdaines,
Where both hath well deserved for our parts,
VOL. II.

For Friendship I, for offred seruice hee,
And yet thou neyther loouste the Dog nor mee.

Vpon THE DEATH OF THE AFORENAMED DAME
ELIZABETH ARHUNDE OF CORNEWALL.

WHAT Tongue can tell the wo?
what Pen expresse the plaint?
Unless the Muses helpe at neede
I feel my wittes to faint.

Yee that frequent the hilles
and highest Holtes of all,
Assist mee with your skilfull Quilles
and listen when I call.

And Phoebus, thou that first
amidst the learned route,
Doe way thy Bowe, and reach thy Lute
and say to sounde it oute.

Helpe (learned Pallas) helpe
to write the fatall fall
Of hir, whose lyfe deserves to be
a Mirroure to us all.

Whose Parents were of fame
as Leyster well can shewe:
Where they in worahip long had liude,
with yeares did worahip growe.

Of worahip was the house
from whence shee tooke hir line:
And shee a Dannat by discent
to worahip did incline.

What neede I pen the prayce
of hir that liude so well.
That of it selfe doth yeelde a sounde
we neede not ring the Bell.

Whilst Dannat did ensue
Diana in the race,
A truer Nymph than Dannat was
was neuer earst in place.

With Beautie so adrest
with Vertue so adornde:
Was not that more imbrate the good
nor at the wicked scorde.

When fleeing Fame with Trumpe
and blasted brutes had brought
This Dannats thewes to Courtlike cares
(which Dannat neuer sought)

To Court shee was procurede
on Princessse to attende:
A seruice fit for such a one
hir flowing yeares to spende.

Where when shee had remaynde
and serude the Princessse well,
Not rashly but with good aduice
to Lunos yoke shee fell.

A Wouffe by hap espide
this sielic Lambe in place,
And thought hir fittest for his pray:
not gastyly was his face,

Not Wouldlike were his eyes,
ne harshish was his voyce:
Nor such as Lambes might feare to heere
but rather might reioyce.

A heart not bent to hate
or yeelding pray to spill:
Unto Licson farre vnlike
whose pleasure was to kill.

Arhundie was his name,
his stock of great descent:
Whose predecessors all their liues
in Vertues path had spent.

Hee not vnlike the rest
behaude him selfe so well,
As he in fine became a Knight,
so to his share it fell.

Thus was this Ladie fast
conioynde in sacred knot:
Whose priua and tender yeres were spent
deuoyde of slaunders blot.

The match no sooner made,
when marriage rites were donne:
But Dannat ranne hir race as right
as she hir course begonno.

And sooth it is, she liude
in wiselye bond so well,
As she from Collatinus wife
of Chastice bore the bell.

Vlysses wife did blush
to heare of Dannats prayse:
Admetus Make (the good Alcest)
did yeelde vp all hir Kayes.

The Greeks might take in grieif
of such a one to heere,
Who for hir well deserued fame
could haue no Greekish Peere.

Thus manie yeres were spent
with good and soothfast life,
Twixt Arbundie that worthie Knight
and his approued wife.

Of whome such Impes did spring,
such fruite began to grow,
Such issue did proceede as we
them by their branches know.

The Oke will yeelde no grapes,
the Vine will beare no Hawes:
Ech thing must follow kindly course
by Natures fixed lawes.

Euen so that worthie Tree
such fruite is seene to beare,
As yet commends the withred stocks
and them to Welkin reare.

Thus did they liue in ioy,
till chauce and spitefull death
These louing Turtles did deuide
and rest the Cock his breath.

Then first the bale began,
then black attire came on:
And Dannats dreerie doole was seeme
with neuer slinting mone.

Nought might hir sorrow auaie,
but still she did bewaile
The Cinders of hir seuerd Make
with teares of none anaile.

Seuen yeres she spent in wo
refusing other Make:
For such is Turtles kinde you know
they will none other take.

I doubt where Dido fealt
the like tormenting rage,
When that the gulleful Guest was gone
that layde his fayth to gage.

This Dannats vertues were
so rife and eke so rare,
As few with hir for honest life
and wisdome might compare.

Mibera did sojourne
within that wiselye brest:
Hir deeder declarde that in hir heed
Dame Pallas was a guert.

But what we couet most
or chiefest holde in price,
With greedie gripe of darting death
is reaued with a trixe.

The cruell Sisters three
were all in one agreeede,
To let the spinde runne no more
but shrid the fatal threede.

And Fortune, (to expresse
what swing and sway she bare)
Allowde them leaue to vse their force
vpon this Jewell rare.

Thus hath the Welkin wunne,
and we a losse sustainde:
Thus hath hir corse a Vaute found out,
hir sprite the Heaueus gainde.

Since sobbing will not serue,
ne shedding teares anaile
To bring the soule to corps againe
bis olde and woonted Gaile:

Leaue off to bath hir stone
with Niobs teares to long,
For thou shalt side hir nought at all
but put thy selfe to wrong.

Wish that hir soule may reach
the place from whence it came:
And shes be guerdond for hir life
with neuer dying fame.

For sure she well deserude
to haue immortal prayse,
And laud more light than clearest sunne
or Phœbus golden rayes.

If ought my slender skill
or writing were of powre,
No processe of ingratefull time
hir Vertues should deuour.

DIAPHRASES OF WOMEN THAT ALLURE AND LOUKE
NOT.

WHEN so you vew in Verse
and Poets rimes the prayse,
Of Lucrece and Vlysses wife
so famous in their dayes:

When Hippo comes by hap
or good Alcaxt yfeare,
And other some that by desert
with fame renowned weare,

Then you with hastie doome
and rashfull sentence straight,
Will vaunt that women in that age
were all with Vertue freight.

And for those fewe, that liude
in winely bonde so well:
You will esteeme the reast by those
that onely bare the bell.

But follow sound aduice,
let eche receyue hir doome,
As eche in vertue did surmount
or sit in highest roomes.

So cleane was neuer seeds
ysifted, but among
For all their paynes were woodes that grew
to put the graine to wrong.

That troupe of honest Dames
those Crisels all are gone:
No Lucrece now is left aliue,
ne Cleopatra none.

Those dayes are all ypast,
that date is dected by:
They myrrors were Dame Nature made,
hir skillfull hande to try.

Now course of kinde exchange
doth yeelde a worsen graine,
And women in these latter yeares
those modest Matrons staine.

Deceits in their delight,
great fraude in friendly lookes:
They spoyle the fish for friendships sake
that houer on their Hooke.

They buie the bayte to deare
that so their freedom lose:
And they the more deceitfull are
that so can craft and glose.

With beautie to allure,
and murder with disdain:
What more may be gainat womens kind
were ruth of right should raigne?

So Memphis Crocodile
(as we in Poets fine)
Where Nylus with his senenfold streame
to Seaward doth incline.

With truthlesse tricking teares
and lamentable sound,
The siely beast with pitie moude
doth cruely confound.

So Marmades in the flood
and Syrens sweetely sing,
Till they the musing Mariner
to speedie fate doe bring.

Now Helen for hir traine
with Dian may compare:
Such sundrie Helens now are found,
and Dians Nymphes so rare.

Who if by craft espie
thy Senses once to bende,
And bow by Cupids subtile breach
that burning glaemes doth sende:

Then will they seeke in hast
by force of friendly bliuck,
And wrested looke into the breast
their beauties shape to suck.

Which if be brought to passe,
then haue they their desire:
And standing farre doe smile to see
the flaming of the fire.

Then looke they on a loofe,
and neuer once repaire
To ende the strife that they haue stirrd
twixt Louer and Dispaire.

As shepheidres when they see
the Ganders foe in snare
Reioyce, that from their foldes of late
their siely cattle bare:

Or Boy that knowes the Foule
to be in pithole caught,
That woonted was to steale the stale
and set the snare at naught:

So wily women woont
to laugh, when so they spie
The louing Wight ytrainde by trust
in point and pinch to die.

But if such chauce doe chauce
(as often chauce we see)
The fish that earst was hangde on Hooke
by better chauce be free,

If he by happie hap
doe cast off Cupids yoke,
Not setting of hir Loue a Leake
that gaued the cruell stroke:

Then are remooude the cloudes
of hir disdainfull brow:
And friendships flood that earst was drie
a fresh begins to flow.

Then wresteth shee hir grace,
and makes a seeming show
As though she meant no change at all,
ne would hir Hestes forgo.

Thus are they fright with wiles
whome Nature made so plaine,
Thus Sinons shifts they put in vve
their purpose to attaine.

Wherefore let bee our care
 Vysses trade to trie:
 And stop our eares against the sounde
 of Syrens when they crie.

Think when thou seest the baits
 whereon is thy delite,
 That hidden Hookes are hard at hande
 to bane thee when thou bite.

Think well that poyson lurkes
 in shape of Sugar swete:
 And where the freshest flowres are seene
 there most beware thy feete.

But chiefly women shoonne
 and follow mine aduice,
 If not, thou mayst perhaps in proufe
 of follie beare the price.

To trust to rotten boughes
 the daunger well is seene:
 To treade the tyed trap vnwares
 hath alwayes perill beene.

Haue Medea still in minde,
 let Circe be in thought:
 And Helen that to viter sack
 both Greece and Troie brought

Let Creside be in count
 and number of the mo,
 Who for hir lightnesse may presume
 with falsast on the row.

Else would she not haue left
 a Trojan for a Greeke:
 But what? by kinde the Cat will hunt,
 hir Father did the like.

As willie are their wits,
 so are their tongues vntrue:
 Unconstant and aye seeting mindes
 that most embrace the nue.

When fixed is their fayth
 it restes on brittle sande:
 And when thou deemste them surste of all
 they beare thee but in hande.

Though Argus did reuine,
 whose eyes in numbre were
 As many as Dame Iunos Birde
 in glaring taile doth beare:

Yet women by their wyles
 and well acquainted drifts,
 Woulde soone deceiue his waking head,
 and put his eyes to shifts.

Nought haue they neede at all
 Cyllenus Pipe to blow
 To forge their frand, their tongues will serue
 as leaured writers show.

First trie, and then tell
 Where I haue sayd well
 For without a trial
 There vailles no depiall.

OF A PRISITION AND A SOOTHESAYE

MARCKE fault himselfe diseade,
 The Soothsayer sayd: There bee
 Sire yet remaynder dayes of life,
 no mo (Friend Marcke) to thee.

Then skillfull Alcon came,
 he fealt the Puises beate:
 And out of hande this Marcus dyde,
 there Phisick wrought his feate.

This shewes Phisition doth
 the Soothsayer farre excede:
 For th' one can make a short dispatch,
 when th' other makes no speede.

A CONTROUERSIE OF A CONQUEST TWIXT FORTUNE AND VENUS.

WHILST Fisher kest his line
 the houering fish to booke:
 By hap a rich mans daughter on
 the Fisher kest hir looke.

Shue fryde with frantick Loue,
 they maride eke at last:
 Thus Fisher was from lowe estate
 in top of Treasure piast.

Stoode Fortune by and smylde:
 how say yow (Dame) quoth shue
 To Venus? was this conquest yours
 or is it due to mee?

'T was I (quoth Vulcans wife)
 with helpe of Cupids bowe,
 That made this wanton wench to rage,
 and match hir sellie so lowe.

Not so: 't was Fortune I
 that brought the Trull in place:
 And Fortune was it that the man
 stooode so in Maydens grace.

By Fortune fell their loue,
 't was Fortune strake the stroke:
 Then detter is this man to mee
 that did this match prouoke.

THE LOUER

VOWETH HOW SO EUER HE BE GUELDONED TO
 LOUE FAITHFULLY.

In thankfull though she were
 and had disdainfull browe,
 Regarding nought my constant heart,
 ne foring of hir vowe:

Since sownen is the seede
 of faithfull friendships lore,
 Vnconstant will I neuer be
 ne breake my Heart therefore.

Let Fortune vse hir force
to Cupide stand mine ayde,
Let Cyprid laugh with louely looke,
I will not bee afraide.

By me the Noble kinde
of man shall not be shame,
Recorde through me shall neuer force
our sequell be defame.

Albe that I consume
my greene and growing youth,
Kea age and all quite guerdonlesse
yet will I swarue my truth.

Eche that shall after come,
and liue when I am Dust,
My louing heart shall well descrie
the key of perfect trust.

Hir while my vitall breath
these fainted limmes shall moue:
Yea, after death in hollow Vawte
ytombed, will I loue.

Force shee my seruice true
I force it not at all:
Rue shee by ruth my dreerie life
or it to mercie call:

To stay my Ioue shall stande,
ne will I false my faith,
Ne breake my former plighted best
or promise to the death.

Diadaine shall neuer force
my friendship wrest awrie:
Ere that I craue immortall powres
that ye will let me die.

Let Dido still complaine
Æneas broken Hest,
Of all that came to Carthage Coast
the most vnfaithfull guest.

Untrouste Theseus eke
let Ariadne clepe,
That flected from his friendly Feere
yted in slumbring sleepe:

So let Medea accuse
the Knight that wonne the Flise,
Who forced naught at all in fine
hir cleepings and hir cries:

Haue thou the faithfull heart
of thine assured Friend,
Ere be he of that retchelesse race
the Sonne awrie shall wende.

Where so thou yeelde him grace
or as an outcast shoon:
Expect his former plighted Hest
as thou tofore hast doon.

Loue will hee neuer blame
ne Venus lawes forgo,
Life sooner shall than loue decrease
his faith is fixed so.

HE SORROWES THE LONG ABSENCE OF HIS
LADIE P.

Now once againe my Muse renue my woes
Which earst thou hast in doolefull dittie soong,
For greater cause of sorrow not arose
To mee at all, then now of late is sproong:
As you shall heare in sad and solemne Verse,
A wofull Wight his haplesse hap rehearse.

Come (Clio) come with pensiu Pen in hande
And cause thy sisters change their cheerefull
voice,
Ye Furies fell that lurck in Plutos lande,
Come skip to Skies, and raise a doolefull noice:
Helpe to lament the Louers wofull chauce,
And let Alecto leade the lothsome daunce.

All ye that Ladies are of Lymbo Lake
With hissing haire, and Snake bush bedect,
Your beddes of Steele and dankish Dennes forsake,
And Stix with stinking Sulpher all infect:
Do what you may to ayde my careful Quill,
And helpe to ring a Louers latter knill.

And time (I trow) sith she from hence is fled
Who was the guide and giuer of my breath,
By whome I was with wished pleasure fed
And haue escapt the ruthlesse hande of Death:
Who was the Key and Cable of my life,
That made me scape Charybdis carefull clife.

A Starre whereby to steare my bodies Bark,
And ship of soule to shoure in safetie bring,
To quite my Corse from painefull pining cart,
And fierie force of craftie Cupids sting:
Euen she that me from Syllas sheffe did shroude,
That light is lost, that Lodestarre vnder cloude.

Whose absence breeds the tempest I sustaine,
And makes my thoughts so clouidie backe to bee,
And brackish teares from swollen eyes to reine,
And churlish gale of surging Sighes to flee:
That Ancor scarce ne harbour I may haue
From deepe despairre my shaken Ship to saue.

The Rubie from the Ring is reft I finde,
The foile appears that vnderneath was set:
The Saint is gone, the Shrine is left behinde,
The fish is scapt, and here remains the Net:
That other choise for me is none but this,
To waile the want of hir that is my blisse.

I curse the Wight that causede hir hence to goe,
I hate the Horse that hence hir Corse conuaise,
The Bit, the Saddle all I curse aroe,
And ought that else might this bis journey staide:
I curse the place where she doth now sojourne,
And that whereto she mindes to shape retourne.

My mouth, that kist hir not before she went,
Mine eyes, that did not seeke to see hir face,
My hand, that it no matter did inuent,
My feet, that it in Paper did not place:
My feet, that they refused to traueill thro,
My legges I curse that were so loth to go.

My tongue, that it no paine did then procure
To utter all my close and couert minde,
To hir who long hath had my wounds in cure,
In whome such ruth and mercie I did finde.

My heart I curse, that sought not to bewray
It selfe to hir or ere shee went hir way.

And last my selfe and euerie thing beside,
My life, my limmes, my carrion Corse I curse:
Sawe hir for whome these torments I abide,
That of my life is onely well and sourse:
Ioue shroude hir selfe, and keepe hir from annoy,
And sende hir soone to make retorne with ioy.

TO HIS LOUE

LONG ABSENT, DECLARING HIS TORMENTS.

O LINGRING Loue, O friend
that absent are so long,
Where so thou bee, the Gods the guide
And quit thy Corse from wrong:

And sende thee harmelesse health,
and safely to reuert,
How soone your selfe may deeme full well
to saue a dying hart.

For since your parture I
haue lead a lothsome state:
And saue the hope of your retorne
nought might my woes abate.

And will you know the time
how I haue spent away?
And doe you long in rutfull rime
my torments to suruay?

Though but with weeping eyes
I may the same recite:
Yet naythelesse the truth herein
to thee (my Friend) I write.

When flickring Fame at first
vnto mine cares had brought
That you to trauell were adrest,
and fixed was your thought

In London long to lodge,
and flee your friendly soile:
Then dolour first in daunted Corps
and wounded breast did boile.

I felt how griefe did giue
the onset on my hart,
And sorrow sware that pensive panges
should neuer thence depart.

With clinching Claws there came
and talants sharplie set,
A flock of greedie griping Woes
my grunting hart to fret.

The more I sought the meane
by pleasant thought to ease
My growing griefe, the more I felt
increase my new disease

When other laught for ioy,
it brought to minde my woe:
When Musick slakte their sorowes, then
my secret sore did growe.

When they at meate were set
their daintie foode to taste,
In stead of Viands heartie sighes
I had for my repaste.

When Bacchus came to Boorde,
and eche to other drincks:
My swollen foud of salted teares
did ouerflow his brincks,

And out did gush amaine
of drinck to stande in steede
To me, that of such straungie meate
as sorrow was did feede.

From boorde to bed I go -
in hope to finde reliefe,
And by some pleasant nap to rid
my troubled ghost from griefe:

But slumbring sleepe is fled,
and Morpheus shewes his spite:
That will not yeelde one minuts rest
in all a Winters night.

O Lord, what sundrie kinde
of care doe then begin
T'assault my wearie waking head,
and trembling hart within?

A thousand thoughts arise,
eche thought his torment brings:
And thus the lothed night I spend
and feele how sorrow springs.

And if in dawning chauce
some drouping sleepe do light
Upon the careful Corse that thus
hath spent the waking night:

It standes in little steade,
so dreadfull are my dreames
As they by force of wo procure
mine eies to runne with streames.

Then bethe I bed with brine,
and cloy my couch with teares:
And mid my sleepe thy grisly Ghost
in straungie sort appeares.

Not with such friendly face
and brow of gladsome cheare
As earst thou badst: those loarly lookes
and blincks are all arcare.

More grimmer is your grace
more coye your countnance eake,
More lowring lookes than were of yore
and Brow more bent to wreake.

In hande mee thinkes I see
thee bolde the hateful knyfe
To flea thy Friend, and for good will
to reauis deserved lyfe.

Wherewith I wake afright
and strain my pillow fast
To garde me from the cruell tooles
untill your wrath be past.

At length I see it plaine
that fancies did enforce
Unto his ugly monstrous dreame
my weake and slumbring Coraee.

I vowe thy secret hart,
and how it longs to bee
With him that for unfayned loue
unpawnde his faith to thee.

For mercie then I call
of you that iudge so yll,
Whose pleasure is to garde your Friend,
and not your Foe to kyl.

Of dreames a thousand such
eche night I haue a share.
To bannish sleepe from pining corse
and nurse my canckred care.

Thus day and night I liue,
thus night and day I die:
In death I feele no smart at all,
in life great wo I trie.

Wherefore to rid my griefes
and bannish all annoie
Retire from Greece and doe sojourne
here with thy friend in Troie.

Who longs to see thy face
and witness of thy state:
And partner be of thy delights
his furious fits to bate.

THAT DEATH IS NOT SO MUCH TO BE FEARED AS
DAYLIE DISEASES ARE.

WHAT? yst not follie for to dread
and stand of Death in feare,
That Mother is of quiet rest,
and griefs away doth weare?

That brings release to want of wealth,
and poore oppressed Wights?
He comes but once to mortall men,
but once for all he smiteth.

Was neuer none that wise hath fealt
of cruell Death the Knife:
But other griefes and phing paines
doe linger on the life,

And oftentimes one selfe same Corse
with furious fits molest,
When Death by one dispatch of life
doth bring the soles to rest.

THE EPICURES COUNSELL,

EATE, DRINCK, AND PLAIE.

My Friend, where as thou seest thy selfe
to be a man in deede,
Eate, quaffe, and play, with present ioyes
thy greedie fancies feede.

For I (thou seest) am dust become
that carst so wealthie was:
I haue that I liue did eate,
the rest away did passe.

What so I poorde in pampred paunch
and to my guts conuaide,
To gaping ground with mee I bore,
the rest behinde is staide.

My haughtie buildings huge to see,
roy Turrets and my traine,
My Horse, my Hounds, my cofred Coine
for others doe remaine.

Wherefore a Myrrour make of mee
and drowne thee in delight:
For Death will sweepe away thy wealth
and rease thy pleasures quight.

TO BROWNE OF LIGHT BELIEFE.

BWARE my Browne of light beliefe,
trust not before you trie:
For under cloke of great good will
doth fained friendship lie.

As wylie Adder lurckes in leasues
and greenest grasse of all,
And stings the staking Wight that thought
no daunger would befall.

So is the plaine unplayted man
by subtle dealing guilde
And soonest snarde by subtle shifts
of him that smoothly smilde

We neuer see the frowning Friend
that frets to outwarde showe,
Beguile or seeke to false his Friend,
as doth the fleering Foe:

The Mastiffe Dog is voyded well
that barks or ere he bite:
But (oh) the Cur is cruell that
doth neuer bark a whit.

Deale thou as Courtiers dayly doe
in wordes be franck and free,
Speake fayre and make the weather cloere
to him that gybes with thee.

For so thou shalt assured stande
from hurt to be as farr,
As from the grounde of true good will
those glosing Marchaunts are.

A wisdoms to beware of Woulfes
and Foxes guilefull guise:
For t'one is craftie by his kinde,
the other passing wise.

So that it is a matter harde
their double drifts to fee:
And yet thou shalt auoyde the worst
if thou be ruide by mee.

quoth G. T.

THE ANSWERS TO THE VILE AND CANCERED
COUNSELL OF THE OUTRAGIOUS EPICURE.

My Friend, for that I see my selfe
to be a man in deede,
Thy quaffing counsell I refuse,
vnlesse to serue my neede.

I muse no whit that thou art dust,
thy beasty living here
Was meane to bring thee to thy bane,
the sooner for thy chere.

Thou thoughtst to pamper vp thy paunch
but thou didst feede ywis
The greedie wormes that gnaw thy guts,
for them a daintie dish.

Good reason that thou shouldst forgo
and leaue thy goods behinde,
For that a beast so like a beast
didst liue against thy kinde.

A man in name, no man in deede
thou art that counsellist mee
To liue as thou hast liude, and die
a Monster like to thee.

For since thy life so lothsome was,
and shamefull eake thy death:
I will beware, and make a Glasse
of thee whilst I haue breath,

To shunne thy sluttish sinfull Sect,
thy tipling and thy toys:
For after death those pleasures passe
as did thy fickle toys.

OF HOMER AND HIS BIRTH.

The Poet Homer Chius claimes,
Colophon doth the leeke:
And Smyrne swears that he is hir
that was the learned Greeke.

Of Salamibe some say he was,
of 18 other some:
And diuers make report that he
of Thesmie line did come.

Thus sundred and decided are
the peoples mindes of thee
(Thou Princely Poet) but my thought
with neyther doth agree.

For I assuredly suppose
and deeme the Heauenly Speare
The soyle, and Pallas lap the wombe
that did thy bodie beare.

Hir breast the Dug that thou didst suck
in Cradle when thou leyst:
With haughty stile somuch (thou Greeke)
my mazed head dismayst.

THAT TIME CONQUERETH ALL THINGS.

Was neuer Bull so fell
with wrinkle fronted face,
But Time would make him yeeld to yoke
and toyle the ground apace.

The Horse ybred in Holts
and fed in Iustie Lease
In Time will chempe the fomie Bit
his Riders will to please.

The Lions that are woode
and raging in their kinde,
By tract of Time their keepers know
in whome they friendship finde.

Those Beastes that come from Inde
and farthest partes of all,
in Time do sweue their sauage sect
and to their dutie fall.

Time makes the Grape to growe
and Vine to sprede at large,
So that the skin scarce able is
to holde his inwarde charge:

So Ceres fruits doth sproute
by force of growing Time,
Which makes the strength of hidden seeds
into the stalke to clime.

Time makes the tender twig
to bourteous tree to grow:
It makes the Oke to overlooke
the slender shrubs bylow.

It frets the Culter keene
that cuts the froting soyle,
It forceth hardest Flint of all
and Marble to recoyle.

Time wreakefull wrath subdues
it breaketh angers gall,
And eche disease in Time bath helpe:
thus Time doth conquer all.

Though these and other like
by proesse are procurede,
Yet naythelesse my festred wounde
can not in Time be curde.

For that which sendeth salue
and comfort to the reast,
Doth cause my rauenking sore to rage
and dubble in my breast.

As springs that from a Mount
doe take their downewarde course
To whome there may no barre be found
to stop their heading course:

So Lordlike Loue ystaude
and ceazde in yeelding minde
May not be disposed againe,
Such is his stately kinde.

TO HIS FRIEND RIDING TO LONDON
WARDE.

As Troilus did reioyce
when Cressid yeilded grace,
And dained him from seruice true
so neare hir heart to place:

So haue I ioyde (my Deare)
for friendship which I found,
And loue requited with the like
which curde my carefull wound.

As he fell shrilly shrigh
 and dooide his wofull chauce,
 On Greekish Steede from Troian towne
 when Cresid gan to prauce,

And leaue the liked soyle
 where did sojourne hir ioie,
 I meane the worthie Troylus
 the louingst youth in Troie:

Even so I waile at thy
 departure, wouldst thou wist,
 And out I crie a wretched Wight
 that thought himselfe yhist.

O London lothsome Lodge
 why dost thou so procure
 My Loue to leaue this pleasant soyle
 that hath my heart in cure?

Since needes it must be so,
 gainsend hir home in hast:
 Let hir retire with harmlesse health
 that sicklesse hence is past.

Yeelde mee a good accompt
 of hir that is my ioie,
 And send hir to hir Troylus
 that longs for hir in Troie.

OF THE RAINE AND CLOUDY WEATHER AT THE
 TIME OF HIS FRIENDS DEPARTURE FROM
 TROIE.

No meruaile though the Sunne do hide his hed
 And vnder Cloud do keepe his lowring lookes,
 No wonder that the Skie his teares doth shed
 And with his streames increase the water brookes:
 The cause is knowne, the proefe is passing plaine,
 My Loue and I be sundred to our paine.

Now she is gone that did sustaine my breath
 And saude my Ship of bodie from the wrack,
 By whome I scape the cruell hande of Death
 Which thought to bring my Corse to vtter sack:
 The Welkin weepes and helpe me to bewaile
 With gushing showres the losse of mine auale.

Wherefore O Heauenly States that Rulers bee
 Of starrie Skies from whence these teares descend
 And flush so fast as Mortall Wights doe see:
 Of ruth in needfull time my woes to end,
 Procure my loue to make returne in post,
 To gard from grieffe hir Friends afflicted ghost.

If not, with flashing flame and thunder dint
 By Vulcan forge and hammered for the notes,
 Consume to dust my fleshe my wo to stint,
 And with thy Mace (O loue) unioint my bones:
 That by such scath and losse of vital breath
 I may auoide a worse and straunger death.

For like the teene that now my hart sustaines
 Was neuer felt nor such oppressing care:
 Of force my life must yeelde to pinching paines
 Of hasting Death, the fits so furious are:
 Which though be so, when I am wrapt in Clay,
 (My soule) to hir thou shalt repaire and say,

That whilst the lyfe would suffer me to w coone
 With mortal Wights, my hart was hire at will,
 And now my Spindls bath his course yronne
 And twirt is none yest, thou wilt fulfill
 The dutie which thy Maister ought of right,
 And which he would accomplish if he might.

OF A COUETOUS NIGGARD, AND A
 NEEDIE MOUSE.

ACLEPIAD that greedie Carle,
 by fortune found a Mouse
 (As he about his lodgings lookte)
 within his niggish house.

The chiding Chuffe began to chafe,
 and (sparefull of his cheere)
 Demanded of the slye Beast
 and sayde what makts thou beere?

You neede not stand in feare (good Friend)
 the smyling Mouse replide:
 I come not to deuoure your Calen
 but in your house to bide,

No man this Miser I account
 that chid this hurtlesse Elfe:
 No Mouse the Mouse, but wiser than
 the Patch that owde the Pelfe.

A PRETIE EPIGRAM

OF A SCHOLER, THAT HAVING READ VERGILS
 ENKIDOS, MARRIED A COUST WIFE.

A SCHOLER skilfuld in Vergils verse
 and reading of his booke
 (Arma virumque) that begins,
 was caught in Cupids booke.

At length to marriage flat he fell,
 when wedding day was doon,
 To play bir prancks, and hob the Foole
 the shrowish Wife begoon.

The Husband daylie felt the fites
 and buffets of his Wife:
 Untill at last he thus began
 to plaine of painefull life.

(Oh Caitiffe mee) the Scholer cryde
 well worthy of this wo,
 For Arma I Virumque read
 in Vergill long ago:

Yet could not see, to scape the plague
 whereof the Poet spake.
 No doubt that Noble Poet for
 a Prophet I will take.

For Arma now Virumque I
 both day and night sustaine
 At home, I need not runne to Schoole
 to read the Verse againe.

Would (Virum) were away, and then
 let (Arma) doe their wurst:
 But when I matcht with such a shrew
 I think I was accurst.

TO A YONG GENTLEMAN OF TAKING
A WYFE.

LONG you with greedie minde to leade a lyfe,
That pleasant is in deede, and voyde of care?
I neuer wishe you then to take a Wyfe
Nor set your foote in craftie Cupids snare.

A sithie Trull is ykesome to the eie,
A gallant girl allures the lookers minde:
A wanton wench will have the head too die
An aged Trot to lyke is hard to finde.

A bearing Wyfe with brats will cloy thee sore,
A greater carcke than childrens care is none,
A barraine beast will greue thee ten times more,
No joy remaines when hope of fruits is gone.

Wherefore let wyuing go, lynesingle eye,
Apply the Booke and bande the Ball among:
A shrew (we see) is wedded in a day
But ere a man can shift his handes tys long.

THE ANSWERE FOR TAKING A WYFE.

LONG you with greedie minde to blear mine eie
And make mee thinke of marriage thus amisse?
I cannot deeme so yll of wyuing I,
To loue and wed for loue is perfite blisse.

A filthy trull (you say) is lotheome sight,
Put case she be not passing faire to vewe?
If she with vertue do the want requight
Of comely shape thou hast no cause to rue.

A gallant girl allures the lookers minde,
What shall we say the womans is the shame?
Because the cleerest eyes by course of kinde
Can not abide the Sunne, is he to blame?

A wanton wench to die will have the hed,
Canst thou not see before thou wade so farre?
His be the hurt that looks not ere be wed,
The Husbend may the woman make or marre.

Put case an aged trot be somewhat tough?
If coyne shee bring the care will be the lesse,
If shee have store of mock and goodes ynough
Thou needste not force so much of handsomnesse.

A bearing Wife doth make the husband glad,
A greater ioy than Childreys may not bee:
A barraine wench sometime must needes be had
There doth not fruite spring out of every tree.

So that I finde no reason, none at all
In that thou wist a man to single life,
And quite to shun the comfort that may fall
And daylie doth to him that hath a Wife.

For sure though some be shrewes as some
ther be,

(As of the sheepe are some that beare no wull)
Yet must we pryse the match whereby we see
The earth maintaine with men, and stored full.

But if you thinke so ill to take a Wyfe,
Let others wedde, leade you the single lyfe.

Quoth G. T.

OF A DEAFE PLAINTIFFE, A DEAFE DE-
FENDANT, AND A DEAFE IUDGE.

By hap a man that coule not heare
but born deafe by kinde,
Another cited to the Court
much like himselfe to finde,

Whose hearing Sense was quite bereft:
the Iudge that of the case
Should give his verdit, was as deafe
as deafeest in the place.

To Court they came: the Plaintife praide
to haue the unpaide rent.
Defendant saide, in grinding I
this wearie night haue spent.

The Iudge behelde them both a while,
is this at last (quoth bee)
Of all your stirred strife the cause?
you both hir children bee:

Then Reason wils, and Law allows
your Mother should haue aide
At both your handes that are hir Soones.
When thus the Iudge had saide,

The People laught a good to heare
this well discussed case,
Twixt two deafe men, and thought him fit
to sit in Iudges place.

Upon so blinde a matter that
was deafe as any rock:
And thus the simple men were shamde,
the Iustice had a mock.

A PROMISE

OF OLDE GOOD WYLL, TO AN OLDE FRIENDE AT
THE BEGINNING OF NEW YERE.

THE Chuffes for greedie gaine
and lukers loue expende
Their New yeares gifts upon their Lords
as erie yeare bath ende:

But I in tokens that
the yeare his course bath roon,
And prooffe that ioyfull Ianus hath
a nouell yeare begoon.

(As Loue and Dutie wylles)
the Herald of my hart
Here send to you to make a shewe
that Friendship shall not start.

Though yeares doe change by course
and alter by their kinde:
My olde good will and faith to slip
I trust you shall not finde.

Timetes will be true,
his loue shall neuer hin:
But gather strength and grow to more
than when it did begin.

A VOW TO SERUE FAITHFULLY.

In greene and growing age, in Iustie yeares,
In latter dayes when silver beak appeers:

In good and gladsome hap when Fortune serues,
 In lowring luck when good aucture swarves
 By day when Phoebus shewes his princely pride,
 By night when golden Starres in skies doe glide,
 In Winter when the groues haue lost their greene
 In Sommer when the longest dayes are scene,
 In happie bath when sicklesse limmes haue lyfe,
 In grieffull state, amidst my dolours ryfe,
 In pleasant peace when Trumpets are away,
 In wreakful warre when Mars doth beare the sway,
 In perillous goulfe amid the sinking sande,
 In safer soyle and in the stable laude.
 When so you laugh, or else with grimmer grace
 You beare your faithfull Friend unfriendly face,
 In good report and time of wooser fame,
 I will be yours, yea though I loose the game.

FUNERALL VERSE

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN HORSEY KNIGHT.

THAT welth assigned is to waste away,
 And stately pomp to vanish and decrease.
 That worship weares and worldly wights decay,
 And fortunes gifts though nere so braue do cease
 May well appeere by Horseys hateful hierce,
 Whose Corse (alas) untimely Death did pierce.

Who thought thereby as Nature to subdue
 By reauing breath and rowne in worldly stage:
 So blasted brute to blot, and Fame that due
 Of him that well deseru'd in all his age
 For worship and renouwe to haue his share
 Among the rest that prayse for Vertue bare.

But seeking walls to wroug this worthy wight,
 Shee fowly mist hir purpose in the fine:
 For Horsey gaynes by deaths outrageous spight,
 And endlesse fame, whereat his Foes repine:
 But eche man else laments and cries aloude
 That Horsey was to soone ywraipt in shrowde.

The rich report that ruth in him did reigne,
 And pittie lodg'd within his loouing brest,
 The simple say that for no maner gaine
 He hath at any time the poore oppreat:
 Thus both estates his worthy life commende,
 And both lament his overhasting ende.

Then cease (I say) such flushing teares to shed,
 Doo way thy doole, repress thy ruthfull moue,
 For Horsey liues, his soule to Skies is fled,
 The onely Corse is cloade in Marble stone.
 So that thou hast no cause to waile his chauce,
 Whome spitefull death by hatred did aduance.

TO HIS FRIEND T.

HASING BEEN LONG STUDIED AND WELL EXPERIENCED, AND NOW AT LENGTH LOVING A GENTLEWOMAN THAT FORCED HIM NAUGHTY AT ALL.

I THOUGHT good fayth, and durst haue gagde my hand
 For you (Friend T.) that beantie should now light
 Haue made your hart, nor Cupid with his brand
 Haue brought thy learned brest to such a plight

I thought Minerva's gift had beene of powre
 By holosome reade to roote this fansie out:
 But now I see that Venus in an howre
 Can bend the best, and dawnt the wise and stont.

Why shouldst thou seeke to make the Tiger tame?
 To win a Woulfe so cruell by his kinde?
 To suffer Æsops Snake thou art to blame
 That stoonge the man where he reliefe did finde.

Is naught in her but Woman's name alone,
 No Woman sure she is, but Monster fell,
 That scornes hir friende, and makes him die with none:
 Who makes an Idoll of a Deuill of Hell.

She was cut out of some sea beaten rock,
 Or taken from the cruell Lyons net,
 That feedes hir Friend for friendship with a mock
 And smiles to see him matcht in Follies net.

If thou were wise (as thou art full of loue),
 Thou wouldest account hir beantie but a Glasse,
 And from thy hart such fansies fond remove
 I loth to see the Lyon wex an Asse.

If so she were thy faithfull Friend in deede,
 And sought a salve to cure thy cruell sore,
 (As now shee seekes to make thy hart to bleede)
 Good fayth thou couldst account of her no more.

But saying now hir great abuse to thee
 A Friend to hir, but to thy selfe a Foe:
 Why shouldst thou loue, or so enamoured bee?
 Leau'e off be time, let all such dotage goe.

Should I embrace the man that hates my life?
 Should I account of him that settles me light?
 Should I yeeld by my throate to murdering knife?
 Or seeke for to reclaim a baggard Kite?

Hast thou not read how wise Ulysses did
 Entuffe his eares with waxe, and chuse them up,
 Of Cyrces sithie looe himself to rid,
 That turnd his Mates to Swine by witches cup:

And how he did the lyke upon the Seas
 The pleasant noysome Syrens tongues t'endure,
 That otherwise had wrought him great uncase
 If once they mought his mates and him allure?

Put thou the Greekes devise againe in ure,
 Stop by thine eares this Syren to beguile,
 Seale up those wanton eyes of thine, be sure
 To lend no care unto hir flattering stile.

For all hir talke but to deccit doth tende,
 A canckred hart is wrapt in friendly lookes:
 Shee all hir wittes to thy decay doth bende,
 Thou art the Fish, she beares the hyting hookes.

No savage beast doth force a man a whit,
 That looes him not: we see the dogged Curie
 Fawnes not on him that with the whip doth smite
 The horse hates him that pricks him with the spurte.

And wilt thou loue, or place within thy brest
 The cruell Dame that weaues thy web of woe?
 Wilt thou still fawne upon so false a guest:
 In stead of Doue wilt thou retaine a Crowe?

Beware in time, ere Beautie pierce to farre,
Let fancies go, loue where is loue againe:
For doubtlesse now to much of bleared eyes,
To some good will and reape but foule disdain.

I counsaile thus that may thee best advise,
For that my selfe did seeue a cruell Dame
The blinde recorde can iudge of bleared eyes,
The cruple beakle, knowes how to heale the lame.

Shake thou betimes the yoke from off thy neck,
For feare the print thereof remaine behind:
A happie man is he that feares no check,
But liues at freedome with contented minde.

AN EPITAPH

UPON THE DEATH OF THE WORSHIPFULL MAYSTER
RICHARDE EDWARDES LATE MAYSTER OF THE
CHILDREN IN THE QUEENES MAJESTIES CHAF-
PELL.

If teares could tell my thought,
or plaints could paint my paine,
If doubled sighes could shew my smart,
If wayling were not vaine:

If gripes that gnawe my brest
Couide well my griefe expresse,
My teares, my plaints, my sighes, my way-
ling neuer should successe.

By mean whereof I might,
unto the world disclose
The death of such a man (alas)
as chaunced us to lose.

But what answyes to mone?
If life for life might bee
Restorde againe, I would exchange
my lyfe for death with thee.

Or if I might some way,
to pay thy rawsome know,
(O Edwards) then beleue me sure
thou shouldst not lie so low:

That O then cruell Death,
so fierce with dint of dart
Doe courses on my knees I yeelde
to thee with all my hart.

For that it list thee trie
thy foule and cankred spite
On that so rare a peece, on that
so wise and worthy Wight.

Suffide thee (since thou must
be mail) the simple sort
To slee, or on the brutish blood
of beastes to take thy sport,

And not in furious wise
with hate and headlong rage
To kill the floure of all our Realme
and Phoenix of our age.

The fact doth crie reuenge,
the Gods repay thine hire,
Deepe darckned Lake of Lybo lowe,
and still consuming fire.

His death not I but all
good gentle harts doe mone:
O London, though thy griefe be great,
thou dost not mourne alone.

The seat of Muses nine
where fiftene Welles doe flowe,
Whose sprinkling springs and golden streames
ere this thou well didst knowe.

Lament to loose this Plant
for they shall see no more
The branch that they so long had bred,
whereby they see such store.

O happie House, O Place
of Corpus Christi, thou
That planteste first and ganste the roote
of that so braue a bowe:

And Christ Church which enioydest
the fruite more rype at fill,
Plunge by a thousand sighes, for griefe
your tricking teares distill.

Whilst Childe and Chappel dure
whilst Court a Court shall bee
(Good Edwards) eebe estate shall much
both want and wisbe for thee.

Thy tender tunes and Rimes
wherein thou wooutst to play
Eche princely Dame of Court and Towne
shall beare in minde alway.

Thy Damon and his Friend
Arcyte and Palemon
With woe full fit for Princes eares,
though thou from earth art gone,

Shall still remaine in fame,
and like so long to bide
As earthly things shall liue, and God
this mortall Globe shall guide.

For loe, thus Vertue list,
hir Pupils to aduance:
Yet for my part I would that God
had giuen thee better chaunce.

A longer time on earth,
thy hastned death before,
But Edwardes, now farwell, for teares
will let me write no more.

Well may thy bones be lodgde
thy fame abroad may flie,
Thy sacred soule possess a place
aboue the starric Skie.

South THE. TWINE

TO HIS LOUE

THAT SENT HIM A RING WHEREIN WAS GRAUDE,
"LET REASON RULE."

SHALL Reason rule where Reason hath no right
Nor neuer had? shall Cupid loose his lander?
His claim? his crown? his kingdom? name of
might?

No, (Friend) thy Ring doth will me thus in vaine,
Reason and Loue haue euer yet been twaine.

They are by kinde of such contrarie mould
As one mislikes the others lewde devise,
What Reason willes Cupido neuer would,
Loue neuer yet thought Reason to be wise.
To Cupid I my homage earst haue donne,
Let Reason rule the hearts that she hath wonne.

TO HIS FRIEND FRANCIS TH:

LEADING HIS LIFE IN THE COUNTRYE AT HIS
DESIRE.

My Francis, whilst you breath your foming steede
Athwart the fields in peace to practise warre,
In Countrye whilst your keneld Hounds doe feede,
Or in the wood for taken pray doe jarre:

Whilst you with Hawkes the selie Foule doe slaye,
And take delight a quick retriue to haue,
To see to marke, and heare the Spanels baye
Wasting your age in pleasure passing braue:

In Citie I my youthfull yeares do spende
At Booke perhaps sometime to weare the day:
Where inan to man not friend to friend doth lende,
With us is naught but pitch (my Friend) and pay.

Great store of Coyne, but fewe enjoy the same,
The owners hold it fast with lymed handes.
We liue by losse, we play and practice game
Wce by and sell, the streatch is all our landes.

Well storde we are of erie needfull thing,
Wood, water, coale, flesh, fishe we haue ynow:
(What lack you) Wyues and Maides doe daily sing
The horns is rife, it sticks on many a brow.

But yes (I say) the Countrye hath no peere,
The Towne is but a toyie, and wearie lyfe:
We like your Countrye sportes (my Francis)
heere.
The Citie is a place of hate and strife.
Wherefore I thinke thee wise and full of thrift
That fledst the Towne, and hast that blessed gift.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN

THAT ALWAYS WILLED HIM TO WEARE ROSE-
MARIE, (A TREE THAT IS ALWAYS GREENE)
FOR HIS SAKES, AND IN TOKER OF HIS GOOD
WILL TO HIM.

The greene that you did wish mee weare
aye for your looue,
And on my helme a braunch to beare
not to remouee:
Was euer you to haue in minde,
Whom Cupid bath my Peere assignde.

As I in this haue done your will,
and minde to doo:
So I request you to fulfill
my fassie too:
A greene and louing heart to haue,
And this is all that I doe craue.

For if your flowing heart should change
his colour greene.
Or you at length a Ladie strange
of mee be seene:
Then will my braunch against his use
His colour change for your refuse.

As Winters force can not deface
this braunch his hue:
So let no change of losse disgrace
your friendship true:
You were mine owne and so be still,
So shall we liue and loue our fill.

Then may I thinke my selfe to bee
well recompent,
For wearing of the Tree that is
so well defent
Agaynst all weather that doth fall,
When waywards Winter spits his gull.

And when wee meete, to trie me true,
looke on my bed,
And I will craue an oth of you
where Faith be fled:
So shall we both assured bee,
Both I of you, and you of mee.

AN EPITAPH OF THE LADY BR.

STATE (gentle Friend) that passent by
and learne this lore of mee,
That mortell things doe liue to die,
and die againe to bee.

For daylie proufe hath daylie tought
and yet doth teache it plaine,
That all our substance comes to naught,
and worldly welth is vaine.

No rawnsome may redeeme thy fleshe
from lothsome lumpes of soyle,
The Wormes will soone thy Beautie freshe
with greedie gripe dispoyle.

I that was earst of gentle blood
that neuer sufferd staine,
Haue nothing but a winding shrowde
in stead of all my gaine.

I twise was bound by solemne oth
unto a louing Make:
Yet twas my luck to burie both,
and eke a thirde to take.

The ioy that fourtie yeares had growne
by those two husbands dayes,
In two yeares space was ouerthrowne
and sitred suddrie wayes.

As luck would not allow my choice,
so Death mislikte the same:
Those two agreed with common voyce
my bondage to unframe.

The Lady (Br.) quoth Fortune tho
hir worship shall not loose:
Then shee (quoth Death) shall haue no mo,
nor other husbände choose.

Thus did they both contend at once
 who mought the friendliest bee:
 Thus Death and Fortune for the nonce
 did make my body free.

Pray gentle Friend therefore for me,
 to Mightie Ioue on hie:
 For as I am so thou shalt bee
 since thou dost liue to die.

Trust neuer Fortunes fickle fate,
 but Vertue still retaine:
 Thou mayst in time exchange estate,
 yet Vertue will remaine.

OF THE TIME HE FIRST BEGAN TO LOUE AND
 AFTER HOW HE FOREWENT THE SAME.

How may it be that Snow and Ice
 ingender beate?
 Or how may Glare and Frost intise
 a fervent sweete?
 Or how may Sommer season make
 of heate a colde?
 How may the Spring the leaves downe shake
 and trees unfold?
 Though these too others seeme full rare,
 To mee no newes at all they are.

For I my self in Winter tide
 when colde was rife,
 Whote gleames of Cupid did abide
 and stormes of strife.
 In frostie weather I was warme
 and burning hot,
 But when the Bees and Birds did swarme,
 full colde God wot:
 In Winter time began my looue,
 Which I in Sommer did remooue.

THE ASSURED PROMISE OF A CONSTANT
 LOUER.

WHEN Phenix shall haue many Makes,
 And Fishes shun the silver Lakes:
 When Woulfes and Lambes yfeare shall play,
 And Phoebus cease to shine by day:
 When Grasse on Marble stone shall groe,
 And enerie man embrace his foe:
 When Moles shall leaue to dig the grounde,
 And Hares secorde with hatefull Hounde:
 When Lawrell leaues shall lose their hue,
 And men of Crete be counted true:
 When Vulcan shall be colde as Ice
 Choroelus eake approved wise:
 When Pan shall passe Apollus skill,
 And Fooles of fancies haue their fill:
 When Hawkes shall dread the sielie Fowle,
 And men esteeme the nightish Owle:
 When Pearle shall be of little price,
 And golden Vertue friend to Vice:
 When Fortune hath no change in store,
 Then will I false and not before.
 Till all these Monsters come to passe
 I am Timetes as I was,
 My Loue as long as lyfe shall last,
 Not forcing any Fortunes blast.

No threate, nor thraldome shall preuaile
 To cause my fayth one iote to faile,
 But as I was, so will I bee,
 A Louer and a Friend to thee.

THE PINE TO THE MARINER.

O MAN of little wit,
 What means this frantick fit,
 To make thy ship of mee
 That am a slender Tree,
 Whome erie blast that blowes
 Full lightly ouerthrowes?
 Doth this not moue thy minde
 That rage of roring winde
 Did beate my boughes agood
 When earst I grue in Wood?
 How can I here anyoide
 The foe that there anyoide?
 Thinkst thou now I am made
 A Vessel for thy trade,
 I shall be more at ease
 Amid the flashing Seas?
 I feare if Aeole frowne,
 Both thou and I shall drowne.

AGAINE OTHERWISE.

A VESSEL to the winde
 when earst I grew in wood,
 How shall I fauour finde
 now fleetig in the flood?
 For there whilst reaching rootes did holde
 I thought I mought be somewhat bolde.
 But now that I am cut
 and framde another way,
 And to this practise put
 in daunger erie day.
 I feare the force of cruell foe,
 my ribbes are thin, my sides be lowe,
 But if thou venter life,
 then I will hazard him,
 For thee is all my grieffe,
 for lightly I shall swim:
 Though top and tackle all be torne,
 yet I sloft the surge am borne.

TO AN OLDE GENTLEWOMAN, THAT
 PAINTED HIR FACE.

LEAUE off good Beroe now
 to sleeke thy shrivd skin,
 For Hecubes face will neuer be
 as Helens hue bath bin.

Let Beautie go with youth,
 renounce the glosing Glasse,
 Take Booke in hand: that seemly Rose
 is woxen withred Grasse.

Remooue thy Pecoocks plumes
 thou cranck and curious Dame:
 To other trulls of tender yeares
 resigne the flagge of Fame.

OF ONE THAT HAD A GREAT NOSE.

STANDE with thy Nose against
the Sunne with open chaps,
And by thy teeth we shall discern
what 'tis o'clock perhaps.

OF ONE WHOSE NOSE WAS GREATER
THAN HIS HAND.

O PROCLUS, tis in vaine
that thou about dost stande,
For well I see thou mindeste to wipe
thy Nares with thy hande.

Truth is that though thou be
fowle listed out of frame:
Yet doth this tossing Nose of thine
in biggesse passe the same.

When neezing thou on Ioue
for succour seemste to crie
Thou canst not heare, thy Nose debarres
the noyse to Eare to flie.

It beateth back the sounde,
it stands in middle place
Twixt Eare and Mouth, but sure it castes
A shade to all the face.

OF A NIGHTINGALE THAT FLUE TO
COLCHE TO SIT ABROODE.

Thou siele foule what meanes this foolish paine,
To sic to Colche too hatch thy chickins there?
A mother thou mayst hap returne againe,
Medea will destroy thy broode I feare.
For shee that spared not to spoile hir owne,
Will she stand friend to Fowles that are unknowne?

AGAINE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHAT (Philomela) meanes this fond intent
To hatch thy broode in fell Medeas lap?
What? doste thou hope hir rigor will relent
Towarde thy Babes, that gaue hir owne no pap?
But slue them all at once, and at a clap?
I wote not what thou meanste: unless that shee
Should kill thy Brats, to make the Mother free.

OF A CONTRERIE MARIAGE.

An aged Trot and tough
did marrie with a lad:
Againe, a Gallant Girl to
bir Spouse, a Graybeard had,

A monstrous match (God wote)
for others she doth wed:
And he bestowes his seede on ground
that lets it take no hed.

In fayth, a foolish choyce,
for neither hath his wishe,
For tone doth lacke his wife and to-
ther feedes on filthie flabe.

OF DRONKENNESSE.

At night when Ale is in,
like friends we part to bed:
In morrow graye when Ale is out,
then hatred is in hed.

AGAINE OF DRONKENNESSE.

Men hauing quaff
are friendly overnight:
In dawning drie
a man to man a spright.

OF THE PICTURE OF A VAINE RHE-
TORICIAN.

THIS Rufe his Table is,
can nothing be more true:
If Rufus bokle his peace, this peece
and hee are one to vewe.

OF THE FOND DISCORD OF THE TWO
THEBAN BROTHERS, OETROCKLES AND
POLYNICES.

In death you part the fire,
you cut the cruell flame:
If so you had deuicid Thebes
you might enioyde the same.

OF A MARVEILOUS DEFORMED MAN.

To draw the minde in Table to the sight
is harde: to paint the limmes is counted light:
But now in thee these two are nothing so,
For Nature splayes thy minde in open show.
We see by prooffe of thy untrifric deedes,
The couert kinde from whome this filthe proceedes.
But who can paint those shapelesse lims of thine,
When eche to vewe thy carkasse doth repine?

A MYRROUR OF THE FALL OF PRIDE.

SOMETIM the Giants did rebell
against the mightie Ioue,
They thought in Olymp mount to dwell
and long for that they stoue.

A hundred handes eche Monster had
by course of cursed kinde:
A stock so stubborne and so mad
I no where else can finde.

Dame Tellus was their Mother thought
of pleasant poets all,
By whome they would haue brought to nought
the seats Olympicall.

First Briareus began the broyle
who tooke a hill in hand,
And layde it on another soyle
that thereabout did stand:

Skull calling on his monstrous mates
 exhorting them the same,
 And with the reast the Gnuiffe debates
 how stately Gods to tame.

Ossa was layde on Pindus backe,
 and Pelion on hie:
 And thus they thought to bring to sack
 in time the starrie skie.

They did enuie the Gods the place
 by nature them assignde:
 And thought it meet for a race
 which Tellus bred by kinde.

They would haue had the highest throne
 that loue had long possent:
 And downe they would the Gods haue throwne
 and Princely powre repret.

At length the rowte began to rore
 in making dreadfull sound,
 The like was neuer harde before
 in Heaven from the ground.

Then Iupiter began to gaze
 and looke about the Skie,
 And all the Gods were in a maze
 the Monsters were so nie.

They calide a counsaile then in haste
 the Gods assembled tho:
 And common sentence was at last
 that mightie loue should throw

His thunderbolt that Vulcan lame
 prepared for the nonce,
 Whereby he might etsoone make tame
 the haughtie Giants bones.

Then might you see the Mountaines fall
 and hill from hill depart,
 And Monsters in the valley crawl
 whome Thunder did subvert.

The Mountaines were not rayde so quick
 but downe they fell as fast:
 And Giants in a cluster thick
 to Tellus fell at last.

Such plagues had pride in former time,
 the Gods abhorred so
 That mortal men should dare to digne
 the heavens hie to know.

And not alone the heauenly rowte
 the loftie lookes correct
 Of such as proudly go about
 their Empire to reject:

But other Gods of meauer stete
 (of whome the Poets write)
 Such pievish Pecoocks pride doe hate
 and seche reuenge by might.

The grisly God whome floods obey
 and drenching Seas imbrace,
 Who in the waters beares the sway
 where Nereus shewes his face:

Whome forreth he by surge of Seas
 into Charybdis cliues?
 Or whome doth Neptune most disease?
 or whome to Scylla drives?

Not him that beares his Sailes alowe,
 nor him that keeps the shoare:
 Ne yet the Bargepan that doth rowe
 with long and limber oare.

Not those that haunt the Haven sure
 and port of perill voide,
 They cannot Neptunes wrath procure
 the Chanell that assoide:

But those that voide of carek and care
 and feare of Neptunes yre,
 Doe hoise their Sailes and neuer spare
 to further their desyre,

And doe receiue whole Gales of winde
 from mightie Æole sent:
 Those, those are they by course of kinde
 that Neptune makes repent.

He spoiles the Sailes, and tackle teares,
 the Mast is gone to wrack:
 The Ribbes they rent, the Shipmen feares
 when Cables gin to crack.

Then whereto serues the Pilots pride
 that hoyst his Sailes so hie?
 And where is he that fearde no tids
 nor threatening from the Skie?

His pride procurde his fearfull fate
 and fortune that befel
 Which Neptune most of all doth hate
 as Shipmen know right well.

Let Giants fall and Shipmens case
 a myrrou be therefore
 To such as seeke to hie a place,
 for like shall be their lore.

Narcissus may example bee
 and myrrou to the prowde,
 By whome they may most plainly see
 how pride bath beene allowde.

His beautie braue such loftie cheere
 in him did breede in time:
 That Gods themselues agreed were
 with such a baynous crime.

No looving Lasse might him allure,
 nor Dians nymphs at all
 By ought his friendship might procure:
 but wote ye well his fall.

In Sommer time as Fortune would
 his Fortune was to bee
 In open fieldes, where no man could
 his blazing beautie see.

At length in raging to and fro
 his fortune was to fide
 A Fountaine freshe that there did flow
 as Gods (I think) assignde.

He thought forthwith his thirst to quent
 by pleasant trauaile gote,
 But there he found or ere he went
 a greater drought God wote.

In stooping downe to take the taste
 of Christall waters there,
 (Unhappie Boy) had spide at last
 a little Boy appeare.

Whose beautie braue, and liking looke
his fanle please so well:
That there himselfe the Boy forsooke
and in a frensie fell.

He had that he so fondly loude:
and yet it was not so:
And from himselfe he was remooude
that thence did neuer go.

He was the Boy that tooke the vewe,
he was the Boy epide,
And being both he neyther knewe,
such was the ende of pride.

Then gan he shed his teares adowne,
then gan he make his plaint:
And then at length he fell to grounde
sure feebled all with faint.

His spirite that earst so proude was seene
converted into winde:
But of his Corps a flower greene
still there abode behinde,

Narcissus calde (as Poets tell)
as Narcisse was before,
In token that to Narcisse fell
this most unhappie lore.

I could recite the hystories
of many other moe,
Whome pievish Pride the miseries
of Fortune first to knowe.

But I of purpose will let passe
Apullos Bastard Sonne,
Who Phaeton ycleped was
when first his fame begonne.

I minde not to rehearse at all
the charge he tooke in hande,
I wittingly omit his fall
into Eridan saade.

But this I say assuredly
had it not bene for Pride,
The Charret had not gone awrie
though Phaeton were guide.

But glorie vaine and want of skill
enforste his haughtie hart,
Of Phoebus to craue to worke his will
in raling Phoebus cart.

The like attempt tooke Icarus
from Creta that did flie
By wings of Wax with Dedalus
when Icar flue to hie.

His Fathers wordes prauailed not
nor leason taught before,
Till fained fethers were so whot
as he could flie no more.

For want of winges then gan he clap
his breast with open armes
Till downe he fell: such was his hap,
whose pride procured his harmes.

When wrastling windes from Eole sent
befight themaelus so long
That East against the West is bent,
and North puts South to wrong:
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Then may you heare the Pine to crack
that beares his head so hie
And loffie lugs go then to wrack
which seeme to touch the Skie.

When Ioue slings downe his thundring bolts
our viues to redresse,
They batter downe the highest holtes
and touch not once the lesse.

The Cotte is surer than the Hall
in prooffe we daylie see:
For highest things doe soonest fall
from their felicitie.

What makes the Phoenix flame with fire
a Birde so rare in sight?
What causeth him not to retire
from Phoebus burning light?

In faith if he would liue belowe
as Birde Dame Nature tought,
The Esterlings should neuer knowe
their Phoenix burnt so oft.

All ye therefore that suretie lous
and would not haue a fall,
From you the Peacocks pride remooue
and trust not Fortunes Ball.

Let Phaetons fate be fearde of you
and Icar also:
Remember that the Pine doth rue
that be so high doth grow.

OF THE CLOCK AND THE COCK

Good reason thou allowe
one letter more to mee
Than to the Cock: For Cocks doe sleepe
when Clocks doe wake for thee.

OF A TAYLER.

THOUGH Tayler cut thy garment out of frame,
And strie thy stuffe by sowing it amis:
Yet must we say the Tayler makes the same,
To make and marre is one with them ywis.

THE LOUER

FINDING HIS LOUE FLITTED FROM WORTED TROTH
LEAUES TO WRITE IN PRAYES OF HIR.

THOUGH cleane contrarie by my Verbe
to those I wrote before,
Yet let not retchlesse doome accuse
my wandring wis the more.

As time doth shape and shew (they say)
so ought our stile to frame,
In Sommer Sunne, we neede no fire,
yet Winter asketh flame:

So that I earst found cause of sport
and matter to reioyce,
Of force by fancie was procurde
to use a gladsome voyce.

And now since deepe dispaire hath drencht
my hope, I will assay
To turn my tune and change my cheere
and leaue my woonted lay.

Not farre unlike the chirping Foule
in Sommer that doth sing,
And during Winter hides his head
till next returne of Spring.

They say when alread is the cause
of force effect doth sue:
As new repaire of better blood
doth cause a Hawke to mune.

Though *Aetna* burne by kindly course
and belke out fire with fume:
When Sulpher vaice is cleane extinct
the fier will consume:

Whereby I may conclude aright
that eche effect must bee
As is his cause: So fruite ensues
the nature of the Tree.

Then I of force must shape my stile
as matter is I write:
Unless I would be thought to match
a Fawcon with a Kite.

When winde and waue at Sea doe rore
and Barck is in distresse,
Then time requires that shipmen should
their Tackles all addresse.

Then crooked Ancors must be cast
the shaken ship to stay
From sincking Sands, and ruthlesse Rocks
that Shipmen oft affray.

No sooner Triton blowes his Trumpe
and swollen waters quailles,
And *Aeolus* makes his windes retire:
but hoyse they vp the Sailes.

Then fleete they forward in the foud,
then cut they waues in twaine:
Then launch they on (as earst they did)
with all their might and maine.

So I hereafter must assay
my woonted tupe to chaunge
As time requires, and I in loue
shall finde my Ladie strange.

If she be one of *Cresids* crew
and swaue hir former Hest,
No *Lucrece* must I tearne hir then,
for that were but a iest.

For if she false hir fixed fayth,
Vlysses wiues renoune
Unsetting is for hir whose loue
endureth but a stoune.

Wherefore I will as time shall shape
and she hir loue prolong,
Appie my Pen, and tell the troth
as best I may in song.

HE BORROWES OTHER TO HAUE THE FRUITES
OF HIS SERVICE.

SOME men would looke to haue
a recompence of paine,
And Reason wils it so to be
vnlseme we list to faine:

Some would expect for loue
to haue vnfaired hart,
And think it but a fit reward
for such a good desert.

But I (*vnhappie* Wight)
that spend my loue in vaine,
Doe seeke for succour at hir hands
while other get the gaine.

As thirstie ground doth gape
to swallow in the shoure:
Euen so fare I poore *Harpalus*
whome *Cupids* pains deuoure.

I holde the *Hire* in bande
and paine my selfe thereby,
While other eate the hidden foode
that are not halfe so dry.

I plough the soyle with paine
and cast my seede thereon:
And other come that sheare the sheues
and laugh when I am gon.

Mine is the Winter toile,
and theirs the Sommers gaine:
The Harvest falls out of their share
that felt no part of paine.

I beare the pinching yoke
and burden on my back,
And other drie when I must draw,
and thus I go to wrack.

I fast when other feede,
I thirst when other drinck:
I mourne when they triumph for ioy,
they swimme when I must sinck.

They haue the hoped gaine
while I the losse indure:
They whole at heart, whilst I my griefe
by no meanes can recure.

They shroud them selues in shade,
I sit in open Sunne:
They leape as *Larabes* in *Iustie Leaze*,
I lie as one vndunne.

They tast their nightly rest,
my troubled head doth wake:
I loose and turne from side to side
while they their sorrowes slake.

I would, but they enioye,
I craue that is debant:
They haue, what will you more I say?
their seruice is prefard.

Thus I procure my wee
by framing them their ioy:
In seeking how to salue my Sore
I breede my chiefe annoy.

No sheepe with Woolle are clad
their Maisters haue the gaine,
No Birds doe build their Nests on Brakes
and put them selues to paine,

But other last the fruite
when so their Broode is hatcht:
The Nest remains, the Birds are gone,
the Chickens are dispatcht.

No Bees for Honnie toyle
in fleeing to and fro,
And sicke wretches take great paynes
for whome they little know.

I thinck it is procure
by grieously Gods aboue
That some should gape, and other gaine
the geordon of their loue.

But sere if Womans will
be forged of my wo,
And not the mightie Gods ordaine
my destinie to be so:

Then must I needes complaine
and curse their ruthlesse kinde,
That in requitall of good will
do shew them selues vnkinde.

But whether be the cause,
herafter I intende
To fauor on them that force on mee,
and how when other bende.

This one abuse shall make
me take the better heeds
On whome I fixe my fancie fast,
or make a friend indeede.

THE LOUER

SEEING HIMSELFE ABUSDE, RENOUNCETH LOUE.

THOUGH men account it shame
and folly to repent,
Or grutcht good will that was bestowde
when nought saue fayth was ment:

Yet can they not withsay
but if the knot be burst
Then may we shew our selues vnkinde
that friendly were at first.

He runnes an endlessse race
that neuer turues againe,
And he a fonded Louer is
that wastes his Loue in vaine.

Nought can be iudge of hues,
that can not see when guile
In place of friendship cloakes hir selfe
in forme of forged wile.

And he that plainly sees
the Trap before his eie
And will not shunne from perill, tis
no matter though he die.

I tell my tale by proufe
I speake it not by rot,
To loue a subtile Lasse of late
was fallen to my lot.

On whome I set such store
such comfort and delight,
As life it was to see hir face,
a death to want hir sight.

So I might doe the thing
that might abridge hir smart,
And bannish all annoy that grew
by froward fortunes Art:

What daunger should I dread?
or perill seeme to shunne?
None that is here below on earth
or subiect to the Sunne.

To shew my selfe a Friend
to hir, I was my Foe:
She was the onely Idoll whome
I honorde here belowe.

This is (thought I) the same
that was Vlysses wife:
Who in the absence of hir Make
did lead a doolefull life.

Or else tis she at least
whome Tarquyn did enforce
By beastly rape with piercing swordes
so to fordoe hir corse,

But such is hir abuse
so froward eke hir grace,
As loue it may no longer last
since frindship hides his face.

I did not well aduise
I built on sincking Sande,
And when I thought she loode me best
shee bore me but in hande.

Where I had thought a Porte
and Hauens sure to bee:
There founde I hap and dreadfull Death,
as gazers on may see.

As Mouse that treads the trap
in hope to finde repast,
And bites the bread that breeds his bane
and is intrapped fast:

Like was my doolefull case
that fed vpon my wo,
Till now repentance foerth mee
such fancies to forgo.

And (thanked be good hap)
now once againe I floete
And swim aloft, that sank of late
fast hampred by the fecte.

Now is my fortune good
so Fortune graunt it last:
And I as happie as the best
now stormie Cloudes are past.

I finde the bottom firme
and stable where I passe,
There are no haughtie Rocks at hande
ne yet no ground of glasse.

Good Ancor holde I haue
so I may vse it still,
I am no more a bounden thrall
but free I liue at will.

But that which most torments
my minde, and reuues my ioy
Is, for I serude a fickle Wench
that bred me this annoy.

But Gods forgive my guilt
and time mispent before,
And I will be another man
then I haue bene of yore.

AGAYNST THE IELOUS HEADES THAT ALWAYS
HAUE LOUERS IN SUSPECT.

WHEN Ielous Iuno saw hir mighty Make
Had I^o turnde into a brutish kinde
More covertly of hir his lust to take:
To work hir will and all his fraud to finde
She craude the Cowe in gift at Ioue his hande,
Who could not well bis Sisters sute withstande.

When yeeded was hir boone and Hest fulfillde
To Argus charge committed was the Cow,
For he could wake so well, him Iuno wilde
To watch the Beast with neuer sleeping browe:
With hundred eyes, that hatefull Hierds hed
Was deckt, some watcht when som to sleepe were
led.

So warded he by day, so wakte by night
And did Dame Iunoes will accomplish so,
As neyther Ioue might once delude his sight
Nor I^o part hir pointed pasture fro:
His staring eies on I^o still were bent,
He markt hir march, and sude hir as shee went.

Till Ioue at length to ruth and pitie mooude
To see the spitefull hate that Argus bare
To hir, whome he so feruently had looude
And who for him abode suchs endelasse care:
His fetred Sonne Cycienus sent from Skies
To reuue the carefull Clowne his watchfull eies.

Who to fulfill his Lord and Fathers Hest
Tooke charmed Rod in hand and Pipe to play,
And girt him with a Sworde as likte him best
And to the felde he sue where Argus lay,
Disguised like a Shepheird in his weede
That he his purpose might the better speede.

When eche had other salued in his sort,
To brag vpon his Pipe the Clowne begoon,
And sayd, that for that noise and gallant sport
All other mirthes and Maygames he wold shooon,
His onely ioy was on his Pipe to play:
And then to blow the Rustick did assay.

In Ene when Argus had his cunning showde,
And ech to other chatted had a space
Of this and that as was befaue abrode,
Mercurius tooke his Pipe from out his case
And theron playde hee so passing well,
As most of Argus eies to slumber fell.

And as they slept with charmed Rod he stroke
The drowsie Dolte to keepe him in that plight,
And playde so long fill time he did prouoke
All Argus eies to bid the beast God night:
Whome when he sawe in such a slumber led,
He stole the Cowe, and swapt of Argus hed.

Such was the fine of his dispiteous hate,
Such was the boone and guardon of his hire,
And all the good the carefull Coward gate
For seeking to debarre the Gods desire:
A fit reward for such a good desert,
The Cowarde might haue playde a wiser part.

God sende the like, and worse to such as v^{re},
(As Argus did) with euer waking eie
The blamelesse sort of Louers to abuse,
That alwayes readie are and prest to prie
The purpose to bewray and coert toyen
Of faithfull friends, and harre their blissefull ioyen.

I trust there will be found in time of neede
A Mercurie with charmed Twig in hand
And pleasant Pipe, their waking eies to feede
With drowsie dumps, their purpose to withstand:
That Ielous heads may learne to be wies
For feare they lose (as Argus did) their eies.

For Cupid takes disdain and scorne to see
His thralls abuse in such vnseemely sort,
Who seeke no greedie gaine nor fittise fee,
But pleasant play, and Venus sugred sport:
A slender hire (God wote) to quite the paine
That Louers bide, or they their Ioue attaine.

THAT IT IS HURTFULL TO CONCEALE SECRETS
FROM OUR FRINDEES.

A SMART in silence kept
(as Ouid doth expresse)
Doth more torment th' afflicted man
then him that seekes redresse.

For then it respite takes,
and leysure to procure
Such mischiefe as for want of helpe
the longer doth endure.

As if thou set no salue
where rancleth swelling sore,
It will in further processe paine
and thee torment the more.

I sundrie times haue seene
a wound that earst was small,
In time for want of Surgions sight
to greater mischiefe fall:

And eke the balefull blowe
so grievous that was thought,
Full quickly curde by Surgions sleight
if he were quickly sought.

So fareth it by man,
that keepe in coert breast
The pinching paine that breeds within
increasing great vnrast:

That neuer will disclose
the secrets of his hart,
But rather suffer feruent paine
and deeper piercing smart.

For why was friendship found
and quickly put in v^{re},
But that th' one of th' others helpe
should think himselfe full sura?

Why are they like in ruinde
and one in erie part?
Why are they two in bodies twaine
possessing but one hart?

And why doth one mislike,
that so displeaseth his Feere,
But that they two are one in deede
it plainely might appeare?

Did Tullie euer dreade
his secrets to disclose
To Atticus his louing Friend,
in whome he did repose

Such credit and such trust
and in him selfe he might,
To whome alwayes with painefull Pen
this Tullie did indight?

What euer Theseus thought
Perythous could tell,
With wearie trauell that pursude
his louing friend to Hell.

Was Damon daintie found
to Pythias at all,
For whome he would with Tyran staid
as pledge to time in thrall?

In Pylades was nought
but that Orestes knew,
Who priuie was from time to time
how care or comfort grew.

Gysippus felt no griefe
but Titus boade the same:
And where that Titus found reliefe
their Gysippe had his game.

When Lælius did laugh
then Scipio did ioy:
And what Menetus Sonne mislikte
Achyilles did annoy.

Æurialus his thoughts
and secrets of his hart
To Nysus would declare at large
were they of ioy or smart.

All these conioyned were
in surest league of loone,
Whome neyther Fortune good or bad,
nor Death might once remooue.

They would not think in minde
nor practise that at all:
But to that same their trustie Friend
they would in counsell call.

All those therefore that wish
their inward paines redresse,
Must to their most assured Friend
it outwardly expresse.

So may they chauce to finde
a mine for secret sore,
Which otherwise in covert keert
will soone increase to more.

OF THE DIUERS AND CONTRARIE PASSIONS AND
AFFECTIONS OF HIS LOUE.

To Phisick those that long haue gone
and spent their time in griefe,
Affirme that Patients in their paynes
will shunne their best reliefe.

They will refuse the Tysants taste
and wholesome drinckes despise,
Which to recure diseases fell
Machson did deuise:

But when they be debar'd the same
which so they shunde before,
They crie and call for Tysants then
as soueraigne for their sore.

Such is the wayward guise of those
with pangues that are opprest,
They wish for that they neuer had,
and shunne that they possess.

I may to those right well compare
the Louers diuers thought,
That likes, and then mislikes againe
that they long carst had sought.

They will not, when they may, enioy
their hearts desired choise:
They then desie, they then detest
with lowde and lothsome voise.

They will refuse when time doe serue,
but when such time is gone,
They sigh and schreuch with mournfull crie
and make a ruthfull moene.

They litle think that Time hath wings
or knoweth how to flie:
They hope to haue it still at hande
that swiftly passeth bie.

They think that Time will tarie them
and for their faultes stay,
But Time in litle time is gone
it fleeteth fast away.

So standes the foole by fleeting fload
and looketh for a turne:
But Riuer runnes and still will runne
and neuer shape returne.

What? doe they hope that beauties glasse
will still continue bright?
Nay, when the day is gone and past
by course appeeres the night.

For crooked age his wonted trade
is for to plough the face
With wrinkled furrowes, that before
was chiefe of Beauties grace.

Perhaps they thinke that men are mad,
and once intrapt in loue
Will neuer strins to breake the snare
nor neuer to remoue.

No Fowler that had wylie witte
but will forsees such hap,
That Birds will alwaye buske and bate
and scape the Fowlers Trap.

And if their Fortune favour so,
then who doth mount so hie
As those that guilefull Pitfall tooke
prepared for to die?

What Fish doth fleets so fast as that
which lately hangde on hooks?
By happie hap if he escape,
he will not backwards looke.

Take time therefore thou foolish Feeme,
whilst Time doth serue so well:
For Time away as fast doth seee
as any sound of Beil.

And thou perhaps in after Time
when Time is past and gone,
Shall lie lamenting losse of Time
as colde as any stone.

Yet were thou better take thy time
whilst yet thy Beautie serues,
For Beautie as the Flower fades
whome lack of Phoebus sterues.

*OF DIDO AND THE TRUTH OF HER
DEATH.*

I DIDO and the Queene of Carthage ground,
Whose limmes thou seest so lively set to sight:
Such one I was, but never to be found
So farre in loue as Vergill seemes to wright,
I liude not so in lust and fowle delight.

For neither be that wandring Duke of Troie
Knewe mee, nor yet at Lybie land arlude:
But to escape Iarbas that did anioie
Mee sore, of lyfe my-Carcasse I depruide,
To keep my Heat that he would tho haue riude.

No storme of leue nor dolour made me die,
I shoue my selfe to saue my Sheete of shame
Wherein good Sycheus wrapped me perdie:
Then Vergill then the greater be thy blame,
That so by loue doest breede my fowle defame.

OF VENUS IN ARMOUR.

Is complete armour Pallas saw
the Ladie Venus stande:
Who said, let Paris now be iudge
enconter we with hande.

Replide the Goddesse: what?
scornate thou in Armour mee,
That naked earst in Ida Mount
so foylde and conquere thee?

*OF A HARE COMPLAINING OF THE
HAITRED OF DOGS.*

THE senting Hounds pursue
the hastie Hare of foote:
The sicke Beast to scape the Doge
did iumpe vpon a roote.

The rotten scrag it burst,
from Cliffe to Seas he fell:
Then cride the Hare, vnhappie mee,
for now perceyue I well

Both lande and Sea pursue
and bate the hurtlesse Hare:
And eake the dogged Skies aloft,
if so the Dog be there.

TO ONE THAT PAINTED ECCHO.

THOU wites wight, what menes this mad intent
To draw my face and forme, vnkowne to thee?
What meanst thou so for to molesten mee?
Whome neuer eie behelde, nor man could see?

Daughter to talking Tongue, and Ayre am I,
My Mother is nothing when things are waid:
I am a voyce without the bodies aid.
When all the tale is tolde and sentence said,

Then I recite the latter worde afresh
In mocking sort and counterfayting wies:
Within my eares my chiefest harbour lies,
There doe I woonne, not seeme with mortall eyes.

And more to tell and farther to proceede,
I Eccho height of men below in ground:
If thou wilt draw my Counterfaint in deede,
Then must thou paint (O Painter) but a sound.

*TO A CRUELL DAME FOR GRACE AND
PITTIE.*

As I doe lack the skill
to show my faithfull hart:
So doe you want good will
to rue your Louers smart.

The greater is my fire
the lesser is your heate:
The more that I desire
the lesse you seeme to sweate.

O quench not so the Coale
of thys my faithfull flame,
With naves thou frowarde soule,
let yeas increase the same.

Let us at length agree
whome Cupid made by law
Eke others friend to bee
in fancies yoke to draw.

If I doe plaie my part
at any time amis,
Then doe bestowe thy hart
where greater Friendship is.

But if in true good will
I beare my selfe upright,
Let mee enjoy thee still
my seruice to requight.

Go thou my ferie Dart
of scalding whote desire
To pierce hir ysie hart
and set hir brest on fire.

That I may both prolong
my painefull pyning dayes,
And eke auendge hir wrong
that paine for pleasure payes.

neuer sawe the stone
but often drops would wast:
for Dame but daylie more
would make hir yeelde at last.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN FROM WHOME
HE TOOKE A RING.

WHAT needs this frowning face?
what means your looke so coy?
is all this for a Ring,
a trifle and a toye?

What though I left your Ring?
I tooke it not to keepe:
Therefore you needs the lesse
in such dispite to weepe.

For Cupid shall be iudge
and Umpire in this case,
Or who by hap shall next
approche into this place.

You tooke from mee my heart,
I caught from you a Ring:
Whose is the greatest losse?
where ought the grieft to spring?

Keepe you as well my heart,
as I will keepe your Ring,
And you shall iudge at last
that you have lost nothing.

For if a Friendly heart
so stuf with staid loue,
In value doe not passe
the Ring you may reprove

The reauing of the same,
and I of force must say
That I deserude the blame
who tooke your Ring away.

But what if you doe wreake
your malice on my hart?
Then giue me leaue to thinck
you guiltie for your part.

And when so ere I yeald
to you your Ring againe,
Restore me vp my heart
that now you put to paine.

For so we both be please,
to say we may be bold
That neyther to the losse
of vs bath bought or sold.

THE LOUER

BLAMES HIS TONGUE THAT FAILED TO VTYER HIS
SUITE IN TIME OF NEEDE.

FORCAUSE I still preferde the truth before
Shamelesse vntruth, and lothsome leeuings lore,
I finde my selfe ill recompent therefore
Off these my Tongue.

For good desert and guiding thee aright,
That thou for aye mightst liue deuoid of spight,
I reape but shame, and lack my chiefe delight
For silence kept.

When happie hap by hap aduauent my case,
And brought mee to my Ladie face to face,
Where I hir Corps in saffie might inbrace,
Thou heldst thy peace.

Thou madst my voice to cleane amidst my throte,
And sute to cease vnluckylie (God wote)
Thou wouldst not speak, tho thou hadst quite forgot
My hearts behest.

My heart by thee suspected was of guile,
For cause thou ceast to vse a louing suite,
And wordes to forge and frame with finest file
As Louers woont.

Thou madste my blood from paled face to start,
And sie to seake some succor of the hart,
That wounded was long earst with dreadfull dart
Off Cupids Bowe.

And thou as colde as any Marble stone
When from my face the chillie blood was gone
Couldst not deuise the way to make my mone
By wordes appears.

And (yee my teares) that wouled were to slowe
And streame adowne as fast as thawed Snowe,
Were stoppt, as then yee had no powre too showe
A Louers sute.

My sighes that earst were woont to dim the Skie,
And cause a fume by force of flame to fie,
Were tho as slack as Welles of weeping drie
Too showe my Loue.

The heart that laie incombred all within
Had fainted quite had not my lookes ybin:
For they declarde the case my heart was in
By tongues vntruth.

THAT ALL THINGS ARE AS THEY ARE
VSED.

Was neuer ought by Natures Art
Or cunning skill so wisely wrought,
But Man by practise might concert
Too worsen vse than Nature thought.

Ne yet was euer thing so ill
Or may be of so small a prise,
But man may better it by skill
And change his sorte by sound advise.

So that by prooffe it may be scene
That all things are as is their vse,
And man may alter Nature cleane,
And things corrupt by his abuse.

What better may be found than flame,
Too Nature that doth succor paie?
Yet we doe oft abuse the same
In bringing huildings to decaie.

For those that minde to put in vre
Their malice, mooude to wrath and yre:
To wreake their mischief, will be sure
Too spill and spoyle thy house with fyre.

So Physick that doth serue for ease
And to recure the grieued soule,
The painfull Patient may disease,
And make him sick that eart was whole.

The true Man and the These are leske
For sworde doth serue them both at neede,
Sae one by it doth saftetic seeke
And th' other of the spoile too speede.

As law and learning doth redresse
That otherwise would go to wrack:
Euen so it doth oft times oppresse
And bring the true man to the rack.

Though Poyson paine the drincker sore
By boyling in his fainting breast;
Yet is it not refuse therefor,
For cause sometime it breedeth reast:

And mixt with Medicines of proefe
According to Machaons Arts,
Doth serue right well for our beliofs
And succor sends to dying harte.

Yet these and other things were made
By Nature for the better vse,
But we of custome take a trade
By wilfull will them to abuse.

So nothing is by kinde so void
Of vice, and with such vertue fraught,
But it by vs may be anoide,
And brought in tractt of time too naught

Againe there is not that so ill
Bylowe the Lampe of Phœbus light,
But man may better if he will
Applie his wit to make it right.

THE LOUER

EXCUSETH HIMSELFE FOR RENOWNING HIS
LOVE AND LADIE IMPUTING THE SAME TO HIS
FATE AND CONSTELLATION.

THOUGH Dydō blame Æneas truth
for leauing Carthage shore
Where he well entertaide had beene,
and like a Prince before:

Though Theseus were vnthriftie thought
and of a cruell race,
That in reward of death escape
by Aryadnas Lace,

Amid the desert woods so wilde
his louing Lasse forsooke,
Whome by good hap and luckie lore
the drouis Bacchus tooke.

Yet if the Iudges in this case
their verdit yeelde aright,
Nor Theseus nor Æneas fact
deserue such endless spight,

As wayward Women stirde to wrath
beare fixed fast in minde,
Still seeking waies to wreake their yre
vpon Æneas kinde.

For neither lack of liking loue,
nor hope of greater gaine,
Nor fickle fancies force vs men
to breake of friendships chaine.

They loth not that they looude before,
they hate not things possesst:
Some other weightie cause they haue
of change, as may be gest.

And waying with my selfe eche one,
I can none better finde,
Than that to men such blessed hap
is by the Gods assignde.

The golden Starres that guide their age,
and Planets will them so:
And Gods (the Rulers of their race)
procure them to forgo

Their forged faith and plighted truth,
with promise made so sure,
That is to seeming strong as Steele,
and likely to endure.

For did not mightie Ioue himselfe
the swift Cyllenus send
To will the Trojan Prince in hast
into Italia bend:

And leaue the liked land so well,
and Carthage Quene forsake,
That made him owner of hir best,
and all that shee could make?

And such was Theseus lot perdye,
so hard the Maydens hap,
That shee in desert should be left
and caught in Bacchus trap.

Should Iason be proclaimde and cride
a Traitor to the Skies
For that he Medea left at last
by whome he wan the Flise?

No, such was Oetes Daughters chance
in Cradle hir assignde,
And Iasons Birthstarre forst the Greeke
to shoue himselfe vakinde:

For if rewards might binde so fast,
and knit the knot so sure,
Their faith (no doubt) and linked Ioue
should then of force endure.

For Dido gaue him Carthage Kayes,
the wealth, and soile withall:
Those other two preserue their lines
that elsæ had liue in thrall.

Then sitheas streaming Starres procure,
and fatal powers agree,
And stawled Gods doe condescend
that I my friendship see:

And reave your Bells and cast you off
to liue in haggards wies,
That for no priuate stale doe care,
but loue to range the Skies:

I must not seeme then to rebell
nor secret Treason forge,
But change my choice, and leaue my love
and fancies fond disgorge.

I crave of Cupid Lorde of loue
 a pardon for the same,
 For that I now reiect his lawes
 and quight renounce his game.

OF THE CRUELL HATRED OF STEP-
 MOTHERS.

THE Sonne in lawe his Stepdame being dead,
 Began hir Hierce with Gariands too commend:
 Meanewhile there fell a stone vpon his head
 From out the Tombe that brought the Boy abed,
 A prooffe that Stepdames hate hath neuer end.

AGAINE.

GLAD was the sonne of frowning Beldames death,
 To witnesse ioy to deck hir Tomb gan trudge:
 A piece of Marble fell and rest his breath
 As he (good Lad) stood strowing floures beneath,
 A signe that Death dawnts not the mothers grudge.

TO CUPID

FOR REVENGE OF HIS VNKIND AND CRUELL LOUE.
 DECLARING HIS FAITHFULL SERVICE AND TRUE
 HEART BOTH TO THE GOD OF LOUE AND HIS
 LADIE.

If I had beene in Troyan ground
 When Ladie Venus tooke hir wound:
 If I in Grekish Campe had beene,
 Or clad in armour had beene scene:
 If Hector had by mee beene slaine,
 Or Prince Æneaa put to paine:
 If I the Machin huge had brought
 By Grecian guile so falsely wrought,
 Or rayed it about the wall,
 Of Troie that procurde the fall:
 Then could I not the (Cupid) blame,
 If thou didst put mee to this shame,
 But I haue alwaies beene as true
 To thee and thine in order due,
 As euer was there any wight,
 That faith and truth to Cupid plight,
 I neuer yet despise thy laue,
 But aie of thee did stand in awe:
 I neuer calde thee Bussard blinde,
 I no such fault in thee did finde,
 But thought my time well spent to bee
 That I imploide in seruing thee.
 I wiste thou wert of force and powre
 To conquere Princes in an howre
 When thou retaindest mee as thy man
 I thought my selfe most happie than.
 Since this is true that I haue saide,
 Good Cupid let mee haue thy aide,
 Helpe mee to wreake my wrath aight
 And succor mee to worke my aight.
 To thee it appertaines of due
 Him to assist that is so true:
 And thou of reason shouldst torment
 Such as by wilfull will are bent
 To triumph ouer those that serue
 Thee in the field, and neuer swerue.
 Go bend thy Bowe with hastie speede,
 And make hir Tigers heart to bleede,

Cause hir that little sets by mee,
 Yet still to stand in awe of thee.
 Let hir perceine thy feruent fyre,
 And what thou art in raging yre.
 Now shoue thy selfe no man to bee,
 Let hir a God both feele and see.
 She forceth not my cutting paine,
 Hir vowed othes shee wayes as vaine.
 Shee sits in peace at quiet rest,
 And scornes at mee so disposses.
 Shee laughs at thee, and mocks thy might,
 Thou art not Cupid in hir sight.
 She spites at mee without cause whie,
 Shee forceth not although I die.
 I am hir captiue bounde in Glue
 And dare not once for life to strice.
 The more to thee I call and crie,
 To rid mee from this crueltie,
 The more shee seekes to worke hir yre,
 The more she burnes with scalding fyre.
 And all for Cupids sake I hide,
 From whose decrees I doe not glide.
 Wherefore (I say) go bende thy Bow,
 And to hir heart an Arrow throw:
 That Dart which breaketh hearts of Flint
 And giues the cruell crasing dint,
 Upon hir crabbed breast beatow,
 That shee thy force and powre may know:
 That shee a Myrour may be knowne
 To such as be thy deadly fone,
 So shall thy good example take,
 How to abuse men for thy sake.
 Let hir (good Cupid) vnderstande,
 That I am thine both heart and hande.
 And to play quittance, force a fire,
 That shee may frie with whote desire
 Of me, whome earst she put to paine,
 And this is all that I would gaine.

AN ANSWERE TO HIS LADIE,

THAT WILLED HIM THAT ABSENCE SHOULD NOT
 BREEDE FORGETFULNESSE.

THOUGH Noble Surrey sayde
 that absence woonders frome,
 And makes things out of sight forgot,
 and therof takes his name:

Though some there are that force
 but on their pleasures prest,
 Unmindefull of their plightred truth
 and falsely forged best:

Yet will I not approue
 mee guiltie of this crime,
 Ne breake the friendship late begoon
 as you shall trie in time.

No distance of the place
 shall reuue thee from my brest:
 Not fawning chaunce, or frowning hap
 shall make mee swaue vs your Hest.

As soone may Phoebus frame
 his slepe Steades to roon
 Their race from path they woonted were,
 and ende where they begoon:

As soone shall Saturne cease
 his bended broowes to show,
 And frowning face to friendly Starres
 that in their Circles go:

As soone the Tiger tame
and Lion shall you finde:
And brutish beastes that sauage were
shall swarue their bedlam kinde:

As soone the frost shall flame,
and *Etna* cease to burne,
And restless Riuers to their springs
and Fountaines shall returne:

As absence breede debate,
or want of sight procure
Our faithfull friendships with awrie
whilst liuely breath indure.

As soone I will commit
my selfe to Lethes lake
As the (sweete friend) whome I a Friend
haue chose for vertues sake.

How may a man forget
the coale that burnes within?
Augmenting still his secret sore
by piercing fell and skin?

May Martirs cease to mourne
or think of torments prest,
Whilet paine to paine is added aie
to further their vncrest?

May Shipmen in distress
at pleasure of the surge
Toot too and fro by surge of Seas
that they in tempest finde,

Forget Neptunus rage,
or blustering Borias blast,
When Cables are in sunder crackt,
and tackle rent from Mast?

Ne may I (Friend) forget
(vntlesse I would but faigne)
The salue that doth recure my sore
and heales the scarre againe.

I send thee by the winde
ten thousand sighes a day,
Which dim the Skies with cloudie smoke
as they doe passe away.

Of gazing on the Sunne
I compt Apollo blest,
For that he vewes thee once aday
in passing to the West.

Oh that I had his powre
and blasing Lampe of light
Then thou my friend should stand asurde
to neuer see the night.

But since it is no so,
content thy selfe a while:
And with remembrance of thy Friend
the lothsome time begile.

Till Fortune doe agree
that we shall meete againe:
For then shall presence breede our ioyes
whome absence put to paine.

And of my olde good will
(good Friend) thy selfe assure,
Haue no distrust, my loue shall last
as long as life shall dure.

OF A THRACIAN THAT WAS DROWND
BY PLAYING ON THE ISE.

A THRACIAN Boy well tipped all the day
Upon a frozen Spring did sport and play,
The slipper Ise with hieft of bodies away
On sodain brake, and swapt his head away:
It swam aloft, bylowe the Carcas lay.
The Mother came and bore the head away:
When shee did burie it thus gan shee say.
This brought I fourth in flame his Hierce to haue,
The rest amidst the flood to finde a graue.

THE LOUER

HOPING IN MAY TO HAUE HAD REDRESSE OF HIS
WOES, AND YET FOULYE MISSING HIS PURPOSE,
BEWAILLES HIS CRUELL RAP.

You that in May haue bathde in blis
And found a salue to ease your sore:
Doe May obseruance, Reason in
That May should honor'd be therfore.

Awake out of your drowsie sleepe
And leaue your tender Beds of Downe,
Of Cupids Lawes that than keepe
With Sommer floures deck your Crowne.

As soone as Venus Starre doth shoue
That brings the dawning on his back
And chearefull light begins to growe,
By putting of his Foe to wrack:

Repaire to heare the wedded Make
And late yecoupled in a knotte,
The Philomele that sits in Brakes
And telles of Tereus truth by note:

The Thrussell, with the Turtle Dooe,
The little Robin eke yfeare
That makes rebearsall of their loue,
Make hast (I say) that yee were there.

Into the fields where Dian dwels
With Nymphes enuiron'd round about,
Heat yee to dance about the Wets,
a fit pastime for such a rout.

Let them doe this that haue recessed
In May the hire of hoped grace:
But I as one that am bereaued
Of blisefull state, will hide my face,

And doole my daies with ruthfull voice
As fits a retchlesse Wight to doe:
Since now it lies not in my choice
To quite mee from this cursed woe.

I harbord in my breast a thought
Which now is turde another way,
That pleasant May would mee ybrought
From Scylla to a better bay.

Since all (quoth I) that Nature made,
And placed here in earth bylowe,
When Spring returnes, of woonted trade
Doe banish grieffe that erst did growe,

And chaungeth eke the churthise cheare
And frowning face of Tellus bew,
With verna flowers that appeare
To cnd the soile with Mantell new:

Since Snakes do cast their shriued skinned,
 And Bucks hang vp their heads on pale,
 Since frisking Fishes lose their finnes,
 And glide with new repaired scale:

Then I of force with greedie eie
 Must hope to finde to ease my smart,
 Since eche anoy in Spring doth die,
 And cares to comfort doe conuert.

Then I (quoth I) shall reach the port
 And fast mine Ancker on the ground,
 Where lyes my pleasure and disport
 Where is my suretie to be found:

There shall my beaten Barke haue rode,
 And tackle some be new repaired,
 My sorrowes quite shall be ruiode,
 Euen thus vnto my selfe I said.

But (out alas) it failes not so,
 May is to mee a Month of mone,
 In May though others comfort gro,
 My seedes of grieffe are surely sowne.

My bitter Teares for water serue
 Wherewith the Garden of my brest
 I moist, for feare the seedes should sterue,
 And thus I frame mine owne vnest.

Let others then that feelen ioy
 Extole the merrie Mouth of May,
 And I that tasted haue annoy,
 In praise thereof will nothing say.

But wish returne of winters warre
 And blustering Borias force againe,
 These sower seedes of wo to marre.
 By force of winde and wisking raine.

And so perhaps by better fate,
 At next returne of Spring, I may
 By chaunging of my former state
 Cast off my care, and change my lay.

THE LOUER

TO HIS LADIE THAT GASED MUCH VP TO THE SKIES.

My Girle, thou gazest much
 vpon the Golden Skies:
 Would I were Heauen, I would behold
 thee then with all mine eies.

THE PENITENT LOUER

VITTERLY RENOUNCING LOUE, CRAUES PARDON OF FORGOTTEN FOLLIES.

If such as did amisse
 and ran their race awrie
 May boldly craue at Iudges hand
 some mercie ere they die,

And pardon for their guilt
 that wilfully transgress,
 And sawe the bownds before their eies
 that vertue had redrest:

Then I that brake the bancks
 which Reason had assignde
 To such as would pursue hir traine,
 may stand in hope to finde

Some fauour at hir hand:
 since blind forecast was cause,
 And not my wilfull will in fault
 that I haue swerde hir lawes.

Misguided haue I beene
 and trayned all by trust,
 And Loue was forger of the fraude,
 and furtherer of my lust.

Whose vele did dase mine eies,
 and darkned so my sight
 With errors foggie mist at first,
 that Reason gaue no light.

And as those wofull Wightes
 that saile on awailing Seas,
 When windes and wrathfull waues conspire
 to banish all their ease,

When heavenly Lamps are bid
 from Shipmens hungrie eies,
 And Lodestars are in couert kept
 within the cloudie Skies:

As they without respect
 doe follow Fortunes lore,
 And run at randome in the flood
 where Eols Impes doe rore,

Till golden crested Phebe,
 or else his Sisters light,
 Haue chasde away those noysome clouds,
 and put the stormes to flight:

So I (vnhappie man)
 haue followde Loue a space,
 And felt the whottest of his flame,
 and flashing fierie blas.

In darcknesse haue I dwelt,
 and Errours vglie shade.
 Unwitting how to raise a Starre
 from perill to euade.

Few daies came on my head
 wherein was cause of ioy,
 But day and night were readie both
 to hasten mine anoy.

Short were my sleepes (God wot)
 most dreadfull were my dreames,
 Mine eies (as Conduits of the heart)
 did gush out saltish streames.

Tormented was my Corse,
 my minde was neuer free,
 But both repeate with anguish eie
 disseruede sought to bee.

No place might like mee long,
 no pleasure could endure,
 In stead of sport was smart at hande,
 for pastime paine in vnt.

A Bondman to my selfe,
 yet free in others sight,
 Not able to resist the rage
 of winged Archers might.

Thus have I spent my time
in seruage as a thrall,
Till Reason of hir bountie list
mee to hir mercie call.

Now haue I made returne,
and happylic retirde,
From Cupids Camp, and deepe dispaire,
and once againe aspirde

To Ladie Reasons stawle
where wisdoms throned is,
On promise of amends releast
is all that was amis.

To Plato now I flie
and Senecs sound aduice:
A Patch for Loue, I force not now
what Chauce fall on the dice.

OF LADIE VENUS,

THAT HAVING LOST HIR SONNE CUPID GOD OF
LOUE, AND DESIROUS TO VNDERSTAND OF HIM
AGAINE, DECLARES BY THE WAY THE NATURE
OF LOUE AND AFFECTIONS OF THE SAME, BY
PRETIE DISCRPTION AS FOLLOWETH.

WHAT time the Ladie Venus sought hir little
Sonne [beganne:
That Cupid hight, and found him not, she thus
My friends (quoth she) if any chauce in open
streete [to meete,
Or crossing pathes, the wandring amorous Elfe
That Runnagate (I say) is mine: who so by hap
Shall first bring tydings of the Boy, in Venus lap
Is sure to sit, and haue in price of taken paine,
A sugred kisse. But he that brings him home
againe,

A busse? yet not a busse alone doubtlesse shall
haue

But like a Friend I will entreate him passing
braue. [Lim

I tell you tis a proper youth. Marke every
And member of my straide Sonne that is so trim.
Not sallow white his bodie is, but like to flame,
A fierce and ferie roling eie sets out the same.

A mischievous wylie hart in Brest the Boy doth
beare,

But yet his wordes are Honnie like and sweete to
eare. [goe:

His talking tongue and meaning minde a sunder
Smooth filed stile for little cost he will bestowe.
But being once inflamed with ire and raging wrath,
A cruell canckred dogged hart the Urchin hath.
False Foxely subtle Boy, and glosing lying Lad,
He sports to outward sight, but inward chafes like
mad. [browe:

A curled Sconce he hath, with angrie frowning
A little hand, yet Dart a cruell way can throwe.
To shadie Acheron sometime he flings the same,
And deepest damp of hollow Hell those Impes to
tame.

Upon his Carcasse not a cloth, but naked hee
Of garments goes, his minde is wrapt, and not to
see.

Much like a fetbred Foule he flies, and waggas
his wings [Miser wrings

Now here now there: the man sometime thus

Sometimes againe the Lasse to lose he doth en-
force, [remorre:
Of neither kinde, nor man nor maide, he hath
A little Bow the Boy doth beare in tender hande,
And in the same an Arrow nockt to stringe doth
stande.

A slender shafte, yet such a one as far will flie,
And being shot from Cupids Bow will reach the
Skie.

A pretie golden Quiner hangs there albehinde
Upon his back, wherein whoso doth looke, shall
finde [Boy

A sort of sharpe and lurching shafts, unshap-
ped
Wherewith his Ladie Mother she he doth annoy
Sometimes, but most of all the foolish fretting elfe
In cruell wise doth cruelly torment and vex him-
selfe.

Doe beate the Boy and spare him not at all, if
thou [in brow
On him doe chauce to light, although from child-
And moisted eies the trickling teares like floods
distill,

Helceus him not, for chiefly then beguile he wil.
Nor if he smile unlose his pyuiond armes take
heed, [do feede

With pleasant honie words though he thine eares
And craue a kisse, beware thou kisse him not at
all:

For in his lips vile venom lurcks, and bitter Gall.
Or if with friendly face he seeme to yeelde his Bow
And shafts to thee, his proferde gifts (my Friend)
forgo. [Dart

Touch not with tender hand the subtle flammring
Of Loue, for feare the fire thereof doe make thee
smart.

Where this that I haue sayde be true
Yee Louers I appeale to you
For ye doe knowe Cupidos toyes,
Yee feele his smarte, yee taste his ioyes.
A fickle foolish God to see,
I learne him as he doth deserue.

TO A FICKLE AND VNCONSTANT DAME,
A FRIENDLY WARNING.

WHAT may I thinke of you (my Fawcon free)
That having hood, lines, buets, bells of mee,
And wooted earst when I my game did spring
To flie so well and make such nimble wing,
As might no Fowle for weightnesse well compare
With thee, thou wert a Birde so passing rare:
What may I deeme of thee (faire Fawcon) now,
That neither to my lure nor traioe wilt bow.
But this that when my backe is turnde and gone,
Another gives thee rumpes to tyre upon.
Well wanton well, if you were wise in deede
You would regard the fist whereon you feede.
You would the Horse deuouring Crow refuse,
And gorge yourselfe with fleshe more fine to
chuse.

I wishe thee thys for wooted olde good will
To flie more high, for feare the stooping will
Breede him that now doth keeps thee out of looq
But thinke his Fawcon will a Bussard proue.
Which if he deeme, or doe suspect at all,
He will abate thy flesh, and make thee fall.

So that of force thou shalt enforced bee
 Too do by him as now thou doste by mee:
 That is to leaue the keeper, and away,
 Fawlicon take heede, for this is true I say.

TO HIS FRIEND

THAT REFUSDE HIM WITHOUT CAUSE, WHY, BUT
 ONELY VPON DELIGHT OF CHAUNCE.

YOU shoue your selfe to bee
 a woman right by kinde:
 You like and then mislike againe
 where you no cause doe finde.

I can not thinke that looe
 was planted in your brest,
 As did your flattering lookes declare,
 and perurde tongue protest.

Thou swarste alone that I
 thy fansie did subdue,
 Then why should frensie force thee now
 to show thy selfe untrue?

Fie faythlesse woman fe,
 wilt thou condemne the kinde
 Because of just report of yll
 and blot of wandering minde?

Too plaine it nowe appears
 that lust procure thy looe.
 Or else it would not so decaye
 and causelesse thus remoue.

I thought that I at first,
 a Lucrece had subdude,
 But now I finde that fansie fonde
 my senses did deuide.

I deuide that I had got
 a Fawlicon to the fist,
 Whome I might quickly have reclaimde,
 but I my purpose mist.

For (oh) the worsen hap
 my Fawlicon is so free,
 As downe she stoups to straungers lure
 and forceth least of mee.

Goode shape was yll bestowde
 upon so vile a kite,
 That Haggard wise doth loue to linc
 and doth in change delight.

Yelde mee thy flanting Hood,
 shake off those Belles of thine,
 Such checking Bussards yll deserue
 or Bell or Hood so fine.

With Fowles of haser sort
 how can you brooke to flie,
 That eart your Nature did to Hawkes
 of stately kinde applie?

If want of pray enforste
 this change thou art to blame:
 For I had euer traines in store
 to make my Fawlicon game.

I had a Tassel eke
 full gentle by his kinde,
 Too flie with thee in use of wing
 the greater joy to finde.

No, doubtlesse wanton lust
 and fleshly fowle desire
 Did make thee loath my friendly lure,
 and set thy hart on fire.

Too trie what mettall was
 in Bussards to be founde
 This, this was it that made thee stowpe
 from loftie gate to grounde.

Wherefore if euer luck
 doe let me light on thee,
 And Fortune graunt me once againe
 thy keeper for to bee:

Thy diet shall be such,
 thy trying rumpes so bare,
 As thou shalt know thy keeper well
 and for none other care.

Meanwhile on carren feede,
 thy hungrie gorge to glut:
 That all thy lust in daylie change
 and diet new dost put.

Diseases must of force
 such feeding fowle enroo:
 No force to me, thou wert my Birde,
 but (Fawlicon) now adue.

TO ONE THAT VPON SURMISE OF AD-
 UERSITIE, FORWNED HIR FRIEND.

As too the whyte, and lately lymed house
 The Doues doe flock in hope of better fare,
 And leaue their home of Cuivers cleane and bare;
 As to the Kitchen postes the peeping Mouse

Where Vittailles fine and curious cates are drest,
 And shoons the shop where lyuelyhood waxeth
 thin,
 Where he before had fillde his empty skin,
 And where he chose him first to be a guest:

As Lyse unto the lying Carcase cleaue,
 But halke the same made readie to the Beare,
 So you that eart my Friend to seeming weare,
 In happie state: your needie Friend doe leaue.

Unfriendly are those other, Doue and Mouse
 That doe refuse olde harbour for a newe
 And make exchange for lodge they neuer knewe,
 Unfriendly eke the slowe and lumpishe Lowse.

But more unciuill you that wittie erre
 To iudge a Friend, your Friendsbip to forego,
 Without a cause and make exchsunges so:
 For friendes are needed most in time of warre.

Put case that Chaunce withdrew hir olde good will
 And frownde on mee to whome shee was a friend?
 Is that a reason why your loue should end?
 No, no, you should a friend continue still.
 For true good will in miserie is tride,
 For then will none but faithfull friends abide.

TO MAISTER GOOGES FANCIE

THAT BEGINS, GIVE MONIE MEE TAKE FRIEND-
SHIP WHO SO LIST.

FRIEND Googe, giue me the faithfull friend to
trust,

And take the sickle Coine for mee that lust.
For Friends in time of trouble and distresse
With help and sound aduise will soone redresse
Ech growing grieft that gripes the pensieue breast,
When Monie lies lockt vp in couert Chest.
Thy Coine will cause a thousand cares to grow,
Which if thou hadst no Coine thou couldst not
know.

Thy Friend no care but comfort will procure,
Of him thou mayst at neede thy selfe assure.
Thy Monie makes the Theefe in waite to lie,
Whose fraude thy Friend and falsehood will descrie.
Thou canst not keepe vlockt thy carefull Coine,
But some from thee thy Monie will purloine:
Thy faithfull Friend will neuer start aside,
But take his share of all that shall betide.
When thou art dead thy Monie is bereft
But after life thy trustie Friend is left:
Thy Monie serues another Maister than,
Thy faithfull friend links with none other man.
So that (Friend Googe) I deeme it better I,
To choose the Friend and let the Monie lie.

THE LOUER ABUSED RENOWNCETH
LOUE.

FOR to reuoke to pensieue thought
And troubled head my former plight,
How I by earnest sute haue sought
And grieffull paines a losing Wight
For to accoy, accoy,
And breede my ioy,
Without anoy, makes saltish bryne
To flush out of my vapord eyne.

To think vpon the sundrie snares
And priue Panthers that were led
To forge my daily doolefull cares,
Whereby my hoped pleasures fled,
Doth plague my hart, my hart,
With deadly smart,
Without desart, that haue indurde
Such woes, and am not yet recurde.

Was neuer day came on my hed
Wherein I did not sue for grace,
Was neuer night but I in bed
Unto my Pillow told my case,
Bayning my breast, my breast,
For want of rest,
With teares opprest, yet remedie none
Was to be found for all my mone.

If she had daimed my good will
And recompent me with hir Loue,
I would haue beene hir Vassell still,
And neuer once my heart remoue:
I did pretend, pretend,
To be hir Friend
Unto the end, but she refusde
My louing heart, and mee abuse.

I did not force vpon the spite
And venenous stings of hissing Snakes,
I wayed not their wordes a Mite,
That such a doe at Louers makes:
I did reioyce, reioyce,
To haue the voyce
Of such a choyce, and smild to see
That they reported so of mee.

Oh mee most luckie Wight (quoth I)
At whome the people so repine,
I trust the rumor that doth flie
Will force hir to my will incline,
And like well mee, well mee
Whome shee doth see,
Hir loue to bee, vnfaignedly,
In whome she may full well affie.

But now at length I plainly vew
That woman neuer gaue hir brest,
For they by kindly course will rue
On such as seeme to loue them best:
And will relent, relent
And be content,
When nought is ment, saue Friendly hart
And loue for neuer to depart.

Some cruell Tiger lent hir Tet
And fostred hir with saunge Pap,
That can not fade in heart to let
A man to loue hir, since his hap
Hath so assignde, assignde -
To haue his minde
To loue inclinde, in honest wise
Whom she should not of right despise.

But since I see hir stonie hart
Cannot be pierst with pitties Lounce,
Since nought is gainde but wofull smart,
I doe intend to breake the daunce,
And quite forgo, forgo
My pleasant Fo,
That paines mee so, and thinks in fine
To make me like to Circes Swine:

I cleane dese hir flattering face,
I quite abhorre hir luring lookes:
As long as loue shall giue me grace
She neuer comes within my bookes,
I doe detest, detest
So false a Guest
That breeds vnrest, where she should plant
Hir loue, if pittie did not want.

Let hir go seeke some other Foole,
Let hir inrage some other Dolt:
I haue beene laught in Platos Schoole
From Cupids Banner to resolt:
And to forsake, forsake
As fearefull Snake,
Such as doe make, a man but smart
For bearing them a faithfull heart.

THE FORSAKEN LOUER

LAMENTS THAT HIS LADIE IS MATCHED WITH
ANOTHER.

As Menelaus did lament
When Helena to Troie went,

And to the Tencian Guest applide
 And all hir Countrie Friends deside:
 Euen so I feele tormenting paine
 To lurck in euerie little vaine,
 And ransack all my Corne, to see
 That she hath now forsaken mee,
 The faithfull Friend that she could finde:
 But fickle Dames will to their kinde.
 A simple change in faith it was
 To leaue the Flower for the Grasse,
 Such chopping will but make you bare
 And spend your life in carek and care,
 You might haue taken better heede
 Then left the Graine, and choose the weede:
 Your Haruest would the better beene
 If you had to your Bargain scene,
 But to recant it is to late,
 Go too, a Gods name to your Mate.
 Tis Muck that makes the Pot to play
 As men of olde were wont to say,
 And Women marrie for the gaine
 Though oft it fall out to their paine:
 And so I gesse thou hast ydoon
 When all thy twist is throughly spoon,
 It will appeare vnto thy nose,
 Thou pluckst a Nettle for a Rose:
 In faith thy Friend would loth to see
 Thy cursed luck so ill to bee.

THAT ALL HURTES AND LOSSES ARE TO BE RE-
 COVERED AND RECURED SAUR THE CRUELL
 WOUND OF LOUE.

THE Surgion may devise
 a Salue for erie sore,
 And to recure all inward griefes
 Phisicians haue in store
 Their simples to compound
 and match in mixture so,
 As ech disease from sicklie Corne
 they can enforce to go.

The wastfull wrack of wealth
 that Merchants doe sustaine,
 By happie vent of gotten wares
 may be supplide againe.

A Towne by Treason lost,
 a Fort by falsehood woon,
 By manly fight is got againe
 and helpe of burfull Goon.

Thus eche thing hath redresse
 and sweete recure againe:
 Saue onely Loue, that farther frets,
 and feedes on inward paine.

No Galen may this grieft
 by Phisickes force expell:
 No Reasons rule may ougth preuaile
 where lurking Loue doth dwell.

The Patient hath no powre
 of wholesome things to tast:
 No Drench, no Drug, nor Sirrop sweete,
 his hidden harme may wast.

No comfort comes by day,
 no pleasant sleepe by night:
 No needefull nap at Noone may ease
 the Louers painefull plight.

In deepe dispaire he dwells,
 then in comes hope of ease,
 Which somewhat lessens paines of lone,
 and calmes the surge of Seas.

His head is fraught with thoughts,
 his heart with throwes repleate:
 His eyes amaze, his quaking hand,
 his stomack lothing meate.

This bale the Louer bides
 and hatefull hurtes of Hell,
 And yet himselve doth deeme that hee
 in Paradise doth dwell.

OF THE CHOISE OF HIS VALENTINE.

WITH others I to choose a Valentine
 Address my self: Ech had his dearest friend
 In Scrole ywrit, among the reast was mine.
 See now the luck by lot that Chance doth send
 To Cupids crewe, mark Fortune how it falls,
 And mark how Venus Imps are Fortunes thralls.

The Papers were in couert kept from sight,
 In hope I went to note what hap would fall:
 I chose, but on my Friend I coulde not light,
 (Such was the Goddesses wil that wilds the Ball)
 But see good luck, although I mist the same,
 I hapt on one that bare my Ladies name.

Uuegall though their beauties were to looke,
 Remembrance yet of hir well featurde face
 So often scene, thereby my Senses tooke,
 Unhappy though shee were not then in place:
 Long you to learne what name my Ladie hight?
 Account from U. to A. and spell aright.

OF ONE THAT WAS IN REUERSION.

ANOTHER hath that I did bie,
 and I enioy that bee imbraste:
 I reape the Graine, and pluck the Peare,
 but he had Peare and Corne at laste.

Which sithens Fortune had allowde,
 let cyther well contented bee:
 I hate him not for his delights,
 then let him doe the lyke too mee.

For so we both be pleaste, I say,
 this bargaine was devised well:
 Let him with present good delight
 as I what time to mee it fell.

If euer he by hap forgo,
 I trust my hope is not in vaine,
 I hope the thing I once enioyde
 will to his owner come againe.

Which if be so, then happie I
 that had the first, and haue the laste:
 What better Fortune may there bee
 than in Reuerision to be plaste.

OF AN OPEN FOE AND A FAYNED
FRIEND.

Not he so much anioies
that sayes: I am thy Fo,
As he that beares a hatefull hart,
and is a Friend to sho.

Of t'one we may beware
and sic his open hate,
But tother bites before he bark,
a hard auoyded Mate.

AGAINE.

Of both give mee the man
that sayes, I hate in deede:
Than him that hath a Knife to kill,
yet weares a friendly weede.

OF A RITCH MISER.

A MISERS minde thou hast,
thou hast a Princes pelfe:
Which makes thee welthy to thine Haire,
a Beggar to thy selfe.

OF A PAINTER THAT PAINTED FAVOUR.

THOU (Painter fond) what means this mad devise
Favour to drawe? with uncouth is the hed
From whence it comes, and first of all was bred?
Some deeme that it of Beautie doth arise.
Dams Fortunes Babie and undoubted Sonne,
Some other doe surmise this Favour was:
Again, some thinke by Chaunce it came to passe,
Another saies of Vertue it begonne.
What Mate is he that daylie is at hand?
Fairst speaking he and glosing Flattrie hight.
What he that slowly comes behind? Auns. Despight.
What they (I pray) that him inviron stand?
Wealth, Honor, Pride, and noble needefull Lawes.
And leading Lust that drives to thousand ill.
What meane those wings, and painted quiuering
Quills?
Cause upward sic Dams Fortune Favour drawes.
Why blinde is Favour made? (Auns.) for cause
That is unthrifite once yplast amownt [that he
From baser step not had in any cownt
Cannot discern his Friends, or what they be.
Why treades he on the tickle turning wheele?
He followes Fortunes steps and giddie Gate
Unstead Chancers aye unstedfast mate:
And when that things are well, can never feele.
Then tell me one thing else to please my minde
My last demand. What meanes his swelling so?
How chaunst that Favour doth so proudly go?
Good haps by course us men doe maken blinde.

THE LOUER

WHOSE LADIE DWELT FAST BY A PRISON.

One day I hide mee fast vnto the place
Where lodgde my Loue, a passing propre dame

For head, hand, leg, lim, wealth, wit, comly grace
And being there my sate I gan to frame,
The smokie sighes bewrayde my fierie flame.
But cruell she, disdainefull, coy and curst,
Forst not my words, but quaid hir friend at fust.

Whereat I lookt me vp, a wofull Wight,
And threw mine eyes vp to the painted Skie,
In minde to waile my hap: And saw in sight
Not ferre from thence, a place where Prisoners lie,
For crimes forepast the after paynes to trie:
A Labyrinth, a lothsome Lodge to dwell,
A Dangeon deepe, a Dampe as darke as Hell.

O happie you (quoth I) that feele the force
Of girding Gyue, thirst, colde and stonie bed,
Respect of mee, whose loue hath no remorse:
In death you lue, but I in life am ded,
Your ioy is yet to come, my pleasure fled.
In prison you haue minde at freedome aye,
I free am thrall, whose loue seekes his decaye.

Unworthie you to lue in such distresse
Whose former faults repentance did bewaile:
More fitter were this Ladie mercilesae
At grate to stand, with whome no teares preuaile:
More worthe she to lue in lothsome Gaile
That murders such as sue to hir for life,
And spoyle hir faithfull Friends with spitefull
knife.

COMPLAINT

OF THE LONG ABSENCE OF HIS LOUER Vpon FIRST
ACQUAINTANCE.

O CURSED, cruell, canckred Chaunce,
O Fortune fraught with spight,
Why hast thou so on sodaine reft
from mee my chiefe delight?

What glorie shalt thou gaine perdie
or purchase by thy rage?
This is no Conquest to be caid,
wherefore thy wrath asswage.

To soone eclipsed was my ioy,
my dolours grow to fast:
For want of hir that is my life,
my life it can not last:

Is this thy sickle kind so soone
to hoise a man to ioy,
And ere he touch the top of bliasse
to breede him such aoy?

Now doe I plaine perceine and see
that Poets faime not all,
For churlish Chaunce is compted blind
and full of filthy Gall.

I thought there had bene no such Dams
ne Goddesses on a wheele:
But now too well I know hir kinde,
too soone hir force I feele.

And that which doth augment my smart
and maketh more my wo,
Is, for I felt a sodaine ioy
where now this griefe doth grow.

THE VENTROUS LOUER

AFTER LONG ABSENCE CRAUES HIS LADIE TO
MEETE WITH HIM IN PLACE TO ENTERPARLE
OF HIR AVENTURES,

If so Leander durst
from Abydon to Sest
To swim, to Hero whom he chose
his Friend above the rest,

And gage his comely corse
vnto the sowsing Tyde
To lay his water beaten lims
fast by hir tender side:

Then I (my Deare) whose gleames
and ardor doth surpasse
The scorching floure and blasing heate
that in Leander was,

May well presume to take
the greatest toyle in hande,
To reach the place where thou dost lodge
the chiefe of Venus bande.

For not Leanders lone
my friendship doth excell,
Nor Hero may compare with hir
that beares Dame Beauties Bell.

There resteth nought for thee
but to assigne the place,
The mirrie day, the ioyfull hours
when I may see thy face:

Appoint the certaine Tide
and fixed stem of stay,
And thou shalt see thy faithfull Friend
will quickly come his way.

Not dreeding any doubt:
but ventrouly will go
Through thick and thin to gaue a glimpse
of thee his sugred fo.

Where when by hap we meete,
our long endured woes
Shall stint by force of friendly thoughts
which we shall then disclose.

Then eyther may vnfolde
the secrets of the hart,
And show how long dislodge hath bred
our cruell cutting smart.

Then may we freely chat
of all forepasse toyes,
And put those peniaue panges to flight
with newe recourse of ioyes.

Then pleasure shall possess
the lodge where Dolour lay,
And mirrie blincks put cloudes of care
and lowering lookes away.

Then kissing may be plide
and clipping put in ure,
And lingred sores by Cupids salues
aspire to quick recure.

Oh dreede thou not at all,
set womens feare a part
And take the courage of a man,
that hast a manly hart.

T T

If thou hadst ment (vnhappie hap)
thus to haue nipt my ioy,
Why didst thou show a smiling cheere
that shouldst haue lookte acoy?

For griefes do nothing grutch at all
but where was blisse before:
None wailes the want of wealth so much
as he that had the store.

Not he that neuer saw the Sonne
complaynes for lack of light,
But such as saw his Golden gleames
and knew his cheerefull might.

Too late I learne through spitefull chance
that ioy is mixt with wo,
And ech good hap hath hate in boord,
the course of things is so.

So poyson lurks in Sugar sweets,
the Hooke so hides the hayte:
Euen so in Greene and pleasant grasse
the Serpent lies in wayte.

Vlyases wife I learne at last
thy sorow and distresse,
In absence of thy lingring Lone,
that should thy woes redresse.

Great was your grief (ye Greekish Girls)
whilst stately Troie stood,
And kept your husbands from your laps
in perill of their blood.

All ye therefore that haue assayde
what torments lack procure:
Of that you loue, lament my fate
which ouerlong endures.

Ye winds transport my soking sighes
to my newe chosen Friend,
So may my sorow swage perhaps
and dreerie state haue ende.

Ye sighes make true report of teares,
that so beraine my brest,
As Helens husbands neuer were
for treason of his Guest.

If thou (my Letter) maist attaine
the place of hir abode,
Doe thou, as Herald of the heart,
my sorrowes quite vnloade.

In thee as in a Myrrour cleare
or Christall may she vewe
My pangues, my paynes, my sighes and teares
which Tigers could but rewe.

There shall she see my secret parts
encombrod all with mone,
My fainting lims, my vapord eien
with heart as colde as stone.

I know she can but rue my case
when thou presentst my sute,
Wherefore play thou thy part so well
that I may reape the frute.

And if (when she hath read thee through)
she place thee in hir lap,
Then change thy cheere thy Maister hath
his long desired hap.

In hostage aie with thee
to use at thy devise.
In all affaires and needefull bowres
as matter shall arise.

Reuooke to louing minde
how ventrous Thisbe met
In fearefull might with Pyramus
where Ninus Tombe was set.

So hazard thou to come
unto the pointed place,
To thwart thy Friend, and meete with him
that longs to see thy face.

Who better will attende
thy friendly comming there,
Than Pyramus of Thybe did
his disappointed Feere.

For (oh) their meeting was
the reauer of their breath,
The crop of endlesse care, and cause
of either Louers death.

But we so warely will
our fixed time attende,
As no mishap shall grow thereby,
and thus I make an ende

With wishing well to thee,
and hope to meete in place
To enterparle with thee (my Friend)
and tell my dolefull case.

TO MAISTER GOOGE

HIS SONNET OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF THOUGHT.

THE lesse I see, the more my teene,
The more my teene the greater grieffe
The greater grieffe, the lesser scene,
The lesser scene, the lesse reliefe:
The lesse reliefe the heauier spright,
When P. is farthest out of sight.

The rarer scene, the rifer sobs
The rifer sobbes, the sadder hart,
The sadder hart, the greater throbs,
The greater throbs, the worsor smart,
The worsor smart procedes of this
That I my P. so often miss.

The neerer too, the more I smilde,
The more I smilde, the merier minde:
The merie minde doth thought exile,
And thought exile recourse I finde
Of heauenly ioyes all this delight
Haue I when P. is once in sight.

THE LOUER

WHOSE MISTRESSE FEARED A MOUSE, DECLARETH
THAT HE WOULD BECOME A CAT, IF HE MIGHT
HAUE HIS DESIRE.

If I might alter kinde,
what think you I would bee,
Nor Fish, nor Foule, nor Fle, nor Frog
nor Squirrel on the Tree.

The Fish the booke, the Foule
the lymed twig doth catch.
The Fle the Finger, and the Frog
the Bustard doth dispatch.

The Squirrill thinking naught
that feately cracks the nut,
The greedie Goshawke wanting pray
in dread of death doth put.

But scorning all these kinde
I would become a Cat,
To combat with the creeping Mouse
and scratch the screeching Rat.

I would be present aye
and at my Ladies call,
To gard hir from the fearefull Mouse
in Parlour and in Hall.

In Kitchin for his lyfe
he should not shew his bed,
The Peare in Poke should lie untouched
when shee were gone to bed.

The Mouse should stand in feare,
so should the squeaking Rat:
All this would I doe if I were
converted to a Cat.

THE LOUER

DRIVEN TO ABSENT HIM FROM HIS LADY,
BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT
BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT

WHEN angrie Greekes with Trojans fought
In minde to sack their welthie Towne,
King Agamemnon needefull thought
To beate the neighbour Cities downe,
And by his Princely power to quell
Such as by Pryams Realme did dwell.

Thus forth he trauailde with his traine
Till he vnto Lyrnessus came,
Where cruell fight he did maintaine,
And slue such Wights as were of fame:
Downe went the walles and all to wrack
And so was Lyrnes brought to sack.

Two Noble Dames of passing shape
Unto the Prince were brought in shoe
That might compare with Paris rape,
Their glimring beauties so did shooe:
The Prince choze fayrest of the twaine,
And Achyll tother for his paine.

And thus the warlike Chieftaines liue
Eche with his Ladie in delight:
Till Agamemnon was depruide
Of hir that golden Chryses hight.
For Gods did will as (Poets faine)
That he should yeelde hir vp againe.

Which done, he left Achylles Mate
To serue in Chrysis place at neede,
Not forcing on the fowle debate
That followde of that cruell deede:
For why Achylles grutchted sore
To lose the Lasse he wan before.

And what for griefe and great disdain
The Greeke his Helmet boong aside,
And Swords that many a Knight had slaine,
And Shield that Trojan Darts had tride:
Refusing to approach the place
Where he was wont his foes to chase.

His manly courage was appalde
His valiant heart began to yeelde,
His hrawned armes that earst were galde
With clattring Armour in the field
Had lost their force, his fist did faint,
His gladsome songs were growne to plaint.

His mouth refused his wonted foode,
His tongue could feele no tast of meat,
His hanging cheekes declarde his moode,
His fealtred beard with haire vnmet,
Bewraid his sodaine change of cheere
For loosing of his louing Feere.

His eares but sorrowes sound could heare,
The Trumpets tune was quite forgot,
His eies were fraught with many a teare,
Whome carcking care permitted not
The pleasant slumber to retaine
To quite the sielic Misers paine.

The thousande part of paine care
The Noble Greeke endured than
In Bryseis absence, to declare
It farre surmounts the Wit of man:
Not sure a Martyr right he liude
Of Bryseis beautie once berinde.

If thus Achylles valiant heart
Were wrapt in web of wailefull wo,
That was invide too digne of Dart
His louing Bryseis to forgo.
If thus the sturdie Greeke (I say)
Bewaile the night and wept the day:

Then blame not mee a louing Wight
Whome Nature made to Cupids Bow
To lue in such a piteous plight,
Bewaist with waues of worsor wo
Than euer was the Greekish Peere
Dispoiled of his Darling deere.

For I of force am faine to see
The presse, the presence and the place
Of you my Loue a brauer B.
Than Bryseis was for foote and face,
For Head, for Hauke, for Corkasse eke
Not to be match of any Greeke.

Whose troth you haue full often tride,
Whose heart hath bene vnfolded quight
Whose faith by Friendship was diacride
Whose ioy consisted in your sight,
Whose paine was pleasure if in place
He might but gaze vpon thy face.

O dolefull Greeke I would I might
Exchange my trouble for thy paine:
For then I hope I should acquite
My griefe with gladsome ioyes againe.
For Bryseis made retourne to thee,
Would B. might doe the like to mee.

But to exchange my Loue for thine,
Or B. for Bryseis I ne would:
To labour in the Leaden Mine.
And leaue the ground where growes the Golde
I minde it not, it follie were
To choose the Peare, and leaue the Peare.

THAT LOVERS OUGHT RATHER BY FIRST AC-
QUAINTANCE TO SHEW THEIR MEANINGS BY
PEN THEN BY MOUTH.

If all that feele the fits of lone
And flackring sparkes of Cupids fire,
By tattling tongues should say to moue
Their Ladies to their fonde desire:
No doubt a number would but gaine
A badge of Follie for their paine.

For Ladies eyther would suspect
Those sugred wordes so sweete to eare
With secret poysons baite infect:
Or else would wisely stande in feare,
That all such flame as so did burne
To dustie Cinders soone would turne.

For he that bluntly doth presume
On small acquaintance to display
His hidden fire by casting fume
Of wanton wordes, doth misse the way
To win the Wight he honours so,
For of a Friend he makes a Fo.

For who is shee that may endure
The dapper tearmes that Louers vse?
And painted Proems to procure
The modest Matrons minde to muse?
No, first let writings go to tell
Your Ladies that you loue them well.

And when that time hath triall made
Of perfect loue and faithfull brest,
Then boldly may you further wade
This counsell I account as best:
And this (my Deare) procure my Quill
To write, and tongue to be so still.

Which now at first shall flatly showe
(As faithful Herald of the hart)
The perfect loue to thee I owe
That breedst my ioy, and wilt my smart,
Unless at last (Remembrance) rue
Upon hir (thought) that will be true.

Wherefore I say, go slender scrole
To hir the sielic Mouse that sboonnes,
Salute in friendly sort the soule
Among those pretie beastes that woonnet,
That bit the pocat for the Peare,
And breede the soule to such a feare.

AN EPITAPH

OF MAISTER WIN DROWNED IN THE SEA.

WHO so thou art that passest by this place
And rust at random on this sliper way,
Recline thy listning eare to mee a space
Doe stay thy ship and hearken what I say:
Cast Ankor here vntill my tale be donne,
So maist thou chauce the like mishaps to shonne.

Learn'st this of mee, that men doe live to die
 And Death decays the worstiest Wightes of all,
 No worldly wealth or kingdomes can supplie
 Or garde their princes from the fatal fall:
 One way to come vnto this life we see,
 But to be rid thereof a thousand bee.

My gallant youth and frolick yeares behight
 Mee longer age, and siluer haire to haue,
 I thought my day would neuer come to night,
 My prime prouokt me to forget my graue:
 I thought by water to haue scape the death
 That now amid the Seas doe lose my breath.

Now, now the churlish chanel me doe chock
 Now surging Seas conspire to breede my carke
 Now fighting fouds enforce me to the rock,
 Charybdis Whelps and Seyllas Dogs doe bark
 Now hope of life is past, now, now I see
 That W. can no more a liues man bee.

Yet I doe well affie for my desert
 (When cruell death hath done the worst it may)
 Of well renowned Fame to haue a part
 To saue my heart from ruine and decay:
 And that is all that thou or I may gaine,
 And so adue, I thank thee for thy paine.

AGAINE.

O NEPTUNE churlish Chuf, O wayward Woolf
 O God of Seas by name, no God in deede,
 O Titan Ruler of the grauell Goolfe
 Where greater Fish on lesser Spawne doth feede
 Why dost thou drench with deadly Mace a Wight
 That well deseru'd to run his course aright?

O cruell cursed tide, O weltring waue
 That W. wrought this detestable care
 O wrathfull surge, why wouldst thou not vouchsafe
 A mid the rage so good a youth to spare,
 And suffer him in luckie Bark to reach
 The pleasant Port of ease and blisfull beach?

But what though surging Seas and tossing Tide
 Haue done their worst and vttered all their force
 In working W. wrack that so hath tride,
 The cruelst rage that might befall his Corse:
 Yet naythelesse his euer during name
 Is fast ingraude within the house of Fame.

Let Fishes feede vpon his flesh apace,
 Let crawling Cungers creepe about his bones,
 Let Wormes awake and W. Carcasse race
 For why it was appointed for the nones:
 But when they haue done all the spite they can
 His good report shall liue in mouth of man.

In stead of stonie Tombe and Marble Graue
 In lieu of a Lamentable Verse,
 Let W. on the sandie Cheasell haue
 This dolefull rime in stead of better Hierse:
 Lo, here among the Wormes doth W. woon
 That well deserue a further race to roon.

But since his fate allotted him to fall
 Amid the sowing Seas and troublous Tide,
 Let not his death his faithfull Friends appall
 For he is not the first that so hath dide,
 Nor shall be seene the last: as nie away
 To Heauen by waters as by Land they say.

FRAISE OF HIS LOUE.

APPELLES lay the Pensile downe
 and shun thy woonted skill,
 Let brute no more with flattering Trumpe
 the Greekish Kares fulfill:

Call not to thee such Painters praise
 as thou hast done of yore,
 Least thou in fine be foiled flat
 and gained glorie lore.

So seeke not to disgrace the Greekes
 thy Ionig Natiue land,
 But rather from depainting formes
 withdrawe thy skillelesse hand.

For so thou stiffely stand and vaunt
 that thou wilt frame hir like
 Whome I extoll about the Starres,
 thot art a stately Greeke.

As soone with might thou mayst remove
 the Rock from whence it grows,
 As frame hir feauturde forme in whome
 such fouds of graces flows.

If I might speake unburt of hate,
 I would auant that kinde
 In spite of Rose and Lillie both
 had hir in earth assigne

To dwell among the daintie Dames
 that shee hath placed heere:
 Cause, by hir passing feature might
 Dame Natures skill appeere.

Hir Haire surmounts Apollas pride
 in it such beautie raine
 Hir glistring eies the Chrystall farre
 and finest Saphire staine.

A little mouth with decent Chin,
 a Corall lip of hue.
 With Teethe as white as Whale his bone
 ech one in order doe.

A body blamelesse to be foud,
 Armes rated to the same:
 Such Hands with Azure deekt, as all
 that warre with hir doe shame.

As for the partes in covert kept
 and what is not in sight,
 I doe esteeme them by the reast
 not forcing on dispiht.

If I were foreman of the Quest
 my verdit to expresse,
 Forgiue mee (Phoebus) of thy place
 sice should thee dispossesse.

P. should be raised to the cloudes
 and Phoebus brought slow,
 For that there should liue none in earth
 but might hir vertue know.

Thus to conclude and make an ende,
 to vouch I dare be holde:
 As soone as Nature had hir made
 all Natures ware was solde.

THE COMPLAINT

OF A FRIEND OF HIS HAUIES LOST HIS DOVE.

WHAT should I shed my teares to show mine inward pain
[again.]
Since that the Jewell I have lost may not be had
Yet bootlesse though it be to utter court smart
It is a meane to cure the griefe, and make a ioy-
full hart. [Loue,
Wherefore I say to you that haue enjoyde your
Lament with me in wofull wise for loosing of my
Dove. [bereft,
You Turtle Cocks that are your louing Henues
And do bewaile your cruell chance that you alive
are left :
Come hither, come I say, come hie in haste to mee.
Let eyther make his dolefull plaint amid this
dreerie tree.
A fitter place than this may no where else be found
For friendly Echo here will cause ech cry to yelde
a sound.
In youth it was my lucke on such a Dove to light,
As by good nature wan my loue, she was my whole
delite [hne,
A fresher fowle than mine for shape sad beauties
Was neuer any man on earth that had the hap to
veue.
Dame Nature hir had framde so perfit in hir kinde
As not the spitefull man himself ooe fault in hir
could finde.
Hir eie so passing pure, hir beake so braue and fit,
The stature of hir limmes so small, hir head so
full of wit,
Hir neck of so good size, hir plume of colour white,
Hir legs and feete so finely made, them seldom
seene in sight: [his place
Eche part so fitly pight as none mought change
Nor any Bird could lightly haue so good and
braue a grace.
But most of all that I did fansie, was hir voyce,
For sweete it was unto mine care, and made the
hart rejoyce
No sooner could I come in place where she was set,
But up she rose, and ioyfull would hir Mate and
louer met.
About my tender neck she would haue clasped tho,
And laid hir beake betwixt my lips, sweet kisses
to besta. [me at all,
And ought besides that mought haue pleasured
Was neuer man that had a Birde so fit to play
withall. [mee.
When I for ioy did sing, she would haue song with
When I was wo, my grief was hirs, she wold not
pleasant be. [Death,
But (oh) amid my loyes came cruell cackred
And spitting at my pleasures rest my louing bird
hir breath.
Who finding me slack, and absent on a day,
Caught bow in hand, and struck hir downe, a bred-
hg as the lay. [Doue,
Since I haue cause to waile the death of such a
(Good Turtles) help me to lament the losse of my
true loue.
The tree whereon she sat shall be the place where I
Will sing my last, and end my life: for (Turtles)
I must die.
You know it is our kinde, we can not liue alone,
More pleasant is the death to us then life when
loue is gone.

To tell a farther tale my fainting breath denies,
And selfe same death that thus my Dove, begins
to close mine eyes.

THAT LOUERS

UGHT TO SHUNNE NO PAINES TO ATTAINE
THEIR LOUE.

If Marchaunts in their warped Keales
commit themselves to waue,
And dreadfull daunger of the Goulfe
in tempest that doth rauie,

To fet from farre and Forraine lands
such ware as is to sell,
And is not in their Natiue soile
where they themselves doe dwell :

If Souldiars serue in perills place
and dread of Cannon shot,
Ech day in daunger of their liues
and Countrie losse God wot,

Whose Musick is the dreadfull Drumme
and dolefull Trumpets sounde,
Who haue in stead of better bed
the colde and stonie grounde,

And all t'attaine the spoile with speede
of such as doe withstande,
Which slender is sometime we see
when so it comes to hande :

If they for luere high sustaine
such perill as ensues,
Then those that serue the Lorde of Loue
no traualle ought refuse.

But lavish of their lively breath
all tempest to abide,
To maintaine Loue and all his lawes
what Fortune so betide.

And not to shrink at erie showre
or storme flawe that lights,
Ne yet to yeeld themselves as thrall
to such as with them fights.

Such are not fit for Cupids Campe,
they ought no wages win
Which faint before the change of Trump
or Battels broyle begin.

They must not make account of hart,
for Cupid hath in store
Continually within his Campe
a salve for erie sore.

Their Ensigne bearer is so stoute
eclapsed Hope by name,
As if they follow his aduise
eche thing shall be in frame.

But if for want of courage stoute
the Banner be bereft,
If hope by hap be stricken downe,
and no good hope yleft :

Tis time with Trump to blow retreat,
the Field must needs be woun:
So Cupid once be Captive tane
his Souldiars are adooun.

Wherefore, what so they are that Loue
as waged men doe serue:
Must shun no daunger drift at all
ne from no perill sweete.

Keepe watch and warde the wakefull night
and neuer yeelde to rest:
For feare leas thou a waiting naught,
on sodaine be opprest.

Though hunger gripe thy empty Maw
endure it for a while,
Till time doe serue with good repast
such famine to beguile.

Be not with chilly colde disseide,
let Snow nor Ice procure
Thy lustfull limmes from painefull plight
thy Ladie to allure.

That is the spoyle that Cupid giues
that is the onely Wight
Wherent his Thralls are wont to roue
with Arrowes from their sight.

My selfe as one among the moe,
shall neuer spare to spend
My life, my limmes, yea hart and all
Loues quarrell to defend.

And so in recompens of paines
and toile of perills past,
He yeelde me but my Ladies loue:
I will not be agast.

Of Fortune, nor hir frowning face,
I naught shall force hir cheere,
Bot tend on erie turne on hir
that is my louing Feere.

A REQUEST

OF FRIENDSHIP TO VULCAN'S WIFE MADE BY
MARS.

THOUGH froward Fortune would that you who are
So braue a dame, with Vulcan shoulden linck:
Yet may you loue the lustie God of warre,
And bleare his eyes that no such fraude will thinck.
Tis Cupids charge, and all the Gods agree,
That you be Feere to him, and Friend to mee.

THE LOUER

THAT HAD LOCKED LONG WITHOUT REQUITAL OF
GOOD WILL.

Loue did I loue, and likte hir passing well
Whose beautie bred the thraldom of my thought,
Long did I sue to hir for to expell
The foule disdain that beauties beames had
wrought:

Long did I serue, and Long I would haue doon,
My miode was bent a thorow pace to roon.

Long when I had looude, sude, and serued so,
As mought haue likte as braue a Dame as shee,
Hir Friend shee forced not but let him go,
She looude at least besides him two or three:
Hir common cheare to erie one that sude,
Bred me to deeme shee did hir Friend delude.

Great was my griefe at first to be refused
That Long had looude with true unfaied hart,
But when I sawe I had been long abused
I forste the leasse from such a friend to part:
Yet ere I gaue hir up I gaude a thing
That griefe to hir, and ease to me did bring.

TO A FRIEND

THAT WILD HIM TO BEWARE OF ENVY

THIS sounde aduise and counsell sent from you
With friendly hart that you (my friend) doe see,
With willing minde I purpose to enue,
And to beware of Enuie while I lue,
For spitefull it doth naught but malice breue
Aye seeking Loue from faithfull harts to rive,
And plant in place where perfit Friendship grew
A mortal hate good Nature to deprive:
And those that nip mee by the back behinde,
I trust you shall untrue reporters finde.

OF MISREPORTERS

I HOPE (mine Owne) this fixed Loue of thine
Is so well staide and rooted deepe in brest
That not, unlesse thou see it with thine eie
That I from thee my loue and Friendship weat,
Thou wilt untie the knot of thy best.
I trust yourself of Enuie will beware
That wild your friend take heede of Enues men.

THAT NO MAN SHOULD WRITE BUT SUCH AS
DOE EXCELL

SHOULD no man write (say you)
but such as doe excell
This fonde deuise of yours deserues
A Bable and a Bell.

Then one alone should doe
or verie few in deede:
For that in erie Art there can
but one alone exceede.

Should others ydle bee
and waste their age in vaine,
That myght perhaps in after time
the prick and price attaine?

By practice skill is got
by practice wit is woonne.
At games you see how many doe
to win the wager roonns.

Yet one among the moe
doth beere away the Bell:
Is that a cause to say the rest
in running did not well?

If none in Physick should
but onely Galene deale,
No doubt a thousand periah would
whome Physick now doth heale.

Ecce one his Talent hath,
to use at his deuise:
Which makes that many men as well
as one are counted wise.

For if that Wit alone
in one should rest and raine,
Then God the skulles of other men
did make but all in vaine.

Let ecce one trie his force,
and doe the best he can
For thereunto appointed were
the hande and hed of man.

The Poet Horace speaks
against thy reason plaine,
Who sayes, tis somewhat to attempt
although thou not attaine

The scope in erie thing:
to touch the bright degree
Is passing hard, to doe the best
sufficing is for thee.

TO HIS FRIEND,

DECLARING WHAT VERTUE IT IS TO STICK TO
FORMER FLIGHTED FRIENDSHIP.

THE sage and Silver haired Wights doe thinke
A vertue rare not to be proude of mind
When Fortune smiles: nor cowardly to shrink
Though changed Chance do shew bir self unkind.
But chiefest prayse is to embrace the man
In welth and wo with whome your loue began.

OF TWO DESPERATE MEN.

A MAN in deepe despaire with Hemepe in hand
Went out in haste to ende his wretched dayes:
And where he thought the Gallo tree should stand
He found a pot of gold: he goes his wayes
Therewith eftsoone, and in exchange he left
The Rope wherewith he would his breath bereft.

The greedie Carle came within a space
That ownd the good, and saw the Pot behinde
Where Ruddocks lay, and in the Ruddocks place
A knotte Corde, but Ruddocks could not finde:
He caught the Hemp and hoong himselfe on tree,
For griefe that he his Treasure coulde not see.

OF THE TORMENTS OF HELL AND THE
PAINES OF LOUE.

THOUGH they that wanted grace
and whilome liued beere,
Sustaine such pangues and paines in Hell
as doth by Bookes appeere.

Though restless be the rage
of that infernall roote,
That voide of feare and Pitties plaint
doe singe the fire aboate,

And tosse the blasing brandes
that neuer shall consume,
And breath on siely Soules that sit
and suffer farious fume:

Though Tantal. Pelops Sonne
abide the Dropsie dry,
And sterue with hunger where he hath
both Foode and Water by:

Though Tylius doe indure
his Liver to be rent
Of Vultures tying on the same
unto his spoyle ybent:

And Sisyph though with paine
and neuer stinting drift
Doe role the stone from Mountaynes top
and it to Mountaine lift:

Though Belydes doe broyle
and suffer endlesse paine,
In drawing water from the deepe
that falleth down againe:

Though Agamemnon's Sonne
such retchlesse rage indure,
By means of furies that with flame
his griefull smart procure:

Though Mynos hath assignde
Prometheus to the rack,
With hande and foote ystrecht awide
till all his limmes doe crack:

To leade a lothsome life
and die a living death,
Amid his paines to waste his winds
and yet to want no breath:

Though other stand in Stir
with Sulphur that doth flame,
And other plunge in Phlegiton
so gastly for the name:

Though Cerberus the kxie
of Plotos Denne that beares,
With hungrie throts and greedie grips
the new come straunger teares:

Though these condemned Ghostes
such dreadfull paine indure,
Yet may they not compare at all
with pangues that Loue procure.

His tiring farre exceeds
the gnawing of the gripes,
And with his whip such lases gimes
that passe Megeras stripes.

He lets the Lincx lie,
tormenting aye the Hart:
He strikes and wounds his bounden thrall
with dubble bedded dart.

His fire exceeds the flame
of deepe Auernos lakes:
And where he once pretendes a plisgus
a spitefull spoyle he makes,

His foes doe wake by day
they dread to sleepe the night:
They banne the Sunne, they curse the Moore,
and all that else giues light.

They passe their lothsome liues
with not contented minde:
Their dolefull dayes drawe slow to date
as Cupid hath assignde.

To Tantal like, but yet
their case is worse than his:
They haue that they imbrace, but straight
are quite bereft of blis.

They waste their winde in sighes
they beare their eyes with brine:
They breake their bulcks with bowncing griefe,
their harts with lingring pine.

Though Orpheus were aline
with Musick that appease
The ugly God of Lymbo Lake,
and soules so sore diseade.

By Arte he might not ease
the Louers fervent fits,
Ne purchase him his harts desire
so troubled are his wits.

No place of quiet rest,
no roome deuoid of ruth:
No swaging of his endless paine
whose death doth trie his truth.

His Chamber serues for naught
but witness of his plaint,
His Bed and Bolster to bewaile
their Lord with Loue attaint.

The man for murder caught
and clogde with yron coide
To sweare that he more happie is
than Louers may be bolde.

For he in little space
his dreadfull day shall see,
But Cupids Thralls in dayly griefes
tormented dayly bee.

A thousand deaths they bide
whilst they in life remaine,
And onely plaints and stormie thoughts,
they are the Louers gaine.

AN EPITAPH

OF THE DEATH OF MAISTER TUFTON OF KENT.

HERE may wee see the force of spitefull Death
And what a sway it beares in worldly things,
It neyther spares the one nor others breath,
He slayes the Keasers and the crowned Kings.

Nothing preuailes against his hatefull hande
He heares no wters when they pleade for life,
The rich mans purse cannot Deaths powre with-
stande,
Nor Souldiers sworde compare with fatall knife.

He recketh not of well renowned fame
He forceth not a whit of golden Fee,
His greatest ioy is to obserue the name
Of such as seek immortal aye to bee.

For if that wealth, blood, lynage, or desart,
Loue, pittie, zeale or friendship mought preuaile,
If life well ledde, if true unsayed hart
Mought purchase lyfe: then Death had not assaile.

Then Tuftons lyfe with curst and cruell blinde
Breaking the course of him that ranne so right
A race as he no stop at all had made
Had death not tript this Tufton for desight.

The poore haue lost, the rich haue nothing
gainde,
The good haue cause to mourne, the yll to plaine:
For Tufton was to all a Friend unsainde.
Let Kent crie out that Death hath Tufton stainde,
Yet this there is whereof they may reioyce
That his good life hath wonne the peoples voyce.

AGAINE.

LET neuer man presume on worldly wealth,
Let riches neuer breede a loftie minde,
Let no man boast too much of perfit health
Let natures gifts make no man ouer blinde
For these are all but bladders full of winde.

Let friendship not enforce a retchlesse thought
Let no desart or life well led before,
Let no renowne or glorie greatly sought
Make man forget his present state the more:
For death is he that keepes and ridde the store.

If eyther health, or goods had beene of powre,
If Natures giftes, or friendship and good will,
If lyfe forepast, if glories Golden Bowre
Mought bene preuaile, or stopp the dolefull kni
Of Tufton, then had Tufton liued still.

But now you see that Death hath quight undone
His last of lyfe, and put him to the foile:
Yet liues the vertue that aliuie he woon,
The times alone are shrowded in the soile:
Thus Death is ende of all this worldlesse toile.

IN PRAYSE OF LADY P.

P. SERUES of Venus stock to bee
for beauties cunely grace
A Grysell for her grauitie
a Helen for her face:

A second Pallas for hir wit,
a Goddess rare in sight,
A Dian for her daintinease,
shee is so chaste a Wight.

Doe vew hir Corse with curious' eie,
eche lim from top to toe,
And you shall say I tell but truth
that doe extoll hir see.

The head as chiefe that standes aloft
and ouer looketh all,
With wisdoms is so fully fraught
as Pallas there did stall.

Two Eares that trust no trifling tales
nor credit blasing brute:
Yet such againe as readie are
to beare the humbles sute.

Hir eies are such as will not gaze
on things not worthy sight,
And where she ought to cast a look
she will not winck in spite.

The Golden Graices that greedie Guests
from Forraine Countries bring,
Ne shining Phoebus glittering beames
that on his Godhead spring:

No auncient Amber had in price
of Roman Matrons olde
May be comparde with splendent baires
that passe the Venys Golde.

Hir Nose adornez hir countenance
in middle iustly plaste,
As it at no time will permit
hir beautie be defaste.

Hir Mouth so small, hir Teeth so white
as any Whale his bone,
Hir Lips without so liuely red
that passe the Corall stone.

What neede I to describe hir Cheekes?
hir Chin? or els hir Papp?
For they are all as though the Rose
lodge in the Lillies lap.

What should I stand vpon the rest
or other partes depaint:
As little Hand with Fingers long?
my wits are all to faint.

Yet this I say in hir behalfe
if Helen were hir lecke,
Sir Paris neede not to disdain
hir through the Seas to secke:

Nor Menelaus was vniwise
or Troupe of Troians mad,
When he with them, and they with him,
for hir such combat had.

Leanders labour was not lost
that swam the surging Seas,
If Hero were of such a hue
whome so he sought to please.

And if Admetus Darling deare
were of so fresh a face,
Though Phoebus kept Admetus Sock
it may not him disgrace.

Nor mightie Macons way the fountes
and laughing of the rest,
If such a one were shew with whome
he lay in Vulcans Nest.

If Bryseia beautie were so braue,
Achylles needes no blame
Who left the campe and fled the field
for loosing such a Dame.

If she in Ida had bene seene
with Pallas and the rest,
I doubt where Paris would haue chose
Dame Venus for the best

Or if Pygmalion had but tace
a glimpse of such a face,
He would not then his Idoll dumme
so feruently imbrace.

But what shall neede so many wordes
in things that are so plaine?
I say but that I doubt where kypde
can make the like againe.

THE LOUER

IN VYTER DISPAIRE OF HIS LADIES RETURNES,
IN ECHS RESPECT COMPARES HIS ESTATE
WITH TROYLUS.

My case with Troylus may compare,
For as he felt both sorrow and care:
Euen so doe I most Miser Wight,
That am a Troylus outright.
As ere he could atchieve his wish,
He fed of many a dolefull dish,
And day and night unto the Skies
The siele Trojan krat his eies,
Requesting ruth at Cresida hande
In whome his life and death did stande:
So night and day I spent in wo,
Ere she hir pittie would bestow
To quight me from the painefull plight
That made me but a Martir right.
As when at last he fauour founde,
And was recured of his wounde,
His grutching griefes to comfort grue,
And torments from the Trojan fue:
So when my Ladie did remooue
Hir rigour, and began to looue
Hir Vassel in such friendly sort,
As might appeere by outward port:
Then who began to joy hut I
That stooode my Mistresse hart so nie?
Then (as the Trojan did) I soong
And out my Ladies vertues roong
So lowde, as all the world could tell
What was the meaning of the Bell,
And as that pleasaunt taste of ioy
That he endured had in Troy,
From sweetes to sower did conuert,
When Cresida did thence depart:
So my forepassed pleasures arre
By spitefull Fortune put a farre
By hir departure from this place,
Where I was wont to view hir face.
So Augelike that shone in sight
Surpassing Phoebus golden light,
As when that Diomed the Greeke
Had given the Trojan Foe the gleeke,
And rett him Cresida comely huc
Which often made his hart to rue,

The wofull Troilus did lament,
 And dolefull dayes in mourning spent:
 So I bereft my louing Make,
 To sighes and sobbings mee betake,
 Repining that my fortune is
 Of my desired Friend to misse,
 And that a guilefull Greeke should bee
 Esteemde of hir in such degree.
 But though my fortune frame awrie,
 And I dispoyle hir companie
 Must waste the day and night in wo,
 For that the Gods appointed so:
 I naythelesse will wishe hir well
 And better than to Creajd fell.
 I pray she may haue better hap
 Than beg hir bread with Dish and Clap,
 As she the sicke Miser did
 When Troilus by the Spittle rid.
 God shield hir from the Lazars lore
 And lothsome Leapers stincking sore,
 And for the loue I earst hir bare
 I wishe hir as my selfe to fare:
 My selfe that am a Trojan true
 As shee full well by trial knue.
 And as King Priams wortbie Sonne
 All other Ladies seemde to shonne
 For loue of Creid: so doe I
 All Venus Dearlyngs quight desie,
 In minde to loue them all aleeke,
 That leaue a Trojan for a Greeke.

THE LOUER

DECLARETH WHAT HE WOULD HAUE IF HE MIGHT
 OBTAINE HIS WISH.

If Gods would daime to lend
 a listning care to mee
 And yeelede me my demaunde at full,
 what thinke you it to bee?

Not to excell in seate
 or wield the Regall Mace,
 Or Scepter in such stately sort
 as might commende the place.

For as their Hawle is hee,
 so is their ruine rough,
 As those that earst haue felt the fall
 declare it well yongh.

Ne would I wishe by warre
 and bloodie blade in fist,
 To gore the grunde with gilltesse blood
 of such as would resist.

For Tirants though a whyle
 doe leade thoir liues in ioy,
 Yet Tirants trie in tractt of time
 how bloodshed doth annoy,

I would none office crave,
 ne Consulship request:
 For that such rule is full of rage,
 and fraught with all unrest.

Ne would I wish for welth
 in great exesse to flow,
 Whiche keepes the Keyes of discards Danne
 as all the world doth know.

But my desire should farre
 such base requests excell,
 That I might hir enjoy at will
 whome I do loue so well.

O mighty God of Gods
 I were assured than
 In happie hap him to surpass
 that were the happiest man.

Then might I march in mirth
 with well contented minde,
 And joy to thinke that I in loue
 such hissefull hap did finde.

What friendly wordes should we
 together then recite?
 More than my tongue is able tell
 or this poore Pen to write.

Then should my hart reioyce
 and thereby comfort take,
 As they haue felt that carst haue had
 the use of such a Make.

If Fortune then would frowne
 or sought me to disgrace:
 The touching of hir chirry lip
 such sorrowes would displace.

Or if such griefe did growe
 as might procure my smart,
 Hir long and limber armes to mee
 might soone reduce my hart.

For as by foming fouds
 the feating Fishes liues:
 To Salamanders as the flame
 their onely comfort giues:

So doth thy Beautie (P.)
 my sorrowes quite expell:
 And makes me fare where I should faint
 unlesse thou loudste mee well.

And as by waters want,
 fish falleth to decay,
 And Salamander cannot liue
 when flame is tane away:

So absence from hir sight
 whole Seas of sorrowes makes,
 Which presence of that Paragon
 by secret vertue alakes.

Would Death would spare to spoyle
 and crooked age to rase
 (As they are wont by course of kinde)
 Pees beautie in this case.

Yet though their rigour rage,
 and powre by prooffe he plaine:
 If P. should die tomorrow next,
 yet P. should liue againe.

For Phoenix by his kinde
 to Phoenix will returne,
 When he by force of Phœbor flame
 in scalding skies doe burne.

Then P. must needes reuiue
 that is a Phoenix plaine:
 And P. by lack of liuely breath
 shall be a P. againe.

OF A GENTLEWOMAN

WHAT WILDE HIR LOUER TO WEARE GREENE
 BAYES IN TOKEN OF HIR STEDFAST LOUE
 TOWARDS HIM.

B. TOLDE me that the Bay would aye be greene,
 And neuer change his hue for winters thret;
 Wherefore (quoth shee) that plainly may be seene
 What loue thy Ladie beares, the Lawrell get.

A braunch aloft upon the Helmet weare,
 Presuming that untill the Lawrell die
 And loze his native colour, I will beare
 A faithfull hart, and neuer swerue awrie.

I (sely soule) did smile with ioyfull brow
 Hoping that Daphnis would retaine his hue
 And not have chaunge: and lykewise that the vow
 My Ladie made would make my Ladie true.

O Gods, beholde the chaunce, I wore the Tree
 And honor'd it as stay of stedfast loue:
 But sodainly the Lawrell might I see
 To looke as browne as doth the brownest Doue.

I marveld much at this unwoonted sight:
 Within a day or two came newes to mee
 That shee had chaunge'd, and swarv'd hir friend-
 ship night
 Wherefore aslie in neither trull nor tree.
 For I perceive that colours lightly chaunge,
 And Ladies loue on sodaine waxeth strange.

AN EPITAPH OF MAISTER EDWARDS

SOMETIME MAISTER OF THE CHILDREN OF THE
 CHAPPELL, AND GENTLEMAN OF LYNCOLNE
 INNE OF COURT.

Ye learned Muses nine
 and sacred sisters all,
 Now lay your cheerfull Cithrons downe
 and to lamenting fall.

Rest off these Garlandes greene
 doe Lawell Lennes awy,
 Remoove the Myrtell from your browes
 and stint on strings to play.

For he that led the dancke
 the chiefest of your traine,
 (I meane the man that Edwards height)
 by cruell death is slaine.

Yee Courtyers change your cheere,
 lament in wailfull wise,
 For now your Orpheus hath resign'd,
 in clay his Carcas lye.

O rath, he is bereft
 that whilst he liued heere
 For Poets Pen and passing lirt
 could have no Englishe Peere.

His vaine in Verse was such,
 so stately eke his stile
 His feate in forging sugred Songs
 with cleane and curious file.

As all the learned Greekes
 and Romaines would repine
 If they did liue againe, to vewe
 his Verse with scornfull cine.

From Plautus he the Palme
 and learned Terence wan,
 His writings well declar'd the Wit,
 that lurck'd in the man.

O Death thou stoodst in dread
 that Edwards by his art
 And wisdome would have scapt thy shaft
 and fiod thy furious Dart.

This feare enforce't thy fist
 thy curs'd Bow to bende,
 And let the fatal Arrow flie
 that Edwards life did end.

But spite of all thy spite
 when all thy hate is tride,
 (Thou curs'd Death) his earned praise
 in Mouth of Man shall bide.

Wherefore (O Fame) I say
 in trumpe thy lipps applie,
 And blow a blast that Edwards brute
 may pierce the Golden Skie.

For here bylow in earth
 his name is so well knowne:
 As eche that know his life, laments
 that he so soone is gone.

AN EPITAPH

ON THE DEATH OF MAISTER ARTHUR BROOKE
 DROWN'D IN FASHING TO NEW HAVEN.

At point to ende and finish this my Booke,
 Come good report to mee, and wild me write
 A dolefull Verse, in praise of Arthur Brooke
 That age to come lament his fortune might.

A greede (quoth I) for sure his Vertues were
 As many as his yeares in number few:
 The Muses him in learned laps did beare,
 And Pallas Dug this daintie Bab did chew.

Apollo lent him Lute for solace sake
 To sound his Verse by touch of stately string,
 And of the nener fading Bayde did make
 A Lawrell Crowne, about his browes to cling.

In proffe that he for Myter did excell
 As may be iudge by Inliet and hir mate:
 For there he shew'd his cunning passing well
 When he the Tale to Englishe did translate.

But what? as he to forraigne Realme was bow'd
 With others moe his Soueraigne Queene to serue,
 Amid the Seas unluckie youth was drown'd,
 More speedie death than such one did deterue.

Aye mee, that time (thou crooked Delphin)
 Wast thou, Aryons help and onely stay, [where
 That safely him from Sea to shore didst beare?
 When Brooke was drown'd why wast thou then
 away?

If sound of harp thine eare delighted so
 And caner was that he bestrid thy back,
 Then doubtlesse thou moughtst well on Brooke
 bestow
 As good a tarne to save him from the wrack.

For sure his hande Aryons Harp excelde,
His pleasant Pen did passe the others skill,
Who so his Booke with judging eie beheld
Gave thanks to him, and praise his learned quill.

Tbou cruell Goulf what meast thou to deuoure
With supping Seas a Jewell of such fame?
Why didst thou so with water marre the Flowre
That Pallas thought so curiously to frame?

Unhappie was the Haven which he sought,
Cruell the Seas whereon his Ship did glide,
The windes to rough that Brooke to ruin brought,
Unskilfull he that undertooke to glide.

But sithens teares can not reuoke the ded,
Nor cries recall a drowned man to laude:
Let this suffice t' extall the lyfe he led
And print his praise in house of Fame to stande
That they that after us shall bee and liue
Deserued praise to Arthur Brooke may giue.
quoth G. T.

OF THE RENOWNED LADY, LADY ANNE
COUNTESSE WARWICK.

As Earle was your Sire a worthie wight,
A Countesse gave you Tet, a noble Dame,
An Earle is your Feere, a Mars outright,
A Countesse eke your selfe of bruted fame:
A brother Lord your Father Earles sonne,
Thus doth renowne in Lordes and Earles ronne.

You were well knowne of Russels race a child,
Of Bedford's blood that now doth liue an Earle,
Now Warwicks wife, a warlike man in feilde,
And Venus Peere, a ritch and orient Peare,
Wherefore to you that Sister, Child and Wife
To Lorde and Earles are, I wishe long life.

You Alpha were when I this Booke begonne
And foremost, as because your state did stande,
To be Omega now you will not shoonne,
(O noble Dame) I trust: but take with hode
This ragged rime, and with a courteson looke
And Countesse eie peruse this trifling Booke.

THE AUTHOURS EPILOGE TO HIS
BOOKE.

THE countnance of this Noble Countesse mark
When she thy Verse with eke that Sappire like
Doth shine sruayes, let be thy onely care
To note hir Lookes: and if she ought mislike
Say that thou shouldst haue hid it from hir sight,
Thy Authour made the best for hir delight.

The worst he wild in covert scrole to lurk
Untill the Beare were ouerlickt afresh,
For why in dedde this hastic hatched worte
Reasembleth much the shapetesse lumps of flesh
That Beares bring forth, So when I lick thee ouer
Thou shalt (I trust) thy perfit shape recouer.

END OF VOL. II.

